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# WHITE DWARF



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**WD254 FEBRUARY £3.50**

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# WARHAMMER

## THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

**£50**  
starter set

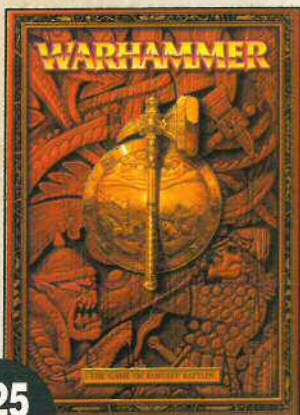


Citadel Miniatures supplied unpainted and unassembled.

**W**arhammer is a tabletop game for two or more players where you become the fearless commander of a mighty army – assembling and painting your own army in readiness for battle!

The huge starter set contains the following:

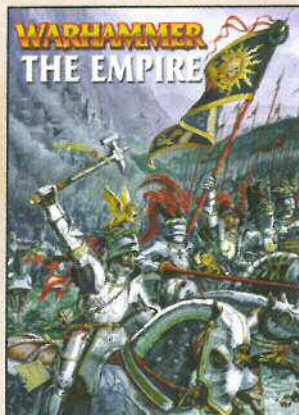
- 288 page rulebook
- 38 Empire Soldiers
- 1 Empire Cannon
- 1 Empire General
- 1 Orc Warboss
- 35 Orc Warriors
- 1 Orc War Chariot
- 1 ruined building
- 3 weapon templates
- 8 assorted dice
- 2 range rulers



**£25**  
rulebook

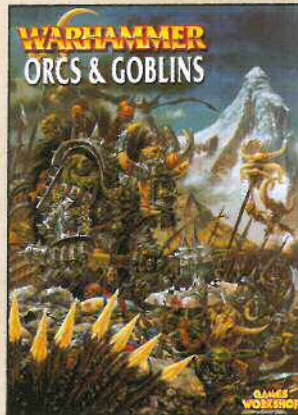
### WARHAMMER RULEBOOK

The Warhammer rulebook is also available separately. This book provides you with all the rules you need to play, and guides you through collecting and painting your own army.



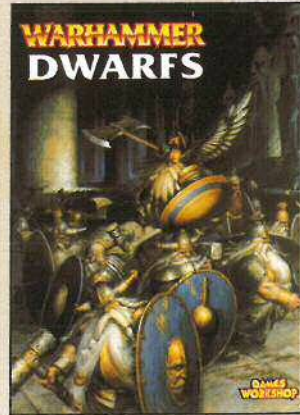
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The Warhammer Armies books are supplements for Warhammer. You must possess a copy of Warhammer to be able to use the contents of these books.

**£10**  
army books

Available from Games Workshop stores, Games Workshop Mail Order and independent stockists.



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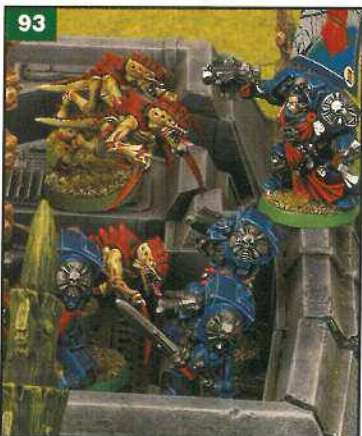


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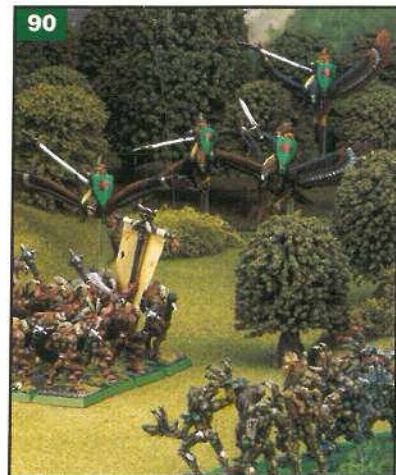
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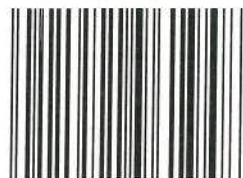
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## A new year, a new look...

**Y**ou'll hopefully have noticed some changes to *White Dwarf* over the past couple of issues and these continue apace this month. Not content with a new look for this humble magazine, we've introduced a bunch of new series such as *Arcane Lore*, which looks at aspects of the Warhammer game, and *Warhammer Chronicles* which will bring you new rules and scenarios for Warhammer. On top of this we also have our 'Spotlight on:' series in which we give you the lowdown on various GW personalities.

We'll also be introducing new painting and scenery building series over the coming months, so don't let it be said that we rest on our laurels!

All this in addition to that old favourite *Chapter Approved* and the new kid on the block, *Index Astartes*. Which brings me seamlessly to a rather exciting development regarding *Index Astartes*...

As we've been running through the *Index Astartes* series, Andy Chambers highlighted the fact that we've yet to expand on the details for the eighteen known *First Founding* Chapters and the *Horus Heresy*. This lack of background information is even more pertinent for those gamers who have only been in the hobby for the last two or

three years, never mind us GW lifers.

So, to rectify this we're embarking on *Index Astartes: First Founding* – an addition to the regular *Index Astartes* series. It starts this issue with the *Legion* at the top of the list, the *Dark Angels*. Each month we'll be bringing you background, colour schemes, art and, where appropriate, rules for these Warhammer 40,000 heavyweights. And yes it'll include the *Traitor Legions*!

All in all, the coming issues of *White Dwarf* are shaping up to be absolute stonkers!

See you next month.

**FAT BLOKE**

## MUD, GLORIOUS MUD

January sees the release of *Wolfenburg*, our new Warhammer Multi-User Dungeon (or MUD). This computer-based adventure game will be flinging its gates wide open to anyone with a home computer and a taste for adventuring.

Rather than being set within the dusty confines of a traditional text-based dungeon-crawling adventure, *Wolfenburg* allows you to patrol virtual cities and valleys in search of gold, fame, and of course a bewildering variety of monsters to butcher with big pointy swords.

Possibly the most intriguing facet of this game is that you can log on simultaneously with a group of friends, forming a party of adventurers ready to tackle whatever the Old World can throw at them. As your character progresses, you can earn cash, gain experience and advance in levels like a role-playing game, but with over 5,000

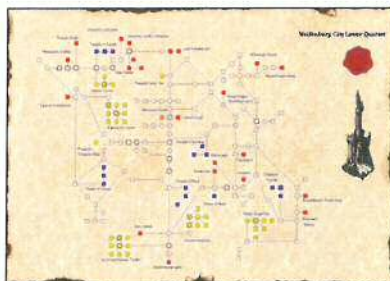
locations to lose yourself in, it'll take quite some time before you feel at home.

Not only that, but throughout January it's absolutely free! February sees a £9.95 monthly subscription, but new players still get plenty of free playing time before they have to pay a single groat.

So, for all those who enjoy adventuring, role-playing or just interacting with like-minded gamers, log on and have a bash!

*If you're curious as to how to get involved in this worldwide gaming event, check out:*

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



Right: One third of a map of *Wolfenburg*. As you can see, it's a big place!

## NEW VAMPIRES? COUNT ON IT

The release of Warhammer Armies: *Vampire Counts* is currently blackening the horizon.

The ranks of the Vampiric bloodlines are to be bolstered by a selection of new miniatures, and the book is crammed with new background material.

Expanded bloodline powers and potent new magic items provide plenty of opportunity to create truly terrifying undead generals.

Perhaps the most exciting innovation, however, is the addition of a completely new bloodline. Watch this space for more details.

Right: Alex Hedström's work on a mounted Necrarch sorcerer.





# NEW WARGEAR FOR SPACE MARINES

The Space Marine Interactive Army List allows you to choose and design official Codex Space Marine armies. This means that you still get the fun of choosing your troops and their wargear, but all the chores that go hand in hand with army selection are taken care of for you. If you're tired of toiling away with a calculator and a dodgy pen, crossing out, rewriting, and doing maths in your spare time only to produce a dog-eared nightmare of an army list, then this package is a definite bonus.

Perhaps the first thing that grabs you about the Interactive Army List is the graphics. Aside from the plush borders and Imperial iconography, each army list entry has an icon taken from Games Workshop imagery or miniatures, ranging from a simple Tactical Marine to Marneus Calgar himself. Select one of these icons for your army and you can customise their wargear; every option possible is represented with an equipment icon that you simply drag onto the appropriate Space Marine. The drag-and-drop interface makes it easy to upgrade each of your squads and vehicles. The software will immediately total how many points you have spent, and how many you have left to spend. It's as simple as that.

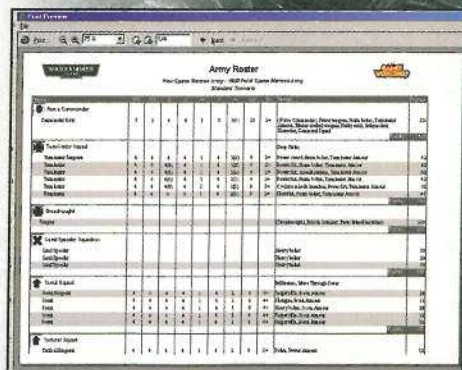
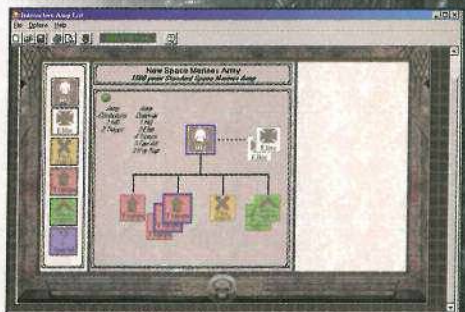
Force organisation is equally self-explanatory; once you have selected what mission you are planning to play, you just need to drag a unit icon onto the force organisation chart and the

appropriate unit selection screen appears. Once you have equipped your squad or your character, clicking on the traffic light icon will let you know whether your choices are valid, so you never have to worry about fielding an illegal army.

One of the best features of the program is the fact that it caters not only for the Space Marines, but also the more specialist armies. Codex Dark Angels, Codex Space Wolves and Codex Blood Angels are all included in the Interactive Army List. This means that should you wish to plan an army for any of these Chapters, the Army Builder will compensate, adding a new set of special rules, restrictions and special characters depending on the army.

Once you have finished picking your army and validated your selection, confirming your choices will take you to a print preview, where the package displays your army list in all its glory. The army list also includes all the stats for your weapons and vehicles, and all of the requisite special rules. Needless to say, this is very useful in the heat of battle.

Finally, the Interactive Army List has a Battle Report record for your force's performance on the battlefield, and full on-line support in case you get stuck. Short of making you a cup of tea whilst you are working on your army list, this package takes care of pretty much everything. Not only that, but it's a lot of fun, even before your models hit the table – so get to it!



## EVENTS DIARY

Events Diary is the monthly forum whereby we advertise coming events and tournaments for the Games Workshop hobby. If you are organising, or know of, a coming event, feel free to let us know at: [philk@games-workshop.co.uk](mailto:philk@games-workshop.co.uk) and we will do our best to include the details in this column. Dates need to be submitted by:

01/03/01 for WD 257 (May 2001 issue)

27/03/01 for WD 258 (June 2001 issue)

02/05/01 for WD 259 (July 2001 issue)

29/05/01 for WD 260 (August 2001 issue)

27/06/01 for WD 261 (September 2001 issue)

### THE WARHAMMER PLAYERS SOCIETY TOURNAMENT 2001 10-11 February 2001

The Warhammer Players Society, in conjunction with the 'Ribble Warriors' of Bristol, are going north for a campaign of vicious Warhammer gaming at **Grange Park Junior School, Dinmore Ave, Blackpool**. Why not take up the challenge, paint up your army and compete? For more information, contact Bob Aspland on

**07733 083333**

Or check out the WPS website at:

[www.players-society.com](http://www.players-society.com)



# NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

**WARHAMMER**  
40,000

The Tyranids are a race of hideous alien monstrosities from another galaxy, intent on devouring every living thing in their path. To find out more about this lethal race, check out *The Tyranids Are Coming* on page 9 and Chapter Approved on page 18.

## TYRANID HIVE TYRANT £18.00

*Sculpted by  
Mark Bedford.*

► This boxed set contains one complete Tyranid Hive Tyrant. A variety of weapons are provided, including rending claws, scything talons, a barbed strangler and a venom cannon.

*This model requires assembly.*



## CODEX TYRANIDS £8.00

▲ Containing all the information you need to terrorize the galaxy with an all-consuming horde of aliens.

## TYRANID ZOANTHROPE £6.00

*Sculpted by Colin Grayson.*

◀ This blister pack contains one complete Tyranid Zoanthrope. Each pack contains one of two different carapaces.

*This model requires assembly.*



## TYRANID RAVENER £6.00

*Sculpted by  
Shane Hoyle.*

► This blister pack contains one complete Ravener model. The pack comes with one of two heads, and a selection of different bio-weapons including a devourer.

*This model requires assembly.*



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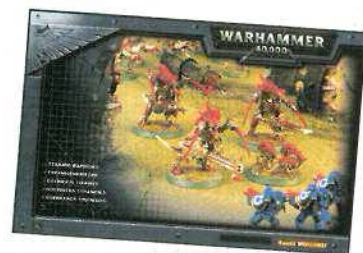


### TYRANID WARRIORS

£15.00

*Sculpted by Jes Goodwin.  
These models require assembly.*

► This plastic Battle Squad boxed set contains three Tyranid Warriors. Also included is a massive array of close combat weapons and several different ranged bio-weapons. The box also contains a Ripper Swarm.



### TYRANID GARGOYLES

£4.00

*Sculpted by Shane Hoyle.*

► This blister pack contains two Tyranid Gargoyles armed with fleshborers. There are two different heads and two different bodies. *These models require assembly.*



### SPACE MARINES ARMY DESIGNER

£12.00

The Space Marines Interactive Army List allows you to design Codex Space Marine armies on your PC at home, a gift for those who hate struggling away with a leaky biro and a calculator! For more details see page 3.

### TYRANID GAUNTS

£15.00

*Sculpted by Jes Goodwin and Mark Bedford.*

◄ The Tyranid Gaunts plastic Battle Squad box contains eight Termagants, eight Hormagaunts and a Ripper Swarm. Included in the box are a variety of additional weapons such as spinefists and devourers. There are also various biomorphs that allow you to create your own Gaunt variants and mutant strains.

*These models require assembly.*



OR VISIT OUR ONLINE STORE AT [WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.CO.UK](http://WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.CO.UK)



# NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

## WARHAMMER

### THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER:

#### SNOTLING PUMP WAGON £12.00

Sculpted by Dave Andrews and Mark Harrison.

► This boxed set contains enough parts to build a complete Snotling Pump Wagon. It also includes eight Snotling crew.

*This model requires assembly.*



#### DWARF ENGINEERS £4.00

Sculpted by Colin Dixon.

► Each blister pack contains one Dwarf Engineer model.



#### DWARF GYROCOPTER £12.00

Sculpted by Tim Adcock and Colin Dixon.

► This blister pack contains one complete Dwarf Gyrocopter and a flying base.

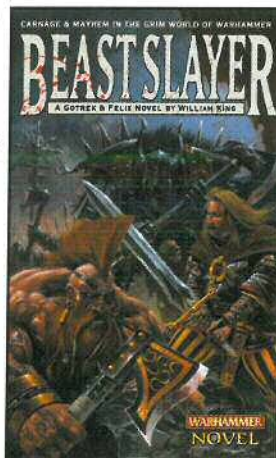
*This model requires assembly.*



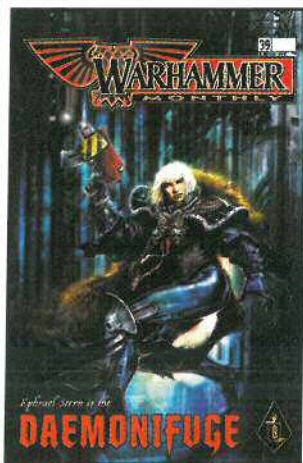
#### BEAST SLAYER £5.99

A Warhammer Novel by William King. Published by the Black Library

► In the fifth novel of the Gotrek and Felix series, storm clouds gather around the icy city of Praag as Chaos lays ruinous siege to the northern lands of Kislev. Only Gotrek Gurnisson, a death-seeking Dwarf Slayer, and his sworn human companion, Felix Jaeger, stand between the city and the forces of Darkness in this latest instalment of their epic quest.



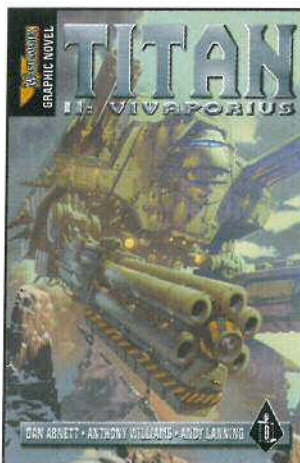
### THIS MONTH'S COMIC RELEASES:



#### WARHAMMER MONTHLY ISSUE 39 £2.20

Published by the Black Library

◀ The carnage continues in this 40-page comic as Gravir hunts down his former mentor, Defay, in the second part of Inquisitor II. Ephrael Stern receives a dire warning from beyond the grave as Book II of Daemonifuge continues. All this plus Darkblade, Mordheim: City of the Damned and much, much more.



#### TITAN BOOK 2 £7.50

by Dan Abnett, Anthony Williams & Andy Lanning. Published by the Black Library

◀ This 100-page graphic novel, compiled from the pages of Warhammer Monthly, chronicles the defence of Vivaporius against an anonymous alien force. Princeps Hekate and his Titan, Imperius Dictatio, arrive on Vivaporius to find the Imperial forces there wiped out by the unknown alien menace. Can Hekate stem the enemy tide before Vivaporius falls?



## DWARF IRONBREAKERS

£5.00

*Sculpted by Colin Dixon.*

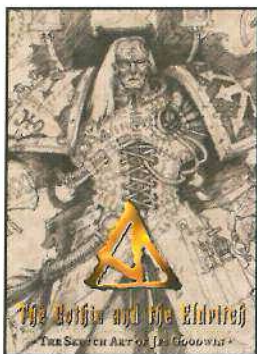
► Each blister pack contains a selection of three different Dwarf Ironbreakers.



## DWARF IRONBREAKERS COMMAND GROUP £6.00

*Sculpted by Colin Dixon.*

▲ Each blister pack contains an Ironbreaker Champion, Ironbreaker Musician and Ironbreaker Standard Bearer.



## "THE GOTHIC AND THE ELDRITCH" THE SKETCH ART OF JES GOODWIN £15.00

Compiled from years of concept sketches and designs, the Black Library is proud to present this lavish, oversized softbook of the miniatures maestro's work. Containing hundreds of black and white drawings, including many designs for figures yet to be produced, this volume is a must for all fans of Games Workshop's exquisite miniatures and Fantasy & SF artwork. Look out for further additions to our sketchbook series in the near future.

### ALSO RELEASED THIS MONTH:

## BLOOD BOWL

**BLOOD BOWL MAGAZINE  
ISSUE 2 £3.50**

*Published by Fanatic*

Issue 2 is a league special. Rob Murphy, our League Commissioner here at GW's HQ, will be guiding budding Commissioners on how to run and get the most out of your league. Jervis will be overhauling the Special Play cards and will be answering your questions on the fourth edition rules. So come on sports fans...

## WARMASTER

**WARMASTER MAGAZINE  
ISSUE 4 £3.50**

*Published by Fanatic*

This features the full Bretonnian army list to coincide with the Fanatic release of the Warmaster Bretonnian miniatures range. Also there'll be more rules clarifications, scenarios and modelling articles, not to mention more ramblings from Rick bordering on the insane!

**CHECK OUT THIS MONTH'S NEW MODELS FROM  
FANATIC ON THE GAMES WORKSHOP WEBSITE!**

**OR VISIT OUR ONLINE STORE AT [WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.CO.UK](http://WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.CO.UK)**

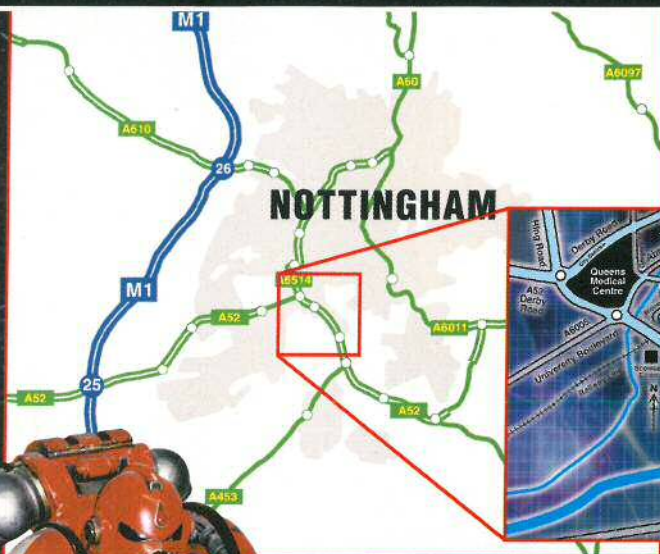


# WARHAMMER WORLD

**THE GAMES WORKSHOP MUSEUM**

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

- SHOP
- EVENTS
- MUSEUM



Located at Games Workshop's HQ in the heart of Nottingham, Warhammer World's store carries all the products you'd expect to see in any of our stores but it also sells Forge World and Fanatic products. Its close proximity to Mail Order means that you can also order components to your heart's content!

In addition to the store, our museum is full of exhibits such as life-sized Space Marines and gigantic displays as seen in White Dwarf, such as the Vengeance of the Vampire, the entire Ultramarines Chapter and the awesome Siege of the Emperor's Palace. Finally, finish your visit with a thirst quenching refreshment in the famous Bugman's Bar. Ample parking space is available.

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**

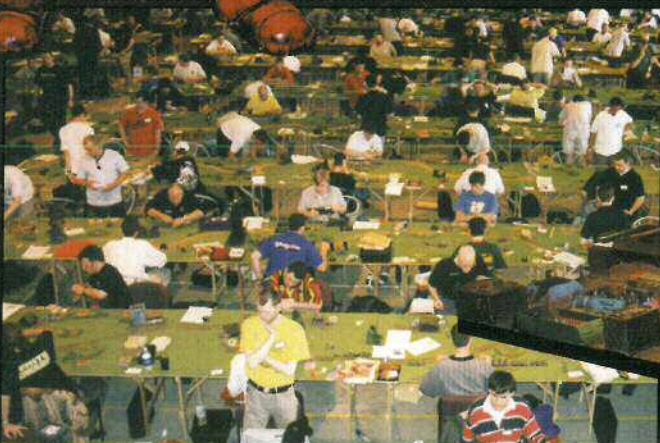
◀ The Warhammer World Museum features awesome, life-sized Warhammer 40,000 characters in amazing settings, such as the Blood Angels Space Marine pictured here.

▼ The Exhibition Hall is where Open Days, Campaigns and Tournament events are held.



▲ After visiting the Museum, you can sit and relax in Bugman's Bar. It's custom built to provide an appropriate finish to any visit to Warhammer World.

▼ Warhammer World is the place to see many of the exciting battlefields and armies featured in White Dwarf and in Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000.



## COMING EVENTS AT WARHAMMER WORLD

3rd-4th February

Warhammer 40,000 Grand Tournament 2001

**Warhammer 40,000  
Tournament  
sold out!**



# THE TYRANIDS ARE COMING!

by Graham McNeill

*The Astropath's breathing was fast and laboured. Sweat dripped from his forehead as he struggled to maintain contact with the beleaguered Space Marine Chapter. Kryptman reached out a hand to support him.*

*"Warn them, warn them, the Tyranids are coming!" screamed the Astropath.*

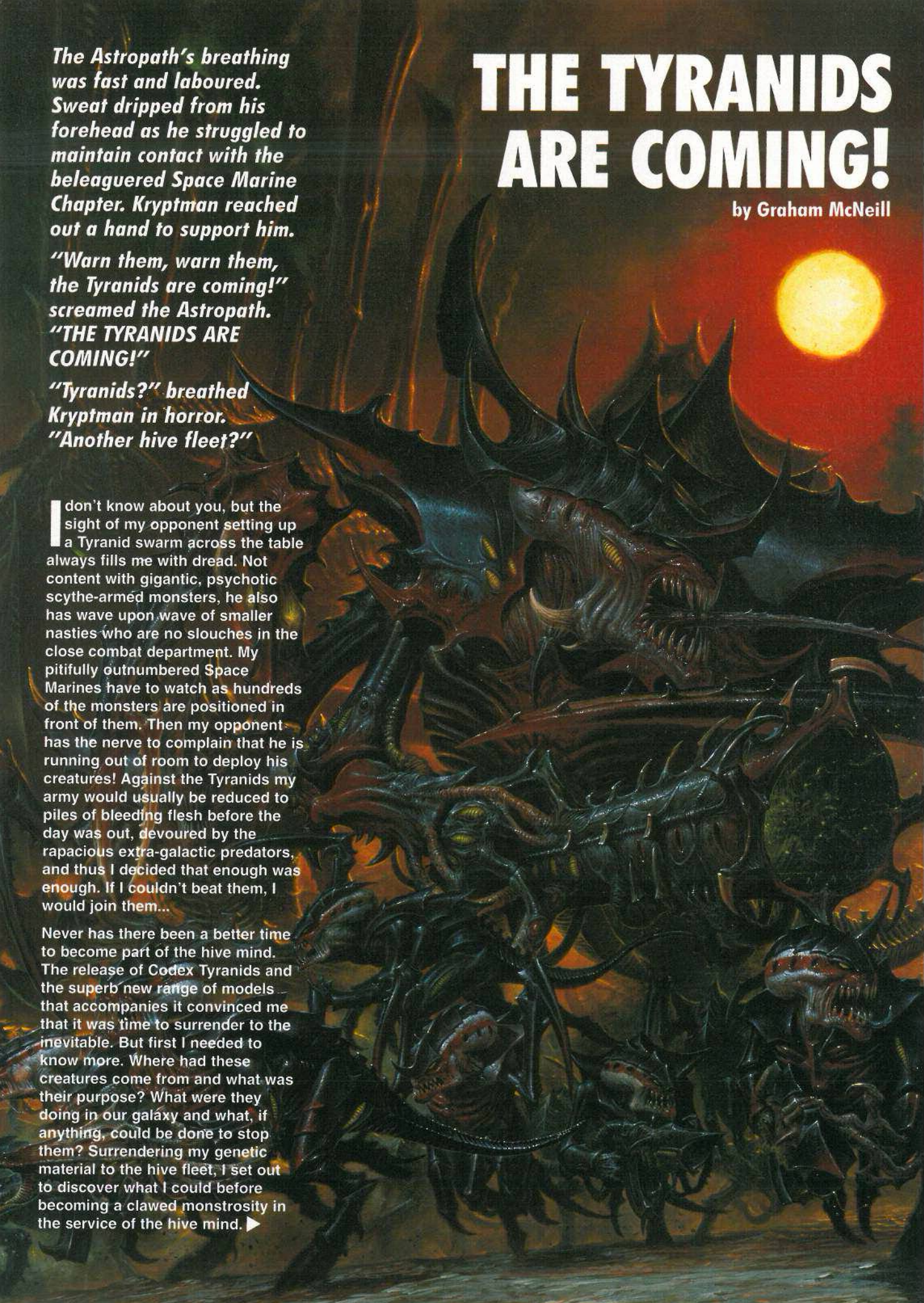
**"THE TYRANIDS ARE COMING!"**

*"Tyranids?" breathed Kryptman in horror.*

*"Another hive fleet?"*

I don't know about you, but the sight of my opponent setting up a Tyranid swarm across the table always fills me with dread. Not content with gigantic, psychotic scythe-armed monsters, he also has wave upon wave of smaller nasties who are no slouches in the close combat department. My pitifully outnumbered Space Marines have to watch as hundreds of the monsters are positioned in front of them. Then my opponent has the nerve to complain that he is running out of room to deploy his creatures! Against the Tyranids my army would usually be reduced to piles of bleeding flesh before the day was out, devoured by the rapacious extra-galactic predators, and thus I decided that enough was enough. If I couldn't beat them, I would join them...

Never has there been a better time to become part of the hive mind. The release of Codex Tyranids and the superb new range of models that accompanies it convinced me that it was time to surrender to the inevitable. But first I needed to know more. Where had these creatures come from and what was their purpose? What were they doing in our galaxy and what, if anything, could be done to stop them? Surrendering my genetic material to the hive fleet, I set out to discover what I could before becoming a clawed monstrosity in the service of the hive mind. ►







A swarm of Tyranids overrun the Imperial defence line.

## FROM BEYOND THE GALAXY

The edges of the galaxy are unknown regions and only the most foolhardy of explorers have ventured into these mysterious realms. The area of space at the Eastern Fringe lies beyond the furthest reach of the Astronomican, a thin veil of the Old Stars gleaming weakly from the halo zone beyond. It is from these haunted depths of space that the Tyranids have come, a region of space that has never known the Emperor or the Imperium of Man. The Tyranids are so immeasurably old that it is impossible to tell exactly how long they have existed. Similarly, exactly where the Tyranids originate from is a mystery. Each Tyranid hive fleet consists of millions of living craft that have come to our galaxy from beyond the known reaches of space, across the icy interstellar void, travelling for millions of years with but a single purpose. To consume, to devour, to absorb. The Tyranids are voracious super-predators, acting in fearsome concert with one another and never pausing in their need to absorb fresh genetic material.

One of the most terrifying aspects of the Tyranid race is the gestalt consciousness that drives them. This vast overmind casts a shadow of smothering static throughout the warp, known to Imperial scholars as the hive mind. It allows the entire hive fleet to act as a single entity, each creature pursuing the hive mind's ultimate goal of consumption. Every organism within the Tyranid hive is part of the greater whole, a collective consciousness that infuses every creature from the largest bio-Titan to the lowliest Ripper with single minded purpose. While the hive mind functions, each creature in the Tyranid swarm will fight to the death, its own instinctive behavioural patterns subservient to the greater need of the hive mind. But should the link to the hive mind be broken, the smaller creatures become disorientated and will revert to their basic instincts.

The Tyranids are unlike any other race encountered by Man. They have no technology as such and every need the hive mind detects is met by the spawning of a creature evolved to

satisfy that need. Weapons, attack ships, creatures; all are grown within the enormous hive ships. Weapons are simply smaller bio-creatures with their projectiles formed from shards of bone, teeth, acids, viruses or even smaller burrowing organisms. The belly of every hive ship is a grotesque biological nursery, an evolutionary hothouse where creatures are grown in primordial vats of raw genetic material to carry out specific tasks. Creatures can be evolved to be fighters, workers or simply bio-constructs designed to replicate the performance of a piece of technological equipment. As each threat to the hive mind is met, the Tyranids evolve in response to it and adapt to defeat it. How such a hyper-evolutionary species could even come into existence is another mystery that remains unexplained, though many Imperial Genetors have their own wild theories.

## ULTIMATE PREDATORS

The need to absorb fresh genetic material is the one and only instinct that drives the Tyranids. It is all that





they have evolved to do and, as such, they cannot be negotiated with, bargained with or made peace with. The only thing that Tyranids react to is force. When the hive fleet attacks a world, the sky darkens with poisonous spores and screeching, bat-winged creatures. Days of tense anticipation and sudden death from the choking darkness follow. Then millions of Mycetic Spores, each carrying a Tyranid organism, rain down on the planet's surface and break open on impact, disgorging swarms of sickle-armed beasts. These Tyranid creatures spread rapidly across the planet's surface, enormous bio-Titans following in their wake.

The doomed defenders are overwhelmed by wave after wave of implacable, ferocious monsters that fight with razor-edged chitin and corrosive, envenomed bio-weapons. Terrifying creatures, bigger than a Space Marine Dreadnought, shrug off hits from lascannons, smash through defensive walls and toss armoured tanks aside like children's toys. Screeching beasts bound forwards

with powerful leaps and tear men apart using their deadly claws. The sheer horror and scale of the alien invasion drives men mad with terror and, unless a world can be reinforced very quickly or already has a large standing garrison, it will undoubtedly fall. In such cases the only solution may be the ultimate sanction of Exterminatus, destroying the planet from orbit before the Tyranids can assimilate its biomass into their hive ships. Despite the horrific nature of the Exterminatus, it is not always certain to succeed and the sacrifice of a world may be in vain.

When the Tyranids have destroyed the defenders of a world, the vast hive ships move into low orbit and begin feeding on the planet's biosphere. The Tyranids strip a world completely bare, reducing verdant worlds thriving with life to barren, airless rocks. Feeder tentacles rise from digestion pools, pumping broken-down organic matter into the geno-organs of the hive ships. Every single biological organism, the oceans and even the atmosphere are stripped

away and ingested by the Tyranids; nothing is wasted. Once a world has been devoured, the hive fleet moves onto the next, sensing fresh genetic material. No one knows how many galaxies have already fallen before the Tyranids, but it is certain that they have exhausted their own. Our own galaxy, so teeming with life, provides the Tyranids with an almost inexhaustible supply of gene stock. The threat to the galaxy is beyond measure.

### HIVE FLEET BEHEMOTH

The first contact with the Tyranid race was in 745.M41 when Hive Fleet Behemoth invaded the Ultima Segmentum. The Adeptus Mechanicus base on Tyran was the first world known to fall to the Tyranids and also the origin of their race name. The base came under furious attack and, knowing they were doomed, the base commander, Magos Varnak, was able to seal a data codex detailing every scrap of information







A brood of Tyranid Warriors emerges from the jungle.

he had learned about the Tyranids deep below the surface of Tyran. If others might learn from their deaths then at least their sacrifice would not have been in vain.

Inquisitor Kryptman, investigating scattered reports of worlds stripped bare, pieced together the scant shreds of information and realised the scale of the threat. He discovered the data codex on Tyran and was able to alert the forces of the Imperium to the danger of the Tyranids before it was too late. The hive fleet was heading directly for Macragge, the home world of the Ultramarines Chapter of Space Marines. Despite the best attempts of the Space Marines, the Tyranids were able to invade Macragge and

swarmed across the ice floes to attack the polar defence fortresses that had thus far kept the largest hive ships at bay. The carnage was terrible and the entire 1st Company of the Ultramarines was destroyed defending the fortresses.

In space, the hive fleet was narrowly defeated by the combined forces of the Ultramarines and the Segmentum Tempestus battlefleet at the Battle of Circe, which saw the destruction of the Emperor class warship the *Dominus Astra*. Following this victory, the Ultramarines fleet raced homewards and when the 3rd and 7th Companies descended to the planet's surface they recaptured the smashed polar fortresses and the bodies of their fallen comrades. The Tyranid

invasion had been halted, but at a terrible cost.

The piles of dead aliens on Macragge provided the Adeptus Mechanicus Xenobiologists with a mountain of data to analyse and interpret. The facts that came to light were to form the basis of all Imperial knowledge regarding the Tyranid race until the presence of Hive Fleet Kraken was detected in 992.M41.

#### HIVE FLEET KRAKEN

Two and a half centuries passed with no further sign of Tyranids and many members of the Administratum began to question the need for such a vast military presence facing a threat that must surely have been defeated at Macragge. When armed rebellion broke out amongst many of the systems in the Eastern Fringes,





these officials claimed that the populace was rebelling against living under martial law. The Inquisition moved to investigate these revolts and despatched Inquisitors to quell the Ultima rebellions. Inquisitor Agmar arrived on the hive world of Ichar IV twenty seven days after an organisation known as the Brotherhood had taken over the planet, and he quickly became convinced that the insurrection had unfolded as part of a carefully orchestrated plot rather than a spontaneous outpouring of discontent. Agmar requested the assistance of the Ultramarines as Imperial Guard regiments continued to bombard the cities and fought vicious battles with the fanatical cultists of the Brotherhood.

While Agmar awaited the arrival of the Ultramarines, the war ground to a bloody stalemate, with casualties mounting daily. Agmar launched a surprise raid on a Brotherhood temple slaying a Neophyte of the Brotherhood, and, as he pulled back the Neophyte's hood, his worst fears were confirmed. The Neophyte was a Genestealer Hybrid, a being with the intelligence of a human and unnatural alien ferocity. The Brotherhood was nothing more than a front for a vast Genestealer cult which had infiltrated to the highest levels of authority and corrupted the planet from within.

When the Ultramarines arrived, they were able to drop to the planet's surface with only minor losses and swiftly captured the rebel command posts, throwing the Brotherhood soldiers into disarray. Regiments of Imperial Guard launched a major assault in support of the Space Marines and as Inquisitor Agmar's auguries detected Brotherhood units leaving their cathedral headquarters, he knew the chance had come to end the revolt with one decisive blow. Ultramarines Terminators from the 1st Company teleported into the cathedral and began an assault into the darkness of the tunnels below. Guided only by their suit lights, the Terminators advanced into the dank tunnels, their auspexes showing multiple foes closing rapidly on their position. At first all that could be heard was the insect-like chittering of alien claws on stone and chitinous bodies rushing towards them. As the first creature burst into the light, four viciously clawed arms raised, storm bolter fire ripped it apart and the Terminators saw for the first time the true face of their enemy:

Genestealers! Scores of the deadly aliens rushed into the chamber, filling it with their ferocious charge. Bolts and righteous fire slaughtered the Genestealers in droves, but still they came on, scrambling over the piles of their own dead to reach their quarry.

No matter how many aliens the Terminators killed, there were more to take their place and each strobing flash of gunfire showed them closer than before. It seemed nothing could stop them and three Terminators were

dragged down, ripped apart by the Genestealers. Falling back to the crypt, a rearguard bought time for their brothers with their lives, allowing the survivors to regroup and prepare for another assault. Genestealers attempting to encircle the Space Marines were driven back with flamers, forcing them to come head on at the Terminators. As the aliens charged forwards, a mass of rippling claws, fangs and chitin, the Librarian leading the Terminators summoned a cleansing storm of searing warp fire. Howling blue flames swept through the crypt, flooding the tunnels around the Space Marines, instantly incinerating the Genestealers and filling the chamber with the stink of their burning flesh. As the brood screamed and melted in the fires, storm bolter fire blasted the remainder apart and the attack was over.

The Terminators again pushed into the tunnels, undaunted by the paucity of their numbers, following the steady *blip, blip* of the Auspex. No further Genestealers barred their way and eventually the Terminators emerged into a vaulted chamber like the belly of a giant beast. The vast, bloated Patriarch of the brood sat upon a dais at the far end of the chamber, head cocked to one side as though listening for some faint call. As the Terminators levelled their weapons, it turned its gaze towards them, a monstrous intelligence lurking in its hooded eyes. Hundreds of creatures burst from radiating tunnels, Genestealers and pallid-skinned hybrids desperate to protect their all-father.





*It looked as if a storm was coming. Clouds of darkness breasted the distant mountain peaks and flowed down into the valley, rushing towards the outpost. Soon, the whole eastern horizon was curtained in shadow, and the brightness of the afternoon was driven back by an unnatural twilight. Strange noises, cries and screeches, could be heard in the distance, and spears of red light stabbed down from the roiling black clouds.*

*The atmosphere became oppressive, and the Imperial Guardsmen manning the walls could detect a strange musky smell on the breeze. As the clouds continued their approach, dark specks broke away from the leading edges to speed ahead. The flickering green screen of the long range visi-scanner showed fuzzy images of flying creatures, big as dropships, borne aloft by their great flapping wings.*

*The Lieutenant knew what to expect, and had his orders. He sent a priority alpha message back to HQ, appraising his commander of the situation. Estimated arrival of the enemy force at outpost Ceres XIV – five minutes. There was no realistic chance of their slowing the Tyranid advance, or inflicting any appreciable damage on the monstrous alien hordes, but it was hoped that whatever information they could transmit back to base before the outpost was overrun would prove valuable.*

The vast chamber became a nightmare scene of chaos as the Terminators hacked and shot their way through the press of bodies, foul alien blood staining every surface of their armour. The Librarian fought his way inch by inch towards the Patriarch, each step becoming harder and harder as the alien flexed its powerful will, its dominating psyche threatening to overwhelm him. A backlash of mental feedback from the Librarian's psychic hood disrupted the Patriarch's power and, concentrating all his energy, the Librarian teleported onto the dais next to the Patriarch. Man and alien clashed in an unequal struggle, the Patriarch raining powerful blows onto the Space Marine's armour. The Librarian could not match the speed of the powerful alien and knew that without aid he was sure to perish. In desperation he called on his battle brothers to pour their firepower into the combat.

Bolter fire raked the dais with explosive shells, ricocheting from the

Librarian's Terminator armour and Patriarch's carapace. But some bolts found homes in the alien's flesh and blew bloody chunks from its body. As the Patriarch reeled from the hurt done to it, the Librarian leapt forwards and smashed his force axe through its body. The giant beast screeched in agony as the axe struck again and again, blood arcing across the chamber as the Librarian hacked it to pieces. As the Patriarch died the brood was thrown into confusion and the surviving Terminators were able to slaughter the remaining creatures with ease. Vengeance for their fallen brothers on Macragge two centuries ago was exacted by the Terminators and nothing escaped their furious anger.

The telepathic link between the Patriarch and its brood was severed and the armed resistance of the Brotherhood collapsed. Triumphant regiments of Imperial Guard crushed the last pockets of resistance and in less than a month Imperial rule had been restored to Ichar IV. It was only in the following weeks that Inquisitor Agmar realised that something more was amiss. Astropaths had reported a keening cry in the warp originating from Ichar IV that was cut off as the Genestealer Patriarch died. More worryingly, they indicated that this cry had seemingly been answered by a shift in the warp, as though something vast and immeasurably powerful had turned its face towards the Imperium.

Within months of Ichar IV's recapture it became clear that a new hive fleet, dubbed 'Kraken' by Inquisitor Kryptman, had begun an invasion of the galaxy as reports of survivors fleeing the eastern fringes increased. Where Behemoth had committed its forces in a single sledgehammer blow, Kraken spread tendrils across an enormous front, appearing to be made up of dozens of sub-fleets. Whole sectors had been devoured with warp travel and communication within the warzones becoming incredibly dangerous and unpredictable. The enormity of the Tyranid invasion was staggering and the Imperial Tarot prophesied a time of woe, suffering and bloodshed on a scale never seen before.

The entire military might of the Imperium has been brought to bear against Hive Fleet Kraken, the Forge Worlds of the Adeptus Mechanicus are producing tanks and weapons in their millions. Thousands of regiments of Imperial Guard are being mobilised to meet the terrible threat represented by Kraken and Space Marines attempt to intercept dormant hive ships before the Tyranids slumbering within can awaken. Hundreds of inhabited worlds have been destroyed, stripped bare by the Tyranids, and two entire Chapters of Space Marines, the Lamenters and the Scythes of the Emperor, have been all but destroyed. The Eldar craftworld of Iyanden has also come under attack from Kraken, and although the Tyranids were defeated there, the once beautiful craftworld has been virtually destroyed and its people almost annihilated. The terrifying tales of survivors spread fear and despair to every corner of the galaxy and, with reports of yet another hive fleet penetrating as deep as the Segmentum Solar, attacking perpendicular to the galactic plane, the monstrous cunning of the alien intelligence is truly terrifying.

Where the Tyranids have been met in battle, smaller hive fleets have broken off and fled towards the galactic core. These splinter fleets have made it past Imperial cordons and patrols and perhaps pose an even greater threat to Humanity. Smaller than most hive fleets so far encountered, they can still overrun isolated worlds far from the main warzones and with each planet they consume, their strength grows. As the war rages across the galaxy it is clear that the Tyranids pose the greatest threat to the Imperium in all its war-torn history since the bloody days of the Horus Heresy.

#### **WHY COLLECT A TYRANID ARMY?**

Without a doubt, Tyranids are amongst the most terrifying armies to face on the tabletop. Their speed and ferocious close combat skills makes any opponent (even Space Marines) dread their assault. Added to this, the power of their bio-weapons is enough to give tank commanders second thoughts about exposing their vehicles to Tyranid fire. Such diversity allows the hive mind to field swarms that can close with the enemy and tear them apart in a frenzy of fangs and claws or blast them from long range with venomous symbiote weaponry. The sheer horror of the Tyranid race





Ultramarines encounter a swarm of Gaunts in the steaming jungles of a deathworld.

makes them an exciting army to collect, paint and play. They are unrelentingly evil (although such a term has no relevance for the hive mind, it merely follows its biological imperative), everything in a Tyranid army is a living beast and the sheer variety of creatures in a swarm offers the modeller an almost endless variety of conversion opportunities.

The Tyranid race is in a constant state of hyper-evolution, adapting and responding to its enemies. As each new species is absorbed by the Tyranids, the hive mind is able to pick out its weaknesses and begin adapting its beasts better to fight it. A feature of the Tyranid army list is this ability to create new types of creatures based on the hive mind's accelerated evolution. The Tyranids are broken down into two distinct categories, those whose genetic structure has been fixed in a set sequence and those which can be mutated to suit. Each mutable genus of creature may be biomorphed in a number of ways in order to tailor it for a specific role or foe. Creatures may be created to be close combat monsters or have additional weapons sprouting from their bodies. Whichever style of play you prefer, you can create a Tyranid swarm to match it.

### WHAT'S SO COOL ABOUT THEM?

Aside from the utter alien nature of the Tyranids, one of their main attractions is that they allow you to be utterly ruthless with their lives. The hive mind does not care if a million Gaunts die in battle. Their genetic material will simply be devoured by the Ripper Swarms and harvested for reabsorption by the hive after the defenders have been defeated. You can be as callous as you like with the smaller creatures, knowing full well that there will be others to replace them. The Tyranids are a highly cinematic army as well, with movies such as *Aliens* and *Starship Troopers* showing us in gory detail the full horror of what these monstrous creatures can do in battle. On the tabletop, the swarm itself is a highly dynamic army, always on the move, and there's never a shortage of things to do with the Tyranids.

If you enjoy making conversions and going to town with your models then the Tyranids are definitely the army for you. The endless variety of creatures you find within a swarm allows you to let your imagination run riot when painting it. The Tyranids have no uniforms and no insignia of any kind which means that there is no wrong or right way to paint them; anything goes. They can be as colourful as you like or you can consult reference books on dinosaurs, lizards, insects,

etc, to find colour schemes that appear in nature.

Similarly, the rules for genetic manipulation, mutants and biomorphs offers you the chance to convert your swarm into your own personal hive fleet. Many creatures can be extensively manipulated to produce horrors of claw and tooth that will strike fear into the hearts of your enemies. Such diversity is the key to the Tyranids and whatever the situation, it is certain there is a Tyranid creature evolved to deal with it.

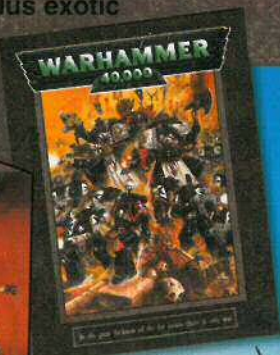
### THE GREAT DEVOURER

The Imperium of Man faces its extinction at the claws of the Tyranids and this makes every battle fought against them a desperate struggle for survival. Every warrior that falls is absorbed by the hive mind and the Tyranids become even more formidable. So if the thought of invading the Imperium and the visceral horror of a Tyranid swarm appeals, then this is the army to choose. Not only are the Tyranids one of the most dangerous Warhammer 40,000 armies, but they are also one of the most fun to collect, paint and convert. So what are you waiting for? Go forth, evolve and conquer!



# 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!



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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

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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.



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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

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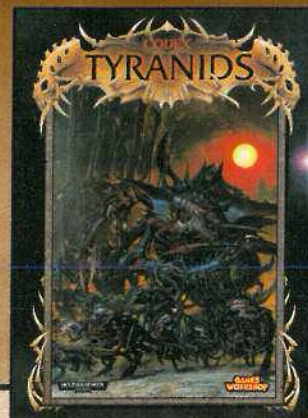
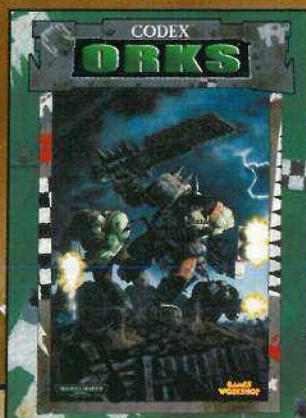
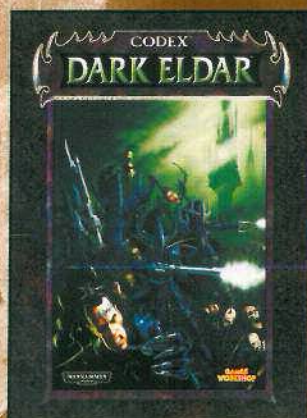
A world is torn apart by the largest Ork invasion in Imperial history. Arrayed against this mighty Ork horde is the greatest gathering of Imperial might since the time of Lord Solar Macharius. The fate of a hundred worlds will be decided on the blood-soaked ash dunes of Armageddon. This Codex contains four army lists: Ork Speed Freeks, 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 ELДАР** £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.

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### **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!

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From beyond the edge of the galaxy, these voracious alien predators come. The Tyranid swarm is a nightmare of towering monsters, scuttling bio-constructs and hideous living weaponry. Within the pages of this book you'll find all you need to create your own brood of mutated terrors.

### **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 flammies 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.

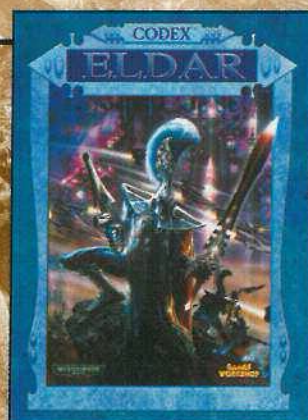
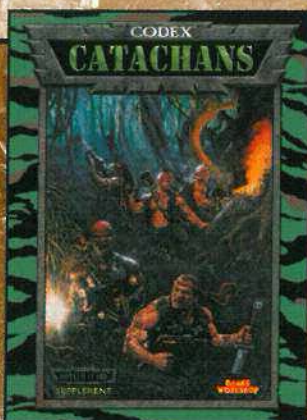
### **CODEX ELДАР** £8

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 wargear. This Codex details everything you need to know to field an army of these proud, alien warriors.

### **CODEX CRAFTWORLD ELДАР** £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.







Andy is a bit of a Tyranid fiend, having written the Warhammer 40,000 2nd edition Tyranid Codex, Epic Hive War supplement and co-writing the first ever Warhammer 40,000

Tyranid army list in WD145 with Jervis Johnson. Sharing an office with Mr Johnson didn't help much either as he was responsible for the board games: Advanced Space Crusade (featuring the Tyranids), Tyranid Attack and Doom of the Eldar (Tyranids attack Craftworld Iyanden).

# CHAPTER APPROVED

BY ANDY CHAMBERS

**With the release of the splendid new Tyranid range, we thought it would be rude not to give Andy Chambers some serious column inches to talk us through his latest brainchild, Codex Tyranids. Furthermore, Jes Goodwin, one of the men behind the new plastic Tyranids, gives us an insight into just how the aliens came to look so fearsome...**

## HOW I GAVE BIRTH TO A MONSTER...

### THE PROBLEM

I suppose it all started off when we were putting together the short army lists for the back of the 3rd edition Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. The army lists had to be quick and simple and allow people with 2nd edition armies to get by until we wrote the proper full Codexes (a distant, hazy plan back then). Each of us in the Games Development pit took armies to champion and Tuomas Pirinen took on the Tyranid list.

Tuomas did a nice job of transferring over the 2nd edition army list although, like all the lists, we had to trim it to fit into a ridiculously small amount of space. Once 3rd edition Warhammer 40,000 came out, the Tyranids fought well and Tyranid armies were a common enough sight at conventions and tournaments. But as time went by something started to bother me about them. It took a fair while for it to permeate through but when I realised what it was I couldn't shake it.

They were all the same.

There were variations on a theme, for certain, and I mean no disrespect to the Tyranid players already out there (greetings hive siblings) but it was at a point where you could pretty much have a check-list of what would be in a Tyranid army. Hormagaunts... check, Hive Tyrant... check, Carnifex... check and so on. The miniatures range was nice enough and I saw plenty of nice colour schemes, but the armies kept coming out the same. But why should this be a problem for a genetically engineered horde of killing machines

anyway? Tyranid armies exist only to fulfil the purpose of slaughtering the opponents of the all-encompassing Tyranid hive mind. It wasn't unreasonable to imagine that they would work like a super-predator with each brood of creatures performing a certain role on the battlefield to complement the gestalt whole.

But I've spent far too long thinking about Tyranids down the years, and a while back I formulated an idea about them which I liked and which seemed to fit in with what Tyranids should be like. It was an idea which encapsulated everything about the Tyranids' nature. Fundamentally the Tyranids are life gone mad, evolution taken to the highest order where it becomes a rampaging, unstoppable behemoth which lives only to replicate itself at any cost, even by stripping entire worlds to their very bedrock with its implacable hunger. The organisms of a race like that would be changing constantly, the chance-made mutations of millions of years reduced down to the semi-conscious manipulation of a few generations.

### WHAT'S CHAPTER APPROVED ALL ABOUT?

Each month, Chapter Approved takes a look at the Warhammer 40,000 game system, discussing the existing rules and introducing new scenarios, weapons, rules and army list entries of all types, frequently stolen from Codexes in progress here at the Studio. It also acts as a forum for dedicated players of Warhammer 40,000 who have produced inspired, well thought out and just plain brilliant additions to the game (as reviewed and arbitrated by that well-known model of fairness and balance – me). If you've got something good for Chapter Approved then write to me at the address given here.

**Note:** Please don't include rules queries etc, with your letters, as the volume of mail means that in most cases I won't be able to send individual replies.

Andy Chambers  
(Chapter Approved),  
Games Workshop,  
Willow Road, Lenton,  
Nottingham,  
NG7 2WS, UK

### HIVENET

Over the course of working on Codex Tyranids I received a lot of useful feedback over the internet. Particularly invaluable were the Ancient and Honourable Order of Techpriests and a number of other noble turncoats to the Tyranid cause – thanks guys, you really helped (no, really!). Worthy of special mention is a very nice man named Sherman Bishop, who has the most awesome Tyranid-dedicated website I ever did see. Ably assisted by devotees on the Tyranid mailing list ([www.egroups.com/group/tyranids](http://www.egroups.com/group/tyranids)), Sherman has assembled a marvellous selection of treatise and reports on Tyranid biology, rules and theories, all cleverly illustrated and enhanced by a wild selection of conversions.

If you're at all interested in Tyranids check out this site!

<http://members.iglou.com/shermanb>



They would take on and absorb the DNA chains and genomes of every living thing they encountered, re-engineering themselves to fulfil every conceivable form and function to supplant native lifeforms from every niche in the natural order.

Given that premise, how likely was it that the Tyranid swarms could show almost infinite variety and mutability? Most of all, how desirable would it be that those capabilities might be placed in the hands of the collector of a Tyranid army so that they could play god and create their own organisms to plague the galaxy?

It was a grand vision, but the problem with good ideas is not coming up with them but turning them into something practical which can then be made a tabletop reality. A question quite a few people ask me is "Where do you get your ideas from?" The truth is that the ideas just come, admittedly at about 12.30 at night just when I'm trying to go to sleep, but good ideas are all too easy to come up with. The real question is "How do you do anything with all those supposedly good ideas?" The answer is that you start by looking at your liabilities. In the case of Tyranids this was:

1. It must be possible for players to design their own creatures.
2. It must be not only possible but practical to make models of a varied selection of player-designed Tyranid creatures.
3. Players' home-spawned monstrosities must be balanced in terms of points cost and capabilities against other armies.
4. Opposing players must be able to tell roughly what those creatures are capable of.
5. Last, but definitely not least, existing armies and miniatures must be accommodated by the new army list.

### THE SOLUTION

I felt confident that all of these obstacles could be overcome (hopeless optimism is always a good trait at this stage). What worried me the most was how to make it practical to model a wide range of creatures from what would otherwise be a limited range of miniatures.

Fortunately I had a working example to hand in the way that Jes Goodwin's newest plastic Space Marines could be used to make different troop types.

### TYRANID HIVE TYRANT

*The Hive Tyrant is a large and massively powerful Tyranid creature, the closest thing to a leader of a battlefield swarm yet seen. Like many Tyranids they seem able to mutate rapidly, and several different physical characteristics have been reported. All Hive Tyrants are highly psychic, and their relationship to the hive mind is closer than even that of Tyranid Warriors. Little is known for certain about the complex relationships between these creatures, but some of the Imperial Techno-Magi believe that Hive Tyrants are the consort-minds of the Hive Queen that form the repository of the hive fleet's own collective consciousness. If this is true, the Hive Tyrants embody the hive mind completely, but their destruction does not diminish it in any way.*

*The Hive Tyrant is an HQ choice.*



By having different frames of arms, legs and such, Tactical Marines could be converted to Assault Marines with jump packs, heavy weapon troopers, sergeants and so forth. This got me to thinking that with a range of defined pieces, horns, armour plates, different claws, etc, which had individual game effects (ie, +1 Attack for talons, +1 saving throw for armour plates), you could let players create their own creatures by simply attaching them to different bodies.

In this way you might take, for example, one of the smaller Tyranid creatures called a Termagant and alter it by replacing its bio-weapon with wicked claws to increase its number of Attacks and adding extra armour plates to improve its saving throw. In game terms the creature is now orientated to close combat, its role has been altered to suit the tactics of the player who created it. The model for the new creature can be easily constructed by taking different pieces and attaching them to a Termagant body.

I was happy with this as the core of a really exciting idea, mutable Tyranids! Of course there was then all the niggly details to work through, and the other liabilities to remember, points values, what pieces to do, how to do them,

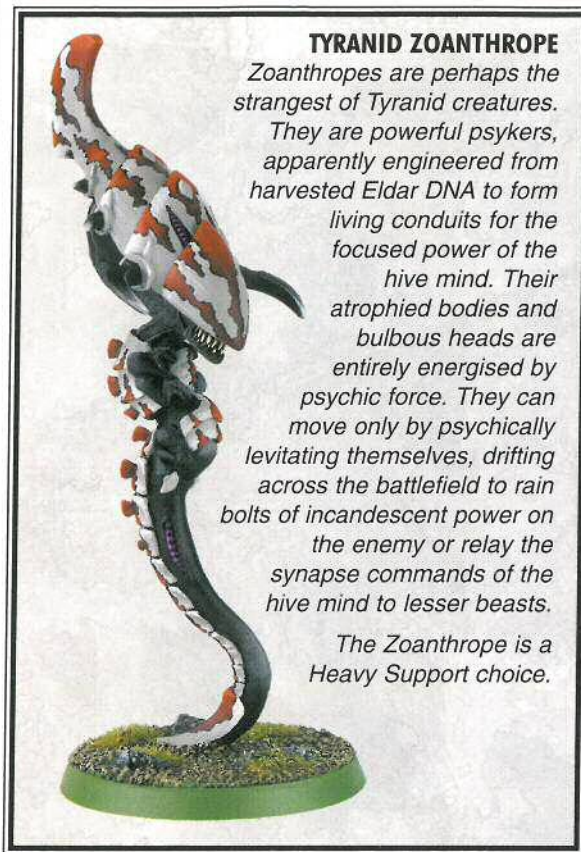
how many to put on a single frame yadda, yadda, yadda. As fortune would have it, Jes once more came to my rescue by bashing out all sorts of alternative plans until (nine different plans later) we had a workable method for making a good idea into a reality.

With the miniatures in safe hands all I had to do was beaver away at the army list, work out the upgrades (or biomorphs as I decided to call them) and make sure the 'Nid hordes were not too ferocious, not too squidgy and, most of all, not too predictable.

### MUTABLE CREATURES AND BIOMORPHS

In order to keep some semblance of sanity I had to limit which Tyranid creatures could be altered using the biomorphs system, and I called these the Mutable species: Hive Tyrants, Tyranid Warriors, Carnifexes, Ripper Swarms and 'Gaunts' – root creatures that Termagants, Hormagaunts and Gargoyles were already derived from. All other creatures in the Tyranid army list, like the infiltrating Lictors and Genestealers, and the living artillery pieces like Biovores and Zoanthropes, I termed Genofixed creatures. These creatures are effectively specialised mutations which cannot be altered as greatly as mutable ones.





### TYRANID ZOANTHROPE

*Zoanthropes are perhaps the strangest of Tyranid creatures. They are powerful psykers, apparently engineered from harvested Eldar DNA to form living conduits for the focused power of the hive mind. Their atrophied bodies and bulbous heads are entirely energised by psychic force. They can move only by psychically levitating themselves, drifting across the battlefield to rain bolts of incandescent power on the enemy or relay the synapse commands of the hive mind to lesser beasts.*

*The Zoanthrope is a Heavy Support choice.*

Creatures are altered by their bio-weapons (more on them in a minute) and biomorphs: visible additions to creatures in the form of toxin sacs, adrenal glands, armour plates and so on. It's even possible for mutable creatures to take on traits such as flying or leaping, although some heavy conversion work may be required! However, the Tyranid plastic frames do yield a wealth of pieces for doing biomorph work as can be seen below and over the page.

So, with the Tyranid army list it's possible to either simply choose the most standard creatures straight off the list, albeit with a few minor modifications or, alternatively, ardent fans of geno-manipulation can

experiment with all kinds of varied creatures of their own creation.

### WEAPON SYMBIOTES AND MUTANTS

One of the first things I did when I cast an eye over the Tyranid bio-weapons (inventing weapons is always fun!) was to think about how to make them feel different to the guns of other races. The idea of mutability was fresh in my mind and I wanted to allow different creatures to carry a wide variety of different weapon biomorphs or symbiotes. Gone would be the days of Carnifexes armed only with big claws; they should be able to use venom cannons, or barbed stranglers (big Tyranid bio-weapons) just like a Hive Tyrant could, and the Hive Tyrant should be able to have big claws too. The

problem with this came when you could give the biggest weapons to the smallest creatures, making them disproportionately deadly in relation to their lesser value.

To avoid this pitfall I hit on the idea of linking the characteristic profiles of the creatures wielding the weapons to the characteristics of the weapon. For example, a Termagant using a venom cannon fires a weaker shot than a Carnifex does – these weapons are genespliced into their wielders after all. Equally, both creatures would fire a weaker shot again if they were using a fleshborer (small Tyranid bio-weapon) instead, but the Carnifex would still hit harder than the Termagant.

This still didn't mean that you necessarily want to have broods of 32 Termagants running around with venom cannons or barbed stranglers, but one or two could add some interesting variation into a brood, opening new possibilities. To account for these odd little variations I came up with a rule for incorporating Tyranid 'mutants' – creatures with unusual bio-weapons, acid blood, excessive size, ferocity and so on.

### NEW BEASTIES

As well as a superb revamp of all the old Tyranid favourites, we got to add some new nasties in too. One of the major reshuffles I made to the Tyranid army list was to take the fleet footed Hormagaunts out of being a Fast Attack choice on the force organisation chart and put them into the Troops section. This left the Tyranids with a grand total of one Fast Attack choice available – Gargoyles. While I did tinker with Gargoyles a little to make them a bit nastier (bio-plasma attack in close combat), we also came up with Raveners – snake bodied monstrosities about equal in power to Tyranid Warriors but really fast.

A lot of players were keen to be able to give Hive Tyrants the option of a bodyguard unit, so we designed specialised Tyrant Guard. These enhanced Tyranid warriors are heavily modified and armoured to make them just as tough as the Tyrant they guard, making the Hive Tyrant and its bodyguard a formidable opponent for just about anything.

We've also done a variety of different Spore Mines (drifting Tyranid bio-bombs), diversifying them out into bio-acid, explosive and poison types. Looking at the way that Biovores and Spore Mines had operated in the shorter rulebook list made me realise that they were just like Space Marine

## BIOMORPHS



### ADRENAL GLANDS

These biomorphs boost the creature's reaction time, adding +1 to its Weapon Skill and +1 to its Initiative.

### BIOWEAPON: SPINEFISTS

This symbiote weapon-creature launches diamond-hard spines coated in toxins.

**Range:** 12" **Str:** As Creature **AP:** 6 **Type:** Assault 2X

### EXTENDED CARAPACE

This biomorph hardens and extends armour, adding +1 to the save of the creature, so that a 6+ save becomes a 5+ save, etc.





Whirlwind rocket artillery with the added bonus that their missed shots drifted around a bit. I wanted the Spore Mines to have a more insidious feel, drifting around slowly, hunting down targets, their rudimentary instincts being attracted to weapons fire and movement, potentially forcing people to freeze to avoid one drifting towards them. Though not the uber-weapons they once were, they now give the Tyranid army an extra menacing dimension of pregnant peril.

## THE BIG PICTURE

I also did a fair amount of alteration to the existing creatures in the army list, although where possible I've tried to keep their characteristics consistent with their rulebook incarnations. Some of these were quite substantial, for example all 'Gaunt' based creatures have the *fleet of foot* (or wing or claw) ability that lets them move an extra D6" in the Shooting phase if they don't attack with ranged bio-weapons. I took away the 5+ invulnerable saving throws which Carnifexes and Hive Tyrants had previously had and replaced them with a 3+ armour save so that these behemoths of destruction could be spared the indignities of being riddled with lasgun and bolter fire.

I also put in place a variety of hive mind powers such as *Catalyst*, *Psychic Scream* and *Warp Field* in addition to the old favourites of *Warp Blast* and *The Horror*. This enables the powerfully psychic Hive Tyrants and Zoanthropes to be used for a variety of roles by giving them different hive mind powers.

The most sweeping changes have been to the overall army special rules. The *Synapse Creature* hive mind power now overcomes not only Morale checks but Pinning tests as well, making Tyranids close to synapse creatures utterly fearless. For

## TYRANID RAVENER

*Raveners are twisted, snake-like creatures which combine the worst elements of the Tyranid Warriors' powerful symbiote weapons with the unholy speed of Gargoyles and Hormagaunts. Raveners writhe across the battlefield with frightening speed, often overrunning positions before the defender can fire more than a single volley. While they bear a resemblance to the most common forms of Rippers and the giant Tyranid organisms known as Trygons, the origins of Raveners are unknown.*

*The Ravener is a Fast Attack choice.*



Tyranid organisms beyond the immediate reach of the hive mind I've included rules for instinctive behaviour, unpredictable responses to casualties and bombardment which may make them run into cover or even charge towards the enemy in snarling, spitting fury. Probably one of the most controversial changes will be that I have specifically allowed opposing forces to target Tyranid creatures freely, without worrying about other broods blocking their line of fire. This came about as some particularly exploitative tactics with Tyranids saw them using ultra-cheap, smallish troops to shield things twenty times their mass from enemy firing. By forcing the enemy to always fire at the least dangerous things, their doom was assured and victory after very boring victory for the Tyranids was also assured. It's now up to Tyranid players to overrun their enemies honestly, by piling in so many nasty,

dangerous critters that he simply doesn't know which ones to shoot first.

## CONCLUSION

I've already rambled on for ages, and there's many I haven't even mentioned yet. It's definitely worth getting a plug in for the truly awesome miniatures, and the great art that has been created for the Codex. I can't praise them enough, but you can see some of the results in this article, so I think they speak for themselves far more succinctly than my drooling ever can. I've convinced myself to collect a Tyranid army, mostly Warriors and Carnifexes, I think, but there's such a selection even among those...

Bring me the geno splicer, warm up the vats, I'm going in.

*[Handwritten signature]*



## BIOWEAPON: SCYTHING TALONS

These biomorphs elongate the Tyranid's arms into vicious claws, adding +1 Attack to the creature's profile.



## IMPLANT ATTACKS

Models that suffer an unsaved wound from a Tyranid with an Implant Attack take two wounds instead of one.



## TOXIN SACS

These biomorphs allow the Tyranid to strike with a virulent poison, adding +1 to its Strength.



## DESIGNING THE PLASTIC TYRANIDS



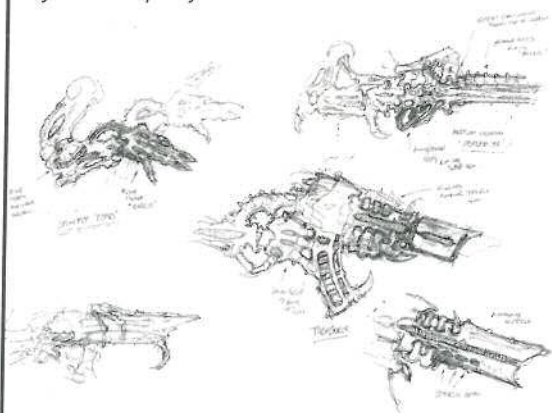
*Jes Goodwin is one of the Studio's most established Miniatures Designers, and led the new Tyranid plastics project, ably assisted by Mark Bedford, Juan Diaz and Colin Grayson.*

**Jes:** When we were designing the new Tyranids, we wanted to turn the range from a bunch of interesting models into a range that looked like a race. Because a lot of the models that we had already designed had different textures, different limb layouts and a lot of different styles, when put together they didn't look like part of the army as a whole. The other thing about the old Tyranids was that there were a lot of small creatures, a lot of big creatures and nothing in between. As a result they just didn't seem to grade or gel. What we wanted was more of a scaling, a progression, which meant some of the models had to change size considerably. Termagants have got bigger, Hormagaunts have got a little smaller, and Warriors have got slightly shorter but a lot broader. They're meant to



*Hormagaunt with a Hive Node mutation. This conversion was simple; a head swap with a Tyranid Warrior.*

*Concept sketches for Tyranid weaponry.*



hold that middle ground, so that your Genestealer sits somewhere in between a Termagant's size and a Warrior's. There are other relationships we wanted to build up, so that if you put one of the Termagants next to a Tyranid Warrior, it would look like a warrior with a hunting dog, for example.

Another thing we wanted to do was to get the design right down to just two frames, one to do all the Gaunts and one to do all the Warriors. Rather than do two large frames, however, we wanted to cut it down so that we had a couple of frames that were comprised of additional parts which you could use on different sorts of models. We went through twelve different plans of how to spread things across the frames so that we could achieve all the different variations for different troop types.

### WHAT'S IN THE BOXES

There are actually two different Gaunt frames; the Hormagaunt frame, which has the bodies leaning forward and a selection of close combat weapons, and the Termagants, which are running and holding guns. Also provided in the box is the small biomorphs frame, giving you a load of accessories you can add to your Gaunts to customise them. In the Tyranid Warriors boxed set, you've got three Tyranid Warrior frames, and each makes up into one complete Warrior. The set not only comes with a biomorphs frame, but it also comes with a large arms frame, including several ranged bio-weapons. This separate frame allows us to put bits of

plastic kit into the metal boxed sets, to keep them lighter and cheaper.

Added to this, you get a little bit of a bonus as there is a Ripper on each one of these frames. What that means is that as you buy these boxed sets, you build up bases of Rippers as well, and they are a really nice feature of the

Tyranid army. Whereas you used to have to spend a lot of money on the metal Rippers so that you could have enough to field several bases of them, now they accumulate as you buy the main elements of the Tyranid army.

What we worked out is that if you buy the two basic boxed sets, you will already have enough for a small force. For instance, say the first boxed set you buy contains Gaunts, the kit will give you a unit of eight Hormagaunts, a unit of eight Termagants, and one Ripper Swarm. Your Tyranid Warriors box gives you enough for a unit of three Tyranid Warriors, plus another Ripper Swarm. If you only buy those two boxes, you effectively get three different units and the majority of a third, amounting to quite a lot of points. That's just gluing them together the basic way. If you want to add any of the biomorphs and large weapons you can make a lot more than that. Even though you can get a lot out of just sticking things together, you can get an awful lot more by converting them.

We've numbered all the parts on all the frames, so that if we do conversion articles we can actually list which parts we've used and where we got them from.

### MORPHISM

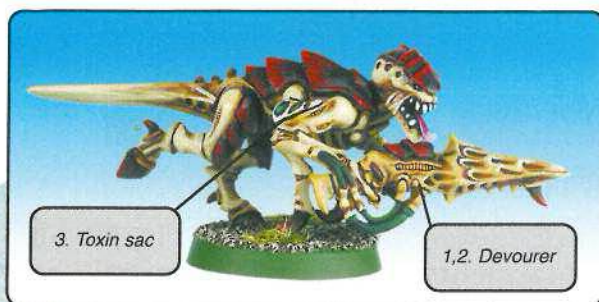
As to the shape, we worked out a brief to begin with. The old Tyranids used lots and lots of different textures, and we wanted to make that far simpler. We also wanted to put some rules in about how they were mutating, and what constituted a standard Tyranid.

All Tyranids have six legs, even though some of them might be

*Concept work on the Tyranid Warriors*



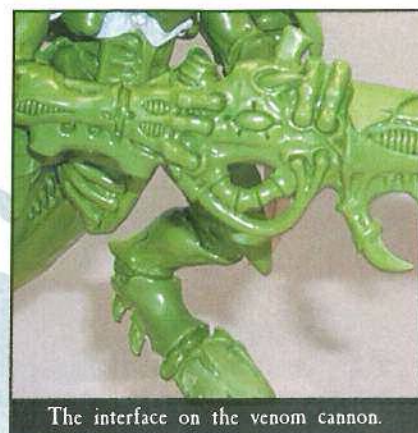




Gaunt with devourer and toxin sacs

these I'd like to see them done as a combination of human beings and Termagants. Effectively a Genestealer is a Gaunt/Human hybrid.

There are other models in the range that have genetic material from other races. When we talked about the Biovores, we thought it was a bit weird that they looked so big and chunky and they fire spores, so what could that suggest? We made it so that it looked like Biovores incorporated Ork genetic material. And with the Zoanthrope, it was the suggestion of the Eldar genes that gave it its characteristic shape, fitting nicely with its psychic abilities. It's even rumoured that the Tyrant Guard were



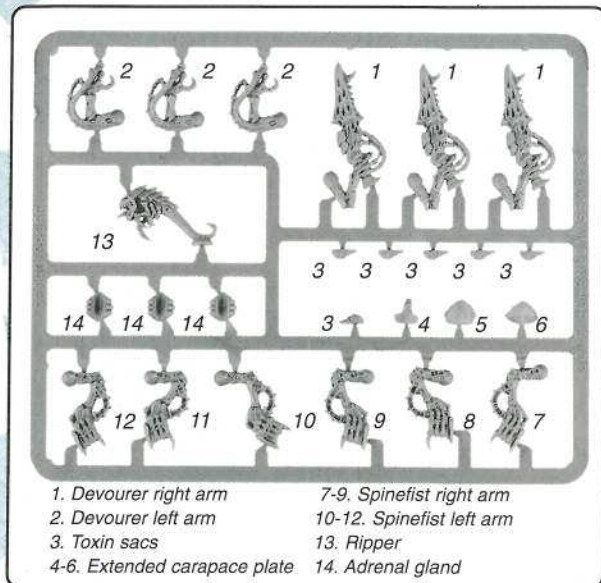
Tyranids you can effectively do what you want. We didn't want to limit anybody or to say you had to paint them in a particular way. If you really want a quick army with the Tyranids, you can just spray them black, paint them with gloss varnish and maybe put some red markings on the back, such as black widow spiders have, for example. Or you can aim for the albino army, or an army entirely done in glossy red. It can be that simple.

## BIO-WEAPONS

Originally, part of the brief was that the guns were to be part of the limbs. When we looked at that and got some drawings together, the trouble was that they just didn't look like weapons, they just looked like extended limbs, which wasn't good enough. In the end we went for a trickier solution, but one that I think we pulled off, which was to actually make the guns half part of the arms and half not. If you look at some of the elements of the guns it looks like they're holding them, but if you turn them over it looks like the fingers actually grow through the weapons themselves, and the ammunition feeds run back into the body. For example, you've got the heavy weapons such as the Devourer, and where the arm plugs into the side there's actually no hand there, it's just a plug socket. We theorised that the Tyranids actually have an incredibly high metabolism; they put out a lot of heat, so they steam. You can imagine their twitching arms as they produce ammunition for their bio-weapons.

We tried to think of it in quite nasty, cinematic terms. In the end I think we achieved what we set out to do, and the result was a race that not only looks far better on the battlefield but also allows you to build your own alien species and mutations with ease.

So what are you waiting for?



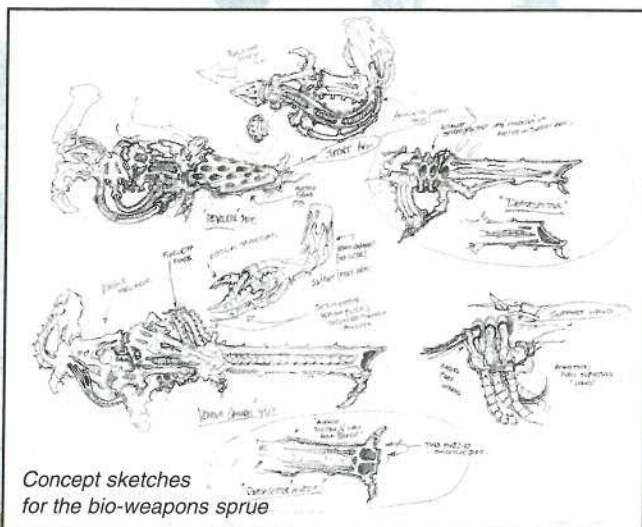
atrophied, such as with the Zoanthrope and the Gargoyles. They've all got tails (again, some of them may be atrophied) and they all have five plates on top of their heads. These vary – some of them grow out into big crests, as with the Hive Tyrants etc, but in the case of Termagants and Hormagaunts they just form a bony ridge. If we come back to do the Genestealer again, we'll put five bumps underneath the skin of the forehead. If we do revisit

reaped from Space Marine gene-seed. What we wanted was to get some subtle stuff in there, that made the Tyranids feel as if they had incorporated other races. If you look at the range as a whole, they work in that way.

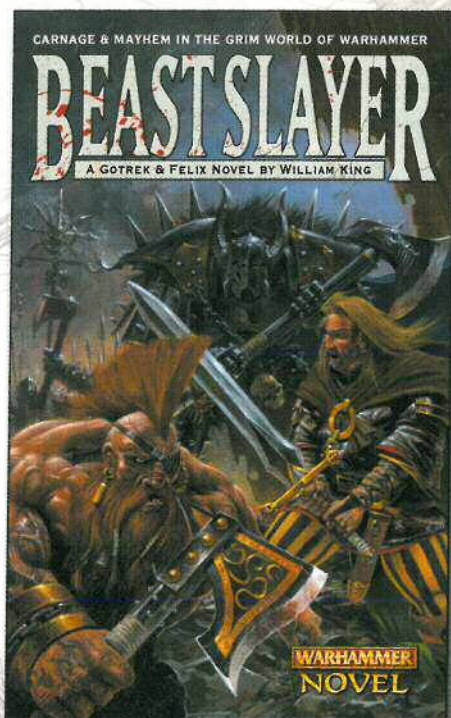
## PAINTING THE SWARM

When we painted Tyranid armies in lots of different colours, it never worked very well. One of the best Tyranid armies we have done was the one Ben Jefferson did, which used a very limited palette of black, blue and purple, and it literally looked like a big carpet of monsters. If you paint your army in a similar manner, you get that sort of 'horde' feel.

The actual Codex has loads of colour schemes in it, but with the







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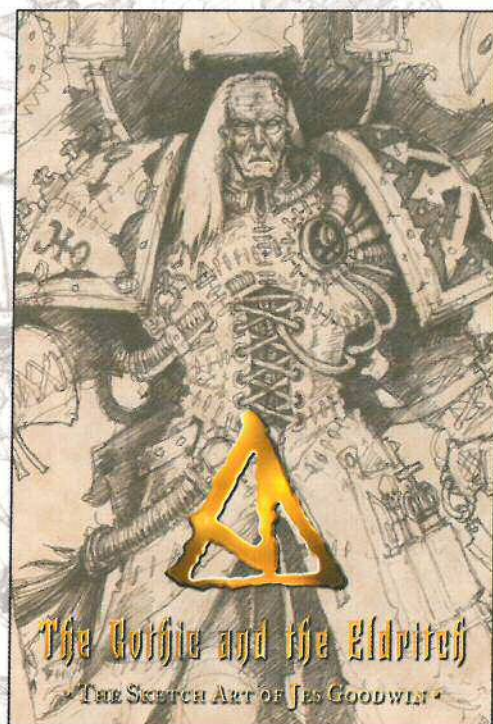
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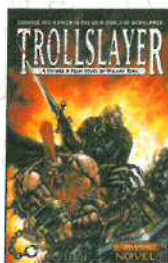
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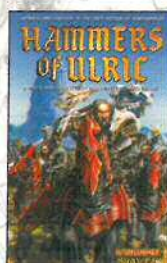
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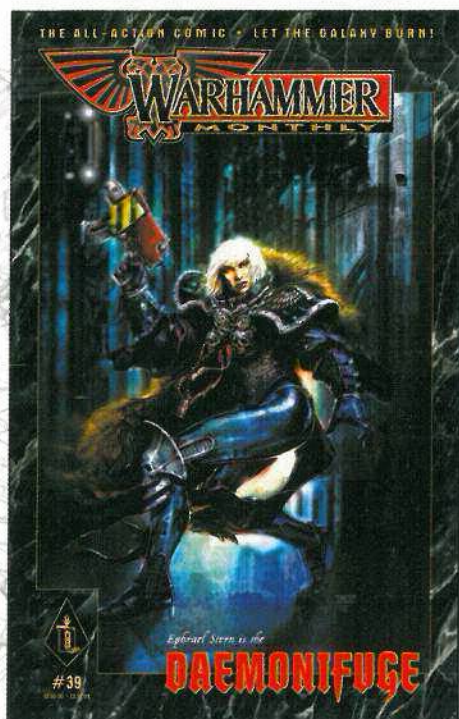


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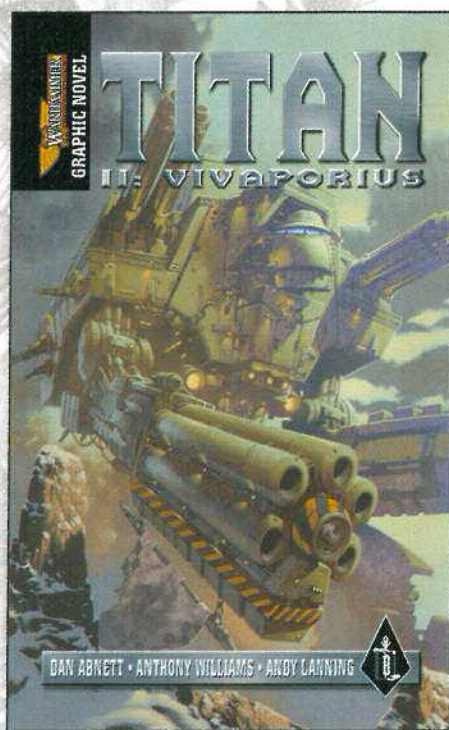
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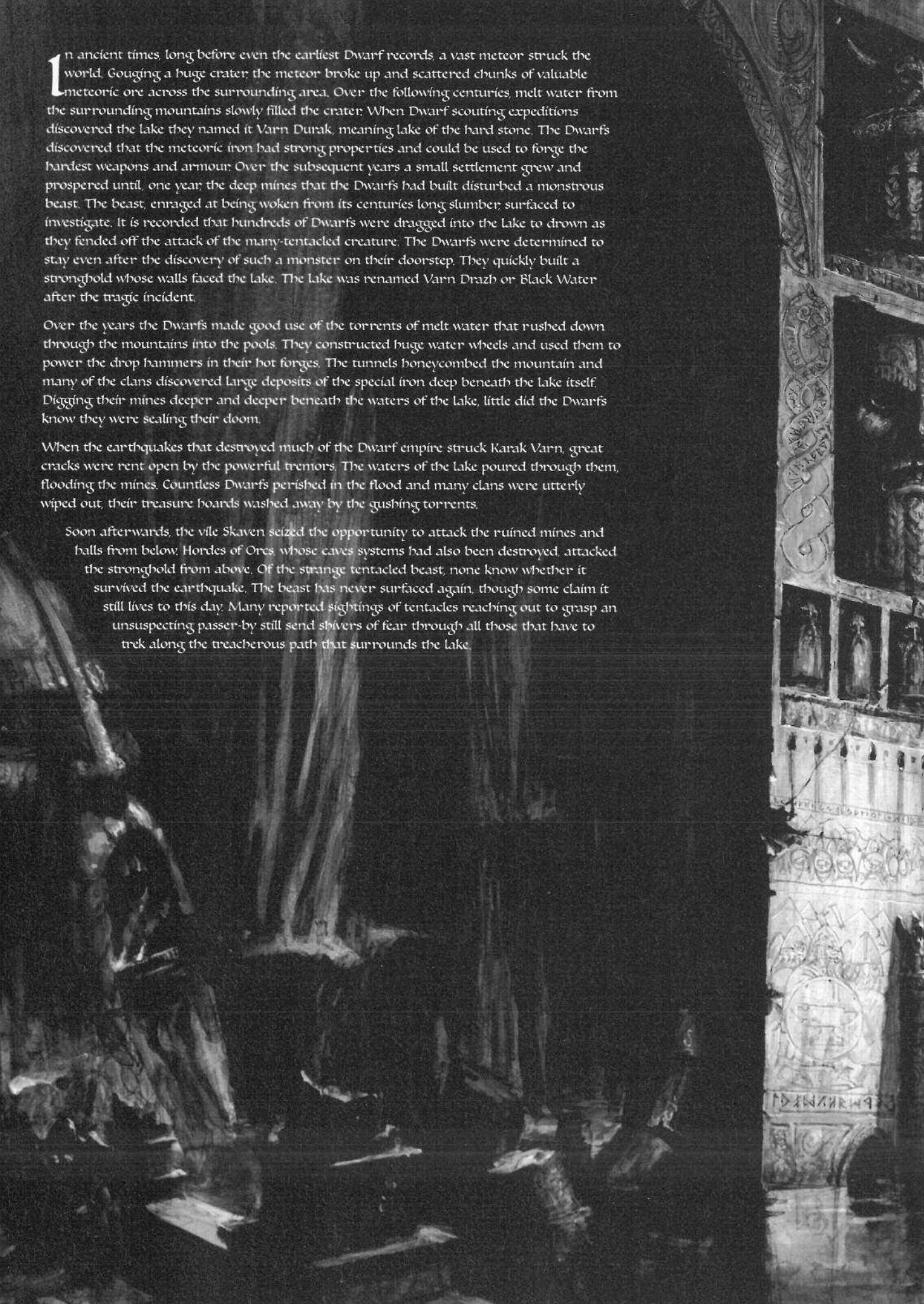


In ancient times, long before even the earliest Dwarf records, a vast meteor struck the world. Gouging a huge crater, the meteor broke up and scattered chunks of valuable meteoric ore across the surrounding area. Over the following centuries, melt water from the surrounding mountains slowly filled the crater. When Dwarf scouting expeditions discovered the lake they named it Varn Durak, meaning lake of the hard stone. The Dwarfs discovered that the meteoric iron had strong properties and could be used to forge the hardest weapons and armour. Over the subsequent years a small settlement grew and prospered until, one year, the deep mines that the Dwarfs had built disturbed a monstrous beast. The beast, enraged at being woken from its centuries long slumber, surfaced to investigate. It is recorded that hundreds of Dwarfs were dragged into the lake to drown as they fended off the attack of the many-tentacled creature. The Dwarfs were determined to stay even after the discovery of such a monster on their doorstep. They quickly built a stronghold whose walls faced the lake. The lake was renamed Varn Drazh or Black Water after the tragic incident.

Over the years the Dwarfs made good use of the torrents of melt water that rushed down through the mountains into the pools. They constructed huge water wheels and used them to power the drop hammers in their hot forges. The tunnels honeycombed the mountain and many of the clans discovered large deposits of the special iron deep beneath the lake itself. Digging their mines deeper and deeper beneath the waters of the lake, little did the Dwarfs know they were sealing their doom.

When the earthquakes that destroyed much of the Dwarf empire struck Karak Varn, great cracks were rent open by the powerful tremors. The waters of the lake poured through them, flooding the mines. Countless Dwarfs perished in the flood and many clans were utterly wiped out, their treasure hoards washed away by the gushing torrents.

Soon afterwards, the vile Skaven seized the opportunity to attack the ruined mines and halls from below. Hordes of Orcs, whose caves systems had also been destroyed, attacked the stronghold from above. Of the strange tentacled beast, none know whether it survived the earthquake. The beast has never surfaced again, though some claim it still lives to this day. Many reported sightings of tentacles reaching out to grasp an unsuspecting passer-by still send shivers of fear through all those that have to trek along the treacherous path that surrounds the lake.









# THE BATTLE OF BLACK WATER PASS

By Space McQuirk



Durgrim swung his stout legs upwards and crashed his heavy, iron-capped boots onto the top of the thick oak table. Sitting back in his chair he put a match to his ornately carved pipe. The barmaid cast him a disapproving glance but knew better than to scold him. Had any of the younger Dwarfs in the dimly lit tavern dared to do the same they would have been thrown from the premises, but Durgrim Redmane was a valued customer and his tales would draw quite a crowd.

"'Twas a good fight by all accounts, not like the little scuffles that you young 'uns call battles. The kinfolk of Karak Eight Peaks defended the gate to a man. That were in the days when the Dwarfs didn't know the meaning of retreat. A warrior would rather die in combat than return home in defeat. They'd have seen off the attack of those vile Greenskins were it not for their evil magics. 'Tis said that the gods of the Orcs themselves appeared to help the puny Goblins, but I reckon that's more rumour and superstition than truth." Taking a deep draw on his pipe he billowed out a thick cloud of smoke.

"Mind you, they should have been prepared for such treachery. The Orcs and Grobi have always sneaked and skulked about. They prefer to hide and ambush than face us Dwarfs in an open fight, just look at the Battle of Black Water. Have I ever told thee about my great-great-great-great grandfather Kadrin Redmane? You'll have heard his name before, no doubtin'..."

**K**arak Varn was once a prosperous centre for Dwarf mining. The stronghold which is now known as Crag Mere was hewn out of the cliffs overlooking Black Water. The mountains around the hold were loaded with strata of unique and extremely precious minerals including the highly prized meteoric iron which the Dwarfs call gromril. Clans arrived at Karak Varn and laid claim to sections of the mountain, where they would tunnel deep in search of the increasingly rare metal. The tunnels honeycombed the mountain and many of the clans discovered large deposits of the special iron deep beneath the lake itself. Digging their mines deeper and deeper beneath the waters of the lake, little did the Dwarfs know they were sealing their doom.

A series of great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions caused the tunnels and passages to collapse. To further add to the disaster, the waters of the lake flooded into the lower halls drowning many Dwarfs. The few Dwarfs who survived were then attacked by Orcs who had been forced out of their cave systems by the great upheaval that struck the land. Outnumbered and weakened by famine and disease, only a handful of Dwarfs escaped with their lives.

Unbeknown to the Dwarfs, the very same earthquakes that had destroyed the wealthy stronghold revealed new seams of the precious ore. In the Imperial calendar year -1185 a mining expedition working in the ruins of Karak Varn discovered a particularly rich vein of gromril. Upon its discovery, Runesmith Kadrin Redmane, leader of the expedition, petitioned the High King to fund a full scale operation. Rumours of hidden treasure quickly spread throughout the Dwarf realms and so began what became known as the Great Gromril Rush. Hundreds of miners flocked to the old stronghold and over the following years began to dig great fortunes of the precious metal.

By -1136 the mines were beginning to dry up and Kadrin Redmane decided it was time to return to his home in





Karaz-a-Karak. He would depart with one last shipment of ore and escort it back himself. Leaving the artillery at the Hold for the protection of the few brave Dwarfs who decided to settle in the ruined, abandoned halls of Karak Varn, he set off on the long journey home. The prospectors loaded their ore onto a large wagon, gathered their few possessions and set off for the great Dwarf capital.

The Dwarf wagon and its escort followed the ancient road down through a pass to the shores of Black Water. Many of the Dwarfs kept close watch on the still waters of the lake lest the beast of legend that dwelled there should choose this moment to resurface. But it was no monster that watched the Dwarfs' slow progress through the treacherous route. A small band of Orcs returning to their caves spotted the party. Relishing the opportunity to kill some Stunties and steal their mysterious load, the Orcs hurriedly gathered together the rest of their tribe. As the precious ore reached the shores of Black Water, the Dwarf convoy was ambushed. Boulders lobbed from high up on the mountainside landed square in the midst of the Dwarfs. Clouds of deadly arrows rained down upon the convoy. With a menacing cry the Orcs surged down the mountain to steal the cargo. Without any of the mighty Dwarf cannons to fear, the Orcs attacked with a savage ferocity. But they had not counted on the skills of Kadrin Redmane and the Dwarf tenacity in clinging on to their hard-earned ore.

Kadrin Redmane was an experienced fighter and quickly organised the Dwarf defence. He knew that if he wanted to protect the ore that the miners had spent over a year collecting then he would have to give the wagon time to escape. The wagon's only chance would be if he could prevent the Orcs from reaching it whilst it was slowed

down by the boggy lakeside path. If the Dwarfs could somehow withstand the Orc attack then at least it would reach the main road and hopefully be able to distance itself from the Orc raiders. Gathering the Dwarf escort around the wagon he fought a rearguard action. His warriors bore the brunt of the Orc assault and a vicious fight ensued. Wave after wave of attackers crashed against the Dwarfs' solid defensive line. One by one the Dwarfs fell, selling their lives dearly. It was not long before Kadrin stood alone on a vast mound of Greenskin and Dwarf bodies. As he saw the wagon disappear safely into the distance he turned to face the Orc horde. With his long, red beard matted together and his tunic soaked and stained red with the blood of those slain, Kadrin looked a fearsome sight. Swinging his hammer above his head he raised his shield high and charged into the midst of the Orc force. As he disappeared into the centre of a group of huge Orcs the rest of the horde broke and fled in fear of this awesome fighter. At the end of the battle Kadrin Redmane lay mortally wounded by the side of the lake, his last act having been to throw his hammer into the waters lest the Orcs return to claim it. It is said that when his body was recovered, a pile of thirty six Orcs lay dead around him. At the command of the High King, Kadrin's broken body was brought back to Karaz-a-Karak where it was laid to rest in a vault beneath the Great Hall.

## ESCORT

**Overview:** In this scenario one force is attempting to escort a valuable cargo across the battlefield. The other force must intercept the cargo, destroying its escort in order to steal away with the precious ore.

**Armies:** Both armies are chosen using the Warhammer army lists to an agreed points value. The Dwarf army must include Runesmith Kadrin Redmane and the gromril wagon at the points cost shown. Kadrin Redmane will always be the Dwarfs' General. The Dwarf escort may not field any war engines, nor may they field an Anvil of Doom. The Dwarf pony cart uses the same rules for chariots with the profile below.





**Battlefield:** The terrain may be laid out in an agreeable manner as long as there is a clear, straight route from the Dwarf deployment zone to the other side of the table along which the wagon may travel.

## DEPLOYMENT

1. Before any deployment, the Dwarf player must write an Order of March to show where in the wagon convoy each unit is. Do not include Characters in the Order of March.

2. Both players must then roll a D6 to see who starts deploying first.

3. The players take it in turns to deploy. The Dwarf player must start with the unit at the top of his Order of March list, working down. Each subsequent unit must be deployed closer to one of the narrow table edges than all the previous Dwarf units – in effect, the army deploys outwards from the first unit.

4. Champions are deployed with their unit. All other characters are deployed after all other units in the army, each player deploying their characters all at the same time. Characters may start the battle within units if they wish.

5. The Dwarf units must be deployed at least 12" from the enemy deployment edges and up to 12" from the Dwarfs' own table edge.

6. The Orcs deploy within the deployment zones shown. They may be split between the two zones, or all in one.

7. Scouting units are not deployed with the rest of the units. Instead they are placed on the table after all units in both armies have been deployed, as described in the rules for Scouts.

**Who goes first?** Both players roll a dice, the player with the highest score may choose whether to go first or second (re-roll ties).

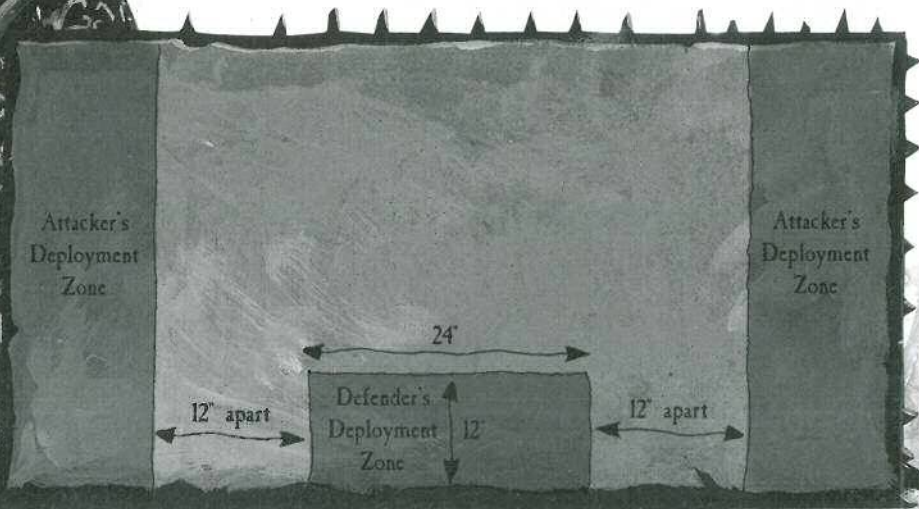
**Length of game:** The game lasts for six turns.

**Victory conditions:** The standard Victory point conditions are used to determine the winner, with the following additions. If the Dwarf player manages to move his wagon off the far table edge then he gains an additional 500 points. If the Orcs manage to destroy the wagon then they gain an additional 250 points. If the wagon is still in the possession of the Dwarfs at the end of the battle but remains on the table then neither side gains any additional Victory points.

Neither side may claim Victory points for table quarters.

## TACTICS

In order to achieve his mission, the Dwarf player will have to think very carefully about his Order of March. He should take into account the fact that the Dwarfs cannot keep up with the wagon to protect it but, at the same time, if the wagon trundles along at Dwarf pace then it will not reach the far end of the table. The Dwarfs have a distinct advantage in that they are *relentless*. They should use this new rule to take full advantage of the fact that the Orcs will be powerless to prevent them from marching alongside the wagon.





## THE GROMRIL WAGON

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wagon	-	-	-	4	5	4	-	-	-
Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9
Mule	8	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-

**Points:** 50

### Special Rules

The wagon is treated as a chariot in all respects.

The wagon has two crewmen both armed with crossbows

The wagon is pulled by two mules.

If you don't have a suitable model to represent the wagon then you can use another model such as a chariot instead.

The Orcs will have to plan their attack carefully. In order to achieve their objective, they will have to concentrate some of their force solely on attacking the wagon. This will take valuable points away from the part of the army which could be attacking the Dwarfs. Plus, with the infamous Orc Animosity, no plan can ever be considered foolproof.

## THEMED SCENARIOS

Creating your own themed scenarios is not as difficult as you may think. With a little inspiration, and by following the general structure of the other scenarios, you'll find that before long you have a wide number of entertaining battles to play. As a general rule it is best to stick to the format of the other scenarios in the book, but the most important factor is that your scenario is fun to play. You can often find sources of great inspiration for battles from the Army books. You may, for example, decide that the fall of Karak Azul would make a great battle. In this scenario the Dwarfs must defend their King from attack on all sides. A small group of Dwarf Hammerers must valiantly defend the King for a predetermined number of turns before the Dwarf reinforcements arrive. Alternatively you could recreate one of the epic struggles fought in the Undgrin, the Dwarf highway that stretches the length of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Plenty of rubble and difficult terrain spread over the battlefield will mean that large solid blocks of troops will find this battle difficult to manoeuvre into positions. Of course not everyone plays with a Dwarf army. (*Although why people play with anything else is beyond me! - Fat Bloke*). You could easily substitute the Dwarfs or the Orcs for any other force. The gromril wagon could become a rare shipment of superior quality black powder which the Empire soldiers must protect. The vast scope of scenarios is only limited by your own imagination, so instead of fighting the usual pitched battle for your next game, try something new. Your games will most definitely benefit for it.

## KADRIN REDMANE

The Redmane clan can trace its roots back to when Dwarf records first began, and Kadrin Redmane is undoubtedly the most famous Dwarf of this prestigious line. He first made his name as a great warrior at the Battle of Three Towers, during the War of the Beard. As the Dwarf army of Gotrek Starbreaker crushed that of the High Elf Phoenix King Caledor II, Kadrin Redmane's valour and skills caught the attentions of an ancient Runesmith. He took Redmane as his apprentice and began to teach him the long and arduous process of forging Dwarf runes. Over the following centuries, Kadrin's natural talent surprised and even surpassed that of his master and so it was that he became Runelord of Karak Varn. He presided as Lord of the Hold during a rare time of peace and prosperity for the Dwarfs. Kadrin retained his position as Runelord of Karak Varn until the Worlds Edge Mountains were struck by cataclysmic earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Many of his clan died as Karak Varn was reduced to rubble. The Dwarfs call this period of history the Time of Woes. Kadrin barely escaped with his own life. He and the few remaining survivors sought safety in the great halls of Karaz-a-Karak, where he made his new home, teaching other Dwarfs the secret arts of the Runesmith. It is during this time that he created the Shield of Stone and his mighty warhammer. In the year -1185 he returned to Karak Varn in search of some of the valuable family heirlooms and artefacts that had been lost in the earthquake. It was during one of these expeditions that he discovered the rich veins of gromril which the quake had opened up.

## KADRIN REDMANE

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kadrin	3	6	4	4	5	3	3	2	10

**Points:** 215

**Weapons:** Hammer of Ages, Dwarf handgun

**Armour:** Gromril armour, Shield of Stone

**Special Rules:** *Stubborn*. Adds one dice to the Dispel pool.

## MAGIC ITEMS

### Hammer of Ages

The Hammer of Ages is inscribed with an ancient family rune. Kadrin Redmane was the only Dwarf with the knowledge of how to create this rune.

Models that are hit with this hammer must take a Leadership test for each hit suffered. If failed, the Hammer automatically wounds with no Armour save allowed. If the test is passed, roll to wound and take armour saves as usual.

### Shield of Stone

The Shield of Stone is made of the purest gromril mined from the pits in Karak Varn. Redmane forged the shield himself, inscribing it with mighty runes of protection.

The Shield of Stone confers a 2+ Ward save against any missile attacks (including magic missiles).



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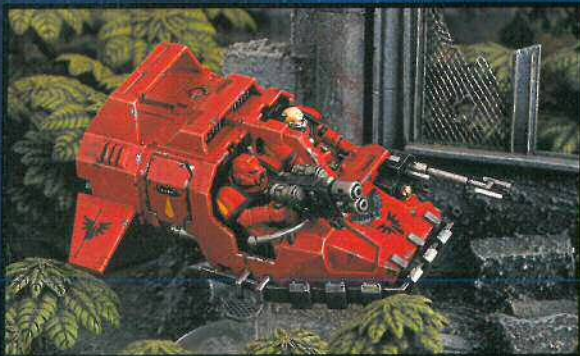
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# THE FALL OF MALVOLION

by Dan Abnett

By his wrist-chronometer, it was not yet noon, but the air was warm and clammy. Trooper Karl Grauss of the Fifteenth Mordian Iron Guard let his las-rifle swing loose on its harness strap, wiped perspiration from his eyes, and pushed the angular nose of the wrench-bar into the rusty door lock.

He paused and glanced around at Major Hecht. The officer was tensed, his las-rifle pulled up tight with the butt in his armpit, ready to fire. Beads of sweat dotted his face too, and it wasn't just the heat.

"What are you waiting for?" he hissed.

Grauss shrugged. He didn't know, exactly. He didn't know anything except what Hecht had told him and the others of Zwei Company that morning: get out to that pump station in the delta and find out why they hadn't checked in for three days.

Grauss jiggled the wrench-bar until the tool locked against the latch mechanism, and then began to wind the ratchet so that the door release slowly began to turn manually.

Down the low hallway behind him and the major, six other men from Zwei hugged the walls and braced lasguns. This was the job at

its worst, thought Grauss as he cranked the tool. Sneaking into a mystery and opening doors blind when you had no idea what in the name of the God Emperor lay on the other side.

But, dammit, they were Iron Guard! More disciplined, determined Imperial soldiers you couldn't find.

They'd reached the pump-station early that morning. A cluster of machine-barns and modular habitats, it stood at a confluence of irrigation channels which watered the entire delta area and fed over a dozen farmsteads. The suns were low and cool. There had been no sign of life, not even the ever-present water birds that Grauss had seen everywhere in the marshes.

And once they had got inside, with no answers to their voice or vox calls, it had been so damned hot and humid, like someone had set the environment controls to 'tropical'.

The latch popped, and Grauss kicked the door inwards, swinging aside so that the Major could slide in, gun raised and aimed.

Before them lay some kind of hydroponic workshop, with a high, cera-glass roof and metal support pillars rusting in the steamy air. Samples of crops and yield-plants stood in labelled pots, trays and bins all around. The walkways between the bins were metal grills. Sappy moisture dripped from the transparent panes above.

The Mordians fanned out into the hothouse, dripping with sweat in their dress uniforms.

"What's this?" called Trooper Parnell. Grauss moved over to him, and the Major joined them. Parnell gestured with disgust at a rack of culture-trays set under some daylight lamps. Nutrient feeder sprays intermittently misted what was in the trays with chemical washes.

Major Hecht cursed. The things in the trays looked like rotting, globular fungi; puffy, swollen, the size of human heads. They pulsed irregularly. None of the Mordians had

any horticultural training, and none had been on Malvolion long enough to get a feel for the local flora, but they all knew this stuff just wasn't right.

"Burn it. Get a flamer in here and burn it all," Hecht looked away from the obscene crop.

Grauss was about to obey the command, when they heard the las-fire. Close by, two or three buildings away. Six short, frantic bursts, then a longer report made by several guns on auto, firing together. Zwei Company's vox-intercoms spluttered out an overlapping, unintelligible series of ear-splitting cries and yells.

The platoon turned and ran towards the sounds, Hecht in the lead. Platoon two, scouting to the left of them, was in trouble.

Hecht's men burst into the chamber that had been P-2's last recorded position. It was a hanger barn, with several big-wheeled agricultural vehicles parked in it. The air was full of smoke from discharged weapons.

There were two bodies on the floor, both men from P-2, both looking like they'd been dismembered by industrial crop-reapers.

P-1 crept forward through the gloom, twitching for targets. Grauss found the headless corpse of another man from P-2 leaning against the wheel-arch of one of the agri-tractors.

Looking aside from the corpse in distaste, Grauss saw that the tractor was hitched to a big flatbed cargo truck, with something large and strange chain-lashed to it. Caked in the mud of the delta, it looked for all the world like some kind of ship: those bulbous projections at the rear could only be propulsion units. But... it was small, not large enough for anything more than a single human, and it made him sick to look at it. It wasn't made of metal. It wasn't technology as he understood it. It looked... organic. Fleshy, pod-like, akin to the things he had seen growing in the hothouse but many, many times larger. Was this something the station crew had found out there in the delta and hauled back for study?



There was a cry and a burst of las-fire behind him. Grauss spun around, in time to see Trooper Parnell's body sailing across the chamber in a welter of blood and torn flesh. Las-guns roared and flashed. Something was moving through the gloom with terrifying rapidity. Something with claws. Four sets of claws.

It sliced through Major Hecht at the waist, and his body fell in two, still firing.

It was right on Grauss now. He howled and started to fire.

Genestealer...

\*\*\*\*\*

Grauss woke with a start. He was wet and slippery with night-sweat and his head pounded. It had been two weeks since that nightmare in the pump station, a nightmare that only he and three others from the Zwei Company detail had survived. And he could not shake it. He'd had battle-shock before, he was a veteran, but the sheer alien horror of what he had seen, and smelled, and felt... it haunted his sleep and his waking mind.

Genestealer...

Grauss got off his barrack cot unsteadily and pulled on a fresh uniform. Outside it was daylight, and he could hear men and vehicles. He needed to get active. If he was going to get over the trauma, he had to keep his mind and body occupied.

He went outside, into the raw suns-light, and watched the troop trucks and cargo-machines rolling past in the mud. Unseasonal, warm rain hosed the street. The modular roofs and towers of Malvolion Collective farm-plex 132/5 glistened and their gutters drooled.

The evacuation was under way.

As he crossed between growling heavy transports, he tried to reassure himself. He'd killed the thing, blown it apart with his las-gun. It and two more like it. Then he and the other survivors of the search detail had blown the pump station with krak mines. They'd kept their heads, true to the famed iron discipline of the Mordians. They'd got their report back to Guard Command and, thanks to them, the planet-wide advisory had been issued.

That had to make him feel better, didn't it?

Grauss spotted Colonel Tiegl supervising the loading of transports on a stretch of hardpan behind a row of produce barns. The Colonel looked hot and flustered. Settlers thronged around him, begging for more of their valuable agri-machinery to be included on the evacuation manifest.

Tiegl broke off from them as he saw Grauss approach.

"By the Golden Throne," he muttered under his breath to the trooper, "these people will be

the death of me! I just want to get them, their loved ones and their basic possessions out of here, and they're all too worried about their damned cultivators and multi-ploughs! I've half a mind to let you tell them what you saw."

"And cause a mass panic, sir?" smiled Grauss sadly.

Tiegl sighed. "No, no..."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"I thought you were on sick-rest? Medic's orders?"

"Making me crazy, sir. Give me something to do, and it might take my mind off the... the things in my head."

The colonel nodded. "Good man. Well, we need drivers. Can you handle a truck-rig?"

"Pretty much," said Grauss.

Tiegl consulted his data-slate and pointed to a dirt-caked eight wheeler parked over by the side sheds. "Unit 177. She's yours."

"What's the program?"

"I want the main evacuation section out of here by 15.00. No excuses. Anything we haven't loaded by then is staying, and that includes these bloody farmers. Uplift point is the Nacine Plains, nineteen hours north of here. According to transmitted reports, we're expecting nearly sixty bulk transports to be waiting there to take us to the orbiting fleet units. There are eight other evac convoys like ours heading in from other collectives, so it'll pay to be on time. We want to get our place and, if things turn nasty, we don't want them leaving without us."

"What if it does come to a fight, sir?"

"Then we'll show these alien freaks what Mordian fighting spirit is. There are seventy thousand men from our regiment deployed planetside, not to mention thirty thousand from the Phyrus regiments. General Caen has informed me that armour units are a few hours from landing, and there's even talk of help from the Chapters."

"That's reassuring," said Grauss. "It may have been a little isolated outbreak we found down at the pump station, but it pays to be prepared."

"More than prepared now," said Tiegl, a little darkly. "The alert's moved up a notch. Didn't anybody tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Off-world astropathic communications went down five hours ago. The Shadow has fallen across us. They're coming, Grauss, they're definitely coming."

\*\*\*\*\*

Like beached leviathans with screaming, wide mouths, the vast bulk transports

squatted on the dry, stony flats of the Nacine Plain, disgorging rivers of armour amid clouds of churned, pale dust. Even from the high observation mast of the command ship, three hundred meters above ground, General Caen could hear the clank and grumble of the Paladian tanks and fighting vehicles. He swept his magnoculars around and then nodded in satisfaction. Colonel Grizmund was deploying his armour as fast as ordered, faster perhaps. A good, clean dispersal. The sky was a clear blue, and they had visibility to ten kilometres. They wouldn't be caught napping.

Caen let the magnoculars dangle against the crisp, pressed front of his immaculate Mordian uniform. Beside him on the ship's watch-platform, two servitors and three Mordian adjutants manned the supervision consoles and vox-caster sets. A steady stream of radio traffic crackled in the background.

Hanff, one of the adjutants, approached him across the metal grill and handed the general a data-slate.

"Reports in from all the evacuation points, sir. Most of the collectives are under way to us in convoy. Tiegl at Collective farm-plex 132/5 informs you they will be under way by 15.00."

"Why so slow?"

"That's where the outbreak occurred, sir. I think the Colonel is being especially careful."

Caen nodded. He knew Tiegl and trusted him well. The man would get the job done.

"And this?" he asked, pointing to the slate. "Collective 344/9?"

"They haven't embarked either, General. Men from the Phyrus regiment are there. I... don't know what the hold up is."

"Vox them. Find out. Tell them I'll skin them alive if they don't move soon."

"Sir."

The air trembled with subsonic, basso power. A shadow passed over them. Another ten thousand ton bulk transport swung down in to land on the plain, braking jets squirting blue flames.

"*The Ariadne*," said Hanff. "Right on time."


Boots clanged up the mast ladder and Colonel Grizmund pulled himself up onto the platform. He was a tall, thick-set man wearing the crimson battledress of the Paladian Armour brigade proudly. He saluted Caen.

"Reporting in person," he said. "We're ready to move out. Where do you want us, sir?"

Caen shook the Colonel's hand and showed him the chart table.

"We're playing watchdog right now, Grizmund. Some of my men down in the





here, it's gonna find us, and we are gonna kill it so many times it's gonna wish it had never been born!"

There were cheers. Even Nink cheered. The Malvolion colonists trudging past to the waiting trucks further down the evacuation convoy line were silent and looked far too scared for Gallo's liking.

Silently, he just wished he knew what was coming, what they were up against, and why they were here.

"Repeated signals from Nacine Plain Command," Vox-officer Binal called to Gallo.

"Yeah, yeah..."

"It's the General himself, Sergeant. He wants to know why we're not moving yet."

Gallo dropped a crate in contempt and turned to look at Binal. "We're not moving because Major Hunnal hasn't given the order yet. Tell him that."

"I did, sergeant. He wants to know why not."

Wiping his sore, dusty palms, Gallo stalked away across the sunlit compound. "Tell him I'll ask the Major myself."

Gallo entered the main hall of the collective, a dirty, zinc-panelled prefab that creaked in the heat. Air-scrubbers chattered fitfully. Gallo had seen the Major and two other officers disappear inside an hour before to discuss the final evacuation conditions with the collective's selectmen.

"Major? Major Hunnal?"

Gallo checked a few rooms. The place was empty. Unnerved, he called in a squad to help him search. Five men, all in heavy Phyrus battledress, clattered in through the entryway to join him. One brought Gallo his lasgun. "Spread out," he told them.

Gallo and a trooper called Matlyg had the pleasure of finding Hunnal, the other two officers, and the six farm selectmen. What was left of them anyway. Reduced to blood and bone-meat, they coated the floor and walls of the cargo bay behind the hall.

Matlyg threw up and fell over in the mess of bloody remains. Gallo tried to stammer into his vox-link.

Something tall and still that he had taken to be a roof support quivered and moved. Fast... so freaking fast! A scything talon the size of a grown man lashed out of the shadows and ripped the vomiting Matlyg into ribbons of flesh and a spume of airborne blood.

Gallo found his legs, retreating, screaming, firing. Chitinous plates knotted with whitish bone, iridescent green tendrils writhing obscenely, the Mantis Killer ceased mimicking the colour of the wall, and towered over him.

They'd been in Farm Collective 344/9 only six hours and Trooper Nink was already banging on that something bad was coming.

The Phyrus troopers were packing crates into the pack of heavy transports behind the main maize silo and the suns, a matched pair, were coming up hard and bright. Sergeant Syra Gallo tossed another crate up into Nink's hands and told him to shut the hell up.

"Of course there's something bad coming, you moron! That's why we're here! That's why we were diverted nine days ago with express orders to head for Malvolion! That's why we're busting our humps getting a bunch of dirt-scratchers onto transports and away to the uplift! Something bad! Something really bad!"

Nink looked down at him as if the sergeant had just broken awful news about his wife.

"Don't look at me like that," Gallo turned around to regard the other men of the Phyrus Fourth Regiment who had all paused in their work. "None of you!"

"For the Emperor's sake, you moon-eyed malcontents, we're Imperial Guard! We only go to places like this because something bad is coming! I mean, the Warmaster doesn't say 'Oh, Malvolion... Nothing bad's gonna happen there... Let's deploy thirty thousand of our brave Phyrus boys immediately!' Does he? Eh? No, he damn well doesn't! We're here because we are the Imperial Guard and people give thanks and kiss our spotty butts in gratitude because we are there when that something bad arrives! Now get these crates stowed and tell yourselves this..."

Gallo dropped his voice and grinned at his men. "...we're the Phyrus Fourth. We're stone-killers to a man. It had better be something really freaking bad because when it gets

delta stirred up Genestealers two weeks ago, and blew the whistle. From the reports, it looks like the locals found some kind of Tyranid scout-drone or incursion probe and woke it up. Emperor alone knows how long it's been sending its beacon, but since the Shadow fell this morning, we can be sure it's been heard. I'd like you to move south. The evac convoy from the delta collective may need support if trouble starts there, and they're lagging."

"We'll embark at once, and meet them en route."

"Good, good..." Caen turned to look at Hanff. "Any joy with those damned Phyrus idiots yet?"

\*\*\*\*\*



"Spook! Spook!" Gallo wailed.

His shots punched into the dark, bony plates of the Lictor's belly and chewed off some splinters of chitin. Then he was in through the doors and running.

The vox-channels were alive with panic. Gallo ran into two of his searchers and pulled them down into cover, backs against the prefab wall.

He was trying to tell them what he had seen when two metres of talon sliced in through the wall and one of the troopers. Blood boiled out of the trooper's sagging mouth as the talon withdrew and let him slide free. Gallo threw himself away as another bio-blade slammed through the wall and decapitated the other trooper, splitting his skull lengthways.

It can see us! Even through the walls, it can see our heat!

Gallo ran. He reached the outside.

The evacuation convoy was where he had left it, still not under way. Now it would never get under way. Ever. Several trucks were overturned, and two were on fire. Phyrus troops ran in all directions, firing into the smoke. Farmers and their families stampeded in panic all around. Bodies littered the ground. None were remotely intact.

Stumbling forward, Gallo found Nink. From the belly down, Nink was nothing but tatters of bloody cloth, ropes of torn entrails and fragments of semi-articulated raw bone. But somehow, horribly, he was still alive. He clawed at Gallo, begging the sergeant to take him with him. Nink clutched at Gallo's leggings.

Gallo shot Nink through the forehead. A mercy, he considered.

He dropped into cover as a clutch of farmers tumbled by wailing in terror. Something darted after them, taller than a man, its armoured body swept forward over racing, bird-like legs. The Genestealer's primary limbs, hugely taloned, raked at the screaming settlers, disembowelling one even as it reached for another with its second pair of grasping arms.

Like the Mantis Killer, it moved so fast...

It corralled the settlers, and two more abominations just like it chased in out of the fuel-oil smoke, all clashing fangs, hisses and snapping claws. Together, their limbs thrashed and ploughed, ripping the frantic people into offal.

Gallo realised two things with ghastly clarity. He would never forget the screams of the slaughtered farmers and their folk for as long as he lived. And that that wasn't going to be very long.

He saw a Mantis Killer through the smoke, busy rending a truck apart. He ran, reaching

one of the laden trucks at the edge of the compound. Binal lay dead by the rear wheels. Gallo knew it was Binal because the corpse still wore the vox-caster set, even if it didn't have a head anymore.

He tore the vox-unit off the body and clambered into the truck's cab.

It took him a moment to find the emergency channel.

"344/9! 344/9!" he rasped. "Incursion! Tyranid Incursion! Repeat..."

There was no time to repeat. The Genestealers were at the cab windows, on the bonnet, smashing the glass and reaching in.

Though unintelligible and more a sound of pain than real words, Gallo's last transmission was heard six hundred kilometres away at Nacine Plain.

The channel went dead. Caen looked away, avoiding Hanff's face as he tried to compose himself. That sound. That scream...

He was about to signal Grizmund's armour brigade, which had left the plain just forty minutes before to turn on a bearing for 132/5. But the sky went abruptly black.

Wind-borne spores began to winnow down around them, burning flesh and thickening the air.

Caen ran to get below as the first of the atmospheric toxins began killing Mordian troops and navy personnel. Ship landing lights came on automatically as the natural light died, illuminating streams of pelting spores like a black blizzard.

Against the blackness high above, colossal shapes descended. Harridan brood-organisms, the Tyranid main dispersal form. Caen had read about them. But to see them, to see their size, smell their downwashed stink... it ruined his mind.

Swarms of winged bat-forms swirled out of them like drifts of fallen leaves billowing on the wind. The Gargoyles filled the air, shrieking, targeting individual men, membranous wings beating. They executed steep, perilous dives, raking the ground beneath them with the fleshborers they clutched to their leathery torsos. Bio-plasma fire rained down, shrivelling and igniting men as they ran for cover.

Caen pulled out his power-sword, and slashed at a Gargoyle that swooped towards him. He split it into two, and was drenched in its stinking ichor.

He fell.

Rising, the ground shaking, he saw how the corrosive spore-mines were collapsing the superstructure of most of the landing ships. Bulk transports were sagging and melting as

they lost integrity. Parts of some exploded outwards.

Things scuttled forward through the burning darkness and confusion. Termagants and the scythe-armed, bounding Hormagaunts. There were thousands of them, Caen realised. So many, so many...

He sliced at the alien filth that closed on him. He cut the snout off one Termagant, the forelimb off another. He was distracted by a liquid scream as Hanff, running for cover nearby, was destroyed by spore mines, both necrotic and corrosive. A fat, bubbly slick punctuated by corroding bone mass was all that remained of him after thirty seconds.

The Borer Beetles hit Caen in the chest. He writhed and wailed as they tore and dug and turned the contents of his body cavity into mush.

\*\*\*\*\*

The evac convoy was two hours out from 132/5 when they saw the change in weather patterns a hundred kilometres ahead. A dark stain, like a wash of thunderheads, was bruising the distance, widening with every passing moment.

From the cab of unit 177, Grauss saw the blue skies fill with dark-bellied clouds. His guts tightened. Around the black stain in the distance, the weather was being tormented in an ever-expanding radius. Frothing clouds whirled cyclonically like blast ripples from the ominous darkness. Drizzles of rain, thick with dingy fluid and what seemed like seed-pods, pelted down. The two kilometre long convoy switched on their headlights almost as one, and wipers began to beat.

"What the hell is this?" asked Trooper Femlyn, riding shotgun next to Grauss, an autogun across his lap.

"Turn West! Turn West!" Colonel Tieg's voice rattled over the inter-vehicle com. The convoy, ungainly and slow to respond, shunted and churned as it tried to make the new heading.

The air was sweet and hot, Grauss realised. It smelled like the pump station hot-house.

Two trucks overturned on the trackway, slumping into ruts as they tried to turn. Another three broke axles and were stranded. Tieg left them and their screaming occupants behind.

"Nacine Plain has gone!" he yelled into his vox-horn. "Our only hope is the main hive at Malvo Height! Turn West!"

Grauss looked at his chart-plate. Malvo Height was a thousand kilometres away to the West. They'd never reach it. Never.

He put his foot down anyway.

\*\*\*\*\*



Grizmund's armour was running hard from the filth storm that expanded ever outwards from the Nacine Plain. All hope of reaching the evac convoy from 132/5 was gone. All hope was gone. Period.

He turned his vehicles to meet the onrush. It was a slow business, because the torrential rain had turned the dry, stony fields to mud and tangles of vegetation were growing up out of it even as he watched. In the space of fifteen minutes a dry, arid upland had turned into a mossy, fern-filled swamp. Another hour, and it would be a thick, impenetrable jungle of creepers and moulds, spilling outwards and consuming the dry land.

Grizmund didn't have an hour, and would never see that floral conquest. His tank guns roared up into the dense packs of flying things that swooped from the staining sky. Burning, membranous creatures dropped to the ground or were annihilated in the air.

Then his tanks started to die. Advancing Biovores spat spore mines into them, blowing armour units apart or melting them with acid and poison. Overwhelming floods of Hormagaunts and Termagants skittered forward out of the deluge, completely burying some vehicles under their writhing numbers. The air pulsed with the psychic throb of the Tyranid Warriors, tall and hideous, as they advanced amidst the smaller monsters. Zoanthropes, glistening like great floating brains, their atrophied limbs clutched to themselves, hovered over the swarms and flashed out lances of energy that blew tanks asunder.

Grizmund saw the twisting, lashing shapes of Ravens approaching, and shouted down from his turret for the gun loader and aimer to increase fire.

Then the Carnifex was on them. Shrieking, it lacerated two nearby tanks and hurled them aside. The last thing Grizmund saw was the mouth of the venom cannon it raised towards his vehicle.

\*\*\*\*\*

The evac convoy from collective 132/5 was running west hard, turbines roaring. They'd laboriously crossed a network of interfarm trackways and finally made it onto a metalled highway running east-west, the main overland arterial route used by the produce road-trains every harvest season to ship grain to the world hive at Malvo Heights. They were kicking dust in a trail four kilometres long from the dry white roadway, passing irrigation canals and wide, flooded field-basins lined with rows of growing frames. Then the rain caught up with them again, washing out the dust, glistening the roadway, until they were kicking up spray instead.

South of them, the sky was pale and blue; north, black and oily like pitch, a swirling,

expanding bolus of dark cloud that blotted out the light.

Femlyn was rechecking his autogun's drum magazine. Keeping one hand on the steering wheel, Grauss pulled out his laspistol and tossed it to Femlyn.

"Check it," he ordered. "My rifle too."

The wipers were thumping hard. Wind blew spume up over the road from the waterbeds like ocean spray. Grauss tried not to notice the wriggling black spores that were hitting the windshield and conglomerating like pus in his wipers.

Through the driving rain, he saw the braking lights of the truck in front come on suddenly, and slammed on his own brakes. Rig 177 slid violently from side to side on the wet road. Femlyn cried out and Grauss hauled on the wheel. They stopped hard, clipping the rear bars of the truck ahead.

The inter-cab vox was crackling with shouts. Grauss opened his door, about to get out, peering ahead to identify the obstruction.

Something came off the back of the truck ahead of them and landed on the bonnet of 177, denting the metal. It crouched there, for what was probably only a second but felt like an eternity, the rain dribbling down over its bared, smiling teeth.

Femlyn threw Grauss his laspistol, and Grauss fired it wildly. His salvo burst the Termagant's neck open in a fountain of noxious fluid and it crumpled off the bonnet.

Settlers were streaming back down the road past them in blind panic.

The truck ahead started again, wheels spinning, drove ten meters and then plunged sideways off the road, rolling down the levee into the water-bed. Grauss saw four Termagants scampering towards him. He stood on the throttle. Two of them were crushed under the heavy truck, another slammed away through the air after contact with the wheel arch.

Femlyn was firing out of the cab window. Shell cases tumbled down into the footwell.

The convoy ahead was now moving, though several trucks were slewed off the road and one was burning. Grauss had to drop speed to inch past them. Something grotesque and grinning appeared at the cab window beside Grauss and he dropped forward, allowing Femlyn to blast it through the glass.

A smaller vehicle drew level with them, matching their speed. It was one of the open, short wheel-base escorts mounting twin heavy bolters. Grauss waved the driver past and then fell in behind. A moment later, the bolters were pounding, firing directly ahead of the speeding machine. Grauss saw something big and iridescent explode under the hail of shells and collapse off the road.

177's wheels span in the ichor slick as they sped past.

Behind them, on the highway, the racing convoy was assailed by things that poured up out of the fields and irrigation channels to the north and into their hindquarters. The escort vehicles ran alongside the transports, raking the fields. Mantis Killers reared and clacked their talons, disintegrating in drizzles of mucus and chitin as the guns found them. Swarming Termagants were smashed under speeding wheels. Hit by multiple fleshborers, a truck span out of control and flew off the road, exploding in a drain canal. Spore mines drifted down, blowing two of the fast-moving transports into fragments.

There were bat-shapes in the air above.

The convoy's heavier armour – four Chimeras and a half dozen standard-pattern Leman Russ tanks in Mordian camo, were lagging badly, and found themselves cut off from the fleeing convoy elements.

Hormagaunts overran two Chimeras, covering their hulls with squirming shapes as they opened them like seed cases. Two of the tanks stopped dead, traversed their turrets and began pounding at the wave of obscenities that rippled after the convoy. The crews knew they were as good as dead. Mordian discipline made them sell their lives as dearly as they could. Spitting bio-plasma destroyed one tank. The other was struck by some energised flash that looked like green lightning, and blew apart as its munitions ignited.

Caught by a trio of Lictors, another Chimera tried to turn and was thrown end over end, torn track sections flying. Corrosive spore mines reduced another of the Leman Russ tanks to tar and semi-solid lumps.

Standing in the back of a speeding escort truck, Colonel Tiegl manned the gun mount himself. Searing, frenzied, red tendrils had just turned his main gunner inside out. He swung the heavy bolter on its pintle, squeezing the firing grip, spraying the road behind him with twin, dipping, dragging streams of heavy fire. He was drenched with rain.

There was something in his mouth, something crawling on his skin. Necrotic spores plastered him, eating him away.

By the time his driver fell to a barb-round and spun the vehicle into a transport's back wheels with splintering force, there was nothing left of Tiegl but some articulated limb bones dragging from the gun-grip.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ten kilometres on, out of the irrigated arable spread and into the lowlands beyond,



evac 132/5 found there was no going forward. The convoy was a ragged mess. The black, weeping sky had utterly overtaken what remained of the column and the tide of horror was upon them.

Femlyn was blasting from the cab window with his autogun, and Grauss was firing his las-rifle out the other side. There was no shifting truck 177 now. Vines, thorn-creepers and other fast-growing things had meshed the axles and ruptured the tyres.

"Look! Look!" cried Femlyn.

There were dots in the sky, burning dots that fast resolved themselves into drop-pods flaring in atmospheric entry. A dozen, two dozen, three.

"Oh, praise the Emperor!" Grauss breathed.

The first pods hit the ground, burning and tearing through the cushion of foliage.

Grauss saw the men clamber out. Adeptus Astartes. Space Marines, the Lamenters. They had come, as promised, yellow armour gleaming in the dying light. They had come despite the odds.

The giant armoured warriors, Humanity's finest, deployed from their pods, blasting with boltguns, flamers and meltaguns. Termagants and Hormagaunts exploded beneath the withering firepower. Flamers burned the stinking plant growth away. Gargoyles were blown, ruptured, out of the sky. Grauss saw a Ravener convulse and die under a melta's kiss. He saw plasma-fire destroy a Mantis Killer.

There, a Space Marine with a power fist ripped a Zoanthrope in two, the corpse exploding with bile and psychic energy. Here, a Space Marine with a rocket launcher sent up a jinking missile that blew a Tyranid Warrior into flaring specks of matter.

Grauss leapt from the truck's cab and ran into the fray, his lasgun blasting. Mordian troopers were with him now, energised by the Lamenters' ferocious assault. Grauss cut down a leaping Termagant in mid-air, blowing it apart. He saw four Space Marines cripple and kill a Lictor nearby.

We could live, we could live yet! he thought triumphantly.

He heard a keening behind him, and turned to face the horror of a Carnifex charging, blades clicking, venom flying from the cutting limbs. Femlyn tried to turn his autogun but became nothing more than a shower of meat.

A Lamentor, two of them, hit the monstrosity from the left side with bolt rounds, and as it

turned, destroyed its head with melta-fire. Its scything blades, still whickering lethally as it toppled, decapitated them both.

Grauss fell to his knees. He honestly didn't think it possible that Space Marines could die. They seemed to him invulnerable, god-like, the walking manifestations of the God Emperor of Terra himself.

But it was true. He looked down at the fallen, splintered helm of one Marine, the glassy, dull, dead face peering out of it.

He looked away, but saw another Lamentor ripped in two by a Lictor fifty meters away. A Ravener fell, twisting and flexing, onto three more and ground them into the soil, ripping open their armour with its fanged mouth-parts.

Then Grauss saw the worst sight of all, the worst, most unmaning thing his eyes had ever witnessed. Four Lamentor Space Marines; falling back, overwhelmed.

They scrambled through the treacherous, matted ground-growth, trying to find cover from the Zoanthrope that shimmered after them, spitting bolts of energised death. They turned, fired, ran on, to no avail. The hovering thing exploded one of them and then closed on the other three. One headed left and ran onto the scything talons of a Tyranid Warrior. Another was felled by a glancing blast from the Zoanthrope and was swiftly torn apart by a pack of Termagants.

The last made it another twenty meters before the relentless Zoanthrope hit him and exploded his armoured form with a vicious stab of energy.

Grauss couldn't believe what he was seeing.

In the first twenty minutes from drop, the Lamenters had cut a hole in the alien assault that had punished them cruelly. Now, in just five more minutes, they were being annihilated.

A spore mine from a Biovore dissolved two more in a spray of foul, steaming acid, leaving only a pool of reeking slime as the Marines were rendered down to a greasy soup.

Two Lamenters faced down another Carnifex and blew it apart with sustained bolter fire. A second later, they were both dismembered by Hormagaunts before they could reload.

Grauss saw the Hive Tyrant advancing through the flaming greenery, slaughtering Space Marines with its vicious claws. He saw the vast, obscene shapes of the bio-Titans lurching forward in the distant smog.

The last Lamentor died thirty-nine minutes after the first had clambered from his drop-pod.

The convoy was ablaze, what parts of it weren't shredded or swarmed over.

Grauss dropped into a foxhole, feeling the undergrowth flourish and twist around him. His body was crawling with parasitic infection. He heard chattering.

On the horizon line, most nightmarish of all, the Ripper swarms were moving in, consuming everything in their path, eating up the world.

Karl Grauss made his peace with the God-Emperor, with his long dead parents, with his long-lost home world, beloved, distant Mordia, praying it would never suffer this blasphemous fate.

He put the snout of his lasgun in his open mouth.



## DAN ABNETT

*Author of the Black Library's superb 'Gaunts Ghosts' series of novels, Dan is also a regular contributor to White Dwarf. You can also see more of Dan's work in Warhammer Monthly and Inferno!*



# WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR LOCAL GAMES WORKSHOP STORE!



## ALL DAY TUESDAY

Think you're a good general? Then check with our staff to see what we're playing on Veterans' Day. Whether you want to prove your mettle against other hardened Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 gamers, or try out your Bloodbowl team or Warmaster host. Tuesdays we open our doors to all the experienced generals out there, so you can test yourself against the best.



## ALL DAY SATURDAY

The Saturday Warlords game is for everyone; it's the highlight of our stores' week. Just ask our staff to find out what's happening. And remember that Saturday is new release day, so make sure you come in to check out the latest new miniatures!



## THURSDAY NIGHT

Games Workshop stores stay open late to play awesome games. Just come down to your local store on Thursday to join in, particularly if you've just graduated from our Sunday Beginners' program. But we don't just game, you can also get advice on all you need to know about painting and building your army.



## ALL DAY SUNDAY

We run special games every Sunday especially for beginners. If you want to learn about the world of Warhammer, or lead a squad of Space Marines into battle, all you need to do is come along! If you already play Games Workshop games, why not ask a friend to come along on a Sunday to introduce them to your hobby.

Every Games Workshop store is the centre of a whole host of games, battles and events. Whether you play Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer or you're a complete newcomer, you'll find something to interest you, including the awesome new Tyranid demo games, half-term activities, and the massive Charge of the Wolf Brigade Warhammer participation game.

Each day of the week there'll be something a little extra including Veterans' Day, Games Night, Saturday Warlords and Beginners' Sundays.

*Please note that some Games Workshop store don't open on Sundays or Thursday nights. Please call your local store for details.*

## WARHAMMER CHARGE OF THE WOLF BRIGADE Warhammer participation game

# Saturday 27th January 2001

Everyone welcome, contact your local store for more details.



# HALF-TERM HOLIDAYS

For most areas the last week of February is school half-term, and our stores are running loads of extra special events.

Of course the first four days of the holiday period (Saturday 17th to Tuesday 20th) see the stores full of special bargain offers, but even then there will be a whole host of great activities, events and games taking place.

Later during the week, the highlight of many stores' activities, will be a series of linked games for both Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000, culminating in a ferocious mass combat on Saturday 24th February.

Dare you miss such an event?

**WARHAMMER**  
40,000

## Tyranid DEMO GAMES

If you play Warhammer 40,000, then our staff will be only too willing to play a game with you using the new Tyranid rules and miniatures, so that you too can see the power of the Hive in action (our advice is to run away).

Contact your local store for more details.

A. Smith



# GAMES WORKSHOP STORES

*What's going on at your local store?*

## STORE OPENING TIMES

Normal opening hours are: Mon-Wed & Fri-Sat: 10am to 6pm.  
Thurs: Midday to 8pm. Sun: 10am to 4pm.

Some Games Workshop stores have different opening times, please contact your local store for details.

Want to know where your nearest store is and what's going on there, then just drop in or give them a call. We also have Games Workshop stores in 16 different countries across the world – you can call Mail Order on 0115 91 40000 to find out where they are!

**L**ead an army of heroic knights across the battlefield or control a force of Space Marines against the enemies of Mankind.

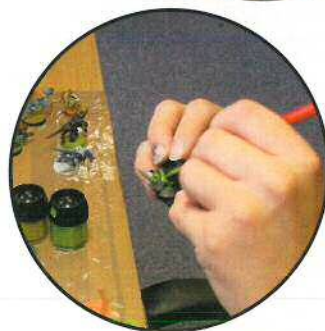
All of the stores listed on the next page run introductory games, so if you've never played a Games Workshop game and want to see what it's all about, drop in to your local store and ask one of the friendly members of staff for an introductory game!

From there you can begin to collect your first army. You can get help and advice from our store staff along the way. Please drop in at any time and they'll be happy to help.

Visit your local Games Workshop store or stockist (or our website at [www.games-workshop.co.uk](http://www.games-workshop.co.uk)) and take a look at our range of games and miniatures. Start with purchasing a starter set like the Warhammer boxed

game. It comes with all the rules and the core of two armies – you could even share the starter set with a friend and maybe buy a second rulebook. Decide upon an army, get the relevant Armies book and start putting your models together. The book and the staff at the Games Workshop stockist will help you to decide on how to expand your army. You will also find helpful articles in White Dwarf.

Paint your army! This requires commitment and practice, but don't worry – you'll get there. You can play games with an unfinished army, to get some practice. Painting and collecting an army is an ongoing process which is half the fun of the hobby. The other part is the gaming itself. White Dwarf magazine is released every month to provide you with new ideas for gaming as well as modelling and painting.



Come down to your local store any day of the week and our friendly staff will help you out.

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.



## 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 Earls Lane, Lowther Street.  
Tel: 0122 859 8216

**CHELMSFORD:** Unit 4c, Phase II, The Meadows Shopping Centre.  
Tel: 0124 549 0048

**CHELTHAM:** 16 Pitville Street.  
Tel: 0124 222 8419

**CHESTER:** 112 Foregate Street.  
Tel: 0124 431 1967

**COLCHESTER:** 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 Skinnergate.  
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, Brierly Hill.  
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 Mary's Gate.  
Tel: 0147 234 7757

**GUILDFORD:** 12 Tunsgate.  
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.  
Tel: 0113 272 3470

**LEICESTER:** 16/20 Silver Street.  
Tel: 0116 253 0510

**LINCOLN:** Unit SUA, Saltergate (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, 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. 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):** Willow Road, Lenton. 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 4211

**POOLE:** Unit 12 Towngate Centre, High Street. Tel: 0120 268 5634

**PRESTON:** 15 Miller Arcade.  
Tel: 0177 282 1855

**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.  
Tel: 0208 466 0678

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

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# WARHAMMER OPEN DAY



Gareth Harvey  
UK Events Organiser

Fantastic! That's how I feel after the sell-out success of the Warhammer Open Day.

Not only was there a great day of gaming to be had, but there were also loads of new things to see. It was

rather daunting to open the door to Warhammer World and be faced by a queue that not only filled the entire Warhammer World store but also snaked most of the way around the building!

Everyone seemed to really enjoy the

games put on by the Games Workshop staff and the fanatical veteran hobbyists from the Gaming Club Network.

Here's a taster of what there was to see and do on the day:

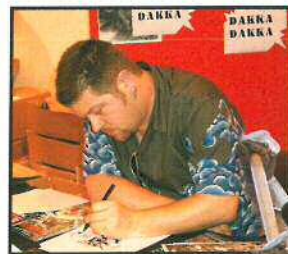
- Question and answers seminars by Andy Chambers.
- Stuart Willis' excellent Empire live-action outdoor display: 'Empire Knights apprehending a Sylvanian Vampire'.
- Citadel designers and the 'Eavy Metal team sculpting and painting demos.
- Fanatic seminar with Jervis Johnson.

- A brand spanking new Warhammer 40,000 multi-player computer game.
- The Great Charity Auction, expertly compered by White Dwarf's Paul 'Fat Bloke' Sawyer (after an hefty bribe of bacon butties) with all proceeds going to the NSPCC.

Overall it was a great day, filled with fantastic games and events. However, there's no rest for the wicked and I'm currently hard at work trying to find even better games and mad things for the next Games Workshop Open Day in May. See you there!



One of the amazing Gaming Club Network Warhammer Siege tables.



Miniatures designers and artists from both the Design Studio and Black Library were there all day to answer questions and show off their talents.



Tanks! This battle included Forge World's Baneblade Super Heavy tanks and loads of artillery.



Gav Thorpe (above) and Gordon Davidson (invisible here) demonstrated a 54mm skirmish game.



(left) Computer Games in Bugman's Bar.

(right) The impressive Mordheim 'Lustria: Cities of Gold' game!

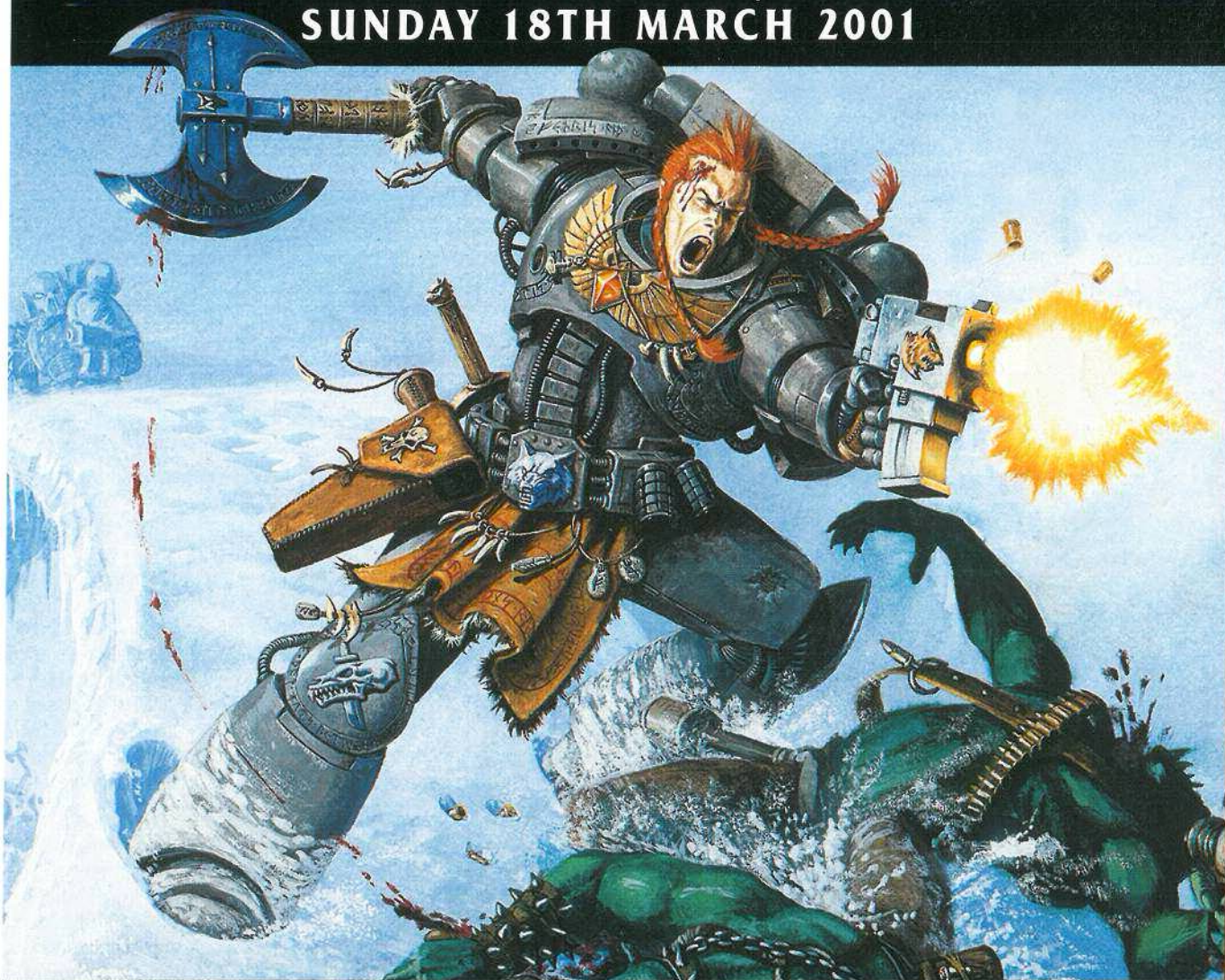


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# Index Astartes

## First Founding



An in-depth look at the First Founding Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes.

# THE UNFORGIVEN

The Dark Angels  
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill, Jervis Johnson  
and Andy Chambers

Since the founding of their Legion at the birth of the Imperium, the Space Marines of the Dark Angels have been feared by their enemies and held in awe by those they protect. Stubborn and relentless in battle, ever vigilant and zealous in pursuit of their duties, the Dark Angels are among the Emperor's most faithful servants. Yet it was not always so. For ten millennia, the Dark Angels have harboured a sinister secret, an act so terrible and shameful it threatens everything the Dark Angels hold most dear – and may yet bring them eternal damnation.

### Origins

The true origins of the first founding Chapters are intrinsically tied up with the birth of the Imperium and the legendary times when the divine Emperor still walked among men. The truth of what occurred in those distant ages is lost now, preserved only in the ancient tales of Chapter history maintained by Space Marine Librarians and, perhaps, within the endless vaults of the Library Sanctus on Holy Terra. But against the terrible weight of ten millennia of history, facts are rare and supposition is commonplace. Know then these few facts.

The Dark Angels have the honour of being the first Space Marine Legion, created by the Emperor to fight in his Great Crusade to liberate the Human race from aliens and the domination of dark gods. Their victories are the stuff of legend and, despite whispered rumours concerning the Chapter's history, they are considered by many to be the greatest of all the Space Marine Chapters. The character of each of the First Founding Chapters is strongly shaped by the personality of its Primarch, or First One, and the Dark Angels are no exception.

The Librarians of the Space Marines possess stories of the creation of the first Primarchs by the Emperor. They tell how the Emperor, unstoppable in His blessed divinity, reunified the tribes of war-torn Terra and led them into the light. He knew the time was coming to reunify all of Mankind, scattered across the galaxy by the Age of Strife. He also knew that such a great undertaking could not be achieved alone, for even one as mighty as he could not be in all places at once. And so he began to forge for himself the Primarchs, the first ones. They were sons of his blood, yet not mere copies. Each was engineered to be a leader of men, a warrior and a hero tempered by wisdom and strength, both physical and spiritual. These progeny of the Emperor would lead Mankind away from the dark powers and into a golden age.

But some disaster is known to have befallen the Emperor's works on Luna before they were complete. The unborn Primarchs were lost, scattered among the stars. Many stories and legends have risen about the scattering of the Primarchs. Some tell that the Dark Gods foresaw the Emperor's plans and sought to destroy their unborn foes, but only succeeded in dispersing them. Others maintain that it was the Emperor himself who cast the Primarchs adrift on the tides of the galaxy that they might learn to live truly away from the chrome and ceramite of the laboratorium. Others still maintain that it was the nascent Primarchs themselves who chose to depart the Emperor's care, seeking knowledge alone.

It is likely that only the Emperor himself knows the truth. What is known is that after this date he turned his hand to genetically enhancing and modifying Human subjects using the template of the lost Primarchs' gene strands. In this way the first Space Marine legions were created and it was they who accompanied the Emperor on his reconquest of the galaxy.



The Librarians of the Dark Angels recall ancient tales of how their Primarch, he who would become known as Lion El'Jonson, was found on their lost home world – the beautiful but blighted world of Caliban. The mutation and corruption of the Chaos realm cursed Caliban and made it one of the deadliest worlds in the galaxy. By all rights the infant Primarch should have died within minutes of his arrival. How he managed to survive is a mystery as Jonson never spoke of his early years on Caliban.

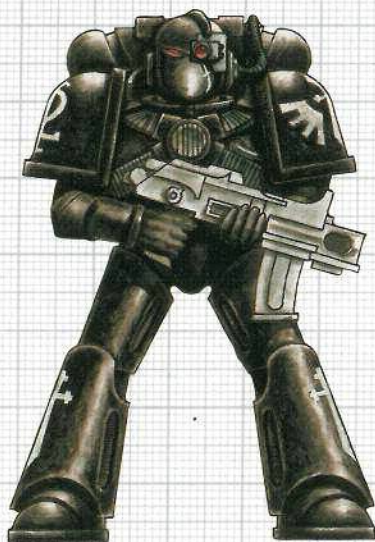
The inhabitants of Caliban are said to have been a proud, martial people, brought up to live and die by the sword. The surface of Caliban was covered in lush forests, inhabited by all manner of terrifying beasts that had been warped by Chaos. The ferocity of these creatures forced the planet's inhabitants to build brooding stone fortresses in huge clearings hacked from the forests and it was from these castles that the warrior elite of Caliban ruled.

The Lay of Luther tells how a band of knights from a group known only as the Order discovered the Primarch-child deep within the forest. Their leader, a young man named Luther, brought the Primarch back to the fortress monastery of the Order and gave him the name Lion El'Jonson, which in the tongue of Caliban means 'The Lion, the Son of the Forest'. Jonson easily adapted to the ways of humankind, learning the customs of his race and adopted home world in a remarkably short time. As time passed, Jonson and Luther became like brothers, each seeming to complement the other's abilities and skills. Tales of their exploits and victories spread around Caliban and the number of young men wishing to join the Order grew every year.

Imperial scholars believe that Jonson led a planet-wide crusade against the taint of Chaos that dwelt within the forests. The Grand Masters of every monastery joined Jonson and the Order in their crusade, and within a decade the entire world was rid of the dark powers that had once plagued it. Free from the tyranny

Chapter Approved. Access Level: 6 seventeen

Dark Angels Chapter, Progenitor Legion M.31



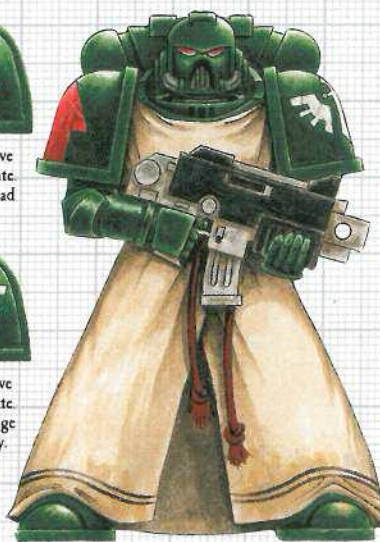
Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of black power armour



Auto reactive shoulder plate. Tactical squad markings.



Auto reactive shoulder plate. Chapter badge iconography.



Contemporary Dark Angels codex colour scheme. Changed to dark green for unknown reasons following the Horus Heresy.



Dark Angel Chapter symbol

Ravenwing Company symbol



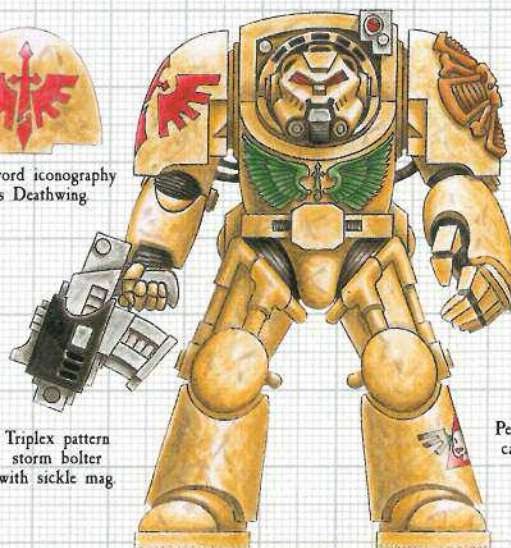
Contemporary Ravenwing colour scheme. Armour remained black following the Heresy to denote the Unforgiven.



Auto reactive shoulder plate. Ravenwing Company badge.



Broken sword iconography denotes Deathwing.



1st Co Deathwing Terminator. Original black armour forever coloured white to honour those who freed a Dark Angels home world from Genestealer infestation.

Crux Terminatus. Legends tell that each badge incorporates fragments of the Emperor's armour.



Standard of Retribution banner finial.



Company standard banner finial.



The Lion Helm. Said to have belonged to Lion El'Jonson.

Triplex pattern storm bolter with sickle mag.

Pervigilum campaign badge.



## THE LION AND THE WOLF

One of the most famous tales of rivalry ever to be told across the galaxy is that of the Dark Angels and the Space Wolves, and goes back to the days of the Great Crusade. As the Space Marine Legions pushed back the frontiers of the Imperium, each Primarch strove to excel in the eyes of the Emperor and none more so than Leman Russ, Primarch of the Space Wolves. Only Horus and Lion El'Jonson could claim more victories than Russ and this was a constant frustration to him. It was on the world of Dulan where the Space Wolves were fighting alongside the Dark Angels that matters came to a head. The Tyrant Durath had personally insulted the Emperor, sacrificing thousands of Imperial priests to his patron daemon, and both Russ and Jonson desired the honour of slaying this heretic. The headstrong Primarch of the Space Wolves flew into a rage when Durath proclaimed that Russ was the Emperor's lap dog and would be fed to his pet Grox.

Russ swore that he would cut Durath's head from his shoulders and demanded that the Dark Angels allow him to lead his Space Wolves in an immediate assault on the Tyrant's Crimson Fortress. Jonson had spent days scouting the weak points of the fortress, meticulously planning the attack and was not about to let some hot-headed barbarian ruin his carefully laid plans. He refused Russ's demand and began the assault, storming the fortress with remarkably few casualties. Russ, caught in a swirling combat at the base of the wall, could only howl in anger as he watched Jonson slay Durath high on the walls of the keep. After the battle Russ stormed into the halls of the fortress and struck Jonson a blow to the head. The two Primarchs wrestled for a day and a night, each unable to overcome the other's skill.

At last the pair broke apart and Russ began to laugh, seeing the humour in what had occurred. Jonson was silent though. He saw Russ's first blow as treacherous, and as the Space Wolves Primarch laughed, Jonson struck him unconscious. Now he considered honour to be satisfied. The prostrate Russ was carried from the fortress by his men and, when he regained consciousness, the Dark Angels had already departed to fight in the Alisore campaign. Russ swore he would avenge the stain on his honour and, to this day, whenever the Space Wolves and Dark Angels meet, one of their number is called upon to refight the ancient duel of the Primarchs in order that honour may be satisfied.

of Chaos, the planet of Caliban flourished like never before and, in recognition of his triumph, Jonson was proclaimed Supreme Grand Master of the Order and ruler of Caliban. It is also whispered that, although openly he was proud of Jonson's achievement, Luther felt the first faint stirrings of jealousy that was to fester and grow until one day it would almost destroy everything that he and Jonson had built.

As Jonson and Luther were battling against the Chaos creatures of the forest, the Emperor was reconquering the galaxy on the Great Crusade with his Space Marine Legions. When the Emperor reached Caliban, it is said that he and Jonson immediately recognised the bond between them, and the Emperor was united with one of his lost Primarchs. According to the Apocrypha of Skarros, Jonson was given control of the Dark Angels Legion of Space Marines which had been made in his

image, and Caliban was decreed the home world of the Dark Angels. The warriors of the Order clamoured to join their ranks and in time the entirety of the Order became Space Marines. It is believed that it was Luther who would be the first to become so enhanced, and he became second only to Jonson in command of the Legion. Yet when the Emperor left Caliban to continue the Great Crusade, he took Jonson and the majority of the Dark Angels Legion with him. Luther and the remainder of the Legion were left to protect their home world and guard against the return of Chaos. This much can be found in the archives of the Imperium, but the remainder of the Dark Angels' earliest history and their terrible betrayal is well hidden. Only the inner circles of the Dark Angels themselves and, perhaps, the highest members of the Inquisition know of Luther's subsequent treachery and the sundering of the Legion itself.

## The Betrayal

The Great Crusade continued and world after world fell to the Dark Angels. Word of Jonson's victories and fame reached every corner of the galaxy. On Caliban, the smallest embers of jealousy and envy in Luther's heart were stoked into a raging inferno with each tale of his brother's valour and skill in battle. His role as warden of some forgotten planet grew in his mind to become a vile stain on his honour, and the noble knight that Luther had been was lost in a morass of bitterness and spite.

When the Horus Heresy erupted and many of the Space Marine Legions turned against the Emperor, Jonson was fighting alongside Leman Russ, Primarch of the Space Wolves, on the far side of the galaxy. When the two Primarchs learned of Horus's betrayal, they put aside their feuding, gathered their Legions and began the journey back to Earth. But the journey was long and beset by difficulties so that by the time they arrived, the battle for Earth was over and the traitors had been defeated. The cost of the victory had been high. The Imperium lay in ruins and the Emperor's wounds forced him to ascend to the life-preserving mechanism of the Golden Throne. Jonson was stricken with grief that he had not been able to guard the Emperor against Horus's treachery, and it was in sorrow that he returned to Caliban for the first time in many years.

But as the Dark Angels' ships moved into orbit over their home world at the end of an arduous voyage, a withering salvo of fire blasted from the planet's surface, sending crippled ships burning into the atmosphere like falling stars. The fleet pulled away from the planet in confusion and Jonson attempted to discover the reason for the attack. The Dark Angels were to discover a horrifying tale of betrayal. It is this tale which has remained the Dark Angels' terrible secret for over ten millennia, and which they will take almost any action to conceal.

Over many decades Luther had corrupted the warriors of Caliban, projecting his bitterness and jealousy onto the Dark Angels left in his care. His powerful oratory had twisted them with an all-consuming hatred of those who had stolen their glory and abandoned them to be little more than caretakers. Like Horus and the other traitors, Luther had been corrupted by the insidious lure of Chaos. His pride and hubris had been all the Dark Gods needed to make him theirs.

The Primarch's thoughts can only be imagined, but Jonson had fought his way across the galaxy at the Emperor's side to rid countless planets from the taint of Chaos only to find his beloved home world lost to those same forces. When he discovered the truth, his fury was a terrifying thing to behold. His ships moved to destroy those who had betrayed him and began



ruthlessly bombarding the planet's surface, regardless of the planetary defences. The forests burned and the ground shook with the fury of the battle as ships and defence-towers smote each other with the power of suns. Little by little the defences were shattered, until Jonson finally ordered the invasion and personally led the assault on Caliban, his heart burning with the thirst for vengeance.

The fallen Dark Angels had taken refuge in the vast fortress-monastery of the Order and now Jonson led his warriors against his home, knowing that Luther would be waiting for him.

The Primarch faced his former brother and knew that he was lost to him, that the dark powers had destroyed the honourable man he had once been. The Primarch was a living god amongst men, but Luther had been elevated by the Chaos powers to be his equal in almost every way. The two warriors fought in a battle the like of which had never been seen before and has never been witnessed since. The ancient home of the Order was reduced to rubble in their epic battle as the Dark Angels fleet continued to bombard the planet, flattening the citadels of every remaining monastery. Caliban's surface began to crack and heave under the constant shelling, the fury of the Dark Angels blinding them to the devastation they were wreaking on their own world.

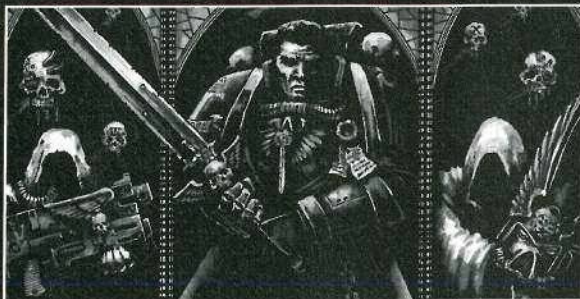
Only the Masters of the Dark Angels know more than this, and they tell it to no one. However the ancient Codicium Astartes Mortis or Book of the Angels of Death describes the battle between Luther and Jonson. "[They] fought with superhuman strength, equally matched in all but purpose ... eventually Luther stumbled, his neck exposed to his brother's [righteous blade]. As Luther fell, Jonson raised his sword high, but [even in his rage] could not bring himself to deliver the killing blow. Luther had no such qualms and, as Jonson hesitated, he unleashed a terrible sorcerous attack that mortally wounded the Primarch ... Luther towered above [The Lion] and as he watched the Primarch struggle to stand, his face contorted in agony, the veil lifted from Luther's eyes and he realised the full horror of his betrayal. Not only had he forsaken his friend, his Legion and the Emperor, he had betrayed the nobility within himself. He cast his weapon aside and collapsed next to Jonson, his sanity shattered by the enormity of his actions."

Around Caliban the warp convulsed as the dark powers realised that they had once again been thwarted. If accounts are true, their titanic rage tore a rent in the very fabric of space around Caliban and a warp storm of utmost fury spewed forth from the rent to engulf the planet.

A swirling vortex of unleashed warp energy swept across Caliban. Furious, planet-wide earthquakes wracked the surface of the planet and it began to split open. The relentless bombardment by the Dark Angels' fleet had already weakened the planet and to their horror it broke apart and was no more, the debris of its death spasms sucked into the maelstrom of the warp. All that remained of Caliban were the ruins of the Order's fortress-monastery.

The Dark Angels maintain that the ruined fortress was empty, but the Codicium Astartes Mortis states "When the Dark Angels descended to the dead rock, they discovered Luther, curled in a foetal ball, endlessly repeating the same phrase. Over and over he told the Dark Angels that the [Watchers in the Dark] had taken the Primarch and one day they would return him to forgive Luther his sins. The Space Marines searched the drifting asteroid but could find no trace of their Primarch. Lion El'Jonson had vanished."

## COMMANDER AZRAEL, SUPREME GRAND MASTER OF THE DARK ANGELS



The current and, many would say, greatest Chapter Master of the Dark Angels was recruited from the feral world of Kimmeria from amongst the wild, headhunting tribesmen. His wild nature was tempered by the Chapter and he soon proved himself to be a noble and honourable warrior. As a humble Brother-Marine he fought in many victorious battles during the Scouring of Truan IX and rose to the position of Force Commander during the crushing of the techno-revivalist uprising on Faze V, an undertaking which brought him much accolade from the Chapter's masters. With such victories behind him it was not long before Azrael was inducted into the Deathwing and given command of 3rd Company. As captain of this Battle Company he fought in countless campaigns and won much respect from his peers, becoming Master of the Deathwing in 917.M41.

The Grand Master of the Dark Angels secretly chooses his successor from the Inner Circle, and when the Chapter's Grand Master died in 939.M41 it was inevitable that Azrael would succeed him. Azrael was presented with the Lion Helm and the Sword of Secrets, items of supreme significance for the Dark Angels and the symbol of office for the Grand Master. With these icons came the honorific title, Keeper of the Truth. Azrael continues to lead the Chapter in battle and his noble demeanour and unblemished honour continue to be an example to all.

In the aftermath of the fall of Caliban the senior members of the Chapter assembled in a secret conclave and decreed that knowledge of the fall of their brothers should forever remain with them. No one must learn of the schism that had split their Chapter or that Space Marines of the Dark Angels had turned to Chaos. Should this dreadful secret become known, the Chapter would surely be destroyed and all hopes of expunging the stain to their honour would be forever lost.

An Inner Circle of the Chapter's most senior officers was formed to guard this dangerous knowledge and every man swore oaths of unspeakable binding. Luther's traitors, the fallen Dark Angels, had disappeared deep into the warp during the cataclysm, the Dark Gods' fury scattering them throughout space and time. Until every Fallen Angel was captured and made to repent, there would be no peace for the True Sons of the Lion. So long as even one of the Fallen remained alive and unrepentant, the Chapter would be Unforgiven, cursed by their brothers to eternally atone for the sins of the past.



### Home World

After the titanic battle between Luther and Jonson, all that remained of Caliban was the rock upon which stood the ruins of the Order's fortress monastery. Drilling deep into the bedrock, and rebuilding the fortress ruins, the Dark Angels transformed the dead asteroid into their new home, called The Tower Of Angels in High Gothic, more commonly called The Rock. Countless tunnels, halls and chambers were constructed and, in time, even warp engines were constructed to allow the Rock to move from star to star. As a result, the Rock does not stay in one place for any length of time and Dark Angels recruits come from a variety of different worlds. Each recruit is screened thoroughly and from the moment he becomes a Dark Angels his past life is irrelevant. All that matters to him now is the Chapter.

Many dark secrets lie deep within the Tower of Angels, dungeons that have remained unopened in centuries, secret caves that are sealed with adamantium doors and bound with holy sigils. Only the most senior members of the Dark Angels, the Masters and the Inner Circle are aware of these chambers and may unlock their dread secrets.

### Combat Doctrine

With the break up of the Space Marine Legions after the Horus Heresy, the Dark Angels were split into Chapters according to Roboute Guilliman's Codex Astartes. With the exception of the Deathwing and the Ravenwing, the Dark Angels follow standard Space Marine combat doctrine and their dogged resistance against overwhelming odds is legendary. In situations where even other Space Marines would fall back, the Dark Angels will fight to the bitter end rather than give ground to their foes. This is also reflected in their stubborn refusal to move in the face of the enemy, even in situations where it would sometimes be tactically beneficial for them to do so.

The Dark Angels are also notoriously intolerant of non-humans and will refuse to fight alongside armies that include alien races. They are highly suspicious of outsiders and often appear unreasonably aloof and intransigent. Indeed there have been a number of occasions where the Dark Angels have withdrawn suddenly and with no explanation from a warzone when confronted by an Imperial Inquisitor or Missionary.

### Organisation

To an outsider, the organisation of the Dark Angels is much the same as other Codex Chapters, ten Companies each of a hundred men. It is at the higher levels of command that the Dark Angels become quite different to other Chapters. Each Chapter has a number of senior officers and specialist troopers who stand apart from the main body of Space Marines, and in the Dark Angels these men are known as the Inner Circle. Only warriors who have fought through the ranks for many years and have proved their loyalty to the Chapter time and time again are allowed to progress into the Inner Circle. It is these sinister individuals who shoulder the burden of the Dark Angels' secret shame and it is they alone who decide who is worthy to join their ranks. Each company of the Dark Angels is led by a Master of the Chapter who has passed through the Deathwing into the Inner Circle.

The first two Companies of the Dark Angels are where the greatest difference between other codex Chapters lies. The 1st Company is known and feared as the Deathwing, veterans who only ever take the field of battle in bone-white Terminator

armour. Originally the armour was black, but after a single squad of Terminators freed their home world from Genestealer infestation, it was forever decreed that their armour would be white to honour their valour. The 2nd Company is the Ravenwing, and the Space Marines that make up its ranks are masters of the high speed attack. Every warrior is mounted on a bike or Land Speeder and they are organised into squadrons of five vehicles rather than ten man squads. Rather than the normal dark green colour scheme of the Dark Angels, the Ravenwing's armour is painted jet black.

The remainder of the Chapter is organised along strict Codex lines, with the 3rd, 4th and 5th Companies forming the Battle Companies, the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th the Reserve Companies and, lastly, the 10th Company is made up of Scouts.

### Beliefs

The Dark Angels Chapter gives praise to the Emperor of Mankind but, much to the chagrin of the Ecclesiarchy, do not revere him as a god. Like most First Founding Chapters, the Dark Angels venerate their Primarch as much as they do the Emperor, who they worship as the founder of the Imperium and as their creator. To the Dark Angels the Emperor is a man, not a god.

The driving force of the Chapter is the hunting of the Fallen Dark Angels who were swept into the vortex that destroyed Caliban. Only by hunting down and capturing each and every one of the Fallen Angels will the shame of the Dark Angels be absolved in the eyes of the Emperor. The Fallen have been scattered throughout time and space and thus the Dark Angels' ten millennia quest is far from over. It is this quest that drives the Dark Angels and they will follow up any rumour, no matter how slim, if it offers them the chance of recapturing one of the Fallen. Should one of the Fallen be captured, he is taken back to the Rock and thrown in the darkest dungeon where the fearsome Interrogator-Chaplains attempt to make him repent his past sins. Should the Fallen repent, his death will be swift and relatively painless, but in most cases he will refuse and the Chaplain will be forced to use any and all methods to force him to repent. Often this will result in the Fallen's death, but this is a small price to pay for adding his name to the Book of Salvation.

### Geneseed

As the first Space Marine Legion, the Dark Angels' gene-seed is one of the purest and least degraded of all. With the break-up of the Space Marine Legions following the Horus Heresy, the Dark Angels gave rise to three successor Chapters, the Angels of Absolution, the Angels of Redemption and the Angels of Vengeance. Collectively these Chapters are known as the Unforgiven and each continues the work of its parent Chapter in hunting the Fallen.

There are no known aberrations in the Dark Angels' gene-seed which makes the reluctance of the High Lords of Terra to utilise it in the founding of new Chapters perplexing. No doubt there are other successor Chapters of the Dark Angels, but their names and when they were founded are unrecorded.

### Battlecry

"Repent! For tomorrow you die!"









Modelling guru Nick Davis concludes this series of modelling articles by looking at the simple techniques he

employs to make walls and hedges. For more Scenery Workshops, check out the Hobby Project pages on our website: [www.games-workshop.co.uk](http://www.games-workshop.co.uk)

# SCENERY WORKSHOP

## Basic Terrain part 3: Making your own walls and hedges

### WHAT YOU WILL NEED TO MAKE YOUR WALLS:

- Corrugated cardboard
- Thick card or hardboard for basing
- Thin cardboard (cereal packet card)
- Coarse textured paint
- Green flock
- Citadel paints: Goblin Green, Snakebite Leather, Red Gore & Skull White
- PVA glue & masking tape

### WHAT YOU WILL NEED TO SCRATCH BUILD YOUR HEDGES:

- Steel wool
- Thick card or hardboard for basing
- Green flock
- Citadel paint: Goblin Green
- PVA glue & spray mount glue

### FOR BOTH PROJECTS YOU WILL NEED THE FOLLOWING TOOLS:

Large drybrush, undercoat brush, 1/2" paint brush, cutting mat, steel ruler, modelling knife, cutter, clippers & pen

**H**edges and walls present obstacles which hold a vital defensive value for infantry, as they protect troops from the worst of a cavalry charge and enemy missile fire. They also provide cover for WH40,000 vehicles which will tend to count as being hull down and therefore add to their survival rate.

Hedges and walls are currently available from the Citadel scenery range (available from GW stores and GW Mail Order). You can also represent hedgerows using lichen which is available from most model stores.

In this, the last of our look at basic scenery modelling, I'll show you how

to make good-looking hedges and walls with the minimum of effort!

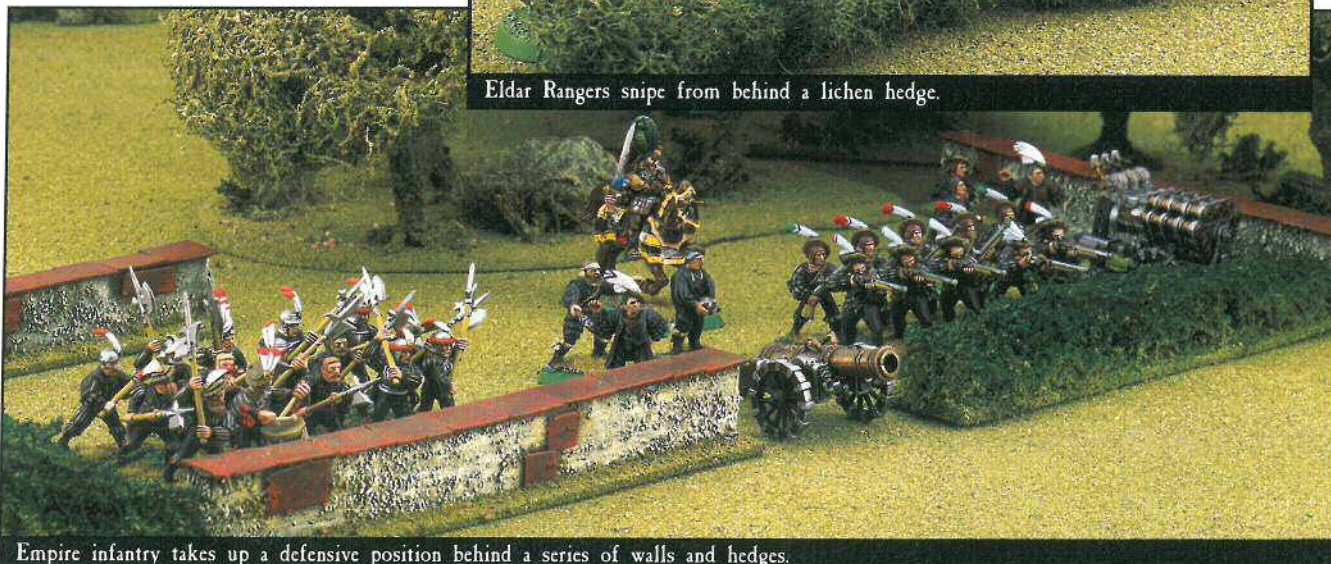
As with all our modelling projects, you are going to need a large, flat area for you to do your modelling on. A couple of layers of newspaper to protect against spillage would be a good idea, and if you do any heavy cutting I suggest you use a piece of wood or a cutting board (available from craft shops) to protect the table's surface.

### WHERE TO START?

I recommend you read through this article thoroughly before building anything. Please remember that this is only a guide gleaned from my experiences – feel free to experiment and try your own ideas.

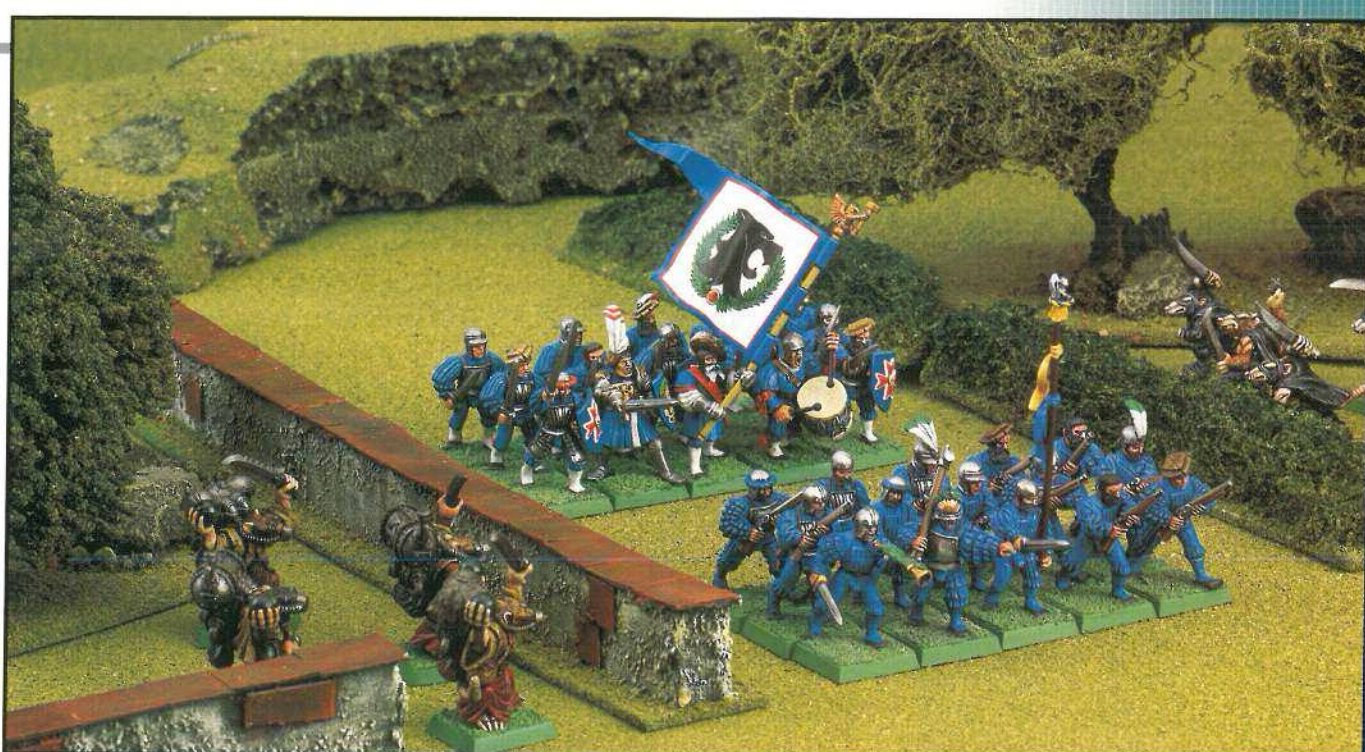


Eldar Rangers snipe from behind a lichen hedge.



Empire infantry takes up a defensive position behind a series of walls and hedges.





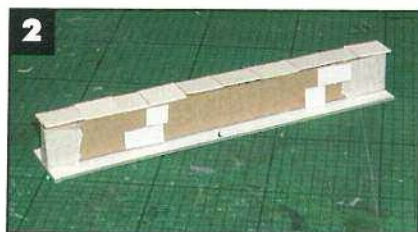
Skaven Cutter Runners and Globadiers prepare to ambush an Empire infantry column.

## MAKING WALLS

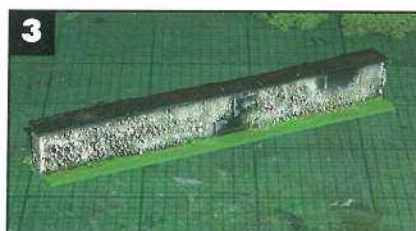
1. Cut out a hardboard or thick card base to 180mm by 30mm. Cut the wall sections out of the corrugated cardboard 180mm long and 20mm tall. Using PVA, glue the wall to the centre of the base (I used thin corrugated card here so glued two pieces together before attaching it to the base).



2. Cover the ends of the wall with masking tape. Cut a strip of thinner card to 180mm by 10mm then cut this strip into smaller pieces (about 1cm in length) and glue them in a row across the top of the wall. Add a couple of pieces of card to the wall itself to represent flagstones.



3. Paint the wall with textured paint (try to leave the flagstones uncovered though). Once dry, spray the entire wall with Chaos Black. You can then drybrush it Snakebite Leather followed by Skull White. To finish off, paint the base Goblin Green.



4. Now drybrush the stones and the tiles on top of the wall with Red Gore. Follow this directly with a lighter covering of Snakebite Leather. To give your walls that finishing touch, cover the base with watered down PVA and sprinkle flock over it.



Your walls are ready for the battlefield!

## SCRATCH-BUILT HEDGES

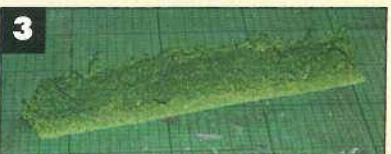
1. Cut out a 180mm by 30mm base from hardboard or thick card. Glue a length of steel wool to the base using PVA. Ideally the height of the wool comes up to the waist of a Citadel miniature.



2. Cover the base with watered down PVA and then add flock to it.



3. In a well-ventilated room or outside, cover the steel wool with spray mount. Pour flock over the wool (in this case I used a darker green flock to lift the hedges from the base). Leave for ten minutes, then shake off the excess flock.





# GAMING CLUBS



An excited Clubguy at the Warhammer Open Day, playing with Dwarf Regiment frames.

Welcome back to our regular slot in White Dwarf! As ever, it's pretty exciting to be able to bring you the latest from the fast growing network of independent GW clubs around the UK.

This month, we've got a web review, and following on from last month we have more on starting up your own Gaming Club from Conrad Gonsalves.

Che Webster, UK Clubguy

*If you want to send in photos, news, or just find out more about getting a Gaming Club together, then either write to:*

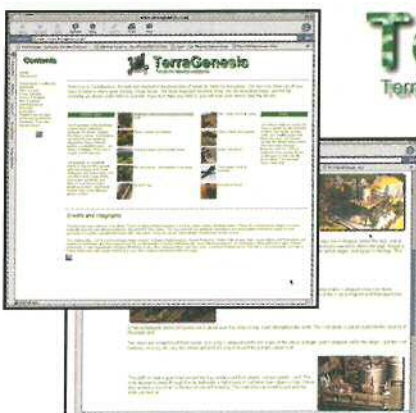
Che Webster, UK Clubguy,  
Games Workshop HQ, Willow Road,  
Lenton, Nottingham

*or email:*

clubguy@games-workshop.co.uk



## CHE REVIEWS A GREAT WEBSITE...



### TerraGenesis

Terrain for tabletop wargames

Spending far too much time as I do surfing the net, you can come across some pretty good websites set up by people who are incredibly passionate about the modelling aspect of the hobby. One of my personal favourites is a site named 'TerraGenesis' which is dedicated to tips on making wargames terrain for your own battles. I found a few minutes browsing through the photographs and ideas here highly useful in generating ideas for my own games.

We asked Gary James, the site's founder and Club Secretary for Lincoln (Gary also featured in the huge Armageddon battle report in WD248-249), about his site...

"Well, there's about 11mb of content – around 580 images and 200 html files. I launched the site in January 1998 and have been developing the content ever since. I now try to stick to monthly updates, except for the diary. It's a labour of love, but it has got a bit easier since I've had some 'guest' terrain builders. Be sure to come back after the December update and see Neil Crankshaw's Basilica. It is both stunning and historically accurate. Neil is building a set of accurately modelled Roman buildings as an Imperial city segment for his Space Marines. The first piece in the set is the Roman temple in the Buildings section of the site.

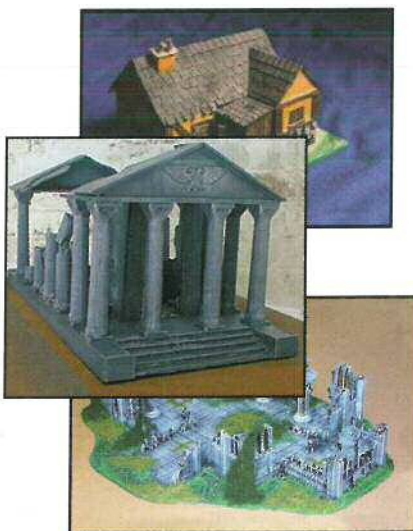
I am proud to say that quite a lot of people have e-mailed me to say that they got into the hobby just because the site inspired them. Isn't the Internet great?"

Look out for more model making every month on the TerraGenesis website, by going to

**[www.terragenesis.co.uk](http://www.terragenesis.co.uk)**

*The opening page is a nice, easy to understand menu for the site – saves bags of surfing time trying to find out what's there.*

*The best thing about these articles is that they show pictures of the finished items alongside 'how to' guides. Gets my vote, anyway.*



## WHAT ABOUT A NEWSLETTER ?

For a while now we've been thinking how good it would be to have a Gaming Club newsletter. We've been so impressed by what we saw in Total Power, the WPS fanzine (see last issue for more), that we want to work towards supporting a Gaming Club publication.

The important bit is that this becomes a newsletter FOR Gaming Clubs, BY Gaming Clubs – we just do the hard work of getting it published.

With that in mind, why not write in with your ideas on how we could make this a reality? Why not send in an article, some photos or just some suggestions for things it could contain? If you get us the stuff, we'll do the rest!

### WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Send your letters and submissions to:  
UK Clubguy, Games Workshop HQ,  
Willow Road, Lenton,  
Nottingham, NG7 2WS.



Visit the gaming club website at:

**www.gamingclub.org.uk**

# CONRAD'S CLUB

CONTINUED FROM  
WHITE DWARF 253...

**Following on from last month's White Dwarf gaming club report, we follow Conrad as he starts up his new gaming club in London.**

I've been wargaming for 25 years now and fondly remember the old days when there was just one Games Workshop store in Hammersmith. More recently though, (well okay, in the last five years then) I've got involved with playing in tournaments. I've made many friends through the Warhammer Players' Society (WPS) where I currently hold the position of Membership Secretary. One thing that I picked up from these WPS tournaments is that there are a lot of clubs out there which meet and play regularly.

I didn't belong to a club. I just played against a few mates, though, because I'm a parent, these games have become a rarity. Getting involved with a club seemed to me to be a way of playing more regularly, and so my quest began. I spent a few weeks looking around at the clubs in the local area. I used wargaming magazines, the Internet and the GW club lists to get in contact. Unfortunately, most of these clubs are pretty much 'historical only' groups. Linking up with a friend, Dave, we decided then that it would be best to try and form a club for ourselves.

The first thing we needed to do was find a venue that we could use. Looking through the Thompson Local and the Yellow Pages we really had no luck. Getting a venue is one of the hardest parts I reckon. If you're looking for a location, then my advice is to look under Halls for Hire and/or Sport and Community Centres. If you are friendly with your local school and know the caretaker, then a school hall is an ideal location. I managed to source a venue through my son Kyle's interest in karate and the fact that he goes to Beavers. Both of these take place in a local church hall, which is a pleasant venue. The next problem is the availability of venues like these. The chances are that many of the nights will be booked up with aerobics, karate or whatever. Luckily for us Mondays were free, so we tentatively asked to book one Monday a month for the next six months. Haggling for a price of the hall is a worthwhile task. If you don't ask you don't get. This went favourably for us and they did reduce the price per hour. Even a

couple of quid makes a difference. While starting up, the cash would be coming out of my pocket!

Now we had to attract people to the club. Luckily, being in the WPS, I do have contacts. As webmaster of the WPS website, I used my position to advertise on the WPS website that a new club was starting in the London E12 area and that people should get in touch with me via e-mail or phone if they were interested. We made the decision about asking people to get in contact with us before the event in order to gauge the level of interest. This would also help us decide on how many boards we would need to get for the first meeting. Finally I contacted Clubguy, Che, who I know from the WPS involvement with GW at various Open Days and Games Day itself. I asked if it would be possible to advertise the new club at GW Stores. Che

was very helpful and advised me to ring the local stores to see if they would display an advert for us. I immediately contacted my local store, GW Thurrock Lakeside, and talked to Dave, the manager, who kindly agreed to display the advert for me. Things were coming together big time!

As for the club name, that ended up to be fairly easy. I used to run a website named Tanelorn. Tanelorn was the mystical city from the Michael Moorcock Eternal Hero books, so we decided quite simply to call it the 'Tanelorn Wargames Club.'

With our first night just around the corner, we needed to decide how many boards to buy and paint, based on how many people we knew were going to turn up. I'll tell you how the first meeting went in next month's White Dwarf. One thing is for sure, we've lit the touch paper now and there is no way of putting that fuse out!

**"Advertising can make all the difference to a new club. With flyers and posters in a few stores I got lots of interest"**



**Are you interested ....**

**In joining a new Wargames Club in the London E12 area (Wanstead/Manor Park)?**

Well we're looking for mature gamers (over 16 yrs of age) to join a new club based in the East London area. Tanelorn Wargames Club is a new club that will initially be meeting once a month to play Wargames including GW games such as WHFB and Warmaster as well as games such as Warhammer Ancient Battles. Our first 6 months of dates are as follows: -

- Monday December 4th 2000
- Monday January 8th 2001
- Monday February 5th 2001
- Monday March 5th 2001
- Monday April 2nd 2001
- Monday April 30th 2001

The Wargaming Sessions will run from 7:00pm until 11:00pm.

If you are interested in coming along please contact either: -



*Next month, catch up with Conrad on the opening night of his new gaming club and find out what happens...*



Warhammer veteran Mike Walker takes a first hand look at the new Warhammer, in his own unique way...



*Mike has been playing Warhammer since the dawn of time. This month, he extols the virtues of army lists.*

The other day I came across a hand-written army list. Ink had seemingly hurled itself from a barely-controlled pen nib to form into some nearly legible words that managed to mostly ignore the faded blue lines of two ancient exercise book pages.

The third and final page began with a series of ink-intensive swirling doodles before a final entry of ink-deprived characters that were just readable enough to illustrate a complete disregard for the rules of multiplication.

I can remember a time when all army lists were made this way.

Nowadays, with microprocessor assisted spreadsheets being the norm, army lists have lost a bit of character. I kind of miss Old Dave's neatly printed script with a twisting leaf motif in the margins of his Undead' army lists.

Big Dave's pencil must have one day been sharpened, but, during the six or so years he was one of my regular opponents, I cannot recall it happening. I can still visualise his chubby scrawl. His lists were always dark grey, neat and dependably inaccurate.

Darren's lists had illustrations that were the outpouring of a mind obsessed with sharp pointy things and their effect on soft mammalian things. Not recommended reading ahead of the chip run.

Little Dave is the doyen of the army list in the group. I reckon he does one list before breakfast every day and probably another dozen lists before sleep takes him and even then he probably dreams of army rosters. Little Dave loves to experiment and

## UNNATURAL SELECTION

### Warhammer army lists and troop choices

has produced some of the most extreme armies I have ever seen.

Most of his armies are original, startling and pretty much unplayable. However, following the same theory as all those keyboard-equipped monkeys, if he generates enough lists eventually a brilliant one must be created. We await its appearance with bated breath.

I myself must confess to taking the easy option of using army building software. I can produce a soulless but legal army list in about fifteen minutes.

Which brings me to my point.

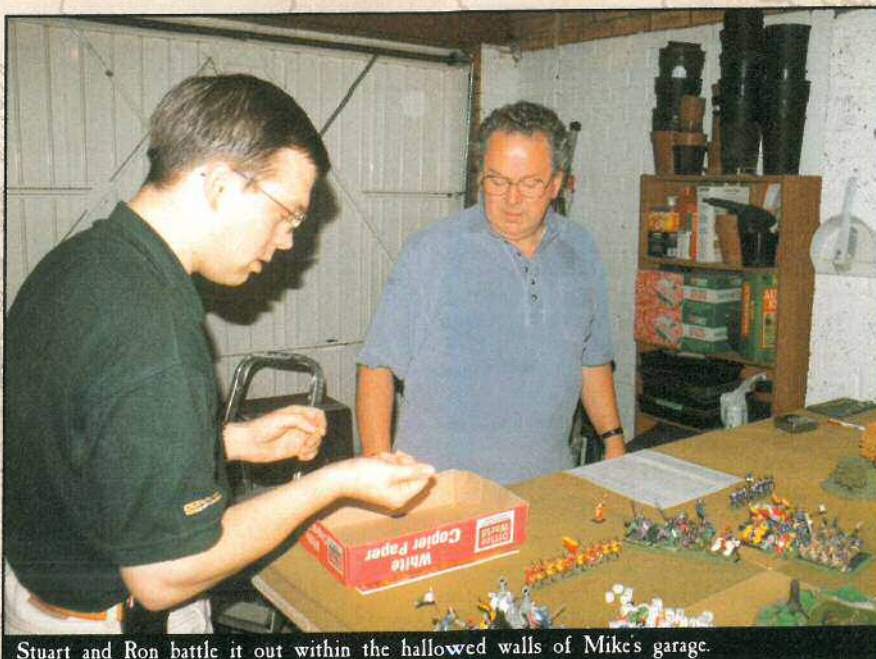
I firmly believe that every Warhammer player should make the effort to produce a completely legible (and legitimate) army list for his opponent to inspect should the need arise.

A few months ago I faced a chap with a splendid Dark Elf army, but no list. The list, apparently, had come to an unfortunate end when it had come into contact with the teeth of his large grey Angora rabbit mere hours before the game. This would apparently present no problem as he had played with the same army for several weeks and could remember it in every detail.

We started the game and his promise of infallible recollection lasted almost eight minutes. During the next excruciating three hours confusion reigned as to the exact owner of the Heartseeker sword, the Blackened armour and the Heart of Woe. Accurate information was unavailable on what equipment the Cold One Knights or the Dark Riders had. When there was doubt over the level of his sorcerer, only thoughts of a newly made fluffy grey garment kept me cheerful. Now that may seem bad, but I can describe worse.

This happened a bit longer ago. Another game, another opponent, this time I was battling some Wood Elves. Now this guy had a list. He even gave it to me before the battle to examine. Unusual, I thought. Normally these things were only disclosed at the end of the battle. I needn't have worried. The list was written with a completely unique set of abbreviations rendering the whole thing useless. Only if this was a script for Bill & Ben, the episode where they discuss Chaos theory using only Cantonese adverbs, would it have been less easy to understand.

Now I have no proof and maybe I am being completely unfair but I believe



Stuart and Ron battle it out within the hallowed walls of Mike's garage.

*Unkind commentators have remarked that the reason Old Dave liked Undead armies was that he was soon to be one of them.*



that the lack of clarity may have been intentional. I think I may have been on the receiving end of a bit of sharp practice. The presence and location of one or two key magic items were just a bit too convenient. Naturally my opponent was happy to 'resolve' any problem by waving his piece of encryption at me. Another three hours of less than top rate enjoyment.

If I can make my plea again. Make them readable, make them right... okay?

There is a certain excitement in the garage at the moment. We are about to begin the first league using the new sixth edition rules. Whilst plenty of games with the new rules have already been fought, it's time to get serious.

Since there has been so much talk about selecting armies I thought I'd take a quick look at this somewhat mysterious part of our hobby.

Joe is a theorist. Many hours are spent poring over rule books, army books and other peoples' army lists. Radical changes from week to week are likely. Indeed it is never certain which army he will turn up with (except that it will normally be Elven in nature). He cares not a jot for background, aesthetics or sometimes figure availability<sup>2</sup>, he just wants performance. To be honest his armies have got tougher and, more importantly, we have less little discussions about the fairness of the armies he selects (*how many Repeater Bolt Throwers?!).*

Alan is much more practical. It is always Lizardmen at his fingertips, and he will make small changes based on what happens on the tabletop. Small tweaks are common, including trying new things, but the core of the army always stays the same.

Stuart seems to have an affinity with his Vampire Counts army and his glass half empty style of play seems to fit in well with using shambling hordes of hopeless Zombies.

Ron chose his Bretonnians because he liked painting the Knights. Sometimes he is called by the dark side and gets his Beastmen out. With only a small selection of painted figures, Ron's armies tend to be chosen on what's available. Rumours are growing that a Chaos Warrior army is being recruited.

Scott likes Wood Elves. I think he first designed the army he uses in the late eighties<sup>3</sup> and has deployed it unchanged ever since. Wood Elves seem to suit Scott's laid back style. It seems that he is able to keep a torrent of arrows smacking into his foes with a consummate ease few of us enjoy.

Matthew, (this is Matthew Sprange<sup>4</sup> – also a regular in this magazine<sup>5</sup>) seems to enjoy a quantity rather than quality selection. He just picks as many brown furred Skaven as possible and fills up his side of the table with them. Selected on the basis of what he likes (and that's loads of figures), he overwhelms his foes with a steady stream of banter that keeps them distracted so they don't realise they are losing.

Craig just likes a competitive army. His pink tailed swarm is selected on the basis of performance. This gives a very different army to Matthew's, but interestingly one that is about as successful. Craig is not averse to borrowing other peoples' armies. Indeed, since Matthew arrived with his Skaven, Craig decided to use Ron's Bretonnians in new and interesting ways (he selected a Knights-only army and did pretty well with it).

My army selection is based on the figures.

My wife once estimated that if I retired now and spent every remaining hour of my life painting figures, I'd be dead before half my current stock of figures were done. With this in mind I cannot bring myself to paint figures that I do not like, so my armies end up populated with the stuff I do like.



Mike relaxes in the warm glow of being right.

I like to build an army and gradually modify it to improve how it plays. I use a similar method to Alan's – slowly evolving my army into something dangerous. Thus my Empire army has grown in my affections and in its effectiveness in almost equal measure.

For the upcoming league I was going to use my Empire army. Alas without my beloved Halflings (retired to the Moot equivalent of the Chelsea Barracks) but with a new theme and quite a few new models.

My idea for this new army was: Witch Hunters.

Like many of my armies, the initial inspiration comes from some figures, in this case the Mordheim Witch Hunters boxed set. It had eight excellent figures that really evoked the feeling that here was a group of tough, driven, battle-scarred, determined and desperate men with an unhealthy interest in flammable females.

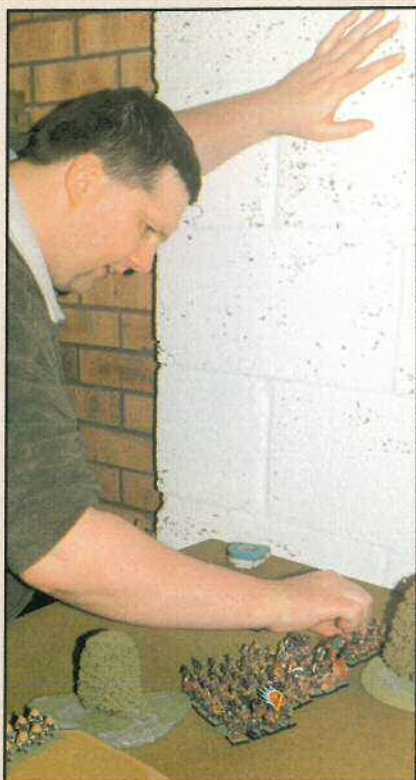
<sup>2</sup>The unit of Orcs fielded as part of a Dark Elf army that were carrying a post-it note with the word 'Harpies' written on it marked the low point of the 'substitute figures' incident.

<sup>3</sup>I suspect that the current army is probably a bit more modern than this. It just seems like we've been playing against the same armies for the last decade.

<sup>4</sup>A parrot with Matthew growing out of its feet can be seen on page 4 of issue 38 of the Journal.

<sup>5</sup>I have this theory why Wiltshire has spawned two writers for this esteemed magazine. Wiltshire is wet, the weather is incessantly inclement. Instead of being able to enjoy 'healthy' activities like rambling (like you never ramble – Fat Bloke), crown green bowling or falconry, we are forced to sit peering sadly out of our rain spattered West Country windows at a world we cannot enjoy. Forced inside by the prevailing precipitation we find ourselves once more in front of a keyboard, our fingers tapping out words to keep our brains from imploding due to the mind-numbing boredom that overwhelms us at two o'clock on a wet Wiltshire afternoon. We grind out revision after revision of bland text until gradually and painfully meaning seeps into the sentences. Thoughts are forced into black and white. A new article has saved us, our intellect refreshed, our mood exultant and our bodies knackered. Happy and tired we finally rest, missing the four rays of sunshine that break through the oppressive rain clouds... at least that's what I think.





The fatigue from moving so many figures begins to tell on Mike's hardy constitution.

Until last Tuesday. If you heard the sound of the Earth shattering, that was when Stuart gave us the news.

Stuart wanted to play a different army. He wanted an army with guns. Really big guns. He wanted my Empire army.

Still reeling from all the airborne porcine shadows crossing in front of a sorrento coloured moon, accompanied by the yelping of a multitude of frost-bitten devils, I was unable to utter anything other than "Sure", when asked if he could borrow them. Which is why I find myself a week later planning an Orc & Goblin army.

Hopefully somewhere nearby you can see a copy of the army list I came up with: Chief Grok Greenshanks and his Wild Orcs.

I've always had an Orc army. I think I started it just after the Dwarfs. But in those times (when Warhammer came in a white box and nobody had even thought the word Tellytubby) Orcs got beaten.

This was a shame because the Orcs epitomise Warhammer. They are brutal, hard, mean, relentless and almost uncontrollable – everything you could want in a Warhammer army. Trouble was, back then they were hopeless fighters with bad Leadership, suffered from animosity and came on bigger bases than almost everything else. To be honest nothing much

changed for the next ten years or so.

I still collected them though, because I loved the figures (even the ancient skinny, jutting jaw models from the mid-eighties), but got frustrated at always being beaten on the tabletop.

The slaughter of my Greenkins continued until I came to the same realisation as many other Orc Bosses. Savage Orcs were brilliant. With all that Frenzying, Magic War Paint, magically endowed Shamans and a wonderful blue/green paint scheme, they were the obvious answer. At last I had an Orc (and Goblin) army that prospered on the battlefield.

So now it's time to blow the light covering of dust from the boxes where the boyz relax between altercations.

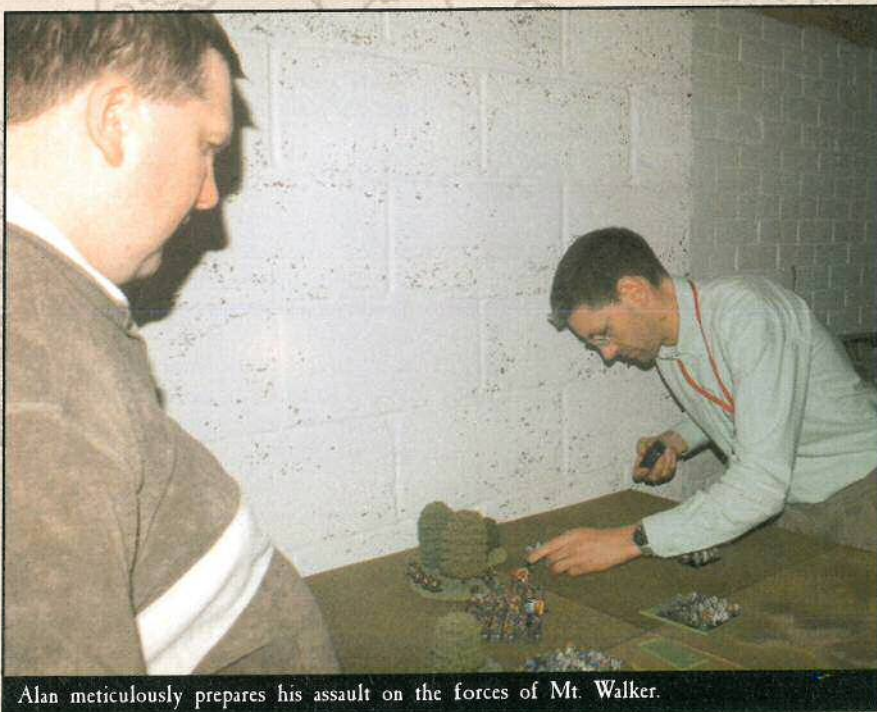
Army selection is a deeply personal and mysterious process. I build an army full of figures that I like. It will be competitive and often be based on a central idea (powerful in magic, artillery or Squig Hoppers). It must allow some manoeuvring (one that just sits back and fires at the enemy holds little interest) and most of all I like armies that are a little different to those that my opponents use.

So how did Chief Grok Greenshanks and his Wild Orcs come into being? The majority selected itself from those figures I already have based, painted

I already have a unit of Pistoliers, converted to also look battle hardened and slightly mad by using Mordheim Mercenary top halves combined with the metal legs of a Pistolier. Only minimal modelling skill is required (this is fortunate as I am only a white belt in converting stuff) to combine the plastic tops and metal bottoms. I am really pleased with these and my Mordheim bowmen. Add to these a pair of Mortars and Dogs of War Crossbowmen and a big bunch of those immovable Flagellants and I already had the basis for my new army. And then the world shifted on its axis.

Stuart has always played Undead, ever since I have known him. Sure, he moans a lot about his army. We always assumed lots of moaning was something you got whenever you came across loads of Zombies, Banshees and other ghastly apparitions.

Never, ever would he play anything else. Our players would have bet more cash than Big Dave spends on chips in a year that Stuart would always play Undead.



Alan meticulously prepares his assault on the forces of Mt. Walker.

*"My boss is happy when I 'get all my ducks in a line', 'have looked upon problems as opportunities' and 'given him solutions and not problems'. He is not happy often.*



and ready to use. The idea of using Big 'Uns came after reading the entry about them in the rule book, and a little matter of inflation.

I don't know if it's just me, but Savage Orcs seem to be suffering from inflation – they are getting bigger. Nothing wrong in that. Hulking great Orcs are just fine.

Except for those of us that have great swathes of the more compact ones. My own mid-nineties ladz are smaller but still brilliant figures.

Ever one to turn a problem into an opportunity? I reckon that using the new figures as my Big 'Uns will both make that unit stand out and allow me to field both lots in the same army.

Well, I've just got time for a few notes on the army before I go.

It may still stand some alteration before the league starts. There are a few weeks left and new armies are due to be tested in this period. I think it may have a few too many units that suffer animosity, and I will have problems keeping it moving forward.

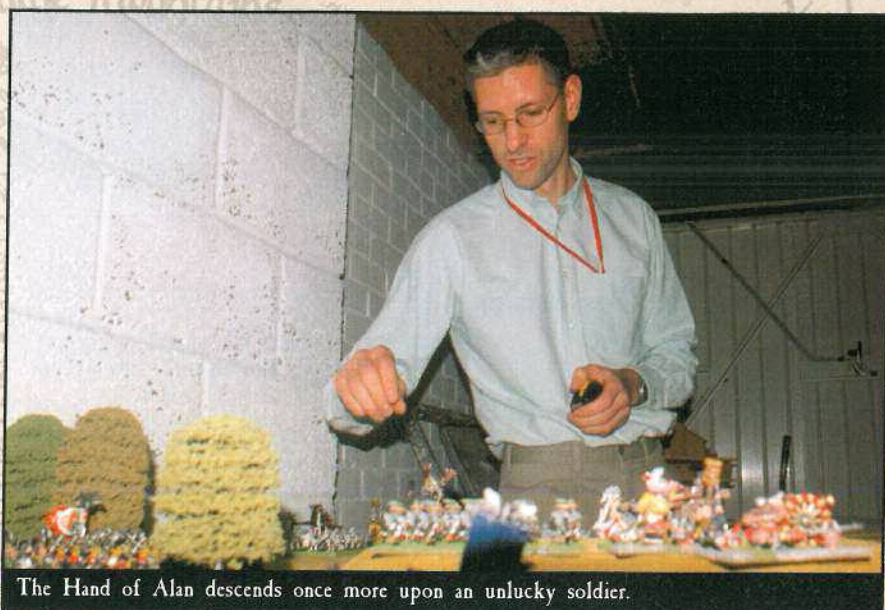
I would really like to have included a Giant (the 'pick up and stuff in a bag' attack is just sublime). I always feel guilty including one as I don't think they really fit into a Greenskin force. This is one of those occasions when I have to balance what feels right with what plays well. For now, then, no Giant.

I'm unsure as to how many Shamans to use. Experience has shown if you want to chuck a few spells about, you need a couple of Level Two guys. We'll also see how powerful Little Waaagh! spells are. On the subject of magic, the 'Edbuttin' 'At and the Staff of Sneaky Stealin' are just so Orcy that they have to be included in the army.

Right, I'm off to dig out the green and blue paint for my Big 'Uns.

Next month, tune in to find out what armies everyone picked, if Grok Greenshanks and the boyz win their opening battles and if it's ever gonna stop flipping well RAINING!!!!

Mike



The Hand of Alan descends once more upon an unlucky soldier.

## WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

Chief Grok Greenshanks and his Wild Orcs

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points Value
CHIEF GROK GREENSHANKS Savage Orc Warboss	4	6	3	4	5	3	4	4	9	-	Magic Items: Haddock's Sword of Haddock, Edbuttin' 'At, Magical Warpaint	220
GROKOT ANDSWAPE Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7	-	1 magic item: Wollopa's One Hit Wonder	45
POKKA BLUWART Level Two Savage Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	-	Choppa & Warpaint 1 magic item: Staff of Badunin	160
PORK DULLTOOTH Level Two Savage Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	-	Choppa & Warpaint 1 magic item: Staff of Sneaky Stealin'	135
24 SAVAGE ORC BOYZ	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+	Choppa, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	220
12 SAVAGE ORC BOAR BOYZ Boars	4 7	3 3	3 0	3 3	4 4	1 1	2 3	1 3	7 3	4+	Hand weapon, spear, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	280
24 SAVAGE ORC BIG UNS	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	6+	Choppa, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion 1 magic item: Hoggy's Banner of Butchery	305
16 SAVAGE ORC BOYZ	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+	Choppa, bow, warpaint	160
24 GORLINS	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	6	6+	Hand weapon, spear, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	92
10 GORLINS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6		Hand weapon, short bow	30
10 GORLINS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6		Hand weapon, short bow	30
12 GOBLIN SPIDER RIDERS Spiders	4 7	2 3	3 0	3 3	3 3	1 1	2 3	1 3	6 3	5+	Hand weapon, spear, shield, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	174
3 SPIDER SWARMS	4	3	0	2	2	5	1	5	10	-		150

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English Roster Sheet 100954

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TOTAL

1899 points



# SPOTLIGHT ON ALEX BOYD

**This month, we've been turning our attention to the Art department. If you've wondered who's been doing that cool black & white artwork in the new Dwarfs book (amongst others), let's introduce Alex Boyd.**

Alex was born and brought up in Sunderland. He spent his University days in Dundee on a four year BA Hons. Fine Art Degree at the Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art. After finishing his degree, he dabbled in Information Technology. Now he works as one of our illustrators, his past work includes black & white art for Codex Imperial Guard, Codex Blood Angels, Codex Space Wolves, Codex Catachans, Codex Assassins and Codex Armageddon, not to mention Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer, Mordheim and Battlefleet Gothic, and he's just finished contributing black & white artwork to the Dwarf army book.

Busy chap.

**Well, Alex, how and when did you start working here?**

*Three years ago. The position at Games Workshop was advertised in White Dwarf. I started on a training scheme.*

**I take it you've been into the hobby for some time now**

*Since I was about fourteen.*

**As a point of interest, can you remember the first figure you ever bought?**

*I can, actually. It was a female adventurer (don't bother looking for this one – it's so old it came on a metal base!).*

**Working as an artist must be a pretty full time job. Do you still get a chance to play?**

*Yes. I have quite a sizeable Warhammer 40,000 Ork army that's steadily growing (with loads of Cybork and Killer Kan conversions). I'm also about halfway through my Dwarf army.*

**Any Dwarf tactics to divulge?**

*Not yet. I'm still too much of an Ork player, and try to go charging over the other side of the table, which is not a very good tactic for Dwarfs!*

**When everyone is working on one project, is there a fear of losing your own style, or do you believe your own style always shows through?**

*I still believe that my own style shows through, but you do change your 'look' for a specific project. If you're illustrating High Elves, for instance, you wouldn't make them all dark and gritty, because if you look at their background, that's not what it's about. Skaven, however, look good when done this way.*

**When working on a specific project, where do you look for inspiration? The background of the race? The models? Past artwork?**

*All of the above, really. You look at the text to see if anything sparks your imagination. Another good source, I find, is John Blanche's artwork. Art, anything. Books about the making of films are quite good.*

*Reference books are always good to have around. Stuff on medieval armour*

*is useful, too. Drawing armour, even fantasy or futuristic armour, is a lot easier if you have an understanding of how real armour works. Not only does it keep you grounded in reality, but it keeps your interest.*

**When working on a project like the Dwarfs, for instance, do you liaise with other artists or figure designers to get a uniform look?**

*The Art department creates teams for each project. Paul Dainton and myself worked on the Dwarfs while Karl Kopinski and Adrian Smith worked on the Tyranids, so styles are matched as much as possible.*

**So how long would it take, from brief to finished artwork?**

*Take the Vampire Counts cover, for instance. I've been given five weeks for that project from start to finish, and I'll be working roughly eight hours a day.*

**You must have worked on some pretty cool projects. Does any one stand out in your memory?**

*One of the most memorable projects was most definitely Mordheim. Even from the initial discussions my imagination was fired. There was a definite move towards a dark, insane look for the entire project. Things were hinted at in pictures, rather than just presented. This gave an overall feeling of darkness and mystery. Another thing I liked about Mordheim was the personal touch. What I like to do in my pictures (especially of Imperial Guard) is to personalise each warrior, make them more real, and Mordheim is based around small groups of individualistic characters.*

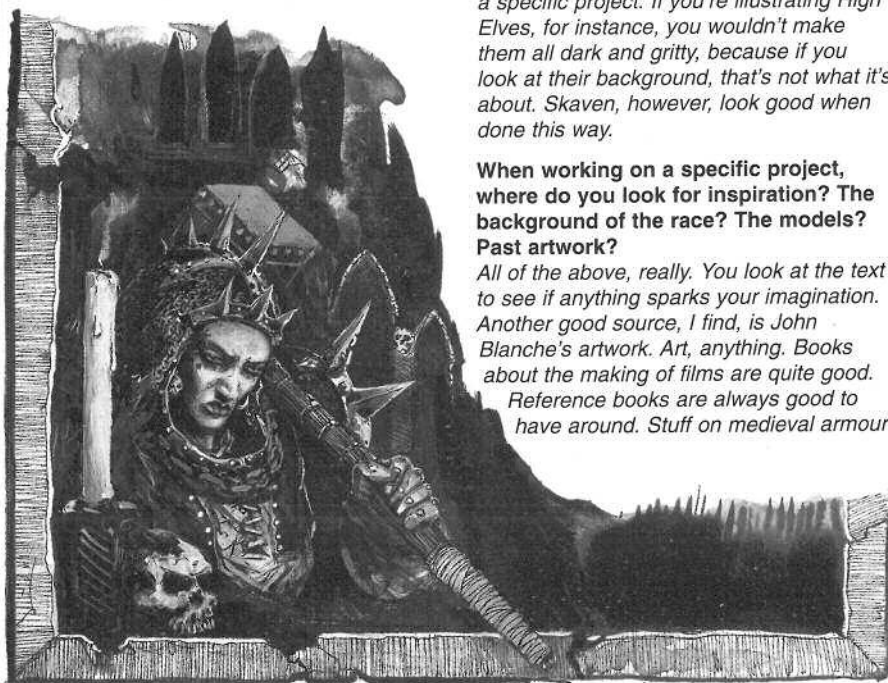
**Do you have a favourite picture in Mordheim?**

*My favourite picture is of the Sigmarite Sister (left). The other project, the one that really was a turning point for me, was Battlefleet Gothic. The picture I did of "The Divine Right" really opened some opportunities for me.*

**What kind of opportunities?**

*Since doing those pieces, I've been given a lot more responsibility and scope. Also, I'm now doing concept sketches for new miniatures. I've done sketches for the Sigmarite Warrior Priests, Vampire Counts and the new Skaven.*

**Working as an illustrator for us, you've had to envisage some pretty bizarre creatures (Skaven, Orks, etc). If you were drawing humans at least there'd be plenty of resource material (army books for Imperial Guard, general**





These are some of Alex's concept sketches for our new Warhammer Empire and Vampire Counts model ranges.



Alex's influences include our very own John Blanche, and Alex cites this painting, for Codex Sisters of Battle, as one of his favourites.

human anatomy from art reference books). What do you use for reference when drawing non-humans?

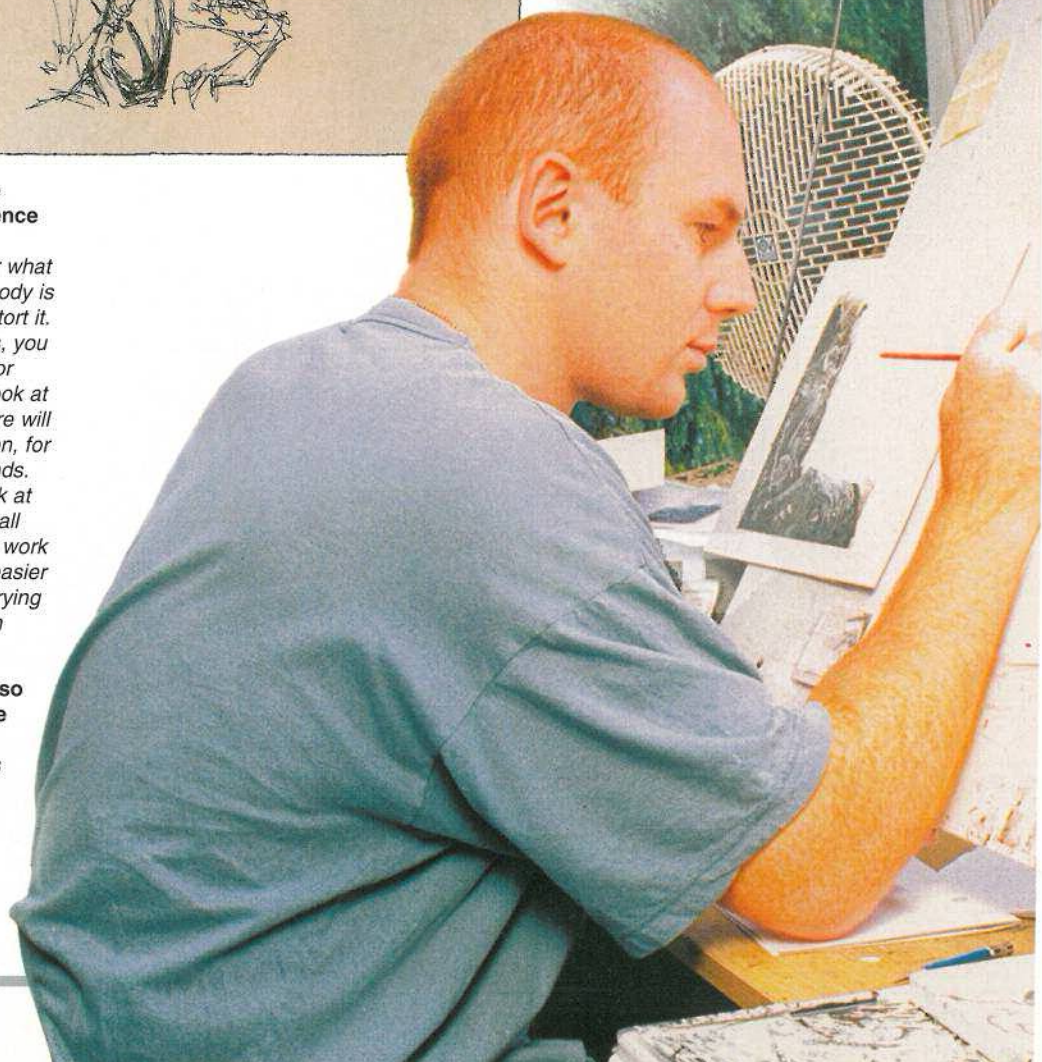
*One thing I've found is that no matter what you're painting/drawing, the human body is still the best model – all you do is distort it. For Dwarfs and the other squat races, you simply squash the human anatomy, for races like Elves, you stretch it out. Look at existing pictures of the races and there will be definite ways to draw them. Skaven, for instance, have very long, gnarled hands. For hunched creatures, like Orks, look at primates. Muscles and skeletons are all important: understanding of how they work will help your drawing a lot. It's a lot easier to work from an existing model than trying to make stuff up purely from your own imagination.*

**So, now the Dwarfs are in the bag, so to speak, what's next in the pipeline for you?**

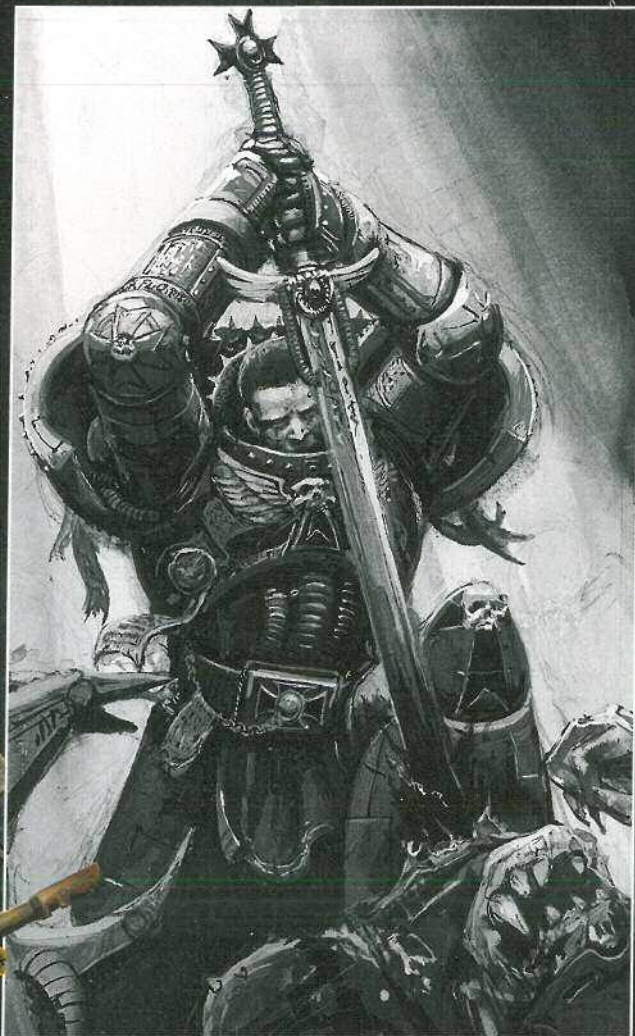
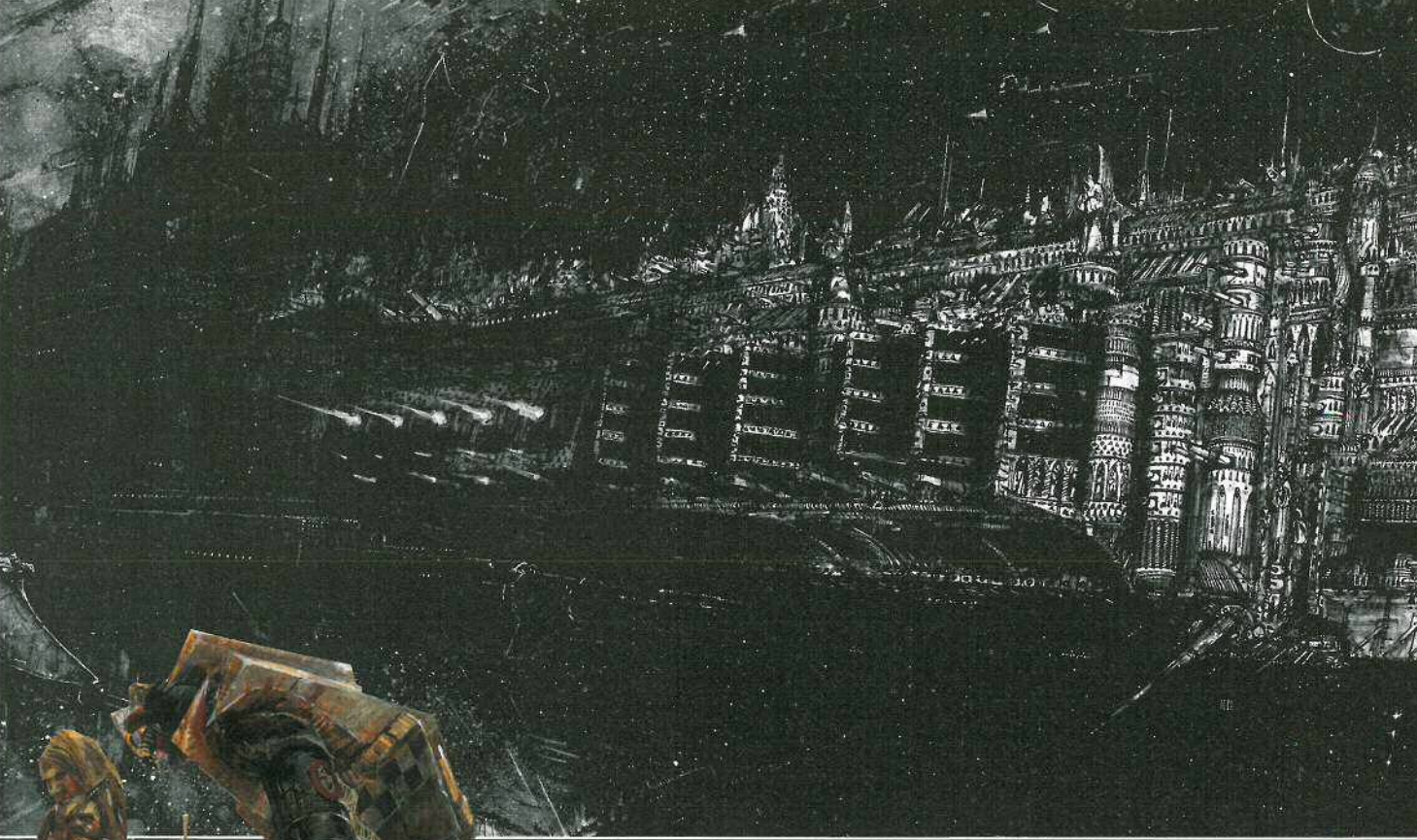
*The cover of the new Vampire Counts Armies book.*

**Thanks, Alex!**

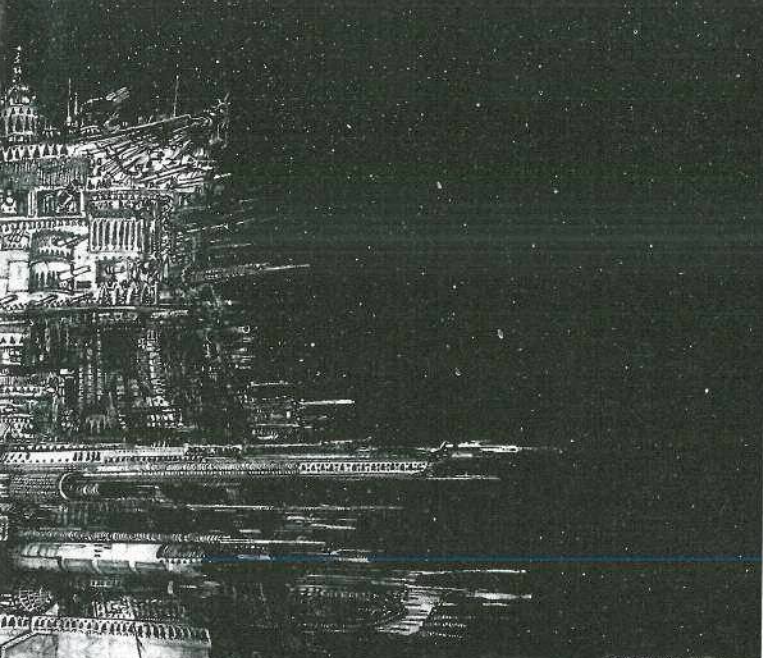
**Over the page, we showcase a selection of Alex's work.**















Hive Tyrant - £18 boxed set



Gaunts - £15 boxed set



Tyranid Warriors - £15 boxed set



WARHAMMER  
40,000

- Hive Tyrant
- 3 plastic Tyranid Warriors
- 12 plastic Genestealers
- 32 plastic Gaunts
- 1 Carnifex
- 6 Gargoyles
- 1 Biovore
- 6 Spore Mines
- 1 Lictor
- 1 Zoanthrope
- 3 Ripper Swarms

TYRANID ARMY DEAL  
£100



In July more than two hundred Warhammer players descended on Warhammer World to battle for the coveted prize of Warhammer Grand Champion. White Dwarf was there to pick out the best armies on display. What follows are some of the excellent armies that were present at the tournament.

# WARHAMMER

## GRAND TOURNAMENT



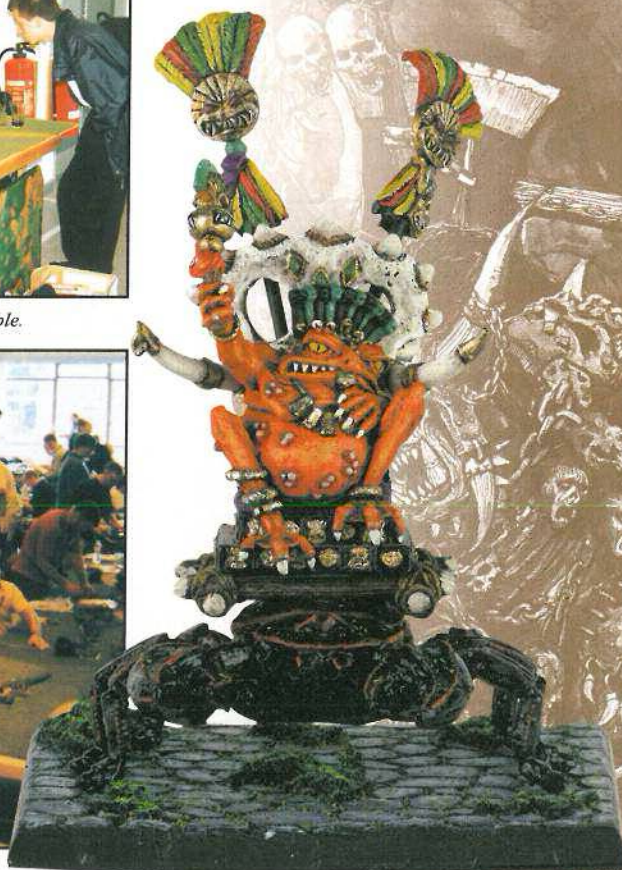
A Warhammer game in full swing.



The action hots up on the lead table.



The Warhammer World gaming hall. So many games it was difficult to know where to look first!



Kevin Stace's Slann Mage Priest conversion.

### WARHAMMER GRAND TOURNAMENT 2000 TOP TEN RESULTS

Rank	Name	Army	First Round	Second Round	Third Round	Fourth Round	Fifth Round	Army Painting & Selection	Knowledge Quiz	Most Sporting Opponent	Grand Total
1	Andrea Rocchi	Wood Elves	21.75	23.75	23	24	22.75	55	10	0	180.25
2	Adam Clark	Chaos Warriors	22.5	19	23	16.5	24	60	11	2	178
3	Bill Edwards	Bretonnians	22.5	15	22.25	24	20	60	11	1	175.75
4	Alberto Ruffini	Bretonnians	23	18	17	22.5	22	60	11	1	174.5
5	Geoff Porritt	Slaanesh Daemons	23.75	12	24	21	21.5	60	12	0	174.25
6	Rob Lane	High Elves	22.25	20.25	17	19	22	60	9	1	170.5
7	Ronald Spitzer	Khorne Daemons	11.75	22.75	22	20.75	21.75	60	10	1	170
8	Andrea Vitroni	Vampire Counts	24	20.5	18.5	19	21	55	11	1	170
9	Tom Van Dyke	Chaos Marauders	21.75	17	19	21	17	60	12	1	168.75
10	Brendan Spencelayh	Nurgle Daemons	23	24	15	17	16	60	12	1	168

Note: The Tournament was fought using the previous edition of Warhammer, therefore some of the armies used may not be compatible with the new edition.





*Alberto is a member of Team Italy which attended this year's tournament in force. Overall Alberto finished in fourth position, a great achievement.*

# Knights of Virtue

*Alberto Ruffini's Bretonnian army*

**Alberto:** I decided to use a Bretonnian army in the tournament because their noble background appeals to me. This noble feel really comes across through the great miniatures and imagery in the army book. On the whole, I feel I did very well in the tournament, although my luck suffered massive swings (I rolled lots of ones and sixes, the latter generally for Leadership tests).



Questing Knights in Lance formation







Alberto's splendid converted General



A regiment of Grail Knights

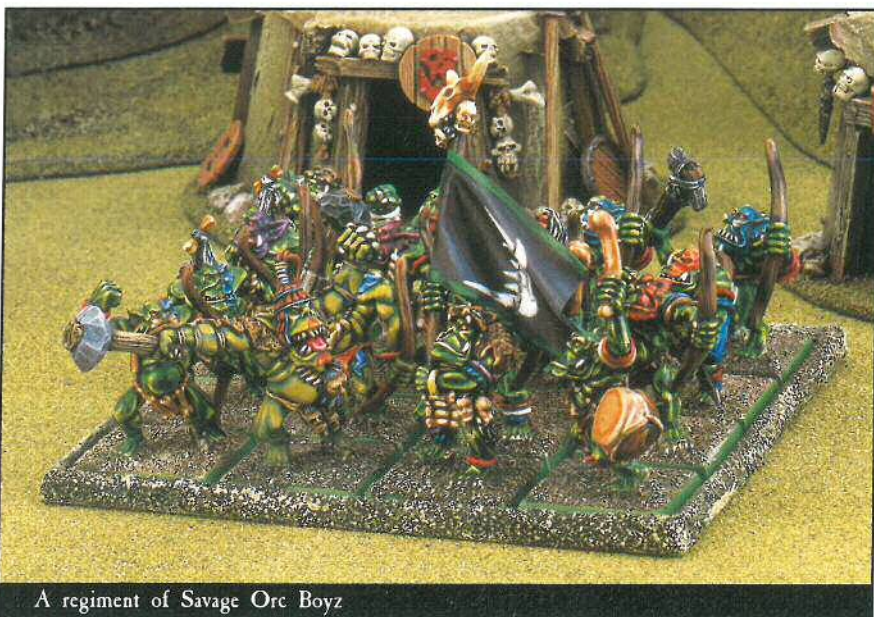






# Waaagh! Azuma

*Fabio Lecci's Orc & Goblin army*



A regiment of Savage Orc Boyz



Fabio's converted Goblin Wolfboy





WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET											THE HEAD OUTTERS OF AZUMA	
Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points Value
AZUMA												
Black Orc Warlord	4	6	6	4	4	5	6	4	9	5+	Magic Item: Armour of Protection	199
Additional hand weapon												
War Boar	7	4	0	3-2	4	1	3	1	3	-		
Savage Orc Shaman	4	4	0	4-1	5	2	3	1	7	5+	Frenzy	182
Halbard											Magic Item: Destroy Magic scroll	
War Boar	7	4	0	3-2	4	1	3	1	3	-		
Isabert, tattoos												
Black Orc Big Boy	4	6	5	5	5	2	4	3	9	6+	Magic Item: Jack Armit	100
Light armour, additional hand weapon, shield												
War Boar	7	4	0	3-2	4	1	3	1	3	-		
Night Goblin Battle Standard	4	3	4	4-2	3	1	5	2	5	6+	Magic Item: Bad Moon Banner	104
Light armour, double-handed weapons												
12 Black Orcs	4	4	5	4	4	1	2	14	8	8+	Magic Item: Mark's War Banner	195
Light armour, double-handed weapons												
9 Savage Orc Bow Boys	4	3	3	3-1	4	1	3	1	7	2+	Magic Item: Banner of Might	320
Jeans, shields, tattoos												
Savage Orc Boss	4	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	7	2+	Magic Item: Sword of Bork	65
4 Shooting Boars	4	2	2	1	1	3	3	3	4	-		60
19 Night Goblin Warriors	4	2	3	3-1	3	1	2	1	5	-	Includes Standard & Musician	73.5
Net, club												
15 Savage Orcs	4	3	3	3-1	3	1	2	1	7	6+	Magic Item: Dark's War Banner includes Standard & Musician	156
Bow, tattoos												
19 Night Goblins	4	2	3	3-1	3	1	2	1	5	-	Includes Standard bearer & Musician	123
Spears												
2 Fanatics	206	0%	0%	5	3	1	-	06	-	-		
5 Goblin Wolf Riders	4	2	3	3-1	3	1	2	1	5	5+	Includes Musician	66
Wolf, Wolf												
3 Goblins	4	2	3	3-1	3	1	2	1	5	5+		75
Wagon, Bouncing Splat	206	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-		
1 PUMP WAGON	206	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-		40
Gruntlings												
GIANT	6	5	5	7	6	6	6	6	6	-		200
TOTAL											1996.5 points	

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EXTRACTION  
FROM THE BOOK "WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET"

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*Fabio finished 45th out of the 217 who entered this year's tournament. Fabio really enjoyed himself and hopes to be back next year.*

**Fabio:** I like gaming with Orcs & Goblins as they suit my attacking style. I enjoyed the tournament immensely, despite my Fanatics causing more casualties to my army than to the enemy, but hey that's all part of playing with Orcs & Goblins!



Warboss Azuma, leading a regiment of Savage Orc Boarboys.





# Best Army Winner The Knights of Tzeentch

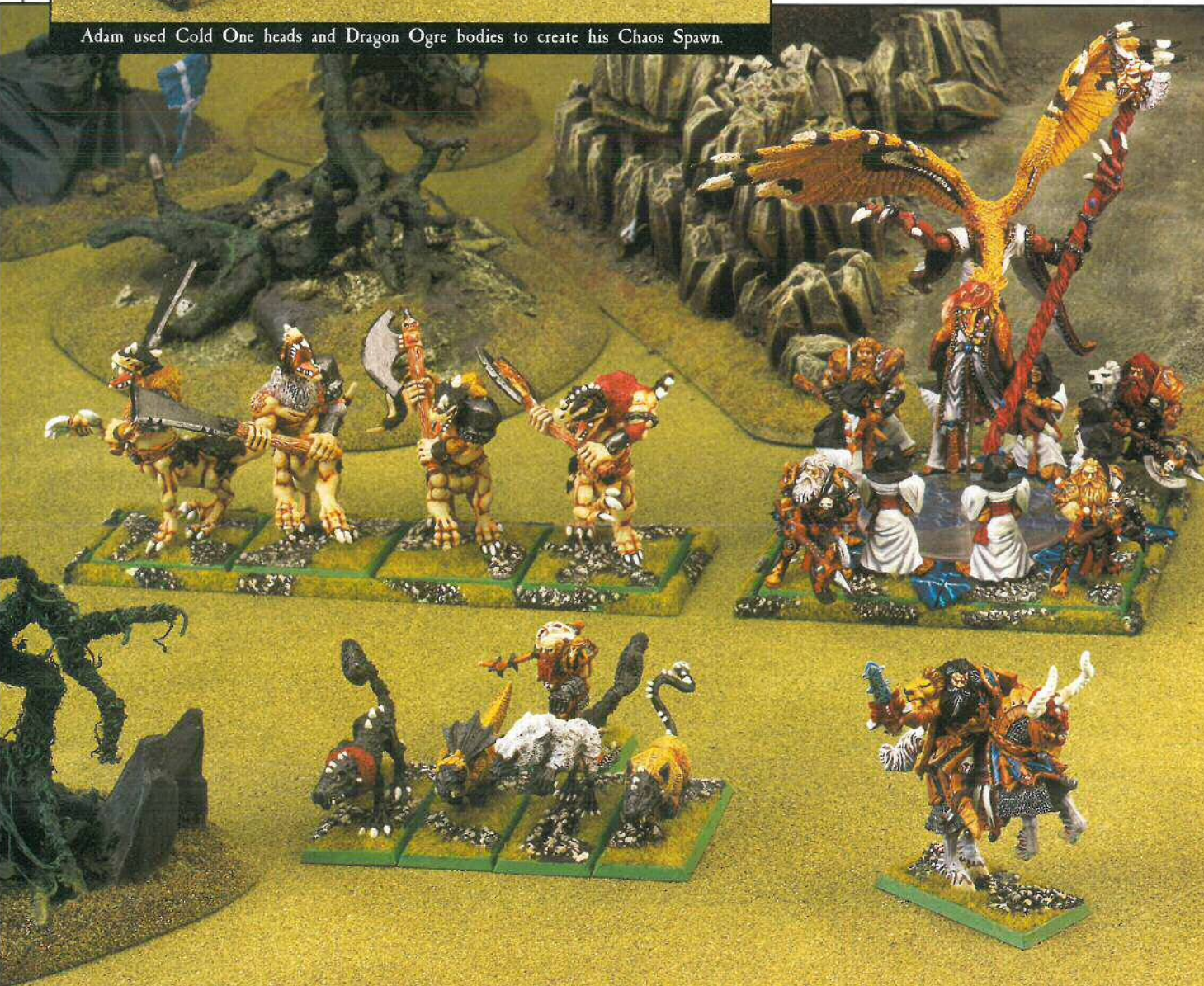
*Adam Clark's Tzeentch Chaos Warriors army*



*Adam had a great time at this year's tournament. He particularly enjoyed Bugmans Bar, he only wishes the USA tournament had one.*

**Adam:** When I first thought of using a Chaos Warrior army, I envisaged an army consisting entirely of Tzeentch Knights. This proved impractical though, so in the end I also included two regiments of Chaos Warriors. My favourite conversion is my disc-riding Sorcerer; this model includes parts from a High Elf White Lion, an eagle head and a Genestealer!

Adam used Cold One heads and Dragon Ogre bodies to create his Chaos Spawn.







Kaldour, Adam's Chaos Hero

## WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

THE KNIGHTS OF TZEENTH

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Srv	Notes	Points Value
<b>KALDOUR</b> Chaos Hero Army (General) Chaos armour, shield, lance Barbed Chaos steel	4	8	8	5	5	2	8	4	10	1+	Magic Item: Chaos Rune Blade	229
<b>5 Chaos Knights</b> Chaos armour Barbed Chaos steel	8	4	0	4	4	1	4	1	5	-	Magic Item: Banner of Might Unit contains a Musician and Standard	450
<b>110457882</b> Chaos Champion Chaos armour, Disc of Tzeentch, shield, additional hand weapon	4	7	7	5	4	1	7	3	9	5+	Mark of Tzeentch	98
<b>12 Chaos Warriors</b> Heavy armour, double-handed weapon	4	6	6	4	4	1	6	2	9	5+	Magic Item: War Banner	337
<b>TRUIS BLAU</b> Chaos Champion Chaos armour, Disc of Tzeentch, shield, additional hand weapon	4	7	7	5	4	1	7	3	9	3+	Mark of Tzeentch	98
<b>Chaos Warrior Leader</b> Chaos armour, shield	4	6	6	4	4	1	6	2	9	4+		
<b>4 Chaos Hounds</b>	6	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	6	-		80
<b>Chaos Warrior Leader</b> Chaos armour, shield	4	6	6	4	4	1	6	2	9	4+		
<b>4 Chaos Hounds</b>	6	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	6	-		80
<b>TRUIS PINK</b> Chaos Champion Chaos armour, Disc of Tzeentch, double-handed weapon	4	6	6	4	5	1	7	2	9	4+	Magic Item: Dark Moon of Death Mark of Tzeentch	161
<b>6 Chaos Warriors</b> Shield, double-handed weapons	4	6	6	4	4	1	6	2	9	4+	Magic Item: Banner of Sorcery	187
<b>4 Chaos Spawn</b>	206	3	0	4	5	5	3	06	10	-		290

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**TOTAL** 2000 points







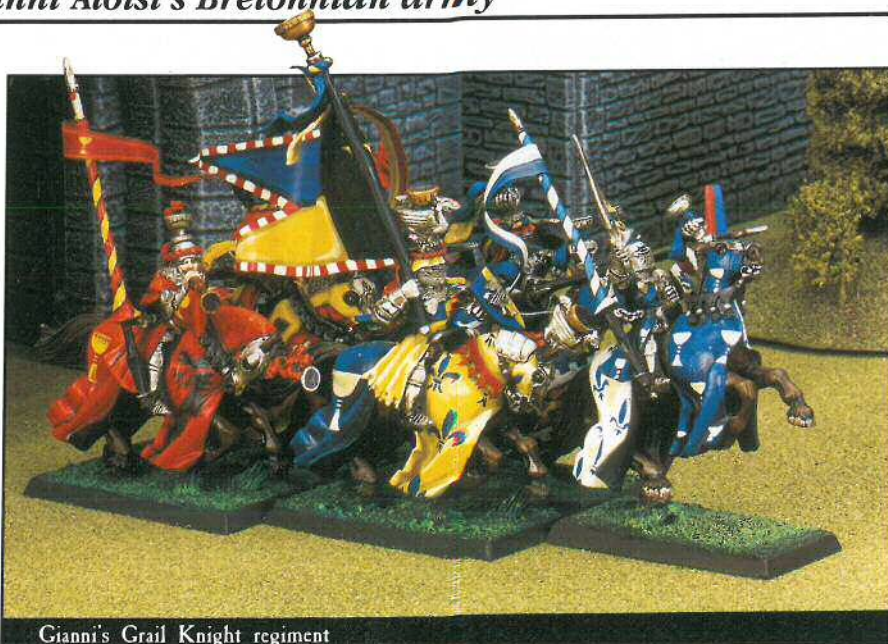
# The Quest for the Grail

*Gianni Aloisi's Bretonnian army*



*Gianni is another member of Team Italy. Overall he finished 49th. Gianni's hardest game was when he faced a Beastman army containing 25 Minotaurs.*

**Gianni:** I used to play with an Undead army, but after getting soundly beaten by Alberto Ruffini's Bretonnians I decided if you can't beat them join them. My favourite conversion in the army is my General, his heraldry is actually my own family's heraldry. My General performed very well in the tournament, his warhorse even managed to kill a Skaven General single-handed (hooved!).



Gianni's Grail Knight regiment





Gianni's converted General - Andre Duc de Quenelles.

## WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

GIANNI ALBERTI'S BRETONNIAN ARMY

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points Value	
ANNEKE, DUKE OF CHANCELERS Army General Shield, lance, two-handed weapon Barded warhorse	4	6	6	4	4	5	6	4	9	2+	Great Virtue Magic Item: Banner of Fortune	142	
ROBERT FORTGARD Baron Standard Heavy armour, shield, lance, Barded warhorse	4	4	4	4	5	1	4	2	7	2+	Great Virtue Magic Item: Banner of Shielding	155	
GILLESFERNETUX Heavy armour, lance, shield Barded warhorse	4	5	5	5	4	4	2	5	5	2+	Virtue of Knightly Temper: Knight Virtue	115	
EDWARD THE BISHOP Heavy armour, lance, shield Barded warhorse	4	5	5	5	4	4	2	5	5	2+	Great Virtue Magic Item: Piercing Blade	115	
ANNE MARIE VERGEE Wizard Warhorse	4	5	5	5	5	4	1	4	1	7	6+	Magic Item: Sigil Magic scroll	64
LEONELLE D'AM Wizard Warhorse	4	5	5	5	5	4	1	4	1	7	6+		59
5 Great Knights Heavy armour, shield, lance, Barded warhorse	4	5	5	4	5	1	4	1	9	2+	Great Virtue, Magic Item: Banner of Might Includes Standard & Musician	275	
6 Chastity Knights Heavy armour, shield, lance, Barded warhorse	4	5	5	4	5	1	4	1	8	2+	Chastity Virtue Includes Standard & Musician	246	
6 Knights of the Realm Heavy armour, shield, lance, Barded warhorse	4	4	5	4	5	1	5	1	7	2+	Knight's Virtue Includes Standard & Musician	259	
5 Knights of the Realm Heavy armour, shield, lance, Barded warhorse	4	5	5	5	5	1	5	1	7	2+	Knight's Virtue Includes Standard & Musician	160	
5 Mounted Squires Squire Horse	4	4	5	4	5	1	5	1	7	6			60
5 mounted squires Squire Horse	4	4	5	4	5	1	5	1	7	6			60
6 Squires Longbow	4	5	5	5	5	1	5	1	7	-			48
12 Men at Arms Squire, Shield	4	5	5	5	5	1	5	1	7	-	Includes Standard		98
10 Bowmen Longbow	4	5	5	5	5	1	5	1	7	-			80
10 Bowmen Longbow	4	5	5	5	5	1	5	1	7	-			80

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TOTAL 2500 points



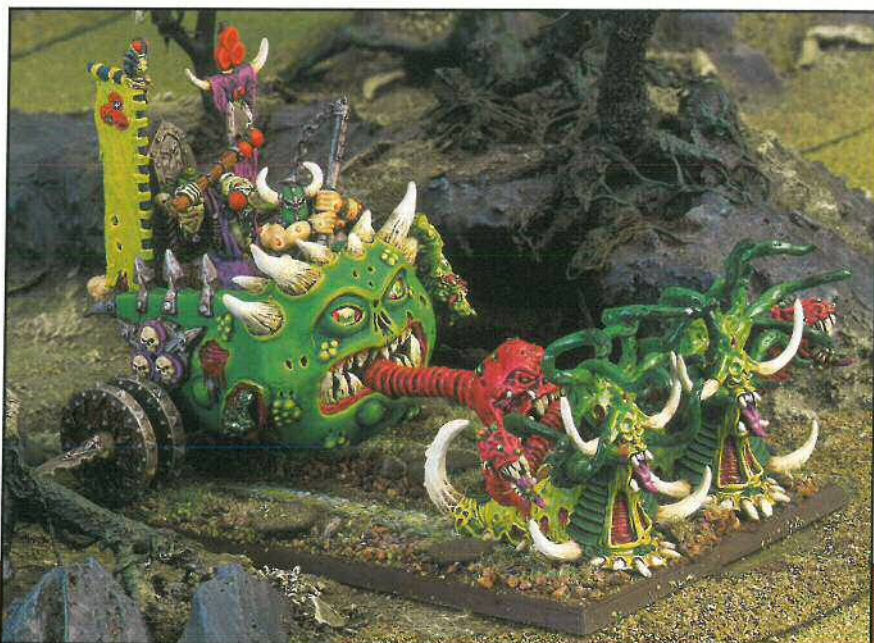
# Corrupt and Diseased

*Tom Van Dyke's Nurgle Chaos Warriors army*



*Tom finished ninth. Team USA, which Tom was part of, had a very successful tournament with no less than four of their team finishing in the top ten.*

**Tom:** My favourite model in the army has to be my Daemon-possessed Nurgle chariot. This model contains parts from a Palanquin, several Beasts and a load of wire and green stuff. I must admit that I am more interested in sculpting than painting, but I love playing.



The centre piece of Tom's army, the Daemon-possessed Nurgle chariot.



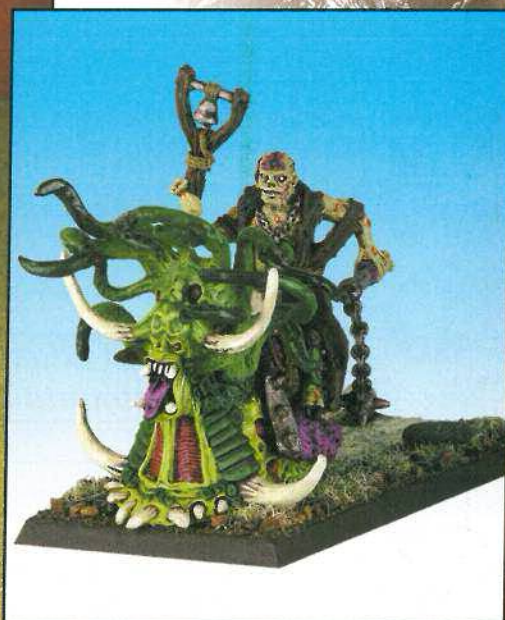
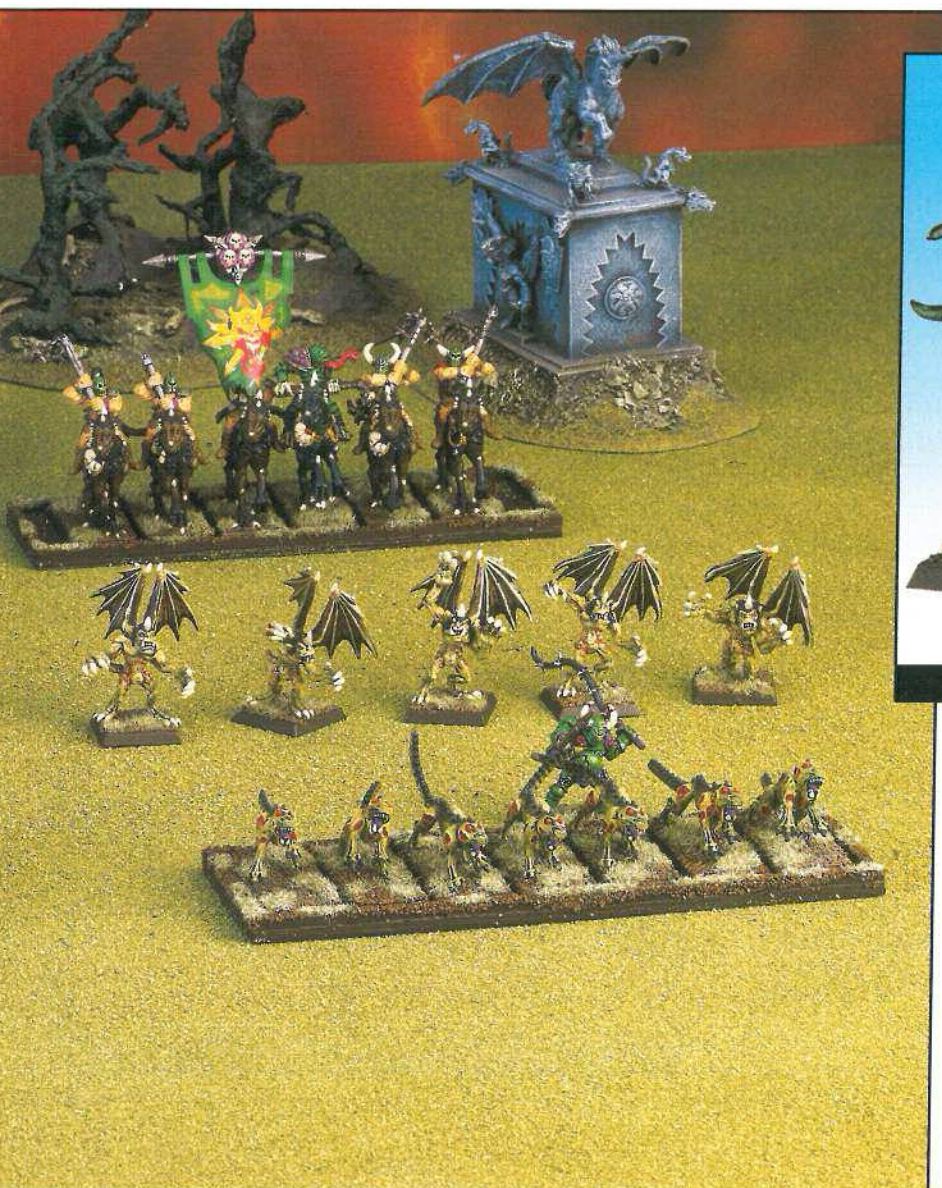




Tom's heavily converted General



A pack of diseased Harpies



Tom's Nurgle Sorcerer riding a Beast of Nurgle



# The Age of Chivalry



## Bill Edwards' Bretonnian army



*Last year's grand champion, Bill Edwards, returned this year with a Bretonnian army. Bill finished in third place.*

**Bill:** There's only one reason I chose the Bretonnians and that's Knights. My army contains twenty four in total. My colour scheme was inspired by the holy crusades (lots of black, white and red), although I have tried to make all my Knights individual. My favourite model has to be my General, complete with a sculpted Crown of Bretonnia.

### WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

BILL EDWARDS' BRETONNIAN ARMY

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sm	Notes	Points Value	
<b>WILLIAM PRINCE DU MONTEFORTS</b> Army General Heavy armour, shield, lance Barbed warhorse	4	6	6	4	4	5	6	4	9	2+	Great Virtue Magic Item: Sword of Heroes	100	
<b>GAUSTON DU BAYMONT</b> Heavy armour, shield, lance Pegasus	6	5	5	4	4	2	5	5	9	3+	Great Virtue Virtue of the Just	151	
<b>LOUIS LA ROSEZ</b> Wizard Warhorse	4	3	3	3	3	4	1	4	1	7	6+	Magic Item: Destroy Magic scroll	100
<b>JACQUELINE LA FONDRE</b> Wizard Warhorse	4	3	3	3	3	4	1	4	1	7	6+	Magic Item: Repair Magic scroll	94
<b>ANGELA DU FREDAGE</b> Wizard Warhorse	4	3	3	3	3	4	1	4	1	7	6+	Magic Item: Shield Item of Fear	94
<b>KNIGHTS OF THE NORTH</b> 5 Great Knights Heavy armour, shield, lance Barbed warhorse	4	5	5	4	4	5	1	4	1	9	2+	Magic Item: Banner of Might Includes Standard & Musket	275
<b>KNIGHTS OF THE SOUTH</b> 6 Knights of the Round Heavy armour, shield, lance Barbed warhorse	4	4	5	4	4	5	1	5	1	7	2+	Magic Item: Banner of the Lady of the Lake Includes Standard & Musket	309
<b>KNIGHTS OF THE EAST</b> 6 Knights of the Square Heavy armour, shield, lance Barbed warhorse	4	4	5	4	4	5	1	5	1	7	2+	Magic Item: Standard of Shielding Includes Standard & Musket	259
<b>KNIGHTS OF THE WEST</b> 6 Knights of the Round Heavy armour, shield, lance Barbed warhorse	4	4	5	4	4	5	1	5	1	7	2+	Magic Item: Banner of Slavery Includes Standard & Musket	258
<b>SQUADRON OF THE NORTH</b> 6 Mounted Squares Spear Horse	4	4	3	4	3	5	1	5	1	7	6		72
<b>SQUADRON OF THE SOUTH</b> 6 Squares Lancebow	4	3	3	3	3	5	1	5	1	7	-		48
<b>WEST WALL ARCHERS</b> 10 Bowmen Lancebow	4	3	3	3	3	5	1	5	1	7	-		90
<b>EAST WALL ARCHERS</b> 10 Bowmen Lancebow	4	3	3	3	3	5	1	5	1	7	-		90
<b>TOTAL</b>												1294 points	

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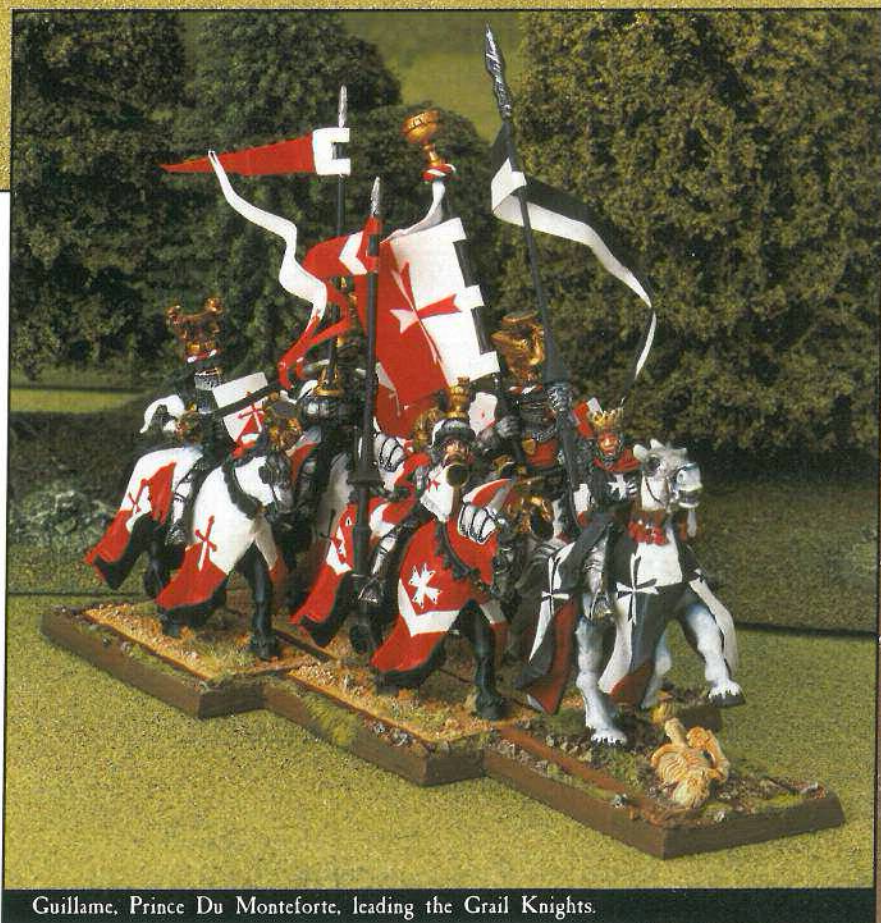
WARRIOR

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One of Bill's Sorceresses, Lille le Assez



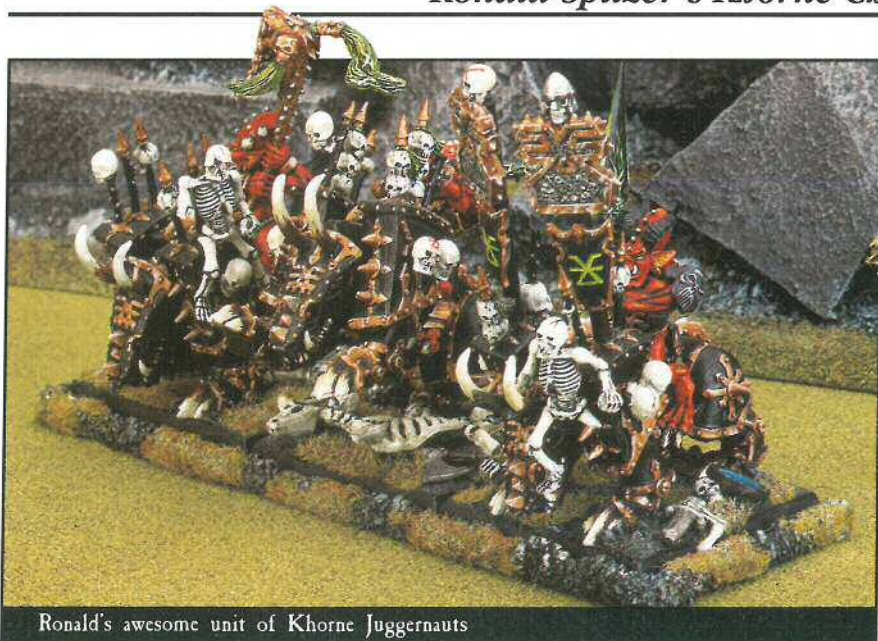
Guillame, Prince Du Monteforte, leading the Grail Knights.





# Blood for the Blood God

*Ronald Spitzer's Khorne Chaos Warrior army*



Ronald's awesome unit of Khorne Juggernauts



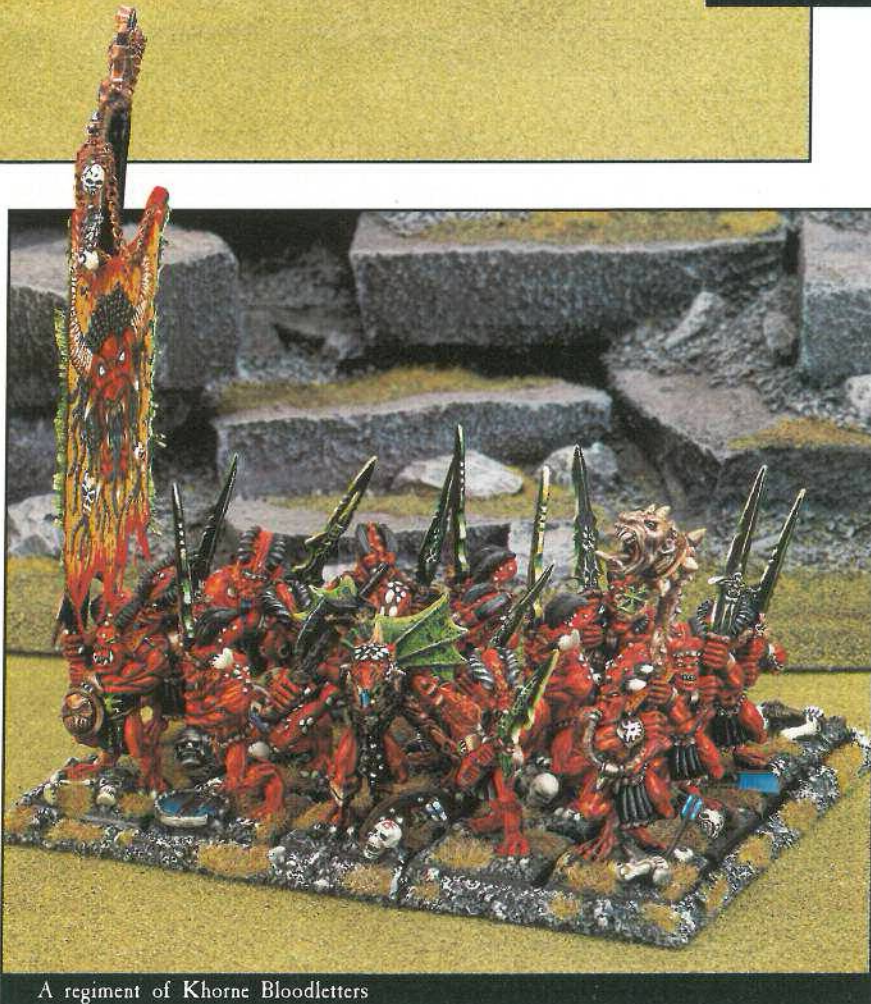
*Another successful member of Team USA. Overall, Ronald, who regularly attends tournaments, finished seventh.*

Ronald collects this particular army because, he claims, he *is* Khorne. Apparently we can ask anyone he works with (*okaaay – back towards the door, no sudden movements and don't make eye contact – Fat Bloke*). His favourite conversions are his Chaos Spawn, which was originally a Flesh Hound, and his standard bearer made with love and care. And blood. On the whole, he had a great time, although he did have a bad experience with one opponent's Squig Hoppers and Fanatics.





Ronald's fantastic Daemon Prince conversion



A regiment of Khorne Bloodletters





# Exquisite Evil

*Daniel Tunbridge's Vampire Counts army*



*Despite being involved with the hobby for fifteen years, the only army Daniel has ever had are the Undead.*

**Daniel:** I have themed my army on an Undead Empire army. To achieve this, my army includes a load of conversions. For example, my Spirit Host consists entirely of converted Flagellants.

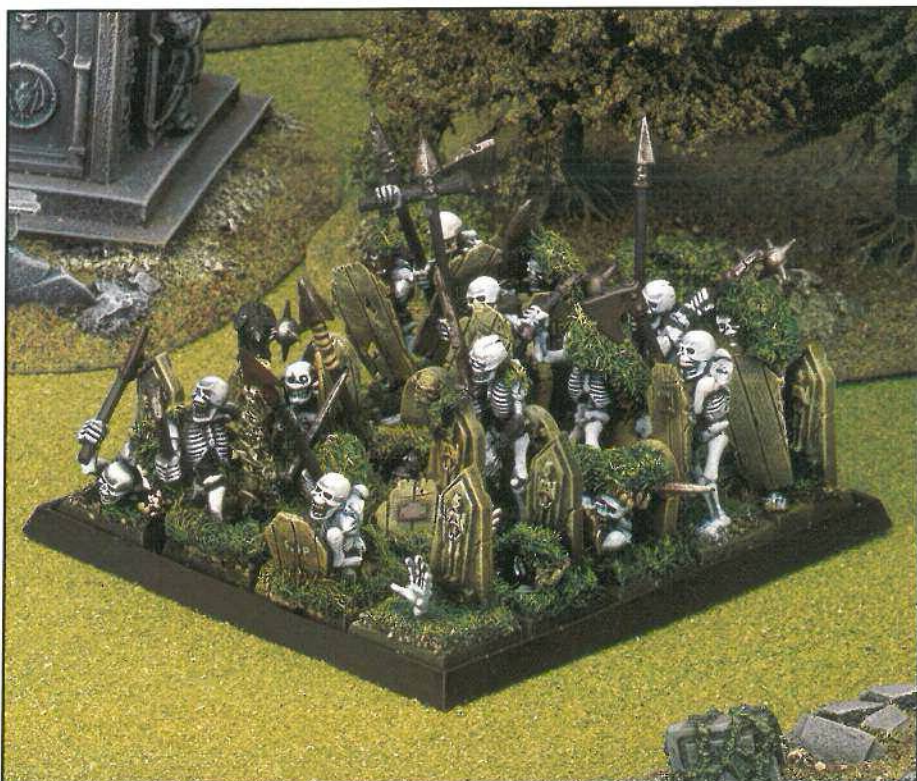
The Tournament was a bit of a strange one in that every opponent I played against was using High Elves!



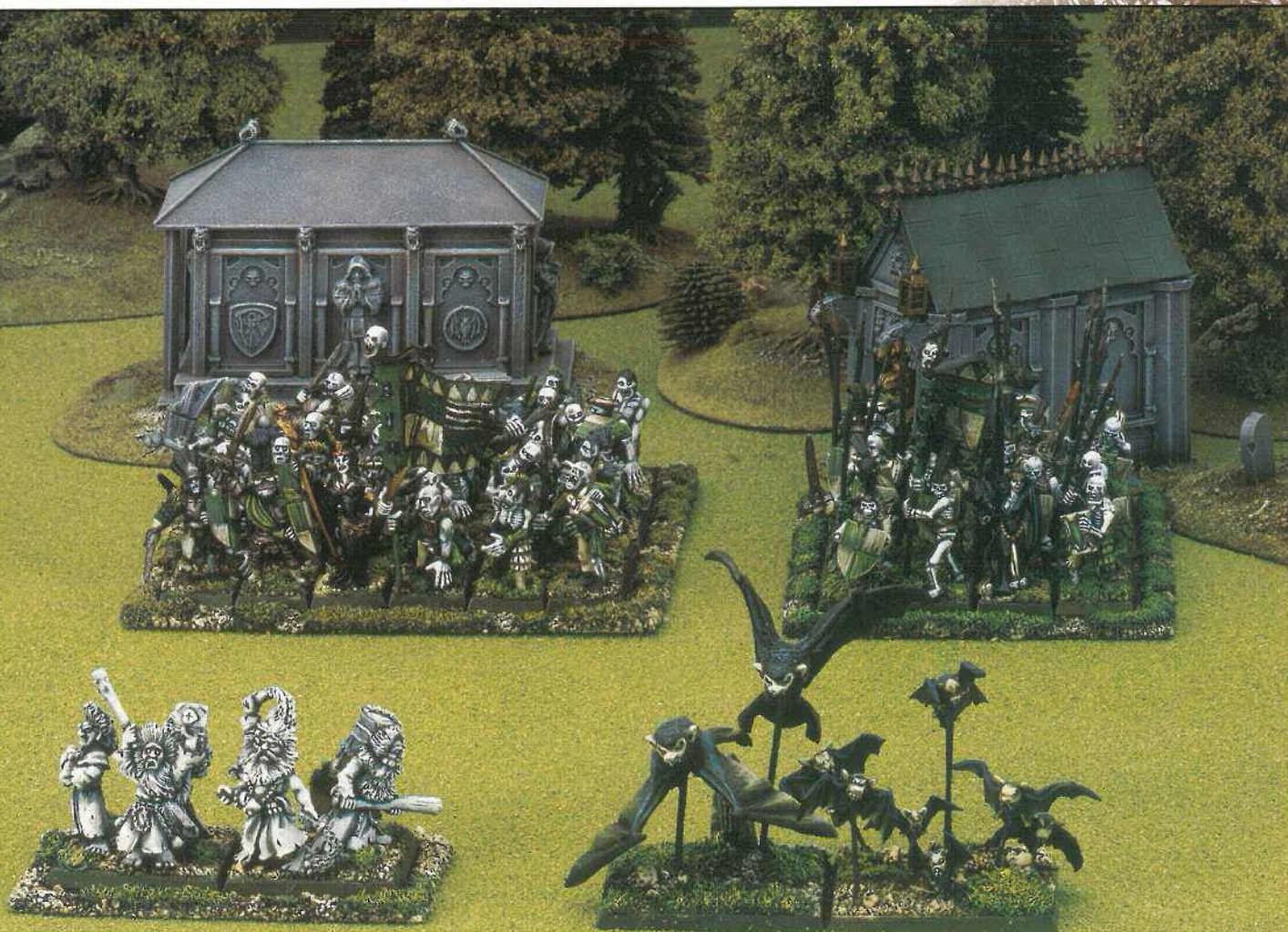
Daniel used the bodies from Volland's Venators Dogs of War regiment to create his Wight Cavalry.







Daniel has modelled his Skeletons to make them look like they are still emerging from the ground.





# Tournament Winner The Wild Hunt

*Andrea Rocchi's Wood Elf army*



*Even though this is Andrea's first tournament with his Wood Elf army, he managed not to lose a single game throughout the weekend. Andrea says he had a great time at the tournament and will definitely be back next year to defend his title.*

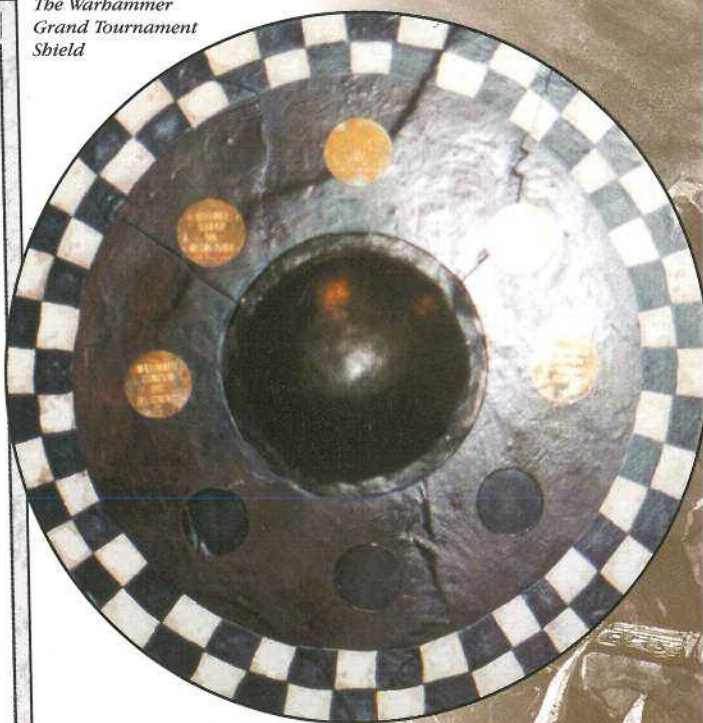


Andrea surrounded by the other winners and tournament organisers.





The Warhammer  
Grand Tournament  
Shield



# WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

THE GLADE DEFENDER OF CALEN MIRTH

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points	Value
THORNDUL, LORD OF CALEN MIRTH Army General Light armor, shield, additional hand weapon, javelin	5	7	7	4	4	3	9	4	10	5+	Magic Item: Hall of Doom Arrow	180	
ELARETH Light armor, shield, lance, additional hand weapon GAUDOR, Warhawk	5	6	6	4	4	2	8	3	9	4+	Magic Item: Bow of Loren	180	
ENIVVEL Javelin, lance, additional hand weapon ISLATR, Elven Shield	2	4	0	3	3	1	4	1	7	-	Magic Item: Destroy Magic scroll	116	
ORNETHORLAURIN Wardancer Champion Additional hand weapon	5	4	4	3	3	1	7	1	8	6+	Magic Item: Potion of Strength	71	
19 Archers Loren longbow	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8	-	Magic Item: Banner of Sorcery Includes Standard Bearer	245	
6 Blade Riders Shield, lance, Elven Shield	5	4	4	3	3	1	7	1	8	5+	Magic Item: Banner of Might Includes Standard Bearer	267	
5 Wardancers two hand weapons	5	5	5	3	3	1	6	1	8	6+		100	
7 Waywatchers Loren longbow	5	5	5	3	3	1	6	1	8	-		126	
19 Glade Guards Spear, shield	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8	6+	Magic Item: Banner of Defiance Includes Standard Bearer	250	
5 Dryads	5	4	3	4	4	2	4	2	8	5+		175	
Treeman	6	8	3	8	7	6	2	4	9	5+		280	
<b>TOTAL</b>												2,000	points

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ES000001

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# BATTLEFLEET GOTHIC RED ALERT!

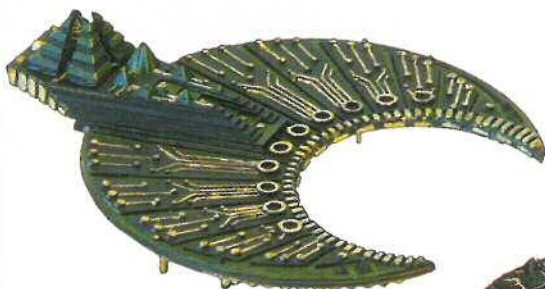
*"Closing on unidentified spatial anomaly EXK99-0002. Distance 10,000... 9,000... 8,000... Wait... that's odd... augers are starting to detect energy fluctuations... <subject gasps> by the Emperor... that's impossible, these readings are off the scale! ABORT, get us out of here n..."*

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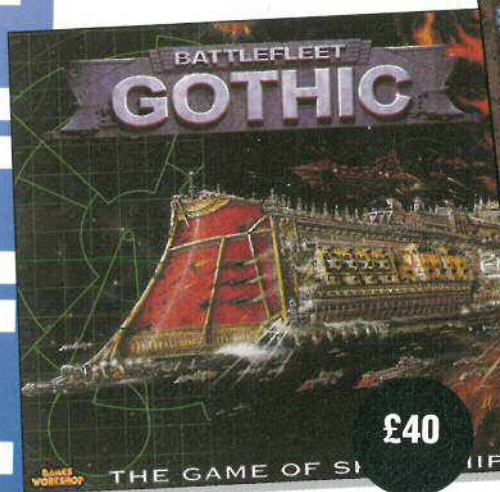
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Arcane Lore is a series of ruminations and cogitations by the Warhammer Games Development team on different aspects of the Warhammer game. This month Gav Thorpe discusses the tactics and limitations of skirmishers in Warhammer.

# ARCANE LORE

## *Skirmishers in the new Warhammer rules*



*Gav Thorpe proudly stands at the head of the Warhammer team in Games Development, with a string of credits to his name as long as his arm. He has been a regular contributor to White Dwarf for as long as anyone can remember and is getting sick of posing with his hand near his face every month.*

All in all, the sixth edition skirmisher rules clear up the more ambiguous aspects of how they work in the game. At the same time we have managed to tone down their effectiveness in close combat so that they have to work with other units to fight most effectively. Skirmishers will find it difficult to accumulate a sufficient combat result to defeat all but the lightest enemy unit. This makes them good for taking out opposing skirmishers, war machine crews and maybe small missile units, but they will fare badly if they go up against dedicated close combat units, even from the flank or rear.

However, those few extra wounds they might inflict, or the bonus for a flank or rear attack, can swing the balance of a close fought combat, so when used in combination with harder hitting units, skirmishers are still important. Getting skirmishers into the right place to be effective or

countering enemy skirmishers is now another tactical challenge to be incorporated into your plans and army selection.

### RANKS

Although skirmishers in close combat do group up into a formation resembling ranks and files, they never count as having a rank bonus. Despite this, a formed up skirmishing unit does have flanks and a rear, which will count for combat resolution bonuses. This means that once in combat, a skirmishing unit can become as much of a hindrance as a help if there are enemy units that can subsequently charge them.

### MOVEMENT

The greatest advantage of skirmishers is their ability to move quickly and their flexibility when close to the enemy – slipping through the lines to attack war engines or to get behind

Most Warhammer armies have access to some kind of skirmishing unit. Skirmishers in Warhammer fall into one of two broad categories, each of which has its own distinct uses – missile skirmishers and light close combat units. When it came to revising the Warhammer rules, we paid particular attention to these different roles to ensure that skirmishers were used in an appropriate fashion.



Ungor skirmishers intercept a unit of heavy cavalry, flanking them. However, they may now be flanked in turn by other enemies.



enemy units in combat. This is because they may move at double speed as if marching, but with none of the normal marching restrictions. The particular wording of this rule has given rise to a certain interpretation of the rules regarding what happens when a skirmishing unit fails to make contact during a charge. The line in question reads, 'They simply move up to double their Movement all the time' (page 115 of the *Warhammer Rulebook*). This has led some players to believe that although normally a unit which fails a charge moves forward at its normal Movement rate, skirmishers can still move at double pace. The Failed Charge rules on page 52 of the *Warhammer rulebook* clearly states that 'the unit is moved at its normal Move rate rather than double speed'. Of course, this creates a contradiction (heaven forbid!) between the two rules. Well, I can safely say that the intention was that skirmishers suffer the penalties of a failed charge just like everyone else.

## SCOUTS

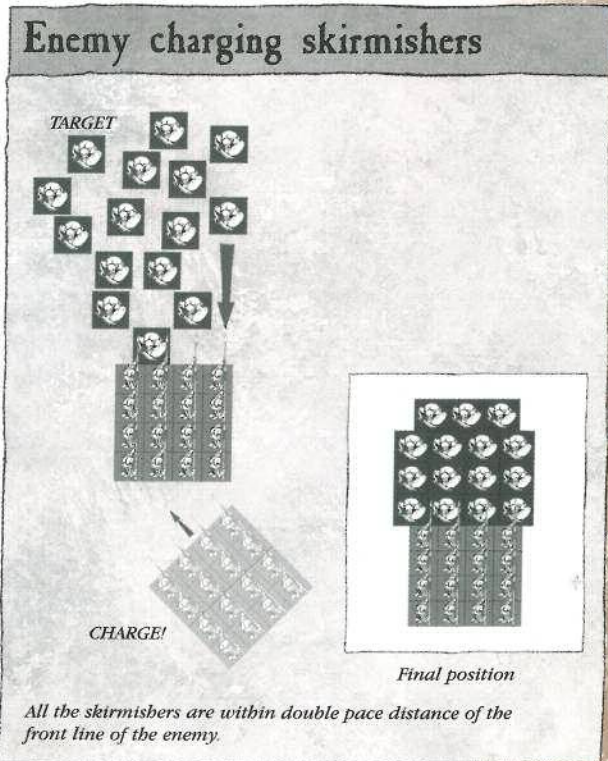
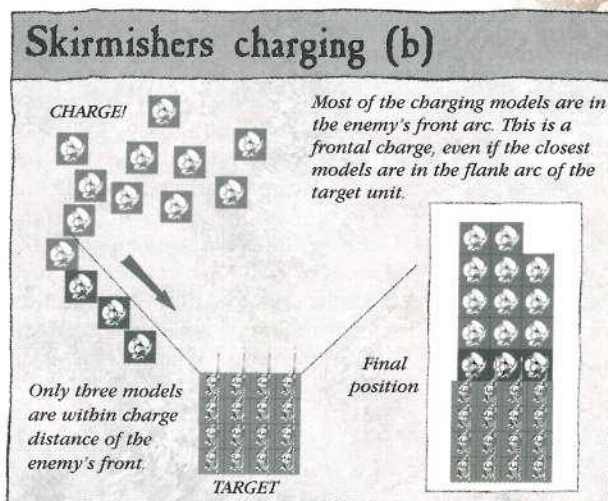
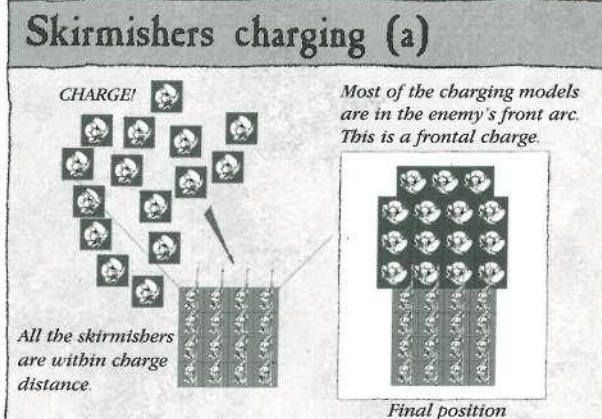
Many skirmishing units are also Scouts, and can therefore deploy further onto the battlefield. Combined with the special movement rules of skirmishers, these units can work their way towards the enemy deployment zone very quickly. Not only does this threaten war engines and the rear of your enemy's advancing units, this can stop your foe from marching, causing no end of havoc to a well thought out battleplan.

However, there are restrictions on where Scouts can be deployed. A canny opponent who is facing an army they know might contain Scouts will take this element into consideration. As Scouts have to deploy out of sight of the enemy, most *Warhammer* battlefields will only have a few places where Scouts can deploy. With regards to the deployment of Scouts, units are assumed to have a line of sight outside their normal arc of 90° to the front. The best way to think of this is to deploy the Scouts in a position where they cannot see the enemy, which by default means that the enemy cannot see them. This is to prevent Scouts ending up in an odd position deep inside the enemy deployment zone just because the enemy units happen to be facing the front.

There is also the added restriction that Scouts must be 10" or more from

## CORRECTIONS

In the first run of the *Warhammer Rulebook*, the skirmisher diagrams on page 116 were incorrect and may lead to some confusion. The correct diagrams are below:







Wood Elf Waywatchers use the cover of the trees to set an ambush for trespassing Beastman raiders.

the enemy. This means that if you deploy your army so that potential hiding places for Scouts (inside a wood for example) are within 10" of a unit, you can narrow down their potential deployment areas. This 10" restriction exists to make sure that Scouts cannot stop the enemy marching on the first turn – Scouts and skirmishers are supposed to be annoying and a thorn in the side, but a restriction to marching right from the start would cross the line into frustration rather than being tactical and entertaining.

### LONE SKIRMISHER

There is quite a long section in the Warhammer rules detailing how single characters on foot can move independently. As those of you who read my article on characters in WD252 will know, this was to give characters on foot greater flexibility, to offset the advantages of characters mounted on steeds or monsters.

A simple way to think of characters on foot is as lone skirmishers. This means that they get all of the normal benefits and limitations of a skirmishing unit. This includes things like being able to shoot or charge in any direction, and also having no flanks or rear unless they are already engaged in combat. When played properly, a character on foot can prove more useful than one on a big ravaging Dragon or Wyvern. However, you should also remember that characters outside of units can be horribly vulnerable to war engine fire (and other missile fire if too far from friends) because they no longer have their 'Look out, sir!' special rule. Like all skirmishers, lone characters on foot have to fight in conjunction with other units to achieve their potential.

These rules only apply to vaguely man-sized characters on foot. Monstrous characters (those with 5 or more Wounds on their starting profile – see Arcane Lore in WD 252) follow all of the normal rules for units, marching and so forth.

See you next month!

*Law*

### OVERRUNS

*In a recent battle report, Alessio had a lone character which made an overrun and rather than simply continuing straight on, went off in a different direction. He has subsequently realised the error of his ways and under suitable physical inducement has proffered an apology for confusing people. Like everyone else, skirmishing units and lone characters overrun straight ahead; the fact that they can see 360° around themselves makes no difference to this.*

### Charging single characters

CHARGE!



TARGET

*The majority of the charging models are in the flank of the single character and so engage it in the flank, with the maximum number of models in base-to-base contact.*



Final position



# THE INCIDENT AT BUNKER 472

A Warhammer 40,000 Battle Report  
by Phil Kelly, Andy Chambers and Pete Haines

Welcome to another no holds barred battle report, and with the pernicious influence of the Tyranids infesting every part of the Warhammer 40,000 universe this month, it would have been a crime not to showcase these vile extraterrestrials in a frantic and bloody battle.

The might of the hive mind was to be directed by the author of Codex Tyranids himself, Andy Chambers, who would be fielding the hordes of beautifully painted Studio Tyranids for the first time. Taking up the gauntlet to stem the flood of bio-engineered aliens was Games Development's new boy Pete Haines, a stalwart and resourceful player with a reputation for hammering all comers regardless of

army or physical size. Pete was given free run of the entire Studio collection of Space Marine armies (*what a nightmare, eh?* – *Fat Bloke*) with the explicit instructions to send the vile invaders back to wherever they came from, with their tentacles tucked between their numerous legs.

For many a long day the two Warhammer 40,000 heavyweights worked side by side, gloating chuckles and evil laughter being the only sound as they hammered away at their army lists and battle plans. Finally the hour rolled around for the Tyranids to attack and, with much cracking of knuckles and sipping of coffee, Andy and Pete stepped up to the lush terrain of the

gaming table. The scenario had been agreed upon beforehand: the Space Marines would defend in a Bunker Assault as the encroaching tide of atavistic monstrosities sought to break through to the defenceless city behind Imperial lines. Only one question remained: would Pete's bastion of the Emperor's finest Crimson Fists be sufficient to repel Andy's spitting, hissing swarm of Tyranids intent upon slaughtering and devouring everything in their path?

*Sergeant Marnoc stood stock still at the edge of the fortified tunnels, data flicking before his wide eyes as the sky blackened to the south. For a brief moment he thought his macrobinoculars were malfunctioning, but he knew with a sick certainty that the readings were correct. The number of lifeforms raining from the skies over to the south was beyond counting, beyond thought. Since they had lost contact with the Astropaths, they had made what preparations they could to defend the outskirts of Keisel, but evidently they had less time than Captain Makkariel had estimated. The Tyranids were here in force.*

*"This is Sergeant Marnoc of the Crimson Fists to the Emperor's Vigil, estimated Tyranid infestation at these coordinates within six minutes, request reinforcements, repeat, request reinforcements."*

*Static crackled over the comm-link, a hissing sussuration of noise unlike the sounds he associated*

*with the broadcast unit. The horizon was slowly filling with irregular silhouettes, spreading toward the outpost like a malignant cancer. The temperature was rising fast, and a noisome stench of rotting meat reached him on the wind.*

*As he lowered the macrobinoculars, Sergeant Marnoc's jaw hung open, aghast at the scene that was unfolding before his eyes. A storm of filth was blowing like black snowflakes across the forest. Bursting from the ravaged ground were chitinous spines of alien vegetation, thrusting like jagged talons toward the livid sky. He could hear the bedrock ahead twist and groan as spires of hard fungoid bark pushed their way through stone and soil alike. Grotesquely bulging spores the size of a man were billowing from the ground, leathery skin pulled taut as they germinated in seconds.*

*With a roar, Marnoc opened fire. Two of the alien spines exploded in a shower of blood-coloured sap, the*

*brittle forms of the nascent vegetation toppling to the ground. In the distance he could see a conglomeration of the seedling spires clustered around some vile orifice, bloated spores gouting from the infected ground.*

*"Cease fire, Sergeant Marnoc, CEASE! In the Emperor's name, your fire only serves to attract their biological weaponry!" The voice brought him back to his senses. Captain Makkariel was striding towards him in his ornate Terminator armour, the rest of Marnoc's squad by his side.*

*"Take up firing positions. Fire on my command, starting with the spore mines, then on the nearest enemy target. Brother Paentro, release a krak missile into anything larger than a Dreadnought. May the Emperor guide your aim."*

*Sergeant Marnoc turned his gaze back to the forest. A thousand eyes glittered back.*



# ASSIMILATION



Andy Chambers

**Andy:** After trying a few different missions we decided that Bunker Assault would make a good intense mission to fight with Tyranids. Bunker Assault is a fairly

stand-up fight where the defender is holding a line of bunkers and defences with his troops and has reserves ready to join the battle once the enemy attack has manifested itself. The attacker has to destroy or occupy as many bunkers as possible before the variable turn limit kicks in.

With the Tyranids as attackers, I tried to balance choosing an army that could move quite quickly with having the durability and rippy claws to actually overcome opposition when they arrived. It was going to be essential to get at least some units to overrun the bunkers and pick up bonus Victory points so I built my main assault force around three largish broods of Gaunts. With their *fleet of claw* ability, these little monsters could sprint forward and tie down the Space Marines while the other elements of the swarm moved forward to destroy them. Any surviving Gaunts could hopefully then push on into newly arrived reserve forces and stop them deploying effectively.

Like most life forms, Gaunts are fairly weedy when matched up against Space Marines so I also included some more specialised and hardy organisms to assist the Gaunts on arrival. Two Ravens supplied some fast creatures that could actually give Space Marines a hard time in close combat, and I'd be aiming to use them to back up the Gaunts in my first wave. The Genestealers were something of a last minute indulgence. The Genestealers' ability to infiltrate makes them ideal for

sneaking closer to the foe in a mission such as Bunker Assault. However, I'd have to be careful with the 'Stealers as their high lethality in close combat means that Pete would be targeting them heavily, so I was determined to try to keep them in cover as a distraction until they were reinforced by the rest of the swarm and could throw themselves into the fight with impunity.

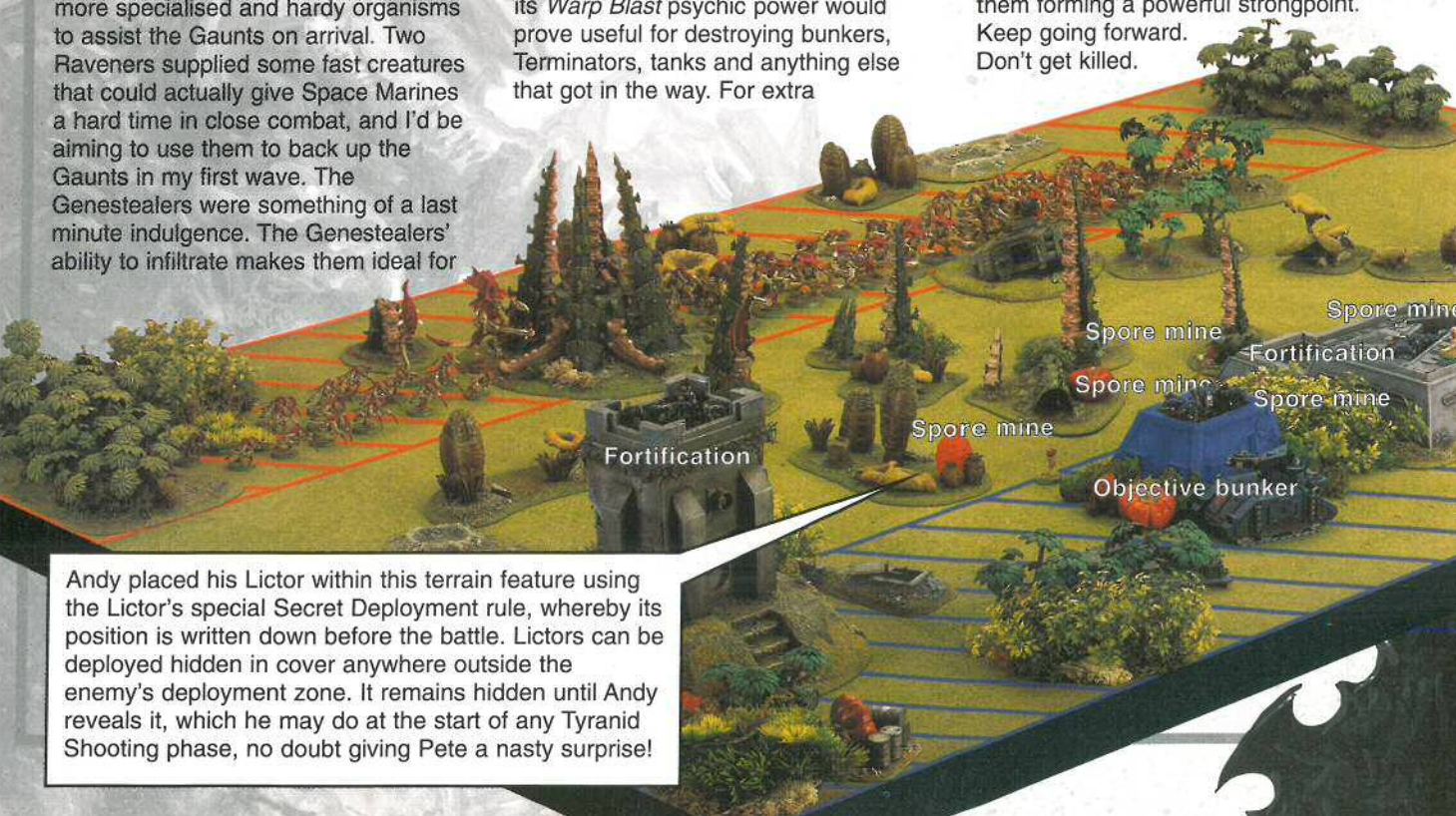
Backing up this front line of close combat types were my synapse creatures and 'specialists'. Synapse creatures act as psychic broadcasters which impose the implacable will of the Tyranid hive mind on those about them, instilling the lesser creatures with drive and unshakeable purpose. Without the hive mind the Gaunts and other creatures can become confused and aimless and in previous games I've seen Tyranid swarms reduced to a shambles by the destruction of the all-important synapse creatures. Hence I invested heavily in having a Hive Tyrant and two broods each of six Tyranid Warriors. Given how few turns the game could last I considered it pretty unlikely that the Hive Tyrant and Tyranid Warriors would get into much close combat and, with this in mind, I equipped them with ranged bio-weapons (venom cannons wherever possible), for long range shooting to give fire support to the first wave.

I also took a Zoanthrope in the hopes its *Warp Blast* psychic power would prove useful for destroying bunkers, Terminators, tanks and anything else that got in the way. For extra

sneakiness I included a Lictor because it could be stealthily placed close to the Space Marines' positions in order to assault them or newly arrived reinforcements at a critical juncture. Like the 'Stealers and Ravener, the Lictor was tough enough to beat Space Marines in close combat and could easily tip the balance if I didn't go and reveal it too early and leave it open to a hail of bolter death. My final choice was a Carnifex because, well... you've got to have a Carnifex. Equipped with a venom cannon, it formed my main tank-buster and if anything was so tough in close combat that it survived waves of Ravens, Hormagaunts and Genestealers, nice Mr Carnifex would finish them off.

Perfect? Well, not really – I wanted a second Carnifex with a barbed strangler to obliterate enemy squads, and Biovores to lay Spore Mines behind Pete's first line defenders to prevent them retreating away from the close combat wave. However, we only had one Biovore painted up, and I didn't have enough points left to have all these indulgences anyway.

The plan? Tie down the front line defenders with Hormagaunts and then wipe them out with Genestealers and Ravens. Don't allow the first and second waves to become separated or synapse control to fail. Attempt to fight the Space Marine reinforcements in or close to the table edge and prevent them forming a powerful strongpoint. Keep going forward. Don't get killed.



Andy placed his Lictor within this terrain feature using the Lictor's special Secret Deployment rule, whereby its position is written down before the battle. Lictors can be deployed hidden in cover anywhere outside the enemy's deployment zone. It remains hidden until Andy reveals it, which he may do at the start of any Tyranid Shooting phase, no doubt giving Pete a nasty surprise!



## PRE-MORTEM



Pete Haines

**Pete:** Using Space Marines against Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend Andy Chambers' all-new Tyranids had all the promise of a really good fun game. The

Tyranids are very cinematic in their style and it was my guess they would make for a great visual (and visceral) game. My main concern was that the army I picked should contribute to the fun rather than just being a wall for the Tyranids to beat themselves against. With this in mind I stared at the Studio figure cabinet glass for a few hours for available troops. There was a dizzying mix of Space Marine armies there but many of them – the Black Templars, Space Wolves and Blood Angels for example – were not entirely suitable for fighting Tyranids. When facing huge, ravening, clawed, fanged, slime-dripping, venom-packed nightmare-inducing monstrosities, rushing at them with a pointy thing really did not seem shrewd. Then I saw the Crimson Fists and remembered the Codex Space Marines cover art and my mind was made up.

The only issue now was what to use. I knew we would be doing a Bunker Assault and therefore I should pick loads of troop choices as these get to start on-table but I didn't want an army that didn't move in its own turn.

The nature of the scenario is that your army divides into the holding force and the relief force, I decided to be conventional but minimalist with the holding force and spend most my points on the relief force. For the bijou holding force I included three fairly normal Tactical squads, one mounted in a Razorback, and a well-armed Scout squad. The force would be led by Brother-Captain Makkariel in his Terminator armour. I had a suspicion that having an independent leader who could move, shoot well while moving and hold his own in mêlée would give me a harder edge in one part of the line.

The relief force was full of little indulgences. A powerful Terminator squad, with their ability to fire on the move and fight well in mêlée, would allow me to respond to the worst threats. With all their massed power fists and chainfists they could potentially tenderise the toughest Carnifex. I supported the Terminators with a shooty Dreadnought. With a twin-linked lascannon and missile launcher, he is capable of stalking the biggest Tyranids and consistently chipping away at them.

For my Fast Attack choice a squadron of Land Speeders with their lethal heavy bolters and tremendous speed was essential. I had an idea that these would be able to skirmish well ahead of the swarm continually picking away at the vanguard while keeping out of the way of the serious firepower behind.

Ignoring an inner voice that kept saying 'fine in theory Pete' with an irritating insistence, I turned my

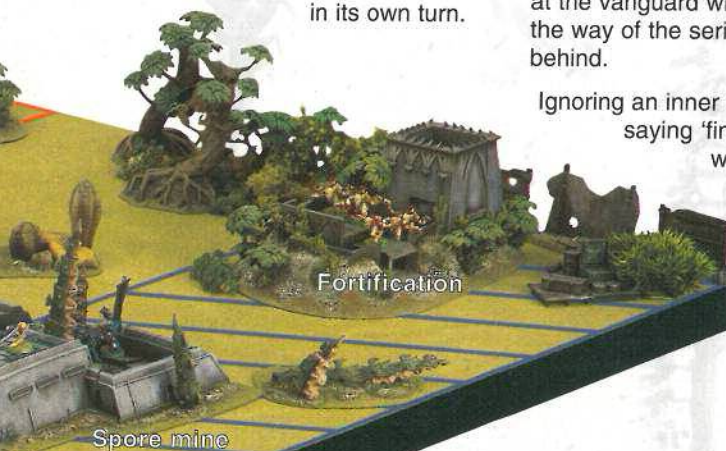
attention to the Heavy Support.

I knew my Heavy Support would have to move on to the table so in that context Whirlwinds and Vindicators which can't move and shoot didn't really fit the bill.

Seeing a Predator armed with an autocannon and heavy bolters in the cabinet I picked it to provide a relatively cheap, potentially very useful mobile firebase. I was hoping that the Predator would attract venom cannon and *Warp Blast* shots, thereby keeping my bunker intact. For my other Heavy Support pick I went for a Devastator squad thinking that I would need lascannons and didn't want another tank. Tyranid venom cannons can do a number on tanks and I wanted them to have to gradually wear down the Devastator squad before they finally got to silence the heavy weapons – in this case two lascannons and a heavy bolter. The squad was really configured for hunting big Tyranid creatures with its lascannons but I included the heavy bolter to thicken the fire when smaller targets were around. I put them in a Rhino so that I could deploy them quickly from reserve.

Phew... finished. The key thing with a mobile defence is to know when to give up a forward position and retreat to a supporting position. I had provided myself with a lot of mobile firepower in reserve and I was sure that the key to the game would be how well I was able to use it to ensure that the rest of the army did not get overrun.

Most importantly I had managed to include plenty of my favourite Space Marine troop types so I knew that I would have fun whatever happened.





## STRIKE FORCE MAKKARIEL

**Commander Makkariel** with Terminator armour, storm bolter and power sword. 90 pts

**Terminator squad Phaleg** – 6 Terminators with storm bolters, power fists, one with Cyclone missile launcher, one with assault cannon and two with chainfists. 302 pts

**Dreadnought Tempus** with twin-linked lascannon, missile launcher and smoke launchers. 138 pts

**3 Land Speeders** with heavy bolters. 150 pts

**Scout squad Kourvhas** – 5 Scouts with sniper rifles, one with heavy bolter and one with shotgun. 95 pts

**Tactical squad Sarrius** – 6 Marines with bolters, one with heavy bolter and one with flamer and mounted in a Razorback with twin-linked heavy bolters. 181 pts

**Tactical squad Karax** – 5 Marines with bolters, one with missile launcher and one with flamer. 91 pts

**Tactical squad Redann** – 5 Marines with bolters, one with missile launcher and one with plasma gun. 91 pts

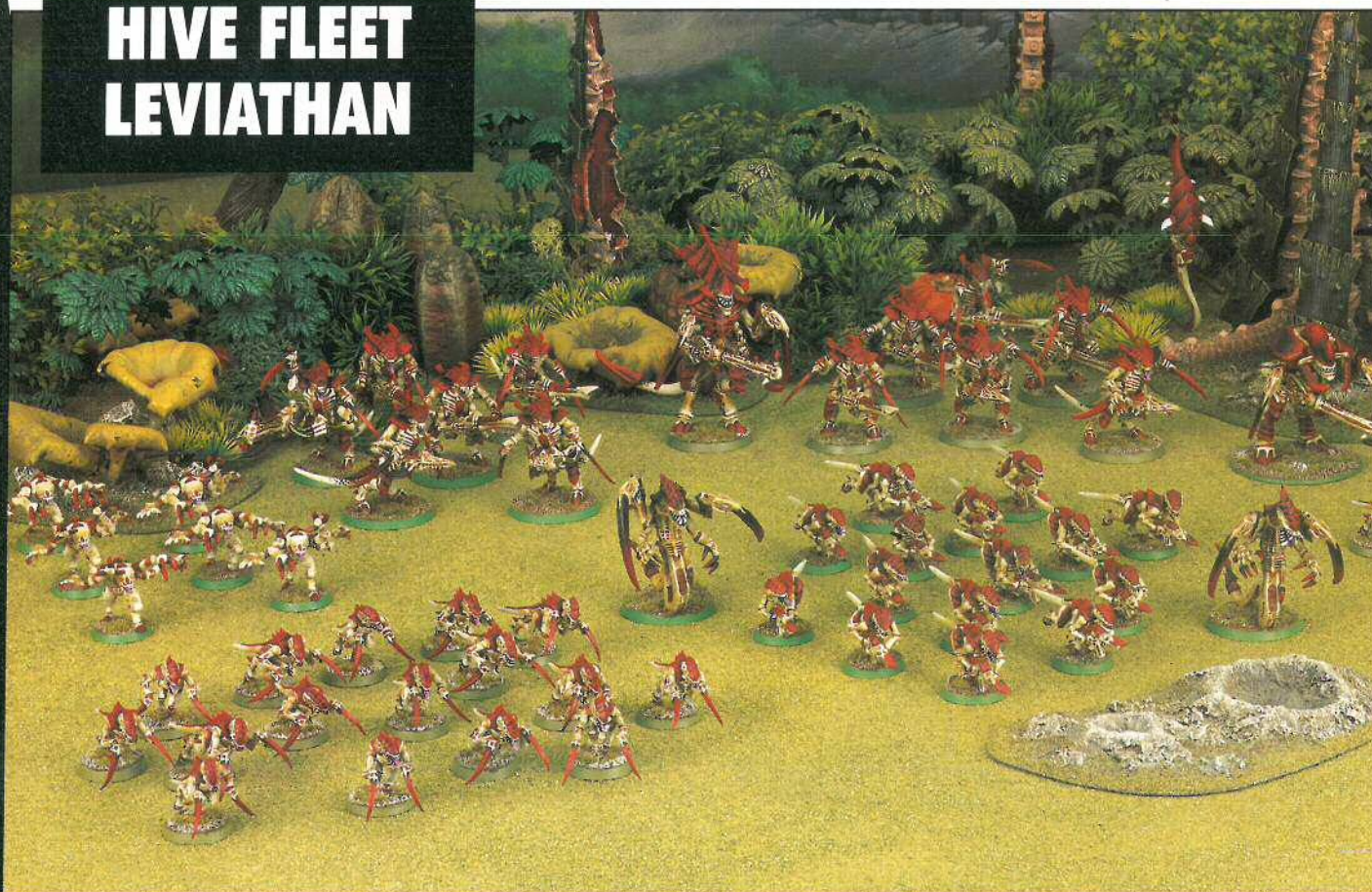
**Devastator squad Mandurr** – 7 Marines with bolters, two with lascannons and one with heavy bolter, mounted in a Rhino with storm bolter and extra armour. 245 pts

**1 Predator Destructor** with turret-mounted autocannon, two sponson-mounted heavy bolters and smoke launcher. 113 pts

**TOTAL** 1,496 pts



## HIVE FLEET LEVIATHAN





# STRIKE FORCE MAKKARIEL



## HIVE FLEET LEVIATHAN

<b>Hive Tyrant</b> with venom cannon, scything talons, <i>Catalyst</i> and <i>Warp Field</i> .	173 pts
<b>6 Tyranid Warriors</b> with scything talons, two with devourers, three with deathspitters and one with a venom cannon.	210 pts
<b>6 Tyranid Warriors</b> with scything talons, two with devourers, three with deathspitters and one with a venom cannon.	210 pts
<b>1 Lictor</b> with scything talons, rending claws and flesh hooks.	80 pts
<b>14 Termagants</b> with fleshborers.	105 pts
<b>16 Hormagaunts</b> with scything talons.	160 pts
<b>16 Hormagaunts</b> with scything talons.	160 pts
<b>6 Genestealers</b> with rending claws.	96 pts
<b>1 Ravener</b> with scything talons and rending claws.	45 pts
<b>1 Ravener</b> with scything talons and rending claws.	45 pts
<b>1 Carnifex</b> with venom cannon, scything talons and extended carapace.	153 pts
<b>1 Zoanthrope</b> with <i>Warp Blast</i> .	59 pts

TOTAL

1,496 pts



## CRIMSON FISTS TURN 1

Pete won the roll for first turn, and began by attempting to neutralise the threat presented by the Spore Mines from Andy's preliminary bombardment. Tactical Squad Karax, accompanying Captain Makkariel, opened fire on the Tyranid Warriors towering over the Hormagaunts directly ahead. A krak missile flew straight into the chest of one of the beasts, detonating with a blinding flash. What was left of the creature toppled, collapsing into a cluster of seed pods. Triggered by the gunfire, the Spore Mine behind Squad Karax detonated. The ichor struck one helmetless Space Marine in the side of the face, his cries of pain were short-lived as the potent toxins sank into his skin.

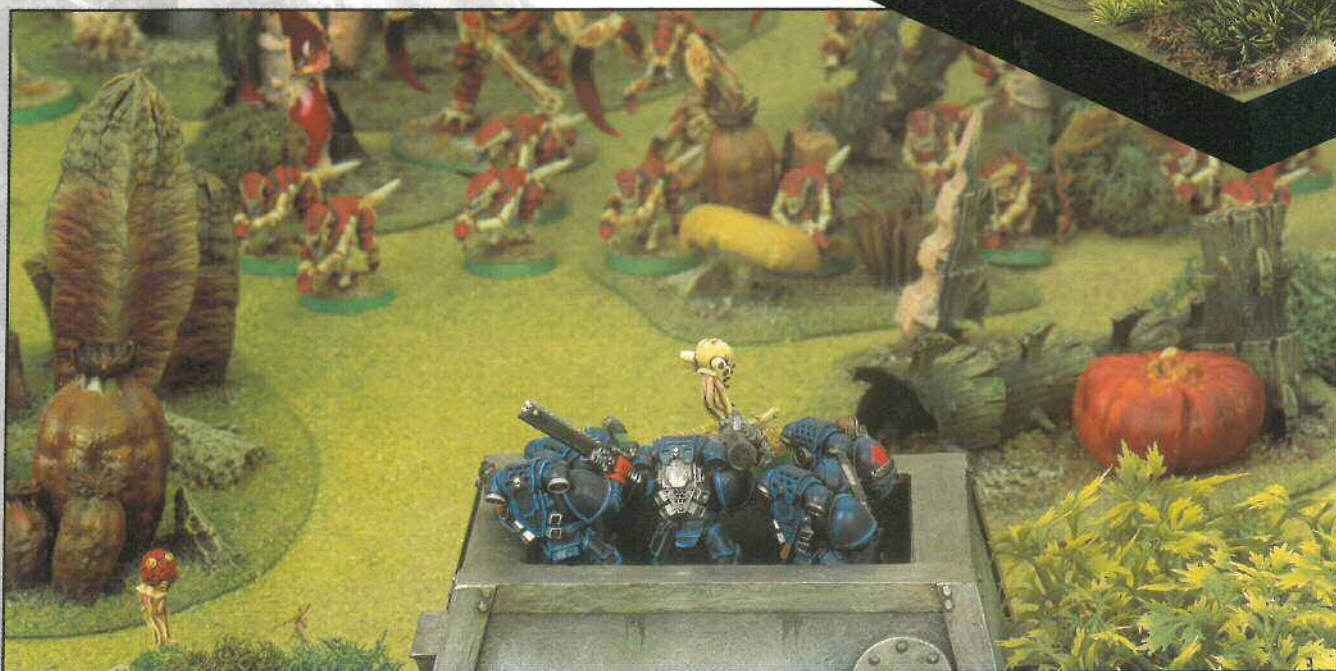
As the Warriors were in the open, Pete decided to destroy as many of

the synapse creatures as he could. Concentrating their firepower, the Imperial forces all opened fire on the same Warrior brood. The Razorback spat a stream of large-calibre bolts into the Warriors as both the squads in the bunker sent krak missiles, bolter shells and superheated plasma screaming toward their targets. The Warriors were concealed for a second by blinding explosions, showers of earth and gristle erupting from the impacts. When the smoke had dispersed, three of the Warriors were still striding through the shattered corpses of their brood-brethren. A sniper's shot impacted on the chitinous carapace of one of the Warriors from the rifles of Scout squad Kourvhas, eliciting no more than a vicious hiss from the creature.

The massed shots from the bunker firebase were not without cost, however, as the thundering heavy bolters of the Razorback triggered the sensitive membranes of the nearby Spore Mine in the bushes. With a wet thump, the biological bomb sprayed stinking grey poison across Tactical Squad Redann who were stationed on the top level of the bunker. But thanks to their power armour, Squad Redann remained unharmed. As there were no aliens within assault range, Pete ended his turn.

### "SHOOT THE BIG ONES!"

*At the cost of thousands of lives, the enemies of the Tyranids have learnt to pick the right targets within the swarm even in the heat of battle. Due to this, an opposing player's line of fire is only blocked by terrain, vehicles and models in close combat. Other than that he can freely choose to direct fire from his units at any Tyranid brood that is within range during the Shooting phase.*

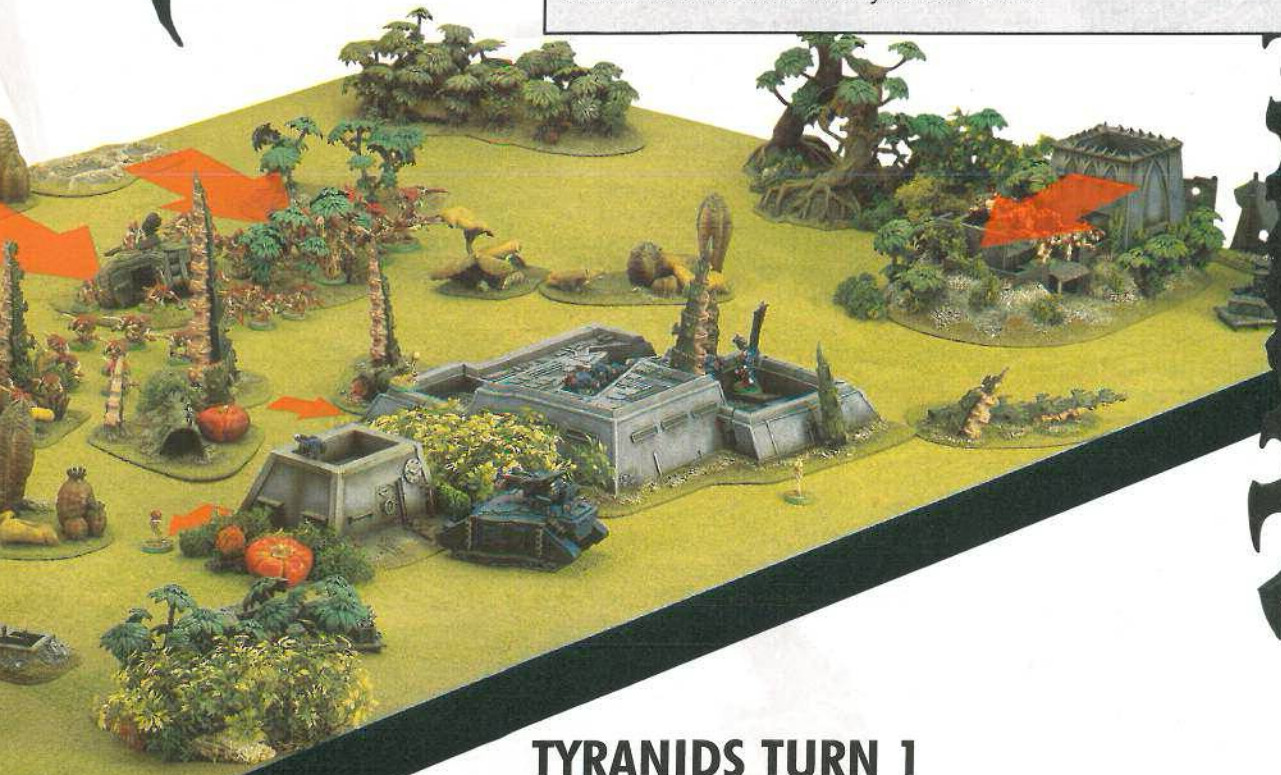


As the Tyranid swarm approaches, the Crimson Fists have to deal with a new threat – Spore Mines!



## SYNAPSE CREATURES

One of the Tyranid army's most fundamental rules concerns synapse creatures. Some of the larger, more intelligent Tyranid creatures have synapse networks that act as a psychic conduit for the directives of the hive mind, overriding the instincts of nearby Tyranid creatures. As such, any Tyranid broods with a model within 12" of another model with the Synapse Creature power (such as Tyranid Warriors or Hive Tyrants) never have to fall back and are assumed to automatically pass any Morale checks they are required to make. Any Pinning checks and tests to regroup it has to make are also passed automatically. This may go some way to explaining Pete's concentration of fire on the Tyranid Warriors!



## TYRANIDS TURN 1

At the start of Andy's first turn, the Spore Mines drifted across the Crimson Fists' fortifications, tentacles waving as they sought movement. Andy was lucky with his *fleet of claw* rolls, and the multitude of skittering creatures bounded toward the Imperial emplacements. On the left flank, the Hormagaunts sprinted through the sparse fungal foliage, the Hive Tyrant behind pushing them forward with its psychic imperatives. In the centre, the damaged Warrior brood, wary of the punishment dealt out to it last turn, took shelter behind a nearby group of seed pods. The second brood of Warriors advanced, accompanied by the Carnifex and one of the Raveners. The Genestealers hiding in the fortifications on the right picked their way toward Force Commander Makkariel, careful to take advantage of the building's cover.

At the rear of the Tyranid lines, the Zoanthrope drifted out from behind the cover of the glistening spore chimneys. The air shimmered around its bloated brain-shell for a second before a blast of crackling light arced toward the bunker, engulfing it in a blistering psychic fire but doing no damage. The lumbering Carnifex followed suit, pausing in its implacable advance to unleash a volley from its venom cannon. Although the symbiotic weapon was on target, the corrosive toxins discharged by the crystalline salvo failed to damage the thick ferroconcrete of the bunker. The Hive Tyrant's venom cannon also struck home, but again the crawling acids and toxins failed to weaken the structural integrity of the bunker.

Andy's bad luck in the Shooting phase ended dramatically as the bio-weapons of the damaged Warrior squad opened fire on the Crimson Fists at the top of the bunker. One of the Warriors, whose forelimbs

culminated in a long-barrelled deathspitter, launched its vile maggot-like projectile into the midst of Squad Redann where it exploded in a shower of volatile mucus. All five Space Marines were hit due to their densely-packed formation, and even their thick power armour could not protect three of them from the corrosive slime blasted into their bodies. To make matters worse for the squad, the Spore Mine above the bunker exploded in sympathy, showering glutinous acid upon the remainder of the squad. Another Crimson Fists Marine fell, the vents of his backpack clogged with burning, toxic sludge. Only one of Squad Redann survived, wading through the morass of slime and the bodies of his comrades to take up position with his plasma gun.

Already the front line of the Tyranids was getting dangerously close to the Space Marines. With a glint in his eye, Andy passed the dice to Pete.



## CRIMSON FISTS TURN 2

Before his turn began in earnest, Pete rolled to see which of his reserves would make it on to the table this turn. With a gratifying show of 5s and 6s, all units held in reserve but the Predator rolled onto the table to bolster the Crimson Fists' first line. Pete put them to good use immediately, with the heavily armed Dreadnought Tempus facing off against the Hive Tyrant and Zoanthrope. The Land Speeders moved into position, taking care to use just enough speed so the enemy could not draw a bead on them. The Devastators disembarked into a defensible firing position behind a pile of crates, their Rhino transport halting at the table's edge.

The Razorback, manoeuvring into a better firing position behind the dense foliage, opened fire at the Ravener approaching the bunker. The bolts from the tank's main armament stitched a line of explosions across its sinuous torso, wounding the creature. Terminators now bolstering the right flank spotted the Genestealers scuttling through the buildings ahead of them, and instantly a maelstrom of

storm bolter fire and assault cannon shells raked across the stonework. The 'Stealers had enough sense to take cover, and only two died to the volley of fire. However, the Spore Mine in the midst of the Terminators detonated as the ground shook around it, spraying its bio-acid not at the heavily-armoured warriors surrounding it but at the Force Commander himself! Luckily, Captain Makkariel's own Terminator armour was impervious even to the vicious acidity of the Spore Mine's secretions.

Within the network of fortifications, Captain Makkariel and his squad opened fire at the Hormagaunt swarm, which was gaining ground at an alarming rate. Four of the bladed Gaunts were blown apart in an incandescent explosion of detonating bolts, but due to the proximity of the surviving Tyranid Warriors, they raced on regardless.

Over on the left of the battlefield the Land Speeders made their presence felt by pouring heavy bolter shells into the central Termagant brood. Despite the nearby cover, four of the creatures were torn to pieces by the explosions.

The Dreadnought swivelled as its targeting systems locked on to the Zoanthrope floating toward the Imperial lines. Although the Dreadnought's krak missile impacted on its warp-shield, scant feet from the psychic monstrosity, the twin-linked lascannon punched a massive hole straight through the shimmering shield and carapace alike, showering the remains of the creature over the spore chimneys.

The Carnifex's deafening roar echoed across the battlefield as a plasma bolt from the last remaining member of Squad Redann impacted on its reinforced carapace, only serving to enrage it further. The snipers from Scout squad Kourvhas attempted in vain to find the weak spots in the beast's carapace, the toxin-spikes ricocheting from its armoured hide. Even the thudding explosions of the squad's heavy bolter resulted in mere scorch marks.

Although the aliens were almost upon them, the Crimson Fists did not assault, and Pete's turn drew to a close.





## TYRANIDS TURN 2

Again, both broods of Hormagaunts leaped towards the enemy lines at a worryingly fast rate regardless of the difficult terrain they sprinted through, their *fleet of claw* rolls carrying them well within their 12" assault range. At the beginning of his Shooting phase, Andy decided to reveal his Lictor and, reasoning that it would not be in range to assault the Devastators, he moved it into assault range of the bunker. The Termagants moved carefully through the cover of the seed pods, now able to launch the burrowing projectiles of their fleshborers at the lone survivor on the top level of the bunker, but their fire was ineffective. The Tyranid Warriors on the right also unleashed a volley of fire from the muscled tubes of their armaments, one of the lethal bio-projectiles finally accounting for the solitary Space Marine. The brood of Warriors to the left opened fire upon the Land Speeders and a messy lump of corrosive meat smashed into the side of one of the skimmers, stunning the gunner as it sloughed sideways.

The Carnifex, dimly aware that the Dreadnought ahead of it had just destroyed the Zoanthrope, loosed a volley from its venom cannon at the looming metal warrior, missing

completely. The Hive Tyrant saw the danger posed by Dreadnought Tempus a second later, and fired a triple burst of bio-crystals that fused the Dreadnought's vital systems, destroying it outright.

The Assault phase was set to be bloody indeed as many of the Tyranids were in range of the Space Marines and the defended bunker. The Hormagaunt brood on the left sprinted and leapt into combat with the Devastator squad that had taken up position behind the barrels. As the Crimson Fists were in cover, they were able to strike first, killing two of the Gaunts with their combat knives. Although the slashing claws of the aliens rained a horrendous amount of attacks on the Devastators (even the Hormagaunts within 2" are able to contribute their full amount of Attacks), the Space Marines' natural resilience and armour saved all but two from a painful death. The combat was in deadlock, with neither side able to gain the upper hand.

The armoured bunker was beset by both the the newly revealed Lictor and the Ravener, whose rending claws smashed into the ferroconcrete with force enough to shake the whole

building. On the right of the battlefield, the assaulting Hormagaunts clambered over the tunnels and passageways of the central fortification, rabid in their desire to tear apart their enemies. From their dug-in positions inside the cover of the buildings, Tactical squad Karax struck two of the creatures dead before they could bring their talons to bear. In return, the leaping aliens only managed to fell one of the Crimson Fists. Although the Hormagaunts had lost the combat, the Tyranid Warriors behind them impelled the Gaunts to fight on regardless. Captain Makkariel, facing the rather more urgent matter of a brood of Genestealers climbing up the rampart to assault him, fended off most of the slashing, hissing aliens. His Terminator armour held against the blows from their rending claws and, somewhat miraculously, he survived the Assault phase intact.



The heroic arrival of Dreadnought Tempus is ended by the Tyranid Hive Tyrant.

### RENDING CLAWS

*Tyranid creatures with diamond-hard, powerful rending claws will inflict a wound automatically and ignore armour saves with close combat attacks that roll a 6 to hit. Other attacks that hit roll to wound as usual, and their victim is entitled to a saving throw. Needless to say this is a very potent asset against heavily armoured opponents such as Terminators.*

*Also, if a creature with rending claws rolls a 6 for its Armour Penetration against a vehicle, it rolls another D6 and adds the result to the total armour penetration score. As a bunker is treated as an immobile vehicle with Armour 13, the Ravener was able to damage it despite only having a basic Strength of 4!*



## CRIMSON FISTS TURN 3

Very little movement took place in Pete's turn, as his troops were either already in position or had been engaged in close combat. Within the bunker, Tactical squad Sarrius opened the heavy reinforced door and fell back from the assault of the enormous Tyranid creatures intent on pulling the building apart. On the right flank, the Terminators moved forward, the cyclone missile launcher sending a krak missile into one of the Warrior squads. It exploded messily as the assault cannon and storm bolters tore another in two. The Predator, having just rolled on to the battlefield from reserve, sent an autocannon shell thudding into the last of the Warriors. Pete had achieved his objective, obliterating an entire brood of the synapse creatures.

The Razorback, seeing that the Ravener was damaging the bunker, swivelled its turret around and unleashed a stream of heavy bolter fire at close range. Unsurprisingly, the wounded creature exploded in a shower of cartilage and blood. Even the pintle-mounted storm bolter on the Rhino accounted for one of the Tyranid Warriors on the left flank as the Scouts in the tower sniped at the Hive Tyrant. The towering monstrosity seemed to have some measure of psychic protection; a warp field flickered for a second, the sniper's toxic missile exploding harmlessly inches from its gnarled face.

The Land Speeders attempted to hit the Lictor as it assaulted the bunker,

but its chameleonic scales proved its saving grace and the explosive bolts stitched a harmless pattern on the ferroconcrete without damaging the alien. Undaunted, it smashed its enormous scythe-like claws into the building, damaging it further.

In the Assault phase, the squad that had just fallen back from the ground floor of the bunker saw that the Devastators were beset by Hormagaunts and rushed to join the fray. One was killed as four of the bladed aliens turned to intercept them, a wickedly barbed claw thrust through his neck. However, the Devastators fought valiantly, pressing forward into the alien mass of slashing claws and gaping mouths as their battle brothers charged the rear. The Hormagaunts were no match for the might of the Adeptus Astartes, and six aliens died, cut to pieces or crushed by the redoubled efforts of the Crimson Fists. Due to being outside the influence of the synapse creatures, the Hormagaunts reverted to their instinctive behaviour, attacking all the more ferociously as a result.

On the right of the battlefield, the Terminators charged the Genestealers attacking their Captain. Although one of their number was lost, his faceplate caved in by a

'Stealers talon, the Terminator Sergeant's power sword sliced through two of the aliens and Captain Makkariel, recovering from the impetus of the initial assault, smashed his glowing sword into the last two Genestealers, their tough hides parting like paper under the power weapon's blows. His Tactical squad was also faring well, killing a further two Hormagaunts without loss. The superior mettle of the Crimson Fists was beginning to win through.



Commander Makkariel and Terminator squad Phaleg finish off the deadly Genestealers in close combat.



### INSTINCTIVE BEHAVIOUR

When Tyranid models find themselves outside the 12" range of a synapse creature at the start of their turn, they have to make an All On Your Own test; if this is failed, they must roll on the Tyranid Instinctive Behaviour table. They also have to roll on the table if they fail a Morale check or Pinning test when out of range. Although it is likely that they will fall back, in this case the brood of Hormagaunts' reaction was Attack! and so they counted as charging in the next Assault phase.



The Tyranids swarm over the destroyed bunker.

## TYRANIDS TURN 3

Andy's movement began with the Carnifex and Hive Tyrant striding toward the bunker, whilst the Termagants scuttled over to support them. The Warriors manoeuvred through the spore-pods and fallen spines of the Tyranid vegetation, and the Lictor ran toward the combat behind the bunker, eager to rend apart flesh rather than ferroconcrete. The Hive Tyrant, acknowledging the threat presented by the Land Speeders, smashed one out of the sky with a powerful blast from its venom cannon. The Carnifex followed suit as the Tyrant's psychic command caused it to fire a stream of hissing, corrosive crystals at the skimmers, disabling the armament of one and stunning another. The venom cannons of the nearby Warrior brood were less effective in their fusillade at the Crimson Fist tanks, although the

discharge from one shot did immobilise the Rhino.

The Tyranid Assault phase proved to be disastrous for the Imperium. The lumbering Carnifex charged screaming at the bunker, the Hive Tyrant at its side. The massive claws of the rampaging behemoth smashed the bunker into so much rubble, the reinforced ferroconcrete giving way to the furious assault of the roaring bio-construct.

The Ravener on the left flank snaked into the fray with Tactical squad Karax, its fearsome rending claws thrusting down through the chest of one Crimson Fist and the abdomen of another, their armour no protection from the diamond-hard tips of the alien's claws. The remainder of the squad culled another two Hormagaunts, with Captain Makkariel

slicing another in two. However, the Hormagaunts refused to give ground.

On the left, the Lictor charged the Tactical squad that had added its might to the Devastators, mantis-like claws flicking out only to rebound from the power armour of the Crimson Fists. Shorn of synapse control, the Hormagaunts around it reverted to a primal state. Luckily for Andy, their instinctive reaction was to attack with renewed ferocity, and their atavistic frenzy resulted in the death of two of the Devastator squad. Surprised by the momentum of the aliens' assault, the Crimson Fists did not kill any of the Gaunts in return. In a horrendous display of unlucky dice rolling, Pete's two Space Marine squads both failed their Morale tests, with the Devastators fleeing off the table edge and the Tactical squad falling back into the trees.



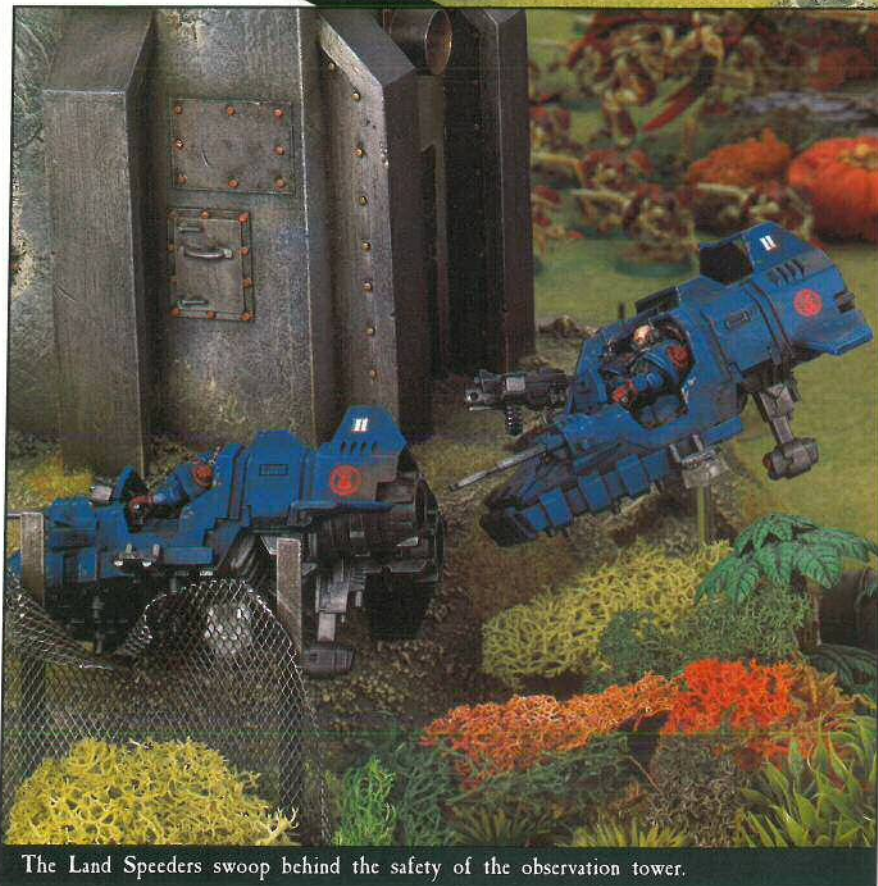
## CRIMSON FISTS TURN 4

Pete's turn included very little movement as his troops were almost all in combat; the exception was his decision to place the Land Speeders out of harm's way behind the tower. The Rhino's storm bolter fire proved ineffectual against the approaching Tyranid Warrior brood, but the heavy bolters from the Razorback enjoyed more success, killing two of the Tyranid Warriors. The Predator also targeted the brood, smashing apart two more with its autocannon and heavy bolters. The Cyclone missile launcher accounted for the last surviving warrior, a krak missile killing it outright in a fountain of ichor and flesh. Scout squad Kourvhas targeted the Carnifex, loosing off a hail of bolts and laser-guided sniper shots, but to no avail; the creature's armoured carapace was simply too resilient.

In the Assault phase, the Ravener tore apart another two of Captain Makkariel's squad, whickering claws whipping off limbs and severing heads, its deafening screeches resounding over the roar of battle. Undaunted, Captain Makkariel slaughtered two more of the Hormagaunts, now up to his waist in the bladed remnants of his foes. The Terminators were striding towards Makkariel's position, snapping one alien's neck and crushing another to a bloody pulp with a crackling power fist. Only one Hormagaunt was left, trapped between Tactical squad Karax, Terminator squad Phaedron and the Force Commander himself. Without the hive mind to brief it, it leapt over one of the Space Marines and bounded towards its own lines,

the Ravener slithering after it at alarming speed. The bastion was once more in the hands of the Crimson Fists.

On the left flank, things were not going so well. The Lictor smashed into the retreating Tactical squad, killing one with an oblique sweep of its enormous claws. The Hormagaunts, leaping after their foe with bird-like screeches, tore two of Squad Sarrius into bloody strips. Only one of the Crimson Fists survived, retreating off the table edge as the Tyranids looked elsewhere for their prey.



The Land Speeders swoop behind the safety of the observation tower.

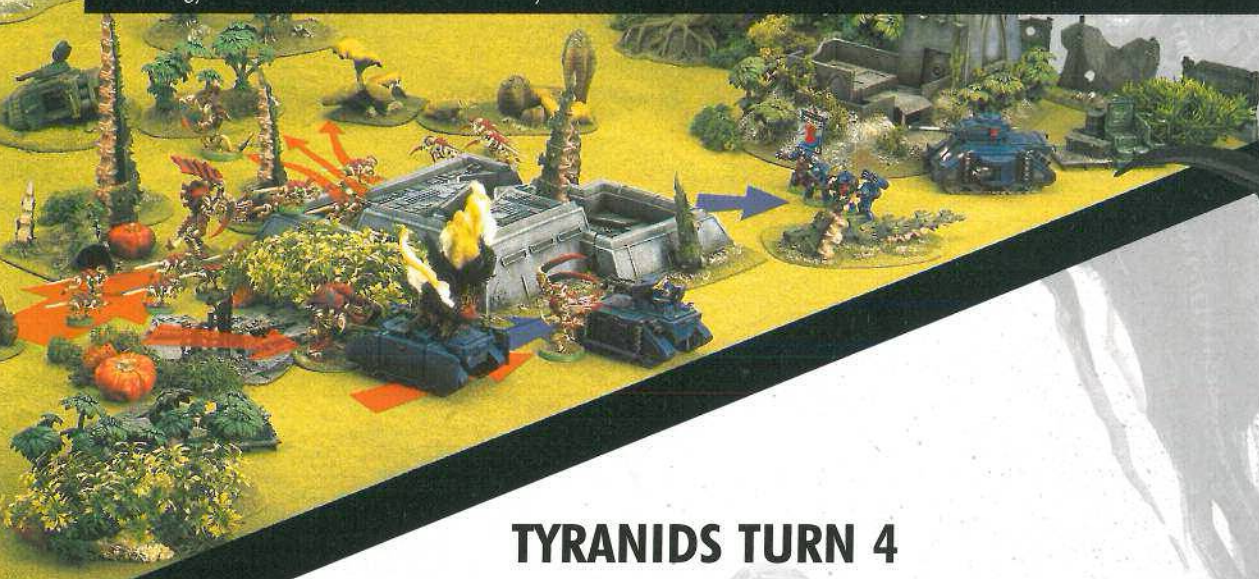
### TYRANID RANGED BIO-WEAPONS

Ranged bio-weapons such as the venom cannon have a Strength equal to the creature firing, modified by the profile of the weapon (to a maximum of 10). Many bio-weapons are 'Assault X' weapons: these get one shot per Attack on the creature's basic profile (ie, before being modified by any other bio-weapons). Assault 2X weapons get twice the creature's Attacks in shots, and so on. For example, a venom cannon fired by a Hive Tyrant will have a Strength of 8 (6+2) with three shots per turn, whereas a Tyranid Warrior's venom cannon would be Strength 7 (5+2) with two shots per turn. Venom cannons can only cause glancing hits against vehicles.





In an orgy of destruction the Carnifex destroys the Crimson Fists Rhino.



## TYRANIDS TURN 4

Stepping back to survey the battle, Andy realised just how little there was left of either force, and set about trying to eradicate whatever was left of the Crimson Fists. The Hive Tyrant moved purposefully toward the Terminators, his giant stride unimpeded by the rubble from the demolished bunker. The Termagants scuttled around its enormous taloned feet, readying their fleshborers in unison as the will of the Tyrant coordinated their actions. As one, the brood and its master opened fire upon the Terminators. The crystals from the venom cannon struck home, but were unable to penetrate the Tactical Dreadnought armour. Most of the wriggling projectiles fired from the Termagants' guns fell short, but somehow one of the persistent biological bullets managed to bore its way through a

weak point in one of the Terminators' armour, turning his abdominal cavity to mush.

The Carnifex continued its rampage, crunching through the remains of the bunker toward the Rhino. At the Hive Tyrant's command, the armoured leviathan turned the muscled nozzle of its venom cannon at Squad Phaedron, the spasming tube studding Terminator armour with poisoned crystals. Another of the elite Crimson Fists fell to the crystals' massive electrical discharge.

The Lictor was now in assault range of the Razorback, and wasted no time in leaping headlong at the tank, mottled colours flickering across its

scales as the rending claws smashed down once again. The Razorback shook violently with the impact, rocking back on its tracks as the Lictor pounded again and again at the hatches. Behind it, the Carnifex had reached the Rhino, its mandibles clicking as it flipped the tank over with its powerful claws. In a berserk fury of destruction, the Carnifex crushed and ripped until all that was left was a leaking pile of mangled metal.



## CRIMSON FISTS TURN 5

Faced with a decidedly reduced battle force, Pete set about salvaging what he could. The Terminators and the Force Commander made a controlled retreat from the fifteen-foot bladed nightmare intent on their destruction, and the Speeders weaved out from behind the cover of the tower. The Terminators unleashed a volley of fire at the Lictor, but its flickering camouflage and rapid movement made it impossible to draw an accurate

bead on the bio-construct, and it escaped the worst of the damage. The Predator, however, pivoted its turret to face the Lictor and fired a continual stream of shells. As the bolts stitched a grotesque line of deep, smoking holes over the Lictor, it writhed in spasms of pain and finally died.

In the tower, the Space Marine Scouts redirected their fire from the larger Tyranid creatures, where it had proved to be ineffectual,

to the Termagant swarm near the bunker. The heavy bolter took a bloody toll on the creatures, killing three, the sniper rounds bowling another off its feet, quite dead. Pete's Assault phase was uneventful: every model in close combat from either side had been killed or driven off.



Through sheer ferocity the Hormagaunts manage to down one of the mighty Terminators.



## TYRANIDS TURN 5

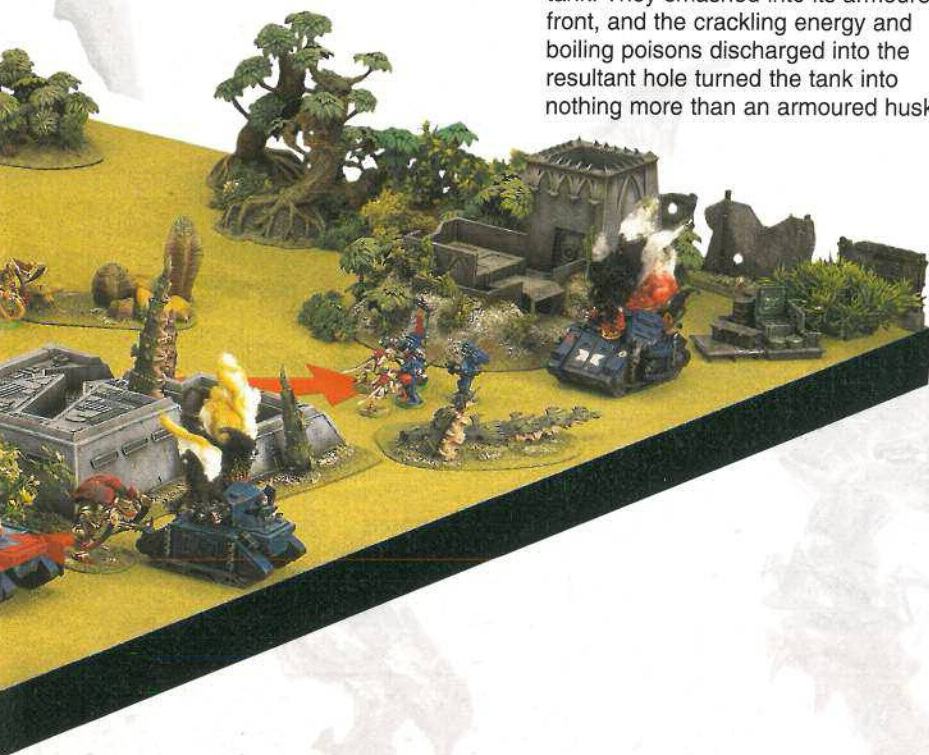
The four remaining Hormagaunts leaped across the battlefield, eager to smash themselves upon the solid bastion of Terminators backing towards the Predator. The fleeing Ravener, having regrouped, snaked its way through the alien seed pods to the right

of the battlefield, and the Carnifex continued its rampage in the direction of the Razorback. Turning sideways for a second, the hulking creature levelled its venom cannon at the Predator, squeezing a salvo of electro-magnetically charged crystals at the tank. They smashed into its armoured front, and the crackling energy and boiling poisons discharged into the resultant hole turned the tank into nothing more than an armoured husk.

Charging forward with a blood-curdling roar, the Carnifex stabbed down into the Razorback, twisting and pulling the reinforced hide of the tank until it gaped open, drizzling spores floating into the passenger compartment as the bio-engineered behemoth rent great gashes in its armour. The crew died within seconds.

The Hormagaunts had reached the Terminators, their bounding strides carrying them easily over the rough ground, and they smashed into the veteran warriors with such force that one Terminator was bowled off his feet. As the fallen warrior pushed his chainfist through the creature's ribs, a talon stabbed down through the neck of his suit, and both the combatants died in a grotesque tangle of limbs. Above him, Captain Makkariell bellowed a defiant battlecry, parting the heads of more aliens from their shoulders. Outside of the psychic aura of its masters, the remaining Hormagaunt fled.

Surveying a battlefield littered with the broken corpses of his brethren and the unrecognisable constituents of the hellish alien swarm, Captain Makkariell dolefully ordered his men to fall back.



The Carnifex smashes apart another Space Marine vehicle.



# Victory Points:      Tyranids: 1,232      Crimson Fists: 1,065

## SUMMARY

The Crimson Fists of the Adeptus Astartes had blunted the spear of the Tyranid assault to such an extent that they would be hard pressed to threaten the city of Keisel, but at a terrible cost. The Space Marines were forced to fall back from Bunker 472 and its environs. Soon, the Ripper Swarms would arrive, stripping the meat from the fallen warriors' bodies, cracking open their power armour to get to the flesh inside. Eventually, nothing would be left of this once-lush forest other than a barren scar.

To fight the Tyranids is to attempt to push back the tide of time. And yet, the Adeptus Astartes fight the invasions every step of the way, resisting the incursion of the aliens with every method at their disposal.

By now it should be painfully clear to those new to the Tyranids that any game involving these monstrosities will be incredibly violent and probably quite brief! It is worth noting that we tried

fighting the Blitz scenario as well, using the same scenery and much the same armies, but the game was played up the table and not across it. The story was quite different, given much more time the Crimson Fists were able to inflict punishing casualties on the synapse creatures before the Tyranids got into assault range, meaning that most of the broods were acting on their own inferior

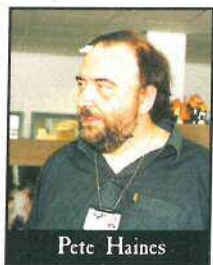
Leadership. In the Bunker Assault mission, it was the horrifying speed with which the Tyranids crossed the table that proved to be Pete's demise.

As any Warhammer 40,000 General would do well to learn, the best way to fight the Tyranids is at arm's length. Any closer, and they'll rip it off.



Andy assimilates Pete's genetic pattern under the guise of a handshake.

## POST-MORTEM



Pete Haines

**Pete:** This battle can be summed up in one word – close. You know it's a close game when individual dice rolls are remembered as critical turning

points. In my case I could bleat shamelessly about failed Morale tests and Terminator saves, but that is all bunkum. Andy's plan brought his toughest creature – the Carnifex – down the line of least resistance and it duly rewarded him by ripping up the bunker, the Rhino and the Razorback as it battered through my defences like a sledgehammer through a ripe avocado. I simply did not have enough heavy weaponry to hurt it and that, more than any other single factor, cost me the game.

The Bunker Assault scenario is tricky for the defender. Most of your good troops are in reserve and will therefore miss out on shooting for at least two

turns. It is virtually impossible to protect the bunker so you are certain to give up 150 points and you can easily get trapped on your base table edge with no manoeuvring room. All you can do is hang on with the starting troops, bring up your reserves as quickly as possible and then hope. I hoped really hard but it wasn't to be – both the Dreadnought and the Devastator squad were taken out of the equation quickly and then the pendulum had swung irrevocably towards the Tyranids.

Overall I was pleased with the Crimson Fists as they did well for me. My Dreadnought *Tempus* stalked onto the table and engaged in a western-style gunfight with the Hive Tyrant, Zoanthrope and Carnifex. He may have died but he died well.

The Tactical squad in the bunker heroically defended itself until the Lictor and Ravenor started tearing their way in. They then escaped out of the back door just before the Carnifex ripped the bunker to pieces and fought their way through a sea of Hormagaunts with only one man

escaping the slaughter (Hah – he'll be back as a Veteran Sergeant next game).

My Terminator Captain single-handedly kept another Tactical squad alive for most of the game, gunning down Spore Mines, slicing up Genestealers and Hormagaunts and then commanding the newly arrived Terminator squad in its heroic rearguard action.

The Terminators were great, they kept the central entrenchment clear of Tyranids for ages and dominated their part of the battlefield utterly. Even at the end with unlucky casualties they were still being treated with utmost respect by the Tyranids. Having seen them gun down a Tyranid Warrior brood, that is not surprising.

All in all there were quite a few dramatic, cinematic moments in this game that really were top entertainment. At least the lessons have been learnt and I have a Captain and Veteran Sergeant aching for payback. Hey Chambers, best of three?



## DEVoured!



Andy Chambers

**Andy:** Frankly I was lucky to win this fight. We totalled up the Victory points at the end of turn four and Pete was 50 points ahead of me at the time. In turn five

I had several lucky breaks and took down not only the Predator but an extra Terminator, which took the squad below half strength and earned me a raft of extra Victory points. Still, with both the Carnifex and Hive Tyrant unharmed and on the loose in the Crimson Fists' lines it was only a matter of time before they clocked up sufficient kills to tip the balance. Broadly the plan sort of worked – the Gaunts tore off to attack the Space Marines but they failed to engage them heavily enough to distract fire away from the second line of Tyranids.

My poor Tyranid Warriors were mercilessly riddled with fire at every opportunity with the net result that not one survived to the end of the game. This was partially my fault for venturing out of cover too early – particularly on my left where fresh reinforcements decimated the exposed Warriors as

they crossed the open ground. I also found that the great press of Hormagaunts preceding the Warriors prevented them from firing because the closest targets were already in, or about to be engaged in close combat. On the bright side, Pete's obsession with killing Warriors did ensure that the Gaunts' survived with relatively few casualties, as did the Raveners, Carnifex and Hive Tyrant. In future I'll probably include less Gaunts in favour of a mix of bigger, more dangerous creatures – Pete admitted that he didn't see much point in concentrating much fire on the Gaunts because there were simply too many to make an impression on. The Genestealers did an excellent job of flanking the Space Marines' position, but then proved rather disappointing in close combat due to my inability to roll enough 6s to get the best use out of their fearsome rending claws.

Man (monster) of the match award went to the Carnifex, who left an impressive and highly visible trail of destruction as it tore through the bunker, Rhino and Razorback in short order. Its implacable advance was the most gratifying part of the game as it shrugged off numerous hits and the return fire from its venom cannon was one of the biggest keys to victory as it

destroyed the Predator. The Raveners and Lictor also fulfilled their roles perfectly; without them to back up the Hormagaunts, Space Marine casualties would have been minimal. The Zoanthrope needed to advance from a more covered approach to avoid being picked off, and might have been more instrumental attacking on the left instead of the big-monster-laden right flank.

On the other side of the table I felt that Pete made a stalwart defence but probably made a mistake in not using more than a single bunker. Although each bunker was worth extra Victory points to me, it was also worth bonus points for him if he held onto them. With more of his troops fighting from bunkers Pete could avoid his troops being engaged in close combat by the Tyranids so easily and force me to stretch my forces thinner in order to attack more points along the line. As it was I could focus my efforts exclusively on tearing down the one bunker in my path, making the hive mind's job all the easier. All in all, though it was a tense game which had both of us gnashing our teeth in frustration and whooping with ill-disguised glee as the fortunes of the dice swayed uncertainly between us.

*Captain Makkariel raged back and forth in the cramped confines of the gun emplacement, his anger almost tangle in the putrid, stifling air. The Terminators gathered around him stood with eyes closed, each one intoning a silent prayer for their dead comrades. Sergeant Phaedron had done everything he could to calm the Captain, to reassure him there was no option but to fall back. They could not have afforded to die there, and Phaedron frankly had his doubts about how his brothers would have fared against the combined might of the Tyrant and its Carnifex. The blue-armoured corpses of his battle brothers littered the battlefield for miles behind them, their progenoid glands unharvested, their bodies broken. It was only the timely arrival of their Thunderhawk gunship that had allowed them to regroup. It was late in the day, and they had been reinforced by a further four Tactical squads and two more units of Space Marine*

*Scouts. Not enough, knew Phaedron. Not nearly enough.*

*Normal men would have snapped long ago, mused the Terminator Sergeant. The toll these things took on the soul was immense, there was no logic to this kind of battle. On Chelio, on Phranx, on Saim-Hann, the enemy could be second-guessed, and strategies could be formed. Phaedron was sickened by fact that tactics were virtually useless against these beasts; they were reduced to fighting tooth and nail for their lives with creatures evolved to be the perfect killing machines stabbing at their throats. And they were without number. He was wise enough to admit to himself that he was certainly going to die on this planet, and that no matter how well he fought, how many he killed, it would make no difference.*

*In the eyes of the Emperor, it meant everything.*

*"Squad Phaedron, form up. Check and bless weapons. Brother Ishmael, in the Emperor's name, use your ammunition sparingly. Fire in short, controlled bursts. We will drive this menace back to whatever hell it came from. They must not be allowed to reach Keisel until the entire city has been evacuated. Captain Makkariel, may I have permission to lead the assault?"*

*The Captain answered with a grim nod, his face set in a mask of pain. The stab wound in his neck had punctured his larynx and torn most of his throat open in a jagged gash. The last engagement had been the worst yet. Phaedron could feel his blood begin to heat, he knew this was their time.*

*A voice crackled over their comm-links, the tone exhausted, the voice flat.*

*"Sir, estimated six minutes until contact."*



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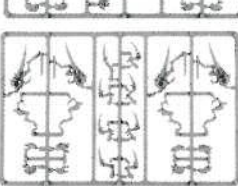
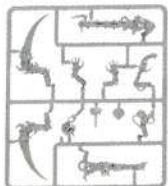
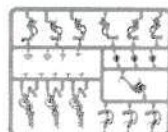


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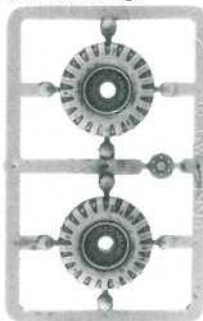
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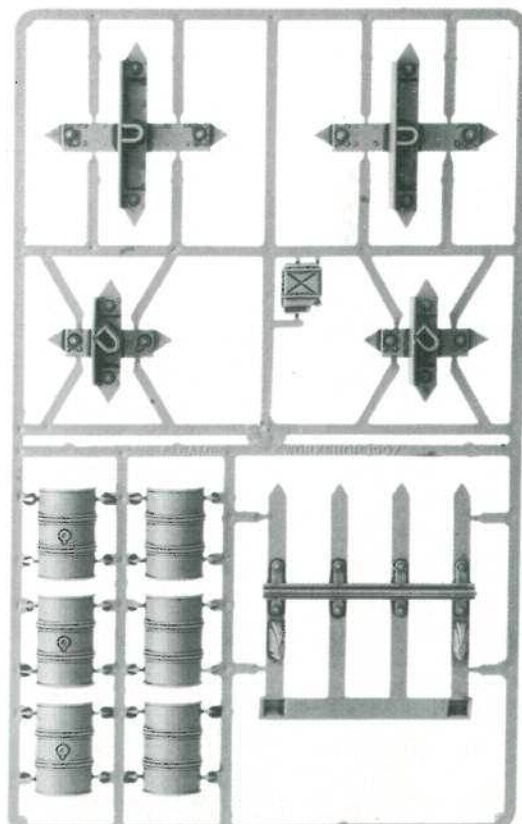
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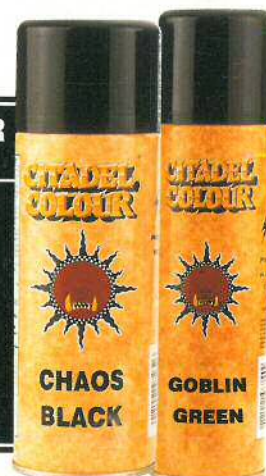


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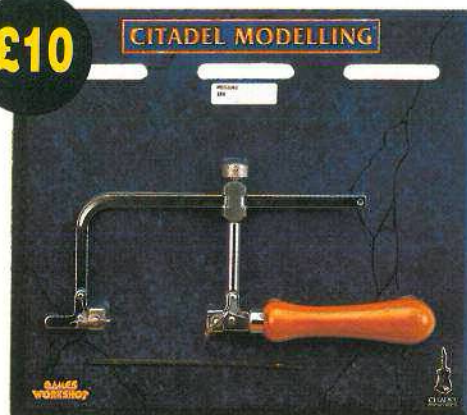
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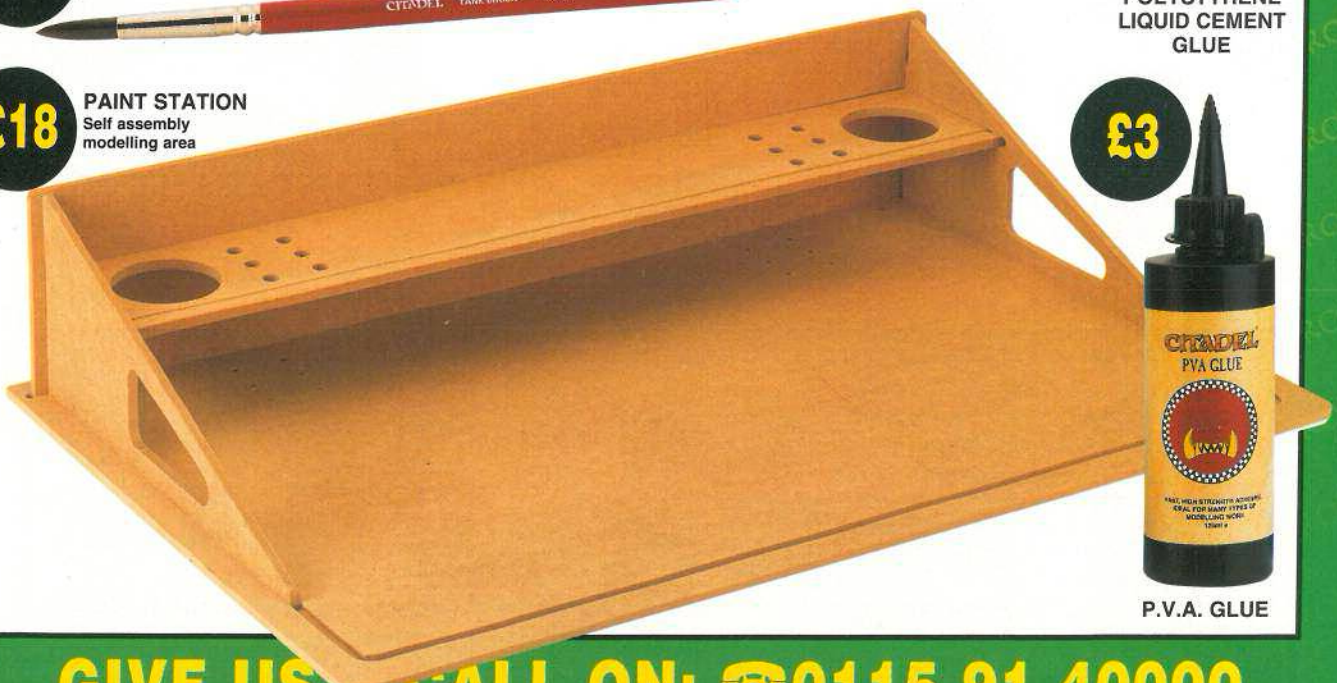
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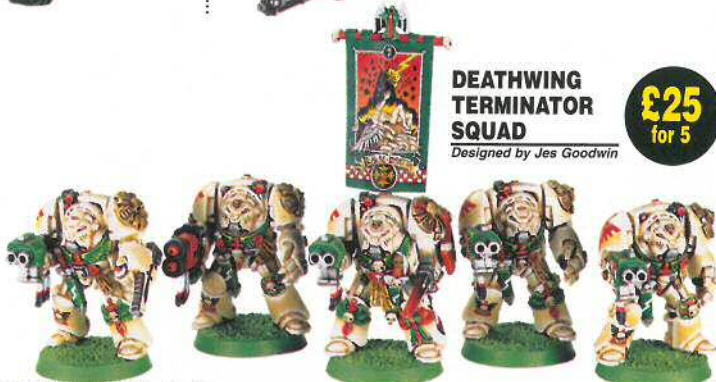
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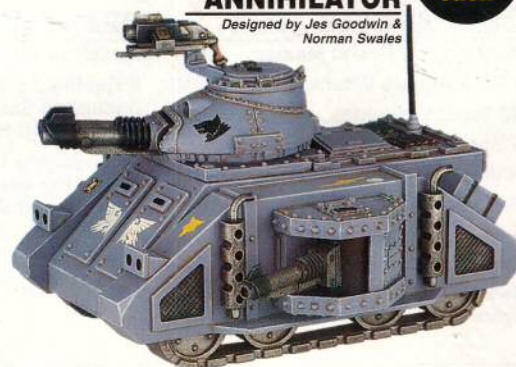
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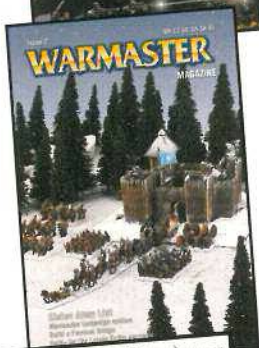
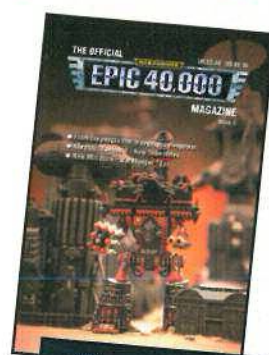
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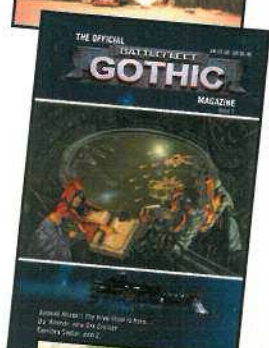
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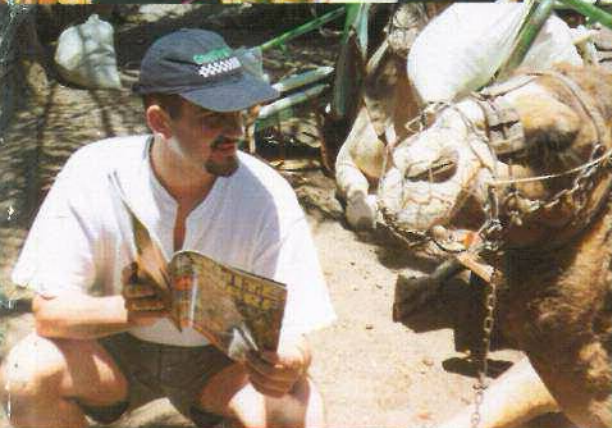


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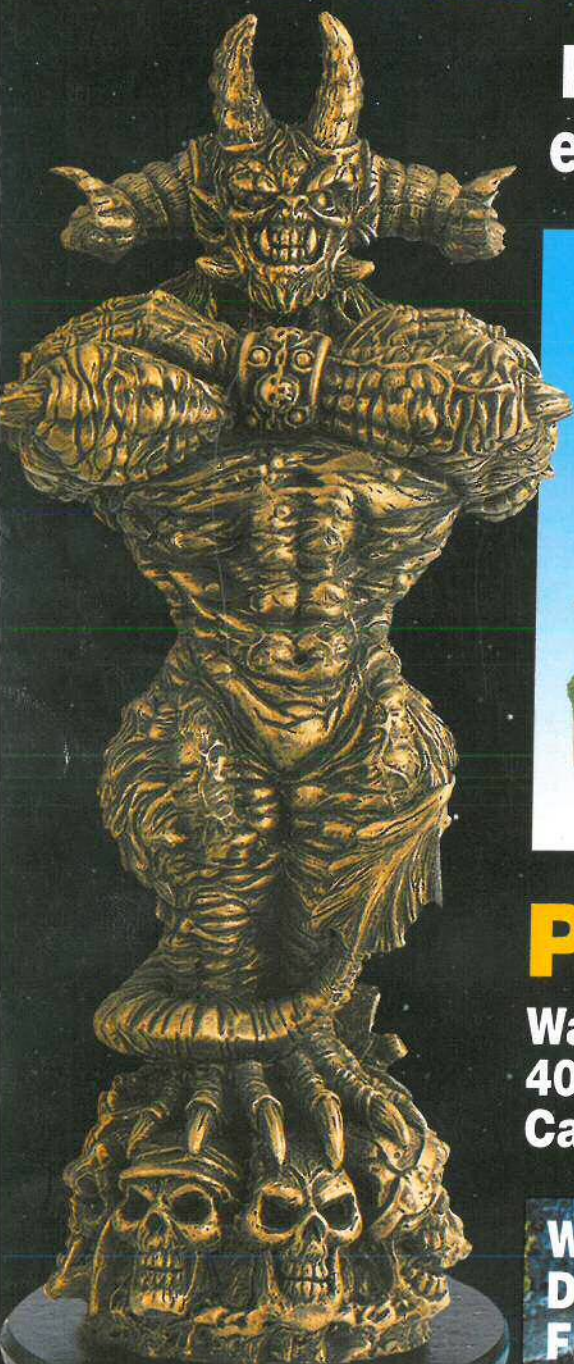
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