

WHITE DWARF



DARK SHADOWS

Warhammer Campaign Battle Report

- INDEX ASTARTES – GREY KNIGHTS, DEATHWATCH & NIGHT LORDS
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- GRAND TOURNAMENTS IN REVIEW
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Production Team

U.K.: Paul "Fat Bloke" Sawyer, Graham Davey, Matt Hutson, Phil Kelly, Gary Roach & Paul Rudge

U.S.: Drew Will, Steve "Dirty" Fuller, Chris "Go-Go" Gohlinghorst, Rick "Lobot" Smith, & William "Goatboy" Stilwell

Cover Artwork: Karl Kopinski

Artwork

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

Contributors

U.K. - Alessio Cavatore, Andy Chambers, Rowland Cox, Pete Haines, Steve Hambrook, Graham McNeil, Space McQuirk, Rick Priestley, Dave Thomas & Gavin Thorpe

U.S. & CDN - Dan Bartholomew, Matt Boles, Jason "Jesterus Proposterus" Buyaki, John Conner, Rich Curren, Nick Davis, Ty Finocchiaro, Brian Hotovec, Ken Kennedy, Joe Krone, Evan Loughheed, Terry McGregor, & Jeremy Vetock

'Eavy Metal Team

Martin Footitt, Neil Green, Tammy Haye, Mark Jones, Kirsten Mickelburgh, Keith Robertson, Chris Smart, & Dave Thomas

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August has historically been the hottest, muggiest, sweatiest month in the Washington/Baltimore area, and this year doesn't look to break that trend. What better way to avoid the sweltering, oppressive heat outside than to head inside and have a knock-down, drag-out battle on the shores of Albion? With this summer's worldwide Warhammer campaign, **Dark Shadows**, in full swing, there's no better way to beat the heat. And there are certainly going to be plenty of chances for you to get in on the action in a multi-player event at a store near you as part of the **Summer Battle Tour** (see the stop listings later in this issue for more info).

Speaking of heat, there's plenty of heat surrounding the impending arrival of Games Workshop's upcoming **Lord of the Rings: Fellowship of the Ring** tabletop battle game. While the clamps are really down hard on what I can say about the game and the miniatures, I can tell you that I was recently treated (along with a group of my cohorts here at **GW HQ**) to a brief introductory game, and it's a blast. The miniatures we've seen are incredible, and some of the likenesses on the characters from the film are good enough to make you look twice to make sure you don't have a miniature Elijah Wood right in front of you. Look for more info in the coming months (firm release date and other goodies like that are just around the corner). I may have already said too much.

Those of you headed to **GenCon** (August 2-5) this year should head towards the Games Workshop booth and try to get in on the big **Rogue Trader Tournament** that's sure to be a blast (see the RT Tourney tidbits later in this issue for more).

Listen up all you **Warhammer 40,000** fanatics out there! Some big things are happening in the 41st millennium, not the least of which is the arrival of a completely new army. The **Tau** are on their way to a tabletop near you (if you went to Games Day, you already most likely have the **Kroot Shaper**, so you're ahead of the game). This new army has a pretty fresh look for a GW army, and is sure to inspire all sorts of giant robot visions dancing in your heads. But before the Tau get here, the cities of the far future will become intensely heated battlegrounds thanks to the release of **Cityfight**, the first in a planned series of Codex: Battlezone books. Rules for fighting in close quarters, blowing buildings to smithereens, and all sorts of other great stuff are inside. Get your troops ready for some urban warfare, because **Cityfight** hits the sector next month!

Next issue, I promise I'll have more to tell you about **Lord of the Rings** (unless I've been censored), as well as the latest on the **Tau**, so be sure to check back. See you next month!

William "Goat-Boy" Stilwell

Feedback Card Winner - August

If you shop in a GW Retail store, place an order through GW Mail Order or take part in a **Rogue Trader Tournament** or **Outrider** event, you should come across one of our feedback cards. Be sure to fill it out and send it in. Not only will this provide us with some really good feedback as to what your opinions are, but each and every month one lucky winner will be chosen at random to receive a cool prize, in addition to having their name in print right here in the pages of **White Dwarf**!

Last month's prize made our winner so happy, we're spreading joy again with

A FREE Copy of Warhammer

For this month's winner:

Anthony DePasquale
of Huntingdon Valley, PA

<http://www.games-workshop.com/news/news>



Hey, I Know You!

You may already know our "new" face for this month. It's **White Dwarf** veteran, scenery maven and all around gaming nut,

Nick Davis. What makes him the new guy around here is the fact that he has now become the newest member of the Games Workshop web team. Look for brand new material from the unique mind of Mister Davis in the near future on the web.

Get Your Troops to Fall-In as the Summer Winds Down!

Games Workshop products are available all over North America at **Games Workshop Hobby Centers** and **Rogue Trader Independent Retailers**. To find your nearest store look in the **Rogue Trader List**, packed in with each issue of **White Dwarf**.

If there are no stores stocking Games Workshop products near you, then our speedy and efficient **Mail Order Service** will be more than happy to help you get what you need. Just call **1-800-394-GAME** in the United States or **1-888-GW-TROLL** in Canada for up to the minute product information and current release dates.

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WATCH OUT FOR THE GAMES WORKSHOP® BATTLE WAGON

If you didn't make it to Games Day 2001 in Baltimore (for shame!), you missed the grand debut of the Games Workshop Battle Wagon. If you saw it and still had no clue as to what it is, allow us to enlighten you. The Battle Wagon will roll from town-to-town, store-to-store, event-to-event bringing the madness of the Mail Order Trolls direct to gamers throughout the country! Individual bits, special deals, bags full of live squigs and more are inside waiting to be unleashed on an unsuspecting world. Don't get caught by surprise, be on the lookout for the Battle Wagon at a store near you soon!



Be on the lookout for this incredibly unique van headed your way sometime soon. These early shots are the artwork used to create the rolling bundle of Bitz joy.

ROGUE TRADER TOURNAMENT NEWS TIDBITS

Consult the Astronomi-Con

The last weekend in May saw the first annual Astronomi-Con take place in the heart of Winnipeg, Alberta. The event was a huge Rogue Trader Tournament that was so monumental it drew out one (ahem) "fanatic" guest. Jervis Johnson was there to meet and greet dedicated players all weekend long. He, along with other special guests - GW US Promotions honcho Jeremy Vetock and Rogue Trader Administrator Chris "Go-Go" Gohlinghorst - even managed to get a few games in as part of the tourney. Check out next month's White Dwarf for a full report on all of the events that went down. And in case you missed it, word is that they're planning on having Astronomi-Con 2 next year.

Rogue Trader Rocks GenCon

One of the great things about Rogue Trader Tournaments is the fact that they can be run with just about any even number of people. You don't need a teeming throng of people to make one of them work. Every once in a while, however, it's a blast to be part of an absolutely massive gaming event. If you happened to take part in the 100-man tournament at Origins in early July, the aforementioned Astronomi-Con tournament, or the big 40K tourney at Games Day, then you know how it feels. If you didn't get to play in either of them, take heart! Those of you planning to attend GenCon this year (August 2-5) still have the chance to compete in a huge 100-player Rogue Trader Tournament. As far as registration is concerned, you can pre-register through the GenCon pre-registration book, or, if the space is available, you can simply show up and register around 9:30am on the day of the tournament. Hope to see you there!

Assemble the Fleet

The fine folks behind the Rogue Trader Tournaments are happy to announce that Battlefleet Gothic, GW's game of spaceship battles in the 41st millennium, has been added to the Rogue Trader Tournament spectrum. That's right, all you Admirals out there who have been chomping at the bit to show just how skilled a fleet commander you are will have the chance in a full-scale tournament setting. Check with your local Rogue Trader store and let them know you want to send your fleet into the fray in the Gothic Sector.

Welcome to the Clubhouse

The word is very far from final at the moment, but the word is that tourneys may not be just for stores anymore. Plans are in the works to take the system and allow gaming clubs to run their own officially sanctioned Rogue Trader Tournaments. At this early stage, details are extremely sketchy, so be sure to watch this space for more information in the near future.

GAMES WORKSHOP

BATTLE BUNKER

**GET IN ON THESE BIG EVENTS
AT THE BATTLE BUNKER**

WARHAMMER

July 21st and 28th

Each of these two weeks will see a special Albion scenario take hold of the Battle Bunker. Little is known about what to expect at the moment, but details are always sketchy until the fog lifts. Call the Bunker for details (troop requirements, scenario details, etc.) and get ready!

August 4th

OGHAM STONES - ALBION SCENARIO

Direct from the Dark Shadows booklet from last month's issue of White Dwarf, bring 500 points of Warhammer troops (and a hero) and fight for control of a vital grouping of mysterious and powerful Ogham Stones. They are said to hold untold magical power, so anything can happen as the battle heats up.

August 9th

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY - ALBION SCENARIO

Another Bunker, multiplayer edition of a Dark Shadows scenario, this time you and your 500 points of troops (and a hero) are ambushed as you make your way deeper into the heart of Albion, by an army of monstrous beasts!

WARHAMMER
ROGUE TRADER
TOURNAMENT

August 18th

You know the drill by now, but just in case, here goes: Bring a Warhammer army up to 2000 points and battle it out in a day-long tournament. Special scenarios, a knowledge quiz and more await those brave enough to accept the challenge!

Open Gaming ALL THE TIME!

You can swing by the Bunker any time and get into the action. That's right, no matter what GW game you play, there's a spot for you. Bring your Blood Bowl team, Mordheim gang, Gothic Battlefleet, Warhammer or 40K army and prepare for battle! Play somebody new or challenge the GW staff!

Call the Bunker for the current scoop! (410) 590-4169

WARMMASTER

**AUGUST RELEASES
MAIL ORDER EXCLUSIVES**

Fenbeast



**Dark Shadows
Warmaster
Character Set**

Dark
Emissary



Truthseer



\$7.99 US

\$18.00 CDN

If you want to take part in every facet of this summer's massive Dark Shadows worldwide Warhammer campaign, you need to grab any or all of these special edition Warmaster Albion figures. The Truthseer, the Dark Emissary, and even the gruesome Fenbeast have all been scaled down to accompany your sweeping Warmaster armies into battle on the misty shores of Albion. Due to their limited availability, these figures will not be sold in stores and are only obtainable through Games Workshop Mail Order.

More Secretive Bits from the

Black Library

	Canada	U.S.
Warmaster Magazine #6 (Fanatic - Warmaster Rules, Scenarios, and More)	\$10.00	\$6.95
Necromunda Magazine #4 (Fanatic - Necromunda Rules, Scenarios, and More)	\$10.00	\$6.95
Inferno! #25 (Stories & Art from the GW World of Hobby Games)	\$10.00	\$6.95
Warhammer Monthly #45 (Another Action-Packed Issue Of GW's Comic Book)	\$4.25	\$2.95
Battlefleet Gothic Magazine #4 (Fanatic - BFG Rules, Scenarios, and More)	\$10.00	\$6.95
Epic Warhammer 40,000 Magazine #4 (Fanatic - Epic Rules, Scenarios, and More)	\$10.00	\$6.95
Execution Hour (Warhammer 40,000 Novel from the Black Library)	\$10.00	\$6.95

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WARHAMMER®

40,000

AUGUST RELEASE

0230	Chapter Approved (# Pages of Collected White Dwarf Rules Articles)	Canada \$32.00	U.S. \$24.99
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Since the release of the latest edition of Warhammer 40,000 in the fall of 1999, gaming guru Andy Chambers, along with a few of his cohorts, have graced the pages of White Dwarf with rules updates, additions, and clarifications in the form of the oft-anticipated Chapter Approved articles. Depending on the article, those particular back issues can be anywhere between difficult and impossible to track down. Well, now your quest can come to an end, as the fine folks at White Dwarf have sifted through all of those issues and gathered the best of the best Chapter Approved articles and compiled them into one comprehensive volume, appropriately enough entitled Chapter Approved. It's 128 pages of army lists, scenarios, additional rules and more, and it's available this month.

INQUISITOR™

AUGUST RELEASES

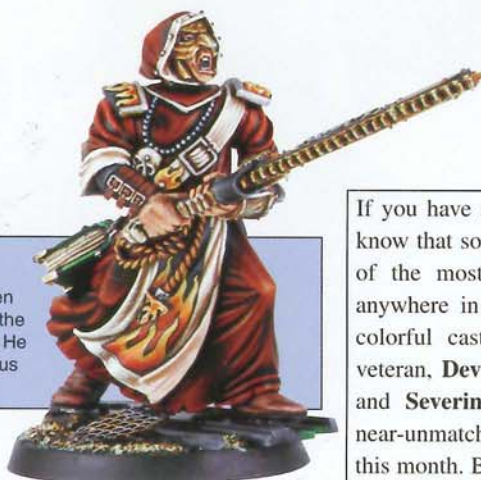
		Canada	U.S.
70-18	Severina and Sevora Devout (Boxed Set of Two Assassin Characters)	\$28.00	\$19.99
70-19	Sergeant Stone (Imperial Guard Veteran Character Boxed Set)	\$28.00	\$19.99
70-20	Devotee Malicant (Cultist/Fanatic Character Boxed Set)	\$28.00	\$19.99

Severina and Sevora Devout are elite assassins of the Emperor's Blades Death Cult who have a clandestine deal with Inquisitor Eisenhorn.

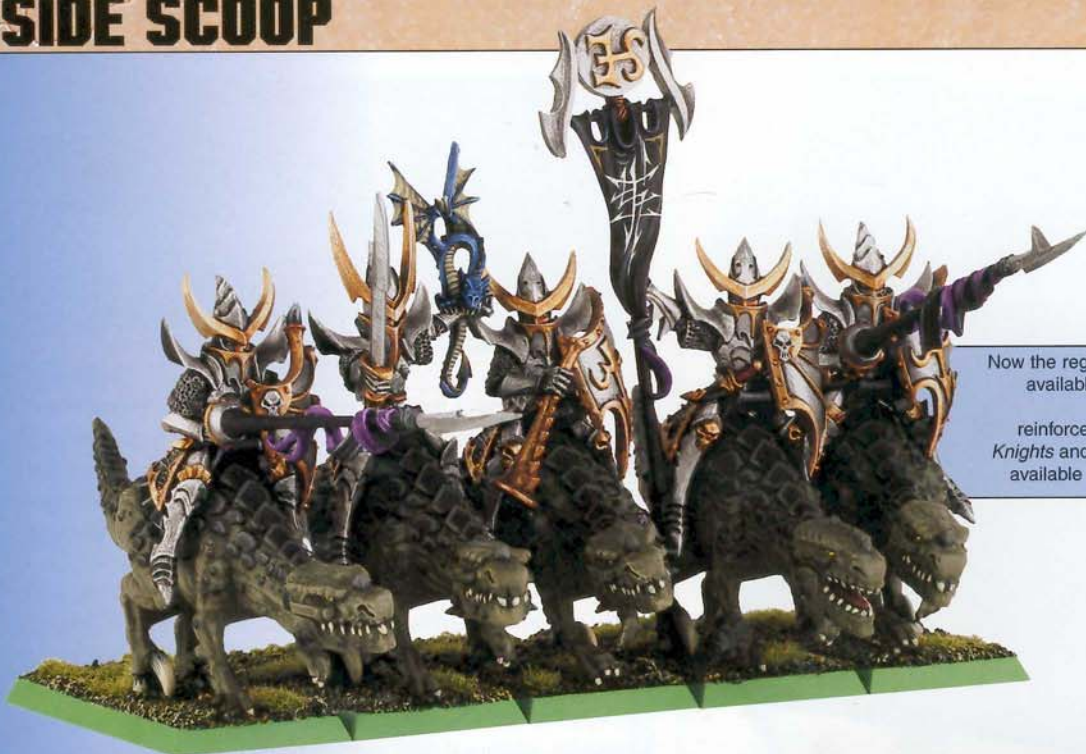


Sergeant Stone has the unfortunate distinction of being one of the only three supposed survivors of the Tyranid invasion of Dantis III.

From the very heart of the Redemptionist movement, the hive world Necromunda, Malicant has been raised from birth to implicitly believe the strict observances of the Redemption. He fights in alliance with Witch Hunter Tyrus throughout the galaxy.



If you have spent any time in the Inquisitor universe, then you know that some of the characters that you'll encounter are some of the most interesting people you're likely to run across anywhere in the galaxy. Now there are more additions to the colorful cast. **Sergeant Stone**, the grizzled Imperial Guard veteran, **Devotee Malicant**, the zealous fanatic Redemptionist, and **Severina and Sevora Devout**, the twin assassins with near-unmatched skill at eliminating their targets, are all available this month. Be on the lookout for even more next month.

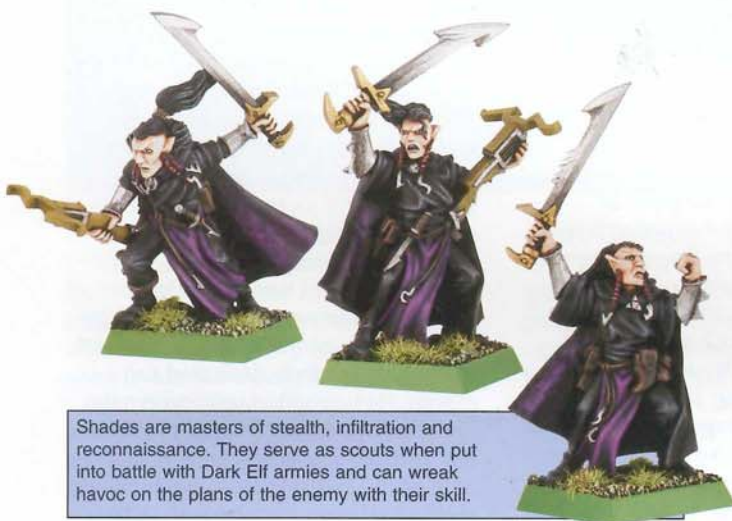


Now the regiment of Cold One Knights available in the boxed set that you bought last month can be reinforced and led by the *Cold One Knights* and command figures that are available in blister packs this month.

The latest monster to be unleashed on the Warhammer World is this ferocious Manticore with a Dark Elf Beastmaster riding high atop it. The boxed set is released this month.



Taken from their homes by the Witch Elves and raised from the day they were born to be silent killers, Dark Elf Assassins are, without a doubt, some of the most skilled killers in the whole of the Warhammer World.



Shades are masters of stealth, infiltration and reconnaissance. They serve as scouts when put into battle with Dark Elf armies and can wreak havoc on the plans of the enemy with their skill.



What's more frightening to opposing troops than the sight of a couple of hissing Cold Ones headed their way? The sight of a couple of hissing Cold Ones pulling a chariot loaded with Dark Elves drooling over the prospect of terminating their foes!

WARHAMMER®

AUGUST RELEASES

		Canada	U.S.
1609	Dark Elf Manticore (Dark Elf Monster Boxed Set)	\$50.00	\$34.99
1610	Dark Elf Cold One Chariot (Dark Elf War Machine Boxed Set)	\$32.00	\$24.99
8510G	Dark Elf Shades (2 Dark Elf Troops per Blister)	\$8.00	\$5.99
8511A	Dark Elf Cold One Knight (1 Dark Elf Heavy Cavalry Model per Blister)	\$13.00	\$8.99
8511B	Dark Elf Cold One Knight Command (1 Dark Elf Heavy Cavalry Command Model per Blister)	\$13.00	\$8.99
8512D	Dark Elf Assassin (1 Dark Elf Character per Blister)	\$12.00	\$7.99
8537B	Harpies (2 Dark Elf Troops per Blister)	\$13.00	\$8.99

The followers of Khaine come in many different forms. This month, several new groups arrive to help their Dark Elven brethren carry out their unholy deity's wishes. The stealthy **Dark Elf Assassins** and the mountain-dwelling **Dark Elf Shades** are both masters of infiltration and very adept at disrupting the plans of any enemy. **Cold One Knights and Command**, available in blister packs this month, are perfect for augmenting the boxed regiment from last month, or building a hand-picked unit of reptilian riders. Speaking of giant lizards, the **Dark Elf Cold One Chariot** also comes out this month, adding the ferocity of one nasty beast to the already destructive potential of a chariot. On an even more bestial note, **Harpies** will soon be seen flying around the battlefield, and be sure to keep an eye out for the **Dark Elf Beastmaster on a Manticore**. More Dark Elves (and an Undead treat) are on their way next month.



Harpies are ferocious creatures of Dark Elven legend that swoop down from the sky and tear their unfortunate victims to shreds before they know what hit them.



Graham McNeill looks at the journey of a man tortured by a Daemon as a child, who would grow to become Witch Hunter Tyrus, a man whose word alone can smite the daemonic.

WITCH HUNTER

THE TRIALS OF WITCH HUNTER TYRUS

The young Tyrus was to be orphaned at an early age. He was a mere six summers old when the daemons came to his home world of Loressa, an isolated agri-world in the Segmentum Obscurus. Acting insidiously through an adolescent girl, whose miraculous powers of healing had cured many people from Tyrus' village, the Daemon Prince Kholoth the Excoriator spread a plague of mutation across Loressa. This weakened the fabric of reality enough for him to force his way from the Immaterium into the girl's unprotected mind. In its new guise, the daemon destroyed Tyrus' village and began the slaughter of its inhabitants in an orgy of mutilation. Tyrus was dragged from his home into the village's main square, where the inhabitants' corpses lay

in a heaped pile. Over the next few hours, Kholoth tortured Tyrus, taking an eye and slicing off an ear, that he might still hear his own screams and witness the destruction of his flesh. As the leering young girl explained precisely what horrors she would next visit upon his body, Tyrus despaired and prepared for death. Only the timely intervention of Witch Hunter Covonis, who had tracked the daemon to Loressa via the Emperor's Tarot, saved Tyrus' life.

The Tarot has guided the servants of the Emperor for ten millennia and, though the significance of its readings are often obscure to the point of meaningless, its holy instruction is said to be imbued with the Emperor's own will. Such indeed seems to have been the case as Covonis, clad in a massive suit of elaborately tooled armor, intricately carved with decorative scrollwork and fluting, materialized with four grey armored angels of destruction in the village square. The daemon

girl paused in her gruesome handiwork, and turned to face the Witch Hunter, a hiss of recognition escaping her possessed lips. Through a red haze, Tyrus saw the mighty figure of Covonis and his armored brethren do battle with the daemon girl. Three of the angels were cut down with bolts of blue fire before Covonis swung his blessed sword in a glittering arc and beheaded the shrieking daemon. Whirlwinds of daemoniac energy howled around the combatants as

the creature was banished back to the hell from whence it came, and Tyrus watched as one of the angels burned the corpse in the cleansing fire of its weapon.

Tyrus, almost blinded by pain and blood loss, staggered to the edge of the blaze, his skin blistering in the infernal heat, and spat his hatred into the flames. He cursed the daemon's name and, as an armored gauntlet settled on his shoulder, he looked up into the stern features of Covonis and knew that there was only one path open to him now. Tyrus became Covonis' apprentice and journeyed back to the orbiting starship from which Covonis and the Grey Knights (as Tyrus would later know them) had teleported. He assimilated the wonders of technology and the ways of the Witch Hunter with a zeal only the truly dedicated can muster. He was gifted with cybernetic replacements for his missing eye and ear, and Covonis instructed him in the path of the Witch Hunter, the tools and methods at their disposal and, lastly, the heresy of the daemoniac. Never before had Covonis known an acolyte to master the Rites of Detestation so quickly, or one whose pious devotion matched his own.

As the years of intense training passed, Tyrus grew to manhood with his hatred of daemons and those who would consort with such creatures growing stronger with each passing day. He mastered weapons, martial skills and the rites by which the daemon could be vanquished. Such was his strength of devotion to the Immortal God-Emperor that his word alone could stay the hand of a daemoniac creature and cause it to reel in pain at his fiery zeal and devotion. Many base and repulsive creatures of the warp were destroyed by Tyrus and his master until a fateful battle in the royal audience chamber of Epsilon Regalis. The Emperor's Tarot had led Covonis and Tyrus to the palaces of Regalis' great and mighty in search of deviancy. The monarchy of Epsilon Regalis protested their innocence, but Covonis was adamant; they would face Trial by Holy Seal.





Tyrus will never cease in his pursuit of the unholy, the unclean and the unworthy.

Into the palms of each member of the royal family, Covonis placed a featureless wax tablet and heated an Inquisitorial seal. When the seal glowed with heat, Covonis explained, he would press it into the wax upon each of their palms. Those whose flesh was burned would know the full wrath of the Inquisition, while those whose skin remained unblemished would have their innocence displayed for all to see. As Covonis pressed the seal into the first outstretched hand, the human features of the King's daughter split apart into the leering face of a daemon. Worse, it was a daemon Covonis knew; Kholoth the Excoriator. In an instant the daemon was free and dealt a mortal blow to the venerable Witch Hunter. As he fell, the last vestiges of humanity were cast from the faces of the captives and the daemons were free. Tyrus quickly swept up Covonis' power knife and set about himself with terrible fury and righteous anger, his heart burning with vengeance. The lesser thrall daemons in Kholoth's service were no match for Tyrus, and at last he and Kholoth stood face to face, the sole figures left standing in the gore-spattered audience chamber.

The two enemies fought a duel that had been five decades in the making, and almost killed the Witch Hunter's apprentice. Bellowing words of holy purity that the daemon is forbidden to withstand, Tyrus fought with the strength of the Emperor. The bitter foes traded blows, each grievous enough to

fell a lesser being. Sheer force of will kept Tyrus standing, and, as he grappled with the daemon, sermons of piety and devotion spilling from his lips, he punched Covonis' weapon through the daemon's chest, dragging out its still-beating heart, and crushed it in his gauntleted fist. The daemon grinned as it died, spouting blasphemous oaths that promised the Witch Hunter that they would meet again and that it had already watched him die a thousand times. Suspecting the corruption of the royal family extended to the planet's population, Tyrus launched a bloody purge of the surrounding cities that saw tens of thousands burned at the stake to ensure the purity of Epsilon Regalis.

Tyrus took his master's suit of armor as his own and repaired the damage which the daemon had wrought on its holy fabric. Covonis' masters elevated Tyrus to the status of Witch Hunter and granted him the full remit of an Imperial Inquisitor. If his experiences with Covonis had taught him anything, it was that there was only room for one species in the galaxy and that was Humanity. His purges of aliens, heretics and warlocks have become legendary amongst even the most puritanical Inquisitors. A fierce Monodominant, Tyrus' quest to exterminate heresy, witchcraft and alien influence has carried him from one side of the galaxy to the other, his rousing orations fanning the flames of zeal and faith on every planet he purges. After the Gland War on Dantis III against the Tyranids

Tyrus recruited Sergeant Stone, an Imperial Guard veteran who was one of only three survivors of a bionically altered company of the Lostok 23rd. Stone's aggressiveness and devotion to duty made him an ideal member of Tyrus' retinue.

During the Treachery of Hanuchek, Tyrus joined forces with Devotee Malicant, a disciple of the Redemptionist faith spawned on Necromunda, who led his fanatical army on a holy crusade. The battle to destroy Hanuchek all but annihilated Malicant's followers and, at its conclusion, the Redemptionist gladly accompanied Tyrus in his purges. In pursuit of the (in his eyes) heretic Inquisitor Lichtenstein, Tyrus journeyed to the world of Karis Cephalon, where he recruited the Security Enforcer Barbaretta. Her help in investigating the mutant uprisings, which Tyrus believed might have been sponsored by Emissary Fabian, was invaluable, and she has proven to be a worthy addition to the Witch Hunter's retinue.

Tyrus continues to pursue the unholy, purge the unclean and smite the unworthy. It is his holy task to bring the fire of the Emperor to those who need it most and destroy those who would see its light dimmed. Tyrus' reliance on methods first used thousands of years ago is reassuring to many people, who see the guilt or innocence of his subjects determined by the will of the Emperor Himself.

Graham McNeill has ventured deep into the Library Sanctus to uncover the facts of how the renegade Inquisitor Quixos fought and captured the Daemon Prince Cherubael and then bound him to his service.

Daemons are creatures of the Immaterium, and the natural laws of real space prevent such beasts from manifesting themselves in the material plane without exceptional effort. The barriers between warp space and real space must first be weakened by ritual and sacrifice, and the correct words of power must be spoken by those who would summon such things. A much easier way for a daemon to force its way into real space is possession, whereby the daemon uses the unprotected mind of a vulnerable psyker to forge a bridge between it and the material universe.

The Emperor's holy Inquisition has long known the depredations of the Daemon Prince Cherubael. The beast's name sullies the blasted pages of the Liber Malum, that accursed volume which records the fate of those who tread the path of damnation. Kept chained within the deepest dungeon of the Library Sanctus on Terra, to even mention its name is to invite insanity. Quill-servitors painstakingly record the horrors of the daemonic, to better aid

those who would stand against them. The archive-dungeon groans and contorts with the horror of its contents, and entire tomes within its rune-encrusted walls are devoted to the evil that is the Daemon Prince Cherubael.

He is known as the Death of Worlds by the pitiful survivors of the Fenestra system, whom the daemon enslaved for millennia, and as the Scourge by the people of the Kitarax Nebula. Cherubael has, in a variety of guises, slaughtered his way across the galaxy for thousands, if not millions, of years leaving untold suffering and cries of lamentation in his wake. He extinguished the civilization of the Ronja in a single night and set the entire Gethme sector ablaze for a thousand years. Masquerading as a prophesied leader, Cherubael incited the entire population of Medredax to commit ritual suicide, feeding on the world's psychic death-scream as a sweetmeat. His desolations are legion, and scarce has a creature so base and vile been unleashed upon the galaxy.

DAEMON PRINCE

A DAEMON BOUND TO SERVE MAN

The Daemon Prince was finally to meet an adversary worthy of his attentions on the world of Clanar II, where he had enslaved the feral population of that world to perform untold blood sacrifices in his name. Entire generations were fed to the Daemon Prince before Inquisitor Quixos freed the Clanars from the daemon's hellish bondage. Leading a small band of warriors, Quixos fought the Daemon Prince's host body, delivering a mortal blow with his own daemonblade, which contained the bound essence of Kharnagar the Deathly, a Daemon Prince whom Quixos had defeated some decades earlier. As his host body died, Cherubael's spirit form leapt into the nearest available host body, one of Clanar II's mightiest warriors, lest he be banished back to the freezing void of the Immaterium. But Quixos had anticipated this and had previously adorned his warriors' bodies with hidden pentagrammic wards and powerful sigils of binding.

The daemon's fury at being so imprisoned almost tore the warrior's



The true power of the Daemon is barely contained within the fragile body of its Human host.

body apart as spasms of power warped through his flesh, searing out his eyes and imparting a measure of the daemon's form to his new prison of flesh. Vestigial horns burst through his forehead and soulless white light burned where his eyes had once been. Gales of raw power whipped around the body, tossing it high into the air as phantom winds spun and twisted the warrior's body in its grip. Cherubael's exertions were in vain; Quixos' knowledge of the abominations of Chaos was deep and the Daemon Prince could not escape. Quixos chained the thrashing creature down and hammered blessed spikes of gold through the meat of the Daemonhost's body, intoning the six hundred and sixty six verses of the Cantic of Binding. He then fastened scrolls, inscribed with unspeakable oaths in his own blood, to Cherubael with fine silver chains. Finally, after this gruelling battle of wills, the Inquisitor had bent the Daemon Prince to his bidding.

Thus was the Daemon Prince Cherubael bound to the service of Inquisitor Quixos and his millennia-spanning bloodbath brought to an end. Quixos was no ordinary Inquisitor, though. Many years before encountering Cherubael, as he banished a Daemon on the world of Lackan XV, fragments from his foe's bestial claws became lodged in his heart, every attempt to remove them ending in failure. The vanquished Daemon's legacy would be with Quixos until he died. Though its influence gradually corrupted the Inquisitor's body, it granted him a tangible link to the warp and a measure of insight into the workings of Chaos. He resolved to further investigate the potential uses of Chaos, earning a reputation as a maverick amongst his fellow Inquisitors.

Now, with the Daemon Prince Cherubael in his service, his powers grew daily as his body twisted and his mind descended into madness. For another hundred years, Quixos and Cherubael were to destroy many deadly threats to the Imperium, the Daemonhost's warp-borne strength and psychic powers proving invaluable to the Inquisitor. In the decades that followed, Quixos was forced to perform blasphemous rites to transfer the Daemon Prince's essence into fresh hosts as its Chaotic essence eventually destroyed each body. Even the awesome power of a Daemon Prince could not hold the dissolution of its host body at bay indefinitely. The flesh



of each victim would become corrupt and unable to contain the beast, and another unwilling victim would be forced to become host to the monster. With each new incarnation of the Daemon Prince, another piece of Quixos' humanity was forfeit. He was to delve yet further into the mysteries of Chaos and, as his knowledge and powers grew, so too did the corruption of his body and soul.

There are those who whisper that the bindings which Quixos had intoned over the imprisoned body of Cherubael were doomed to fail from the outset, and it was the Daemon Prince's insidious corruption seeping invisibly from his bandaged form that drove Quixos over the edge of sanity. It is likely that no one will ever know for sure, as Quixos was declared Heretic and Extremis Diabolus in 342.M41 by

Inquisitor Eisenhorn. Three years later, Quixos was dead, executed by Eisenhorn, and the daemonic form of Cherubael had passed into the service of his killer. The circumstances surrounding this are shrouded in mystery, and certainly Eisenhorn has never spoken of what took place between him and Quixos.

The Daemon Prince has since fought alongside the Inquisitor for many years and, among Eisenhorn's opponents within the Inquisition, it is suspected that his close ties with the Daemonhost has been the cause for the increase in his psychic powers in recent decades. Whether this is true or not is unknown, although there are many who believe that Eisenhorn is becoming as much of a danger to the stability of the Imperium as the renegade Quixos was.

Only time will tell.



LIGHTER DARK.

† RADICAL

† INQUISITOR

RELIGIOUS-PIOUS †

JOHN MM © G. W.

These are just two of the evocative images from JOHN BLANCHE'S INQUISITOR SKETCHBOOK Published by the Black Library

MUTIES



BANDIT MUTANTS
DESPARADO MUTANTS



EMISSARY FABIAN

Little is known of the origins of the rebel leader Fabian. He first appeared on the world of Siluria IV, a planet unremarkable in all respects save for a slightly higher than average rate of mutant births. It was with some surprise that the censor-takers of Governor Rex first reported dramatic drops in the numbers of mutants being arrested by the security forces. No one believed that there had been a change in the birth rate, the mutants had simply started disappearing.

It was then that rumors began to spread of a mutant leader in the wastelands, who called himself Fabian, Emissary of the True Emperor. Mutants from across Siluria were secretly gathering, forming an organization that came to be known as the Church of the Abhorred. This was obviously worrying to Governor Rex, who commanded his astrophaths to send out a general request for Inquisitorial aid. Witch Hunter Tyrus was amongst those who responded to the plea, bringing his own bloody version of justice to Siluria.

Tyrus' interrogations lasted for several weeks as he attempted to build up a picture of recent events. During this time, the Church of the Abhorred struck

for the first time, waylaying a trade convoy between the cities of Salvis and Protia. The guards and crews of the cross-desert haulers were brutally slain, their bodies strung up as grim warnings to others who would attempt to cross the wastelands.

It was at this point that Tyrus devised a trap intended to capture or slay Fabian. Gathering the most hardened security agents and mercenaries Siluria had to offer, he took command of the next road train due to leave Salvis. As he had anticipated, the mutant army attacked again, only this time he was ready. Although outnumbered and unable to match the savagery of the mutants, Tyrus and his followers were well armed and prepared, and the ambush quickly turned into a rout for the Church of the Abhorred. Tyrus himself slew a dozen mutants, although later inspection proved that none of the bodies recovered matched the sketchy descriptions of Fabian himself.

For several more months Tyrus and Fabian's forces clashed in the harsh deserts of Siluria, but the two never met in person. As the war progressed, it

seemed that mutant resistance began to crumble. Reports of Fabian himself ceased, and, for a while at least, Tyrus believed that the Emissary of the True Emperor had been slain. However, as he prepared to leave with his entourage, Tyrus was to learn of his error. Fabian, in fact, had been marshalling his forces, and with a surprise attack led his mutant army into Protia space port. They managed to hijack a ship, overpowering the helpless port security, and blasted off before better trained forces could be deployed to thwart them. Tyrus himself commandeered a vessel and set off in pursuit but was unable to bring the rebel craft to combat before they escaped the system and became lost in warp space.

For the last decade there have been scattered reports of Emissary Fabian, who has resorted to piracy and brigandage, waylaying Imperial shipping or raiding isolated settlements for supplies. On two more occasions Tyrus has tried to trap Fabian, but both times the mutant leader himself has escaped, only to reappear years later having gathered a new band of cut-throats and renegades about himself.

Emissary Fabian

Equipment: Stubber with 6 rounds; firebomb (see below); knife.

Special Abilities: Atrophied right leg (see Exterminatus elsewhere in this issue); iron hard skin; spit acid.

Psychic Powers: Wyrd – Embolden, Demoralize.

Fire bomb: Fabian carries a homemade firebomb, which is a potentially devastating, if unreliable, device which he uses to carry out acts of sabotage and terrorism.

The firebomb is a special type of grenade with the profile below:

Type	Range	Area	Blast	Dam	Shots	Reload	Weight
grenade	C	*	*	D10	X	X	15

The firebomb explodes with an Area equal to the roll of a D6 in yards. Its Blast value is equal to this number plus an additional D3. Each location hit has a chance of being set on fire using the rules for flammers.

The firebomb has a crude fuse which allows Fabian to delay its detonation. The fuse can be set between one and six turns before exploding. However, the GM should make a Sg test for Fabian in secret. If he fails, he cuts the fuse either one turn too long or one turn short (GM's decision, or roll for it). This can take it up to a seven turn fuse, while if this reduces it to zero turns, roll on the Grenade Fumble table on page 82 of Inquisitor to see what happens when he lights the fuse!

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Fabian	65	48	65	71	57	57	71	88	44





SIMEON 38X

For many centuries there has been a condition found amongst many of the Imperial faithful known as the Gathalamor syndrome. Stirred by tales such as Confessor Dolan's martyrdom, some Imperial servants become suffused with the need to sacrifice themselves in the Emperor's name. Often they are easily obliged by joining the ranks of unofficial soldiery known as the Frateris Militia, or signing up to a fanatical cult such as the Crusade of the Red Redemption. However, this is not always possible and can cause problems for local authorities and the Ecclesiarchy.

One such sufferer of Gathalamor syndrome was Erin Octavus, a simple grox farmer who eked out his livelihood on the agri-world of Standalone. For his whole life he was very pious, attending the shrine every day, frequently confessing to acts he believed sinful but which weren't proscribed by local doctrine. This strange behavior began to increase as he grew older, and in his early twenties he was stopped from flagellating himself to death several times for what he called 'impious thoughts', although what these thoughts concerned is not recorded.

The local Preacher, who history tells us was Preacher Jaxxon, was unable to

console Octavus, and the farmer remained convinced he was tainted and evil. Growing suspicious of daemonic influence, Jaxxon sent word to his cardinal, who held office on the nearby world of Vrast, requesting that an exorcism team be sent to investigate. Cardinal Simeon himself attended the case, and subjected the willing grox herder to all manner of hideous trials and investigations, all of which proved Octavus free from evil influence.

Still desperately unhappy, Erin pleaded with the Cardinal to purge him of his sinful nature, but by Ecclesiarchal canon there was nothing the Cardinal could do. Finally, in a fit of rage and spurred on by hallucinations, Octavus herded his grox into the Ecclesiarchal compound and assaulted the Cardinal and his retinue. Although the attack was not serious, it was all the reason the Cardinal needed, and immediately he had Erin restrained and put on trial. He found him guilty of causing harm to a member of the Ministorum clergy and, at the urging of the defendant himself, committed him to arco-flagellation.

The story would have ended there were it not for the fact that the creature

known as Simeon 38X still suffers from Gathalamor syndrome. In all probability his psycho-conditioning and the effect of his pacifier helm have worsened its effects, so that occasionally Simeon 38X becomes so trapped in his own wracking guilt he breaks through his psycho-conditioning and does not respond to his trigger word.

This was a particular problem during the three years Simeon was assigned to Inquisitor Steinbeck while he was conducting the Thallasian Purges. On several occasions Simeon 38X failed to deactivate upon receiving his trigger word, and on one notable occasion rampaged through the congregation of an Ecclesiarchy chapel at mass, causing much bloodshed and damage. Amongst the dead were three preachers, an Abbess of the Sisterhood and half a dozen parishioners. It was at this point that Simeon 38X was almost terminated, but instead was granted a stay of execution by Inquisitor Tyrus, who overturned the re-trial sentencing of deathmasking. Tyrus now holds the arco-flagellant in stasis aboard his own vessel, preferring to reserve unleashing Simeon 38X against only his most hated foes.

Simeon 38X

Equipment: Two implant decapitators (see Exterminatus in this issue). Combat stim injectors containing psychon, rage (see below) and reflex. Each contains enough stimms to last for 50 turns.

Special Abilities: All of the rules for Arco-flagellants apply to Simeon 38X. Simeon 38X's trigger word is Exculpate.

Gathalamor syndrome: Simeon 38X's conditioning is not perfect, and on occasion he will not respond to his trigger word once activated. When activated, there is a 10% chance he will not respond that turn, although further attempts can be made. When attempting to de-activate Simeon 38X by means of his trigger word, he will only respond 50% of the time, otherwise he will continue to attack in his frenzied fashion.

Rage: Rage is a form of combat stim which increases awareness and response time, but ravages the user's nervous system. The character may re-roll any failed action rolls. At the end of every turn, the character must roll over their Speed on a D6 or add D10 to their injury total.

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Simeon 38X	62	23	76	81	52	96	12	160	15



This month, Gav Thorpe leafs through the *Corpus Auxilia* – the Book of Servants – and takes a more detailed look at an Inquisition philosophy: the tenets of the reincarnationist Thorian.

SERVANTS OF THE GOD-INCARNATE

CORPUS AUXILIA - THE THORIAN INQUISITORS

Inquisitors of the Thorian philosophy believe that the Emperor walks among Humanity. He chooses his vessels to do his work, as he has done since time began. The rotting carcass maintained in the Golden Throne is not the Emperor, for he travels abroad, tending to his Divine Will, instilling his power into those that have been chosen. Taking their name from Saint Sebastian Thor, whom they believe to have been such a mortal vessel, the Thorians are convinced that the Emperor yet waits for a new body to be found or created which can contain his divinity for more than brief periods of time. In essence, the Thorians strive to find or create this vessel so that the Emperor may return to lead Mankind to its destiny and conquest of the galaxy. Although in their present form the Thorians have only been part of the Inquisition's politics for a few millennia, resurrectionist factions of one sort or another have been more or less present since its founding.

THE GOD-INCARNATE

At the center of this belief is a body of lore known as the Principles of the God-Incarnate. Scraps of this most Inquisitors are aware of, but only Inquisitors who have proved their loyalty to the Thorian belief have access to the gathered wisdom of millennia concerning the God-Incarnate. Over the years the principles have been amended and added to, and it is widely accepted by the Thorians that the most complete version is the Hesten Manuscript, compiled by Inquisitor Hesten between 450 and 465.M40.

The Principles of the God-Incarnate postulate that the Emperor truly is a god; his near-death at the hands of Horus allowed him to finally shatter the mortal bonds shackling his true potential, and he ascended to the power of a deity. Like the other gods he has an existence within the warp, in essence he is the god of Humanity, and the Thorians claim they have gathered much evidence to support this. The one limitation to any god is that to have power over the physical world, they must rely upon mortals to do their

work. As first postulated by Inquisitor Damasko in 243.M32, most Inquisitors accept that to affect events in the material universe the Chaos gods, and by extension other deities, must have champions, possess worshippers, influence mortals or temporarily create physical manifestations in the form of daemons. The Emperor is, in fact, the greatest example of this – the galaxy spanning Imperium is merely the material instrument of the Emperor. Much of the Principles of the God-Incarnate points towards gods, and other warp entities, craving after the physical universe.

However, what if a god could become a physical incarnation? If, as the Thorians expound, a man can become a god (as they believe happened at the Emperor's Ascension), it stands to reason that a god can become a man. This is Inquisitor Raptenstein's First Principle of the God-Incarnate: a god can become a physical incarnation. The idea of the God-Incarnate is that there will be a certain individual (or individuals) who will allow this to happen – a god could invest its power into a special mortal body and literally become a living god. It was Inquisitor Loweberg's interpretations of the Principles of the God-Incarnate that first referred to these physical vessels as avatars.

THE IMPLICATIONS OF THE GOD-INCARNATE

Without being restricted to the warp, and therefore restricted to the manipulation of crass, mortal pawns, what power would a god have? One can easily imagine that Humanity would be doomed if one of the avatars were to become an incarnation of a Chaos god. Horus himself almost achieved this, and was only defeated by an equally powerful being – the Emperor. Similarly, the idea of the God-Incarnate is not restricted to humans. Many Inquisitors, such as Czevak and Gründvald of the Ordo Xenos, believe that certain faint echoes and omens within the warp suggest that the Eldar are striving to create a new god to defeat Chaos; while a God-Incarnate of the Ork deities Gork or Mork would be terrible. However, possibly an even greater



threat to the Imperium, and the reason why the God-Incarnate is such a secret that only the Inquisition know of it, is Raptenstein's proposal that it would be possible to reincarnate the Emperor as a living being.

As far as most of the Thorian's opponents are concerned, the 'Second Coming' of the Emperor would be a very bad thing. This is quite an understandable position, really, and springs from uncertainty. As Inquisitor Caetris proclaimed in his Doctrines of Disbelief:

'If the Emperor were to become a God-Incarnate, would the Emperor be destroyed if things went wrong, if the avatar was unsuitable, or the rituals went awry? Even if the transfer of power succeeded, what would happen to the Astronomican? If the Emperor were in physical form, could he be killed again, and, if so, would he be destroyed forever, exposing Humanity to the many perils that the Emperor protects Mankind from? Most importantly, what would be Humanity's reaction to having their god walking among them once more? I can tell you now without a shadow of doubt, the Imperium would be torn apart by war, as believers and unbelievers clashed with each other!'

Caetris then went on at great length to expand upon these views, encouraging like-minded Inquisitors to stamp out resurrectionist tendencies, leading to the secret internecine war known in the Inquisition's annals as the Caetris Schism, which lasted for some thirty seven years. All in all, most Inquisitors side with Caetris' opinion, and would rather see the status quo sustained and any chance of the Emperor returning eliminated.

THE QUEST FOR THE GOD-INCARNATE

For those who know of (and believe in) such things, it is the task of the Inquisition to seek out possible avatars and kill them or, in the case of the Thorians, control and study them. Over several thousand years the Thorians, and certain other interested factions such as the Horusians, have gathered

vast amounts of information which to them indicate possible avatars (see Signs and Portents below). Under the cover of rooting out heretics, witches and mutants, the Thorians are also searching for individuals who show signs of avatar-like properties so that they can observe, capture or, if they appear to be avatars of Chaos, destroy them.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS

The Principles of the God-Incarnate tell of the coming of the new god amidst great upheaval, strife and war. Ancient prophecies and divinations claim that the God-Incarnate's arrival will be preceded by calamitous events. For the Thorians, many of these prophecies are currently being realized, the tumultuous circumstances of recent years indicate that the time of the God-Incarnate will soon be upon the galaxy. They point to Ghazghkull's massive Waaagh! at Armageddon, the encroaching hive fleets of the Tyranids, the gradual re-awakening of the Necrontyr and other events as indications of growing turmoil and strife which herald the God-Incarnate.

Similarly, there are indicators that point towards who the avatars will be – shrouded in myths and legends as you'd expect. Much of this is obscure to the point of uselessness; 'He shall have a great doom upon his brow', 'He shall be a witch of great power', 'He shall be altered in the physical form', 'He shall be able to talk and walk with the animals' and other obtuse references. To this end, the Thorians round up all the psykers and mutants they can; to study them, to find out what might link them together and what features a possible avatar might display. Nobody knows all of the possible signs and in the centuries since the Thorians began to grow in power, and there have been several false alarms, much to the chagrin of the Inquisitors who adhere to the philosophy. It is not uncommon for Thorians to be seen as scaremongers by other Inquisitors; often they are portrayed within other factions as seeing avatars wherever they look for them.



The fantastic new range of Inquisitor 54mm figures allows experienced painters to really hone their skills. This issue we start the first of a new series on how our own 'Eavy Metal team achieves those amazing results. This month we interrogated Dave Thomas about painting Inquisitor Eisenhorn.

Inquisitor Eisenhorn by Dave Thomas



GETTING STARTED

Before assembling Eisenhorn I examined the components to see how the model would fit together. I did a dry run with the pieces to see how they aligned and where they would work best on the finished model. I always pin any large scale models as superglue on its own is quite brittle and will not hold the weight of the arms or legs for everyday gaming use.

I often find it easier to paint a figure by fixing it to an easy-to-hold temporary base, such as the lid of a spray can. The smaller components which I wanted to paint before fixing in place I pinned to a separate cork base. For this model I painted the head, the gun holster, the staff and the clockwork device separately. I also knew that I wanted to paint some fine detail onto the cloak and so did not attach the upper torso to the legs until I had completed this stage. Once I had assembled the individual pieces, I filled any gaps that remained with green stuff, before I sprayed all the different components of the model with an undercoat of Chaos Black.

'EAVY METAL MASTERCLASS

PAINTING THE MODEL

One of the most important aspects I had to think about was how my chosen color scheme would complement and contrast on the finished model. Working in the Studio, I was fortunate enough to be able to approach Brian Nelson, who sculpted Eisenhorn. After a quick chat to glean some inspirational ideas, I decided to use a combination of purple, white and red to suggest an air of regality (for an insight into Eisenhorn's color scheme refer to page 119 of the Inquisitor rulebook).

I prefer painting a model by starting from the inside and working my way out. I painted the legs first, then the calipers, before moving onto his robes. Eisenhorn's robed uniform works on three separate layers of

on the cloak in thin layers until the mix is virtually white. I used Skull White on its own only when I came to paint on the final highlights; the very edges of the robe and the raised sections of the cloth. It is very important that only the deepest recesses of the model are painted grey. All the other shaded areas should appear almost white to the naked eye; otherwise the final effect will appear grey in tone. I mixed a very small amount of Codex Grey to the purple mix to highlight the edges of the outer cloak, and a similar quantity of Scaly Green was added to the Chaos Black to highlight the raised areas of his inner robe.

The 54mm models don't need the same contrasts in shading and highlights as 28mm, because the larger scale of the model will catch the natural light better, creating its own highlights. For Eisenhorn's flesh I used Bestial Brown in an equal mix with Dwarf Flesh for the shade tone. I added Elf Flesh to the mix to create the base tone and applied this to the same areas as you would a 28mm figure. For a final touch to portray an idea of age, I mixed in a small quantity of grey to the highlighting mix.



clothing. Painting the middle cloth section Skull White creates a separation between the Liche Purple and Chaos Black cloak and the Chaos Black tabard, acting as a contrasting color to accentuate the two darker colors.

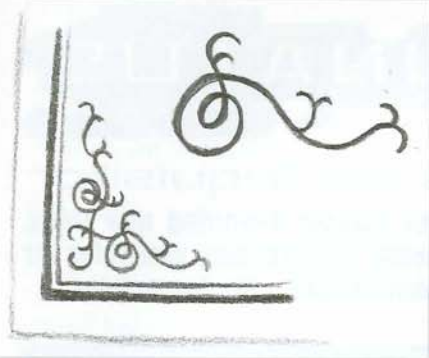
To paint the white robes, I used a base coat of Codex Grey, gradually blending in Skull White. I continued to make the mix lighter and paint it

FINE DETAIL

One of the key elements that stands out on my finished model is the

flamboyant decoration pattern on his robes. I sketched my initial design onto a bit of paper before I began painting it onto the figure.





After doing this I copied the design straight onto the model using Leprous Brown with a very small amount of Skull White added to the mix. In order to get the fine detail, I used only the very tip of my brush, making sure that the consistency of the paint allowed it to flow freely onto the model.



The thing I am most proud of on the finished figure has to be the marble effect on the scrolls and sword case. First I painted a basecoat of Scaly Green



onto the areas where I wanted to create the effect. Then I used an old drybrush to stipple a five parts to one mix of Scaly Green and Skull White. To stipple, I wiped off most of the paint from the bristles on a tissue, as you would when drybrushing. Instead of lightly brushing over the model, dab the bristles on the area to create the effect. Once this was dry I used the same mix to draw fine lines along the case. I added a small amount of Skull White to the paint mix, then highlighted these by drawing a thinner line down the center of the original line, repeating the process until satisfied. For the final touch I

painted a glaze of Dark Green Ink over the piece.

Instead of painting the shoulder pads a bright and shiny metallic color, I decided to create a more worn, antique effect. With a drybrush, I stippled Shining Gold over a Chaos Black undercoat using the same technique as for the marble effect. After this I gave it a wash of Chestnut Ink, mixed with an equal amount of Brown Ink. By repeating the whole process a number of times, gradually building up more gold to the central area, I eventually achieved the desired effect.



FINISHING TOUCHES

The base of any figure forms a large surface area, and so some degree of attention should be paid to making sure that it looks good. In the case of Eisenhorn I knew we would mostly be playing with the figure on our wilderness 'Frontier World' terrain and so themed my base around this. In the case of Eisenhorn it would be difficult to paint the base with the model attached, as his long cloak covers much of it. I therefore decided to paint it separately.



After supergluing some metal components on from a bits box, I added a layer of sand to the base, sticking it down with PVA before basecoating with Bestial Brown. Once dry I then drybrushed a mix of Bubonic Brown and Bleached Bone over the top. By adding increasing amounts of Bleached Bone to the mix for a lighter drybrushed effect, I created a sun scorched appearance. Finally, I painted the metal parts with Boltgun Metal and then gave them an inkwash with Black and Brown Ink to create a rusted junk finish. To finish off I glued some static grass to the base and heavily drybrushed it with Bleached Bone to give it a dead appearance.

The finishing touch to the model was to give it not one but three separate coats of varnish. I sprayed clear varnish on the model, then using a brush I coated the white robe and purple cloak in a matt varnish. Finally I painted gloss varnish on the metallic and marble areas and the vial on his calipers. Most importantly this process protects the figure so it can be handled freely, but the variety of varnishes help create the appearance of different textures on the finished figure giving greater realism.

VARNISHING





Lord Inquisitor Gav Thorpe has been enjoying his position tremendously since Inquisitor was released, and has been accusing anyone without a copy of the book of being a vile heretic.

EXTERMINATUS

Expanded Rules for Inquisitor
Exterminatus is our regular Inquisitor column, featuring new rules, wargear, special abilities, etc. This month Gav presents new rules for mutations and a deadly new close combat weapon – the Decapitator.

MUTATIONS

Mutations are a special type of Exotic ability, and should be treated in the same way when creating mutant characters. Remember that some of the Exotic abilities in Inquisitor may be the result of physical mutations, such as regeneration, spit acid and vampirism. Any character with three or more mutations is always fearsome, as well.

If you are using the Random Character Generator from last issue, a character has a 5% chance of having D6 mutations, rolled randomly on the table shown here. Re-roll mutations which are obviously contradictory (such as iron hard skin or scales and rotting flesh, for example).

MUTATIONS TABLE

D100	Mutation
01-09	Atrophied (random limb)
10-20	Bony crest
21-30	Club hand
31-36	Cyclopean
37-45	Fangs
46-50	Iron hard skin
51-60	Rotting flesh
61-70	Scales
71-77	Talons
78-82	+D6x10 S
83-87	+D6x10 T
88-92	-4D10 S
93-96	-4D10 I
97-00	-4D10 Sg

ATROPHIED

One or more of the mutant's limbs is withered and feeble, with little or no muscle power. A single atrophied leg reduces all of the character's movement rates, except crawling, by 1 yard and means the character cannot sprint. If both legs are atrophied the character is affected as for one leg. In addition, they count moving faster than a walk as a risky action, and if they fumble their action roll, will fall over and spend the rest of the turn prone.

An atrophied arm is at half Strength. This means their overall Strength is reduced by a quarter (or halved, if both arms are atrophied). The Strength of their normal arm is equal to two thirds of their modified Strength value. For example, if a character had Strength 65, this would normally be 33 in each arm (actually 32.5, but we round up). A character with an atrophied arm would reduce their overall Strength by 17 to 48. The atrophied arm would count as Strength 16 and the other arm Strength 32, for the purposes of Strength tests.

BONY CREST

The mutant's skull has abnormal growths across it, thick protrusions of bone that jut through the skin like a crest or horns. This bone gives the mutant additional protection to its brain. The mutant may re-roll the Toughness test to see if it is stunned when hit in the head.

CLUB HAND

The mutant's fingers and hand have fused together into a single knobby lump, giving it a powerful punch but rendering it unable to use the hand for anything else. The mutant may not hold anything in the club hand, but it may be used in close combat. The club counts as an unarmed attack that does an additional D6 damage.



Quovandius and Mutant Emissary Fabian show a variety of the mutations described.

CYCLOPEAN

The mutant only has a single eye, destroying their depth perception. The mutant doubles any penalties to hit due to range modifiers (bonuses for range modifiers are unaffected).

FANGS

Abnormally long and sharp teeth line the mutant's mouth, giving it a fearsome bite. Once per turn the mutant may make a free bite attack against a single close combat opponent within arm's reach. This does not take up any of the mutant's actions and counts as an attack with an improvised weapon.

IRON HARD SKIN

The mutant is covered in thick, leathery skin like an elephant or rhino, which is insensitive and, therefore, reduces the pain felt from injury. Any time the character must add damage to their injury total, deduct 1 from the amount added. This has no effect on location damage.

ROTTING FLESH

This horrid mutation means that the

mutant's skin is constantly dying and sloughing off, exposing fat and muscle. This disfigurement gives off a disgusting stench and leaves them susceptible to injury, as even glancing hits can rip off hunks of flesh. The character reduces their base injury value by 1 and they can be smelt by other characters on a successful Awareness test up to ten yards away and will be smelt automatically within five yards.

SCALES

In places, the mutant's skin has formed into hard, bony scales which act as a form of natural armor. Add 1 to the character's base injury value.

TALONS

The mutant's fingers are little more than sharp bone, which makes for a great natural weapon but hinders their manual dexterity. A character may have one or both hands as taloned. A taloned hand cannot be used to carry anything, but the character counts as being armed with a short sword (which cannot be dropped, etc.).



NEW WARGEAR & RULES CORRECTION

The following is a new item of wargear to equip your characters with and is used by Simeon 38X as detailed elsewhere in this issue.

DECAPITATORS

Decapitators are a vicious close combat weapon often fitted to combat cyborgs such as Pit Fighters, Arco-flagellants and Adeptus Mechanicus Praetorians. Consisting of four shear-like cutting blades, a decapitator can snip off whole limbs or, as the name suggests, lop of an enemy's head with one blow!

A decapitator has the following profile:

Reach	Damage	Penalty Parry
2	2D6	-25%

A character armed with a decapitator can attempt to make a special 'shear' attack. The attack is at -25% to hit, in addition to other modifiers. A shear attack does not do normal damage, instead the location hit automatically suffers D6 levels of injury. Increase the victim's injury total by the minimum amount

needed to inflict this amount of damage. For example, if a character with a Base Injury Value of 6 is hit in the arm, and the D6 roll comes up a 3, the injury is Severe and their injury total increased by 18.

RULES CORRECTION!

It appears the forces of Chaos breached manuscript security before Inquisitor was printed, leading to a somewhat bizarre physical alteration of our forces. Please note that the hit location table (and the one on the character sheet) is incorrect and should be amended to the following:

HIT LOCATION TABLE

D100	Location
01-15	Right leg
16-30	Left leg
31-35	Groin
36-50	Right arm
51-65	Left arm
66-80	Abdomen
81-95	Chest
96-00	Head

Gav Thorpe continues his look at creating your own campaign settings. This month Gav discusses adding specific locations to your planet by looking at the key sites he created for the world of Karis Cephalon.

CREATING WORLDS

INQUISITOR CAMPAIGN SETTINGS PART 2

Following on from my previous article discussing some ideas concerning worlds to set your Inquisitor campaigns on, I'll be looking at adding specific locations to your setting. These add detail to your world and will also be some of the places where your Inquisitor scenarios are actually played out. As before, I'll be citing examples from Karis Cephalon, the world where our own Inquisitor campaign is currently based.

HOW MANY?

The number of locations you detail will depend on a number of things. Firstly, how long you intend your campaign to last. If the characters are only going to be around for a short while, it probably isn't worth going into too much effort concerning places they won't be visiting. On the other hand, if you want the characters to be spending a lot of time on your world, it is worth coming up with more locations, some of which you may not intend to use yet but will add depth to the background and possibly act as hooks for further scenarios later in the campaign.

You also need to consider how much moving around the characters are going

to do, as well as how many different warrior bands are involved in the campaign. If you have quite a few players, you will probably need more locations for them to meet in. If you have too many fights in a single place, it'll start getting a reputation as Inquisition Grand Central!

As a rule of thumb I'd say you need three different locations to start with and should probably introduce at least the same number again during the campaign, if possible. This should give you some choice and variety to start without being too much work up front, and it should allow the characters to 'explore' their environment as they become more familiar with the world and the campaign. Remember that you don't necessarily have to play a game in all of these locations, some of them might be mentioned as extra background, possibly for later inclusion.

WHAT ARE THEY FOR?

Although you may have created an overview of the whole planet, you'll need to have some actual places for your warrior bands to fight. These locations will be tied in quite strongly to the plot of the campaign and the

individual scenarios themselves. It is important that they have as much character as the rest of the campaign and reflect the atmosphere you want to evoke. For example, a gunfight in a random city street may be fun but doesn't really add much to the storyline you're trying to build. A shoot-out across tumbledown and overgrown ruins in the gardens of the usurped Governor's mansion might do the trick!

Tying locations to the campaign plot works both ways. You might have a particular scenario in mind which requires a specific location – if two Inquisitor warrior bands are fighting over possession of a certain book, for example, where is it being held? However, locations can also be the spur for a scenario idea. Not all scenarios have to be linked directly to the campaign, and some may even be red herrings or dead ends plot-wise. As an example, you might have thought up this wonderful setting, let's say a grandiose cemetery where the planet's powerful elite have been buried for millennia. You can picture it in your mind – the massive mausoleums and grand tombs, some the size of small palaces. But what has all this to do with your campaign plot of saving the world from a pre-Heresy death cult? Well, obviously there are myths and rumors that one of the caskets in the cemetery contains ancient documents dating back to pre-Imperial times, when the cult was founded. This, of course, can be utter nonsense if you don't want the Inquisitors to have that sort of information, but it doesn't stop them fighting for possession of the mausoleum in question...

THE QUESTION OF TERRAIN

One of the main constraints to the number and variety of locations in which you can play scenarios is the terrain you have to fight over. However, there are a couple of simple tricks you can use to make a little scenery go a long way. For a start, if your basic terrain set isn't too specific, different set-ups can be different places. Draw two or three maps using the terrain in



your collection and see how laying out the pieces in different places can shape the location. The amount by which you bunch up or spread out the terrain can be the difference between the narrow winding alleys of an Imperial city and an open plaza in front of an Ecclesiarchy cathedral. Use the same set-ups two or three times so that the players get used to certain areas having a defined layout. That way, when you change the setting, all you need to do is change the layout to show it's a different area of the city/catacombs/Imperial Guard base, or whatever your terrain collection may represent.

Special features are another simple way to add some variation. As with a pre-set layout, a certain room, building, monument or other feature can be associated with particular places and can also be tied in to the scenario being played. This might be a statue under which is supposedly a secret entrance to an underground bunker, it might be a hollow altar table which hides secret texts of a forbidden cult, or it could be dozens of other things. Building one terrain feature for a scenario is a lot less daunting than trying to fill the whole gaming table.

The point is, you don't necessarily have to make terrain for a whole table to invent a new location, it may be possible to do with a combination of set-ups and unique features.

That said, if you have the time and resources, introducing a new terrain set-up part way through the campaign can really give the players a sense that they are somewhere new. You may already have an apocalyptic final battle between the Inquisitors in mind, and a specially built terrain set would be a stunning end to the campaign. Of course, you don't have to use the scenery just the once, but its first use would really add a dramatic twist and lend importance to the scenario. After all, your players are going to know that you went to some effort and will be expecting a really entertaining battle (just don't spend so much time on the terrain that you don't have time to write a suitably exciting scenario to go with it!).

Now we're quite fortunate here at the Studio to have a number of gaming tables and terrain collections. Looking at these, I devised a number of locations in which scenarios may take place, and these are shown.

GAMING LOCATIONS

THE SEWERS

Although built for Warhammer 40,000 cityfights, we have also used these boards to represent the sewers beneath the capital (the canal in particular helped this). The sewers are a great environment for many miscellaneous encounters and make a nice, subterranean change from fighting in buildings or streets. On occasion, we have used Warhammer and Necromunda giant rat miniatures to represent swarms of rats which attack models stunned or taken out of action. The sewers are also home to the mutant terrorists and other nefarious criminals and scum.



SLAVE PLANTATION

Your traditional green Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 board can still be put to good use for Inquisitor. In this case, the addition of a few pieces of appropriate architecture and abandoned machinery allows us to recreate a derelict farm. Perhaps it has been overrun by a slave revolt, and some of the mutant rebels are still hiding out. This seemingly deserted outpost could be the lair of a rival Inquisitor, anti-slavery forces or even a highly militant anti-mutant group.



MOON BASE PRIMIS

This was a board I used for a scenario set outside a shuttle base on Karis Cephalon's moon. The scenario revolved around one warrior band trying to sneak into the compound and steal a shuttle to get to the capital to link up with their allies. The Governor's security forces had been put on alert and, led by a sympathetic Inquisitor, were patrolling the perimeter. It's a very open board, so to help out the infiltrators I imposed serious modifiers to awareness rolls, based upon the assumption that the base was currently on the moon's dark side.





AMETHYST PALACE WEST WING

The center of Karis Cephalon's capital is the Amethyst Palace, which I imagine to be a sprawling, Gormenghast-like building, more like a small town than a single building. Part of the history I have developed was the revolution several thousand years ago, and during the rebellion I envisioned that a large part of the Amethyst Palace, namely the west wing, was reduced to burnt-out rubble. It is a warren of hidden corridors and buried treasures, and home to all manner of scavengers, fortune hunters and other ne'er-do-wells. Since the Amethyst palace itself predates the Imperium, it is quite likely that pre-Imperial artifacts may be found somewhere within the west wing ruins. The collapse of part of the floor has also created some entrances to the fabled catacombs beneath the city. Based on another of our cityfight boards, the west wing looks more like it could be the remnants of vast sprawling rooms and galleries, rather than just individual buildings.



CATACOMBS

As well as the sewers, the capital, Cephalon, is riddled with ancient catacombs from when the planet was originally settled. Here are clues to the settling of Karis Cephalon, perhaps the location of the mysterious Dark Age of Technology weapon called the Angel. Many of you may remember this as our Space Hulk board for the Armageddon campaign. Well, it's been pressed into service again as our Inquisitor catacombs. The blend of open areas and narrow conduits, plus the small doorways which serve as access hatches at this scale, gives it a much denser, more constructed look than the sewers, and the pipeline running its length adds an interesting tactical option for games played across it. This is actually one of my favorite boards to play across.



THE AMBUSH SITE

This was a fun location, as well, which inspired a simple ambush scenario – with a twist. Set out in wastelands surrounding one of the mines, an Inquisitor was on his way to find out why communication had been lost, suspecting mutant terrorist activity. A band of opportunist outlaws ambushed the vehicles en route, not knowing that they contained such a powerful individual. The scenario involved them breaking off the attack and getting back to their own transport before the vengeful Inquisitor, who was convinced of more sinister motives behind the attack, caught up with them! In this game I didn't actually have the vehicles moving, they merely provided cover to fight around, but some of the games run have included moving vehicles, and I hope to publish some rules for dealing with these in the future.



TEMPLES

Religious sects, occult goings on and spiritual deviancy are all central themes for Inquisitor. Temples and shrines are perfect locations for all sorts of cult activity. Modeling a 54mm cathedral might be beyond most of us, but a secret tabernacle hidden away in another building, or perhaps the crypt of an Ecclesiarchy chapel, is a more manageable project.

CATACOMBS AND SEWERS

As I mentioned earlier, all sorts of underground adventures can be had. No self-respecting settlement is without a network of tunnels and caves beneath it – a lair to fugitives, mutants, bloodthirsty cults and the resting place of ancient archeotech, any of which can be used for the basis of a scenario.

INDUSTRIAL COMPLEXES

This includes mines, atmosphere processors, munitions factories, depots and similar constructions. This can also include more extravagant locations;

perhaps a gas harvester on one of the system's gas giant planets, or maybe a corpse recycling plant on a hive world cut off from the rest of the Imperium for years and desperately short of food (yeugh!).

SPACE PORTS

To get anywhere off a planet you need a spaceship of some sort, from visiting an orbital station to following the trail of a hated foe halfway across the galaxy. Not all Inquisitors have their own starships and will need to stow away, steal or otherwise commandeer one. Inquisitors who do have their own transport may have to protect it from attack or perhaps make a daring escape when things go wrong...

ARMORIES AND MILITARY FACILITIES

Anywhere where there are lots of weapons for the unfaithful to use against Imperial servants, the Inquisition is going to take a keen interest. Imagine a fight in the ammo warehouses, where all combat has to be hand-to-hand, because a single stray shot could engulf the whole place in a massive explosion. Or an investigation into a senior military

commander, whose troops are utterly loyal to him and must be avoided or otherwise dealt with.

ARCHIVES AND LIBRARIES

There is an ancient Imperial proverb, "Knowledge is power, guard it well." Some libraries in the Imperium date back as far as the Dark Age of Technology, and many are the secrets they contain if only you know where to look. The Adeptus Mechanicus frequently search such facilities for fabled Standard Template Construct data, either with permission or more illicitly.

STARSHIPS

The warships and merchant vessels of the Imperium can be huge vessels, space-borne cities with all of the in-fighting, cult activity and heresy you would find in any other settlement. So much so, in fact, that pretty much any of the other locations mentioned here could be found aboard a starship, as well as more specific places like the plasma reactor chambers, gun decks, command bridges and shuttle bays.

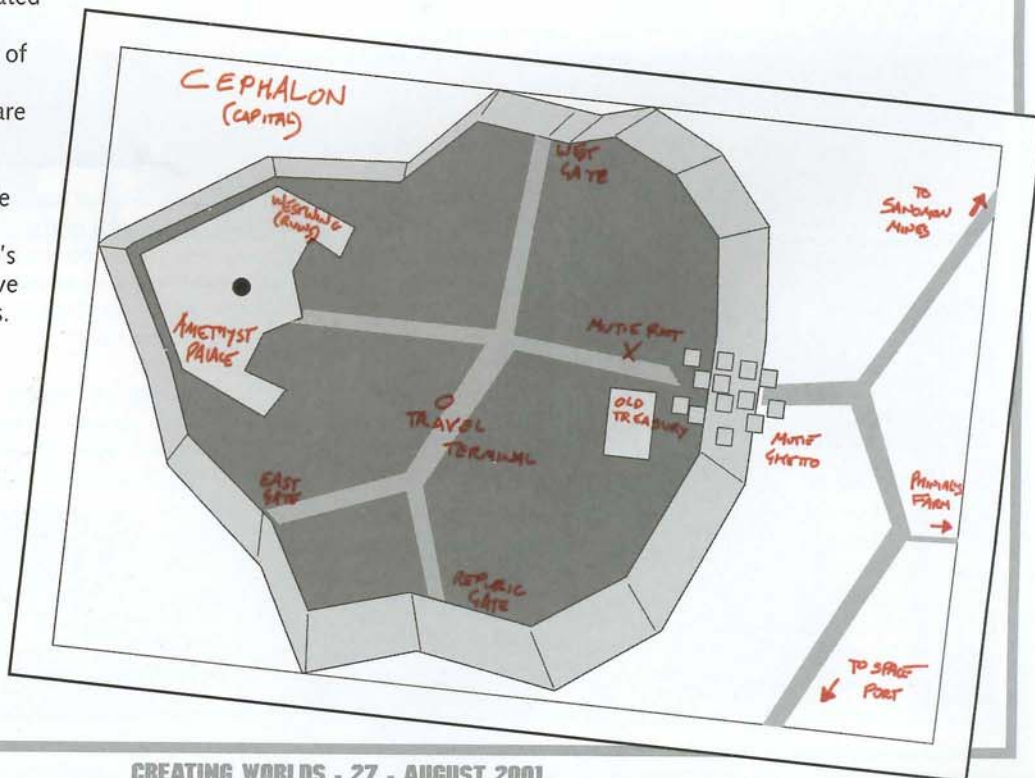
MAPS AND DIAGRAMS

There's nothing like a map to give the impression that a place is real. Maps can vary from a few hasty scribbles, to elegant 3-D computer generated works of art (if you have the resources and skills for that sort of thing!). There are two sorts of maps you can do. Firstly, there are maps in the traditional sense, which show a city, area of wilderness, or perhaps the whole planet. These can be used to provide an overview of the area's topography and show the relative positioning of different locations.

Secondly, there are more detailed schematics of actual locations, such as a small scale street map and internal layouts of buildings. These have a couple of uses. Firstly, if they are based on your terrain collection, you have a record of the set-up for the location if you play more than one scenario there. Secondly, you can use them as part of the scenario briefing for the

players. Presenting the players with a map each and asking what their plan is going to be, where they're going to enter and so on, gives them time to

prepare before the encounter, and actually scouting out the area or finding the map could be the objective of an earlier scenario...



Inquisitor gives you ample room to test the mettle of your own characters in the grim darkness of the far future. Here's how Rick Smith converted and painted his own overzealous protagonist!

WITCH HUNTER MELCHIA

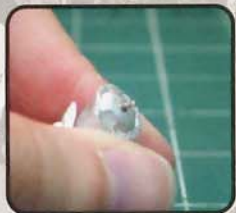
CONVERTING AND PAINTING
AN INQUISITOR MODEL

Converting and painting an Inquisitor model may seem really daunting at first, but it shouldn't be a scary prospect at all. When you think about it, an Inquisitor model is actually about the same size as an Eldar Avatar or a Daemon Prince. If you can tackle one of these beasts, you can definitely take on a dark and shadowy character from the 41st Millennium! The character I decided to create follows the path of the Monodominants. He's a venerable man, quick to judge what he deems is right or wrong. Melchia, my Witch Hunter, is not above virus bombing whole worlds if he even suspects that a portion of the populace has turned to the debased worship of the Dark Gods. I guess he's not a very nice guy...

The first thing I had to consider was how Melchia would look. The Tyrus model would work perfectly as a base for my conversion. I knew that Melchia would be an aggressive old man, but one so energized by his duties that he would gladly wade into combat to crush any rebels and deviants. All I had to do was make him not look so "Tyrus-like".

I started by getting my hands on the Tyrus kit as well as the Eisenhorn and Delphan Gruss boxed sets. I noticed that Gruss' tabard would fit perfectly on the front of the model, so I took that and Gruss' scroll, then turned to Eisenhorn. I wanted Melchia to be an ancient man, so Eisenhorn's head would work perfectly. That's when I noticed Eisenhorn's staff. The skull with the iron halo was in perfect scale to his actual head. I clipped the spiky halo from the skull and added it to my pile of bits.

Now it was time to actually put Melchia together. I took the basis of my conversion out of the box and looked over all of his bits. With my clippers I removed any excess metal, like venting marks, and used a small file to remove any mold lines. Once the surfaces were nice and smooth, it was time to see how he would go together. I tested each bit to see how they would fit, and started drilling holes into the left and right legs with my pin vice. Pinning allows you to have a much stronger, more permanent bond than super glue alone could ever offer. Once each hole was deep enough, I took an everyday paper clip and cut it to the right length. With a tiny drop of super glue in one hole and a dollop of glue on the other leg, I inserted one end of the clip into the left leg. After that was done, I pushed the leg and paper clip into the right leg. All the paint will chip off my model before that bond falls apart! I repeated this for the head and the joint of the upper torso and legs, but the arms didn't need any help, as they had posts and holes already sculpted on the model!



I had drilled the extra-long pin I had to mix up some modeling putty and build up a base for the head to sit on. The resulting blob-like cylinder served its purpose nicely. I also wanted Melchia's head to look to his left, as if he were about to level his Bolt pistol at some heathen. The powerfist arm was positioned in a more relaxed pose than the one Tyrus was in. Finally, I added the bits from Delphan Gruss. With the leftover putty from constructing Melchia's neck, I rolled a small ball and stuck it to the left shoulder pad. I then pressed the scroll into the putty and left it to harden. The tabard was a simple matter of cutting the top into a "v" shape to be able to hang under the skull on Melchia's belt. With minimal bending, it fit just fine.



All that remained was to add my conversion bits. The head was a bit of a challenge. Tyrus was sculpted with a super long "neck", due to the fact that he had to peer over his collar. Eisenhorn, however, was a little more normal. So where



STEP 1



To reflect Melchia's black and white viewpoint of the universe, I decided to keep the paint scheme very plain and simple. I used a limited palette of silver, gold, black, white, red and bone. Make sure that when you paint, you mix your colors with a bit of clean water. Painting right out of the pot will clog up your details! All the trim on the power armor was painted with Boltgun Metal. Icons and the Bolt pistol were painted Shining Gold. The power cables and purity seal were painted with Scab Red, while the tabard and shoulder pads were given a base coat of Codex Grey. The scroll, holster and skulls were painted Bestial Brown.

I chose to use black primer for my base. I actually tend to spray all of my Citadel Miniatures with black. This kind of base coat is perfect for painting models with tons of large dark areas or heavily armored miniatures as metallic paints look much better over black. A black base also provides instant blacklining!



I tend to only give metallics a true ink wash. I always thought that inks give the crevices they lie in a shiny appearance once they're dry. Metal areas really do benefit from washes, as that texture should be shiny anyway. Just like normal paints, I thin down my inks with water. That way you can build up the opacity instead of being stuck with something right out of the bottle. Any areas that were painted Boltgun Metal were given a thin wash of Black Ink. The gold trinkets were given a mixed wash of Black Ink and Chestnut Ink. The more brown you use, the richer your golds will appear, so be careful not to overpower the Chestnut with the black!



STEP 2

STEP 3



I then went back and lightly brushed some thinned down Shining Gold on Melchia's possessions taking care to allow some of the darkness of the ink wash to show through. Special attention was taken to keep the second layer of gold away from where the rivets meet the surface in order to emphasize the joints. After I had gone back over the larger areas of gold, each rivet received a dab of this color, as well. I usually save the rivets until last. They're a lot easier to see once the rest of the surface has been highlighted. Just dip the tip of your brush into your gold/water mix and gently dab the top of the rivet.



Now that the gold bits were taken care of, it was time to move on to the silver parts of the model. The Boltgun Metal areas that were washed previously with the Black Ink got another layer of Boltgun, using the same technique as the gold sections of Melchia. With the paint nice and thin you can actually build up layers and still see some of the darkness of the ink wash below. Again, the rivets were dabbed with the metallic paint, but these were much easier to get to, as they were much larger than those on the Bolt pistol and Melchia's personal effects.



As you can see from the picture at the left, the ink wash creates instant shadow which you can make even more noticeable with your application of the silver paint as a highlight. I used just the tip of the detail brush and made sure that the bristle remained in a fine point.



STEP 4

STEP 5



Again, I concentrated on his gold equipment. The final highlight was done with significantly watered down Burnished Gold. I proceeded to pick out edges, flat areas and rivets. This eliminated the strange orange hue the metal had and finally made it look like age-worn gold. The skulls and parchment were also highlighted in this stage, using Snakebite Leather to lighten the basecoat of Bestial Brown. I also went over the Boltgun areas with a highlight of Mithril Silver. To achieve the striated affect on the shoulder pads, I removed most of the paint from the brush and drug the tip in the same direction across the length of the pad.



At this point, I turned my attention to the skulls, parchment and Melchia's holster. All three got a thinned down mixture of Bleached Bone and Snakebite Leather paint over the raised surfaces. I painted around the creases in his holster to create the illusion of aged leather. The skulls were built up slowly, with a very thin mixture. This allowed the Bestial Brown to still show through. The ridges in the brow, nose, cheekbones and teeth were all highlighted. The tabard and the shoulder pads got a highlight of Fortress Grey and Skull White (a mix of 4 to 1) and thinned down to avoid a patchy look. The power cables received another coat of Scab Red to brighten them up a bit.



STEP 6

STEP 7



The skulls and parchment got yet another layer of paint in Step 7. This time I applied pure Bleached Bone. The first coat was almost a wash, thinned down to the point that the paint was more water than acrylic. The following layers were thicker, more like the consistency of milk. I drug the tip of a detail brush horizontally across the face of the parchment and purity seal to create wrinkles in the paper. Also at this stage, I opted to brighten up the red areas with some Red Gore paint. You may have noticed that I didn't paint right up to where the wires run into the armor. This was done to create the appearance of dirt and grime around the housings.



At this point I decided to really dig in and start getting detail-oriented! I decided that the inquisitor icon on his powerfist would have to be some sort of generator, maybe for a displacer field. I wanted the coil inside to glow with an eerie green as if it was energizing something on his person. I used Dark Angels Green as a base color, taking care that it didn't run down into the device. I also decided to highlight the very edges of his armor with a mix of Chaos Black and Codex Grey making sure that the mix was really dark. Details were also added to his shoulder pads and tabard with Skull White paint and a fine detail brush. Work slowly and remember to breathe!



STEP 8

STEP 9



The skulls got their last highlight in this step. Bleached Bone mixed with Skull White was applied to the highest points on their surfaces. The generator coil also received a highlight of Snot Green which really made the device pop out! At this point, I also put the first layer of paint on Melchia's head. Using watered down Bestial Brown, I worked the paint into his weather-beaten visage. I'll devote the entirety of step 10 to painting his mug, as the face should be the centerpiece of the model. Script was also added to the scroll and purity seal. I used a stippling approach to make it look like hand-lettered writing. Use a fine detail brush and thinned Chaos Black paint!



For Melchia's face I used a base coat of Bestial Brown. This bottom layer will make the lighter colors stand out more and give you some depth without having to use a flesh wash. After the brown dried, I used Dwarf Flesh for my next layer, since it's nice and rich. With it thinned down, I applied it to his face, making sure that some of the brown still showed through. After a few layers of Dwarf Flesh, I moved on to Elf Flesh, which was a great highlight over the previous layers. I hit the eyebrows, bridge of the nose, crown of the head, the cheek bones and the upper lips... all areas that are struck by light. Now it's on to the base!



STEP 10

STEP 11



A good scenic base can really pull together all the aspects of a model. I decided to paint my base with a desert theme. I could see Melchia and his followers stalking their mutant prey across some desolate wasteland. With that in mind, I pulled out the Bestial Brown and gave the entire base an ample helping of paint. This was followed by a heavy drybrushing of Snakebite Leather and finally a light drybrushing of Bleached Bone. I was very careful not to get any paint on the model's feet and tabard. The overall effect works well... the black power armor stands out against the light sand, and the ground color brings out the skulls on the model!



Well, that wasn't so bad. Inquisitor models aren't anything to be afraid of when it comes to painting them. They are much larger than the normal 25 mm miniatures, but with all that room on such a large model there's plenty of area to play around with. You can add all sorts of details that would get lost or just look strange on a normal-sized model. You can decorate your Inquisitor's clothing or armor like I did or try your hand at painting tribal markings and tattoos.

There are tons of Inquisitor conversion possibilities, as well. My conversion was very, very simple... but with all the bits the entire range has to offer there's no telling what you could come up with! Don't forget that many bits from the Warhammer 40,000 line will work just as well, so don't pass them by.

Now that Witch Hunter Melchia is finished, I'll have to get working on his compatriots. I wonder what kind of henchmen he'd have following in his footsteps, but that's for another article. In the meantime, if you have converted and painted an INQUISITOR model that you think we'd like to see, send us a well lit photograph to:

Games Workshop - White Dwarf
6721 Baymeadow Drive
Glen Burnie, MD 21060

Paul Rudge joined the White Dwarf team back in January and has taken up the dubious mantle of terrain bloke.

Over the next few months Paul will be explaining how easy it can be to make a whole battlefield full of great looking and detailed terrain.



SCENERY WORKSHOP

Building an Inquisitor battlefield, part 1

WHAT YOU WILL NEED TO BUILD YOUR CHEMICAL STORAGE TANKS:

- Rabbit hutch wire (available at pet shops)
- A tub, tin or tube
- Dressmaking pins
- Cotton wool buds
- Corrugated card
- Green stuff
- Thin card
- Your bits box
- Chaos Black spray paint
- Boltgun Metal Citadel paint
- PVA (White) glue and superglue

YOU WILL ALSO NEED THE FOLLOWING TOOLS:

A small drybrush, tank brush, detail brush, cutting mat, steel ruler, modeling knife, small hammer, metal file, pin vice, clippers & pen or pencil.

The brief: design and build a 6' x 4' battlefield for Inquisitor which will be used in a future Inquisitor battle report.

Before joining the White Dwarf team I spent my time working for Games Workshop at its Sunderland and Middlesbrough stores, endlessly creating new terrain. I have always enjoyed building scenery, but when I arrived at White Dwarf I had to fight off stiff opposition to become the new terrain bloke. Feeling secure in my new role, I was excited to find that my first project would be to design and build a whole battlefield and, even better, it was to be in a whole new scale. The finished board would need to be packed full of new and exciting terrain for Inquisitor, although I was confident that my basic techniques and ideas for making Warhammer 40,000 scenery would apply equally well.

The 'Eavy Metal team had already created two themed sets of terrain for the new game, a heavily industrial hive setting which you will have seen featured in the WD257 battle

report, and a badlands, Mad Max style setting, and I was set the task of creating a third. Luckily the theme had already been chosen: a Chaos cultists' hideout. All I had to do was come up with a plan.

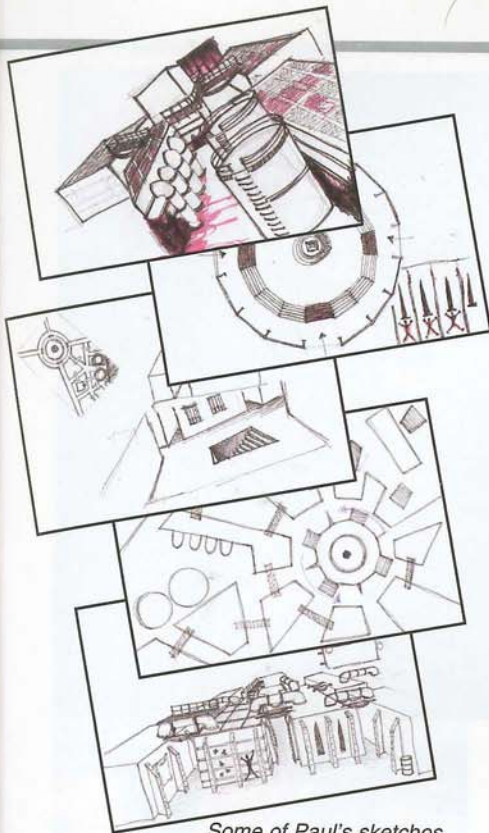
My original ideas and sketches seemed to be very sci-fi orientated and clean, but after talking with Inquisitor designer Gav Thorpe, John Blanche and Dave Gallagher, the artists responsible for the visual image of Inquisitor, ace terrain builder Dave Andrews and, of course, Paul Sawyer, a very dark and sinister picture was beginning to form. What was needed was a bit of horror.

Just how to add the element of horror to a battlefield was the question. The obvious ideas sprang to mind: cover the buildings with daemonic heads and the floor with skeleton sprues and noxious ooze. However, it was just too obvious, and it would

require far too much time. What was needed was something more subtle. I have recently finished reading several of the Black Library novels (*Ragnar's Claw*, *Hammers of Ulric* and, of course, the exploits of a certain mad Dwarf Slayer) concerning the followers of Chaos, and the general rule is that cultists prefer to hide their inner sanctums deep within dark and vast underground mazes, places built by men but now long forgotten. It's deep

within these labyrinths that the influence and power of Chaos begins to grow and radiate ever outwards, transforming everything with its' subtle taint.





Some of Paul's sketches

With that in mind I began to plan out my board. It would be some sort of sub-basement service level, a maze of endless corridors, pipes, cables, storage tanks: a lower level of a hive world sealed off and forgotten. The main focus point would be some form of Chaos temple with all other terrain radiating out from that point. The buildings would be very angular; corridors wide at their entrance will narrow as you move closer to the source of the corruption, creating a much darker enclosed space as the walls move closer together.

Over the next few issues of White Dwarf I'll be showing you just how I set about building the battlefield. Each month I will focus on certain pieces of terrain and hopefully inspire you to build your own terrain at home.

In this first installment, I'll begin by showing you just how easy it is to create and paint a chemical storage tank or tower using some unusual materials you probably already have lying around your own home.

Before you begin building anything you are going to need a largish flat area for you to do your modeling on. If you are using the kitchen or dining room table, make sure it's well protected before you start. A couple of layers of newspaper will protect

against spillage, but 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 surface. Next, make sure the tools that you need are at hand and any unneeded clutter is removed.

Before you start have a read through this article. Remember, this is only a guide to the storage tanks that I made – feel free to experiment and try your own ideas.

The first thing that I needed was some form of container to create my storage tanks from. The best place to find suitable containers was the kitchen, and I had no problem finding plenty. I recommend looking for a container that is made of card (much easier to convert and paint) and has a lid. The first job, as it was full of food, was to empty the container; eat it! There was no shortage of volunteers in White Dwarf for this job.

1. Once I had my container, I filled the now empty space by rolling up some corrugated card and placing it inside. This makes the structure more sturdy and helps with later stages of the modeling process.



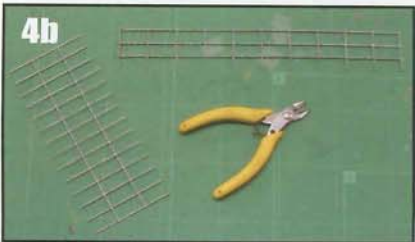
2. I took some thin card, again I found plenty of this in the kitchen in the form of cereal boxes, and cut strips of card 15mm, 10mm and 7mm wide, the length of the strips depending upon the circumference of my container (I found this by simply taking a piece of paper and wrapping it around my container and measuring where the paper first overlaps itself).



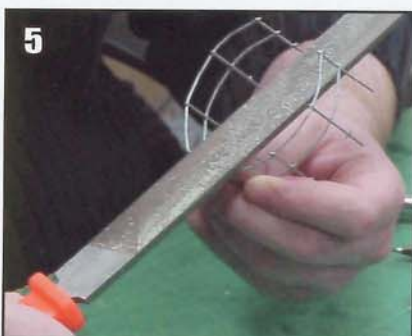
3. Once I had my strips of card cut to the correct length, I took three 15mm wide strips of card and glued a strip to the very top, bottom and middle. I then took three 7mm strips and glued these on top of the 15mm pieces I had just stuck down, taking care to position them in the center of the first strips of card. Looking from above the container I mentally divided it into quarters and glued eight short 10mm strips above and below the center strip, down the length of the container creating eight equally sized panels.



4. Now to create my safety railings and ladders, I took my sheet of rabbit hutch mesh and cut myself a section running across the length of the sheet and a section running down the height of the sheet.



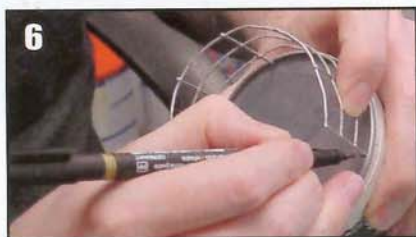
5. I gently bent my railing to shape and then using a metal file, removed any sharp points.





Tyrus uses a high vantage point to locate his quarry.

6. I then placed my railing on the container and with a pen I marked out where the legs of the railing touched the top of the container.



7. Using a pin vice I created a set of holes for the legs of the railing.



RIVETS

Here is an alternative way of creating rivets for terrain. You'll need a piece of plastic rod, (available in different sizes and shapes from your local modeling shop) superglue and a knife.



1. Using a sharp knife, begin cutting the plastic rod into slices. Try to keep the slices all the same thickness as this will make the finished piece of terrain look more realistic.



2. Then place a very small drop of super glue at the point where you want the rivet to be placed and using the point of the knife, gently pick up one of the rivets and place it on the superglue.

8. I then took the railing and carefully placed the legs of the railing into the holes I had just drilled, using small drops of superglue to secure the railing in place.



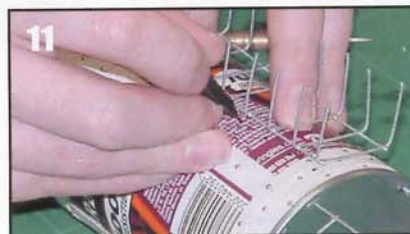
9. To create the rivets on my storage tank I took a box of dressmaking pins and, using a small hammer, gently tapped the pins into the centre of the card strips, taking care to position them at evenly spaced intervals. The corrugated card I had placed inside the container will hold the pins in place.



10. To create a ladder for my models to climb up and down, I took the strip of mesh that I cut earlier and gently bent the wire to form legs that will attach it to the storage tank.



11. I placed my ladder upside down onto my container and marked out where the legs would need to attach to. I then made a set of holes for the legs using a pin vice.



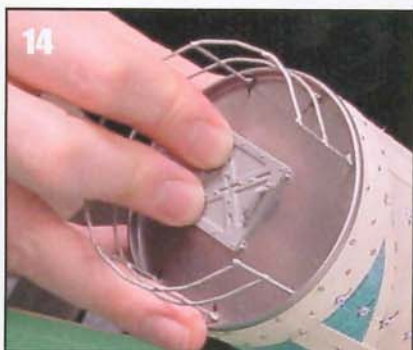
12. The following is optional and was done to add a bit of extra detail. I took some cotton buds and cut off the fluffy bits. I then cut the remaining piece of tube into half inch sections. Taking one piece and using a small hammer, I gently tapped it into one of the holes, leaving a small part of the tube sticking up above the surface for the ladder to be attached to.



13. I could now attach my ladder to the storage tower, carefully placing each of the legs into its correct hole. This was a bit tricky, so I took my time and once positioned I secured it in place with small drops of superglue.



14. After a quick look through my bits box I created a hatch for my storage tower using the lid from an ammo crate and a hand rail from an Ork Wartruk. The storage tower was now ready to be painted.



15. I undercoated my storage tower with a black undercoat spray.



16. Once my tower was dry, using a tank brush, I drybrushed it with Boltgun Metal. It was then ready for its first battle.



DETAILING YOUR STORAGE TANKS

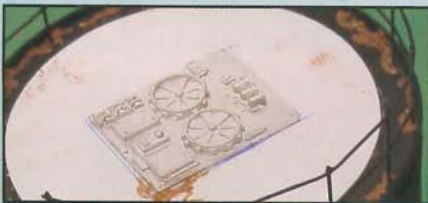
You can, of course, add extra little details to your own storage tanks. After a quick look through my bits box, I came up with the following ideas:



With the release of the new Tyranids, creating an evil creature was very easy.



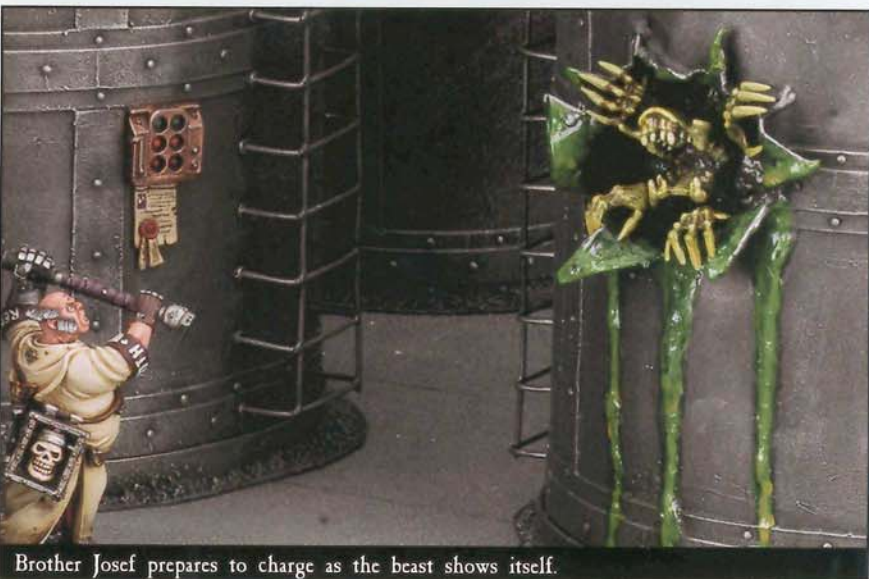
The inner hatch from the Land Raider creates an excellent security hatch.



The top plate from a Vindicator makes an interesting alternative to a hatch cover.



Here I used bits from various sources to create these small details.



Brother Josef prepares to charge as the beast shows itself.

Ty Finocchiaro and Rick Smith devoulge the secrets of making a themed INQUISITOR table and lead you, step-by-step, in its creation.

Gehenna Prime holds a dark secret. On the surface of this windblown desert planet, an evil presence sits in mute silence, awaiting anyone foolish enough to awaken it once more and use it to further their own goals.

A device of alien origin and crafted from an unknown material has been uncovered along the planet's north polar region. Those Imperial explorers that found this portal have since succumbed to its evil, but it calls to others with a power hard to resist!

GEHENNA PRIME

THE MAKING OF AN INQUISITOR TABLE



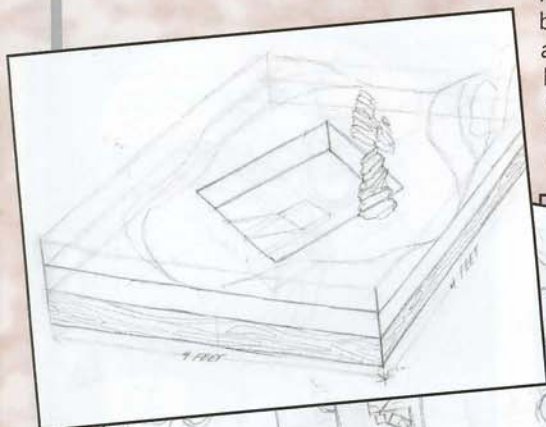
The table's a far cry from what it will become.

actual base for the table was made with a section of board, 4' x 4'. A two inch

layer of insulation foam

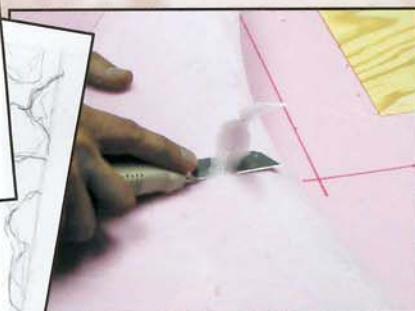
was glued to the wood with Liquid Nails and, after a square hole was cut, screwed in place. The Pit was cut at an angle to keep a little more "organic."

First, I broke open my trusty sketch book and started doodling. It's always an excellent idea to plan out your ideas before you get started. That way you're not left wondering where you were headed, and you can always check back to stay on track. The



These are the initial concept drawings of the cursed excavation site.

When Ty and I first realized the full potential that INQUISITOR had to offer, we knew we had to explore the dark future of the 41st Millennium. We threw around some ideas, and in the end we realized that, a) we definitely wanted a theme to the table, with a creepy portal as the focal point (sort of like the scene from 2001: A Space Odyssey); and, b) the entire area in question would be eerily silent and covered by a thick layer of sand, looking quite desolate and abandoned; and, c) we wanted to have fun doing it! So here's how we went about our task....



Cut away from yourself.

After drawing directly on the foam with a red Sharpie pen to plan out where the sand dunes would be, Ty and I used a foam cutter to cut out our hills from another slab of 2" foam. With the shape we wanted roughly cut out, we then used a retractable hobby knife to cut into the "dunes".



Sanding blocks are a big help.

Once we were satisfied with the shape, we grabbed some sanding blocks and smoothed everything out, making sure there weren't any nasty gouges. Again, Liquid Nails was used to glue the hills to the first layer of foam.



The basic table with it's soon-to-be sand dunes! The table is ready for more details.

CUTTING OUT THE ROCKS



Let the heat do the work for you.

The entire table top was to be covered by jagged sandstone outcroppings. Each and every one of these terrain features were made with the mighty foam cutter. We carved each of the rocks from a piece of foam, the size of which could vary from 1" thick and 2" tall to a massive 8" by 4" brick. After the chunk was cut out, the square shape was hidden by hacking the corners off. The crags were created by sinking the foam cutter halfway down and then removing it. Cracks were made by gently touching the hot wire to the foam.

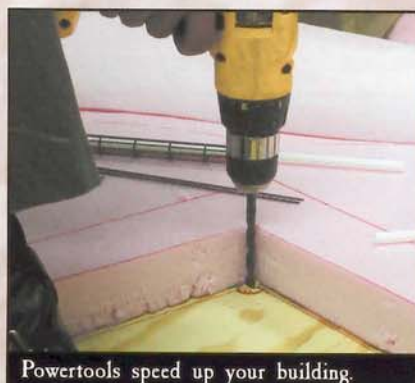


Rock outcroppings.

CREATING THE FORCE WALL PYLONS



You'll need these...



Powertools speed up your building.

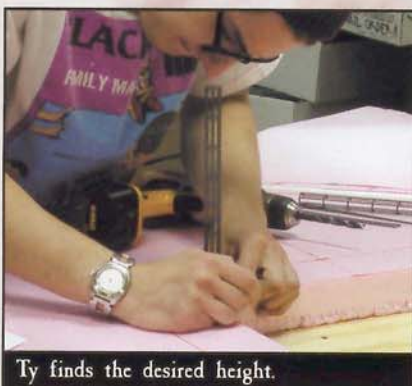


Measure twice, cut once!

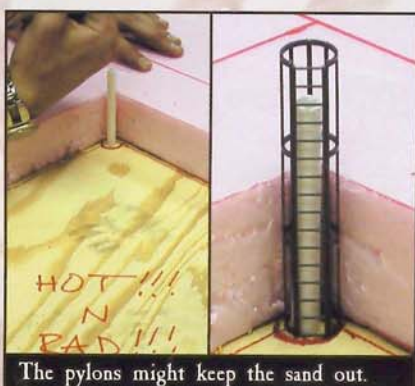
The sand around the Pit was to be held back by a force field of sorts, so Ty set about making the pylons with hollow plastic tubes, some premade scenery bits and a healthy dose of super glue.

Ty climbed atop the table and drilled four holes in the bare wood. Each hole was large enough to slide the plastic tube inside when the time came. The tubes were cut to a length of about 4"

with a hacksaw. We knew we wanted a little bit of the pylons to stand above the desert floor, just to make sure that no dunes would flood the Pit when the winds start kicking up!



Ty finds the desired height.



The pylons might keep the sand out.



Layering creates a glowing effect.

Ty then grabbed a length of the premade plastic scenery and measured it to stand slightly above the tip of the plastic tube. Using clippers he cut the thin plastic to fit. After Ty had completed his measuring, he tested the

fit of the tube and hole, and made sure the height was suitable. Ty placed the metal cage around the tube just to make sure everything was even. Each plastic tube was then topped with a wheel from the Lemman Russ tank sprue,

and plastic offcuts from the cage were used to detail the tube itself. After the super glue dried, I set about painting them. Starting with Dark Angels Green and working up through Scorpion Green, I tried to give the pylons a creepy green glow.

SMOOTHING OUT THE DUNES



Smoothing out the spackle.

In the meantime, I used spackle to fill up the gaps that were blatantly present where the sand dunes and the first layer of foam met. By grabbing a handful of the spackle and pushing it into the cracks, I found that I could easily correct the ugly gaps. It's a good idea to do this early in the table building process. The reason being, even though the container says "quick dry," the thickness that we used to fill the unsightly gaps had to be immense! It took an entire day and a half to dry completely and be easily sanded down. When you work like this, it's good to plan ahead and know what steps are coming up so you don't waste a lot of valuable building time!



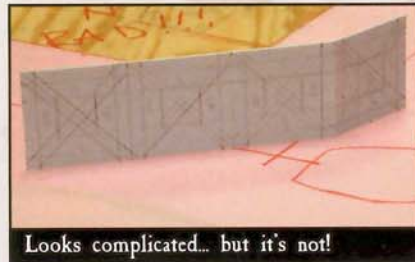
These are the tools of the trade.

We decided early on that there was to be a ramp leading down into the Pit and directly up to the mouth of the Portal. With the help of some



Use the card as a guide for cutting.

plasticard, window screening and a trusty knife, Ty started building the ramp. The basic length of the ramp was cut out of card and screen was cut



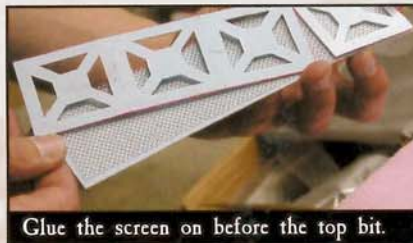
Looks complicated... but it's not!

to fit. Ty drew the pattern we decided upon directly onto the plastic surface with a pencil. Guides were essential to making these complicated cuts.



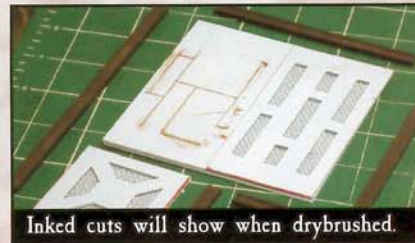
Use a sharp blade so you don't slip.

He then painstakingly cut out the negative space in the plasticard. Using a ruler as a guide, Ty cut each piece out slowly to avoid making a stray cut or



Glue the screen on before the top bit.

slipping and nicking his fingers. After gluing the screen down to the bottom layer of card with super glue, he then sandwiched it with the top half.



Inked cuts will show when drybrushed.

Using premade "I" beams, Ty created sides to the ramp and decking by cutting it to fit and gluing it together with even more super glue.



The supports will make it stable.

The bottom of the deck was reinforced with small squares of plasticard. This was to make sure that nothing would come apart as we were working.



A look of things to come.

To create the illusion of sheet metal, Ty used his hobby knife to cut thin lines into the plastic, taking care not to go the whole way through.



Rivets made easy!

Rivets were added by cutting a thin plastic rod into tiny discs. These I glued down with a small drop of glue each, and the entire piece was primed black.

TOYS FOR SCENERY?



Found objects are perfect short cuts.

Originally, Ty and I wanted to buy a toy truck and convert it to look like some sort of Imperial earthmover. But, with a visit to the toy store, Ty brought back an amazing plastic crane! With a few simple conversions we added this beast



Large screen for details.

to the table. Ty dug out a thin trench with a shaped hot knife, deep enough to make the crane's base look like it's been submerged in a bit of sand! Screen was also added to the crane's compartment to give it a little more



Put your parent's computer down, kids!

realism. We also raided an ancient computer scanner for all sorts of odds and ends. Wires, resistors and heat sinks were all at our disposal. You can never have enough bits, and nothing should be safe from your grasp!

MORE ROCK MADNESS



Ty found ways to easily hold the foam.

An airbrush saved our lives. No joke! If you can get your hands on one of these tools, you won't regret it. The rocks would have taken forever to



Liquid Nails forms a strong bond.

paint by hand, so Ty watered down some Bestial Brown paint and jumped to it. The basecoated rocks were then glued down to the foam, again with



The rocky surface was simple to paint.

Liquid Nails. Once everything was in place, I drybrushed the rocks with a thick layer of Snakebite Leather followed by just a little Bleached Bone.

FLOCKING, PAINTING AND MAKING THE PORTAL



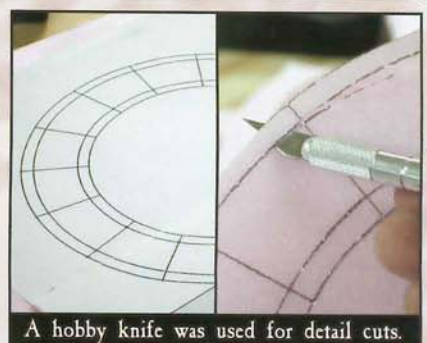
Removing the excess sand with a brush.

Once every rock had been painted, it was time to flock the table. I chose to use a fine sand, knowing that it would dry much faster, and larger sand bits



Tight spots were painted first.

would be more easily knocked loose. After the sand dried, I painted the table with Snakebite Leather and drybrushed it with Bleached Bone.



A hobby knife was used for detail cuts.

The mysterious Portal was drawn on a piece of paper and then transferred to a 1" slab of foam. It was then cut out with the help of a hobby knife.



Adding minute amounts of color.

After it was cut out, the Portal received a heavy coat of Chaos Black paint and was then drybrushed (very, very lightly!) with Codex Grey. Once that dried, I painted the inside with Dark Angel Green and Scorpion Green for that extra creepy look!

THE FINISHED TABLE

Well, that's that! Ty and I really enjoyed working on this table for INQUISITOR. We can't wait to get down to the dirty business of actually playing on it, exploring this obscene portal and uncovering Gehenna Prime's dark secrets.

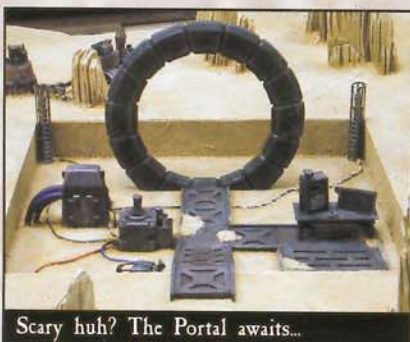
In fact, in the next issue of White Dwarf you'll be able to witness an INQUISITOR battle report and see for yourself what could happen when you try to bend some alien technology to your will.

We hope that seeing this table being constructed from the ground up has inspired you to build your own scenic table top battlefield for your very own stories of INQUISITOR.

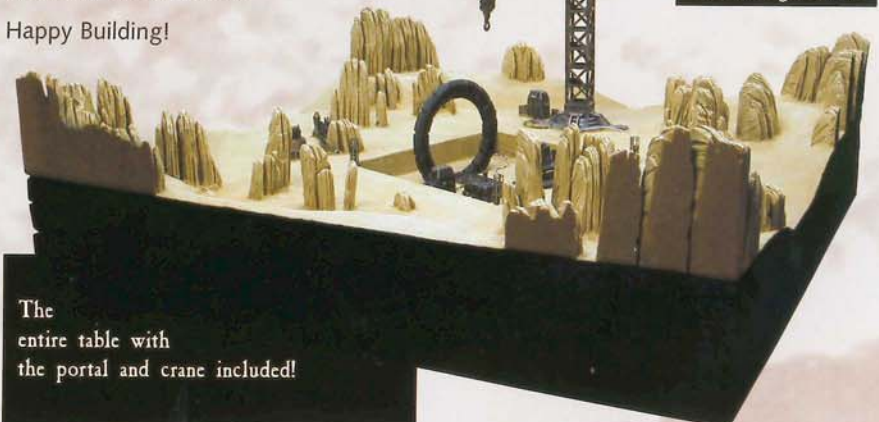
Happy Building!



The computer monitoring station.




Scary huh? The Portal awaits...



The entire table with the portal and crane included!

THE BATTLE FOR THE EMPEROR'S SOUL

Across a thousand worlds, the unseen Inquisitors of the Imperium stalk the deep shadows of reality. With utmost authority, the Inquisitors walk unhindered in the darkness, purging their enemies, destroying aliens and furthering their own insidious schemes. A single word from an Inquisitor can doom an entire world. But with that power comes horrific danger...



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- 15 fully detailed sample characters.



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THE BATTLE FOR THE EMPEROR'S SOUL

GW Mailbox



or... "Ask Dirty Steve!"

Have a question about when new armies are coming out? Need some advice about painting or modeling? This is the place for your inquiries and opinions! Write or email us at the addresses below!

Dear Dirty Steve,

Is there going to be a Khemri Army Book? With the release of "The Mummy Returns," interest should rise. What is included in the starter army box? If the Khemri are discontinued, can they be included in an Undead Army? Can any Vampire model, (i.e. from the Troll archives) be a General and could the bloodline, history, etc., be decided by me? Love the magazine. Thanks.

RyMiny64

*As far as I know, Ry (can I call you Ry?) there WILL be a Khemrian Army Book, but I don't have any info on when it will see the proverbial light of day. There have been a lot of rules kicked around, but we haven't heard anything about which ones might or might not slither their way into this dark, forbidden tome of ancient knowledge...*gasp!**

Dear Dirty Steve,

I am a loyal reader and love having a magazine devoted to one of my hobbies. The interesting articles you write help me in my wargaming strategies and terrain building. And my Dark Angels force is starting to get considerably large. I have noticed, though, that not much attention has been paid to them lately. Not that you guys aren't doing your job, but when an enemy faces Dark Angels, he doesn't exactly shudder at the sight of them anymore. I was wondering if you guys had any notice or had caught any wind of a revivification of them. Do you think their primarch could re-emerge and help the DA's holy quest for forgiveness? Just a thought. Thanks for doing what you do.

Grandmaster Brendan Pitts

Interesting thought there. The Primarch returning to lead them on the path of forgiveness.... That could be cool. I could dig that. But, in the interest of balance in the game, dontcha think it would make them just a WEE bit too powerful? El'Jonson would just RIP through everybody! Yeah, you would win all the time and that would be great, but it would be as fun as playing chess against a four year old: no skill needed. Try not to rely on super characters too much. Just show your opponents how fierce Dark Angels can really be!

Dear Dirty Steve,

I've got a complaint about a certain Warhammer monster that's been giving me quite a few problems. The Bloodthirster of Khorne seems to me a little too good. Every time I send my Dwarfs against it and its legions my artillery is destroyed and my characters reduced to mushed pulp before the main enemy force even arrives! The only things that seem able to kill the beast are my hand (completely by accident, of course), or a well laid blow from my cat. I realize that he's supposed to be a big Greater Daemon and all, but is there any way I can kill this beast? Thanks.

Colin Miller

EEEEEEK! Well, that's the only thing I'm usually able to say when I see one of those monstrosities across the table from my Orcs and Goblins (when it threatens my Skaven, it's more like a SQUEEEEEK!). But there's one good way to kill it, the same way I eradicate a spider in my apartment: Shoot it. Many times, many ways, shoot a Bloodthirster with more models than you could imagine. Granted, it won't be easy. But DON'T get in hand-to-hand combat unless you have

something particularly nasty in mind. Like a nuclear weapon. Or a photo of Jeremy Vetock in a bikini. Something that will send it running in terror...

Dear Dirty Steve,

I am 12 years old and I have been collecting the Vampire Counts/Undead for 5 years. I am trying to get a big enough army to go to Games Day in the future. I'm certainly going to need a good supply of Skeletons and other troops. Recently, I bought a few 20 packs and I tried to glue it together, but the bits had no "easy to bond" pieces. In the end, out of 20, I got 9 to glue together. That really pissed me off, because I need a LOT of skeletons. The bottom of the torso and the top of the legs were so impossible to bond together. I am BEGGING YOU, (and I'm sure Khemrian and Vampire Count players agree) PLEASE CHANGE THE PIECES!!! My Skeletons are now outnumbered by my FINGERS!!! PLEASE!!! CHANGE THE PIECES!!!

Thanks for your time,
Dylan Murphy

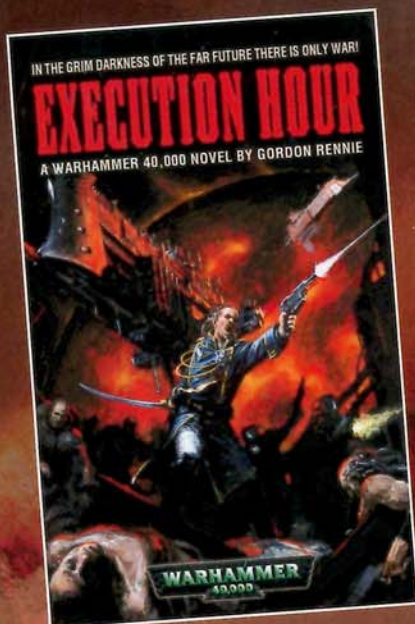
Well, Dylan, I know how you feel. I had a box of 'em and ran into a bit of trouble, too (my girlfriend, Liz, wouldn't talk to me for a WEEK!). I eventually found that they bond together better with superglue formulated specifically for plastics. Trust me, it helps a LOT! Good luck to ya!

DIRTY.

Unfortunately, I lack the power or (more realistically) the vast knowledge to answer rules questions, but these guys can:

roolzboyz@games-workshop.com

Want to send a letter to the Mailbox? Write us at: Games Workshop, Attn: Dirty Steve's Mailbox, 6721 Baymeadow Drive, Glen Burnie, MD 21060. Or, send us some email at WhiteD@games-workshop.com, but remember to give us permission to print your emails. We can't use them if you forget!



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by Gordon Rennie

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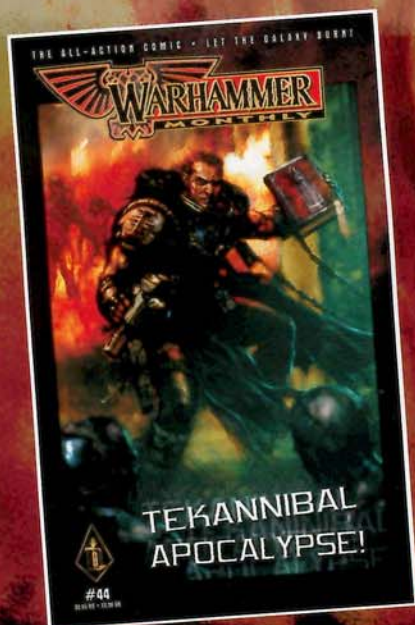
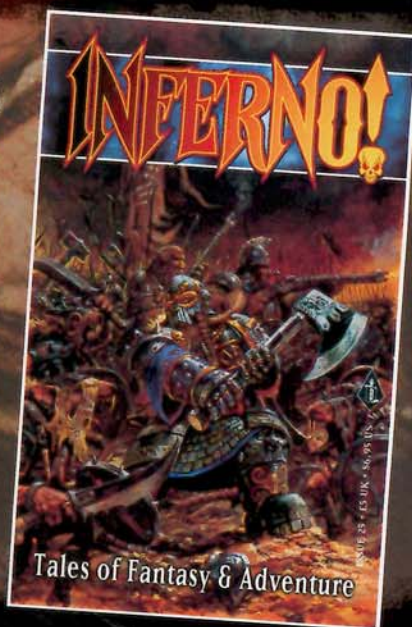
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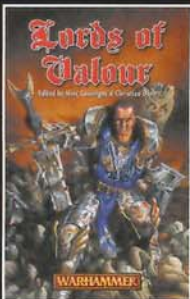


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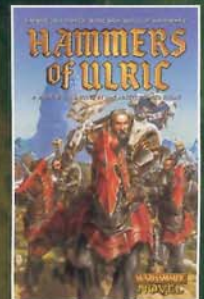
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Index Astartes



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

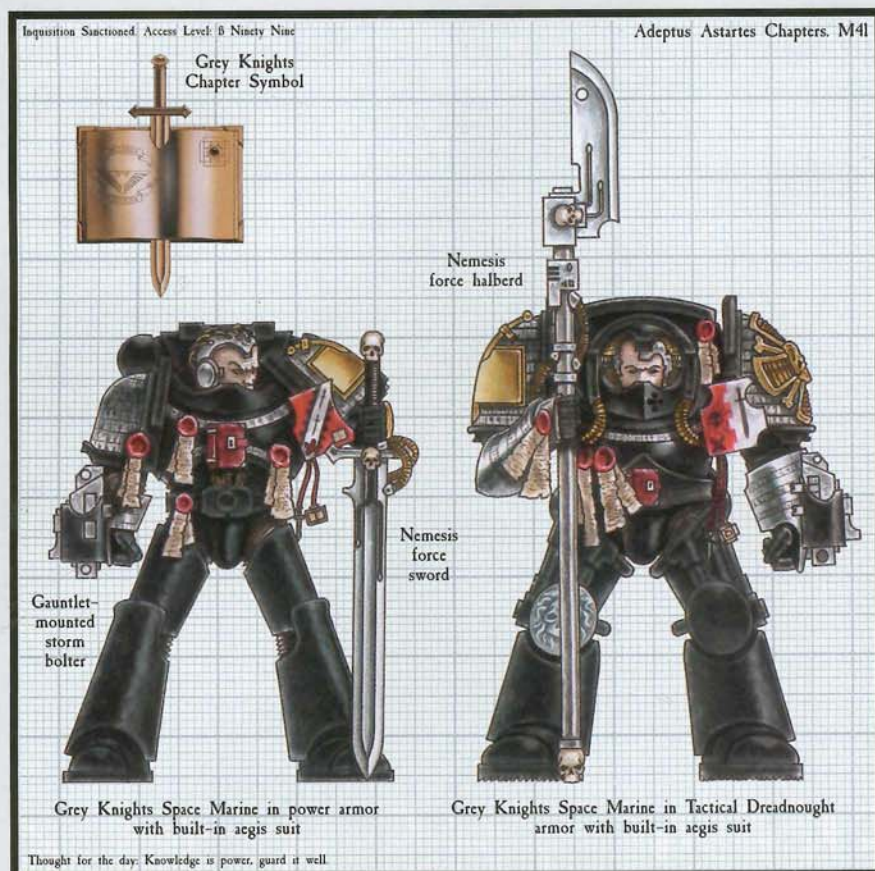
The Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes are the mightiest warriors in the Imperium and their fury in battle is legendary. Few can stand against the might of a Space Marine Chapter and the foes of Mankind tremble at their name. But there are alien races whose evil is beyond human understanding and beings that exist outside the realm of realspace that seek to plunge Humanity into the realm of Chaos. To face such foes demands warriors whose hearts and souls are trained to withstand extremes of pain and terror, whose faith in the Emperor is as unwavering as it is strong. Since the dawn of the Imperium, two brotherhoods of specially trained Space Marines have fought these foes and defeated them. They are the Deathwatch and the Grey Knights.

The Grey Knights

Founded in great secrecy around the time of the Second Founding (although this is uncertain), the Grey Knights are amongst the most highly specialized defenders of Humanity in existence. Uniquely amongst the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes, the Grey Knights Chapter has no antecedents, having been created from specifically engineered gene-seed. Legend has it that the Emperor himself ordered the creation of this unique Chapter to form a force designed to fight the dread creatures of Chaos, though, of course, this is impossible to verify. Following the awesome scale of bloodshed during the Horus Heresy, the necessity for such a force was clear. Designated

Chapter 666, the Grey Knights are permanently attached to that most secretive of organizations, the Ordo Malleus. The Ordo Malleus is only ever spoken of in whispers, and though its stated purpose is to keep watch on the Inquisition itself, its true purpose is far more sinister, the destruction of the daemonic.

The Grey Knights form the main fighting strength of the Ordo Malleus and, traditionally, its Chapter Master is a member of the Inner Conclave of the Inquisition. The men of the Grey Knights are no ordinary warriors. Plucked from the fiercest warrior cultures on a dozen different worlds, only the bravest and strongest youths are selected for the training. Aspirants are taken to the Chapter's base on



PURGE THE UNCLEAN

The Grey Knights & Deathwatch Chapters

by Graham McNeill

Saturn's moon, Titan, where they undergo arduous tests of faith, strength, endurance and courage that break all but the strongest warriors. Those few that survive the tests are then implanted with the gene-seed that will transform them into superhuman Space Marines. Now the aspirants are ready to begin their real training.

The most advanced bio-engineering and psycho-surgery is utilized to condition the Grey Knights into warriors of great prowess. The six hundred and sixty six Rituals of Detestation enable the Space Marines of the Grey Knights to face terrifying foes without fear and withstand pain that would cripple a 'normal' Space Marine. Their lives are filled with ritual, meditation and self-denial, designed to strengthen the mind and steel the soul against the horrors of the daemonic. The Chapter's warriors are heavily conditioned to resist the whispered seductions of Chaos and the honeyed lies of daemonic creatures. These precautions are vital and, thus far, have proven to be effective, as not a single Grey Knight has faltered in battle or become a pawn of the Dark Powers.

It is through unprotected psykers that daemonic creatures can gain entry to the material universe and it is for this reason that the Grey Knights are screened to exclude all but the most resilient psykers. The strongest and purest of these psykers are then trained until they reach a level of mastery that equals the powers of Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes. Those who distinguish themselves in battle may be elevated to the honored position of the Grey Knights' 1st Company and take to the field of battle in modified Tactical Dreadnought armor, more commonly known as Terminator armor, with bolt weaponry incorporated into the gauntlets. The Librarians of the Grey Knights are taught to combine their abilities in a gestalt power that far exceeds anything they could achieve alone. The Grey Knights fight in baroque, heavily ornamented suits of armor with the Chapter's symbol, a sword through a tome, prominently displayed. They fight with the finest equipment and weapons the Imperium can manufacture, mighty sigil-encrusted swords and halberds. These warriors alone can stand before the might of a Greater Daemon with any hope of banishing it back to the Immaterium from whence it came.

The millennia the Grey Knights have spent in battle against the forces of darkness has furnished them with

blasphemous knowledge, painstakingly pieced together by the Inquisitors of the Ordo Malleus. This damned collection of knowledge is gathered together on Titan in the Librarium Daemonica, a gloomy repository of ancient tomes, crumbling parchments and data crystals that groans under the weight of the psychic evil that dwells within its walls. This is one of the most heavily guarded locations in the Imperium, and the threat of such knowledge falling into the wrong hands is taken very seriously by the Grey Knights. Each warrior of the Grey Knights carries a copy of the sacred Liber Daemonica, the holy battle rites of the Chapter, in a ceramite case on his breastplate, and it is this which symbolizes a Grey Knight's most potent weapon; an unshakable faith in the Divine Emperor. The book contains the essential tenets of lore culled from the Librarium Daemonica by psychically monitored servitors. These servitors are permanently wired to toxin dispensers that can be activated immediately should some daemonic entity attempt to force a passage into real space through the servitor's brain.

The threat of Chaos permeates the entire galaxy, and while the Chapter maintains a fortress-monastery on Titan, much of its strength is scattered

The Daemon has many forms. You must know them all. You must tell the Daemon from his disguise and root him out from his hidden places. Trust no one. Trust not even yourself. It is better to die in vain than to live in abomination. The zealous martyr is praised for his valour: the craven and the unready are justly abhorred.

Excerpted from the
First Book of Indoctrinations

across the Imperium. Guided by the finest Navigators of the Navis Nobilite and conveyed by the fastest ships produced by the Adeptus Mechanicus, the Grey Knights stand ready to meet the foul minions of Chaos wherever they may strike. Typically, the warriors of these forces have trained together for their entire lives, and the bonds of loyalty and honor that bind them are stronger than adamantium. Every Grey Knight is ready to lay down his life to ensure the safety of the Imperium, and should that sacrifice be necessary, it is the fervent wish of all those who fall to be transported back to Titan and buried in the hallowed crypts beneath their fortress. A great basalt wall in the heart of the monastery is carved with the names of all those who have fallen in defiance of evil and, though no one outside the Chapter will ever know of their bravery, some of the Imperium's greatest heroes lie buried on Titan.

The Deathwatch

On uncounted battlefields the servants of the Emperor must wage war against the vileness of alien creatures. Often the first, last and only line of defense against these abominations are mysterious figures in black powered armor who fight the aliens with preternatural skill and dedication. With the battle over, these figures vanish as quickly as they arrived, leaving no trace of the creatures they fought or that they were even there at all. These men are the Imperium's highly trained alien fighters. They are the Deathwatch.

The Deathwatch forms the Chamber Militant of the Ordo Xenos, the branch of the Inquisition tasked with the study, containment and, in most cases, extermination of alien races. However, it is not a single unified Chapter in the same way as the Grey Knights of the Ordo Malleus. The Space Marines of the Deathwatch are drawn from many different Chapters, all of which have sworn sacred oaths to maintain specially trained alien fighters and stand ready to deploy them at a moment's notice. These warriors are drawn together as and when needed to combat alien menace whenever and wherever it rears its ugly head.

From the furthest corners of the galaxy to the very heart of the Segmentum Solar, there exist alien races that threaten the continued existence of Humanity. Every Space Marine Chapter and Imperial Guard regiment stands ready to fight these races, but the Deathwatch has been specially trained to fight aliens since its inception thousands of years ago. Many such alien races, such as the C'tan and Necrontyr have lain dormant for thousands or even millions of years, and the Deathwatch stand sentinel over their worlds, ready to fight should they awake once more. More dangerous than the most violent of Orks, these races were ancient before humans crawled from the oceans and their evil is beyond measure.

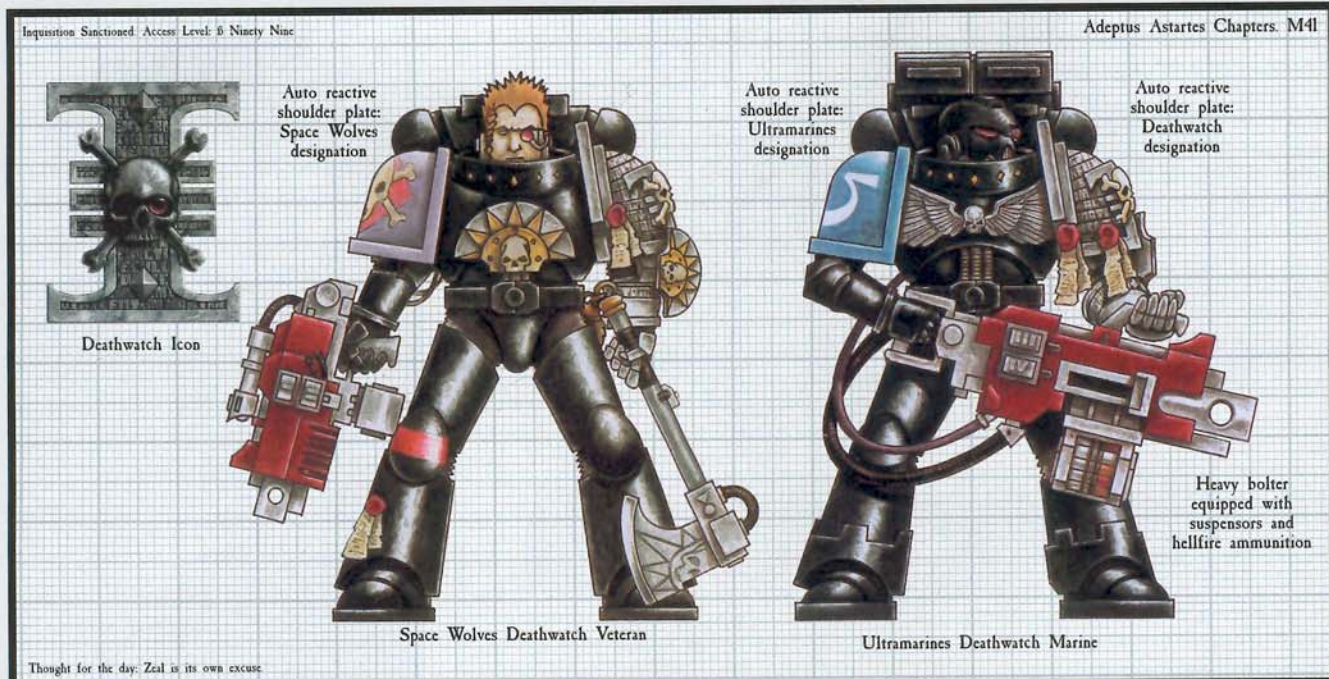
To guard against the return of these ancient alien races, lonely fortresses orbit desolate worlds on the edge of the galaxy where Deathwatch Space Marines maintain a constant vigil. In

CATECHISM OF THE XENO

To be Unclean
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Impure
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Abhorred
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Reviled
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Hunted
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Purged
That is the fate of the Xenos
To be Cleansed
For that is the fate of all Xenos

Extract from the
Third Book of Indoctrinations.

addition to this, secret bases are scattered throughout the Imperium, providing staging posts from where the Deathwatch can launch their missions. The Chapters from which the Deathwatch draws its members are constantly ready to despatch their alien fighters if called upon by a member of the Ordo Xenos. The warriors who have been given the honor of becoming a member of the Deathwatch ritually repaint their armor in the black of the Deathwatch, leaving a single shoulder plate bare to signify



their Chapter of origin. A Space Marine's armor is never completely obscured by the Deathwatch colors, as to do so would dishonor the armor's spirit, and no warrior would be willing to run such a risk. Each warrior may also bear the Icon of the Deathwatch on his other shoulder plate, and it is a great honor to be chosen. Once in the employ of the Deathwatch, there is no set length of service, and its members will remain together for as long as its commander deems necessary. Each Space Marine can serve for a discreet period of time or a particular mission, which, in itself, may take many years. With the completion of their service, the Space Marines are free to return to their Chapter, their oaths of loyalty fulfilled.

As well as the destruction of aliens, the Deathwatch are also charged with the recovery and study of alien artifacts and technology. Though distasteful in

the extreme, members of the Inquisition are forced to study the heretical artifacts of the foes they must fight, and there are none more qualified to retrieve such items than the Deathwatch. Occasionally it becomes necessary to use the technology of alien races and, though such an undertaking is never entered into lightly, its use against aliens themselves is a pleasing irony. The Adeptus Mechanicus is always eager to profit from the Deathwatch's victories and the C'tan phase sword, employed by the Callidus temple of assassins, was recovered by members of the Deathwatch from a long-dead Necrontyr world.

In battle, each team normally comes under the authority of an Ordo Xenos Inquisitor, but, in some exceptional cases, a Deathwatch Captain or Librarian may assume command if circumstances dictate. Their authority is absolute and none dare question their word. The commander of a Deathwatch detachment may freely requisition forces and equipment without a word of complaint being raised against him. The Deathwatch

Do not ask, 'Why kill the alien?'
rather, ask, 'Why not?'

Battle Brother Artemis

have access to the very best equipment, both Imperial and alien, and are trained to the highest standards.

There are many ways an Ordo Xenos kill-team can see action alongside regular Imperial forces. It may be that the team has uncovered an alien threat too great for it to deal with alone and needs the backup of a larger, more conventional force. Such was the case when a kill-team under the command of Inquisitor Reynaard discovered an alien worshipping cult on the world of Mandall IV. It was believed that the cult was localized to a particular district of the capital city, but when righteous retribution descended upon the blasphemers, the entire population of the city turned upon the kill-team. Reynaard and the Space Marines barely managed to escape with their lives and later returned at the head of over half a million soldiers. To ensure the destruction of the cult, Reynaard's forces laid waste to the city, leaving no trace that it had ever existed and killed every living creature within its walls.

Situations may also arise where an army of the Imperium has

encountered a foe it is ill-

equipped to fight and

the Ordo Xenos dispatches

a kill-team to provide support or purge the battlefield of alien contamination. The ravages of the K'nib in the Donorian Sector was halted by a Deathwatch kill-team commanded by Battle Brother Artemis himself following a request for aid from the colonel of the Kaslon Imperial Guard regiment. Artemis slew the Alcayde of the K'nib on Assumptus V and ended their incursions into Imperial space (though official records credit the Kaslon regiment with this victory). However it comes about, the support of an Ordo Xenos kill-team is always welcomed by Imperial commanders facing an alien threat.

He who allows the alien to live,
shares its crime of existence.

Inquisitor Apollyon



Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend Andy Chambers was the author of Codex Orks and has been terrorizing the Studio with Warlord Gorbag for many years.

Warhammer writer Space McQuirk normally spells Ork with a 'c', but his love of all things green extended to a fully painted Feral Orks army and sterling work on this army list.

Brother Haines has a general policy of shooting Orks on sight, but suspended his beliefs in the name of knowing his enemy...

CHAPTER APPROVED

BY SPACE MCQUIRK, ANDY CHAMBERS & PETE HAINES

Greetings, citizens, and welcome once more to Chapter Approved. This month, we shall be examining in detail the savage tribes of the Feral Orks, cousins to the larger specimens encountered across the galaxy, but no less deadly. You must first obtain a copy of Codex Orks to utilize the Feral Orks army list. It is recommended, but also optional, and not suited for competitive play.

FERAL ORKS

SPORED TO BE WILD

Ork invasions are devastating to the hapless planets they descend upon. When the Waaagh! finally leaves the battle-scarred planet in search of fresh conquest, the survivors emerge from hiding and the process of rebuilding must begin. Unfortunately for the planet's inhabitants the Ork threat does not end when the vast hulks leave the system. A small trace of the Ork Waaagh! is left behind and will, in time, grow into a new menace known as Feral Orks.

All Orks give off spores which are dispersed on the wind. A few of these spores may fall into remote zones on a

planet's surface, the dense jungles or dry arid plains, places where most civilization finds it difficult to survive. The spores rapidly infest the area and grow without the threat of discovery. Over a relatively short period of time, these spores will mature into full-grown Orks and band together in loose tribes.

SURVIVAL OF DA BIGGEST

At first, these tribes are small in number and are of little threat to the planet's inhabitants. The Orks are uncivilized, even by the low standards of Orks. They have little concept of language and no grasp of technology. At this early stage in their existence they are hunted and preyed upon by all manner of savage beasts. It is a very important stage in the Feral Orks' development, where only the strongest will survive.

Out of this period a particularly cunning and strong Ork will emerge as the leader, and the other Orks will gather round him. It is at this point that a Feral Ork tribe will begin to emerge. The tribe learns to fight against their natural predators through use of its numbers, and, as it grows and expands its territory, more and more Orks are drawn to the group.

The Feral Orks learn to scavenge weapons and equipment left by the previous Waaagh!

Although much of the technology is far too advanced for them, it does not take long for the Ork to realize the gruesome effect of pointing the noisy metal thing at an enemy. Minutes after this incredible discovery the

tribe will go to war, shooting at any targets that come before them, conquering all the other rival tribes and uniting under one banner.

DA TRIBE

The tribes usually take the name of the deadly beast that posed them the greatest threat before they became cultured. As more and more Orks join the tribe they are able to specialize in their abilities. The biggest and strongest Orks are able to bully the smaller and newer members of the tribe to hunt down prey. They take the approach that the bigger you are, the more you need to eat and, therefore, the bigger your portion of the kill. Few Orks dare argue with that kind of logic.

As the smaller Orks spend much of their time hunting down prey, they become excellent shots. Others learn how to track and trap their prey, taking the skulls or hides as trophies of their prowess. Some learn to make use of the beasts of their home world using them as mounts to hunt down fast prey. Some will discover other primitive tribes, and so the main tribe grows exponentially.

As the tribe expands, claiming more and more territory, it is inevitable that it will clash with other races. At first, only small outposts will be attacked. Then the tribes will strike in massive raids against towns and entire cities before swiftly disappearing back into the wilderness. With each new raid the tribe gains more and more equipment and more and more thirst for battle until it will launch itself on a frenzy of conquest.

Once the Feral Ork Waaagh! has started, it can gain an unstoppable momentum. The entire planet will become consumed by the Orks in a furor of battle, until all that there remains to fight is each other, which they do with savage abandon.



FERAL ORKS SPECIAL RULES

Feral Orks are of a similar mindset to their more prominent cousins and use the same special rules. They may have mixed armor within units, use choppas, utilize the Ork Mob rule, use Grot mobs for cover and invoke the Power of the Waaagh!

WYRDBOYZ

Wyrdboyz are reluctant psykers who live in dread of their heads exploding. They draw their power from the Waaagh! energies subconsciously released by other Orks' excited minds as they go to battle. This energy can grow to such an intensity within the Wyrdboy's mind that he is unable to control it, resulting in his brain bursting from his skull in an almighty blast. For this reason they prefer to stay away from battles, but the Feral Orks need their talents to make up for their lack of heavy weaponry and tend to insist that the Wyrdboy turns up. Despite being an Independent Character, unaccompanied Wyrdboyz are treated as one-model units and must test for Last Man Standing at the start of each turn.

'Eadbang: When using his powers, the

Wyrdboy will never suffer an attack by Daemons from the Warp but, if he rolls a 2 or 12, suffers a Strength D6 hit as the barely contained energies build up to cause an 'Eadbang.

WYRDBOY POWERS

The Wyrdboy may choose to use one of the following powers per turn.

Psychic Vomit: Unable to contain the Ork energies any longer the Wyrdboy vents it forth in a stream of green psychogenic energy. Place the flamer template with the narrow end touching the Wyrdboy. Each model even partially under the template suffers an automatic Strength 4 hit.

Gork'll Get 'Em: The Wyrdboy's belief in Mork and Gork is so complete that it causes a manifestation of their power. This takes the form of a large green fist or foot descending from above. This counts as a shooting attack. The Ork Wyrdboy must be able to see his target, and rolls to hit as normal.

Range 72" Strength 8 AP - Assault 1, Blast

PIGDOKS

Where normal Ork societies have a smattering of Meks and Mad Doks these are not evident in Feral Ork society. Instead they have Ork specialists known as Pigdoks who specialize in the training, adaptation and healing of beasts. It has been argued that the Feral Orks' low technological base means that their survival is dependent on their effective use of the animals such as Boars and Squiggoths.

For battle, Pigdoks build special syringes with big red knobs which can be pressed to inject Cyboars with a high dosage of adrenaline stimulant. The effect is to make the beast more aggressive.

Before the game each Pigdok may attempt to dope one unit of Boarboyz, Squiggoths, Herdas or Madboyz. He succeeds on a roll of 6, modified if he is assisted by one or more Styboyz. If successful the unit affected gets +1 Strength for the duration of the game. A unit may only be doped once.

FERAL ORKS ARMORY

In most cases characters are upgraded from ordinary troops. Where this is the case, the character keeps the basic weapons and wargear of the mob he's part of – for example, a Brute Nob has a Slugga and a Choppa. This doesn't prevent you from picking extra weapons for him from the Armory, although the restrictions on the number of weapons that can be carried always apply.

Ork characters may have up to two single handed-weapons, or one single handed weapon and one two-handed weapon. You may also pick up to 40 points of extra wargear for each character from the Wargear lists (60 points for a Warboss). The full Wargear rules are on pages 34-37 of Codex Orks. You cannot take duplicate items for the same model, except for Grots and Squigs (up to a total of 3 – see Codex Orks page 7), and all wargear and weapons must be represented on the model.

SINGLE-HANDED WEAPONS

Choppa	1 pt
Powerclaw (Warboss only)	30 pts
Slugga	2 pts

WARGEAR

Ammo runt	5 pts
Attack Squig	5 pts
Big horns/iron gob (Warboss & Nobz only)	5 pts
Bosspole (Warboss & Nobz only)	3 pts
Boar	5 pts
Cyboar (Warboss and bodyguard only)	15 pts
'Eavy armor (not if mounted on Cyboar)	8 pts
Frag Stikkbombz	1 pt
Flash furs/Skull trophies/Toof Necklace	2 pts
Grot Styboy (Pigdoks only)	5 pts
Krak stikkbombz	2 pts
Shiny bitz	3 pts
Squighound (Slaverz only)	5 pts
Super Cyboar (Warboss only)	30 pts
Waaagh! banner (max. one per army)	20 pts
Warpaint	3 pts
Wyrdboy stikk (Weirdboyz only)	5 pts

TWO-HANDED WEAPONS

Bangstick (Only if mounted on Boar or Cyboar)	5 pts
Big shoota	12 pts
Burna	12 pts
Grabba stick (Slavers only)	5 pts
Shoota	2 pts
'Uge choppa	5 pts
Rokkit launcha	8 pts

FERAL ORK JUNKA UPGRADES

Any Feral Ork vehicles may be fitted with the following additional equipment. Any upgrades chosen must be shown on the vehicle model. No duplicate upgrades may be taken for the same vehicle.

Armor plates	5 pts
Big grabber	5 pts
Boarding plank	5 pts
Bolt-on big shoota	10 pts
Reinforced ram	5 pts
Stikkbomb chucka (if warband contains Pigdok)	3 pts
Wrecker ball	5 pts

FERAL ORKS WARGEAR

In addition to items described in *Codex Orks*, the Feral Orks have some unique items of their own, which function as follows.

Bangstikk: Bangstikks are long poles with explosives strapped to the end. Used exclusively while mounted on a boar, they are not the most precise of weapons as they are woefully unbalanced. The bangstikk is used just like a krak grenade to attack vehicles and bunkers. However, bangstikks double the D6 roll for penetrating armor, giving them an Armor Penetration of 6+(D6x2).

Boar: Rider counts as cavalry – see page 93 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Cyboar: The rider counts as cavalry – see page 93 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. A Cyboar is extremely tough, reinforced with steel plates and bionic limbs, has its tusks replaced by blades and has an injection device which pumps it full of stimulants. Because of the toughness of the Cyboar and its value as cover, the rider counts as being in 'heavy armor and gets a 4+ armor save. The bionic augmentation makes the Cyboar a potent additional weapon granting the rider an additional close combat attack. During assaults and sweeping advances, models mounted on a Cyboar that pass through difficult terrain are killed on 1-3, as the Cyboar has a tendency to butt rocks and trees.

Super Cyboar: A Warboss can instruct a particularly skilled Pigdok to upgrade his Cyboar into a monstrous combination of beast and machine. A Super Cyboar follows the same rules as a Cyboar, but it gives the Warboss a 3+ save

due to the massive amount of metal and armor plate. In addition, the Cyboar is fitted with what is commonly known as Da Big Red Knob. This is essentially an injector system which pumps stimms into the Boar's system causing it to hurtle forward at an alarming rate. The Warboss will have the system linked up with all other Cyboars in his unit, so that when he presses the knob all the models in the unit advance with him. This allows the Cyboar riders to use the Fleet of Foot rules, advancing D6" instead of shooting during each Shooting phase.

Flash Furs, Skull Trophies, Toof Necklace:

Huntas who have managed to stalk and kill particularly powerful or dangerous prey will wear its pelt, or take its skull as a badge of honor. These count as two models when calculating mob size for Mob Size tests only.

Grot Styboy: A Grot Styboy is adept at tending to Boars and Cyboars and can provide valuable assistance for a Pigdok. When a Pigdok attempts to dope a unit he may add 1 to his dice roll for each Styboy assisting him.

Shiny Bitz: Feral Orks are superstitious in the extreme and will sometimes get the idea that an otherwise useless object is really a powerful



talisman. An Ork with shiny bitz may re-roll one failed Armor save once in the game.

Warpaint: Feral Orks often daub themselves in dyes and paints that the Wyrdboy has prepared in the hope that some of his latent psychic powers are absorbed in the mix. A model protected by warpaint is not affected by psychic powers on a D6 roll of 6+. The power still works, but any character that makes his save will be unaffected.

Wyrdboy Stikk: Wyrdboyz frequently carry copper staves to give themselves some protection against 'Eadbangs. When a Wyrdboy with a Wyrdboy Stikk suffers an 'Eadbang he may re-roll the Strength of the attack.

HEADQUARTERS



A Feral Ork Warboss is the strongest and most cunning Ork of his tribe. He must constantly fight challengers to maintain his authority. When not fighting for his position, he leads his tribe on raids on other Feral Ork camps or any other communities in his vicinity. He will gather the best warriors of his tribe together into a warband, striking out on hit-and-run missions.

WARBOSS 60 points

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Warboss	60	5	2	5	4	3	4	4	9	6+

Options: A Warboss may be given any equipment allowed from the Feral Ork Armory.

Bodyguard: The Warboss may be accompanied by a Bodyguard (see entry below). If he has a Bodyguard then the Warboss and his Bodyguard are treated as a single unit during battle. Note that the Bodyguard does not count as a separate HQ choice (it does not use up an HQ 'slot').

Independent Character: Unless accompanied by his Bodyguard (see below), the Warboss is an independent character and follows all the rules for independent characters as given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

WARBOSS'S BODYGUARD

NOB. 20 points

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Nob	20	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Number: The Warboss may be accompanied by between 5 and 10 Nobz.

Options: The Nobz may be given any equipment allowed from the Feral Ork Armory.

PIGDOK 10 points

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Pigdok	10	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+

Number: If the Warboss is accompanied by a Bodyguard he may also be accompanied by up to two Pigdoks.

Options: Pigdoks may be given any equipment allowed from the Feral Ork Armory.

If the Warboss is mounted then his Bodyguards must also be mounted on Boars or Cyboars. If the Warboss is riding a Super Cyboar then all Nobz in the unit must be equipped with Cyboars. Cyboars can only be selected if there is at least one Pigdok in the Bodyguard.



O-1 WYRDBOY..... 60 points

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Wyrdboy	50	3	3	3	4	2	3	1	8	6+

Options: A Wyrdboy may be given any equipment allowed for Wyrdboyz from the Feral Ork army.

Minderz: The Warboss may use Brutes to make sure the Wyrdboy does what's expected of him. If the army contains a Brute mob of 10 or more Brutes then 2-5 of them may be detached to form a unit with the Wyrdboy. These cannot include Brutes with upgraded weapons or Brute Nobz.

Independent Character: Unless accompanied by Minderz (see above) the Wyrdboy is an independent character and follows all the rules for independent characters as given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Psychic Abilities: See Wyrdboyz and wyrdboyz powers in the Feral Orks Special Rules section.



Although all Orks are innately psychic, a rare few have the ability to channel this power. Most of these Shamans, or Wyrdboyz as they are more commonly known, are bullied and used as just another potentially destructive weapon to carry into battle. In battle they accompany the mobs, soaking up the raw Waaagh! energy that large numbers of Orks create, channeling it into a powerful psychic burst.

ELITES

O-2 BRUTES..... 9 points per model

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Brute	9	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
Nob	+11	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Mob: The mob consists of between 5 and 20 Brutes.

Weapons: Slugga and choppa.

Options: Up to two models can have either a burna at +8 pts, or a rokkit launcha at +10 pts.

Character: For an additional cost of +11 pts one of the Boyz may be upgraded to a Nob. The Nob may be given any equipment allowed by the Feral Ork Army.



Whilst the ability to shoot prey is essential to a Feral Ork tribe's survival, they still relish close combat. Some Feral Orks are far larger than the others and spend the vast majority of their time maintaining order within the hierarchy of the tribe, usually by means of their sheer brute size. They allow the other smaller Orks the privilege of hunting for them, taking the pick of the prey that the Huntas bring back.

TRAPPAS..... 10 points per model

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Trappas	10	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+
Nob	+10	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Mob: The mob consists of between 5 and 10 Trappas.

Weapons: The models in the mob may be armed with either a shoota or a slugga and choppa (you may have a mixture of weapons in the mob).

Options: You may give your entire unit of Trappas flash furs at a cost of +2 pts each.

Character: For an additional cost of +10 pts one of the Trappas may be upgraded to a Nob. The Nob may be given any equipment allowed by the Feral Ork Army.

SPECIAL RULES

Infiltrators: Trappas are Infiltrators and follow the special scenario rules for Infiltrators.

Slippery: Trappas sneak through cover easily, so they roll an extra D6 when rolling to see how far they can move through difficult terrain.

Set Traps: If the game is being fought using the Jungle Fighting rules, Trappas may set booby traps. Each unit of Trappas allows you to set three Booby Traps. These are bought at the cost below.

BOOBY TRAPS SPECIAL RULES

BOOBY TRAPS	Points	Str	AP
Bang Trap	20	7	3
Fire Bomb	20	4	5
Punji Pit	15	3	6

Fire Bomb: Very similar in appearance to a bang trap, a fire bomb explodes in a shower of highly combustible liquid. Place the small Blast marker so that the central hole is over the model that triggered the device. Any models fully under the Blast marker are hit automatically and any partially under are hit on a 4+.

Punji Pit: A simple, crude but effective trap; a small pit with sharp stakes placed at the bottom which is covered with various foliage. Place the small Blast marker so that the central hole is over the model that triggered the device. Any models fully under the Blast marker are hit automatically and any partially under are hit on a 4+.

If you have a suitable terrain piece then this may be placed on the table to represent difficult terrain for the remainder of the game.



Feral Orks do not have the same resources as normal Orks and are dependent on a select few highly skilled Orks to bring them food to eat and furs to wear. Many of these Orks band together into elite groups that call themselves Trappas. The Trappas have perfected the art of setting snares and digging staked pits in order to catch their prey and are skilled at sneaking up to targets for the kill. These talents are also useful on the battlefield. Trappas often wear thick pelts of fur, skinned from particularly vicious animals they have caught as trophies.



Set Up: Booby traps are set up using the special rules that can be found on page 21 of Codex: Catachans.

Ignore Cover Saves: All booby traps ignore cover saves.

Pinning: Any unit that suffers one or more casualties from a booby trap must test for pinning.

Bang Trap: This is a large number of stikkbombz strapped crudely together and attached to a tripwire. The resultant explosion is a cataclysmic detonation of flying shrapnel that affects the model triggering the trap only.



If a particularly skilled Pigdok lives within the tribe, then he often spends his free time manufacturing bombs and explosives. Those Orks fortunate enough to possess a cache of stikkbombz group together in raids. Envied by most of the other Orks in the tribe these Stikk Bommas revel in the noisy destruction their deadly barrage can cause.

O-I STIKK BOMMAS..... 10 points per model

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Boyz	10	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+
Nob	+11	4	2	4	4	2	3	2	7	6+

Mob: The mob consists of between 5 and 20 Stikk Bommas.

Weapons: Slugga, close combat weapon, frag and krak stikkbombz.

Options: Up to two models in the unit may be equipped with a big shoota at +12 pts, a rokkit launcha at +10 pts or a burna at +8 pts.

Character: For an additional cost of +11 pts one of the Boyz may be upgraded to a Nob. The Nob may be given any equipment allowed by the Feral Ork Armory.

TROOPS



In order to survive the harsh habitats in which Feral Orks live, many group together in large mobs. Not yet skilled in the arts of hunting and trapping, these gangs of Orks rely on strength in numbers to protect themselves from predators (including other Orks). They hunt in large mobs, depending on the sheer number of their guns to kill enough prey. Competition within the gangs is fierce, as food and supplies are limited. Only the strongest will acquire the best weapons and gain the larger portions of the kills.

HUNTAS..... 9 points per model

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hunta	9	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+
Nob	+11	4	2	4	4	2	3	2	7	6+

Mob: The mob consists of between 10 and 30 Huntas.

Weapons: Shootas.

Options: Up to two models in the unit may be equipped with a big shoota at +12 pts, a rokkit launcha at +10 pts or a burna at +8 pts.

Character: For an additional cost of 11 pts one Hunta may be upgraded to a Nob. A Nob may choose any equipment from the Feral Ork Armory.



A Feral Ork raiding party will often come across a small community of Orks that have spored up away from the larger tribes. These Orks are usually armed with the most basic primitive weaponry such as clubs or spears. The Ork raiding party will bring these wild Orks back to their tribe and over a period of time will teach them da proper Orky way. Before they are truly accepted in the tribe they must prove their strength in a raid using only the weapons they were found with.

WILDBOYZ..... 8 points per model

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Wildboyz	8	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+
Nob	+12	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Mob: A Wildboy mob consists of between 10 and 30 Wildboyz

Weapons: Choppas and a hand weapon such as a club or dagger.

Character: The Wildboyz must always be accompanied by a Nob. The Nob may be given any equipment from the Feral Ork Armory.



As with other Orks, Feral Orks are often accompanied into battle by groups of Gretchin.

GRETCHIN MOBS..... as in Codex Orks



Most Feral Orks have little concept of technology and occasionally their introduction to even the simplest mechanical devices will be too much for the Orks' small brains to handle. When this happens an Ork can become psychotic and lose what little rational thought processes he had in the first place. These Orks are known as Madboyz or Nuttas and are grouped together on the battlefield. Although unpredictable and erratic at times, they can prove extremely effective.

MADBOYZ..... 7 points per model

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Madboyz	7	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	6+
Pigdok	10	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+

Mob: The mob consists of between 5 and 20 Madboyz

Weapons: The Madboyz may be armed with either a shoota or a slugga and a choppa.

Character: The Madboyz may be accompanied into battle by a Pigdok. The Pigdok may be given any equipment allowed from the Feral Ork Armory. See the Pigdok special rules.

Special Rules: Madboyz are fearless and ignore all morale and pinning tests. Other Orks keep their distance and will never mob up with them. At the start of each Ork turn roll a D6 for each unit not in an assault, on a roll of 1 the Madboyz are 'disturbed'. Roll on the table below.

MADBOYZ DISTURBED BEHAVIOR TABLE

- The Madboyz fight amongst themselves because they realize the other Madboyz are 'lookin' at 'em funny'. Roll 1 attack per Madboy in the unit and inflict these hits on the unit. The Pigdok (if any) does not have to join in but can be hurt.
- One of the clouds is a striking image of an Ork god but the unit is split as to whether it's Gork or Mork who has appeared before them and begin a frantic argument. Count as pinned.

- The confused gibbering of one of the Madboyz spreads through the unit until they are convinced of their doom. The Madboyz fall back, automatically regrouping at the end of the move. If caught in crossfire, the unit is destroyed.
- The unit is overcome with images of heroism and decide to show the other Orks the true meaning of being Orky. They may move an additional D6" straight towards the nearest enemy unit in the Movement phase.

FAST ATTACK

BOARBOYZ 12 points per model

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Boarboy	12	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+
Nob	+22	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Mob: The mob consists of 5 to 10 Boarboyz. Boarboyz count as cavalry.

Weapons: Slugga and choppa or shootas. (You may have a mixture of weapons within the mob.)

Options: The entire mob may be equipped with frag stikkbombz at a cost of 1 point per model and krak stikkbombz at a cost of 2 points per model. If a Pigdok is included in the army then any of the Boars may be upgraded to Cyboars at a cost of 5 points per model.

Character: For an additional +22 pts one Boarboy may be upgraded to a Boarboy Nob. He may pick any wargear from the Feral Ork Armory.



If an Ork is a particularly adept Trappa, then he may be fortunate enough to catch a wild boar. If the Ork is brave enough, he may be able to beat the boar into submission so that it will let him ride on its back. The Ork benefits from the speed and ferocity of his mount, whilst the boar, for his part in the bargain, is treated to daily gruel, a smelly sty and the occasional smack on his nozzle with a large stick.

HERDA 9 points plus 5 per Squig

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Herda	9	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+
Squighounds	5	3	0	3	3	1	2	1	2	6+

Mob: The mob consists of 1 Herda and between 10 and 20 Squighounds.

Weapons: Slugga and choppa. The Squighounds are armed with huge teeth.

Character: The Herda may be given any equipment from the Feral Ork Armory.

Special Rules: If the Herda is killed, the pack disperses at the end of the phase – treat them as destroyed.



Some Trappas in the tribe prefer to train vicious Squigs to become their own personal hunting pets. They take these beasts, who are loyal only to their master's whip, on hunting expeditions to track down prey or the occasional runaway Grot.

JUNKAS 9 points per model

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Junkas	9	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+
Nob	+11	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Mob: The mob consists of between 5 and 10 Junka boyz

Weapons: The Junkas have either a shoota or a slugga and a choppa. The mob may contain a mix of differently armed Junkas.

Options: Up to one of the Junkas can have a big shoota at +12 points, a rokket launcha at +10 points or a burna at +8 points.

Character: One of the Junkas may be upgraded to a Nob at an additional cost of +11 pts. The Nob may have any equipment allowed from the Feral Ork Armory.

Transport: The mob must be mounted in a Junkatrukk at an additional cost of +30 pts. Junkatrukks may be fitted with any of the vehicle upgrades in the Feral Orks Armory.



On rare occasions a lucky Feral Ork tribe may find damaged vehicles left by other forces. If their Pigdok is skilled enough they often manage to get the vehicle up and running using steam, pedal or even pure boar power. The Orks will then ride into battle clinging on to any spare space of their technological masterpiece in huge numbers.

JUNKATRUKK				
	Front Armor	Side Armor	Rear Armor	BS
Junkatrukk	10	10	10	3

Type: Fast, open-topped.

Weapons: The Junkatrukk may be armed with one of the following: big shoota at +12 pts, a rokket launcha at +10 pts or a burna at +8 pts.

Special Rule: The poor lack of maintenance means that these trukks are liable to mechanical failure on a regular basis. Before the vehicle moves roll a D6. On a roll of 1 something has snapped, blown up or seized and the crew must spend the remainder of the turn repairing the damage. The vehicle may not move this turn.





Space McQuirk's Feral Orks swarm into the ranks of the Eldar, a looming Squiggoth on the horizon.

HEAVY SUPPORT



Squiggoths are enormous creatures which are usually hunted down by Orks for food. Feral Orks see the great beasts as more than simply food, as for them the Squiggoth also represents a means of transport. Over time they have discovered that they can harness these beasts and make mobile platforms on their backs with which to carry the tribe into battle. This has led to the Pigdoks breeding larger and larger variants of Squiggoth.

SQUIGGOTH See Below

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Standard (up to 6")	40	2	2	6	5	3	1	3	7	6+
Big (over 6" up to 9")	50	2	2	7	6	4	1	3	7	5+
Massive (over 9")	60	2	2	7	7	5	1	4	7	4+

Mob: Squiggoths operate independently. They come in a variety of sub-species which differ considerably but will often be dinosaur-like in appearance.

Options: Any size Squiggoth may carry a turreted howdah containing either a twin-linked rokkit launcha at +20 pts, a twin-linked big shoota at +30pts or a lobba at +30pts.

SPECIAL RULES:

The points value and statistics for a Squiggoth are solely dependent on its size. As each Squiggoth can be vastly different to the next a simple process of measuring the Squiggoth model from head to tail is used to determine its characteristics. All Squiggoths are fearless and ignore all morale and pinning tests.

Crew: All Squiggoths carry up to 3 crew who use the standard Hunta profiles.

Monstrous Creature: Due to its sheer size and brute strength, the Squiggoth is a monstrous creature. It rolls 2D6 for Armor Penetration and ignores opponents' Armor saves in close combat.

Transport: A big Squiggoth may be used to transport up to 10 Orks. A massive Squiggoth may be used to transport up to 20 Orks.

If the Squiggoth is carrying passengers then they may embark or disembark as if it were an open-topped vehicle. Similarly the passengers can fire as if they were in an open-topped vehicle. When enemy models fire back they must target the Squiggoth. Template, Blast and Ordnance weapons gain no extra bonus. If the Squiggoth is killed, it crashes to the ground and may crush the passengers in its death throes – they will take a wound on a 4+ (normal saving throws allowed).



LOBBA BATTERY

As Big Gunz Battery in Codex Orks. May only include lobbas. May not include a Mek. Slaver may only choose from the Feral Ork Armory.

If you have any thoughts on this army list, why not write in to the usual address and let us know. For more information and images of the Feral Orks, check out the Games Workshop Website at:
www.games-workshop.com.

CHAPTER APPROVED



Chapter Approved is a compilation of the best of White Dwarf's Chapter Approved column, plus a number of new articles, all adding to the Warhammer 40,000 game system. It contains new army lists, updates, clarifications, additional wargear and special characters, vehicle design rules, questions and answers on all of the currently published Codexes plus a host of other bits contributed by players.

ARMY LISTS

- Sisters of Battle
- Necrons
- Blood Angels Death Company
- Imperial Guard Armored Company

SCENARIOS

- Advanced Mission Selection
- Army of Death
- Assassins
- Battle at the Camp
- Capture the Hulk
- Carnage
- Dawn Assault

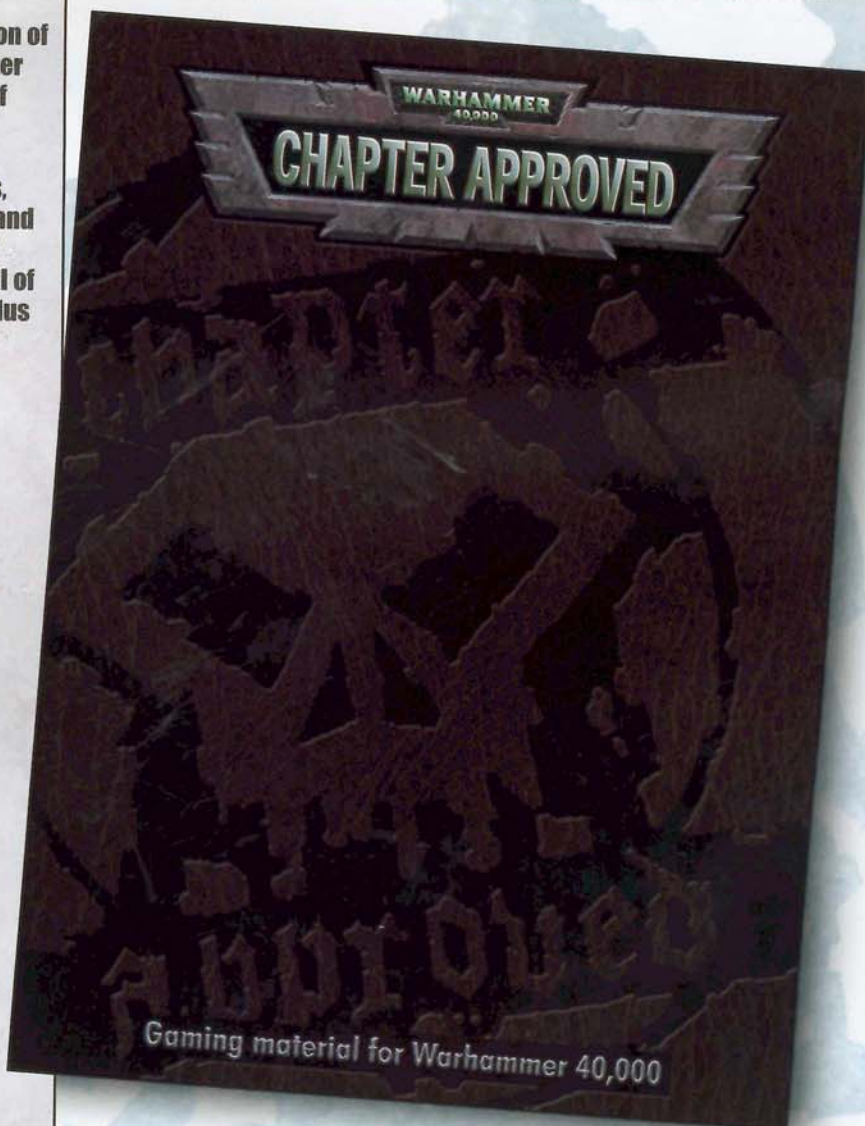
ADDITIONAL RULES

- Dark Lords of Chaos
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VEHICLE RULES

- Transport Vehicles
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First Founding



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

BRINGERS OF DARKNESS

The Night Lords
Space Marine Chapter

by Phil Kelly

The Night Lords have always belonged to the darkness. Ever since their inception, the black seed of their Primarch infected them with violence and despair. Although they once fought with grim efficiency in the name of the Emperor, the Night Lords were among the first to turn to the darkness, sowing misery and fear like a plague across unnumbered worlds.

Origins

According to the heretical handwritten chronicle of his life, entitled simply *The Dark*, Konrad Curze's earliest memory was of descending from the heavens in a crackling ball of light to the night-shrouded planet of Nostramo. His embryonic form impacted on the dense cityscape of Nostramo Quintus, smashing through countless levels of debris and moldering architecture, through the planet's crust and into the geosphere before finally coming to a halt near the liquid core of the planet. His descent left a scar in the virtually inviolable adamantium strata of Nostramo, the result of the supernaturally resilient Primarch's violent birth into a world that knew no light. The cratered pit his descent had carved into the planet was closed off and regarded with fear and suspicion. Theoretically, the only way the Primarch could have reached the surface was to have swum through molten metal, borne upwards through volcanic vents to the surface. The Arcana Progenitum of Nostramo Quintus details the incident in vague, awkward terms:

"...a glowing child-form it was, crawled from the Pit onto the broken street, hissing molten metal dripping from its limbs. It was a daemon, no less, with the body of an infant but the expression of an old man, its eyes black and cold as obsidian."

Due to the pollution-clogged atmosphere, Nostramo was barely better lit at noon than at midnight. A shroud of perpetual darkness kept the planet swathed in dull greys and deep blacks. Only the rich could afford the Nostraman idea of light, little more than dim blue illumination-strips in the ceilings of the ruling hierarchy's luxurious dwellings. The adamantium that riddled the planet's crust, Nostramo's chief export to its neighboring worlds, was the reason for the thousands of metalworks and chemical plants that scarred the landscape and choked the air with noxious filth. The vast majority of the planet lived in abject poverty as foundry workers, whilst the rich grew in affluence, trampling down or killing any who dared oppose the status quo. Murder, theft and extortion were rife. Crime ran unchecked, the only gesture toward law enforcement was the

horrific brutality meted out by the hierarchy's hired thugs upon those who opposed them. Depression was inescapable, and overpopulation was prevented not by war, disease or legislation, but by suicide.

Unlike many of his brother Primarchs, Konrad Curze raised himself, and his survival instincts and iron constitution undoubtedly carried him easily through whatever rigors the pollution-choked city of Nostramo Quintus could throw at him. He spent his early life stalking silently through the streets, feasting on the pack animals that prowled the barrens around the hive-like cities. He did not ascend to heights of intellectual prowess, he was not schooled by the finest tutors in the land nor taught the blade or axe by noble mentors. Rather he rose to the top of the food chain, at first eating rats and other vermin, then the black, lean dogs that stalked the choked streets, and finally the corpses of the many victims of Nostramo's corrupt society. His powerful form, clotted with filth and blood, fuelled the citizenship's fears of this feral menace.

The Purging of Nostramo Quintus

One of the better known facts about Konrad Curze was that he was cursed by visions of horrifying potency throughout his life. Rather than seeing the myriad possibilities the future could hold, as the sorcerous Eldar claim they are able to, the visions he would experience were inevitably dark and troubled, the blackest paths the future could take unwinding before him. Among the most debated writings of Curze's history are the revelations contained in volume two of *'The Dark'*.

"At times, in raptures of pain, I saw what was to occur laid out before me. In these waking dreams, I took countless lives with my bare hands, heads taken as trophies. I died again and again at the hands of my father. My sons butchered and maimed their brothers. My name was to become synonymous with dread. But most vividly and with most frequency, I saw my world pierced by a lance of purest light, splitting it, shattering it into dust."

Some unrecorded event during his maturation pitched Curze into a destructive cycle of persecution and murder, with his focus always upon the

structured criminal elements of Nostramo's society. This vigilante war may well have started small, with Curze merely intervening when he witnessed something he thought wrong, but soon he deliberately hunted down those members of society that transgressed.

At first, several prominent figures among the city's corrupt hierarchy went missing. Others were quick to fill their shoes. Later that year, as an unusually long and swelteringly hot summer set in, those who protested loudest also began to disappear. The citizens of Quintus quickly ceased voicing their objections. Bodies of known criminals were being found splayed, gutted like fish by the cruel attentions of an unseen assailant. The corpses of hierarchy officials were found hung by

their feet from high windows. Headless bodies were found mutilated, opened so that their corruption could be exposed to the acidic air of Nostramo. Many of the corpses found that summer were unrecognizable due to the severity of the beatings they had fallen prey to. Body parts blocked the storm-drains, the beggars and children of the gutters quick to divest them of expensive jewelry and rich fabrics. It was obvious that Curze had no compunction in putting to death those that defied his law in displays of horrific brutality.

Within the year, the crime rate of Nostramo had fallen away to nothing. Society was transformed, and the ripples were felt all over the planet. Quintus developed a self-imposed curfew; none strayed out later than

early evening. The midnight streets, previously buzzing with activity, were as silent as the grave. Mothers threatened disobedient children with the depraved attentions of the Night Haunter. Soon the name became more commonplace, used by the populace as a whole. Rumors of a hideous, dark creature that stalked the alleyways and tunnels, its filthy claws ever ready to disembowel those who strayed, abounded within the city. The citizens of Quintus lived a half-life of fear, silent lest their words should be taken as heresy. Nostramo was ripe for the rule of the Night Haunter.

The Dark King

Soon enough, Konrad Curze saw a glimpse of salvation for his world. There was simply no crime left, no

Inquisition Access Level: Ω ninety eight

Night Lords Legion, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Night Lords color scheme



Corrupted Night Lords color scheme



Shoulder plate:
Night Lords
Legion symbol



Shoulder plate:
Chaos Undivided
icon



Traitor Night Lords Legion symbol



Night Lords Legion Chaos Champion



Night Lords Legion 'Raptor'

Pre-Heresy flamer
Crossfile/1839.c/A



Night-Lords
helmets with
terror markings

Thought for the day: Violence begets redemption.

killers aside from himself. He was the only object of fear and hate left in his city. No longer did his people live in cringing anticipation of being robbed or shot whilst they slept, now they feared only him. He had taken the burden of evil upon himself, and found he was more than able to stand it. It seemed his martyrdom lent him strength, and soon even he began to refer to himself as Night Hunter. The following excerpt is taken from the last Annals of Ghereticus, a noble of some standing before he swore fealty to the Primarch.

"He was waiting for us, the few nobles left alive in Nostramo, and as he squatted engulfed in shadow we thought he was (fragment missing). He dwarfed the luxurious throne he was perched in, the magnitude of his presence incredible. I could hardly breathe as he (fragment missing), his pallid, sunken features coming into the light of the glow-strips. Just then, I thought he was going to leap, and I could not move."

But it seemed he had a use for us. We were to become his mouthpiece, the instruments through which he would command the people of Nostramo. His word was absolute; anyone straying from his path would be killed; not by us, or by enforcers. He would find the transgressors himself and make examples of them. There was something in his tone then that made me want to run. Nonetheless, we had no choice but to obey."

And so Night Hunter became the first monarch of Nostramo Quintus, absorbing accumulated knowledge with diligence almost akin to greed. Night Hunter ruled with temperance and reason unheard of until word came to him that some injustice had been done,

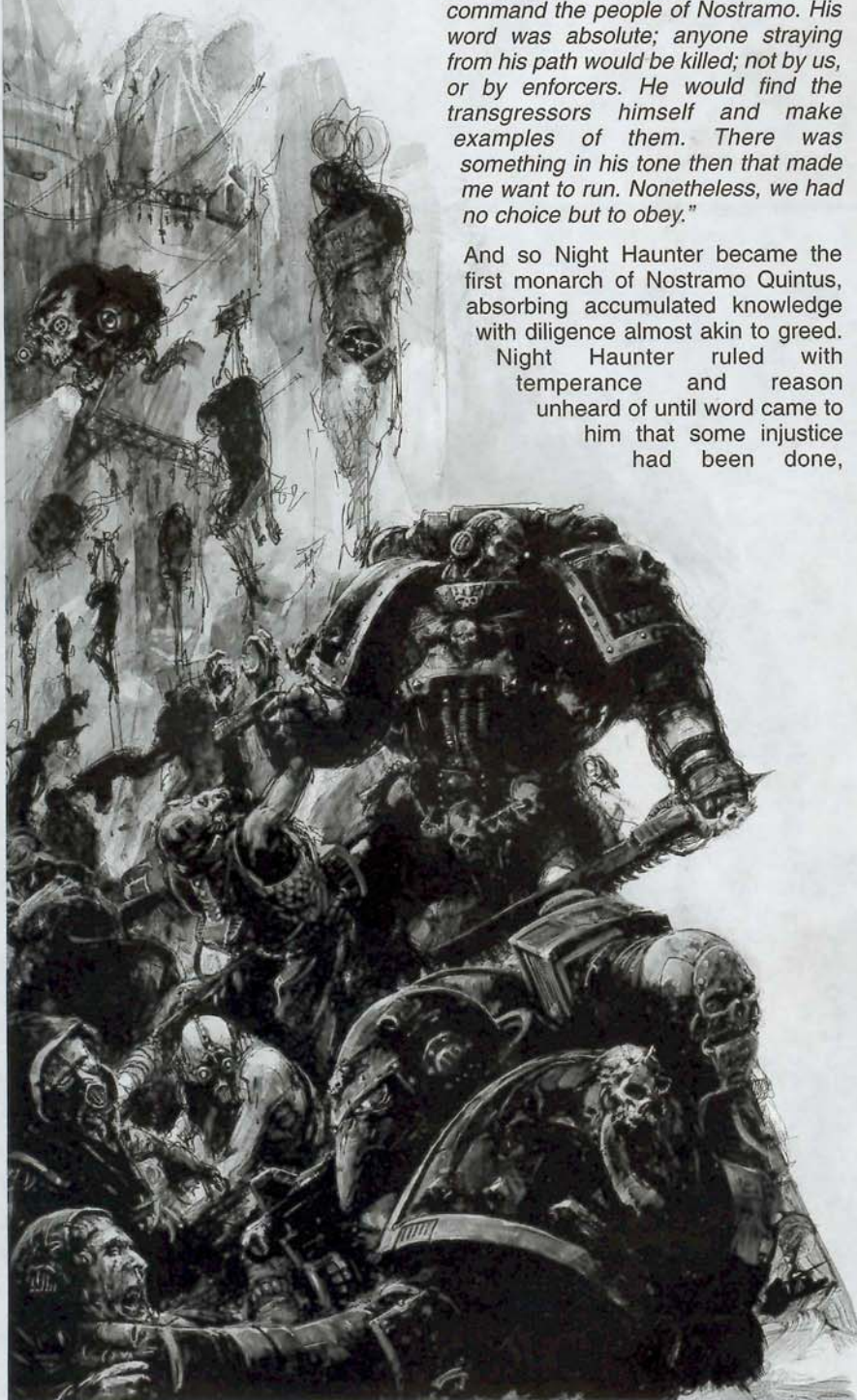
whereupon he alone would hunt the offender through empty streets until exhaustion forced his quarry to collapse. He would then proceed to mutilate his prey, although not beyond recognition. This unpredictable pattern of benevolent wisdom and hideous vengeance ushered the shocked populace into new realms of efficiency and honesty. Exports of adamantium to their neighboring worlds tripled. The society existed in a terrible harmony of shared wealth and shared fear. None dared have more than his neighbor and under the shadow of Night Hunter's rule the city grew well-lit and prosperous. And as Nostramo Quintus led, the rest of the planet followed, anxious to keep the Night Hunter from their doors.

Imperial historians have correlated Night Hunter's rule over Nostramo Quintus and its surrounding cities with the time the Great Crusade reached the fringes of the galaxy where Nostramo orbited its dying sun. The following is a fragment of Astropath Thoquai's personal records, transcribed during the Great Crusade as the Imperial battle barge *Divinity's Sword* entered Nostramo's system. So far sixteen Imperial Scholars have been fatally chastened after unwisely expressing their concern over the implications therein.

"I felt I knew well why the Emperor's ship changed course for that bleak orb, even before consulting the cards of the Lesser Arcanoi. They described great wealth, prosperity, stability. The Moon, the Martyr and the Monster lay in a triangle. The King lay reversed at the feet of the Emperor. Strangely, the sign of Hope was also reversed, and the horrific aspect of Death, ever present, lay above the entire tableaux. But the course was set, my misgivings as a mere breath against the maelstrom of his will."

The history of Nostramo was littered with references to an event called the Coming of the Light. The Emperor's arrival on Nostramo had such an indelible impact in the minds of Nostramo's citizens that the world was irrevocably changed. Though the Emperor's arrival brought hope to the populace, it ultimately brought a terrible curse.

When the eternally dark skies above Nostramo played host to the lights of the Emperor's fleet, the entire population of Quintus, one by one, overcame their fear. They stood in the cold streets, faces uplifted to the sky, many for the first time in their lives. Undeniably, light was coming to their world. It was growing brighter



by the minute. Men stood as children, mouths agape, eyes shielded from a light they could not understand. Many went into seizures of confusion and fear, many cried in joy, many crawled on their bellies, convinced they would all die.

The Emperor of Mankind had watched the way that this world worked from his divine auguries. The citizens were clean and efficient, working towards a common good with determination and silence. The night streets were completely empty as the entire planet slept. Evidently they lived in ignorance of the glory of the Imperium, but their King, undoubtedly possessing great authority and able to command unquestioning respect, had molded the society into a model of productivity. Matchless efficiency. Natural conformity. Total obedience.

Due to the entourage of scribes, attendants and aides that accompanied the Emperor on his journey to the center of Nostramo Quintus, it is possible to accrue a detailed account of the meeting between the Emperor and Night Hunter. Even some of the Emperor's words to the Primarch have withstood the ravages of time.

The Delegation of Light, as it came to be known, entered the city of Nostramo Quintus on foot. The drizzle of acidic rain ceased as if in acknowledgement of the Lord of Humanity's presence. Before them were the citizens of Nostramo, few of whom could bear to look directly at the glowing form of the Emperor, but many of whom wept as the healing light of his radiance reflected from the rain-slicked streets upon their pale faces. Those who dared to glance directly at the burnished gold of the Emperor's power armor found their delicate sight lost to them forever, the shining image of mankind's savior burned indelibly into their jet-black eyes.

Strangely, not one of the citizens made a single sound at the passing of the Delegation. In his subsequent report, Captain Lycius Mysander of the Ultramarines mentioned that the pleading look in the eyes of those who dared to raise their faces must have been because the poor creatures had never seen any real kind of light before. Scholars have since speculated that perhaps they sought deliverance from the regime of fear shackling them to what were almost certainly bleak, joyless lives.

At the end of the sprawling Broadway that led to Night Hunter's faceless tower stood the towering Primarch, his

lank hair shielding his face from the light as the Delegation marched towards him. The crowds parted like dead wheat before a summer breeze. The Emperor opened his arms wide as he approached Night Hunter.

Suddenly, Night Hunter began to shake violently, his hands flying to his eyes, as if to claw them out. A thin scream issued from the Primarch's palsied lips, and he dropped to his knees. His closest advisors were taken aback; this was greater in severity than even the fits they had recently witnessed. Then, with a benevolent smile, the Emperor stepped forward and gently placed his glowing hands on the Primarch's head. His screaming stopped, his hands dropped to his sides, and his body became still. Night Hunter's advisors, fearing the worst, started forward, only to be stopped by the sheer force of the newcomer's presence.

The Emperor spoke to the Primarch, and his reply echoed clear across the plaza. Since that day, it has echoed across the gulf of time.

"Konrad Curze, be at peace. I have arrived, and I intend to take you home."

"That is not my name, father. I am Night Hunter, and I know full well what you intend for me."

The Fall of Nostramo

The glimpse of hope given to the citizens of Nostramo by the arrival of the Emperor was ripped cruelly away from them as the Emperor left with their monarch. Many were at first overjoyed that the Night Hunter had been taken from their midst, so that they could talk and act freely once more without fear of gory retribution. But despite the nominal presence of the Administratum, the society soon degenerated into a seething morass of corruption.

In fact, the punctual reports of Administrator-regent Balthius, stationed upon Nostramo after the Emperor's delegation left for Terra, grew steadily less frequent, eventually straying into depression and irreverence. It is rumored by Administratum scholars of the period that he took his own life.

Worse still for the populace of the planet, the Emperor had shown that there was civilization outside of Nostramo's tenebrous star system, that there were better places in the galaxy, and that these places had light and splendor. The curse inflicted upon the citizens was that of futile hope, as each knew in their hearts that these places were far beyond their reach.

*"The Space Marines fear no evil,
for we are fear incarnate."*

*- Night Hunter,
Primarch of the Night Lords*

The Emperors' light had robbed Nostramo of its last defense against the darkness; ignorance.

Night Hunter quickly adapted to the teachings of the Imperium, though his manner remained dour and silent, even when introduced to his brother Primarchs. With the Primarch of the Emperor's Children, Fulgrim, as his tutor, he learned the complex doctrines of the Adeptus Astartes perfectly, committing them to memory with consummate ease. He often referred to Terra as a paradise, and his physique adapted to the diurnal cycles so unusual to his home planet. Soon, Night Hunter was incepted as the spiritual and military leader of the Night Lords, his genetic progeny, an entire legion of sons to whom the prodigal father had returned.

As the Great Crusade pushed onward once more, Night Hunter demonstrated a highly unusual grasp of military strategy, and his new Legion adapted to his tactics with intelligence and dedication. Although he excelled in many theatres of war, he was completely oblivious to the subtleties of negotiation and parley. It simply did not occur to Night Hunter to use anything less than total and decisive force to achieve his objective. This tendency spread quickly throughout the Night Lords' upper echelons until it was accepted without question. Where a simple surgical strike would suffice, Night Hunter regularly used excessive force to achieve his aims. On several occasions, the Primarch is recorded expressing the opinion that by utterly crushing the transgressor in full view of his compatriots, an enforcer not only solves the original problem beyond all doubt but ensures that those who observe it dare not stray from the path of Imperial law. Ultimately, the actual physical presence of the enforcer is not necessary to enforce the law. This was the belief underpinning Night Hunter's political and military tactics from the beginning.

Over the first few years of his rule as Primarch of the Night Lords, his legion utterly destroyed traces of heresy with the fanatical thoroughness of witch hunters. Night Hunter molded his sons into an efficient, humorless force of warriors to whom killing was second nature, achieving their goals by any means necessary. It is recorded that

early in his career as a military commander, Night Hunter led his finest warriors against a temple devoted to the worship of an agricultural deity, burning the entire settlement to the ground.

An incident in which the Night Lords virus-bombed a continent because an emergent cult devoted to Slaanesh had been uncovered on a remote island was cited as damning proof of their dangerous use of excessive force. Night Hunter encouraged his legions to decorate their armor with icons of fear and death to further enforce their already terrible reputation. Winged skulls, death masks, screaming faces and other hideous images were painted onto the legion's power armor with the greatest of care. Even the shrunken heads of their enemies often adorned the armor of the Night Lords.

The tactic proved incredibly effective. Soon, the extreme measures of the Night Lords became infamous, the mere mention of their presence in a system enough to ensure that civilized planets paid all outstanding tithes, ceased all illegal activity completely and killed those who bore deformities rather than invite a purge from the Night Lords.

As his Space Marines fell in the front lines of battle, Night Hunter ordered new recruits from his home world of Nostramo. He knew the citizens of his home world would obey him without question and was convinced that they would work towards the common good of the Imperium with the same dedication they evinced as his subjects. What Night Hunter did not know was that Nostramo had spiralled into the corrupt and decadent society it had been before he arrived. Only the most ruthless, hardy criminals remained healthy and strong on the cut-throat world of Nostramo, and it was these men, possessed of strength and vicious nerve but absolutely no scruples, that ended up populating the Night Lords' ranks. Warrior cults emerged within these black-eyed, pale recruits, pacts were made and oaths sworn. Incidents of the Night Lords' culling of defenseless populations increased with worrying frequency.

Although a son of the Emperor was answerable to none but the ruler of Mankind himself, Night Hunter's behavior was looked upon with suspicion by his brother Primarchs. The scars left by his former life on Nostramo ran deep. Despite the fact that he spent time with his peers, the Primarch kept himself at a distance, never able to join in their camaraderie or share their joy. He still fell into

convulsions, plagued by visions of his own death, of his Night Lords fighting war after war with the other Legions of the Adeptus Astartes. But despite the concern of his companions, he would not reveal any more than dark hints of the cause of his tormented spirit. This feeling of isolation gradually grew into paranoia, and the gulf between Night Hunter and the brotherhood of the Primarchs widened.

The matter of Night Hunter's heretical beliefs did not come to a head until some time later, and only because Night Hunter had managed to maintain some semblance of trust with his former tutor, the Primarch Fulgrim. Fulgrim's own outlook may have allowed him to understand Night Hunter's twisted logic, even if the resources the Night Lords expended on their purges could have been better spent elsewhere.

It has been concluded that when Fulgrim came to his aid after a violent fit, Night Hunter felt that he could confide his fears in Fulgrim. Given Fulgrim's reaction, it seems likely the Night Lords Primarch told of his certainty that he would be killed by his own father, that their children would die fighting amongst themselves rather than their enemies, and that the light the Emperor had brought to Nostramo would destroy it forever.

Fulgrim in turn confided Night Hunter's story to Rogal Dorn, who took exception to this slight on the Emperor's name. The following description of subsequent events hints at a confrontation between Rogal Dorn and Night Hunter, and given some of the writings it is obvious that the two came to blows. The excerpt is allegedly part of an account by Lord Princeps Ichabod Lethrai of the victory banquet held in honor of the pacification of the Cheraut System in 7232826.M29. It is kept in a solution of oils to prevent its degeneration, and is among the most closely guarded texts within the cloister-archives of the Library Sanctus.

"...Lying on the stone floor, breathing shallowly, was Rogal Dorn. Blood soaked his robes, great gouges of flesh were missing from his torso. Crouching on the giant warrior's chest like a hideous white gargoyle was the hunched, pallid form of Night Hunter, his flesh covered in a film of sweat. He was panting heavily, and matted hair fell down over his jet-black eyes as he turned to face us. He was weeping, but his face was contorted into a snarl, his features wracked with hate and guilt in equal measure."

The events immediately following this incident are not recorded, but it appears that the Primarchs held a conference amongst themselves, with Night Hunter exiled to his chambers. What decision they reached has been lost to history, but the conclusion of this terrible chain of events is engraved deeply in the tragic story of the Imperium's darkest hour.

When the council of the Primarchs disbanded many hours later, they found Night Hunter missing, his honor guard butchered to a man. The corridors, walls and ceiling of the cloisters leading from his quarters were slick with blood and peppered with pieces of shattered bone. Night Hunter had already mobilized his legion's craft. By the time the Primarchs had enough craft ready for pursuit, Night Hunter had already entered the warp.

Without the supernatural skill and incredible prescience of the Emperor's Primarchs, many of Night Hunter's pursuers could have been lost that day as the rogue vessels delved deep into the heart of the Empyrean. The journey, malleable within the warp, may have taken hours or months; no reliable records exist. But one thing was certain, despite their valiant pursuit, his brothers arrived too late.

The Night Lords' ships orbited Nostramo, hundreds of weapons trained on the shrouded planet, the rays of the system's dying sun glinting from barrels too numerous to count. As the fabric of space buckled and twisted, disgorging the few craft able to keep pace, the lances and mass drivers of Night Hunter's flagship opened fire upon the planet.

Beam after beam of incandescent light joined the fusillade, all concentrating upon the same point, a weak spot in Nostramo's adamantium crust theorized to be left by the Primarch's initial landing. The lasers of the Night Lords' ships focused a blinding lance of pure energy into the planet's core, and with a cataclysmic explosion, the dark planet burst apart.

The Horus Heresy

In the wake of his terrible act, Night Hunter became susceptible to the whispered temptations of Chaos. By this time, he was dangerously unhinged, leaving a trail of devastated worlds across the galaxy. Few civilized worlds were totally without blemish, and the pretexts on which Night Hunter launched full-scale invasions became less and less credible. Imperial reconnaissance craft followed

in the wake of the Night Lords' fleet, reporting back to the Emperor's throne room across unimaginable stretches of time and space.

The atrocities the Night Lords were wreaking in the Emperor's name were abhorrent. Blasphemous acts and horrendous violence were the signature of the Night Lords' visitations, the fleet pressing ever onwards so as to avoid retribution. The tastes of the Legion twisted from physical sadism and torture into the infliction of psychological damage, with the dark-armored warriors beginning to slow their frantic orgy of destruction into premeditated campaigns of mind-numbing terror. They became connoisseurs of pain and despair, taking weeks in the infliction of misery and fear upon a planet, feeding upon the dark emotions they conjured. The Night Lords made sure to invade helpless, backward planets where the population could barely comprehend that Hell had come to their world, feeding on their confusion and fright like leeches.

No longer did Night Hunter crusade in the name of the Emperor, who he now denounced as a weak hypocrite without the courage to admit that his own doctrines were just as extreme. Now the Primarch fought in the name of death and fear, knowing full well how the horrific arsenal at his disposal could aid him in his malign work. Night Hunter changed physically during this time, his lips receding completely, his muscular frame

hunching over, and his gnarled hands stretching into grasping talons.

Appalled by his son's grotesque acts, the Emperor was forced by repeated protests to call Night Hunter to account, demanding his presence for a full inquiry into his Legions' methods. But as the edict was issued, and the slow but powerful arm of Imperial law stretched out to Night Hunter, the greatest betrayal the Imperium had ever seen came to terrible fruition. Horus, first among the Emperor's chosen, betrayed him by converting several of the Space Marine Legions to the worship of Chaos. The true extent of his treachery became evident to the Emperor at Istvaan V, and the quest to bring the Night Lords to justice was

abandoned as the Imperium tore itself apart in all-out war.

Night Hunter was quick to pledge allegiance to Horus, and it became clear that all the allegations levelled at the Night Lords were true. From the planet of Tsagualsa, deep in the wilderness area of space known as the Eastern Fringes, the Night Lords launched a campaign of genocide and purest evil that made their previous atrocities pale in



THE CULLING OF GRENDDEL'S WORLD

In the year 2353843.M34, the Imperial frigate *Hand of Mercy* detected a residual distress call from a small isolated world in the Ysobael Cloud, a twisting system orbiting a small bright star deep in the reaches of the Eastern Fringes. When the world was investigated by the crew of the *Mercy*, every single inhabitant was found dead. Many of the symbols cut into the corpses were identifiable as the sigils of the Night Lords. After an understandably brief investigation, the crew filed a report on the incident, and a squad from the Scout company of the Mortifactors Space Marines was assigned to assess the situation. From their findings, they were able to glean much information about the methods with which the Night Lords conquered the worlds in their path.

The Night Lords initially observe the planet from orbit. This is evident due to their unerring accuracy in finding the communications centers of a given world, where they aim their initial attacks. These are blood-fuelled orgies of carnage, mangled corpses testament to the violence of the assault. The buildings and communications apparatus bear not even the slightest scar or burn; evidently the Night Lords eschew the wasting of ordnance during these purges.

It would be around this point that any frantic warning signals are abruptly cut off, and the screams and pleas of the dying replace any useful information. These demoralizing sounds, in conjunction with static and whispered obscenities, are looped into the world's communication networks. Scenes of butchery and blood-soaked depravity are broadcast across the vid-screens of the terrified population. These looped images and messages were still playing, albeit in a stilted, halting pattern, when the Mortifactors Scouts investigated the empty habitats of Grendel's World.

None of the buildings on the planet were harmed in any way, showing clearly that the Night Lords have no interest in random destruction. If the planet had been able to muster any real defense, the damage wrought by a full-scale battle would be evident. The fact that this is lacking on a world hosting considerable military resource is testament to the Night Lords' skills.

After destroying the planet's electrical grid, the atmosphere is brought into a state of permanent night. This is achieved by the detonation of nuclear-level explosives in uninhabited areas, launched from the Night Lords' ships still in orbit. The resultant fall-out throws up such vast quantities of dust and irradiated smoke that the entire planet is consumed by a blanket of darkness, which was still blotting out the sun during the Scout team's investigation. Levels of radiation poisoning in the corpses littering the streets were dangerously high; presumably the loss of teeth and hair and the deterioration of skin tissue in the populace is a desirable side-effect for the Night Lords.

The psychological trauma caused by these tactics takes a considerable toll in itself, and roughly one third of the planet's casualties appeared to have taken their own lives rather than face the Night Lords. Once word had spread of the Night Lords' arrival, and the population had reached the point of hysteria, the Chaos Space Marines began their sport. This appears to have lasted several weeks, given the varied levels of decay exhibited by the corpses of Grendel's World inhabitants. Closer inspection revealed that roughly 14% of the populace died from fear itself; their cause of death not bolter round or chainsword, but total nervous failure. Men, women and children alike were found dead, and the all-pervading silence, coupled with the unnatural twilight of the nuclear winter, was profoundly unsettling even for the members of the Mortifactors.

Not a single body of a Night Lords Chaos Space Marine was found on the planet. However, given the symbols daubed in blood and the ashen corpses lying dead in their beds, in the streets, and in the parks, the fate of Grendel's World was unmistakably their work. It can only be hoped the senseless genocide of the populace can furnish us with a little more information on how to scour this menace from the face of the Imperium.

comparison. They pledged no allegiance to any particular Chaos power, looking upon such devotion with scorn. Instead, their Primarch fed on fear, and eventually became what he most loathed. Soon enough, the ranks of his once-proud Legion were entirely composed of sadistic murderers and criminals granted the power to oppress anyone they chose by the Primarch's own potent gene-seed. Rather than serving Chaos, the Night Lords used it as a tool in their inhuman works. The galaxy trembled at the very mention of the dread Legion, and slowly but surely, the Night Lords carved a bloody trail towards Terra.

Even at the conclusion of the Horus Heresy, when the Chosen One of Chaos lay broken and beaten on the burning remains of his battle barge, the Night Lords fought on with unforgiving ferocity. They continued to raid the Imperium, all military strategy and carefully planned campaigns of terror discarded in favor of wanton murder and destruction. The hand of Night Haunter was still evident in the acts of his Legion, but it is obvious from field recordings of the time that the battle orders of the Primarch had changed. Where they were originally cold and calculating, the Night Lords now struck against overwhelming odds, their tactics eventually betraying a self-destructive desperation. It is quite possible that Night Haunter was aware of the fact that the Emperor had finally issued the order for his life to be terminated at the hands of the Callidus temple of assassins. Fully half of the existing Callidus operatives were dispatched to locate and destroy the Primarch, hoping his death would disband the Night Lords forever.

The last words of Night Haunter stand as one of the great enigmas of Imperial history. It is thought that the assassin M'Shen was consciously allowed to infiltrate Night Haunter's grotesque palace on the world of Tsagualsa, an edifice constructed entirely from still-living bodies. Expecting to have to deal with numerous guards and loyal retainers, she was surprised to find the halls of bone and flesh completely deserted. The vid-log built into M'Shen's baroque vambraces, kept in stasis at the heart of the most venerated Callidus shrine, shows the final confrontation between the twisted Primarch and the avenging angel. The events are portrayed thus:

Sitting in a pool of shadow upon a throne made from the fused bones of his victims, a carpet of still-screaming faces leading up to gnarled, naked feet, sits Night Haunter himself. His

madness and hate radiate from him, palpable even through such a remote medium as a vid-log. M'Shen stops in her tracks when the fallen Primarch raises his head, her face reflected in the impassive, deep black pools of his eyes. Long moments pass. Then, in a voice thick with contempt and pain, Night Hunter speaks.

"Your presence does not surprise me, Assassin. I have known of you ever since your craft entered the Eastern Fringes. Why did I not have you killed? Because your mission and the act you are about to commit proves the truth of all I have ever said or done. I merely punished those who had wronged, just as your false Emperor now seeks to punish me. Death is nothing compared to vindication."

Then the vid-log blurs for a fraction of a second as M'Shen leaps forwards, and the last image in the recording is of dark, staring eyes brimming with madness above a lipless smile before the recording inexplicably shorts out.

Home World

Nostramo was a dark, bleak planet shrouded by vast clouds of dust and pollution. It had five major cities sitting at the habitable hub of the planet, Nostramo Prime to Nostramo Quintus, each city functioning as a self-contained industrial system. Due to the synchronicity in the orbit of Nostramo and Tenebor, the moon interposed between Nostramo and its dying sun, these cities experienced the equivalent of a Terran night even during the middle of a Nostraman summer. The physiology of the humanoids that lived there remained virtually identical to that of Humans from the Segmentum Solar, another argument in favor of Genetor-Chief Ratifer's Convergent Evolution Hypothesis, with the exception that none of the planet's indigenous life forms have irises; the visible part of their eyes consisted entirely of pupils. Their skin was very pale, and an acute form of albinism, though recessive, was common in the populace.

The geology of Nostramo was nothing short of priceless, as the crust had unprecedented amounts of naturally occurring adamantium. The presence of such abundant quantities of valuable metal meant that the cities of Nostramo enjoyed very profitable trading with their neighboring worlds, although it is well known that these worlds sold the metal on at a much higher price to the traders of the Imperium. An entire strata of the planet's crust was comprised of this valuable metal, and it is thought that the planet had a very

volatile core, hence its megatonne explosion at the hands of the Primarch.

Since the Night Lords lost their Primarch it would seem that they are one of many Chaos Space Marine forces based in the Eye of Terror. Most likely they have found some shadowy daemon realm in which to exist, although this conclusion is mere hypothesis. Without committing extensive resources, it is unlikely the Imperium will be able to tackle the threat of the Night Lords at their source.

Combat Doctrine

The Night Lords adopted the *modus operandi* of their Primarch without exception, and thrive in sowing fear and confusion among their enemy. It is common practice for Night Lords Chaos Space Marines to ensure that the communications of a target planet are shut down, broadcasting hideous messages and screams across the airwaves as they begin slaughtering the occupants at their leisure. It is very rare that the Night Lords voluntarily fight a force able to withstand them; they much prefer to attack the weak and frightened. Repeated instances have shown that the Night Lords will not give quarter and are entirely bereft of mercy. Any poor soul offering to surrender will have his pleas answered by mutilation and painful death.

Night Hunter's Legion have no holy crusade, no belief that causes them to spread murder and misery to the worlds they visit. Similarly, they have no martial creed, all concept of honor eroded by the supplanting of vicious criminals into their ranks.

The Night Lords are masters of stealth, able to infiltrate a position quickly and silently. These arts appear to be innate to the legion, and come to the fore during the sick games they use to drive their prey into paroxysms of terror. Even before they turned to Chaos, the Night Lords adorned their armor with imagery of death; this is because they know that fear can be used as a weapon just as effectively as a chainsword or bolter. Given their predilection for picking on weaker foes, a fully-armored Night Lords champion armed with a devastating array of weaponry is always more than a match for the foes he chooses to fight.

Beliefs

Night Lords are exceptionally versatile in their use of the forces of Chaos, employing the hell-spawned powers of each of the major Chaos deities with equal favor. It is just as likely that the

Night Lords will be seen fighting alongside a group of foul Plague Marines as it is the warriors of the Thousand Sons. However, it has been ascertained that the Night Lords have nothing but scorn for faith in all its forms, whether it be the fanatical bloodlust of the Khornate Berzerker or the devotion of the Imperial creed. The only authority they recognize is that of temporal power and material wealth.

Observational evidence would suggest that the only reason the Night Lords fight is for the love of killing and the material rewards this can bring. They take great pleasure in gunning down defenseless prey, especially those too young or sick to stand up to them. It is certainly not for the thrill of battle that they fight, as an army of Night Lords can be expected to try every underhand trick in the book before resorting to honest combat. This is possibly a vestige of their ancestry in the criminal classes of Nostramo where it was commonplace to ruthlessly force the will of the strong upon the weak.

Gene-seed

The gene-seed of the Night Lords seems to be surprisingly pure. In fact, of all the Chaos Space Marine Legions, the Night Lords seem to bear the least evidence of mutation. This is perhaps due to a stable gene-seed stock, perhaps due to the fact they rarely associate themselves with a particular Chaos power for any length of time.

Although the Night Lords are distinguished by jet black eyes and pale skin, the real legacy of Night Hunter may be psychological. There is a tendency for paranoia and self-destructive behavior in the Night Lords, and it is said that their sorcerers have a pronounced vulnerability to being wracked with painful seizures in which they experience visions, oblique or not, of the future. Night Hunter is believed to have only been able to see the darkest path of all possible futures, a terrible curse, and the visions tended to be self-fulfilling. It is to be hoped that the Night Lords' sorcerers suffer the same fate. This is as yet speculation. However, given their Primarch's susceptibility to such prophecies, it seems more than likely.

Battlecry

"We have come for you!"

USING A NIGHT LORDS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Night Lords use the following units from Codex Chaos Space Marines.

HQ	0-1 Chaos Lord or Daemon Prince, Sorcerer.
ELITES	Chaos Terminators (no Cult Terminators), Chaos Space Marine Veterans.
TROOPS	Chaos Space Marine Veterans, Chaos Space Marines.
FAST ATTACK	Chaos Space Marine Bikers, Chaos Raptors (<i>see below</i>).
HEAVY SUPPORT	Chaos Havocs, Chaos Dreadnoughts, Chaos Predators, Chaos Land Raiders, Chaos Obliterators.

A copy of Codex Chaos Space Marines is necessary to field a Night Lords Chaos Space Marine army. The following rules and Codex changes apply. Note that the entire Chaos army must be Night Lords, not just one or two squads.

FORCE ORGANIZATION

Whichever Force Organization chart is being used, the Night Lords may drop two choices from the Heavy Support section and replace them with a single extra Fast Attack choice. They may not reduce the number of Heavy Support choices below one. On Standard Missions, therefore, the Night Lords could limit themselves to one Heavy Support choice which will in turn provide them with one extra Fast Attack choice.

Night Lords may take any number of units of Chaos Raptors subject to the Force Organization chart, not 0-1 as it states in Codex Chaos Space Marines.

SPECIAL RULES

Chaos Undivided: No member of a Night Lords army can bear a Mark other than that of Chaos Undivided, or use gifts requiring another mark.

Night Vision: The Night Lords' peculiar physiology is adapted to Nostramo's state of constant darkness. This means that they can see almost as well at night as a human can in the middle of the day. To represent

this, you may reroll the dice when rolling to see how far a Night Lords unit can see when fighting at night.

Expert Infiltrators:

When fighting a mission with the Sentries special rules, all sentries must subtract one from their Initiative when attempting to detect a Night Lords attack.

Terror Attack: The Night Lords specialize in staging attacks at night, sowing confusion amongst the enemy, and disrupting their communications. These rules do not apply if the Night Lords are the defenders in any given scenario.

- In a scenario that uses the Reserves special rule, the Night Lords player may force his opponent to re-roll one successful Reserves roll per turn (the Night Lords player chooses which). The opposing player must accept the result of the second roll.
- All comm-links, improved comms, scanners and auspexes are ineffective in a battle against the Night Lords due to the disruptive effects of the communications breakdown.
- In any scenario in which the Night Lords are the attacker, the Night Lords player may choose to attack at night. If this is the case, use the Night Fighting rules regardless of the scenario being played.

Masters of Stealth: A favored Night Lords tactic is to infiltrate behind enemy lines and then stage a devastating frontal assault, thus forcing their prey to fall back into the clutches of their brethren. To represent this, one Chaos Space Marine Veterans squad may set up anywhere on the table, provided it is 18" away from the enemy, in cover and not mounted in a vehicle, regardless of the scenario limitations. This means that even if the Veterans unit would not normally start on the table, they may set up during deployment nonetheless. This replaces the existing Chaos Space Marine Veterans *Infiltrators* special rule. This rule does not apply if the Night Lords are the defenders in any given scenario.

NEW WARGEAR

Stealth Adept

5 points

A Stealth Adept can maximize the benefits of any cover available, and therefore gains an extra +1 to his cover save. For example, a cover save of 5+ would count as a cover save of 4+ for a Stealth Adept. A Stealth Adept still gets no cover save when in open ground.

Jump packs

15 points for Night Lords

(Independent characters only)

Many of the Night Lords favor the mobility and speed lent to them by jump packs, and there is a preponderance of these within the upper echelons of their ranks. See the wargear section in Codex Chaos Space Marines for the rules for Jump Packs.



NIGHT LORDS GALLERY

Now that you know everything you need to know about the Night Lords in Warhammer 40,000, we figured you might like to see a little inspirational material to get you going on assembling your own legion of the night. We also figured that a good place to go was to Brian Hotovec's army, winner of "Best Appearance" at the 2001 Grand Tournament in Chicago. These models, for the most part, bear only a passing resemblance to their original forms, but that's part of the joy of creating a Chaos army, there really are no boundaries.

Taking the regular Predator body and adding suitably chaotic, oversized treads, along with a giant Chaos emblem on the dozer blade, make it plain that this vehicle was not crafted for use by the Emperor's Finest.



Brian Hotovec



Not content with merely visualizing the destruction of his Rhinos on the Battlefield, Brian created a few of these "destroyed" versions. Touches like this can make the difference between a good army and a great army.



The wings on these Raptors are slightly converted wing bits from old Tyranid Gargoyles. The weapons and head are also converted to make these troops unique.



All of Brian's squad Sergeants are heavily converted with great-looking back banners

This Rhino not only has a customized body (complete with skulls adorning every major flat surface), it also carries a banner that leaves no doubt where these troops' allegiance lies.



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We can guide you along the path to developing the skills you need to thoroughly enjoy the Hobby. But what is there left to do once you complete painting your army? Each Hobby Center hosts Veteran Nights, where people can bring in their own painted battle forces and test their talents as a general against other hobbyists in their area. So what are you waiting for? Visit the Hobby Center nearest you today!



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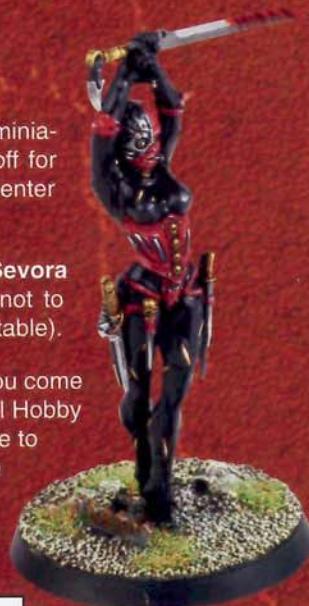


PAINTING COMPETITION

In keeping with the time honored tradition of painting the newest miniatures as soon as they hit the store shelves and showing them off for everyone to see, we proudly present this month's Hobby Center Painting Competition!

From the shadowy worlds of Inquisitor come **Severina and Sevora Devout**, two master assassins with a mysterious background (not to mention some fantastic looking models to represent them on the table).

These two deadly beauties are released on **August 13th** and if you come in, pick them up, paint them up, and return with them to your local Hobby Center on **Saturday, August 25th by 1:00 pm**, you can be eligible to win a **\$50.00 Gift Certificate** as well as a **Limited Edition Inquisitor T-Shirt!** You'll also have the opportunity to have your winning model pictured right here in the pages of White Dwarf magazine! So come on by and get in on the action!



Severina and Sevora Devout

WARHAMMER

DOUBLES TOURNAMENT DOUBLES TOURNAMENT

THERE'S STILL TIME TO REGISTER!

Registration for the Warhammer Doubles Tournament is open 'til July 29!

For all of the details as far as rules, army restrictions, etc. are concerned, check out White Dwarf #258 or visit your Hobby Center and check with the staff. But hey, just to inspire you to play a little bit more, here's what you could win:

One pair of national champions in both the United States and Canada will each receive a \$2,500 Games Workshop shopping spree in their local store!

So don't delay, get your troops together and head to your local Games Workshop Hobby Center to register right away!

WARHAMMER[®] 40,000

DOUBLES TOURNAMENT - DOUBLES TOURNAMENT

During the month of August, you may have noticed that there's a tournament going on involving a little game of fantasy battles called Warhammer. But I don't play Warhammer," you say. You ask "Where's the tournament I can be a part of?"

WELL, HERE IT IS!

Throughout the month of September, Games Workshop Hobby Centers will be hosting a month-long tournament where you and a teammate will be able to join forces and smash the competition to achieve personal glory (not to mention a rather valuable reward). Here are the initial details:

- Complete rules for the Tournament will be available at your local Games Workshop store beginning August 6th.
- Registration will begin Monday, August 20th and will be open until Sunday, August 26th.
- The registration fee will be \$30.00 per pair of players.
- The tournament will begin on Monday September 3rd and end on Sunday, September 30th.
- You will each need a 1000 point Warhammer 40,000 army, constructed using the available army codex, or the basic list from the 40K rulebook if no codex exists.
- The tournament will take place over the course of a four week period, with a different scenario (available at the store) each week.
- All games must be played at the local store you registered in, and you can only play against the same team a maximum of three times during one week.
- There will be two pairs of National Champions, one pair each in the United States and Canada. Each player will receive a \$2,500 shopping spree at their local Games Workshop store.



**So, now
that you
know all the
gory details,
get your army together, find
yourself a teammate, and get
ready to blast your way to the
winners stand!**

ROGUE TRADER TOURNAMENT

The Tournament Circuit Heats Up in August!

WARHAMMER® 40,000

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Upcoming Events. There you will find
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ARE YOU IN A GAMING CLUB?

Coming soon from the lads in the
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Clubs are a great way to find new
opponents, meet new friends, and
have an excuse to gather regularly for
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If you are already in a club, then you
can be officially recognized and get
your name out there in Games
Workshop publications so gamers in
your area will know where to go!

Keep an eye out on these pages for
more information as we hope to have
this system up and running for you this
Fall. We'll make sure there is big
announcement in the news pages of
White Dwarf and on the Games
Workshop website so you won't be
able to miss it!

Got some good ideas about what the
club system should include? Email us:

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LEGENDS

Now that a full season of Rogue Trader
Tournaments have passed, our intrepid
reporters are taking to the fields,
interviewing those players that have passed
on into the Hall of Legends.

If you didn't already know, the Hall of Heroes is the place
that records all your triumphs and defeats in the Rogue

Trader Tournaments. Those gamers who excel and rise to
the top of the Hall (whether through sheer number of
games played or through excellent tactical and hobby
skills) pass into Legend when a season of gaming ends.

These players have their stats recorded forever, and get
to have their words and edifice transcribed for future
generations to look upon, wonder, and learn from these
master's wisdom.

GRAND TOURNAMENTS 2001

This month we're presenting the first half of this year's total coverage of the 2001 Grand Tournament circuit.

So far we've been to Seattle, Chicago, and even Baltimore for two different weekends! It's been a wild time so far, and if you don't believe us, take a look!

Tournament Summary:

Baltimore - War. 40K
March 10th & 11th

Seattle
March 31st & April 1st

Chicago
May 5th & 6th

Baltimore - War.
May 19th & 20th

Every year the Grand Tournaments seem to get bigger and more exciting, and the armies people bring become more elaborate and better painted. Keeping up the pace while covering all of these tournaments certainly is grueling. Even in the whirlwind of activity, as we go around the North American countryside meeting cool players and taking photos of amazingly converted armies, there are some things which stick in our minds and make it back to the headquarters with us. In this overview that covers the first half of the Grand Tournament circuit we'll take a look at the winners of each competition and some of the coolest models we've seen along the way. If you were there, get out those hankies as we take a little jaunt down memory lane. But if you missed it, hold onto your hats and get ready for the mayhem!



This beautifully painted Space Wolf Dreadnought by Franklin Thompson is featured on the website with the rest of his Frostwolves army. Check it out!

Chris Showers' Tyrant Guard were one-of-a-kind conversions that looked fantastic on the tabletop and fit well into his army's overall theme. To make their custom shields Chris used a combination of modeling putty and bottle caps! Excellent job, Chris!



Jim Keleher created a Space Ork Warboss that is capable of ripping through both infantry squads and tanks alike with his Dreadnought weapon arms!



WARHAMMER 40K WINNERS: BALTIMORE

JEFF FLOWERS Overall Champion



Troy
Simon

Troy's Battlewagon wreaks more
havoc and creates further Orky
mayhem in his name

Jeff Flowers, a native of Toledo, Ohio, came away from the Baltimore 40K Grand Tournament as the Overall Champion. His Speed Freaks army was, according to many, one of the most fun armies to play at the GT. The focal piece of his fantastic green horde was a vehicle that he borrowed from his local gaming store. Troy Simon, a 16 year old gamer from Jeff's area, was an unfortunate cancer victim whose love for 40K was the stuff of legends. His Battlewagon has rumbled through countless tournaments around the country to lead a mighty WAAAGH! in Troy's honor.



CHRIS GERSHAM - Best Appearance

Among the multitudes of cool armies we saw this year at Baltimore's 40K Grand Tournament, Chris' Biel-Tan took the cake. The green and bone color scheme, coupled with the fantastic attention to detail (see Falcon wing inset) won him the award for Best Appearance. Seeing this army on the tabletop was a beauty to behold, and all of us here at the studio wish WE could paint like this!



A beautifully painted
Wraithlord from Chris'
Biel-Tan army



Chris' Falcon (with its spectacular vine work) was the envy of the entire Tournament.



Baltimore Grand Tournament

WARHAMMER
40,000

JOEL GREEN - MICHAEL HOLT

Tie - Player's Choice

This year in Baltimore there were so many really cool and creative armies that the players themselves had a difficult time deciding which was their favorite of the tournament. Once all the votes were in, it turned out to be a tie. Both Michael Holt and Joel Green took home the Player's Choice award with the same number of votes. Check out some of these great models, and you'll understand why the players just couldn't decide between these two magnificently painted forces!



The creative combination of Fantasy and 40K models in Joel Green's Undead Imperial Guard army caught many an eye this year.



Michael Holt's Nurgle Marines are truly a wonder to behold in person! Modeled in a not-so-veiled tribute to the alien invaders from the movie "Mars Attacks!", they inspired battlecries of "MERP!" throughout the hall all weekend long. It's no surprise to us that this was one of the Player's Choice Award winners!



Joel really went all out with these guys. This gunners legs have been repositioned and each soldier in his army was given an appropriate helmet.



OTHER AWARD WINNERS

GLENN HODGES

Best Army Award



Space Marine Crusade Army

WILLIAM REFSLAND

Best Sportsman



Biel-Tan Eldar

RICHARD GAIN

Best Army Selection



Ork Speed Freeks

WARHAMMER WINNERS: SEATTLE

Adam Clark's Chaos Army of Tzeentch is well painted (as you can see), well composed, and is tough as nails to beat! Originally from New Zealand, but currently living in Canada, Adam came down to Seattle to test his generalship against some of the most challenging opponents in the country. His Sorcerer Lord on a custom-made Chimera is not only a beautiful creation but it's also a terror to face on the battlefield.

ADAM CLARK Overall Co-Champion



For the Seattle Grand Tournament the Warhammer combatants were instructed to bring three "messenger" models in addition to their full 2,000 point armies. These were used in different scenarios to collect objectives, flee off the table with important information or even represent a traitor in the opponent's army. Adam's three messengers (above) were some of the most original and characterful we saw in Seattle!

Bits and pieces from a few different monsters (and a particularly nice use of Luthor Huss as the Chaos Sorcerer) make this one fine piece.

BILL EDWARDS Overall Co-Champion



Apparently, the powers of Chaos clouded the minds of even our most diligent and determined score-keeping techpriests. When the final tally was reviewed for accuracy after the tournament, it turned out that Bill Edwards was deserving of Overall Championship honors. To rectify the situation we decided to award Bill at the next Grand Tournament, in Chicago, with his rightful trophy and the recognition he had earned. Truly sportsmanlike, Bill accepted our humblest apologies for the mistake and received his award grinning from ear to ear.

Our only regrets now are that we have no army shots to show you, our eager readers! In Seattle Bill fielded a Tzeentch Daemon host made up almost entirely of Pink Horrors supported by a small entourage of Flamers and a Daemon Prince of Tzeentch. Obviously it did fantastically well, earning him the top overall score in the 2001 Baltimore Warhammer Grand Tournament.





MARC ROBSON

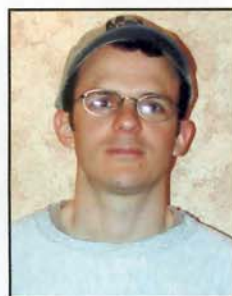
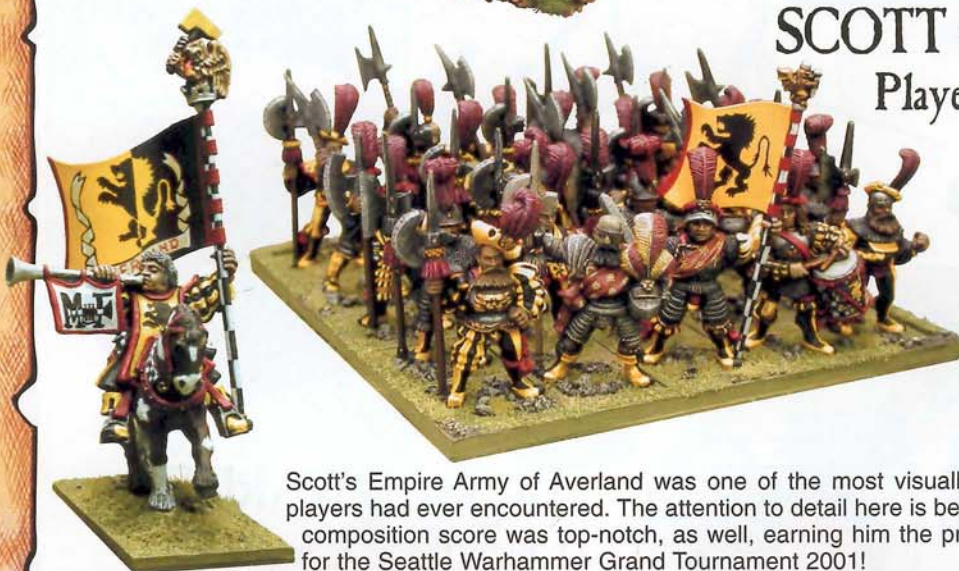
Best Appearance

For the Seattle tournament Marc put together a stunning Wood Elf army that represents all the mystical creatures from the elusive island of Albion. He converted Ungors into Satyrs, Daemonette Familiars into Pixies and a High Elf Dragon from Warmaster into a Faerie Dragon with butterfly wings, a fitting steed for a Faerie Princess!



SCOTT GOLDSTIEN

Players' Choice



Scott's Empire Army of Averland was one of the most visually stunning armies that the players had ever encountered. The attention to detail here is beyond comparison! His army composition score was top-notch, as well, earning him the prestigious Best Army award for the Seattle Warhammer Grand Tournament 2001!

OTHER AWARD WINNERS

SCOTT GOLDSTEIN

Best Army Award



Empire Averland Army

SHELLY McKITTRICK

Best Sportsman



High Elves

COREY STELTON

Best Army Selection



Dogs of War

WARHAMMER 40K WINNERS: SEATTLE

MIKE Y'BARBO Overall Champion



Mike poses proudly for the camera and his brethren back home.

Hailing from deep in the heart of Texas Mike Y'Barbo came all the way out to Seattle to win the whole honkin' thing in his first Grand Tournament! Upon being asked why he came to the Grand Tournament he fervently replied, "I did this for the glory of Texas and my brothers at Horizon Games who made it possible for me to come here." Mission: accomplished.

BEN KASH Best Appearance



Take a look at the objectives Ben made for his army.



Painted in only seven months Ben Kash's spectacular Space Wolves force is certainly one of the finest we've ever seen. Ben is currently stationed in Seoul, Korea, and apparently has little else to do but paint armies, and paint them he does (not to mention to a beautiful standard of quality).

Check out all the bases in his army. They were all painted to look like flagstone flooring of an ancient stone hall. What a beautiful job!



The insignias, detail work, and weathering on this Rhino made it a fabulous compliment to all of the well-painted Space Marines in Ben's army.



Ben's Wulfen messenger had a HOWLING good time at the Seattle Grand Tournament!

Baltimore Grand Tournament

WARHAMMER
40,000

FRANK BABICH

Players' Choice



Frank Babich's Space Wolves impressed the vast majority of Warhammer 40K players at the tournament, earning him the prestigious Players' Choice award. This is the army, according to the votes tallied, that most people wish they had brought to Seattle themselves. And who wouldn't? The smooth highlighting, the thematic look and the attention to detail all helped to make Frank's army the envy of the event. He was also a fantastic guy to play against, too. Many of this year's players were glad to have had the chance to play against this spectacular army, and they can't wait to come back and have another game next year!

OTHER AWARD WINNERS

ROB McKITTRICK

Best Army Award



Legion of the Damned

JEFF BURCHAM

Best Sportsman



Tyranids

RICHARD MURPHY

Best Army Selection



Ultramarines

WARHAMMER WINNERS: CHICAGO

PAUL VINTON Overall Champion

The horde in all its assembled glory! The inset below gives you an idea of just how many guys are in the ranks of this army.



Paul Vinton's Chaos Beastmen proved their worth with a combination of cunning tactics, an excellent paint job, and being ludicrously fun to play against. Paul even tied Eric Soulvie for the highest Sportsmanship score! The overall look of his army was very well planned, each unit tying together with common designs and color schemes. This army was really something to behold when it was in action.

GLENN HARRIS Best Appearance



Glenn is well known throughout the world of gaming as being an excellent miniature painter. His Vampire Counts army was envied by many players, Fantasy and 40K alike, and he even divulged some of his better painting secrets to a few lucky listeners (up to and including myself!). When we asked which model was his favorite Glenn replied: "It's gotta be this pirate guy over here. I mean, how can you NOT love this model! What a cool little guy! ARRRGH, matey!"

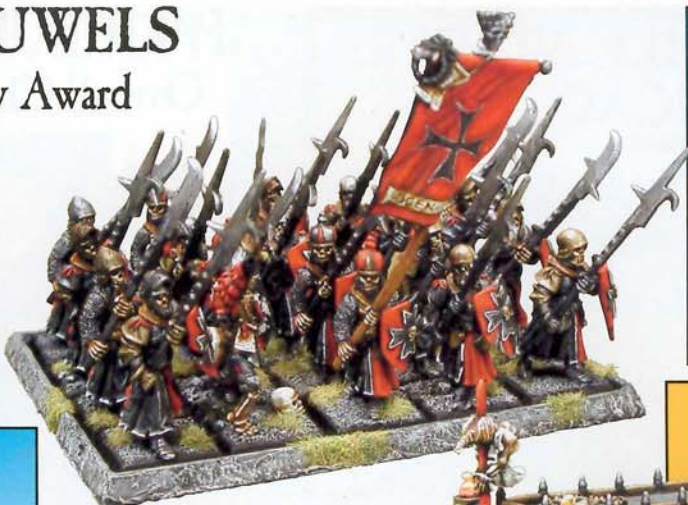


Glenn's Dire Wolves come complete with their own "already-cleaned" bones on their bases.

WARHAMMER® Baltimore Grand Tournament

DAVE PAUWELS

Best Army Award



Top left: Grave Guard
Top right: Level 2 Necromancer
Above: the Black Coach
Far left: an Albino Ghoul



Dave Pauwels' Vampire Counts army amazed and impressed every player at the Chicago Grand Tournament. It's a spectacular display of painting and thematic use of color helped make this army stand out as the best painted at this event. His army was so impressive, it also managed to take Players' Choice honors.



Left: a Mordheim-based Necromancer conversion
Right: a unit of Skeleton Warriors ready for battle



OTHER AWARD WINNERS

DAVE PAUWELS

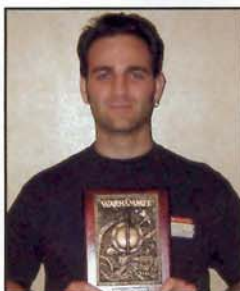
Players' Choice



Vampire Counts

ERIC SOULVIE

Best Sportsman



Dark Elves

NATHAN KAY

Best Army Selection



Stirland and Witch Hunters Expedition

WARHAMMER 40K WINNERS: CHICAGO

MATT GREEN Overall Champion

On the Warhammer 40,000 side of the Chicago Grand Tournament, Matt Green earned the GT Overall Champion award with his Feral Speed Freek army, "Dingiswayo's Ork Impi". Of exceptional note is the converted Squiggoth matt used as his Wartrukk. Taking a Stegadon as the base model Matt built up the howdah, put a banner on the back of it and covered the scaly Stegadon hide with "green stuff" epoxy putty to give it a furry look. This was Matt's fourth Grand Tournament but his first award in any of them.



And the Squiggoths ride again in the 40K universe!



BRIAN HOTOVEC Best Appearance

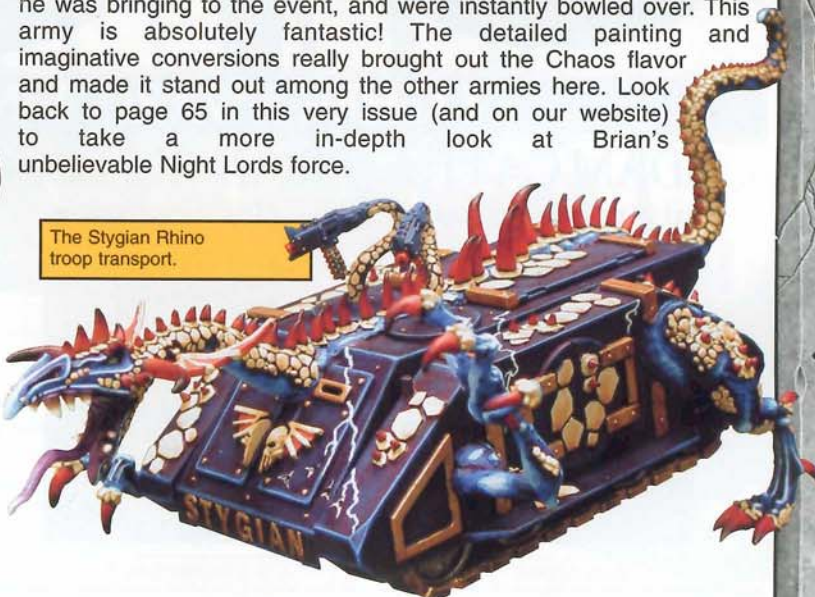
Upon arriving at the Grand Tournament the White Dwarf team had a chance to chat with Brian Hotovec. We got to see the Night Lords army he was bringing to the event, and were instantly bowled over. This army is absolutely fantastic! The detailed painting and imaginative conversions really brought out the Chaos flavor and made it stand out among the other armies here. Look back to page 65 in this very issue (and on our website) to take a more in-depth look at Brian's unbelievable Night Lords force.



The Chaos Raptor Aspiring Champion



The Stygian Rhino troop transport.



Baltimore Grand Tournament

WARHAMMER
40,000

SHAWN KILGORE

Best Army Award



memorable Warhammer 40,000 armies that has graced the Grand Tournament circuit so far this year. A resident of Barnum, Minnesota, Shawn won this same award at last year's Chicago Grand Tournament with an equally gorgeous Eldar army. He says that he really only gets to play about ten or twelve times a year, so it leaves him plenty of time for converting and painting. That time was certainly put to good use!

The Rock Badgers Space Marines army, converted and painted by Shawn Kilgore, was one of the most



An homage, perhaps, to a certain mutant superhero??



All of the Badger insignias, helmet markings and shoulder pads (including the giant Chapter marking on the side of this Land Raider) are painted by hand!



OTHER AWARD WINNERS

ADAM CATT
Best Army Selection



Dark Angels

BRIAN BLEDSOE
Best Sportsman



Necrons

JOE ORTEZA
Player's Choice

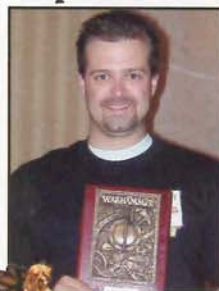


Black Templars

WARHAMMER WINNERS: BALTIMORE

MARC ROBSON Overall Champion

Astute readers will recognize Marc and his Wood Elf "Faeries of Albion" army from earlier in this article, namely the Seattle Warhammer Grand Tournament. Well, he fared even better here in Maryland and walked away as the Grand Poobah of Warhammer in Baltimore for 2001! Earlier in the year, in Seattle, we were all astounded by the creativity Marc had put into his army. And, being an excellent player and sportsman, it seemed inevitable that Marc would eventually come out on top with this army. Marc is also a part owner of the **Leadership10.com** website. Check it out and read the play-by-play articles he and some of the other GT players have posted!



They may all look inviting, but they're sure to bring doom to anyone who opposes them on the battlefield



ROB LANE Best Appearance



While all High Elves are of a rather lofty standard of appearance, these look particularly stunning, especially in battle!



Rob Lane is a member of the Warhammer Players Society in Nottingham, England, and writes for their net fanzine, *Total Power*. These guys come over every year to challenge other gaming clubs and the GW Staff to Warhammer games and to take part in the Baltimore Grand Tournament. This was Rob's first US Grand Tournament, but he has played in TONS of others back in jolly old England. Rob's beautifully painted High Elf army was a big hit with our judges and the other players, too, as he not only won the Best Appearance trophy, he also garnered the most votes and won the Players' Choice award!



WARHAMMER® Baltimore Grand Tournament

ROB SANTUCCI

Best Army Award



These Chaos Spawn almost resemble frogs well, if it wasn't for those tubers and all that slime and...

Until you get up close, they're not *that* repulsive.



Zany Baltimore Grand Tournament regular (he's been to FIVE GTs so far!) and devout follower of Nurgle Rob Santucci is well known throughout the Grand Tournament circuit. This year, with his pustulent horde of Nurgle Daemons, Rob descended upon the event with a stunning, well-painted and composed army to earn him the Best Army award. One of the most prominent features in Rob's host is the addition of slime and ooze to most of the units and characters. I'm not quite sure what this is made of, and I'm not sure I *want* to know, but the effect is fabulous! It really brings out the appropriate amounts of disgust and repulsion. He always manages to come up with beautiful armies for the Grand Tournaments, and we can't wait to see what he brings next year!



OTHER AWARD WINNERS

ROB LANE Players' Choice



High Elves

ZAP RIECKEN Best Sportsman



Savage Orcs

TODD WIATT Best Army Selection



Khemri



Scott Goldstein's Bike Messenger is one of my personal favorites. This thing is just amazingly cool! And Scott's paint job makes it all the more memorable.



GT fans and participants alike will definitely remember Joe Orteza from last year's Chicago Grand Tournament. His Slaaneshi Chaos Marines covered in sculpted putty were a marvel to behold. This year in Chicago, Joe has outdone himself with his Black Templars. These guys dominated attention from both players and judges and were frequently visited with plenty of "ooohs" and "aaahs" by all onlookers.

Don Riddick's Halfling Balloon (played as an Orc & Goblin Giant) was probably the most memorable single model so far this year. Built from a hummingbird feeder, I'll bet it also had to be repaired more than any other figure. Don works for IBM and does an insane amount of traveling, so most of his painting and modeling happens in airports and during flights!



Jack Pope is a local Law student here in Baltimore. Where he ever finds the time to convert and paint beautiful models like this is completely beyond my comprehension! He even sculpted the head and hands of his Mage Lord from scratch!

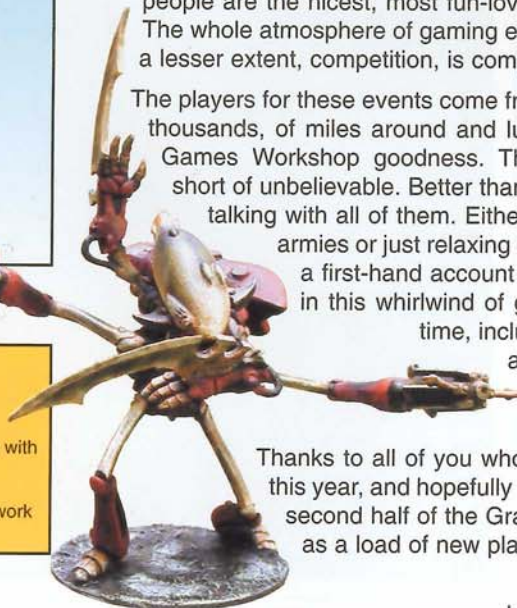
I have worked for Games Workshop for over four years now, and for some reason I'd never been to a Grand Tournament at ALL until this year, when I covered them as the White Dwarf photographer. I never realized what I was missing! The armies people create and bring to these events are the most visually stunning creations I have ever seen. And the people are the nicest, most fun-loving any city can hope to have. The whole atmosphere of gaming excitement, camaraderie and, to a lesser extent, competition, is completely overwhelming.

The players for these events come from hundreds, sometimes even thousands, of miles around and lug cases and boxes filled with Games Workshop goodness. The fanaticism here is nothing short of unbelievable. Better than this, though, is the time spent talking with all of them. Either while I'm photographing their armies or just relaxing over a pint, the players give me a first-hand account of what it is to be participating in this whirlwind of gaming. Everyone has a great time, including all the judges, volunteers and those of us who cover the event for the magazine or the web.

Thanks to all of you who have come to the GTs so far this year, and hopefully I'll be seeing more of you in the second half of the Grand Tournament circuit, as well as a load of new players! Good luck to everyone!

"Dirty Steve" Fuller
U.S. White Dwarf Photographer

This unique Eldar monstrosity is Jeremy Dale's Wraithlord for his all-Warp Spider army. Jeremy tied for third place overall in the Seattle Grand Tournament, and I'm sure this big guy had something to do with that! Jeremy's army really stood out and looked fantastic as it jumped across the battlefield. I'm hoping to see more of his work in later tournaments.



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 takes a look at war machines.

As you may know, I'm a Dwarf player, so this month I'm writing about a subject close to my heart.



Huge cannons, death-bringing whooshes of flame and destruction, rocks and bolts flying across the battlefield. These are all things which are pleasing to me.

Over the last few months, some issues regarding war machines in Warhammer have been raised, which I will now address.

Important note: Chariots are not war machines, they have their own rules!

DEPLOYMENT

In most scenarios, all the war machines in your army must be deployed at one time. They don't have to be deployed near each other, and there are no battery rules. Characters can be deployed with them when your characters are put on the table (such as Dwarf or Empire Engineers), not when the war machines are set up.

War machines (or anyone else for that matter) cannot be deployed in impassable terrain. Now, this is where arguments start, as players think that different types of scenery would be impassable to war machines – we've probably all heard someone say, "How did that cannon get on top of that tower then? Air-lifted by Griffon was it?" or similar. As with all terrain, there are no hard and fast rules to apply because people's collections can vary so much. However, it is always a good idea to go over the different scenery pieces on the battlefield before the game starts and say what type is what. Whilst doing this, it is worthwhile agreeing any areas where you feel war machines cannot deploy, thus saving debates once half your army is down and your whole deployment is based around setting up your Volley Gun in those rocks...

ARCANE LORE

War Machines in Warhammer

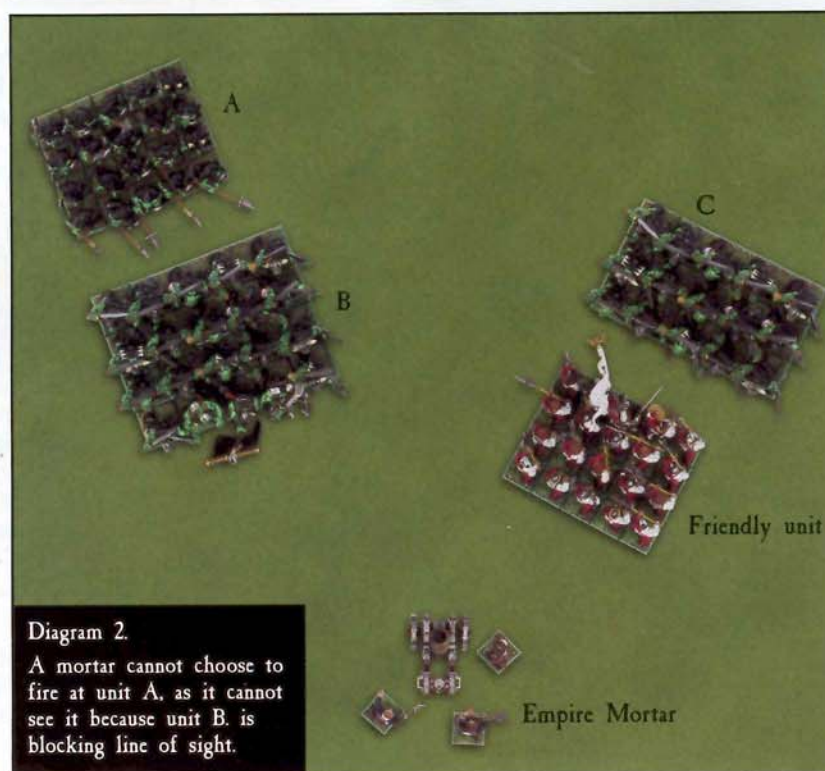
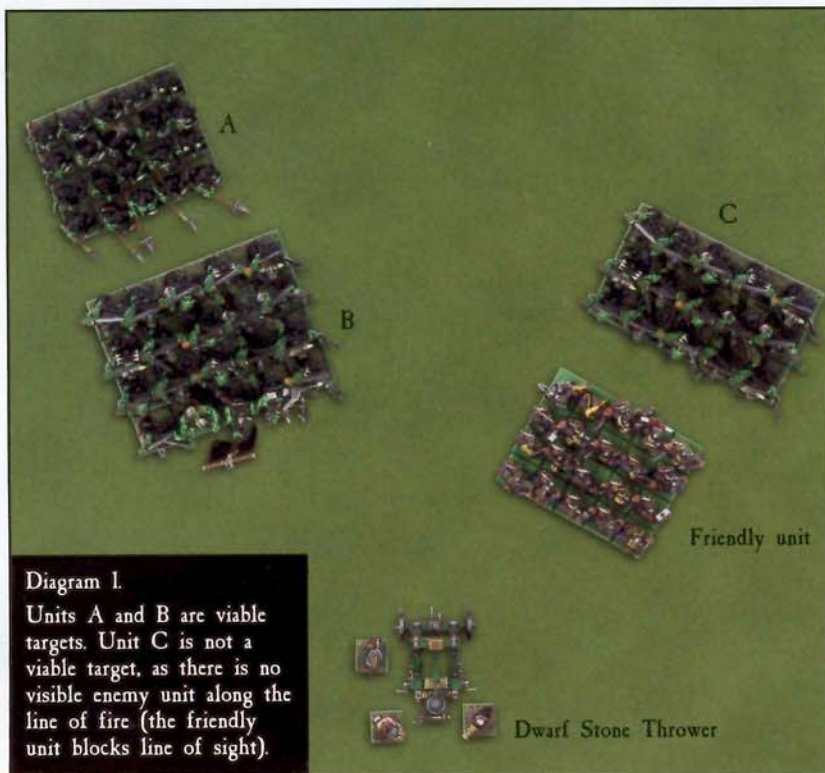


Diagram 3.

It's clear to see once the blast marker is placed on the unit which models are hit. Bases which are fully covered (F) are hit and any bases partially covered (P) are hit on a roll of a 4+.

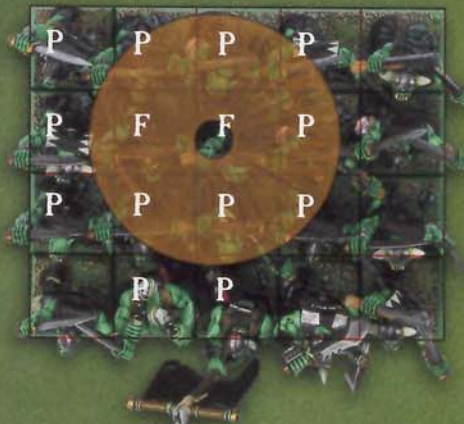
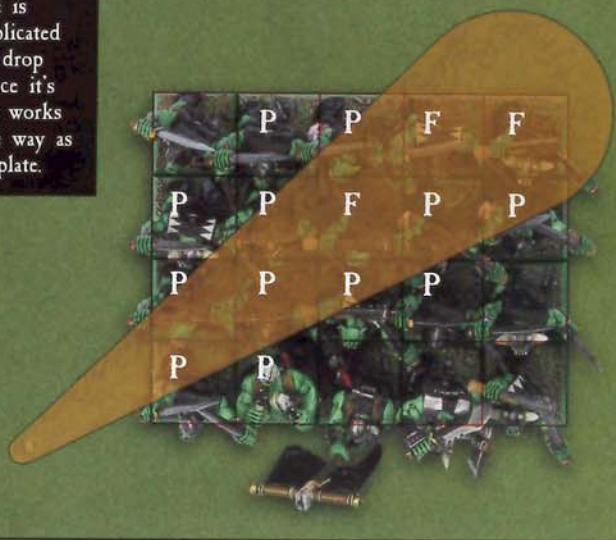


Diagram 4.

The flame template is slightly more complicated because of its tear drop shape. However, once it's placed on a unit it works in exactly the same way as placing a blast template.



TARGETING

Or, "what can I shoot at?" More than anything else to do with war machines, what they can and cannot target can be an area of contention. First of all, it varies from machine to machine whether they require a line of sight or not. Let's deal with them one by one:

Stone Thrower, Screaming Skull Catapult, Earthshaker Cannon, Death Rocket: These must be able to see enemy models in the direction you shoot, although they may fire over these at a target beyond. This means that as long as there is an enemy unit along your line of fire you can attempt to target any enemy along that line (see diagram 1).

Cannons, Flame Cannons: These war machines require no line of sight

to their target (note that although not a war machine as such, this also applies to Warfire Throwers).

Mortars: Mortars require line of sight to their target. Deliberate over-guessing of ranges to attack targets beyond those in sight is not nice and is against the spirit of the rules (see diagram 2).

Non-guess range weapons (Bolt Thrower, Organ Gun, Volley Gun, etc): These all require line of sight to their target.

Something else which often crops up is whether characters can be targeted by war machines. War machines that require a line of sight may target characters only within the normal restrictions (i.e., they can't single them out of units, target them if they

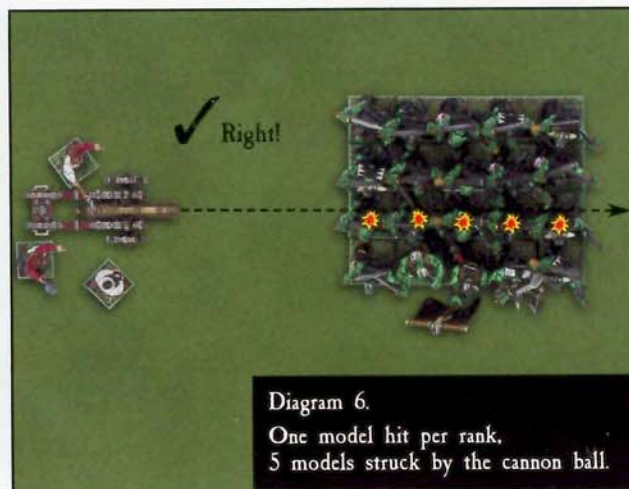
are within 5" of friends, etc.). Also note, however, that if a character is in a unit of less than five models when hit by such a war machine, there is no 'Look out, sir!' roll, hits are allocated as normal (see page 97 of Warhammer). All hits from a single war machine in one turn are considered to be a single attack, and so if it inflicts multiple hits (such as Volley Gun) it is the number of models at the start of the attack that determines if the character can be hit. This may mean that the unit is wiped out except for the character that joined it – that's why they're heroic characters!

If a war machine does not require a line of sight, then characters on their own are fair game (not a good idea to wander about on your own when facing Empire armies with lots of cannons!), though characters in units of five or more models will get the 'Look out, sir!' roll.

Many people have pointed out that it is not very heroic or realistic to be able to pick out characters with, say, a cannon when a unit of bowmen can't. There are three reasons why the rules work this way. One, guess range war machines are not particularly accurate and so if you can pick off a character on their own in this manner, the gods are obviously smiling on you. Two, although it was discouraged (some of you may know that quote from Wellington at Waterloo) it was possible for historical cannons and such to target enemy commanders and their retinues. Thirdly, writing a set of rules which protected characters in such a fashion would make the process either hideously complicated or open to some serious abuse by deliberately mis-guessing, targeting nearby units and hoping for scatter, and so on, and best avoided altogether.

TEMPLATE HITS

This is probably a good place for a timely reminder. Generally (although some vary), weapons with templates automatically hit models wholly covered and affect partially covered models on a D6 roll of 4+. This rule is an absolute – if a tiny bit of the base is under the template or outside the template this is a 4+ roll, none of this messing about trying to judge if a base is half under or more, or similar shenanigans. If in doubt, it's more likely to be a partial hit than a full-on hit and hence roll a dice for it (see diagrams 3 and 4).



CANNON HITS

The cannon rules on page 122 of the Warhammer rulebook contains the line, 'When a cannonball collides through a unit, only one model per rank is hit.' This has, understandably, caused some players to think that a unit hit in the flank by a cannon (enfilading fire, for you word buffs) will only ever lose one model out of a rank (see diagram 5).

Actually, the rule is written that way because the imaginary line that traces the course of the cannonball is infinitely thin, and therefore cannot pass between two models and affect them both (see diagram 6).

You should consider a unit that is hit in the flanks by a cannon (or a bolt thrower, for that matter) to have a number of ranks equal to its width. This means that if the shot passes along a rank, it can affect more than one model (see diagram 7).

Sometimes a cannon ball may bounce through intervening terrain which the players think should probably stop it. When discussing the terrain before the battle commences, it is worth bearing in mind if any pieces of scenery will stop a cannon ball passing through. As ever, the diversity of terrain which people may have makes a hard and fast list impossible,

but cliffs and very steep slopes, buildings, ruins and the like may well stop a cannon ball in its tracks, although the majority of terrain (including woods, obstacles and such) should not (see diagram 8).

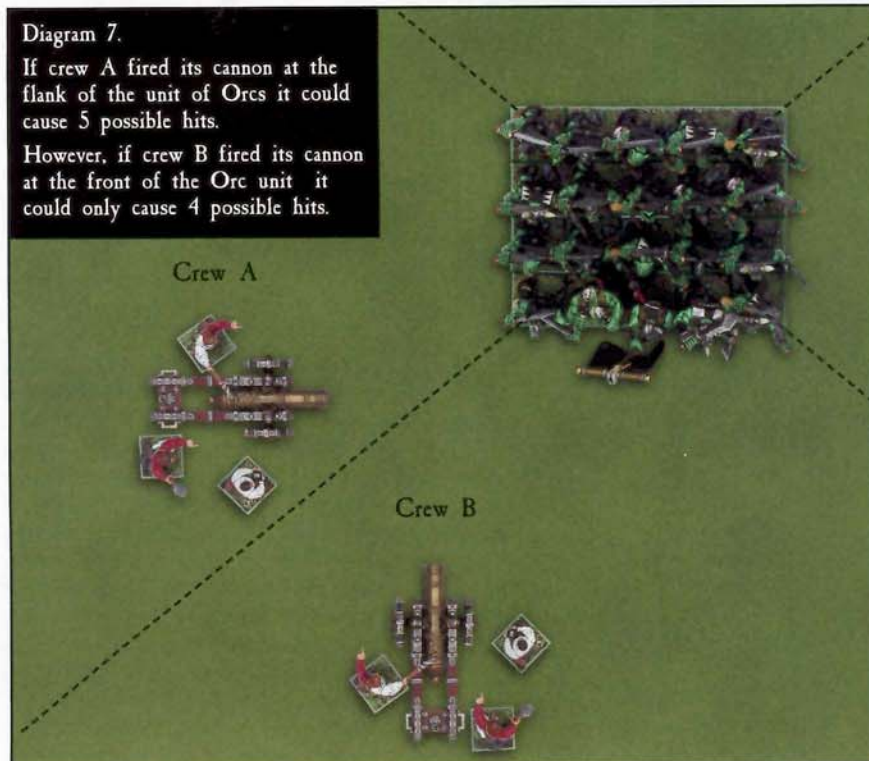
CHARGING AND SHOOTING AT WAR MACHINES

I've been asked a couple of times whether the enemy need to be in range of the crew or the war machine to charge or shoot at them. I say that you need to be in range of at least one model in the war machine unit, but other than that, this can be the machine itself or a crewman (or an associated character).

When the crew forms up to receive a charge, treat them like a skirmishing unit. That is to say, the enemy charge the closest crewman and align against him, then the other crewmen fall in beside or behind him as normal. If the war machine itself is being charged, move the closest crewman just in front of it facing the chargers and then proceed as normal (see diagrams 9 and 10).

LEAVING A WAR MACHINE

A war machine crew may never leave its war machine except to crew another war machine which has no crew left or if they flee. They don't have to be able to re-crew the other war machine immediately, but there must be at least one other abandoned machine for them to go to. Note that by extension this means that war machine crews cannot declare charges. If they wish to re-crew another machine, all surviving crew members must move – you cannot split crews over several war engines,



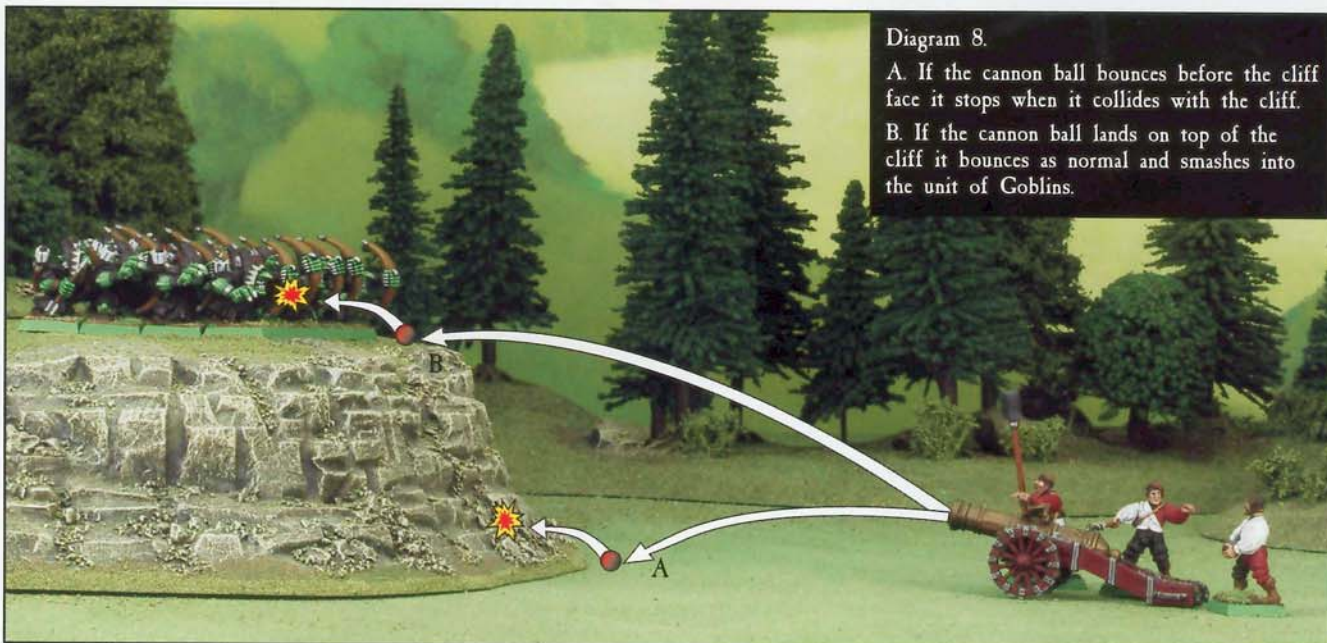


Diagram 8.

A. If the cannon ball bounces before the cliff face it stops when it collides with the cliff.

B. If the cannon ball lands on top of the cliff it bounces as normal and smashes into the unit of Goblins.

Diagram 9.

The Orc unit charges the Empire Cannon in the flank and contacts the closest model crewman (A) the remaining cannon crew form up alongside the first in an attempt to protect their cannon.

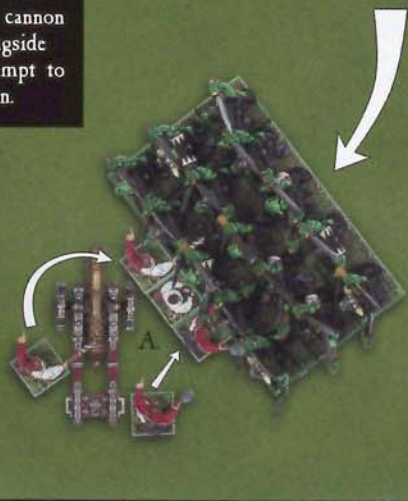


Diagram 10.

The Orc unit charges the front of the Empire Cannon and contacts the closest model, in this case it would be the cannon. However, the cannon crew quickly react to protect their cannon and form up in front of the cannon.



nor re-crew a war engine that has any of its original crew left. To re-crew their machine (or another one) they must move so that all the crew are within 1" of it. A war machine crew cannot fire their weapon on the same turn they re-crew it. While not physically crewing a machine, the crew should be treated as a skirmishing unit in all respects. Remember that while not within 1" of their machine, the crew must always flee if charged; they never declare charges or otherwise fight in close combat.

CREW LOSSES

War machines that suffer crew casualties fire at a slower rate (normally when reduced to a single crew member). This takes effect after the next time it is fired. In other words, the war machine can fire again one more time before having to take extra time to reload. For example, an Empire Cannon is reduced to one crew man in the enemy's third turn. In the next Empire turn (say they went second, so it'd be their turn three), the Cannon may fire normally. It will miss turn four to reload and

may fire again on turn five. These extra reload turns are cumulative with any turns missed due to misfires or other factors. Following the previous example, on turn 3 the Empire player rolls a 2-3 on the Misfire table, so that it misses two turns shooting (three including the missed shot that turn), and so will not fire on turns three, four and five!

That's it from me for another month.

Warhammer Chronicles takes a look at the Warhammer game, its rules, background and game mechanics, frequently stolen from in-progress developments here at the Studio. It also acts as a forum for dedicated Warhammer players who have produced inspired, well thought out and exciting additions to the game.

If you have a good item for Warhammer Chronicles then write to:

*Gav Thorpe
(Warhammer
Chronicles)
Games Workshop
Willow Road, Lenton
Nottingham, NG7 2WS*

Please note that any letters containing rules queries, requests for a Mercedes Benz or cooking recipes etc. will be terminated with Extreme Prejudice. You have been warned.

GAV

Warhammer Chronicles

Presented by Gav Thorpe

This month I have lashed scribe Thornton to within an inch of his life to produce a document on the ancient Albion Giant sport of the Big Bash.

The Big Bash

A fast and fun game of fighting Giants

By Jake Thornton

Every season, sometimes more often, the Giants gather in the ancient stone circles to bash each other's brains out. Nobody is really sure why the Giants do this, and few people care very much. It's just a nice change from the Giants bashing everyone else's brains out. Over the years the locals have come to accept the Big Bash as just another example of how deranged and violent Giants can be. More tolerant souls suggest that it isn't nice to meddle in other folk's culture and that it might even be part of the Giants' religion. These people generally get their brains bashed out.

GET READY TO RUMBLE

To play the Big Bash you'll need a table to play on, a Giant model each and about a dozen 'rocks'. Use small

pebbles, spare dice or coins to represent these. You'll also need something to mark out your arena, one copy of the Fighting Chart for each player, a Scatter dice and a few D6s of various colors, and some pens and paper to keep track of the Giants' wounds. If you have more than two Giants fighting, you will also need one counter each to decide initiative.

ARENA

The venue for this ancient rite is one of the ancient circles of Ogham stones that dot the Albion countryside. For your games, set up a circle of standing stones 18" across. See Diagram 1. At the start of the game there are no rocks in the arena, but don't worry – they'll soon turn up.

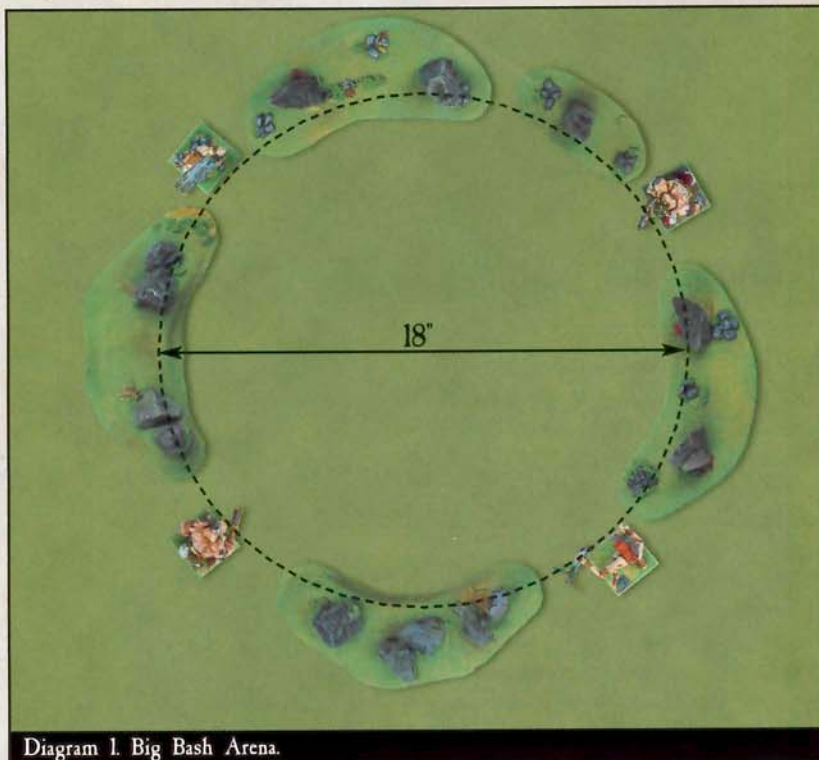


Diagram 1. Big Bash Arena.

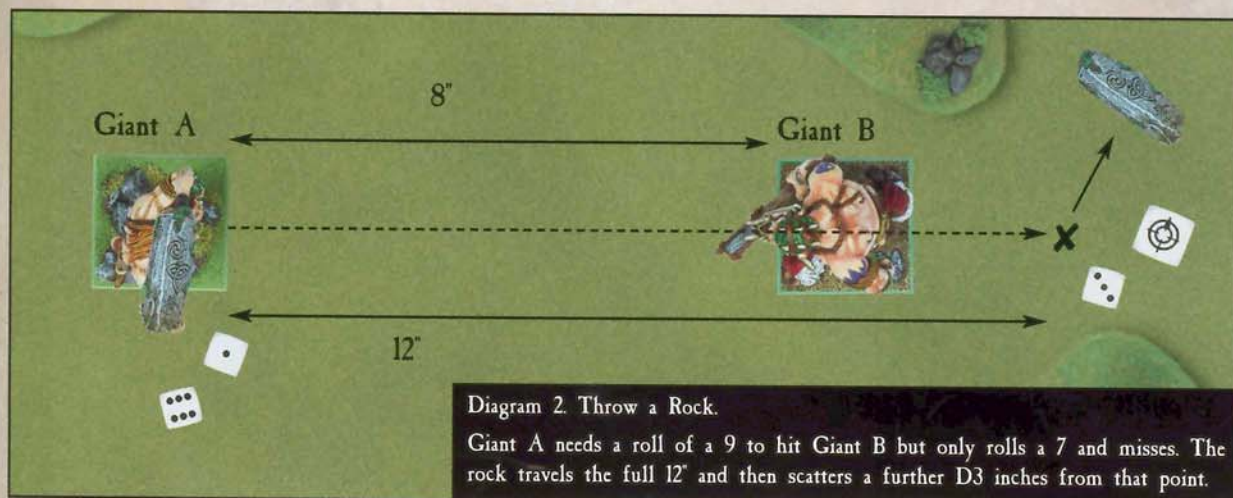


Diagram 2. Throw a Rock.

Giant A needs a roll of a 9 to hit Giant B but only rolls a 7 and misses. The rock travels the full 12" and then scatters a further D3 inches from that point.

SETTING UP YOUR GIANTS

Giants start with 20 wounds each. When they lose their last wound they are removed from the game. The Giants start the battle evenly spaced around the edge of the arena.

WINNING

The last Giant standing inside the circle of stones is the winner. Any Giant that is knocked out or moves outside the circle is out of the game. Remove the model immediately. Use an imaginary line to define the edge of the circle (see Diagram 1). If the Giant's base touches this he has stepped out and is removed.

OVERVIEW

In each turn all the Giants get a chance to do something unless they are knocked to the ground or contacted by another Giant before they have a chance to act. The order in which the Giants act is determined randomly by drawing a counter from a cup, the Giant whose go it is being said to have the initiative. The game continues until one Giant wins.

STANDING (OPTIONAL)

In addition to simply winning or losing scraps, you might want to keep track of your Giant's fame. This is known as his Standing, and is a measure of his success in the Big Bash. For each Big Bash he takes part in he gets 1 point of Standing, with 1 extra point for each Giant he knocks out (reduces to zero wounds or pushes out of the circle) and 3 points if he is the overall winner.

THE TURN

Each turn a Giant can normally do one thing, we call this an Action. If he is in close combat, i.e., in base contact with another Giant, he can do two things, i.e., 2 Actions.

INITIATIVE

If there are only two Giants fighting you can roll a dice: 1-3 it is one Giant, 4-6 the other has the initiative. If there are more than two Giants then you'll need to make counters or some other form of token to put in a cup. Each turn draw them out one at a time and let each Giant take his turn as his counter is drawn.

If your Giant is in combat you must decide his actions before initiative is decided (see later for fighting actions).

If your roll for initiative indicates a Giant in close combat then it means that you should resolve that fight next, starting with the first action of the Giant who has the initiative. Resolve both Giants' fighting actions and remove the other fighting Giant's initiative counter before moving on to determining the next initiative.

NORMAL ACTIONS

A normal action is either Move or Chuck a Rock.

MOVE

If your Giant is not in contact with another then you may move. Roll two D6 and keep the higher number as the distance you may move (in inches) this turn. If you move into contact with another Giant then you are said to have charged and will get a bonus in combat next turn.

You cannot move away if you are in contact with another Giant. If another

Giant moves into contact with you before you have your chance to act then you do nothing this turn. Next turn you will both fight. Note that you cannot move into contact with an opponent if he is already in contact with another standing Giant. Rocks don't impede movement at all and should be simply moved aside if they are in the way.

CHUCK A ROCK

A Giant may pick up and chuck a rock if he is in base contact with it (and not in close combat) when it comes to his turn. This is his action for the turn. Nominate a target and roll 2D6 to see if you've hit. You need to roll a total that is more than the number of inches to the target. For example, if the range is 6 and a bit inches, you need to roll a 7 or more to hit (see diagram 2). If the target is two Giants fighting then measure to the closest one. If you score a hit then roll a D6 to see which Giant is hit.

A Giant in contact with a fallen opponent is still in close combat, but you may chuck rocks at the standing one as if he wasn't. If you wish to target the fallen one then you must randomize who is hit as normal.

Rocks do D3 damage and Knockback. Roll a Stun check as normal (see below). As usual, if the target was in close combat then the opponent of the injured Giant may follow up when he suffers the Knockback.

You can pick rocks up again and chuck 'em back. When they hit they scatter D3" in a random direction from the target's head. When they miss they travel 12" in a straight line (past the target) and scatter D3" from there. Put the thrown rock in its new location, touching the base of a Giant if it scattered to land on top of him. Note that if a rock misses its intended target it won't hit anyone else either.

FIGHTING ACTIONS

When fighting, Giants get two fighting actions. At least one of these two actions must be an Attack. The other could be either a second Attack or a Defense. They may be in any order.

At the start of a turn your Giant is in combat with another Giant, secretly place two dice (one for each Action) on your copy of the Fighting chart. The number showing on each dice is the Strength that the Giant is putting into that attack or defense. This may be any number from 1-6, but the total between the two dice must add up to 7. One of the dice should be white and the other colored. The colored dice is always the first action.

FIGHTING

Giants may only fight one-on-one; ganging up two against one is not allowed by tradition. It would surely be a sign of both weakness and cowardice.

Starting with the first action of the Giant with initiative, compare it with his opponent. If it is a defense, then initiative passes to the Giant he is fighting. If it is an attack then see if the target has defended himself for this action. If he has dodged or blocked then look on the fighting chart and subtract the Strength of the Defense from the Strength of the Attack.

The defending Giant loses a number of wounds equal to the Strength of the attack left (i.e., after any defense has been deducted). If your Giants loses any wounds then immediately make a Stun check (see below).

For example, imagine that the Giant Ummumm 'Eadbutts his arch-rival Oggogg for 4 points. Oggogg's first action was to Dodge for 5 points, but on the table when we cross reference the two we find that Dodges are only worth half when used against

'Eadbutts. The result is 4 (the 'Eadbutt) minus half of 5 (rounded up to 3), for a result of 1 damage on Oggogg.

Oggogg now has to make a Stun check to see if he will fall over. He will be stunned (and lose his second action) and knocked back automatically, because that is the special rule for this kind of attack.

If the target survives, then resolve his first action (unless he has lost it through being stunned). Then do the second action of the Giant with initiative, then finally the second action of the other Giant. Note that being knocked back and followed up does not alter the remaining dice placed for actions that turn.

If you move into contact, you have charged. This does not count following up an opponent who has been knocked back as, in reality, you are never actually out of contact. If you do charge you get +1 to any damage you might do. Add this only if you have already worked out that you have done some damage.

THROTTLE RULES

Damage is taken as normal on the turn the Throttle is attempted, except no Stun check is made. If any wounds are lost by the defender, the Giant grabs his opponent by the throat and proceeds to throttle him. This then ends both Giants' turn. Unfortunately this also makes him an easy target for his opponent to throttle in return, which he will always do. Thus in the following turn either Giant may take damage as they both try to strangle each other. Until they break free from each other they will use this special sequence instead of the normal allocation of actions for close combat.

In subsequent turns, when the fight is resolved, each Giant rolls 1D6 instead of any other actions. The Giant who makes the lower roll loses a number of

wounds equal to the difference in scores. Also, the loser is pushed back 1/2" for each wound caused. The Giants remain locked in combat and have no choice but to follow up. This special turn sequence will continue until the Giants both roll the same number or one is pushed out of the ring. At this point they break off and are each moved back D3" (roll separately). Remember that Giants do not make Stun checks when throttling each other.

KNOCKBACK

Resolve Knockbacks before you make Stun checks. The Giant being knocked back is moved D3" directly away from the attacker. If he was in close combat then his opponent must immediately follow up the same distance to remain in melee with him.

STUN CHECK

Whenever you take damage, you need to roll a Stun check. Do this even if you are automatically stunned, as it also includes the possibility of falling over.

In order to pass a Stun check you need to roll equal to or more than the number of wounds you have just taken on a D6. A roll of a 1 always fails and a roll of 6 always succeeds. In addition, if you roll a 1 your Giant falls over. If you fail to pass the test then you are stunned. If you are in close combat and have not yet resolved all your actions (dice), then you lose the next attack (defense is unaffected). If you have already made all your attacks this turn, then a different penalty applies. Next turn you may only allocate a total of 4 points instead of the usual 7, though you must still use both dice. If you are not in close combat then you may do nothing else this turn. Being stunned has no effect if you have fallen over.

FALLING OVER

If one of the combatants falls over then the turn ends for the Giants in that close combat. In subsequent turns remember that the Giants are still effectively in base contact and are therefore in close combat. If either of them gets the initiative then the following special sequence is used.

The attacking Giant rolls 2D6 for his Jump Up And Down attack, regardless of who had the initiative. This is how much damage he'll do. However, it's unlikely that the other Giant will just lie still to be trodden on, so roll a D6 to see how many points of damage he can dodge as he rolls around. Subtract this from the attacker's roll to see how much damage is actually taken and make a Stun check as normal.

BIG BASH FIGHTIN' CHART

Action	High block	Low block	Dodge	Special Rules
Thump	Def	None	1/2 Def	Knockback. +1 damage if any gets past defense.
'Eadbutt	Def	1/2 Def	1/2 Def	Knockback. Always stunned if take any damage.
Put the boot in	None	Def	1/2 Def	Fall over if stunned.
Grab & throttle	1/2 Def	None	1/2 Def	Ends turn. See special rules.

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As two Giants exchange blows, a third grows bored and prepares to finish their argument for them.

In addition, if the prone Giant dodges all the damage, or if he passes the Stun check, then he can stand up immediately. Otherwise, he'll remain on the floor and probably get jumped up and down on again. If a Giant stands up, he may take no other actions in that turn.

Also, if the leaping Giant rolls a double for his attack then he has fallen over and the other Giant immediately stands up. No damage is inflicted. Next turn the positions will be reversed.

Example: Ummumm has knocked Oggogg to the floor in the previous turn. Now he starts to jump up and down on him. Ummumm rolls 2D6 and gets 2+6 = 8 points of damage. Oggogg rolls a 5 to avoid this, reducing the damage to 3 (8-5 = 3). 3 points of damage are added to Ummumm's total so far and assuming he hasn't gone over 20 he makes a Stun check to see if he can get up. He needs to roll 4 or more to make it and gets a 6! Easy.

Lastly, if your Giant has fallen over, the Giant who's been clobbering him can be contacted by a third fighter, they will now be busy fighting each other and ignoring you so your Giant can stand up automatically. This will take your whole turn. However, as you aren't allowed to have more than 2 Giants in a fight you must place your Giant out of contact with the others when he stands up. Also, if your Giant

is on the floor and not in contact with another model then he may stand up as his action when it gets to his turn.

THE ROCKS

The other Giants in the crowd have come to see some blood spilt and get upset very quickly if this doesn't happen. Check at the end of each turn. If nobody has lost any wounds this turn then someone in the crowd will chuck a rock at a randomly determined standing Giant. They ignore fallen ones. Roll to see who the target is and measure the range from the nearest edge of the circle. Work out whether the rock hits and what effect it has as usual.

FRIENDLY GAMES

The Big Bash is not supposed to be a serious tournament type game and as such I expect you'll find some odd situations occur when your Giants lock horns (so to speak). As with Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000, try to resolve these firstly by agreeing on what's most likely to happen. If you can't agree simply roll a dice to decide and carry on clobbering!

On a final note, we also allow players to measure movements, ranges and so on at any time during the Big Bash rather than having to guess as you would in Warhammer. This keeps the game moving and just seems more appropriate.

CLUB IDEAS

If you can get quite a few friends together, why not try one of the following alternatives:

The Royal Rubble – Traditionally played at the summer festival of Beltem, this variant of the Big Bash was started by one-time King of the Giants, Gogrogagog. The games start as normal, with the first four giants in the circle. As soon as one Giant is taken out, by any means, the next contender enters. Keep fighting until there's only one giant left standing (draw lots to see what order the giants enter). Oh, and King Gogrogagog was very impatient and hence the crowd now follow his example by throwing a rock every turn! Hence the title, the Royal Rubble.

Throne of Stone – This is a simple knock-out contest, with the emphasis on knock-out! Start with pairing up the competitors, and then the winners of the first two matches fight, then the winners of the third and forth matches, and so on until you have a single Giant left. However, the Giants don't get much rest between bouts and so will start with however many wounds they finished the last fight, plus the roll of a D6 (this can't take them above 20). The winner gets to sit on the Throne of Stone at the highest point of the Giant's Causeway. Not that the other Giants care at all...

WARHAMMER

DARK SHADOWS

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West Hartford, CT
860-231-1915

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Ft. Collins, CO
970-226-3900

Game Closet
Terre Haute, IN
812-2345585

Gamer's Realm
Cranbury, NJ
609-426-9339

JULY 22ND

Hobbytown USA
West Chester, PA
610-696-9049

JULY 27TH

First & Ten
Inner Grove Heights, MN
651-457-5948

Grasshoppers Comics
Williston Park, NY
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Pittsburgh, PA
412-682-6290

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Dover, DE
302-734-0442

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952-631-3150

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516-924-0583

Game Room
Toledo, OH
419-475-3775

JULY 29TH

Challenge Games
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815-729-1332

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Towson, MD
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JULY 30TH

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AUGUST 2ND

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AUGUST 3RD

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703-352-9222

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765-448-3380

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DARK SHADOWS

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Eyeball Soup
Peterborough, Ontario
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AUGUST 11TH

J&J's Card's & Collectables
Waterloo, Ontario
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SEPTEMBER 1ST

Triple Play
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HOGSHEAD
PUBLISHING

Hogshead Publishing took up the reins of Warhammer Fantasy Role-play quite some time ago, and have been doing a grand job ever since. We thought it was high time to introduce the uninitiated to the mysteries of Hogshead.

Hogshead Publishing produce role-playing games, and first and foremost among these is Warhammer Fantasy Role-play. Although veteran gamers may recognize this fine publication from long ago, the book hasn't been sold in our stores for many a year now. Warhammer Fantasy Role-play enables players to take on the role of an adventurer, be they Dwarf, Elf, Man, Halfling, Warrior, Wizard or something far stranger. Once the players have all worked out their 'character', the fictional role they play within the game, it is up to the Games Master (the player running the game) to talk them through the lavishly detailed adventures which Hogshead regularly publish or, if they feel confident, a scenario of their own devising.

WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLE-PLAY: THE RULEBOOK

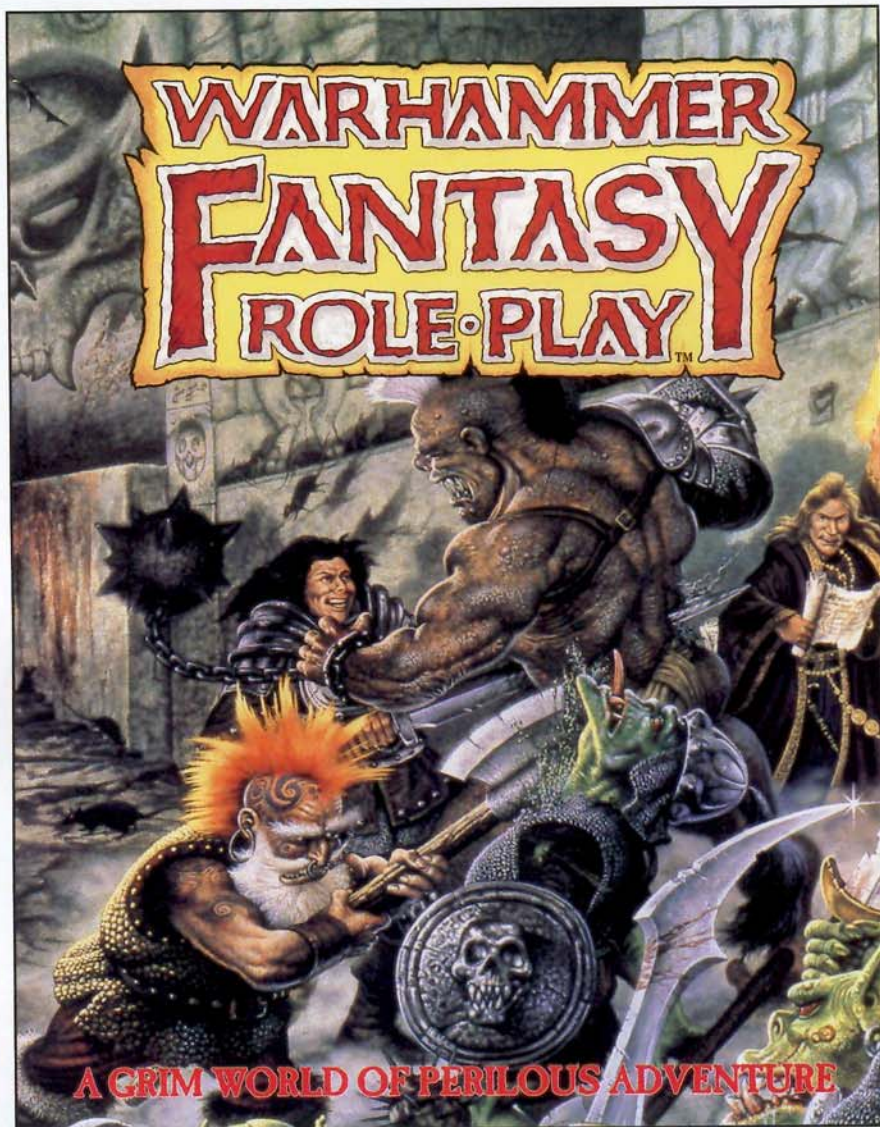
Released in 1985, the Warhammer Fantasy Role-play (WFRP) rulebook has become a classic in the gaming field. Created by some of Britain's top games designers (including our very own Rick Priestley) and filled with evocative artwork, it's the most successful British role-playing game ever published.

The book contains everything that you need to play. It includes complete rules, in-depth background on the whole of the Warhammer Old World, advice to Games Masters and an adventure that not only provides new players with a gentle introduction to the game system and background, but also leads into The Enemy Within campaign. Critically acclaimed on its release and still a fan favorite today, the first 'dark fantasy' role-playing game is still the best blend of sword, sorcery and horror.

Hogshead Publishing aim to achieve two things with Warhammer Fantasy Role-play. Firstly, they are reprinting the best of the original run of supplements and adventures – which means almost all of them. Secondly, Hogshead produce a line of new material that expands the game's setting in an exciting, coherent way that's as interesting for new players and tabletop players as it is for people

DARK FANTASY

Warhammer roleplaying set in the Old World



who have been playing Warhammer Fantasy Role-play for sixteen years.

The one thing Hogshead haven't done is to rewrite the rules. Most games over ten years old – in fact most games over three years old – are already on their second or third edition. WFRP is still on its first edition: in fact, apart from a few minor corrections, the rulebook you can buy today is almost identical to the book that Games Workshop released in 1985. Sixteen years on, Warhammer Fantasy Role-play is still on its first, original release, and Hogshead aren't working on a second

edition, either. There's one simple reason for that: it's not broken. It all works. It doesn't need to be changed. If it's your first role-playing game, then it guides you easily through setting up and running a scenario, and if you're an experienced role-player, then it gives you all the depth of information you could want. Background and mechanics mesh to form a complete world of dark fantasy, and the career system is still just as innovative as the day it was published. According to the boys at Hogshead, the only thing that has changed is the number of fans of the game, which is still rising.

THE DOOMSTONES CAMPAIGN

FIRE AND BLOOD

Made by the Dwarfs for a purpose that is long forgotten, the four Crystals of Power have been lost somewhere around the Yetzin Valley for almost a century. But now the Orcish Bloodaxe Alliance is moving again, seemingly on the trail of the Crystals, and if they locate them, then disaster will follow. Following a century-old trail of clues, only the adventurers can find the Crystals in time.

The Doomstones trilogy takes the form of a quest to find the stones and reunite them. The signs and omens seem to show that the player characters are fated to do this – but nobody could possibly foretell the dramatic consequences of their actions.

Fire and Blood is the first volume of the Doomstones trilogy. It contains two full-length adventures, each one describing the search for one of the Crystals of Power. The quest takes the adventurers deep into the Yetzin Valley, in the mountainous border between the Empire and the Border Princes, where they meet with gypsies, Undead beings, Ogres and the cursed spirits of those who once tried to possess the Crystals' power.

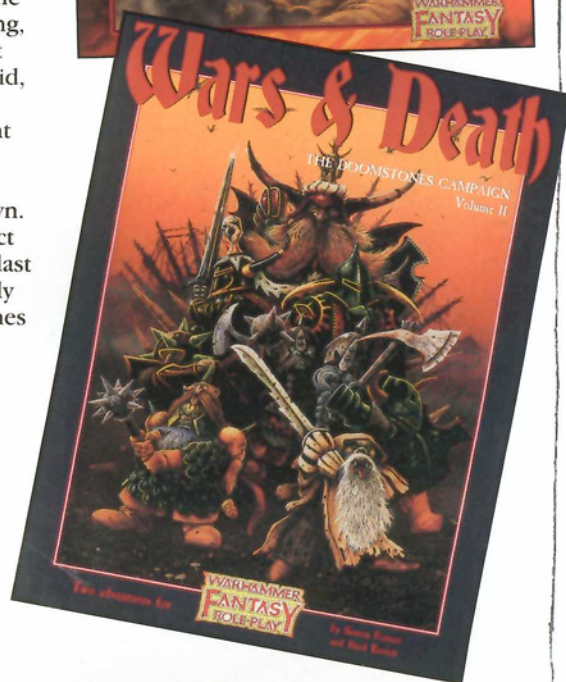
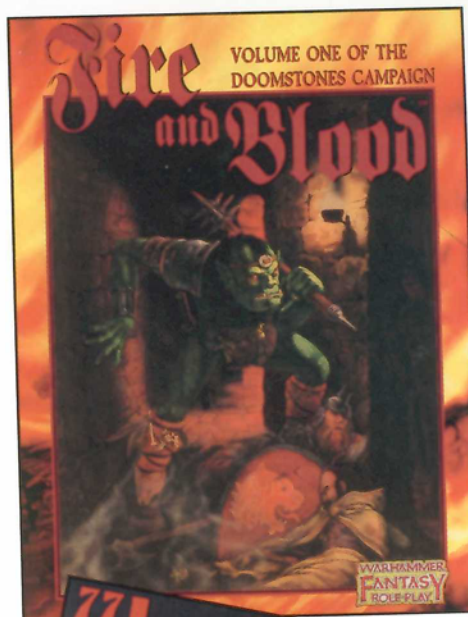
Like all Warhammer Fantasy Role Play adventures, *Fire and Blood* is heavily illustrated and contains hand-outs, pre-generated characters and props for the players and GM to use – including two 3D models.

WARS AND DEATH

Hidden deep in the Yetzin Valley, two of the four Doomstones of legend still elude the adventurers. A trail of clues will lead them first to Eyrie, a secluded monastery built high atop a rocky pinnacle by the ancient Dwarf architect Yazeran. Somewhere within its walls lies one of the Crystals – but as the inhuman forces of the Bloodaxe Alliance gather below the monastery, preparing their assault, the adventurers find themselves in a race against time to find the Crystal and save the monks from certain death.

From there they must travel to the lost Dwarf hold of Kadar-Gravning, the last resting place of the great Dwarf ruler Hargrim and, it is said, the last of the Crystals. But the complex is still filled with ancient perils, and with agents from two warring Dwarf factions, both desperate to find Hargrim's crown. Only if they can avoid this conflict and find the hiding place of the last Crystal will the adventurers finally learn the secret of the Doomstones – a secret which perhaps should have been left undiscovered.

The sequel to *Fire And Blood*, *Wars and Death* combines the two last books of the original Doomstones series into a single volume, and adds plenty of new material. Although it ties in with the first volume, *Wars and Death* can also be played as a stand-alone adventure.



THE ENEMY WITHIN CAMPAIGN

Something is stirring at the heart of the Empire. The dark hands of the followers of Chaos are stretching out, grasping at anything that will give them the power they need to bring the lands of Men, Dwarfs and Elves to ruin and despair. The Old World's fate is in the balance.

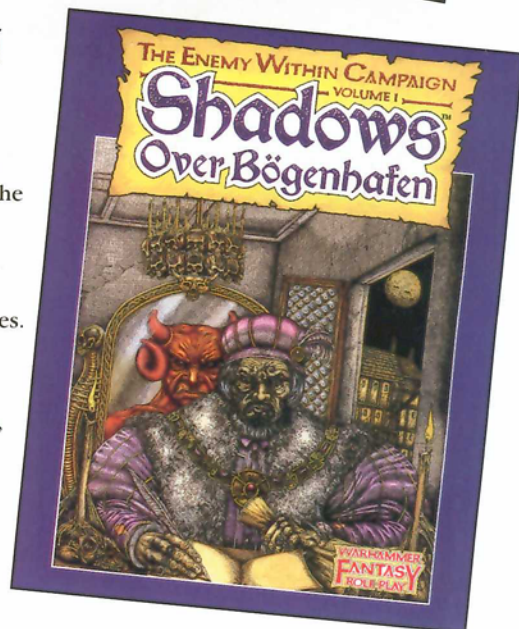
When, through a bizarre coincidence, a party of adventurers find themselves caught up in the machinations of a sinister cult, they quickly find that the only way out of the web of plots is through its very heart.

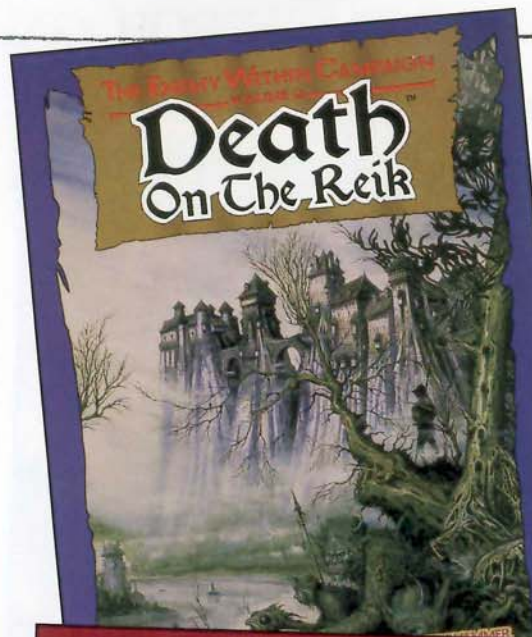
So, as the Schaffenfest fair in Bögenhafen draws to its close, the petals of an awful bloom begin to unfurl, and the sickly smell of Chaos pervades the town. Can the adventurers find out what is happening before disaster strikes?

SHADOWS OVER BÖGENHAFEN

The Enemy Within vol.1: Shadows over Bögenhafen, the first book in the campaign, starts off with a detailed description of the Empire, its society and the people who run it, complete with most of the background detail you'll need for this and future volumes. From there it presents *Mistaken Identity*, a prelude to the main campaign, and then the 64-page adventure *Shadows over Bögenhafen*, including maps of the Empire and Altdorf as well as the eponymous market-town, and copious player hand-outs as well.

Shadows over Bögenhafen combines the original first two parts of the





campaign, which were first published in the mid-1980s as *The Enemy Within* and *Shadows Over Bogenhafen*. It is recommended that you play *The Oldenballe Contract*, the adventure in the Warhammer FRP rulebook, before starting the Enemy Within campaign.

DEATH ON THE REIK

The conspiracy of Chaos is still spreading its tendrils across the world, marshalling its resources and scheming in the most unlikely places. On the trail of a rock that fell from the sky hundreds of years ago, the adventurers find evidence of sinister goings-on which will lead them deep into the heart of the Empire, on the way to its source. The

taint of Chaos must be cut out... but first it must be found.

The second volume of the classic Enemy Within campaign for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay, *Death on the Reik* picks up where *Shadows over Bogenhafen* left off and takes the characters on a voyage to danger as they become river-traders on the largest waterway in the Empire, the river Reik. In charge of a river-boat, they will meet traders with secrets, pirates, fearsome inhumans and terrifying mutants as they try to unravel the threads of the adventure's plot.

Death on the Reik is intended for a party of 4-6 player characters. Like all the episodes of the Enemy Within campaign, it can also be played as a stand-alone adventure. The book contains all the usual pre-generated player characters, maps and hand-outs, as well as a special 16-page section on life on the Reik, and a double-sided poster map showing the Reikland and, on the other side, a painted diagram of the setting for the adventure's climax.

POWER BEHIND THE THRONE

The epic Enemy Within campaign now reaches up to the far north-east of the Empire and the impregnable city of Middenheim, perched atop a pinnacle of rock that

towers far above the Middenland and the Drakwald forest. Why are the Dwarfs and the wizards preparing to leave the city? Who are the Templars of Sigmar, and what are they doing? And what of the rumors of Beastmen? An intricate web of deceit, corruption and murder will draw the adventurers into the high society of the Empire, rubbing shoulders with the great and the good – and the foul and corrupt. But can they tell one from the other before it's too late?

Power Behind the Throne has been hailed as one of the finest role-playing adventures ever written. Demanding skill and concentration from players and GM alike, it unfolds in a uniquely satisfying way to a climax which no player is ever likely to forget.

Like the rest of the campaign, the book comes with copious hand-outs and maps. What's more, the Hogshead edition has been expanded with an extra 14 pages of introductory adventure, titled *Carrión up the Reik*, designed to ease the transition between the end of *Death on the Reik* and the start of this adventure, and providing links to some events that happened earlier in the campaign – and some which will unfurl as the series races towards its epic conclusion in *Empire in Chaos*.

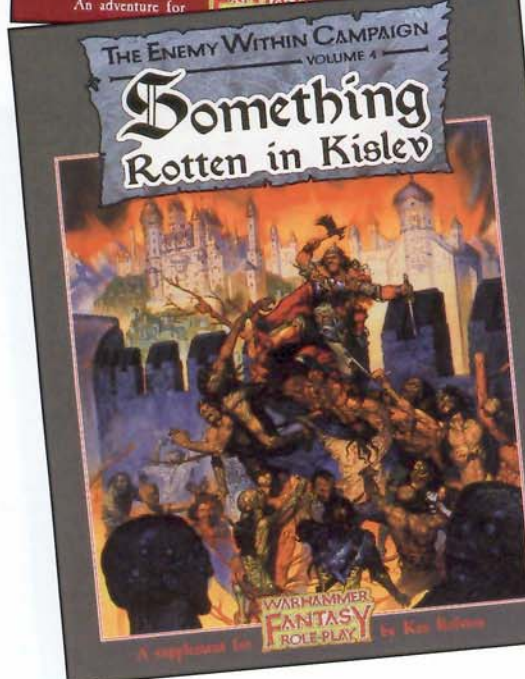
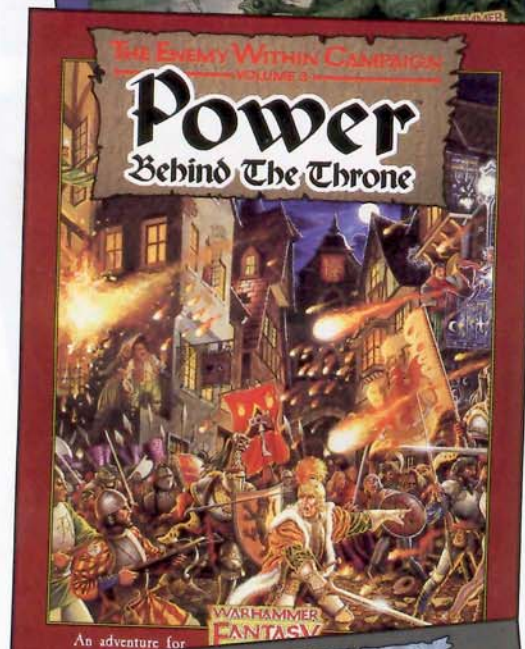
SOMETHING ROTTEN IN KISLEV

Something is rotten in Kislev. Beastmen are raiding, killing and burning. The dead are walking the streets of remote cities. Entire colonies are rejecting the Tsar's rule. But are these mysteries linked and, if so, how?

Sent by Graf Boris of Middenheim to 'help' the Tsar, the adventurers will find themselves contending not only with Undead and Beastmen but also with ghosts, elite Hobgoblin warriors, creatures of Chaos and strange nature-spirits – plus the Kislevites, who can be less than friendly, as well as puzzles, dilemmas and ominous curses to occupy their minds and keep them in trouble.

Something Rotten in Kislev contains three linked adventures which can be played separately, as a Kislev campaign or as a part of the Enemy Within series, continuing from *The Enemy Within vol.3: Power Behind the Throne*. The book also has full information on the nation of Kislev, its peoples, culture and its history, as well as local religion and the practice of spirit-worship. There are also hand-outs and maps, plus great art and six pre-generated player characters.

The Enemy Within campaign comes to an epic conclusion in *The Enemy Within vol.5: Empire in Chaos* (currently in development).



APOCRYPHA NOW

Apocrypha Now is a collection of material from the early days of Warhammer FRP, ranging from rules add-ons and new background to new Player Character (PC) races, a collection of short adventures and settings for your own games.

It's in three sections: new rules; new material for the different character races, and new background, encounters and adventures. The first part brings you everything from rules on social class and playing Noble characters to new magic items and magic armor, more firearms, and a new view on Fate Points and how to use them. The second includes rules for Gnome PCs, new character careers for Elves and Dwarfs including the fearsome Elven Wardancers, and a piece on the psychology of the non-human races.

The third section includes six encounters, adventures and campaign settings. These range from the mighty riverboat *The Emperor Luitpold* and the Great Hospice of Shallya, to two taverns where things are not as they seem, and a visit to a doctor who takes the idea of 'kill or cure' to its logical extreme. All of these are designed to be easy to drop into an ongoing campaign. The volume also contains rules for converging characters and items between Warhammer Fantasy Battle and Warhammer FRP. It's been Hogshead's best-selling supplement so far, and they tell us it's essential reading for anyone who wants to take their campaign to the next level of play.

Apocrypha Now is compiled from pieces which originally appeared in

the two out-of-print Warhammer FRP supplements, *The Restless Dead* and *Warhammer Companion*, as well as several articles which were published in *White Dwarf* and which have never been reprinted.

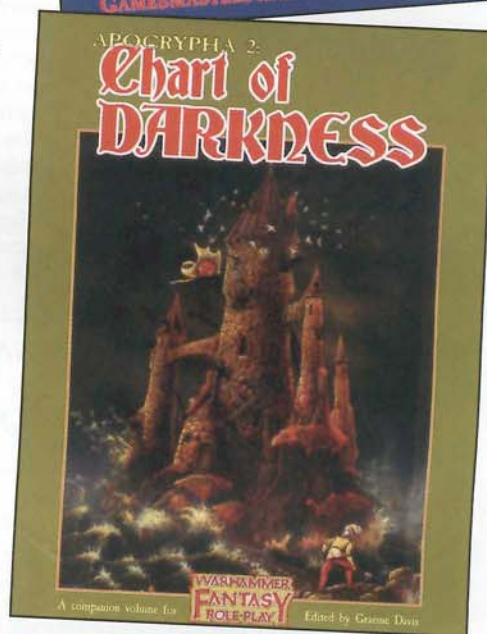
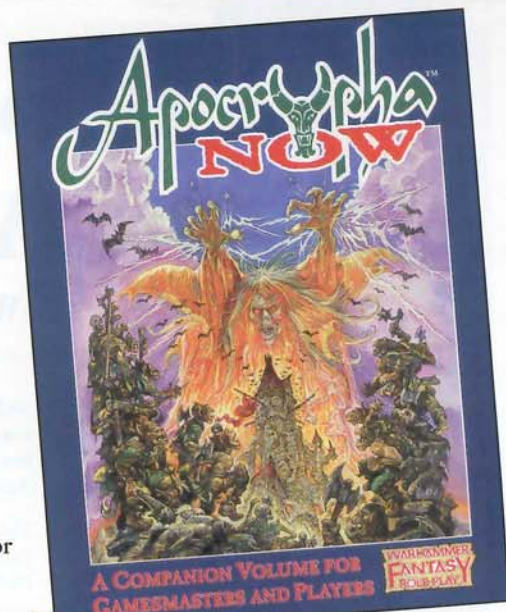
APOCRYPHA 2: CHART OF DARKNESS

Apocrypha 2: Chart of Darkness, the follow-up to *Apocrypha Now!*, is a mix of new rules, background material and adventures from both fan-favorite writers and from *White Dwarf* from the late 1980s.

The book starts with a section on 'Crime and Punishment', including new skills and careers, new spells for the Cult of Ranald, and a tour of prisons in the Empire. Section two explores aspects of death and the Cult of Morr, ending with a slew of graveyard encounters.

Section three presents a variety of intriguing personages and places, such as Otto the Printer, the New Millennialists, The Vermilion Pawn, Morbog's Marauders, the Pandemonium Carnival and the notorious Gotrek and Felix.

Section four features uncommon herbs, divination, and magical archery, as well as a character name generator and other useful titbits for PC and NPC backgrounds. *Apocrypha 2* rounds out with four adventures, including a new one – *Deep Trouble in Karak-Zulvor* – by Ken Rolston. Also contained is a gorgeously illustrated, updated character sheet template.



THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM...

Hogshead have many other products that we haven't had space to show off here but are well worth a look (see the website below for more details). These include such location-based sourcebooks as *Marienburg: Sold Down the River*, based on the descriptions that appeared in *White Dwarf* about ten years ago, and *Middenheim: City of Chaos*, a guide to the home of the Cult of Ulric and the infamous Knights of the White Wolf.

Hogshead also work on producing the sourcebooks that were promised over the game's original lifespan, but which didn't appear for one reason or another. The biggest of these is *Realms of Sorcery*, the

complete guide to magic in the Warhammer world, which was promised for release in 1986 and which will finally be coming out this autumn.

Hogshead tell us it's going to be a massive book, and truly exhaustive. It includes the colleges and lore of magic, from Elven high magic and Dwarf runes to the Chaos-ridden machinations of the Skaven and the weird rituals of the Orcs, plus a complete history of magic. It also has loads of stuff on how magic works and why sometimes it doesn't, masses of new spells, and information on things like building magic items, getting familiars... and so on.

Hogshead are also about to release *Heart of Chaos*, the final volume of the Doomstones campaign, and are hard at work on revising the final volume of the *Enemy Within* campaign *Empire in Chaos* into a completely new adventure that not only makes a proper end to one of the finest role-playing campaigns ever but which also squares up the differences between WFRP and Warhammer. We'll be keeping you up to date on Hogshead's up and coming products as they appear.

If you're intrigued, or if you want to buy any of Hogshead's products, check out the website at:

www.hogshead.demon.co.uk



A BLOODY DAY AT BLACK BOG

*A Warmaster Battle Report by Phil Kelly,
Rick Priestley & Steve Hambrook*

From time beyond memory, the isle of Albion lay shrouded in mists so dense and disorienting that many sailors said they were not ordinary drizzle and vapor but mists of pure sorcery. Some people, and many fine sailors amongst them, said that the isle of Albion was nought but mist itself, that the cloud and chill concealed only miserable grey water.

Yet all that time, and it was a long while even as Elves reckon time, Albion stood amongst the sullen seas hidden beneath its vaporous cloak. For century after century the sky was not seen, no tree nor plants grew, except the stubby bog grasses that cling to mire and mud. The land was

sodden beneath a perpetual drizzle, and, because the sun's rays never reached the ground, it was cold and damp and always grey.

Thus was the ruin of Albion – a land polluted by sorcery in the distant Age of Magic. A land whose immense menhirs and arcane stone circles once served to control and contain the gateways between the worlds, which to this day might still open and bring ruin to the whole world. Yet thanks to the mists and the island's mysterious inhabitants, guardians of nature unimagined beyond those rocky shores, that possibility appeared as remote and mythical as the isle of Albion itself.

Now two rival guardians lead two great armies towards a stone circle above a desolate upland bog – now and forever after to be called Black Bog. One of these guardians is a Dark Emissary, the other a Truthsayer, and both would seek to draw the power of the stone circle to their own ends – whether to the world's ruin or its uncertain salvation.

We used a special scenario for this Albion Warmaster game and, of course, the new miniatures have their own special rules. The details below are the official rules for the Truthsayer, Dark Emissary and Fenbeast.

Let battle commence...

USING THE DARK SHADOWS WARMASTER MINIATURES

TROOP	Type	Attack	Hits	Armor	Command	Unit Size	Points per unit	Mini/Max	Special
Truthsayer	Infantry	+0	-	-	7	-	-	1/-	See below
Dark Emissary	Infantry	+0	-	-	7	-	-	1/-	See below
Fenbeast	Monster	6	4	4+	-	1	-	-/1	See below

- In any Albion game one side automatically has a Truthsayer and the other side a Dark Emissary – agree who will have which or roll a dice for it if you prefer.
- Dark Emissaries use magic exactly as if they were Chaos Wizards, and may only cast Chaos spells.
- Truthsayers use magic exactly as if they were High Elf Wizards, and may only cast High Elf spells.
- Both have magical staffs that allow them +1 to the dice roll to cast a spell.
- Both Guardians (Dark Emissary or Truthsayer) can give orders to the Fenbeast – it therefore fights for both sides. It can't be brigaded – it is always positioned so it's not in touch with other models unless it is fighting.
- The Fenbeast causes *Terror*. Only a Guardian can issue an order. This is with a +2 Command bonus. The Fenbeast suffers no Command penalty for being in dense terrain in bogs or swamps. The Fenbeast does not count as part of either army.

- All shooting to hit rolls are reduced by -1 and maximum range reduced to 30cm for all shooting weapons and spells due to the incessant rain and fog.

DEPLOYMENT

- Players deploy by sketching their units' positions onto a map before setting up – because of the fog you can't observe the disposition of the enemy forces.
- Both players roll a D6 – the player with the highest score has first turn.
- The battle ends once one army is forced to withdraw.

VICTORY BONUS POINTS

Sole Guardian alive at the end of game: +50 pts

Sole Guardian in stone circle at the end of game: +50 pts

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

- The stone circle is a ruined area and counts as dense terrain.
- No Guardian may enter the stone circle whilst the other lives. If a Guardian is slain, the other may enter the circle and, if in the circle at the end of the game, the controlling player gains +50VPs.





Steve Hambrook

Steve: So, what better way to celebrate the Fanatic release of the new Warmaster Dark Shadows models than a battle report? All we had to sort out was the scenario and the players. As it

transpired, Rick would write the scenario and I was to play him. Play Rick. At his own game. Ulp!

When Rick informed me that he was going to play his beloved Orcs I thought I'd play High Elves. Mmm... nice and shooty! It was, of course, only later that I discovered that in the scenario we were to play, the mists of Albion reduce visibility to 30cm and incur a penalty of -1 to hit for missile attacks – yes, nice one Rick. So now I was stuck with High Elves whose advantage in Warmaster had been seriously curtailed – I needed to alter my plans.

The compulsory troop choices for a 2,000 points High Elf army are four units of Spearmen and two units of Archers. In the battle report from WD 243, Rick decided to add a further two units of archers when he was playing High Elves. In light of my seriously weakened missile capability I decided against taking any additional units of Archers. I did, however, go for two units of Bolt Throwers, as these are particularly nasty when deployed close together, because of the number of shots you can get off on a narrow frontage.

I had my infantry, now I needed to think about my shock troops. Two units of Chariots and three units of Silver Helms would present even the Orc army with a tough nut to crack. I decided against fielding any Reaver Knights because their bonus of +1 to hit in shooting had been nullified by the scenario rules, but also because I never know quite how to use them properly!

A unit of Eagles and a mighty Dragon Rider would give me incredible mobility and a very hard hitting force with which to take on his Black Orcs and Giant if he took one (what do I mean if? Rick always takes a Giant!).

Two Heroes and a Wizard would give me ample Command, and by mounting my General on a Giant Eagle I would be able to bring his influence to anywhere on the battlefield.

I had some points left over, so I browsed through the magic item section of the rulebook for things to take my fancy. Naturally, the General had to have the Orb of Majesty. I gave a Banner of Shielding to one of my Silver Helms units, upping their already considerable save from 4+ to an amazing 3+. To another unit of Silver Helms I gave the Sword of Destruction. Finally, going by the book, I gave my Wizard a Scroll of Dispelling.

With this mighty warhost of Ulthuan arrayed before me I now felt confident to take on Rick's Greenskin rabble.



Rick Priestley

Riklug: Okeydokey guys lis'n up. It's foggy an' it's soggy an' we can't see bluggin' all. Somewhere out there is a bunch of Elves – 'an we knows there is 'cos we can

smell 'em. Orc lads and Gobbos line up nice an' neat in front of da dry bit between da stone circle and da boggy stuff. An' there's some 'orrible noises comin' from da bog so for Gork's sake don't get too close. The big guys will go in da front and da little guys go behind to support 'em. Da Gobbos won't be doing much shootin' 'cos of da fog so no need to worry about gettin' 'em in front. Speaking of big guys we's got a Giant wiv us today so don't get under 'is feet – leave 'im plenty of room in front an' behind just in case he's been at Whizgit's homebrew like last time. All you guys together is gonna make a rush and bash them Elves before they get a chance to stick us wiv arrers.

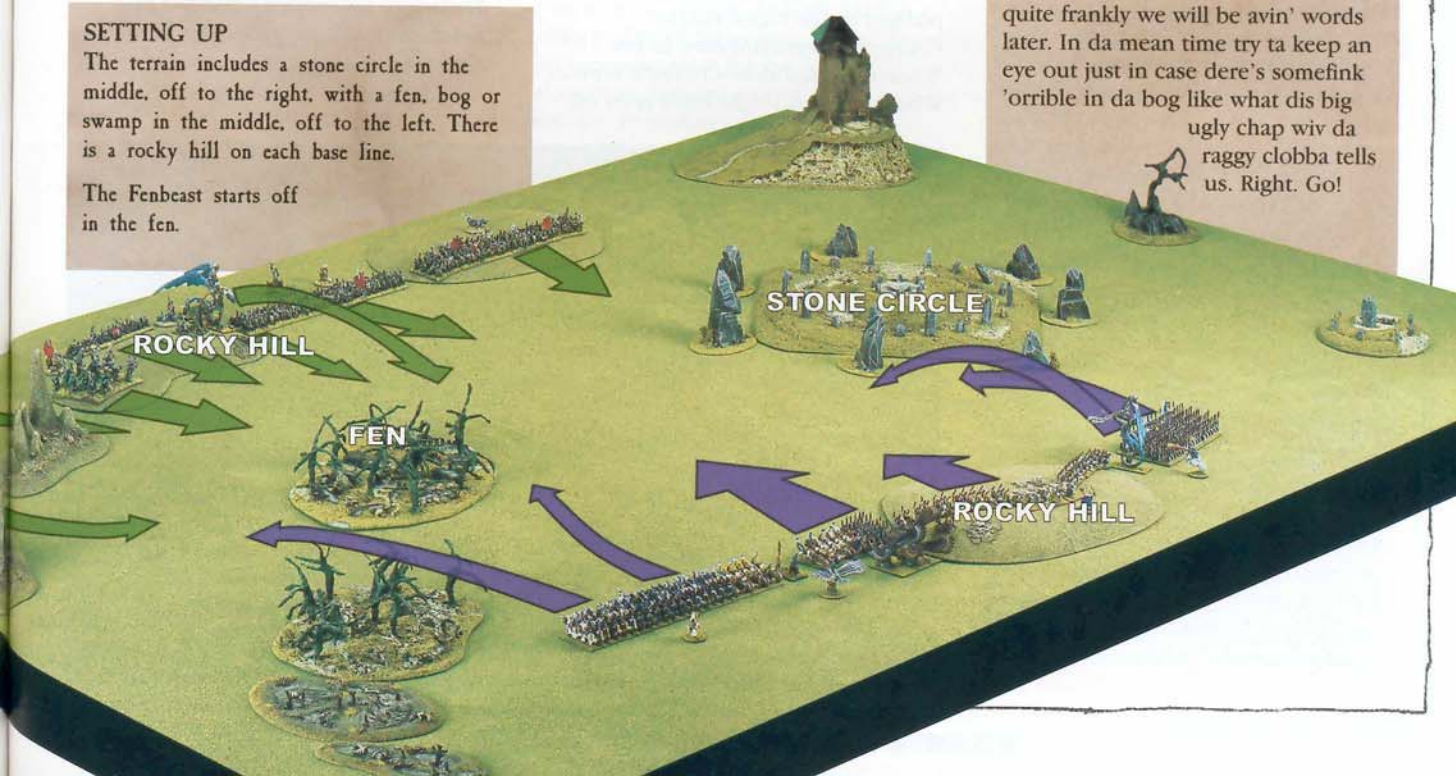
Boarboyz and Wolfboyz will be doin' some clever sneaky stuff on da flank. Right through da gap in da hills, an' wham bam splat, let's hope we catch 'em mincing about in da middle. Chariots and Trolls – you will be ready to move left or right as da situation develops. An' just to make sure ya do, I've sent some of me mates along to keep an eye on ya. You guys wiv da rock lobber – I dunno what you is doin' 'ere and quite frankly we will be avin' words later. In da mean time try ta keep an eye out just in case dere's somefink 'orrible in da bog like what dis big

ugly chap wiv da raggy clobbera tells us. Right. Go!

SETTING UP

The terrain includes a stone circle in the middle, off to the right, with a fen, bog or swamp in the middle, off to the left. There is a rocky hill on each base line.

The Fenbeast starts off in the fen.



HIGH ELF TURN ONE

The cloying, white fog seemed to be getting thicker, but Alathrien knew full well that tens of thousands of Orcs were out there. The mighty Dragon, Firathriel, writhed uneasily beneath him as its ancient leathery wings beat slowly, gliding a hundred feet above the glittering host of High Elves, arrayed like a river of quicksilver beneath him. Occasionally, the capricious winds of Albion carried a far-off sound towards them, and Alathrien would hear the clamor of discordant horns sounding. Even the noise that accompanied an Orc army made his skin crawl with disgust. As moisture gathered on his fine cloaks, the Dragon Prince checked his ancient armor once more. The mysterious Truthsayer, travelling with them these past few weeks, had conveyed in no uncertain terms the dangers of allowing the Orcs to deface and destroy the vast standing stones. Unlike many of the deluded fools infesting this island on their selfish treasure hunts, Alathrien knew that the fate of the world was at stake. He could not fail.

With a screech signifying the advance of the High Elves, the Dragon Firathriel swooped into the mists. It was time for battle to be joined.

Arquensiel Bitterblade, commander of the Silver Helms, had a bad feeling in his gut as he sounded the advance. The Dragon's call had sounded as if it were coming from directly above him, but he knew this was a trick of the mists. Sound carried strangely in this cursed fog. At his request, his aide passed him his bow of ancient times,

In a shocking display of bad fortune, Steve managed to fail no less than three Command rolls on his first turn, practically neutralizing his advantage of having the first turn. Nevertheless, the brigade comprising largely of Silver Helms managed to save some face for the High Elf army, heading for the fen in the center of the valley, with the Dragon forging ahead on the right flank.

Unfortunately, Steve's Truthsayer was unsuccessful in commanding the Fenbeast, something that was to become a bit of a recurring theme throughout the battle. Rick had more luck, with most of his army moving forward, but was also unable to summon the Fenbeast.



Riklug goads his Wyvern to the front of the Orc lines as they race toward their foes.

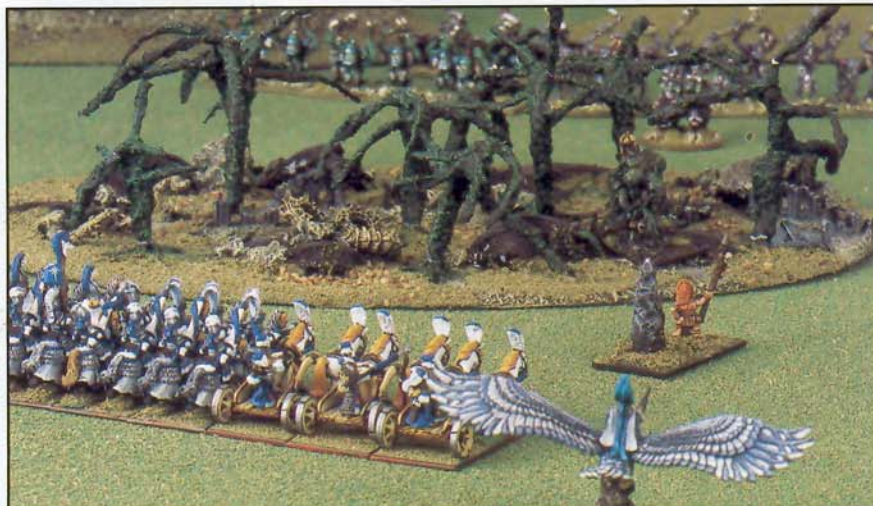
a powerful heirloom, and the magical arrows that accompanied it. He could still hear the hideous sucking noises coming from the sprawling bog ahead as three entire companies of his magnificent knights rode forward. On their flanks sped more than a score of lightweight Tiranoc chariots, the Elven steeds effortlessly leading their carriages around gnarled roots and stinking quagmires. He could just make out the Truthsayer, his name unknown, shouting ancient words of power into the mists up ahead. An entire host of Great Eagles soared above them through the drizzle, the majesty of their flight belying their lethal power in combat. The glory of the Elven army would be a truly awesome sight, Arquensiel knew. He just prayed to Asuryan that they were going in vaguely the right direction.

ORC TURN ONE

Riklug spat a great goblet of black pblegm at the black tide of Greenskins beneath him as his Wyvern passed over Crusha's banner. Who knows, it might have even hit

the big oaf, he thought, as the Orc brigade began to march forward. The beating of countless drums seemed deadened somehow, even the Waaagh! rising in the throats, wattles and gullets of the horde beneath him was softened by the fog. Nothing about Orcs is soft, thought Riklug. Even the roiling mass of Trolls on the right flank seemed eager to get stuck in. To his annoyance, however, his cunning flanking maneuver seemed to be going nowhere; the Boarboyz and Wolf riders probably trying to keep their mounts from sniffing their companions' rears rather than launching a lightning attack. Still, thousands of his hardest boys were moving forward, towards the Elves. Kicking his long spurs into the Wyvern's neck, he flew to where the action looked to be thickest.

Warlord Gnarak didn't trust the Dark Emissary, no matter what the boss said. Look at him, prancing about in the muck with his staff and his horns. Real Orcs didn't use magic, thought



The Truthsayer tries to command the Fenbeast as the Silver Helms circle the fen.

Gnarak, although he would never say that in front of Whizzit. He remembered full well what happened to Gashtbroat the Unstoppable, now rejoicing in the name Gashtbroat the Plume-Squig. The crush of boyz around him made Gnarak feel good, though, and the war-chant surging through the ranks made him want to get his gnarled hands around some Elf's girly white neck. He had to admit to a little bit of trepidation, however, as the shadow of the huge Giant they had attracted passed across the front ranks of his boys. So strong, so menacing, and yet... so stupid. It never really listened to his orders, he was sure. Nevertheless, if they kept marching forward, they would bit Elf sooner or later, and from then on things would be simple.

HIGH ELF TURN TWO

Alathrien could see countless ranks of Orcs appearing through the thick mists. There were more than even he had expected. There was no doubt, he concluded grimly; the malign will behind an army of this magnitude was that of a Dark Emissary.

The Dragon Prince looked back to see the multitude of his kinsmen marching in perfect step behind him. On the left flank, the dim rays of the sun reflected from scores of Silver Helms as they turned in perfect unison, shimmering like a shoal of fish as they skirted the fen ready to smash into the Orc flank.

Even the companies of archers and batteries of Eagle's Claw bolt throwers were advancing. The Dragon Prince feared that the fog would make a mockery of such precautions until the enemy was almost upon them. They

In his second turn, Steve attempted to cast the spell Storm of Stone, causing D3 hits on each enemy unit within 30 cm. Because the High Elf mage was so near the enemy, this would have taken its toll on all of the units in Rick's main brigade and several others besides. Steve failed, however, despite his ability to re-roll the dice when attempting to cast a spell.

Rick had even less luck, as both his Shamans failed to cast Foot of Gork on the Dragon. Even the Dark Emissary was unable to cast the Curse of Chaos on the great wyrm. Evidently the flow of magic was kept well in check by the standing stones...



The charge of the Boarboyz hits home into the ranks of the Silver Helms.

may only have time for one volley, thought Alathrien, but these were High Elves. Each arrow would take its toll.

Without warning, a huge green foot began to coalesce in front of him, dwarfing even his Dragon steed. Rearing back, the ancient reptile wheeled frantically away from the apparition. It dissipated as quickly as it had appeared, and Alathrien breathed again. The Orcs were close, and he provided a tempting target for their evil magics. But he could hear the clarion call of his commander urging him forward, even through the cloying stillness of the fog. Damn it all, let them come, thought Alathrien, flying forward once more.

ORC TURN TWO

This is more like it, thought Riklug; plenty of Elves to go around, all lined up nice and neat for his boyz to slaughter. Turning round in his saddle, he bellowed down to the troops beneath, waving the mass of warriors forward. They were moving, but not fast enough for his liking. Holding on to the thick reins with his teeth, Riklug delved into the dark depths of his trousers, resurfacing with a glowing Orb of Majesty that burst into life like a miniature sun.

Holding it aloft, he bellowed at his warriors below, ordering them to charge. The Giant turned around and started to walk in the other direction, and Riklug nearly bit through the reins in frustration. However, with gathering momentum, his boyz were breaking into a run, then a sprint, and finally a massive roaring charge that bit the High Elf spearwall like a battering ram. Countless Orcs died

on the sharp spears of the High Elves, but their comrades clambered maniacally up the wall of corpses and leapt headlong into the ranks of the enemy. Chariots were smashed apart by the brute strength of the berserk charge, axes felled Elf warriors like wheat before a scythe. Although the chariots had mounted a counter-attack, smashing into the front of the Orc lines, the press of Goblins and Orc warriors supporting the charge forced the Elves to retreat. As one, his Orcs fell back, readying themselves for another charge that would smash the Elf line apart once and for all.

I knew I had that bloody uncomfortable stone down there for a reason, thought Riklug.

Warboss Grunta had finally managed to kick some sense into his boar. He rode at the head of a massive herd of snorting, heaving boars, their riders hollering as the bad-tempered beasts built up speed. Behind them came the entire Backripper tribe, Goblin Wolf riders from the Badlands back home. The boss would have his skin for a drum if he didn't get his unruly charges into the Elven flanks, and quick. As the constant drizzle thickened into rain, he smashed his boar over the head with the flat of his choppa, grinning as it accelerated.

Looming out of the mists like vengeful ghosts were a long line of Elven knights, their armor glinting in the rain. Grunta's porcine eyes lit up with animalistic glee at the sight; it seemed that the Elves had saved them the trip.

"Right! Get in there lads!" roared Grunta. The Boarboyz levelled their spears, bracing for impact as the thunderous momentum of their heaving, malodorous steeds slammed them into the Silver Helms. The shining banner above the Elven Knights glowed dully as the spears hit home, but even the arcane protections woven into the cloth could not prevent the sheer butchery meted out by the Orcs and their steeds.

But these were the elite cavalry of the High Elves, and the ferocity of their counter-charge shocked even Grunta. A long whipping arm of cavalry smashed hard into the Boarboyz' line, lances thrusting through boar and Orc alike. At their head was a shining figure in white armor, its sword describing bloody arcs as it dipped and thrust, everything it touched coming apart in a spray of blood and bone. The High Elf seemed determined to swing the tide of battle by himself. But the press of bad-tempered hairy muscle that the Boarboyz were famous for won through and, slowly but surely, the lines of the Elven cavalry began to give way. When the marshy ground beneath his boar was so saturated with blood that fighting among the piles of corpses became impossible, Grunta ordered what was left of his forces to fall back. Rain splashed into gaping wounds, rivers of gore washed around the feet of the dead.

"That was a laugh", said Grunta to his boar.

HIGH ELF TURN THREE

Arquensiel Bitterblade marshalled his Silver Helms around him as he wiped black blood from his ancient sword. Rank upon rank of grim, blood-spattered warriors formed up under his banner. It was time for a counter-strike, time to take the fight to the Orcs whilst they could. Sending the chariots of Tiranoc into the remnants of the Boarboyz to the north, Arquensiel turned his men to face the Wolf riders trying to outflank them.

At the sound of his horn, the Silver Helms resumed pace, breaking into a gallop on Arquensiel's signal. The craven Goblins loosed a volley of arrows, the deadly shafts pattering from their barding like the driving rain. Some found their mark, but it was not enough. The Silver Helms levelled their lances just as the host of Great Eagles descended from the



The Silver Helms renew their attack, thundering into the Wolfboyz.

black clouds, their talons ripping Goblins from their mounts only to drop them onto the sharp rocks to their rear.

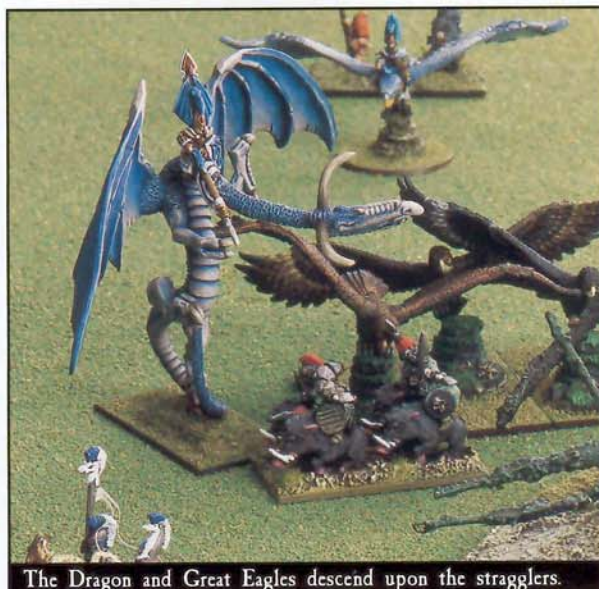
The charge of the Silver Helms hit home like a bolt of lightning, crashing through the disorganized formation of the Goblinoids with little resistance. Trapped between the hammer of the High Elf charge and the anvil of the mountains behind them, the Wolf riders were run down and destroyed.

To the east, the chariots under his command sped towards the remaining Boarboyz. He saw out of the corner of his eye that a herd of the snorting beasts had broken through to the rear of the battle lines, readying themselves for a charge at the back of the High Elves. The consequences could be disastrous, but Arquensiel had more pressing concerns.

The Boarboyz opened ranks as the chariots sped into their formation, the scythes of the careening war machines culling comparatively few of the Orc cavalry. Like a crashing tide, the Orcs fell upon the chariots, pushing them back. Such tactical skill shocked the Silver Helm commander, but his dismay was short-lived. The brave warriors of Tiranoc were holding off the Boarboyz' attack and, as he watched, the Goblinoids were slowly beaten away, routed, and run down.

Alathrien watched in hope as the ragged green line drew back from his spearwall, consolidating a position a little way north, no doubt readying themselves for another charge. Evidently the curtain of rain driving through the mists had served its purpose; his order for the archers to hide their bows beneath their cloaks had paid off. A bright cantrip left his fingers, the signal for his archers to open fire. Hundreds of bowstrings were pulled taut and whole batteries of bolt throwers aimed before the air was turned blacker still. A hail of death arced towards the new Orc battle line, sending countless Greenskins tumbling to the muddy earth.

Alathrien's Dragon started as the air grew taut with magical energy and, far below him, the Archmage Raishaille glowed gold for a second before the air relaxed again, the arcane power dissipated by a dispel scroll.



The Dragon and Great Eagles descend upon the stragglers.

The Truthsayer was also chanting, his staff whirling around his head with increasing speed. Alathrien recognized the syllables of Heaven's Fire in the man's odd tongue, and sure enough, the bowstrings of the High Elf archer batteries snapped back in unison. Within moments the air was filled once more with clouds of arrows that plowed into the Orc ranks, killing Greenskins by the score. Many of those that were left broke and scattered, leaving a fraction of their number behind.

As he spurred his mount on, the company of chariots beneath him charged the confused line of the Orcs. They hit home with terrible force, scythes flinging disembodied parts of Orc warriors in all directions. The Orcs didn't stand a chance. But to his horror, the chariots pursued the last pockets of resistance into the massed ranks of Goblins lurking behind the main lines. Score upon score were cut apart, but soon the chariots were bogged down, their wheels clogged with dead Greenskins. Alathrien saw them come to a halt, and in seconds the shining chariots were covered in black figures, stabbing and swarming. When the Truthsayer abandoned them, sprinting back to the ranks of spearmen, Alathrien knew that they were lost.

Flying high above the battle line, Alathrien saw the tide of the battle hung in the balance. Below him, the mainstay of the High Elf line had stopped the Orcs' assault, driving them back. Only ragged lines of Goblins posed any immediate threat to the High Elf line, although he could hear the booming stride of a Giant heading in this direction. To the west, the Silver Helms seemed to be engaged in a horrifyingly bloody combat with two enemy cavalry divisions, the marsh around them flowing red. His keen eyes saw one

herd of Boarboyz break through and turn, ready for a rear charge. With a cry, he sent his Dragon speeding toward the rogue herd.

Coming in low, the Dragon exhaled a lance of fire that scored a black trail of burning death through the Boarboyz' ranks. Squealing and panicked shouts broke out as the Great Eagles also descended en masse, carving into Orc and boar alike with huge talons. Alathrien speared their leader like a stuck pig on his lance, the momentum of the Dragon's flight hoisting the brute into the air. The Orc flanking force was destroyed, and Alathrien let his lance fall, the body of the stinking Orc Warboss slipping off and disappearing into the mists as the Dragon flew high once more.

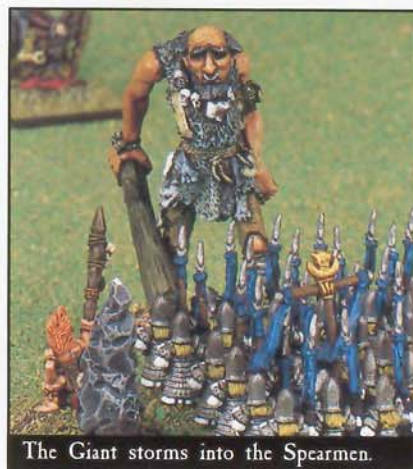
ORC TURN THREE

Riklug brought his Wyvern alongside the Giant and leant over in his saddle. The boys hadn't had too much luck and the gobbos certainly wouldn't hold for long. The Warlord flew his Wyvern in so close that he could smell the stink of the Giant's breath. He shouted at the top of his voice, praying to Gork that the Giant would understand the gist of his orders.

"OI! GET 'EM!" he hollered, and watched with savage glee as the Giant's stride turned into a run. The roar issuing from its filthy maw was deafening, and Riklug fancied that he could make out the looks of pure fear on the faces of the High Elves far below. Suddenly, the Giant was in their midst, stamping down on unit after unit of spearmen, a look of malice spreading across his gnarled face. Spears were thrust into his ankles and knees, but the Giant seemed not to care as he reduced proud Elven warriors to a bloody paste. Riklug watched from the skies as the Truthsayer ran out to stand

proudly in front of the Giant, bellowing ancient words of command at the bebehemoth. For a second, the Giant stopped in his tracks.

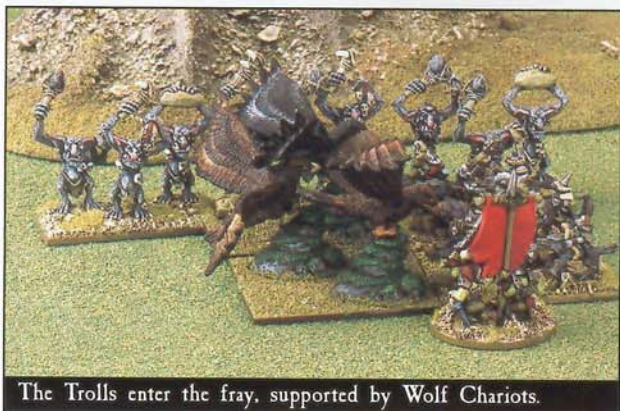
Then, with a roar that shook the ground at his feet, the Giant brought both fists down onto the Truthsayer, shaking the Elf lines



The Giant storms into the Spearmen.

to the core as a deafening boom rolled across the battlefield.

On the west flank, Riklug could see that Grunta and his boys had died under the massed attack of the Elven cavalry. His displeasure lifted somewhat as he saw the green-blue mass of his Trolls loping along toward what remained of the Elf force. Alongside them ran a long line of Goblin Wolf chariots, fanning out as they approached the Silver Helms' line. That ought to sort them out, thought Riklug, congratulating himself on the plan to keep the Trolls in reserve as they smashed hard into the flank of the Elven chariots. They broke apart the flimsy machines like they were so much kindling, bestial roars reaching up to him through the rain. The Silver Helms turned to meet their assault, only to receive a massed charge from the Wolf chariots. By the time the Trolls had broken through, the combat was an indistinguishable mess. Just how Greenskins was meant to fight, thought Riklug, as the Trolls ripped apart the remains of the Silver Helms. The flank was secure. "Time for me to get me axe wet, then," said the Orc Warlord, kicking his Wyvern towards the center of the line once more.



The Trolls enter the fray, supported by Wolf Chariots.

Steve's appalling misfortune came into play again on the left flank, where much of the action took place. His chariots finally managed to charge the Boarboyz, but managed an impressive display of ones, relying in the end upon the tenacity of the Tiranoc chariots to see him through.

Rick had a bit more luck: although his Wolf chariots blundered their command roll, the result was "Up and At 'Em", and so the charge hit home into the Silver Helms nonetheless!

HIGH ELF TURN FOUR

Perspiration began to bead upon Alathrien's brow as he realized that the Giant had smashed open the Elven defensive wall. Although the rest of the Greenskin battle line was still bickering far off in the distance, the enormous silhouette of the Giant dominated the horizon in front of him. He wanted nothing more than to about face, to turn the drake Firathriel back upon itself and burn a fiery hole in the rampaging monster. But it was not to be. He could hear his Lord calling to him above the heavy thunder of the rain, urging him to press home the advantage into the Orcs' shattered center. He had followed the orders of Lord Aoliath since he first learned to ride a horse, and he would not turn back now.

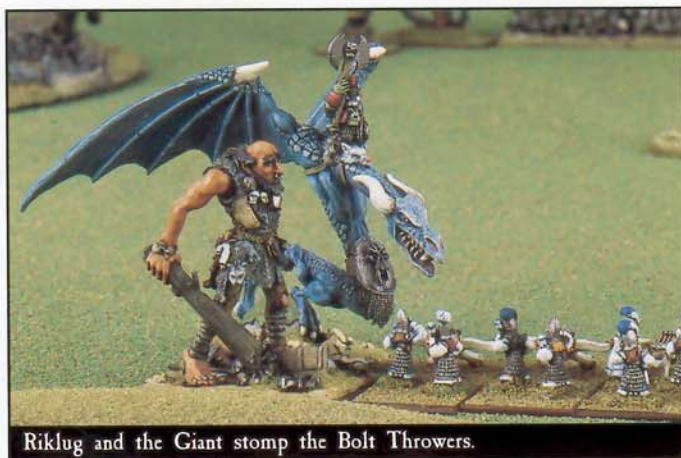
As the leathery wings of his steed sent him flying like an azure bolt across the sky, Alathrien took stock of the battle far beneath him. The robed figure of the Dark Emissary was sprinting through the muck toward the menhirs of the standing circle, a nimbus of light playing around the top of his staff. To the west, the Great Eagles circled and wheeled like carrion birds as the shattered remnants of both armies fought desperately for their lives. He saw a glimpse of movement in the fen itself, and for an instant thought that he could see two glowing points of light within the mire.

Ahead of him, the bedraggled remains of the Goblins that had supported the main attack on the Elf lines were

falling back. Suddenly, he heard an Eagle's cry on his left. Out of the rain, borne on the mighty wings of an Eagle king, was Lord Aoliath himself. As he watched, the Great Eagle folded its wings and plummeted towards the Goblin ranks. At the last moment, it veered level with the ground, smashing the Goblin line apart with lance and talon. Alathrien followed closely, the Dragon swooping majestically mere meters from the ground, its flaming breath searing flesh from Goblin bone. As it passed the Goblin standard bearer, Alathrien leaned down in his saddle, spearing the ugly thing through the chest with his lance. The Goblins broke and ran as the Dragon landed in their midst, torching the foul wretches with each fiery breath. At last, the rout had begun.

ORC TURN FOUR

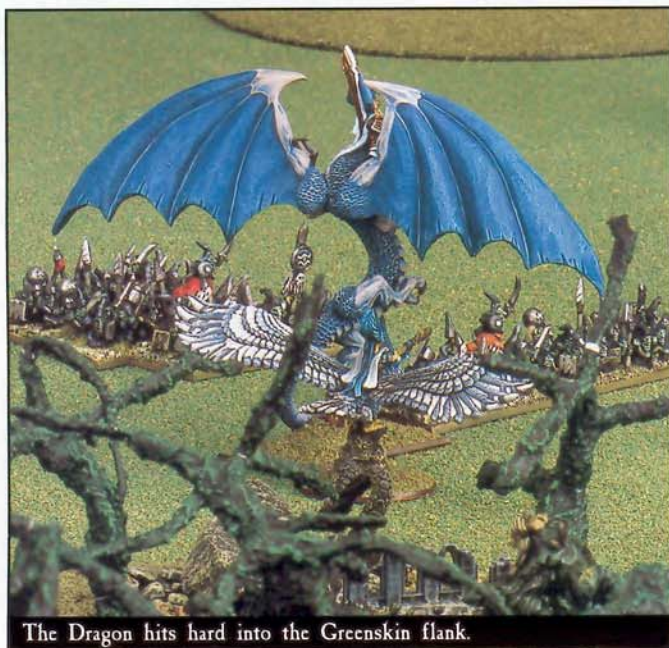
Riklug could practically taste the tang of victory in the air as his Wyvern soared into the High Elf battle-line. The Giant was getting stuck in, smashing his way through the ranks of archers with a massive felled tree. There was no way Riklug was going to let the big oaf have all



Riklug and the Giant stomp the Bolt Throwers.

the fun, and with a kick of his spurs, sent the Wyvern thundering into the bolt thrower batteries up ahead.

An entire brigade of his boys seemed not to have turned up, he would see to them later. For now, however, it was time to kill. As the Wyvern landed, long taloned feet kicking bolt throwers apart as if they were toys, Riklug bashed it over the head so that it bent down, smashing his axe into the back of a High Elf leader's helmet. The Giant had caught up with him, and for a second, the Wyvern and the Giant fought side by side, trampling the Elf war machines into the mud. Riklug roared in sheer battlelust as he saw the Elf line crumple before him. Sod the stones, this is why we came to this Mork-forsaken island, thought Riklug, his axe finding the chest of another Elven champion. To kill everything we find. Sooner or later, Albion would be a green and unpleasant land.

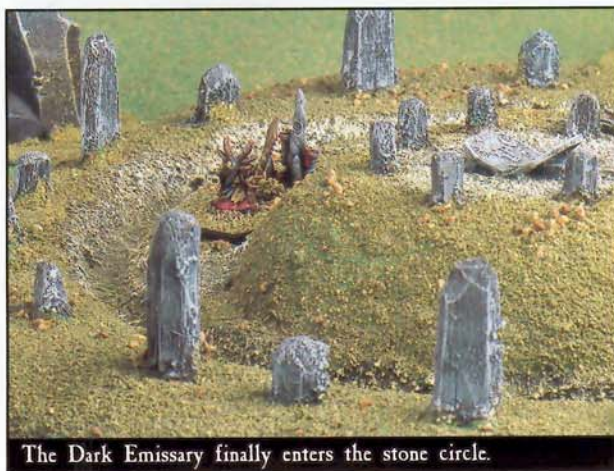


The Dragon hits hard into the Greenskin flank.

VICTORY POINTS

HIGH ELVES: 620

ORCS: 820



The Dark Emissary finally enters the stone circle.



Rick Priestley

Riklug: Now den, now den, shurrup at da back. Whizgit willya stop squeezin' dat Snotling! Well lads it looks like we gave dem Elves a drubbin' an' a good fing, too. I fink we 'as to thank

da Giant for 'is contribution today, though it was looking a bit dodgy when he got disoriented in da fog and started cummin' back straight towards us. I know I wasn't da only one what crapped 'is pants. Now we 'as to wonder what was going on wiv da lads today. Remember da Orcs and

RIKLUG'S ADDRESS

Gobbos was supposed to rush in together wiv da Giant and stomp da Elves before they shot us to bits. You lads let yourselves get split up and yer got a good kickin' and let's face it ya deserved it. Tryin' to get away from da fight to save some of da lads might have seemed like a good idea at da time but ya might as well 'ave done da Orcy thing and taken as many of 'em down wiv ya as ya could. We will say no more about dat.

Grunta – ya did alright seein' as we wasn't really expecting da Elves on 'orses to loom at yer out of da fog like that. Pity da Wolfboyz couldn't get it together to work round da

Elves' flanks as that would 'av been da clincher. As it was, you boyz got stomped and nearly lost us da battle – we are seriously finkin' about your future in dis army an it might av sumfink to do wiv caterin' if yer know what I mean. As for you Chariots and Trolls – a lot of 'angin round to start wiv but ya came good in da end. Don't know what dem Eagles were playing round at – I honestly thought you lads were bird seed what wiv da big Dragon breathing down yer necks an' all. So – some good stuff, some bad stuff, an' lots of dead Elves – let's 'ope the next one goes da same way!



Steve Hambrook

Steve: Well that could've been better. Actually, it was a very close run thing and certainly the most exciting game of Warmaster I've played. 620 Victory points to 820 isn't a total

drubbing, after all. Although it would be unfair to blame this loss on my appalling dice rolling, I must say that with High Elves you don't expect to have three quarters of your army sitting around doing nothing for the first turn because of failed Command checks. And you tend to get a touch despondent when rolling fifteen dice for attacks and you get more than ten ones and twos! That aside I was out-generalled on the day. I threw caution to the winds and ended up giving away the first charge which can often prove fatal. After the onslaught of the Orcs' first charge, I had lost half of my chariots and two thirds of my Silver Helms – my tutors at the White Tower would not be impressed.

I had a little more luck in the next few turns of the game as Rick's advance in the center was deprived of the support of his Giant, who failed his Command check and wandered back towards the Orc lines. This meant that the Orc attack in the center lost a lot of its impetus and was easily driven back by a combination of attacks from Chariots, Spearmen and the hail of fire from the Elven Bolt Throwers.

The game was reduced to a bit of a slogging match after the carnage of the first few turns. There was a stand-off in the center, the opposing High Elf right and Orc left flank just refused

to move, which only left the tattered remnants of the High Elf flanks fighting it out.

It all came to a head when the Giant finally got moving and crashed into the center of my battleline. My God, they are scary when they finally get into combat! Where two units of Orcs supported by two units of Goblins had failed, a single Giant proved his worth and waded through a unit of Elven spearmen, killing my Truthsayer and smashing my chances of either controlling the Fenbeast or fulfilling my objective. The Giant continued to plow through my troops, taking a unit of archers in the flank and proceeded to roll up my center. The game was now on a knife-edge, I was two units away from breaking whilst needing to break three of Rick's.

And here is where it all went horribly wrong. There were two units of Goblins stranded in the center of the battlefield, without support, which presented easy pickings to my flyers; but I had to kill a third unit to win. The Giant was the immediate threat to my army, and if I could kill him I

could consolidate and redress my battleline. Foolishly, I decided to charge my Dragon and General at the Goblins, easily wiping them out without a hit taken. Unfortunately, I failed to home my Eagles back close enough to my General to be able to order them anywhere useful, and failed my Command check on the Bolt Throwers, hoping to skewer the Giant before he pummeled them to death!

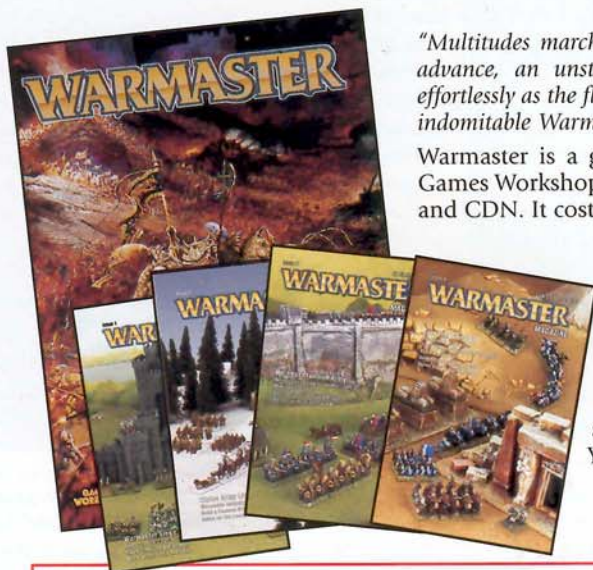
Ironically, in complete contrast to Rick in WD 243, the hard lesson I learned here was not to misuse your flyers and to respect just how powerful the Dragon Rider really is. I should have charged the Dragon and General into the Giant, and, with their whopping 12 combined attacks when charging, would have made mincemeat of him and saved my army center. This would have left me free to mop up the Goblins in a later turn. As it happened, because I failed to neutralize the threat posed by the Giant, he continued his rampage and broke my army. I guess I won't be returning to Ulthuan to a blare of trumpets and a hero's welcome...



Rick still maintains he could do the whole thing again with one hand behind his back.

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THE INFESTATION OF ALBION

WARHAMMER®

A Dark Shadows battle report chronicling Phil Kelly's Skaven as they battle through the first three scenarios of the Dark Shadows campaign booklet.

Anyone who hasn't been hiding under a menhir recently will know that this summer's main event is the Dark Shadows campaign. So welcome one and all to the first of the Dark Shadows Warhammer battle reports, a chance to see the new rules and scenarios played out in all their glory; from the moment of landing to the final confrontation at the Plains of Battle.

Invading the isle of Albion are Phil Kelly's Skaven, whose progress we will be following over the coming months as they attempt to take the island's treasures in the name of the Horned

Rat. Heading the bill as the opposition are Paul Sawyer's Dwarfs, cannons poised to repel any force foolish enough to land on their freshly-claimed beaches. Firmly ensconced in the fens of Albion is the Empire army of Graham McNeill, forming a bastion of defense in the name of Emperor Karl Franz. Old enemies of the Skaven, these grizzled veterans have a trick or two up their sleeve.

If the Skaven manage to break through that defensive line, there are other dangers to face as the ratmen encounter other races hunting for the magical power of the island. Further

inland, Matt Hutson's Dark Elves follow a beguiled Truthsayer to the site of some ancient standing stones, and woe betide anyone who happens to get in their way...

The success or failure of the armies upon Albion will decide the fate of the Old World itself, so once you've had a good read and familiarized yourself with this island of mists and fens, grab yourself a Fenbeast or three and get stuck in!

All special rules and scenarios for these battle reports are detailed in the Dark Shadows booklet provided with White Dwarf last issue.

Ensign Streiss was sorely regretting his insistence that he had seen a rat the size of a guard dog on board the galleon. His report was seen as a slight upon the fastidious Captain Nireo's pride in his vessel. The Light of Karl-Franz was the largest and reputedly the finest ship in the Imperial navy, and Streiss's insubordination had been rewarded with rat catching duty in the hold. The galleon was huge; the labyrinthine holds containing everything from silk to cannon balls. Streiss had always wanted to have a good snoop around, but their journey to the isle of Albion had been plagued by storms and tempests.

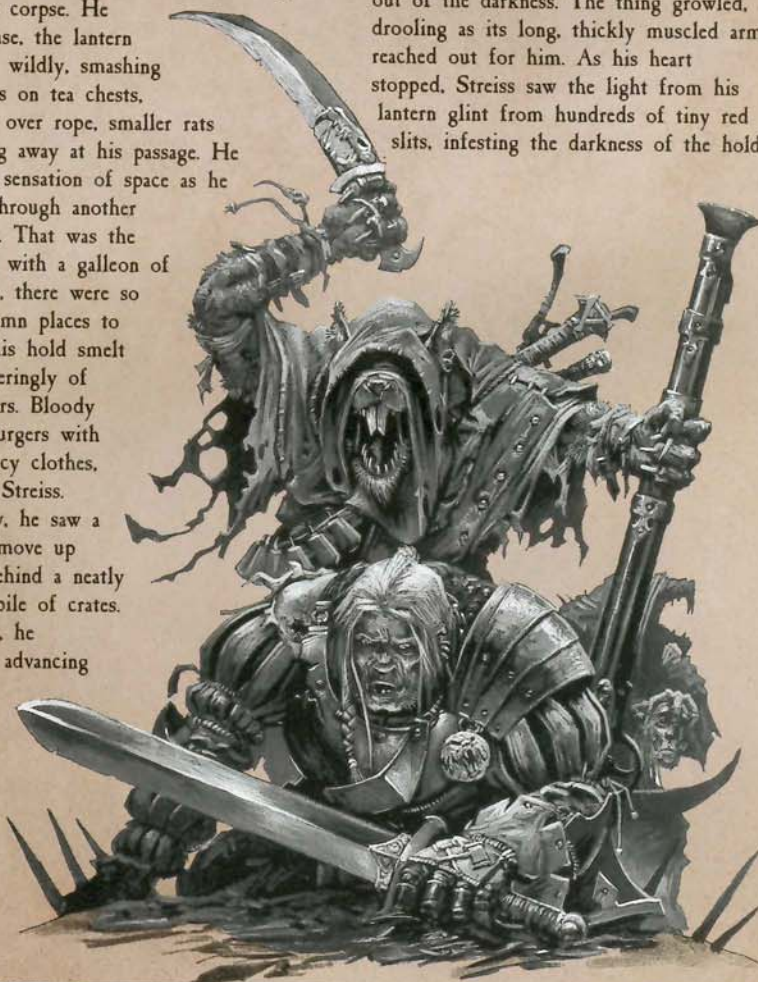
The lantern in his hand rocked wildly as the ship surged from one side to the other, bathing the hold's corridors with pallid light and flickering shadows. The smell was indescribable. For such a fine vessel, she certainly smelt old and rotting. Overtones of human waste and mould completed the nauseous bouquet; even Streiss' hardened stomach constricted as he opened the door to the main stow.

The lantern barely illuminated a ten-foot radius around him, the flame flickering blue for a second in the rank air. Streiss strained his eyes past the crates and barrels, and thought he saw movement. Moving forward in a crouch, his heart in his throat, the lantern played light across the largest, mangiest rat he had ever seen. He had found it. Taking out his sword, Streiss steeled himself for a second, and lunged.

The rat moved faster than he expected, darting away into the darkness. Streiss knew the only way he could stop the ridicule of his shipmates was to bring back its corpse. He gave chase, the lantern pitching wildly, smashing his shins on tea chests, tripping over rope, smaller rats scurrying away at his passage. He felt the sensation of space as he passed through another doorway. That was the problem with a galleon of this size, there were so many damn places to hide. This hold smelt overpoweringly of damp furs. Bloody Marienburgers with their fancy clothes, thought Streiss. Suddenly, he saw a shadow move up ahead, behind a neatly stacked pile of crates. Got you, he thought, advancing

stealthily, sword raised. He took a deep breath and rounded the corner.

A massive, grey, rat-headed giant loomed out of the darkness. The thing growled, drooling as its long, thickly muscled arms reached out for him. As his heart stopped, Streiss saw the light from his lantern glint from hundreds of tiny red slits, infesting the darkness of the hold.



VERMINTIDE



Phil Kelly

Phil: Well, I've been collecting Skaven for a little while now, and unfortunately I've grown so attached to the army selection I normally use it was a little difficult to break the mold. But as they

were to appear in White Dwarf, I had some concessions to make. Although some of the incredibly cool new Skaven models had already found their way to my desk, they weren't painted yet, so back into the draw they went in favor of some of my older models. I gave the veteran elements a bit of a face-lift and the characters a real going-over. Once I'd got that far, it was time to select a proper army.

For the first mission, The Mists Recoil, I was only allowed 500 points of troops with which to assault the shores and overpower the enemy. Facing Paul's Dwarfs virtually guaranteed most of them would get shot to pieces or drowned before they got into combat, so unsurprisingly I went for numbers: Giant Rats and Clanrats by the score. I managed to get about 77 models in total, compared to Paul's 14! Surely some of

them should see the shore, I thought, soberly. Numbers was the way to go; if you are the attacker in this mission I recommend taking plenty of landing craft to ensure that at least some of your troops get to grips with the enemy.

The second mission, The Fens, was a taller order: 1,500 points of my Skaven had to break through twice that amount of Empire troops and escape off the table. Not easy, by any means. As the defender deploys first, the best tactic employable here is to deploy most of your units on one side and hope you can break through before the rest of the enemy laps round into your exposed flank. To achieve this, I took the hardest hitting units I could to head up the charge. The Rat Ogres, pumped full of Skavenbrew as usual, took point, backed up by the Plague Monks. To hold up the Empire reinforcements I took an unbreakable Rat Swarm and a nice big unit of Giant Rats, who have never let me down yet. The *Storm Banner* was dug out of the closet in case any nasty Griffons decided to land behind my lines, slowing me down and causing *Terror*. This was a potentially devastating side effect of having a big gribbly monster carrying

a magic item laden Elector Count about to charge into your rear, so I decided to stick a unit of frenzied Censer Bearers at the back just in case.

Finally, I was to face Matt Hutson, an old adversary, and his viciously shooty Dark Elf army. The thing is, with the notoriously bad weather in Albion, shooting doesn't necessarily count for that much, and so Matt would have to meet me on my own terms. The scenario objectives were to get your army into the central stone circle and stay there whilst booting the other guy out. Using the Skaven's natural mobility, I intended to let Matt forge into the circle as I outflanked him, curling round his lines and hitting him from all angles. Magic users and unbreakable units are invaluable in this scenario (whilst inside the circle, magic users double their magic dice), so I took along the Dark Emissary and his slimy mate, the Fenbeast. With a Grey Seer and a couple of Warlocks to back him up, I was confident of dealing out some really nasty magical doom. A *Warpscroll*, very useful because it causes an automatic Panic test, finished off my magical itinerary. With my plans well and truly laid, I set out to conquer the island once and for all.

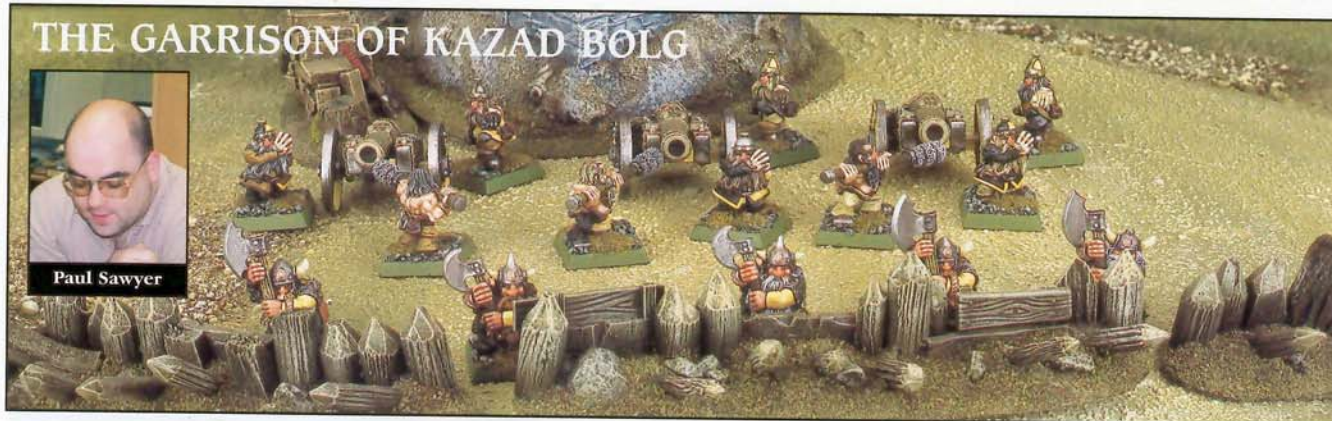
FINKEL'S VERMINTIDE



THE GARRISON OF KAZAD BOLG



Paul Sawyer



THE GRAND ARMY OF LUITPOLD VON STROHEIM



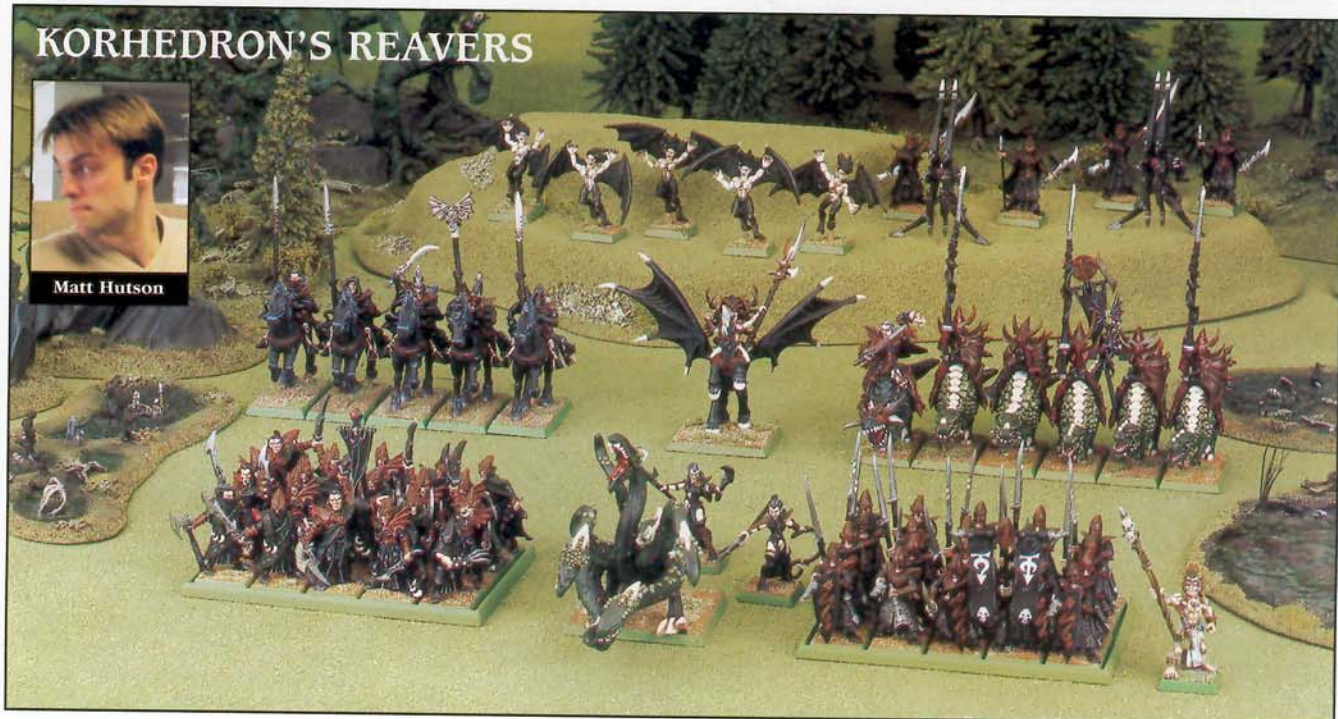
Graham McNeill



KORHEDRON'S REAVERS



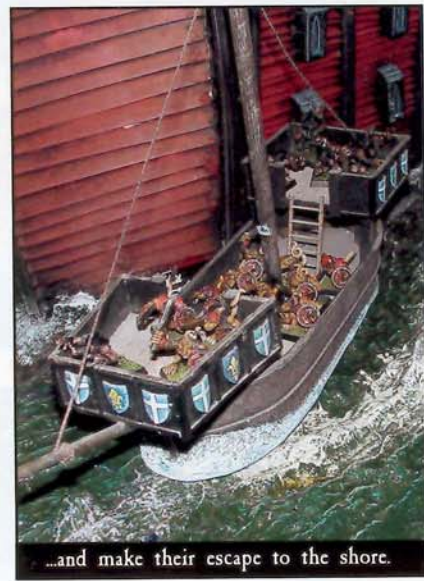
Matt Hutson



SCENARIO 1: THE MISTS RECOIL



Gutter Runners and Clanrats spill from the hold, assaulting the galleon's crew...



...and make their escape to the shore.

Paul: So I was to be the first opponent to face Phil's vile Skaven in the Dark Shadows campaign, and not just an ordinary battle, either.

Picking my 'army' was easy – I had to choose three war machines from Cannons, Organ Guns or Flame Cannons. No contest really – Cannons all the way. They have greater range than the other two, and I'd want to use this to good effect in sinking the incoming ships as early as possible. This would mean a long swim for the Skaven and not a few of them drowning (hurrah!). The other reason for going for Cannons was that they can fulfill the primary role of the other two options with gratuitous use of grapeshot.

It wasn't much of a plan, as it seemed obvious that I had to bunch my war machines together for greater safety and put the five Dwarf Warriors allowed by the meager 50 points up against the walls (defended obstacle!). The rules meant I couldn't break off from my war machines to charge or react to Skaven incursion, but Dwarfs are nothing if not hard!

Now then, if you'll excuse me I have ships to sink...

"Aye, it's a sail alright, and three more besides," said Borga, lowering his spyglass. "The cursed Empire again, and I shouldn't be surprised if they land right here."

The Engineer had labored night and day since the Dwarfs of Kazad Bolg had established a beachhead and had barely had time to light his pipe before his lookout had spotted a sail on the horizon. Three of his stronghold's finest cannons were dug in behind him, and they had erected a series of barricades around the emplacement. Although the majority of the Dwarf pioneers had travelled inland, a five-Dwarf guard detail was taking shelter from the pelting rain inside the ramshackle tower. The warm glow of a fire was shedding a dim light across the gloom of the evening.

"Get out here, lads, there's trouble brewing," bawled Borga, his eyes fixed on the approaching sails. It was the Empire alright, four clinker-built ships designed for coming ashore. He held his

spyglass to his eye once more, shifting the focus onto the prow of the leading ship. A dark figure, hunched over and clad in rags, stood on the prow, looking inland. As it turned, he saw a long, pointed snout, and his blood quickened as he recognized one of his race's ancient enemies. The Skaven were coming to Albion.

"Hurry up, it's ratmen on those ships! Don't ask why, just open fire! OPEN FIRE!"

Almost before he had finished his sentence, a cannon roared behind him, spitting a cannon ball far out to sea before Lygri had even taken off the protective tarpaulins. It was closely followed by a second explosion of noise and light, a tongue of fire illuminating the ancient brass of the cannon's barrel. The ships were plainly visible now, gale force winds carrying them towards the shore at an alarming rate. A massive plume of water fountained upward directly in front of one of the largest boats, and a second later it began to list

to one side, sinking into the water rapidly. He saw shadowy shapes pouring over the gunwales into the sea, a cluster of mutant rat-things accompanied by their hooded vermin-shepherds.

The ship furthest from them also had a split keel, the mast broken in two by a direct hit from the cannon ball. He could just make out figures jumping from the prow as the ship caught fire, flames licking across the ruined sails, illuminating the dark seas around the ships. Well, that's lit our targets up nicely, thought Borga, turning to his crew. Two of the cannons were already reloaded, but he could hear a stream of oaths from Lias's cannon as he frantically tried to replace a damp fuse. "FIRE!" shouted Borga, a whistling crack punctuating his command as the battery sent two more cannon balls soaring out to sea.

Borga's heart surged with pride when he saw that both volleys had hit home, the remaining two boats listing, prows rising as the boats sank. Tell these boys to hit the Goblin with the big hat and they'll not let you down, thought Borga. Hitting ships was no challenge. With any luck, the rat-things would only reach the shores as drowned corpses. Wiping the lens of his spyglass, he focused on the bobbing figures scattered around the shattered boats. One disappeared from sight, yanked violently under the water. Silhouetted against the flame-lit water, a long, sinuous tentacle coiled into the air before taking another Skaven to its death. It looked like Albion didn't want the ratmen ashore either.

"Right, it may look like that little problem's dealt with but keep your weapons ready just in case any of the wretched things reach the shore," said



The Empire ships, manned by Skaven, plow through the waters of Albion as the cannons open fire.

Borga, "How many cannon balls was that, Sladdi? Four? Good lads. Keep it up, there's plenty more." Borga leant back into the lea of the ruined tower, pulling out his tinderbox. It'll do me good to have a little bit of a scrap, get the blood flowing, he thought. Taking a deep pull on his pipeweed, he pulled out his spyglass and looked out to sea.

The waters were filthy with vermin, uncountable rat-things swimming swiftly towards the shore. Every wave seemed to reveal more of them, a horde of dirty brown figures heading directly for them. Borga nearly swallowed his pipe in shock, choking as he gestured frantically at his crewmen. "There's hundreds of 'em!" he spluttered. "Man the defenses! NOW!"

The first of the rats had reached the shore, a sinuous, sleek thing almost the size of a Dwarf. It sprinted for the defenses, sharp teeth bared in a snarl.

Another followed close behind, a black shadow scurrying across the sand. Borga watched Hrolf run to intercept the verminous thing. It bit him on the back of the hand, and in reply he brought his great-axe down hard upon its twitching snout. Laskji joined him, a backward sweep of his weapon knocking the other rat to the ground, twitching. The Clanrats had reached the shore now, those who had wisely discarded their shields clambering sodden and angry from the crashing surf. Another Giant Rat splashed onto the shore, then two, then ten. A hooded figure with a whip rose out of the water, crying in hoarse tones as it goaded its charges forward. With a resounding boom, Lias' cannon finally discharged its cannon ball, and Borga watched as it hurtled into a Giant Rat paddling toward the shore, blood discoloring the resultant plume of brine. Another two explosions sent water and corpses sailing over the beach. Panic was

spreading through the drenched Skaven, and yet more were claimed by the cruel waves of Albion's seas.

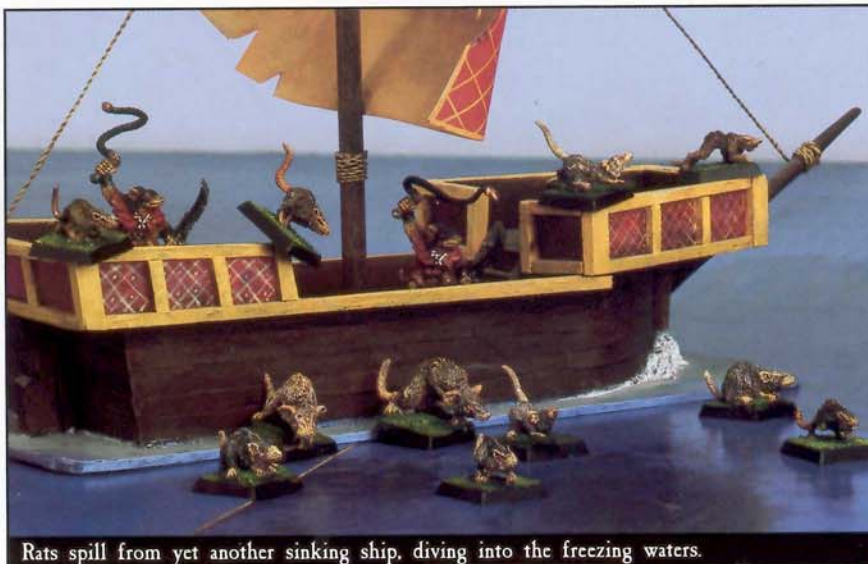
Borga saw movement out of the corner of his eye, and looked round to see a group of dripping Clanrats running full pelt for the unprotected sides of the enclosure. A cluster of Giant Rats skirted the other side, surrounding the Dwarf emplacement.

"Load the grapeshot! They're getting close! Rolg, Mjarli, intercept them! Go!" shouted Borga over the howling of the wind. The crewmen complied, pouring stones, nails and flint into the barrels of their cannons. The Dwarf guards ran to the wall, chanting oaths of battle. This was looking serious.

The beach was becoming filthy with the bodies of those ratmen who had drowned or been culled by cannonfire, corpses washing up in grotesque piles,



The Skaven and their Giant Rats swarm from the broken ships, many drowning as they struggle against the stormy waters.



Rats spill from yet another sinking ship, diving into the freezing waters.

sandflies buzzing around the unexpected feast. But more Clanrats were clambering through the surf, swords unsheathed, murder in their eyes. Borga took stock of the situation; battle had been joined on the left flank as a Packmaster and his charges assaulted the wall, but there were more Giant Rats rushing past the combat, intent on getting inside the enclosure where there were no Dwarfs to intercept them. Borga was shocked to see Hrolf with a Giant Rat's jaws clamped around his throat, falling to the floor and bringing the rat over the barricades with him. Blood pumped from the Dwarf's ruined neck, pouring over Fodel's legs as he smashed a rat to the floor before snapping its neck under his iron shod boot.

More Skaven were reaching the walls, clambering over the barricades and making ready to fight. The Dwarfs were knocking them down, but their numbers meant that sooner or later the fight would reach the cannons. Directly ahead, Rolg was holding off a rat-thing with wide sweeps of his axe, finally connecting with a grisly thump as a

Giant Rat leapt from the barricade, hitting him full in the face and clawing out his eyes. Rats were climbing through the barricade, Skaven screeching as they clambered over makeshift walls.

"Now! FIRE!" shouted Borga, who was answered by a series of hissing cracks as the cannons spat their lethal payload at the encroaching Skaven. The grapeshot hit a cluster of rat-things full on, shredding flesh from bone, blasting the malignant things into ragged pieces. The beach was covered in hairy brown corpses, rivulets of blood trickling through the sand back to the sea. To his right, another deafening boom signalled the death of yet more rat-things. The Dwarfs manning the other two cannons were already reloading with anything they could find, scooping pebbles and flint into the cannon, their hurried movements betraying their unease.

At the walls, Laskji was holding off his attackers, smashing a Clanrat to the ground with his great-axe. Prying the corpse off with his boot, he barely managed to dodge a blow from a Skaven with a long, jagged knife. It was wearing

black, the blade it wielded hissing in the rain, seeming to cut through the very raindrops with each sweep. An Assassin, thought Borga, this is getting worse. The thing moved with inhuman speed, caught Laskji's axe and forced it down, raising its own blade to strike. Suddenly, Laskji lunged forward, smashing his thick skull into the Skaven's face and bowling it backward onto the sand. He stepped onto the wooden slats of the barricade, raising his axe above his head to strike. A Giant Rat leapt, hitting squarely into Laskji's chest, knocking him to the floor before he could deliver the coup de grace.

All around him, Dwarfs and Skaven were locked in deadly hand-to-hand combat. Screeching and screaming cut through the noise of the howling winds, the rain pelted from fine armor and into open wounds. There was no swordsmanship, no finesse or grace in the fighting. Teeth locked into necks, swords stabbed through leather, axes cleaved into torsos. Ligri went down under a press of Giant Rats, a bloodied arm reaching imploringly as they bit and scratched. Grimni smashed a cannon ball into the back of a Skaven's head as it prepared to stab Jeorn, Firgil thrust his sword into the neck of a Giant Rat as the Assassin drew its blade across the throat of Rogri. The unfortunate warrior's head tumbled to the sand, and before it had touched the ground the Assassin had leapt onto Firgil's back, smashing him to the floor with a blow to the temple.

The rats had broken through the barricades to the right, and Borga looked on in horror to see Mjarli in combat with several Giant Rats and a Packmaster. One of the rats was hanging from his weapon arm, and one was trying to get at his face as the Packmaster lashed him repeatedly with a barbed whip. The cruel instrument wrapped around his neck and Mjarli was yanked to the ground. It was too much for Borga to bear. He pulled out his hand-axe and was about to charge when



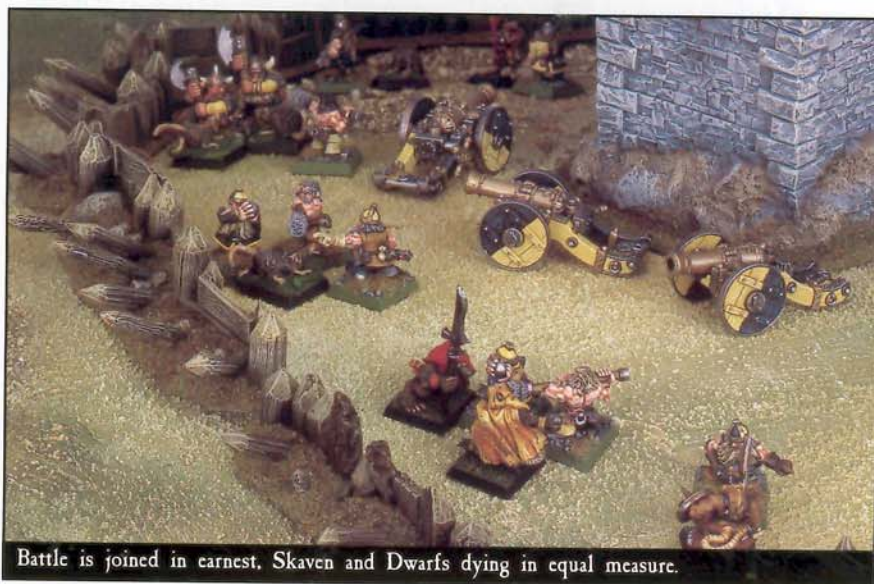
The Packmasters goad their charges onto the mainland as more Clanrats reach the shore.

a Giant Rat bolted towards him, teeth bared. It leapt before he had a chance to ready his weapon, hitting him like a wet sack of fur and muscle. It smelt foul, and it was scrabbling up his tunic in an attempt to get at his face. It was far bigger than it should be, spines ridging its back, its yellowed teeth distended and rotting. He could not attack without hitting himself, and at a loss, he dug his stout fingers into its face, squeezing with muscles built up over centuries of hard graft. He felt something give with a wet crack, and threw the foul thing away.

Looking round him, Borga could see that there were no more Skaven entering the enclosure, the ground carpeted in corpses of rats and Dwarfs alike. The charnel stink pervaded the air despite the rain; all of his surviving crewmen were locked in bitter combat,



The Giant Rats scurry around the Dwarf encampment, looking for an opening.



Battle is joined in earnest, Skaven and Dwarfs dying in equal measure.

the cannons forgotten. Jens smashed his knife into a Giant Rat, impaling it on the barricade before the Assassin disarmed Grimni and threw his short sword straight into Jens' throat. Ligri clawed desperately at the rat locking its filthy jaws around his neck, falling backward onto the blade of a Clanrat. Borga swung his axe hard, scalping the vile Clanrat, blood spilling over Ligri's contorted face.

One by one, the axes of the Dwarfs dispatched their foes, one by one, the blades and teeth of the Skaven sent the Dwarfs to their deaths. Jeorn punched the Assassin hard in the back of the head, knocking it off balance for a second. Leaping over a Packmaster as he wrestled tooth and nail with Laskji, Borga picked up a Skaven sword and thrust it deep into the Assassin's chest, pinning it into the sand. It spasmed, blood-flecked foam spilling from its snarling lips. Three Dwarfs were left, fighting desperately against the same number of Skaven. Blood filled Borga's

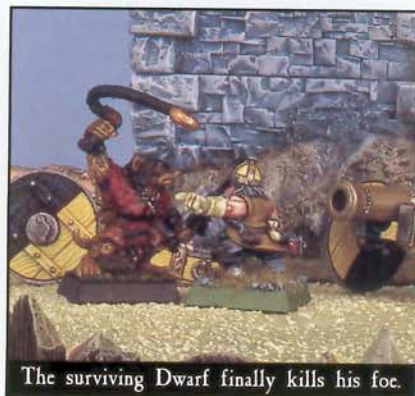
vision, he must have been hit, he didn't recognize his own men. A hand clutched at his leg as he fought off a Clanrat's thrust, and behind him Mjarli choked his last as the Packmaster's whip took his breath once and for all. The rain worsened, and the blows exchanged slowed, fatigue setting in. He felt like sitting down, but the snarling thing in front of him was stabbing down at his face. He fell backwards over the cooling corpse of Jeorn, the blow missing him by a hair's breadth. He threw a handful of sand into the Skaven's eyes as it leapt at him, and caught it by the jaw, smashing its head against a stack of cannon balls until its blood ran copiously all over his hands. The noise of battle had stopped. He stood up, shakily. His breath came in gasps. There was no movement. The sand was slicked red with blood.

Without warning, a Skaven darted toward him from the lea of the tower, screaming curses. He blocked its blow with his forearm, pain searing across his

body as the rusty blade dug into his arm. As it snapped at his throat, he grabbed it around the neck, throttling it. The thing went berserk, screeching and shaking, trying to strangle him in turn. Red filled his sight, unintelligible noises coming from his throat. They were the only two left alive on the beach. His grip tightened, its struggles lessening. He felt so tired. With a crack, the Skaven's neck broke. He fell to his knees. Blackness crept into his vision, and he passed out, slumping over the body of the dead rat-thing.

He had no idea how long he had been out cold. The cold of the night had crept into him, chilling his bones to the marrow as he stood up, his boots soggy with blood. He had survived. There were no Skaven left, the beach still belonged to the Dwarfs. He had not failed his kinsmen. With supreme effort, Borga forced himself up the stairs of the tower, trying to remember the signal for help. His mind was clouded with fatigue, but his folk were not known for giving up easily. Hoisting the colors of distress up the makeshift flagpole, Borga looked out to sea as the rays of the new day hit the water, and fell to his knees.

Ragged sails were appearing on the horizon.



The surviving Dwarf finally kills his foe.

SCENARIO 2: THE FENS

Graham: With 3,000 points to spend on my army, I'm pretty sure I can put enough men on the table to stop those pesky Skaven from getting past me. Ah... the joys of being able to field two Lords is fine indeed... step forward Elector Count Leopold von Stroheim on a Griffon and level four Wizard Lord, Harmis Delphi. I knew Phil would be driving for one spot on the board to get his army past mine and I was fairly certain it would be one of the flanks, but which one? Since I had to set up my entire army before his, I couldn't just block one escape route; I'd have to cover them all. With 3,000 points, easy enough, but it meant that one flank of my army would have to march the entire length of the battlefield and probably wouldn't see any combat. I put the Flagellants and the Greatswords together on the left, figuring that there wasn't much getting past them, the artillery in the center on a hill, and the rest of my army in the center and right. The furthest right flank was possibly a bit weak, but with the Knights of the White Wolf lurking near my center, they should be able to redeploy quickly in order to help out if need be.

Now, hopefully this gathering fog will lift a bit...

Elector Count Leopold von Stroheim stroked the nape of his Griffon's neck with his gauntleted hand, muttering a prayer to Sigmar under his breath. The cloying, stinking fog winding around the fens had reduced all chance of spotting the Skaven before they were right on top of the Empire battle line. Judging by the skittish behavior of the Pistoliers' horses to his right, there was something unnatural about the thick miasma covering the swamps and marshes of the fen. Truthsayer Creadh had warned them that the Skaven would be accompanied by a Dark Emissary, a wizard of great power able to pervert the natural energies of Albion into a force of destruction and fear.

Leopold could only just make out his troops arrayed in a long line to the east, the blighted hill populated by his best artillery crew. He was thankful for the support of the war machines, it would be worth the backbreaking labor it took to get the Helblaster in place if the rat-things tried to break through their lines. Unfortunately, he had managed to do what his father had taught him to avoid at all costs: formulate a battle plan that hinged around himself. The confusion and panic his Griffon would undoubtedly cause in the cowardly Skaven would buy his men the time they

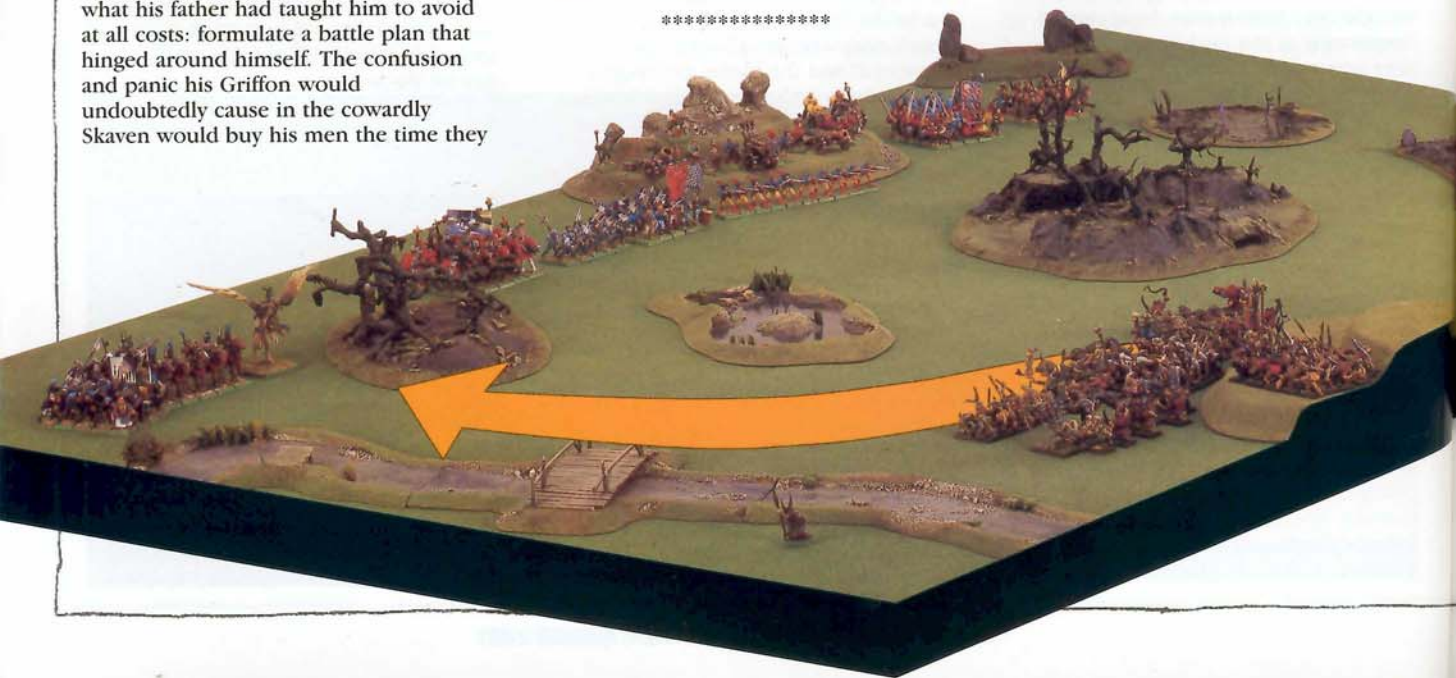
needed to close the net around the rat-things and exterminate them forever. Albion belonged to man and beast, not to Chaos, and he would give his life in its defense. What would occur in the Empire should they fail had been made abundantly clear by Creadh, and Leopold shuddered in his armor as he imagined a sickly tide of Chaos seeping into the Old World like an unstoppable plague.

Lightclaw, his Griffon, hissed and clicked with its hooked beak, its aquiline head cocked to one side. Leopold had been riding Lightclaw since his adolescence, and recognized the sharp-eyed beast's signal. The unseen enemy had arrived. It was time for battle to be joined.

Giving the signal, trumpets sounded all along the battle line, heralding the advance. The coils of mist parted for a second, by chance, and Leopold saw a mass of black figures pouring over the hill near the ruined bridge to the south. Many scuttled, some marched, some strode, some ran, but all exuded a deadly malice. They were heading straight towards him.

"There! Man-thing, many man-thing to the north!" chittered Einborne, unfurling the foul runic scripts of the Storm Banner, dead crows and skulls on chains rattling against each other as the clouds above them gathered. Grey Seer Finkel was well aware of the long line of Empire soldiers blocking their path, and had been for several hours. The men would not stop the invasion, despite their superior numbers. The Horned Rat was with them, he had seen it written all over the island. Albion was a blighted, turgid swamp filled with rotting vegetation, reeking with the tang of decay and magic. Just like home, thought Finkel, repressing a pang of regret. Still, he had taken great pains to stow his army away on the Empire ships, and would see this island claimed by its rightful owners if it was the last thing he did. Rumors of giant standing stones veined with warpstone had nothing to do with this decision. For a moment, his mind filled with images of feasting on cracked menbirs, gnawing at rich seams of warpstone like the marrow of a fresh corpse. The Council of Thirteen would look very kindly upon his discovery. The hair rose on his back at the thought.

The Grey Seer gave the order to advance, the Clanrats around him muttering and chittering with anticipation as the column moved forward. A carpet of rats preceded them, swarming through the stunted vegetation toward the Empire lines. Finkel formed an impulse in his head, and the swarm changed course, moving around the small lake ahead to block off any Empire troops that might try to flank them. To their right, the Packmasters guided the bloated vermin of Clan Moulder forward, their forms mutated and distended to magnificent size. A Warpfire



Thrower team accompanied them, hurrying towards the center of the Empire lines. If they knew what was waiting for them, they would not be so keen, thought Finkel, a smile playing across his bestial lips.

Ahead, the Skaven slaves were moving forward with commendable speed. The Grey Seer had found that most units would behave similarly with a team of five slaving semi-intelligent Rat Ogres drunk on Skavenbrew looming behind them. As he watched, the Skaven slaves became surrounded by a corona of dark light, a low moaning accompanying the march of the bedraggled figures. He recognized the fear-spell, it had proved its use many times over. His Warlocks found spellcasting easy here; yet more evidence that the island should belong to them.

Suddenly, a group of pistol-wielding riders emerged from the fog, their horses starting at the sight before them. Before an instant had passed, they were beleaguered by tiny cackling shadows, and the look of fear on their faces deepened into terror. Impressive

enough, thought Finkel – it would seem that the Dark Emissary would be useful as a warlock, as well as a guide. A strange gold glow started to bathe the Pistoliers, emboldening them once more. A Truthsayer, no doubt, exercising his blessings upon the doomed men.

With an ear-piercing shriek, an eagle-headed creature descended from the clouds, its enormous feathered wings bearing it aloft above the cavalry. On its back rode a figure in shining armor, hammer held high. As quickly as it had appeared, the figure was covered once more by fog. A shiver passed through the Skaven column, but it marched on, passing the bridge on the left as the Dark Emissary crossed the river to join the army's flank.

Leopold von Stroheim guided his Griffon forward, confident that he would meet no resistance in the skies. The clouds were gathering, electricity and magic crackled in the air. He felt a warm tingle as the magics of the Truthsayer coursed through him, imbuing him with a sense of

invulnerability. Commanding Lightclaw to descend, he neared the Skaven, bellowing his battlecry at the top of his voice. The Griffon screeched, nearly deafening Luitpold as it landed behind the enemy lines, wings outstretched. It was a magnificent sight, he knew, enough to strike fear into the hearts of the stoutest men. The rat-things started almost as one at the noise, slowing, some turning in panic to see what the threat was. But the Skaven were holding fast, an albino at the front screeching commands, waving its robed arms for the march to continue.

Ahead of the Skaven column, the Pistoliers had steered their mounts to face the Dark Emissary, opening fire upon the creature as it crossed the bridge. The bullets seemed to slow as they reached him, buckling the air around them in concentric circles. In a blur, the Dark Emissary was suddenly where the bullets were not. However, one struck home in his leg causing the figure to stumble. Leopold knew that killing the Dark Emissaries could potentially save the island, and their skill in the dark arts was considerable. But before they could finish off the dark



The Griffon and Pistoliers advance toward the Skaven battleline, hoping to stall their advance long enough for reinforcements to arrive.



The Knights of the White Wolf attack the swarms of rats protecting the flank of the Skaven line.

wizard, the ragged Skaven in the front ranks charged the Pistoliers. With a curt shout, the Pistoliers fled into the mist. Leopold only hoped they would come back.

As he was about to charge into the rear of the Skaven lines, he saw a thin black trail of smoke pouring from the Dark Emissary's mouth. The smoke congealed into a thick wisp of dark energy before shooting through the air towards Leopold, snaking past Lightclaw's magnificent head to coil around the Elector Count's body like a sinuous serpent. Panicking, Leopold clutched at his Sigil of Ulric, but it was too late. The twisting bands pulled taut, black energy draining his breath and his life force. His vision narrowed to a single point of light; the pain was overwhelming. It felt as if his skeleton would explode out of his skin. Tears of blood rolling down his cheeks, Leopold clenched his teeth, managing to utter the name of his god with supreme will-power. Instantly, the bonds relaxed, and the fetid air of

Albion tasted like spring water as he gasped and spluttered, able to breathe once more.

Almost before he had recovered, he was charged by a group of flailing berserker-rats, the censers they swung around their head exuding a noxious, acidic gas. He saw the foul vapor eat away at two of the Skaven even before they reached him, dropping them into the mire. He kicked Lightclaw into the air a moment too late as two spiked censers smashed into the beast's forelegs with horrifying force. In turn, the Griffon lashed out with its beak, catching one and shaking it like a toy before biting right through the disgusting creature. Leopold leaned down and smashed his glowing hammer into the last remaining Censer Bearer so hard that the thing came apart, spattering the ancient weapon with tainted black blood.

The Griffon was angry now, bleeding from its wounds, and barely had to be prompted to tear into the ranks of the

Skaven Clanrats as they turned to face him. Leopold set about himself with the hammer, each sweep smashing hard into a Skaven warrior, splintering shields and armor apart, the rats falling back for a second from the impetus of his charge. Lightclaw lashed out with his sharp talons, but the Skaven were ready this time, desperately fending off the blows of the Griffon with their shields. The press of warriors grew steadier as they brought their numbers to bear, clambering up the leonine body of his steed to get to him. They seemed to be numberless, and they cut and stabbed at Lightclaw. The Griffon attempted to break from the lethal press. With three beats of its mighty wings, Leopold's steed flew backward, crying out in distress. But on they came, and despite the bond between the Griffon and its rider, Leopold was powerless to prevent the beast's flight as its mighty wings bore it upward and away into the fog.

Packmaster Kritch snapped his whip bard into the backs of his Giant Rats, driving them into a frenzy. He enjoyed hurting his pet, but was looking forward to hurting some Men-things, too. The fog had dissipated almost completely, and he could see the great numbers of Men ahead, wheeling around, blocking each other's path in their hurry to close in on his kin to the west. Grey Seer Finkel had anticipated this, hence the Warpfire Thrower escorting them. On the left, a swarm of rats was clambering all over a unit of heavy cavalry, biting and scratching wherever they found exposed flesh. The Knights were killing rats with every blow of their great hammers, even the horses were kicking out at the horde, but they were making little difference. The rats, too numerous to count, could hold them up indefinitely as the rest of the Skaven made their escape.

"Rat-kin! Heads-down! Warpfire now-now!" came the warning from his right, and he ducked down just as the



The impetus of the Halberdiers charge carries them straight into the frenzied Rat Ogres.

Warpfire team ignited their weapon. The spark caught a pocket of marsh gas, causing the arcane weapon to explode spectacularly, a green mushroom-shaped cloud billowing into the air. Giant rats ran burning through the unit, screeching in pain, rolling in the brackish water in an unsuccessful attempt to douse the unnatural flame.

Kritch bared his teeth in annoyance. The toys of Clan Skryre often caused the Skaven more casualties than the enemy, he reflected, as he looked at the smoking remains of the Warpfire team. Green, ichor-like fuel had caught light, and was spreading towards his pack across the withered vegetation. Time to move, thought Kritch, as a unit of Greatswords moved to head them off. Ahead, one unit had its flank exposed. It was now or never.

"Charge the man-things! Attack! KILL-KILL!" shouted the Packmaster, cracking his whip. The pack surged forward with amazing speed, the Skaven barely keeping up as the unit slammed into the flank of a Halberdiers unit. The rats were all over the Men, jaws locking on necks, sharp claws ripping flesh, denying the soldiers the space to use their powerful halberds. Panic spread through the unit far quicker than warpfire ever could, and the Men fled, many of the artillery crew joining the rout. There was no stopping the rats now that they had tasted blood, and Kritch screeched in glee as they broke right through the enemy line. They had made it through. Kritch felt that just a few more deaths wouldn't hurt anyone as the Giant Rats poured into the unprepared ranks of Handgunners at the back of the Empire lines.

Finkel watched as the wounded Griffon fled, carrying the Empire general with it into the dark skies. The attack was going well. The unit of Skavenslaves at the front of the marching column were attempting to charge into the Empire line, the Rat Ogres close behind, but the sight of the disciplined Empire ranks, halberds held defiantly high, was enough to discourage them. Among their number was a Warrior Priest, hammer held high, shouting oaths of vengeance above the clamor of battle. The Skavenslaves slowed to a halt, excited screeching accompanying the musk of fear. Typical, thought the Grey Seer, as the Halberdiers counter-charged, a great roar of defiance coming from their ranks. The slaves broke and ran almost immediately, but Finkel had expected that. The impetus of the Halberdiers' charge carried them on straight into the waiting arms of the Rat Ogres.

A cannon ball smashed into the Clanrats behind Finkel, tearing clean

through their ranks, spraying the survivors with the lifeblood of those who had been less fortunate. The entire unit started to screech and squeak in fear. Finkel grabbed the Clanrat next to him and set it ablaze with a word of power, green fire coruscating around it as it spasmed in agony. "Flee, and you all burn!" shouted the Grey Seer, his red eyes shining in the glow of the burning Clanrat. The unit settled immediately, resuming formation. Finkel turned back to the front of the lines, setting the unscathed and shaking Clanrat down next to him.

Ahead, the Rat Ogres had entered a frenzy of violence, splashing through blood-laced mud into the ranks of the Halberdiers. They were totally ignoring the halberds cutting great chunks of flesh from their grotesquely muscled bodies. The Empire soldiers were fighting with zeal, their voices raised, the Warrior Priest in their midst inspiring them to achieve a state of battle-lust. But for every Halberdier that bit home, another died, his body wrenched apart or gorged upon by the monstrous beasts in their midst. One Rat Ogre was dispatched, a hammer blow from the Warrior Priest caving in its snarling head, its death throes bearing another Halberdier to the floor. The detachment accompanying the Halberdiers regiment engaged the rest of the beasts; but to no avail. Without the steel of their faith to protect them, they were as children next to the rampaging, spitting behemoths plowing into them. The Men broke and ran, but even in their terror could not outrun the Rat Ogres. The Skaven shock troops had rent a massive hole in the Empire line, and the Rat Ogres bounded forward into the rain, gone without hope of capture.

Grey Seer Finkel knew that the battle was all but won, one flank of the Empire battle line lay open. Their heavy cavalry were still occupied by the swarm he had sent to engage them, and

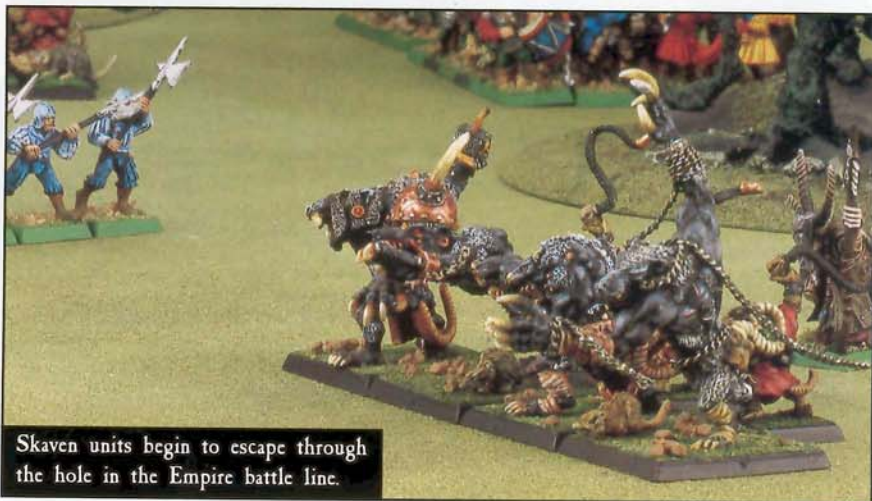
a unit of Giant Rats had also broken through. They had taken up a position on the hill, which had previously played host to the Empire's war machines, prohibiting any real progress that the units of Greatswords and Flagellants might make in an attempt to reinforce the Empire line. All that remained was to convince his troops to flee in the right direction.

Behind him, the Skavenslaves had rallied, and Finkel sent them eastward, promising the route was clear. They should hold up the Knights when they finally destroy the rat swarms, thought the Grey Seer. Up ahead, the Dark Emissary had made a break for safety, and he considered doing the same. He sensed a brief tingling in the air, accompanied by screaming from the Plague Monks and from his own unit. Death magic, wielded by a human mage. The screaming was getting louder. A split second later, Finkel sprinted for the gap in the enemy lines, forsaking his unit as it picked its way through the scrub.

Looking back, he saw that the Knights had dispatched of both the rat swarm and the Skavenslaves, and were wheeling round to charge the back of his lines. But they were too late.

For once in his long military career, Finkel was glad to see his army break and run. For once, they were running in the right direction; straight through the gap in the Empire lines. The remnants of the Plague Monk unit ran past him in pursuit of a fleeing detachment of Halberdiers, the Skaven ranks thinned by their last desperate charge and the ministrations of the human wizard's death magic. The Giant Rats in the center of the battlefield also turned tail and fled.

In seconds, the rest of the Skaven army had made it clear, disappearing like phantoms into the roiling fog.



Skaven units begin to escape through the hole in the Empire battle line.

SCENARIO 3: THE OGHAM STONES

Matt: Having just watched the game between Graham and Phil and seen the Albion weather render Graham's Empire artillery pretty much useless, I decided to leave the majority of my missile troops on the shelf and instead invest my points in infantry. My plan for the battle was simple, get as many of my magic users and troops into the stone circle as quickly as possible. To help me do this I mounted my Sorceress Lord on a Dark Pegasus so that she could be in the circle on turn 1. For her magic lore, I took Shadow magic as this contains a lot of movement spells which would be useful in helping the rest of my army keep up with her. This lore would also give me an extra +1 to all my spell attempts. Once my army had made it into the stone circle I could hopefully pound the Skaven with magic while the rest of my army attempted to stop the Skaven from getting a foothold in the circle.

Loquille twisted her scarlet lips into a sneer as the rain beat down upon her, the Dark Pegasus she was astride feeling her displeasure as she sank her spiked boots into its flanks. The vermin could yet spoil her plans, their presence in an area of magical power such as this was as sure as the constant cloud heralds rain. The Sorceress had gone to quite some length to convince the fool Truthsayer that they were High Elves; that their interest in the Ogham Stones' whereabouts was to protect them, not to steal the power from this land and claim it for her own. She would not have her prize plucked from her grasp now she was so close. Giving the order to advance, she spurred her Dark Pegasus forward, its membranous wings bearing them into the rain as her minions began the march, her pet War Hydra following close behind. The Skaven were also approaching. She intended to be waiting for them should they attempt to enter the circle.

With a bloodcurdling hiss, Loquille spat out words of power as if they would burn her sharp tongue. The words flew from her lips as the Dark Pegasus entered the stone circle. She felt as if her head was bursting with the sheer magnitude of the forces contained within its ancient confines. The enemy had powerful magic users too, but whilst she was inside the circle and they were not, they were as nothing to her. Summoning a shadow stallion with the merest wave of her delicate hand, the Truthsayer was borne into the circle himself, his look of surprise supplanted by one of anger as he saw the Skaven through the curtain of rain. He attempted to

cast a spell of his own, his head snapping back, coruscating light pouring from his eye sockets, mouth open in a wordless scream. Amateur, thought Loquille.

With a glance and a word, she caused reality to buckle, the Spearmen to her left surging forward into the circle under a shroud of darkness. She sensed a presence at the back of her battle line; and saw in her mind's eye a unit of Gutter Runners, Skaven scouts who dared think they knew something of the art of killing. A simple telepathic thought sent her Harpies to intercept the small threat they represented. These circles were powerful, indeed.

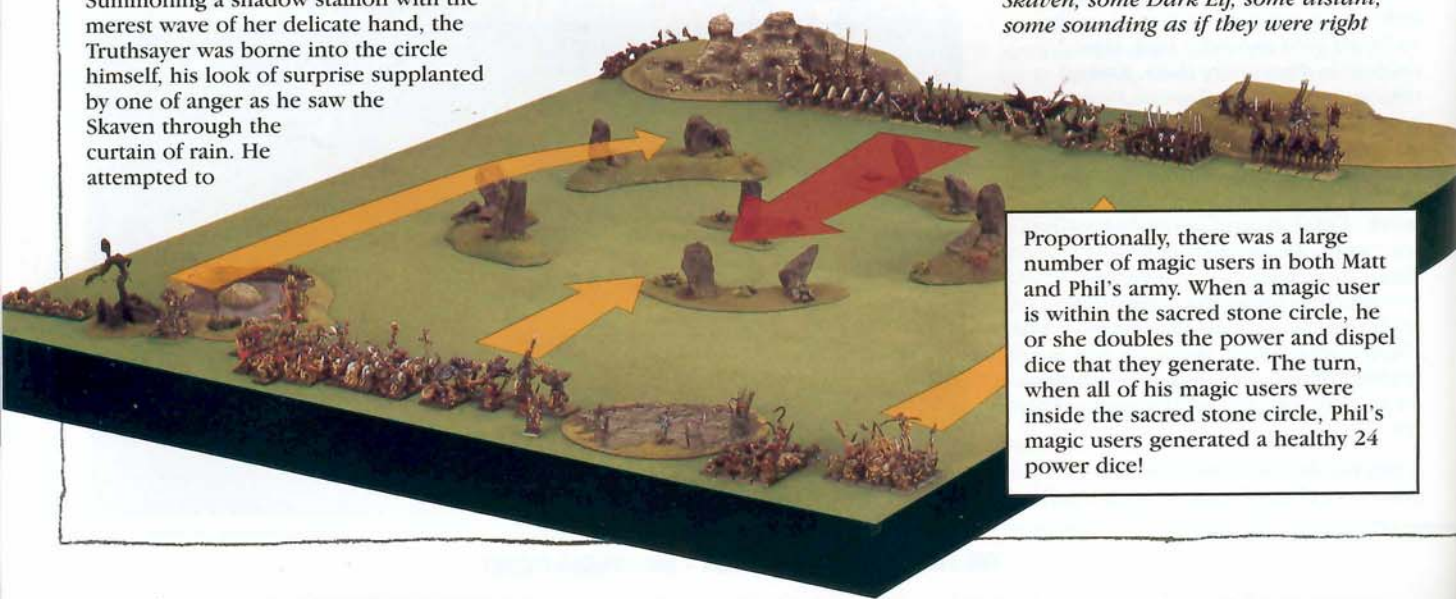
From her vantage point in the east of the circle, Loquille could see that the Dark Emissary the Truthsayer had spoke of had indeed summoned a Fenbeast, a coagulation of fetid water and rotting vegetation. How crude, thought Loquille, a thing of the swamps, a walking compost heap to challenge the might of the Dark Elves. Pathetic.

Grey Seer Finkel grinned maliciously, exposing lines of rotten yellow teeth. The Dark Elves were beading straight for the center of the stone circle, intent on utilizing the massive reservoirs of power that lay within. He had sent the

swarms and the Fenbeast circling left and the Giant Rats and Skavenslaves off to the right in an attempt to surround the Dark Elf forces. They were walking right into the trap. The driving rain seemed to be getting worse, and so far his attempts at using the magic energies of this sacred place had been to no avail due to the Dark Elf sorceress's new found power. But Finkel knew these were temporary setbacks. He could see a battery of Dark Elf Reaper Bolt Throwers stationed in the distance; normally enough to put the fear of the Horned One into him, but today not so great a concern. As if in answer to his thoughts, a hail of four-foot bolts embedded themselves a good ten meters from the Skaven battle line.

Finkel's sodden fur stood on end as he crossed into the sacred circle, the air around him crackling with static. He could see the Dark Emissary to his right, deadlights playing around his twisted horns as he crossed the threshold. As his Warlocks entered, he could make out the shape of a Dark Elf female mounted upon a winged steed. The figure was blotted out for a second by a ray of pure dark energy, spewing from the Dark Emissary's splayed fingers. It struck home on the Pegasus, withering it instantly, its once-sleek coat sloughing off and its skeleton collapsing from within. The Sorceress on its back screamed shrilly, leaping from the doomed beast seconds before it collapsed into dust. Not bad, Finkel conceded, not bad at all. A unit of Dark Elf knights, mounted on huge scaly steeds, were approaching to cut off their advance. A storm of magic accompanied their approach, but their Cold One mounts did little more than blink slowly as terrifying apparitions and harsh animal cries resounded around the knights. Suddenly, all vision was obscured as the ground itself seemed to exude a sickly green fog. Finkel could hear screams, some Skaven, some Dark Elf, some distant, some sounding as if they were right

Proportionally, there was a large number of magic users in both Matt and Phil's army. When a magic user is within the sacred stone circle, he or she doubles the power and dispel dice that they generate. The turn, when all of his magic users were inside the sacred stone circle, Phil's magic users generated a healthy 24 power dice!





The Dark Elf warhost enters the stone circle unmolested, claiming it just as the Skaven cross the magical threshold.

next to him. They were the screams of the dying. As quickly as it had appeared, the supernatural fog dissipated. The powers of the Dark Emissary were strong, indeed, within the circle. Finkel made a mental note to be well away from such ancient sites when he finally had to kill the Dark Emissary.

Loquille was practically spitting with rage. She had only stolen the Dark Pegasus a week ago, and now it had been reduced to dust by the Dark Emissary's potent magic. It was the last straw, she would see the vermin crushed utterly for this.

On the right flank, Korhedron, mounted on his great Cold One steed, had moved to intercept the Fenbeast. The Dark Riders on the left flank had been overpowered by the Skavenslaves, their charge gutting many but not enough. The Gutter Runners to the rear had dispatched the Harpies with their long, metal claws, and were heading for the rear of the Dark Elf lines. They were fast becoming surrounded, and the Skaven were almost upon them.

In a voice from the abyss itself, Loquille commanded the ground to open beneath the Rat Ogres making their way between the stones. With a huge crack, a pit opened beneath them, shadowy wraiths dragging a Packmaster down into a hell of her own devising, the wraiths badly maiming the Warlock guiding the beasts. She turned her attentions to the Hydra, an escort of shadow forcing it deeper into the Skaven line, fire flickering in the breath of its many heads. The flame belching from its snouts bathed the Dark Emissary and most of the Clanrats in

flame, but their soaking garments did not catch alight. The Bolt Throwers also seemed to be ineffectual, the howling wind violently whipping their projectiles off course.

As one, a great cry burst from the Skaven ranks, the horde spilling forward to meet the Dark Elves in close combat. A large unit of Clanrats charged headlong toward her, forcing her to skip back out of the way of their charge, watching as they redirected the impetus of their charge into the Cold One Knights. The Grey Warlock in their midst was chanting, every word sapping the life-force from rider and Cold One alike, adding to the Skaven's

strength. All color left her knight's faces at the sound of the vermin-mage's vile litanies, one by one they keeled from their saddles into the mud. The press of bodies was too powerful for the remaining Cold One Knight to bring his skill to bear, and he was forced to flee.

On the right, Korhedron was plunging his Hydra Blade into the Fenbeast time and time again, but he may as well have tried to kill a tree. The thing was impervious, battering Korhedron with its long, stinking arms. Loquille wrinkled her delicate nose at the thought, collecting herself and taking stock of the situation.



The Fenbeast charges the Dark Elf Noble, massive arms smashing into the Cold One.



Battle is joined within the confines of the sacred circle, the two armies locked in bitter close combat.

She felt the distinct sensation of powerful magic being wrought, and turned to see the Dark Emissary holding an object like a shrunken head inscribed with spirals, shaking violently. One by one, the Spearmen at the front line also began shaking. A bolt of dark energy leapt from the figure to strike the Hydra as hideous laughing faces surrounded its head, but still the massive, serpentine creature did not flee. The deadly blanket of fog returned, cries of agony and terror resounding around the battlefield as Elf and Skaven alike met their doom. Loquille shuddered as something cold and wet brushed the back of her neck, but remained stock still. This Emissary was powerful indeed.

As the fog lifted once more, the nearby Rat Ogres clambered out of the pit beneath them and charged into the Spearmen with a roar loud enough to wake the dead. Viciously sharp talons ripped through fine chainmail as though it were silk. Three of them had broken through the spearwall, snapping the Dark Elves' weapons with the force of their charge, impaling themselves in the desire to rend and tear. Within seconds, eleven Spearmen had died. Even in death, the bodies were still shuddering with the dark magic infesting the unit.

With sickening slowness, the corpses rose up like marionettes on invisible strings, pulled to their feet by a magic stronger than death. The resurrected warriors struck, rictus grins splitting fine Elven features as they plunged long daggers and spears into the flesh of their shocked kinsmen. Within seconds, the unit champion was the only one alive, frantically fighting off Rat Ogres and corpse-warriors before breaking and running. The Rat Ogres pursued,

slamming into the ranks of the Corsairs with devastating force.

Finkel's eyes were alight with the raw power within the stone circle. He felt capable of anything, felt like a vortex of magical power was focused on the very spot on which he stood. The power the Dark Emissary had exhibited was untrue. As he watched, a bolt of reinforced oak arrowed through the rain toward the figure, slowing as it neared its target. The Dark Emissary plucked it out of the sky with withered black hands.

Behind him, the Hydra was breathing great streams of fire into the ranks of the Plague Monks. Three were caught in the immolation, squealing as they burnt. They were Clan Pestilens, thought Finkel, they could take it.

A ripple of magic flickered in the corners of Finkel's vision, and he could see the tattooed Truthsayer chanting, his hands flat upon the central stones. The air buckled in front of the Grey Seer as he concentrated on nullifying the magics he was weaving. Can't have the man-thing spoiling the fun of my little pets, murmured the Grey Seer.

As the Rat Ogres charged into the Corsairs, claws the size of scimitars slashing wildly through their enemies, a black figure leapt forward, twin blades flashing. Quicker than the eye could follow, the Assassin slashed its blades across the throat and eyes of the lead Rat Ogre. The monstrous beast fought on, blindly and grievously wounded, even as its lifeblood poured from the deep gash in its neck. Around them, the Corsairs rained blows upon the monstrosities, but could not penetrate

their boary hides. Panic spread through the Dark Elf ranks, and as they turned to run, the Rat Ogres cut them down, broken bodies splashing into the saturated ground around them.

To the left, a Dark Elf bedecked in fine armor was slicing great chunks from the Fenbeast, avoiding its lumbering blows with martial skill unbeknownst to a race such as the Skaven. One of the monster's attacks connected, smashing into the Cold One, but not felling it. The Fenbeast was not registering its wounds, but it was clear that the skilled Dark Elf would take it apart if something were not done. Forming the swarm-shape in the forefront of his mind, Finkel sent the filthy carpet of vermin that accompanied the army into the Dark Elf Noble's flank, the multitude of small, wet rats flowing up the Cold One and over its rider. The Dark Elf's shouts were music to the Grey Seer's ragged ears. He turned his attentions to the Truthsayer.

Standing with his back against one of the Ogham stones in the center of the circle, the fen-wizard was holding his staff above his head. Finkel murmured a chant that would rob him of his life force, but the Truthsayer shouted a curt command, the spell evaporating. The Grey Seer reached out to take his soul with tendrils of death magic, but in a flash of golden light the spell was gone. The Dark Emissary once more aimed a bolt of dark light at the marauding Hydra, but it thinned and disappeared, dispelled once more by the Truthsayer. With his back to the stone, the shaman was nullifying every destructive spell they could muster. Thunder rumbled in the distance. He would have to be driven off for their magics to take effect.

But the Grey Seer was not without more subtle means of attack. Calling out the true names of seven nightmare-daemons, Finkel sent fear into the mind of the human wizard. Doubts snaked into his iron resolve, hopelessness eroded his steely courage. The Dark Emissary took the Skaven's lead, and burl'd hallucinations of torture and despair into the man's mind. He ran, crying out in primal fear.

His guard down, the wizard would make for easy prey. The Grey Seer summoned his spells once again, his body crackling with power. For a second, a bubble of total silence enveloped the Skaven mage. Then, with a blinding explosion, Finkel was blown clean out of the unit by a discharge of force so catastrophic it nearly cost him his mind. He smashed into the fleeing Truthsayer, bearing them both to the ground, breaking many of the bones in his old body. But he had gorged on the souls of the Cold One Knights, and would not die yet.

Loquille stopped in her flight, stinging hail pattering from her ivory skin. Her finest troops had amounted to nothing in the face of a bunch of rat-things. She was disgusted. Turning back, squinting through the curtain of rain, she could see her lover, Korhedron, beset by a swarm of rats as well as the looming form of the Fenbeast. The Cold One had reared up, clamping its powerful jaws on what could have been the head of the shambling monster, its blows rebounding from scaly skin as the Noble flung rats from his armor back to dank earth. A crack of thunder rolled across the battlefield, followed quickly by an actinic flash of lightning. Distracted, he was too late to fend off a mighty blow from the Fenbeast, its many-jointed arm breaking his neck with the force of a falling tree.

Ahead, the Rat Ogres had caught up with the sole surviving Spearman, the doomed warrior shouting an oath to Khaine as they ripped him in two. To her right, the black-clad Gutter Runners were plunging their metal claws into the soft underbelly of the last Cold One from her once magnificent unit. Once the beast had fallen, trapping its rider under its scaled bulk, the Gutter Runners made short work of the lone Dark Elf Knight.

A massive explosion of eldritch force tore her attention toward the stone circle, where the Grey Seer lay incapacitated, surrounded by crackling magical power. The Dark Emissary and Truthsayer were fighting for magical supremacy, natural forces twisting and writhing between them like a wild animal. The Truthsayer seemed to be giving ground to the dark magician,

tendrils of black ooze rising up around him from swampy puddles.

With a curse, Loquille called out the twisted syllables of a shadow-spell, impelling the Truthsayer forward in a shroud of darkness. The speed of his charge took the Dark Emissary completely by surprise, breaking his concentration. Almost immediately the Truthsayer was lit by a shining halo of golden light, silver sparks of power dancing over his tattooed skin. His heavy staff smashed again and again into the stooped figure of the Dark Emissary, the evil wizard's wretched form no match for the physical might of the Truthsayer. The dark wizard fell to his knees. That's better, thought Loquille.

Through the driving sheets of hail and rain, she was pleased to see her pet Hydra circling a unit of chittering, ragged plague Skaven, huge goutts of fire filling the sharp air with the charnel stink of burning bodies. The entire unit was illuminated, black figures dancing in pain as the flames licked around them. The Sorceress laughed cruelly, enjoying the spectacle. Too late she realized that the Gutter Runners had crept toward her.

As one, they leapt. She fixed on with a glare and a curse that turned it white, quite dead, but then the others were upon her. She felt warmth in her back as paired blades slid into her torso, and her vision dimmed. The last thing she saw was her reflection as she fell face-first into the rainwater.

Finkel came to his senses to see the Truthsayer and Dark Emissary locked in hand-to-hand combat, hail belting down around them, the sky livid with magical cloud. The Truthsayer had his hands around his adversary's neck, forcing him to the floor. The Dark

Emissary was choking out syllables of command. Behind the Truthsayer, the Fenbeast was striding towards the duel, roots, creepers and mud whipping from the ground and growing into its form, knitting wounds and reinforcing muscle. It would not reach them in time. Summoning his thoughts, the Grey Seer raised a shadow-stallion beneath Einhorne, bearer of the army's ragged banner. The Chieftain flew from the ranks of the Clanrats with a spine-chilling scream, crashing into the Truthsayer just as he choked the last vestiges of life from the Dark Emissary. As the evil wizard fell to the floor, a pile of broken bone and rags, the Fenbeast unravelled, decomposing into a pile of rotting vegetable matter that sank into the swampy ground without trace.

The surprise attack of the Skaven Chieftain was too much for the Truthsayer, trying desperately to fend off the powerful blows of the Skaven warrior. The human wizard broke and fled into the rain. To his right, the Hydra had charged the Plague Monks, but the frenzied warriors cared not for its size or terrifying aspect. They attacked with astonishing ferocity and, with its handlers long dead to the magics of the Dark Emissary, the Hydra turned tail and ran from the circle.

Looking around him, Finkel saw that all of the Dark Elf army was either fleeing or dead. Happily, the Truthsayer seemed to have saved him the trouble of killing the Dark Emissary; his robed body was bubbling and dissolving at the periphery of the circle. He was surrounded by his troops, chattering excitedly and looking expectantly at him.

The famous standing stones of Albion belonged to the Skaven, and the bodies of his foes lay scattered at his feet. It was time to feast.



The Truthsayer smashes the twisted Dark Emissary to the floor with the Staff of Light.

HAIL (AND) THE HORNED RAT



Phil Kelly

God bless good old Albion! If only every Warhammer game could be played in the pouring rain. Cannons sat idle, black powder got soaked, crossbow strings sagged, Helblasters sat

in puddles of mire in sullen silence. Excellent news! For an army that relies on outmaneuvering the enemy and then hitting them hard in close combat, hailstorms, rain, and fog could not be more useful. In the end, my opponents had to play the game on my (very soggy) ground, and that suited me just fine. On Albion, it has to be said, anyone with a shooty army would do well to take a few more units of hard troops instead.

The first battle, against Paul's Dwarfs of Kazad Bolg, started off in a mood of tense competitiveness but soon evolved into a battle where Paul and I were enjoying ourselves tremendously. The scenario is a strange one, and takes a little getting used to. I thought I'd got it cracked; take lots and lots of troops, tie up the defenders at the wall with the expendable elements, and send the rest of the boys around behind them so they can get into the enclosure and fight on even terms. But, with the damnable accuracy of Paul's cannons, most of my

troops hit the beach as sodden corpses. He'd killed a full half of my troops before they had even reached the shore, and two-thirds of them before I actually got into the enclosure. Hats off to him, he played very well and deserved to win.

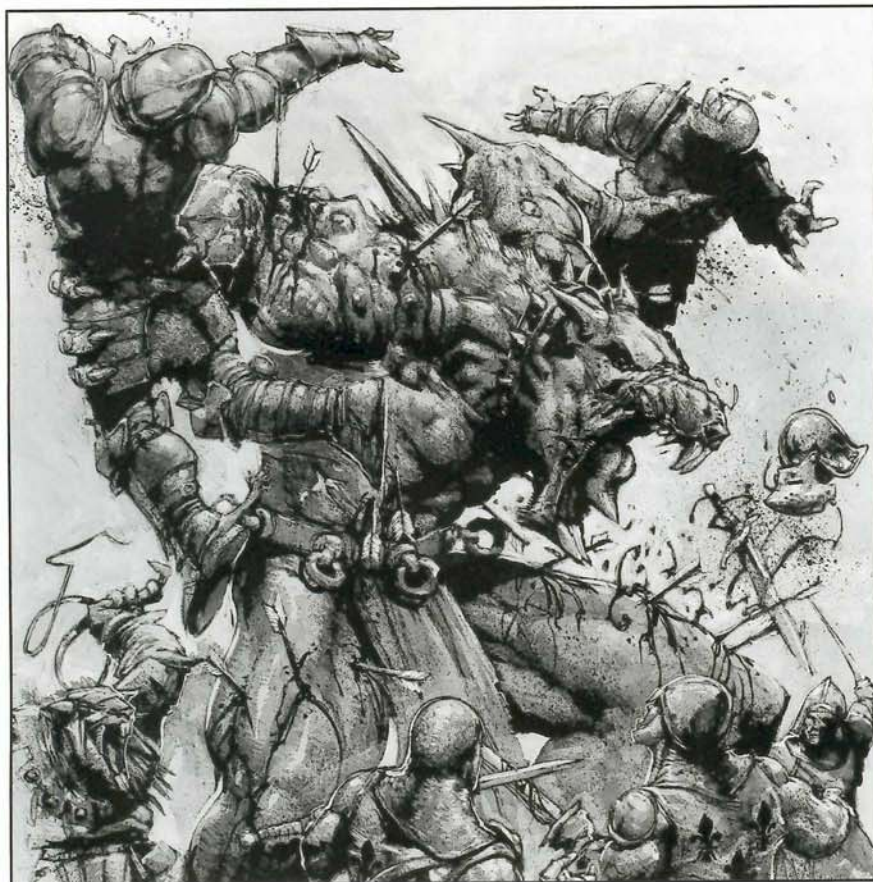
When we had actually closed quarters, each time a Skaven died, a Dwarf would hit the bucket soon after, with the balance tipping ever so slightly this way and that until there were only two models left! By this time (turn 26, no less) me and Paul were in stitches, the anonymous rats and Dwarfs almost developing personalities as they were knocked down, got up, retaliated, became stunned, recovered, and so on. One of my verminous little beasts now rejoices in the name of Super-rat with no less than five Dwarf kills to his name. Classic stuff. All told, the scenario was the most unusual game I have played since I started playing Warhammer, and I had an absolute blast.

The second game was just as much fun for me, but unfortunately I don't think I can say the same for Graham. You know when you have one of those games where absolutely everything goes against you and you lose horribly? It really was not his day. One of the nastier side effects of the 'Fog' result on the Weather chart is the fact that the restricted visibility means that sometimes you can't

charge anything further than 6" away. Naturally, on two crucial turns, the fog obliged me by denying Graham his charges. The Mortar and Helblaster were completely useless, and the Great Cannon only managed to kill a few Clanrats. I think the final straw was the fact that I was able to implement my battle plan very nicely, whereas Graham's went to pieces when he lost his Griffon. My unbreakable swarms did a sterling job of holding up the flank until it was too late, and the Rat Ogres caused just enough carnage to break through the large Halberdier unit on the flank. If they had had the Griffon Banner, as I feared, I would have been in deep trouble. But the heroes of the hour were the Giant Rats, collapsing the entire center of the Empire line as Graham's units maneuvered in attempt to reinforce the flank. Those things can really move, their charge of 12" catching Graham's Halberdiers on the hop. One flank charge led to the destruction of no less than four units and the restriction of march moves for the rest. Ideal. The rest was plain sailing, and with the victory points standing at 2831 vs 750, you can see why it was a bad day for the Empire.

The last game was absolutely riddled with magic. Never before has such total chaos been caused by the magic phase, I don't think I've ever run out of spells to cast before I ran out of power dice before! Matt did well in getting all his troops into the stone circle in record time. However, this allowed me to outflank him and surround his troops, forcing them to fight me on all fronts. The Fenbeast duelling with the Dark Elf Noble was a nice little drama, and it was a lot of fun patching him up again afterward with the Elemental Power spell! The Gutter Runners failed to restrict the Dark Elves' movement, but cut their way through twice their own points value. The Dark Emissary was an absolute monster in this scenario, the magical tag-team of him and my Grey Seer taking out pretty much all of the hard-hitting elements of Matt's army. *Betrayal in Death*, cast on the Spearmen, meant that all the casualties the Rat Ogres caused (eleven, due to the Skavenbrew's effects) struck back against their own side! Very appropriate for Dark Elves, and it accounted for the rest of the unit.

Again, I think the -2 modifier that the last game's hailstorm imposed upon Matt's shooting helped me immeasurably, with his missile troops sometimes even needing to hit on 7s. I've faced Matt's Dark Elves many times before, and believe me, you do not want to face four Reaper Bolt Throwers and a truckload of Crossbowmen on a sunny day. I'm really looking forward to playing through the rest of the Albion scenarios over the coming months. Let it rain...



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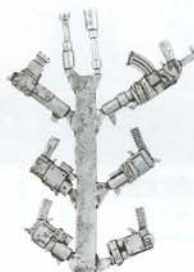
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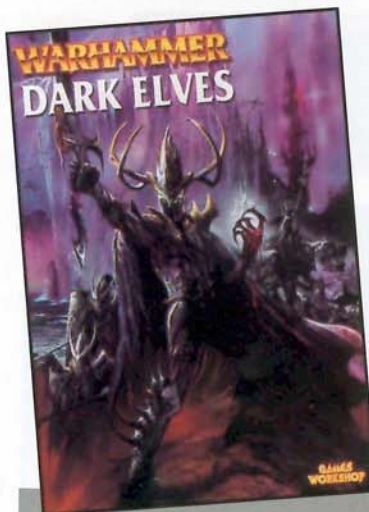


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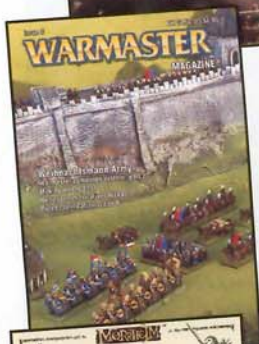


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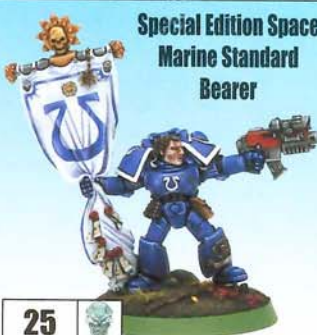
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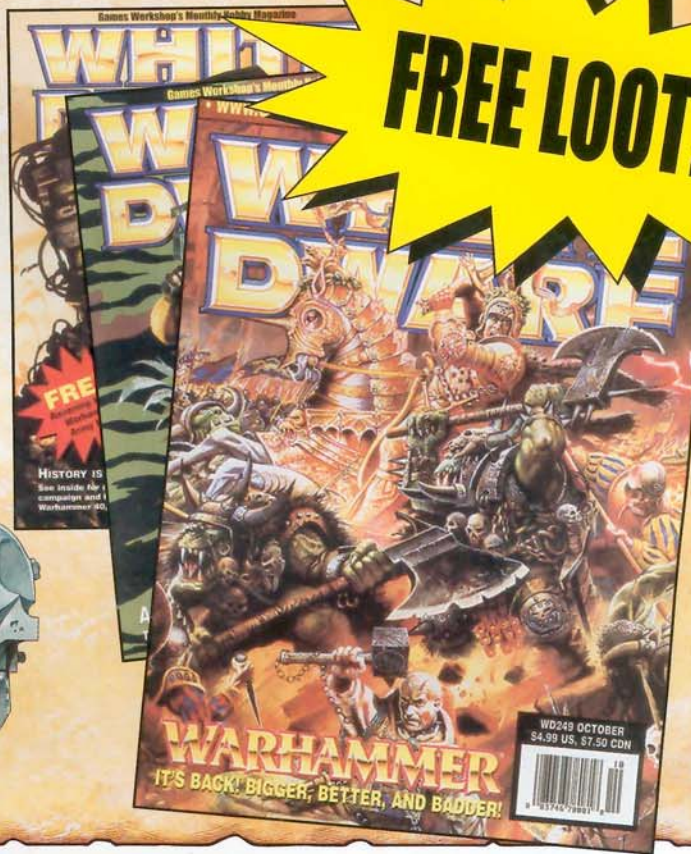
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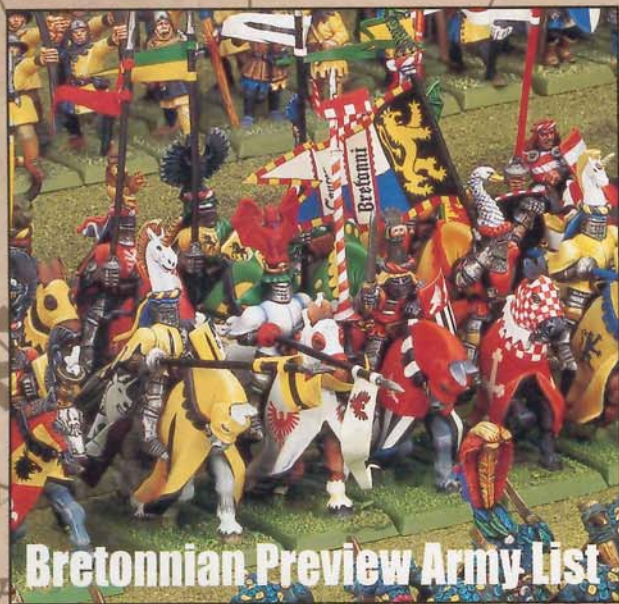
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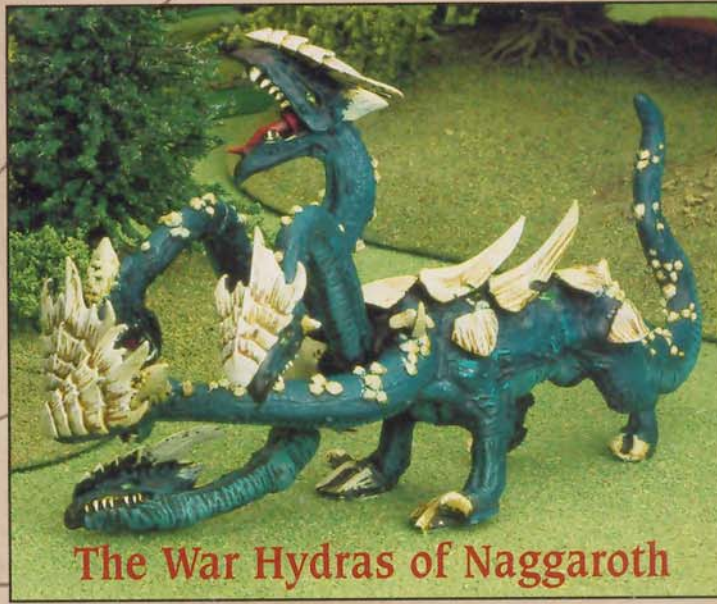


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