

GAMES WORKSHOP

PRESENTS

WHITE DWARF

DARK SHADOWS

Worldwide Warhammer Campaign

- INDEX ASTARTES – NIGHT LORDS & CURSED FOUNDING
- DARK SHADOWS LINKED CAMPAIGN BATTLE REPORT
- 'EAVY METAL MASTERCLASS

WD260 AUGUST £3.50

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CAMPAIGN
BOOKLET

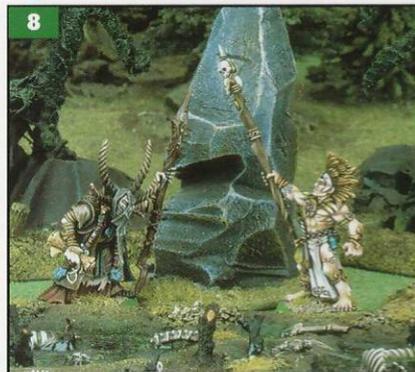
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Paul Sawyer

This summer there will be fog and rain. Rain and fog...

Despite most British summers being cold, wet affairs, this summer's Dark Shadows campaign makes it doubly so. Set in the fog-enshrouded, mythical isle of Albion, players across the world will be battling it out for control of the island as well as doing the bidding of their mysterious benefactors: either the Truthsayers or the Dark Emissaries.

As you read this, the campaign will be in full swing with players battling it out over some of the most inhospitable territory around.

Free with this issue is the Dark Shadows campaign booklet. This chronicles the background to the campaign as well as:

- Introducing several special scenarios set in Albion.
- Advice on playing and running campaigns.

THE WHITE DWARF EDITORIAL

- A splendid map of Albion by Nuala Kennedy.
- Rules for the new Truthsayers, Dark Emissaries and the gruesome Fenbeasts.
- New rules governing magic on Albion as well as the fickle weather!

Dark Shadows isn't just about Warhammer though. This issue we bring you a Warmaster battle report set in Albion. Included are rules for the Truthsayers, Dark Emissaries and Fenbeasts for Warmaster.

So take a good look at the Dark Shadows campaign booklet and then take your army to the field – your race needs you!

Despite all this fantasy furore going on, we haven't neglected Warhammer 40,000 players – this issue is packed with 40K goodness:

- A completely new army list, the Feral Orks, graces Chapter Approved.
- The terrifying Night Lords Chaos Space Marine Legion comes under scrutiny in Index Astartes.
- An account of the mysterious 'Cursed Founding' of Space Marines.

Well that's enough of me extolling the virtues of my magazine – on to some of the things we have in store for coming months...

Next issue we are proud to bring you Cityfight. This Warhammer 40,000 gaming supplement explains how to fight your games in an urban setting. Packed with games rules and modelling advice, this is an excellent addition for any serious gamer and opens up some very atmospheric opportunities as you fight tooth and nail across broken cities, paying for each square foot of land with blood.

Hot on the heels of Cityfight, a mysterious new race enters the battlefields of the 41st Millennium; the Tau are on their way! This completely new army for Warhammer 40,000 is a great looking force and trust me when I say you'll be amazed at the weaponry...

See you again next month,

LAST CHANCE FOR GAMES DAY

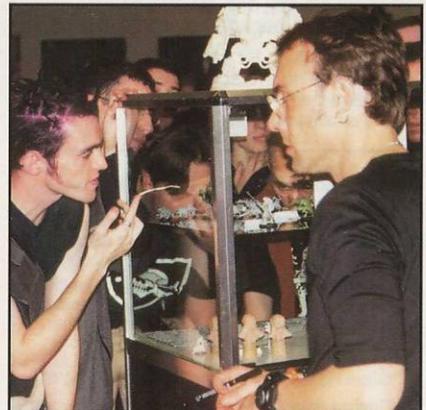
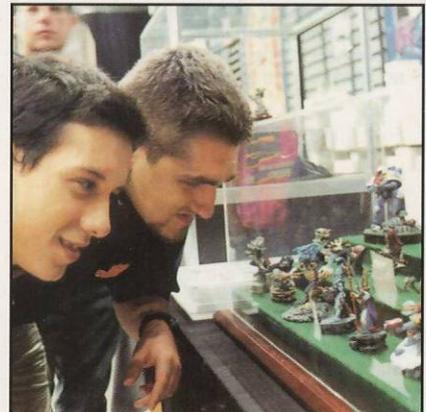
For those of you yet to buy a ticket for our spectacular showcase event held at the NIA in Birmingham on the 30th September, now is your last chance to get one. Games Day is attended each year by thousands of Games Workshop hobbyists, all eager to join in the day's festivities. This year's event will feature not one, but two gigantic participation gaming tables. The first will be based around the exciting new race, the Tau, who will be launching a dramatic assault on a full-scale Imperial city. The second of the tables will be themed around the mystical isle of Albion, where the forces of good and evil will battle for control of the stone circles. In addition to hundreds of other superb demonstrations and events, you will have the rare opportunity to talk to the artists, games developers and figure sculptors behind your favourite armies, including a whole host of familiar faces from the pages of White Dwarf.

Each year we release limited edition posters and figures, only available by attending on the day, and this year we

will be featuring a special preview of our Lord of The Rings project, something which no true fantasy fan will want to miss out on.

Need transport? There may still be places left on the coaches. Ask the Mail Order Trolls about making a reservation when you call for your ticket.

For more information give Mail Order a call on 0115 91 40000.





Three-up version of a High Elf.

WHITE DWARF DESIGN ASSISTANT

We are looking to add to our existing White Dwarf production team situated at our Head Office in Lenton, Nottingham.

Primary duties will include producing quality page layouts and graphics, using digital and large format cameras and performing other support duties to help the magazine's production run smoothly.

Ideally, the successful candidate will have a strong working knowledge of DTP (QuarkXPress in particular) and at least one year's studio experience. An active participation in the Games Workshop hobby will be a distinct advantage for this position.

CONSERVATOR ARCHIVIST

The purpose of this new role is to compile and cross-reference all Games Workshop products and related material, ensuring that they are readily available upon request.

This would include all our published games, boxed sets, books and magazines. Also all licensed products, which covers everything from computer games to belt buckles. Other responsibilities will include archiving original artwork and developing a database to manage our image library.

We are looking for candidates with experience in the administration and management of archive systems or who hold similar qualifications.

Both positions offer a competitive salary, 25 days per annum holiday, company pension scheme, free life assurance, sports and social club, on-site bar, gym and company restaurant – as well as a generous product discount!

To apply, please send a comprehensive CV along with a letter explaining why you consider yourself ideal for either of these positions along with your salary expectations to:
Human Resources, Games Workshop Ltd,
Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

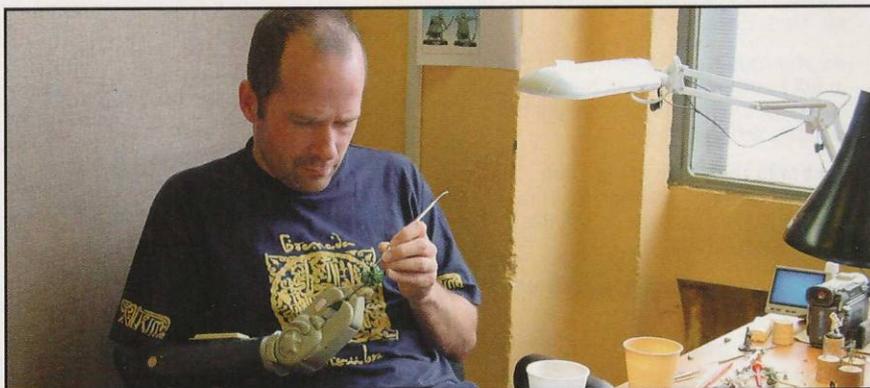
Closing date for applications: 23rd August

THE LORD OF THE RINGS UPDATE

By now if you haven't heard that we are busy working on a new Lord of the Rings adventure battle game then we can only assume you've been locked in a basement for the last few months. At last, we have managed to break through the security locks and sneak past the armed guards who patrol the development chamber. It would seem that a crack team of figure sculptors and painters have been cut off from contact with the outside world until they finish their work on the project. Michael Perry, Alan Perry, Gary Morley and Brian

Nelson have all been busy working on the complete new figure range, and we have managed to take some sneak shots of their work.

The only miniatures that we have been able to get our hands on are the awesome plastic models of the Goblins of Moria, the Elves and the Men of Gondor. The high detail quality of the figures has really impressed us, and, just think: if the basic plastic models are this dazzling, imagine how good the rest of the range must be!



In a secret room, somewhere in the depths of Games Workshop HQ, Michael Perry works on a Lord of the Rings miniature.

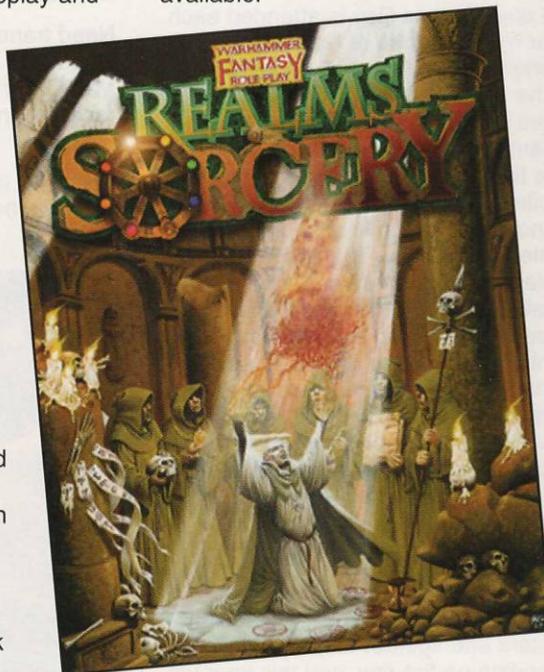
REALMS OF SORCERY

Realms of Sorcery is an awesome 256 page magic supplement for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay and will be released in August this year by Hogshead Publishing. It upgrades and expands the Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay magic system.

For the first time, there are official rules for everything from Hedge Wizards to Dwarf Runesmiths, along with complete information on the Imperial Colleges of Magic, plus higher levels of spells, new background and explanation, and more. The new material in Realms of Sorcery is 100% compatible with all official WFRP material.

A limited-edition hardback and a very limited deluxe

edition (signed by the cover artist Ralph Horsley) will also be available.



GRAND TOURNAMENT: HOLLAND

The Dutch Grand Tournament, held in Kerkplein, Arnhem on the 12-13th May, was a most impressive spectacle. Whilst the hall was full and the armies splendid, it was the venue that really stole the show.

Bo Tolstrup had managed to secure the vast gothic church of Eusebiuskerk for the event, kindly paid for by the Spelkwartier store. This looming edifice has a massive 100-foot high hall replete with statues, stained glass windows and even armour and sarcophagi!

No player of Warhammer 40,000 could ask for a more appropriate setting to enact the dark struggles of the 41st Millennium, and no Warhammer general could fail to be inspired by the fact that they were gaming amongst crypts and chapels...

Attractions of the day included massive participation games, a wealth of the latest releases provided by our boys at Mail Order, and the intimidating figure of a seven-foot Blood Angels Space Marine. The tournament itself went well, although the first and second place for both Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 were taken, not by Dutch gamers, but by the Danish visitors! The home team promise to exact a bloody revenge next year.

THE TAU ARE COMING...

A mysterious new race is beginning to make its presence felt in the war-torn universe of the 41st Millennium. The Tau empire is on the move...

You may have seen the encrypted message published in White Dwarf a few issues back – well done to everyone who successfully translated it!

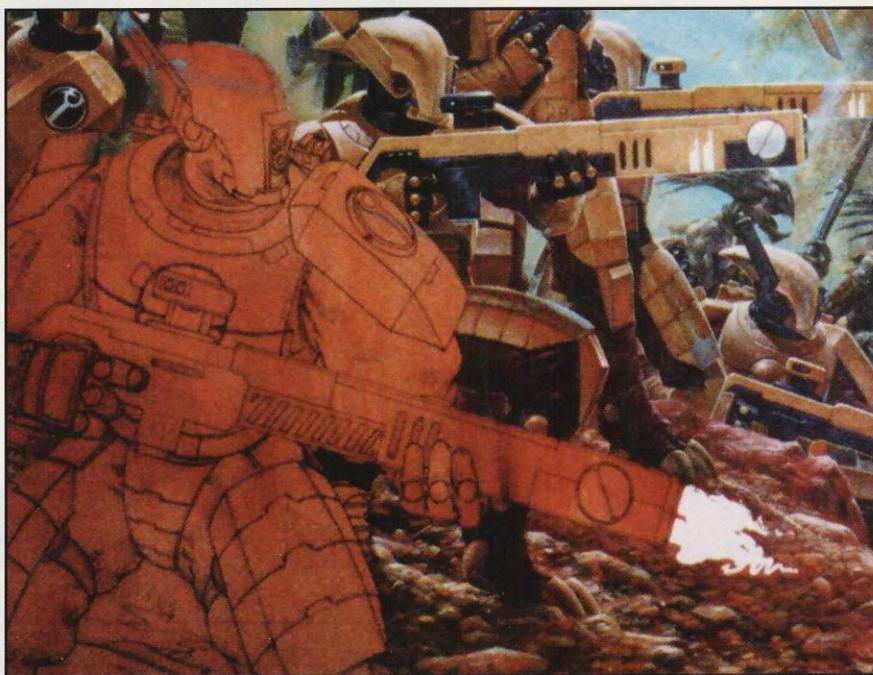
Also some of you will have seen the preview for the new race on our website. If not then go straight to: www.games-workshop.com/tau and check it out!

All will be revealed later this year; Codex Tau is on its way and it introduces an entirely new army to Warhammer 40,000 battlefields.

Accompanied by the Kroot, a race that makes up for its lack of sophistication with bloody-minded savagery, the unveiling of the Tau empire will change the face of Warhammer 40,000 for good.

In the meantime here's a sneak preview of Adrian Smith's work in progress artwork, destined for the cover of Codex Tau.

Looks rather exciting, doesn't it?



EVENTS DIARY

The White Dwarf Events Diary is a forum whereby we advertise upcoming events and tournaments. If you are organising an event, feel free to let us know by e-mailing us at:

eventsdiary@games-workshop.co.uk

Details need to be submitted by:

2 August for WD 262
(October 2001 issue)

1 September for WD 263
(November 2001 issue)

28 September for WD 264
(December 2001 issue)

30 October for WD 265
(January 2002 issue)

Northern European Painting Championships

Throughout September and October Games Workshop stores in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Belgium and Holland will be running a competition to find the best painter and modeller in Northern Europe.

To take part, ask for an info pack at your local Games Workshop stockist.

There are two categories for entry.

Marines: Age 13+
Scouts: Under 13

Entries must be a single miniature no larger than an Orc.

Warhammer 40,000 League

As well as running the Dark Shadows campaign, this summer our GW stores will be hosting a series of Warhammer 40,000 leagues for gamers to participate in.

The Siege of Muskovitz

A great Warhammer 40,000 roadshow hits the following locations this summer:

Cyberdyne (Stroud) 16 August
The Old Bell (Tamworth) 17 August
B & M Cycles (Brentwood) 21 August
Marquee Models (Harlow) 22 August
Medway Games (Chatham) 23 August

NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

WARHAMMER

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER:

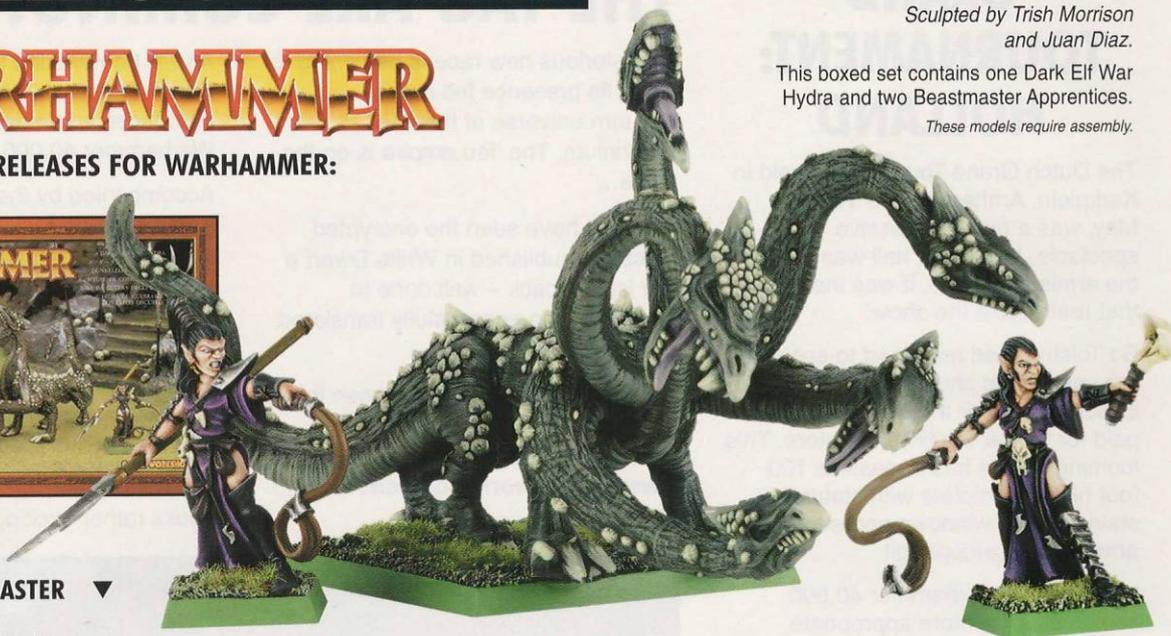


▼ DARK ELF WAR HYDRA £20.00

Sculpted by Trish Morrison and Juan Diaz.

This boxed set contains one Dark Elf War Hydra and two Beastmaster Apprentices.

These models require assembly.



▼ DARK ELF BEASTMASTER £4.00

Sculpted by Chris FitzPatrick.

This blister pack contains one Dark Elf Beastmaster.

This model requires assembly.



▼ MORATHI ON DARK PEGASUS £12.00

Sculpted by Chris FitzPatrick.

This blister pack contains one complete Morathi on Dark Pegasus model.

This model requires assembly.



▼ DARK ELF COLD ONE CHARIOT £12.00

Sculpted by Juan Diaz, Mark Bedford and Dave Andrews.

This boxed set contains one complete Dark Elf Cold One Chariot.

This model requires assembly.



AVAILABLE NOW FROM GAMES WORKSHOP STORES, MAIL ORDER AND INDEPENDENT STOCKISTS

DARK ELF EXECUTIONERS ▼
£5.00

Sculpted by Alex Hedström.
 This blister pack contains three Dark Elf Executioners.



▼ **DARK ELF SORCERESS ON COLD ONE**
£6.00

Sculpted by Gary Morley and Mark Bedford.
 This blister pack contains one complete Dark Elf Sorceress on Cold One model.
This model requires assembly.



DARK ELF EXECUTIONER COMMAND £6.00 ▲
Sculpted by Alex Hedström.

This blister pack contains three complete Dark Elf Executioner Command models.
These models require assembly.



The above unit comprises two Dark Rider models and three Dark Rider Command models.



▲ **DARK ELF SHADES** £5.00
Sculpted by Mark Harrison.

This blister pack contains three Dark Elf Shade models.
These models require assembly.

◀ **DARK ELF DARK RIDER** £4.00
Sculpted by Gary Morley and Trish Morrison.

This blister pack contains one Dark Elf Dark Rider model.
This model requires assembly.

◀ **DARK ELF DARK RIDER COMMAND**
£4.00

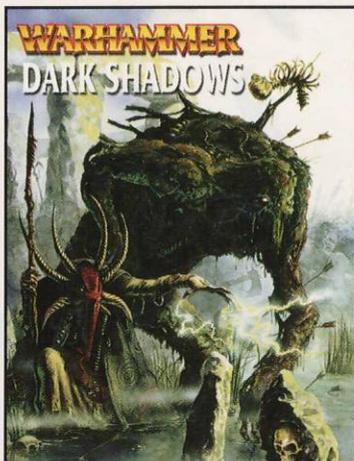
Sculpted by Gary Morley and Trish Morrison.
 This blister pack contains one Dark Elf Dark Rider Command model.
This model requires assembly.

OR VISIT OUR ON-LINE STORE AT WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM

NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

WARHAMMER

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER:



▼ ALBION TRUTHSAYER £4.00

Sculpted by Chris FitzPatrick.

This blister pack contains one Albion Truthsayer model.



ALBION DARK EMISSARY £4.00 ▼

Sculpted by Chris FitzPatrick.

This blister pack contains one Albion Dark Emissary model.

This model requires assembly.



ALBION FENBEAST £8.00 ▼

Sculpted by Trish Morrison.

This blister pack contains one Albion Fenbeast model.

This model requires assembly.



WARMASTER

FANATIC JOINS IN THE DARK SHADOWS CAMPAIGN WITH THIS WARMASTER PACK.



Truthsayer



Dark Emissary



Fenbeast

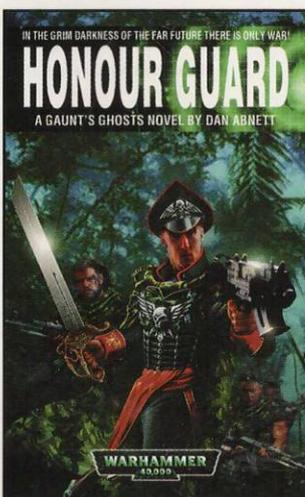
DARK SHADOWS PACK

£5.00 (plus postage)

Sculpted by Colin Grayson.

This set contains one Dark Emissary model, one Truthsayer model and one Fenbeast model.

THESE MODELS ARE ONLY AVAILABLE FROM MAIL ORDER



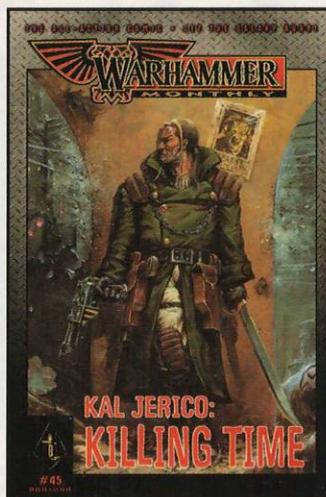
HONOUR GUARD

£5.99

A Gaunt's Ghosts novel by Dan Abnett.

Published by the Black Library

Commissar Gaunt and his Ghosts are back in action at the forefront of battle on a vital shrine-world of the deepest tactical and spiritual importance. But the vile forces of Chaos will never allow them to hold their prize for long and, as the counter-attack rages, Gaunt is sent after the most priceless relic of all: the remains of the ancient saint who first led Humanity to these stars.



WARHAMMER MONTHLY ISSUE 45 £2.20

Published by the Black Library

In this issue, ice-cool bounty hunter Kal Jerico must make it through quakes and storms, vermin and the dead! Ulli and Marquand break some serious puritan skulls in the continuation of Mordheim: Crusade! Finally, the epic Daemonifuge returns with Ephrael Stern as you've never seen her before.

All this and more in Warhammer Monthly #45!

AVAILABLE NOW FROM GAMES WORKSHOP STORES, MAIL ORDER AND INDEPENDENT STOCKISTS

INQUISITOR

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR INQUISITOR:

CHERUBAEL £12.00

Sculpted by Brian Nelson

This set contains one Cherubael model.

This model requires assembly.



SPECIAL SECURITY ENFORCER BARBARETTA

£12.00

Sculpted by Michael Perry

This set contains one Special Security Enforcer Barbaretta model and one Cyber Mastiff.

These models require assembly.



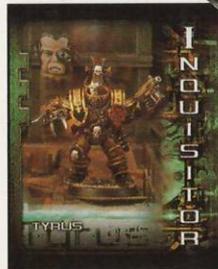
WITCH HUNTER TYRUS

£15.00

Sculpted by Gary Morley

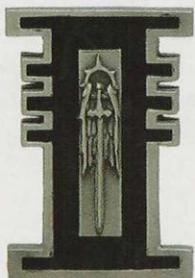
This set contains one Witch Hunter Tyrus model.

This model requires assembly.



BATTLEGEAR

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FROM BULLDOG BUCKLES:



INQUISITOR SWORD

(Enamel)

Mega Badge £5.50
Keyring £6.00
Pendant £6.50



INQUIS EXTERMINATUS

(Antique gold-tone)

Mega Badge £5.00
Keyring £5.50
Pendant £6.00



INQUISITOR SKULL

(Gold-tone/enamel)

Mega Badge £5.50
Keyring £6.00
Pendant £6.50



INQUIS 3-HAND LOGO

(Resin/enamel)

Mega Badge 6.50



IRON SKULL (LARGE)

(Pewter)

Mega Badge £5.50
Keyring £6.00
Pendant £6.50

OR VISIT OUR ON-LINE STORE AT WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM

WARHAMMER

This month, armies from all across the globe are descending upon the fog-enshrouded shores of the mystical isle of Albion as this year's summer campaign gets under way...

For generations the legendary isle of Albion has been just that – a legend. Occasionally a weary traveller will tell an outlandish tale of terrible creatures stalking the Albion marshland or of ships lost without trace in the swirling mists. As a counterpoint to these fell stories are rumours of fabulous riches and powerful magics being brought back from an island swathed in fog. Rumours circulate that the mires and swamps of Albion house huge menhirs, standing stones that control the flow of magic across the world. It has even been suggested that should the ancient stones fall, the world itself will be torn apart by the raw forces of Chaos. The name of Albion

DARK SHADOWS

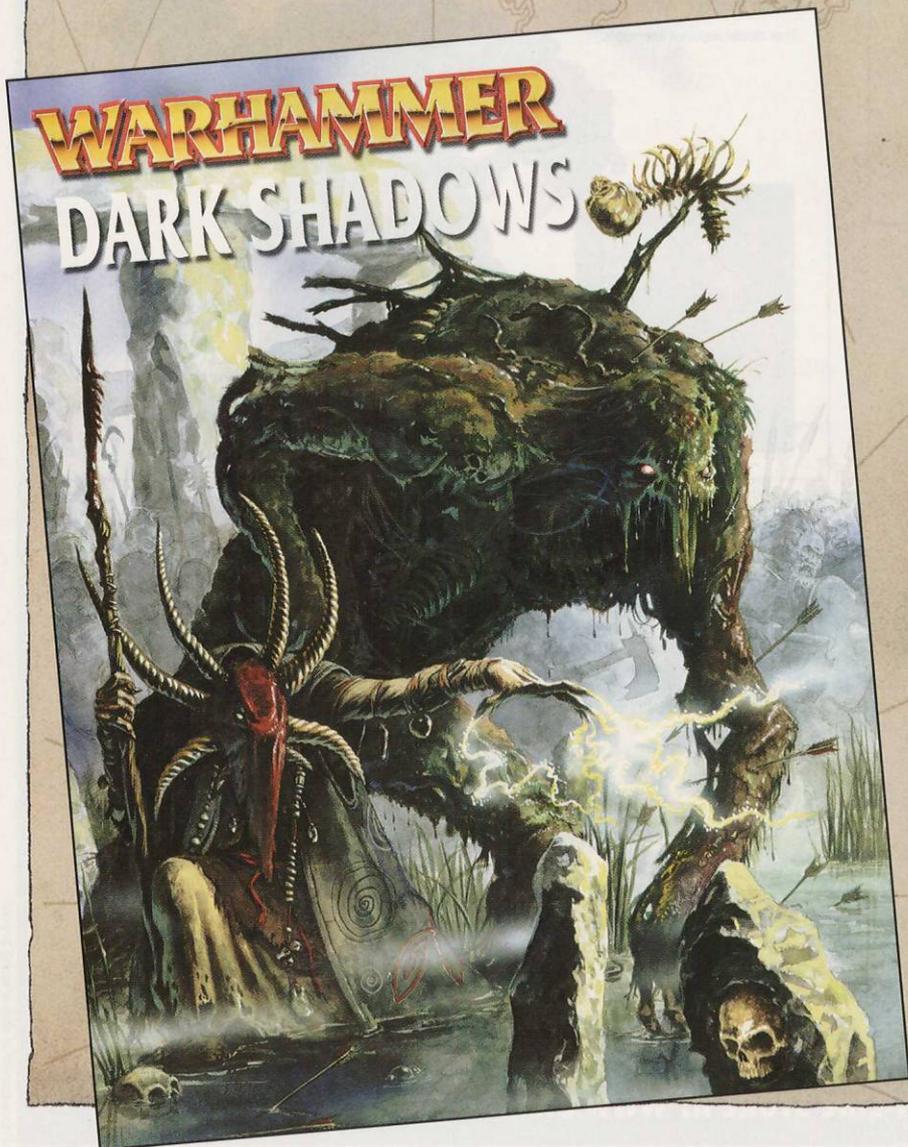
Worldwide Warhammer Campaign

inspires fear, greed and wonderment in equal measure.

Now it seems that an island with gleaming white cliffs has suddenly appeared to the far north of the Old World. All memories of the dangers that lurk upon the island have vanished as the thought of treasure occupies the minds of many across the Warhammer world. Whilst the coasts of Albion have once again come into view as the mists recoil, the central area of the island is still obscured by heavy fog. Landing places are few and far between and this has been well noted by interested parties eager to explore and conquer this mythical isle.

All talk across the Warhammer world is of the riches that lie in waiting on Albion. The struggle for power and treasure awaits those who would venture into the mists, but death and desolation also await the foolhardy, for not only do the indigenous dangers pose a significant threat to the unwary, but every race from across the world is landing on Albion. Each will vie for control of the island with the other.

More than racial pride is at stake, however. A backdrop to this clamour



for power and material gain is a greater battle – between the forces of light and dark. Mysterious shamans known as Truthsayers, native to Albion, have been seen traversing the Warhammer world warning army commanders who would set out for Albion of the harsh weather conditions, hideous sea beasts that inhabit the coastal waters and the Giants who like nothing more than to hurl huge boulders at incoming ships. The Truthsayers declare themselves keepers of the knowledge and power on the inherently magical island and warn of the dangers posed by these fell adversaries.

Also told in hushed whispers are shadowy rumours of dark strangers travelling wide across the world. Speaking of the Dark Master who is to return to conquer all, they have been

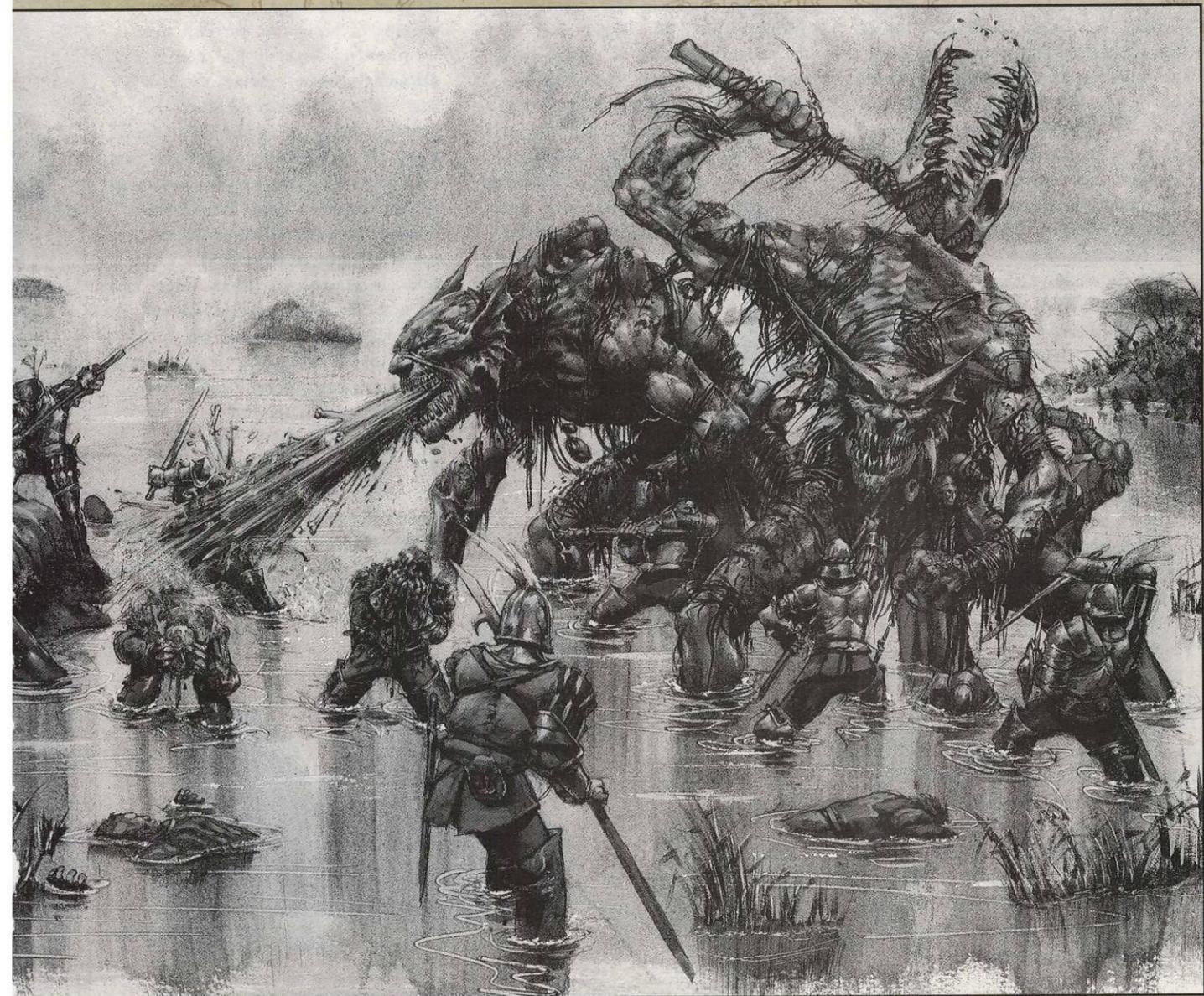
named Dark Emissaries. Little is known of the Dark Master but his clarion call for his followers to join him at Albion.

The possession of the many ancient stone circles located across Albion is the key to controlling the island, but with both the Truthsayers and Dark Emissaries counselling the invading armies, such control won't be an easy task.

Hordes of Greenskins are pouring down from the World's Edge Mountains, forming a green tidal wave as they march relentlessly towards Albion. The dreaded Black Arks and flights of Black Dragons have been sighted as the Dark Elves turn their attention towards the isle. The Elves of Ulthuan have already pledged themselves to the Truthsayers' cause.

A fleet of ironclad steamships has set sail from Barak-Varr as the Dwarfs investigate the rumours of vast treasures. All manner of armies are converging on the newly sighted island.

For those who succeed, power immeasurable will be the ultimate reward. For those who fail, their decaying corpses will sink silently into the fens and moorland that covers so much of Albion. The Warhammer world is once again in great danger for the immense power held in the isle of Albion is the prize for those who win out. The fate of the Warhammer world is in the hands of the generals, warlords and commanders of the armies which have travelled with all haste to the mist-enshrouded island. Only one race can win – battle is well and truly joined!



Over the coming months we will be bringing you news on the worldwide campaign. Battle has already commenced, and dark secrets have begun to emerge. Space McQuirk takes a look at the early reports.

THE STORM BREAKS

The Dark Shadows Warhammer Campaign

Thick, green muscular arms tugged at the oars of the small boat, propelling it swiftly through the stormy sea. As quickly as the Goblins could scoop out the water with their gnarled green hands, the rain would fill it back up. The weight of the fully armoured Black Orcs was already threatening to sink the flimsy wooden craft, but Gribblet felt confident that they were close enough to the shore that, should the worst happen, he would be able to swim to safety.

An almighty splash soaked the small Goblin. The Giants standing on top of the tall white cliffs were yet to score a hit with the huge boulders they hurled out to sea, but they were getting too close for Gribblet's liking. A cannon added its mighty boom to the volume of noise, and Gribblet winced as the raft beside theirs exploded into a mass of splinters. Floundering in the ferocious waves a couple of the more nimble Goblins frantically paddled to Gribblet's boat. As they struggled to clamber aboard, the Orcs took great pleasure in pushing them back into the ice-cold waters.

The three remaining boats drew closer to shore, cutting through the driftwood that had formed the hulls of earlier, doom-ridden assaults on the muddy flats. Each boat raced the next to see who could reach shore first. At present, the strong crew of Black Orcs had a narrow lead, and Gribblet yelled encouragement. As the boat was carried to the beach by the powerful surf, it ground to a halt on the mud-covered rocks. Each Orc and Goblin jumped from the vessel, splashing through the knee-high water and thick mud, charging ashore. As the Orcs broke onto the beach a mortar shell exploded in their midst, sending bloody limbs and torsos flying through the air.

Gribblet cursed as he stared up at the line of cannons along the steep, fortified hill. Pressing forwards he dived into a crater hole. The flash of a dozen handguns signalled more casualties for the Orc landing force but, to Gribblet's relief, for each Orc felled another two would wade onto the beach.

Jumping from the crater Gribblet noticed another Orc boat closing upon the shore. A monstrosly loud explosion deafened him momentarily and before the Orcs had chance to disembark, they were blown apart by the massed firepower of a huge multi-barrelled war machine. Clutching his spear and shield tightly in his hands, Gribblet sprinted towards the base of the fortified dune. Sandbags and sharpened stakes jutted out from the steep hill and the lifeless bodies of countless Orcs already lay sprawled on the

embankment. Gribblet's eyes opened wide as he spied the barrel of a cannon lowering itself to aim at the precise location in which he stood. Closing his eyes he prepared to meet Mork. A rumble of thunder was drowned out by an almighty explosion. Gingerly opening one eye Gribblet grinned, where there had once been a deadly cannon, all that remained was a huge smoking crater.

A loud cry of "Waaagh!" sounded from the Orc attackers, and with renewed ferocity they assaulted the defenses. Gribblet found himself in the unusual position of being first to reach the fortifications, thrusting his spear at a defending artillery crewman. Seconds later waves of Orcs poured over the defenses, overpowering the weak men. A lucky jab of Gribblet's spear broke past his opponent's guard and the barbed tip pierced the man's flesh. The Goblin relished the look of horror on his opponent's face as he collapsed to the floor. In a matter of minutes every man lay dead. Gribblet stood on the tall dune surveying the carnage. Six Orcs were proudly raising their standard atop the hill as hundreds of Goblins tore apart the wooden fortress plank by plank, piling the debris high and lighting it as a signal that the Orcs had landed. The beacon blazed well into the night as tribe upon tribe momentarily put aside their differences and headed for the beach. Muddy Point had been taken and Albion now lay open to Orc invasion.



Although the mists have only recently parted, in that short time combat has already begun on the mysterious isle of Albion. Tales of great battles have already started to circulate in each and every town and village across the Old World. News of the fate of Albion is the main topic of conversation in the inns and taverns. The garrisons are overflowing with eager volunteers, all of whom wish to join the armies to seek fame and fortune in the distant northern realms.

Nobody can say with any certainty which of the races was the first to make landing upon Albion, but it was the Empire who were the first to establish a beach head on the mysterious island. Upon hearing that the mists had cleared, a fleet of ships, loaded with troops and equipment, immediately set sail from Marienburg. After hastily constructing a large wooden fort on a beach area known as Muddy Point, they reinforced the strategic location with cannons, mortars and the deadly Helblaster volley guns. The cannons were clearly visible bristling from the ramparts from far out to sea. More than one raiding party has kept a wide berth of the beach, preferring to risk the storm-lashed seas to find a less well defended landing place.

To the Orcs, encouraged to head towards the mud flats by a mysterious robed stranger, the prospect of attacking the well-manned fortress served as all the more reason to land at Muddy Point.

It was a challenge, a place where they knew a fight was to be had. A vicious and bloody assault on the beach ensued. The first wave of Orc attackers were destroyed by the massed firepower of the Empire's



A Truthsayer faces off against an evil Dark Emissary in the bogs of Albion.



Orcs & Goblins assault an Empire war machine battery.

The flooded marshland did not slow the progress of the Cold One mounts as their Dark Elf riders steered them across the treacherous moor. Natives to the steaming swamps of Lustria, the fens of Albion were much like their homeland with the only exception being the cold climate. Kaleth Blackheart raised his hand. It was the signal for his knights to stop. He could not see far through the thick mists, but could clearly hear the sound of an enemy force, drums beating as they marched close by. Kaleth cursed; his mounted knights formed the vanguard of a huge raiding force and he had hoped to meet little resistance. A sorcerer with no name had given the Dark Elves an ancient map. On it were scrawled directions to primitive temples and the location of a long-ruined citadel. The sorcerer had told the council of Karond Kar of ancient treasures and artefacts contained within the deserted ruins, but others had also come to Albion in search of these gifts.

Kaleth's patrol had intended to scout ahead and find a safe passage for the main body of the army. His patrol force was too small to mount any serious attack, so Kaleth had decided to use the fog to slip past the enemy unseen. Urging his mount forward, he gave the signal to advance. Within seconds of the column of cavalry resuming their patrol, a hail of arrows fell upon them from out the mist. From the watery pools of the marsh he could vaguely make out the silhouettes of small, crested creatures. One of the riders fell from his saddle. Kaleth noticing the arrow protruded from the Knights arm, surmised that the tips must be coated in some form of poison. Before Kaleth could issue an order, a shrill horn echoed from the depth of the mists. The alarm had been raised.

Spurring his beast on, Kaleth lowered his lance as his Cold One charged at the nimble creatures. His force would need to break through the defenders before their reinforcements had time to intercept Kaleth's patrol. The small archers scattered before the charge of the Cold Ones but they were too slow to react. As his lance skewered one of the fleeing beasts he was pleased to see

his Cold One bite another in two with its powerful jaws. He cast a quick glance at the dead body on the end of his lance. It was a small reptilian creature. The raiders who sailed south from Naggaroth talked of massive Lizardmen that hunted the steaming jungles of those lands. From the tales they had spread, these were supposed to be monstrous beasts. Perhaps this was a smaller native variant, but most likely those who had spread the rumours were cowardly Elves not worthy of the name Druchii.

From out of the mist Kaleth heard a roar which chilled him to the bone. He looked up just in time to see a massive beast charging down at him. In its scaly, muscular arms it held a great bronze axe, which it swung in a downward arc at the head of his mount. The Cold One's skull cracked and the beast fell instantly to the ground, trapping Kaleth's leg beneath it. As the monster turned its attention towards the trapped Dark Elf, Kaleth knew he would not be able to free himself in time. As the beast again struck down on the prone Elf, Kaleth raised his lance, letting the beast's momentum drive it onto the long shaft.

The creature fell dead, and Kaleth struggled to free himself. As he frantically tugged at his trapped leg, trying to pull it from beneath the dead Cold One, he could hear the screams of his fellow cavalry. It was obvious that they had not been able to escape the ambush and before long the sound of battle died down.

The Dark Elf noble could not even begin to guess at how long he had been trapped. He had eventually been able to free himself at the cost of a fine leather boot. Now he wandered through the mists, alone and completely lost. As he trod through the deep fens, his bare foot squelching in the thick, cold sludge, he didn't notice two eyes staring from the murky water. Even with his keen Elven sight, had he been staring directly at the creature, he would have had little chance of spotting it. Fenbeasts used excellent camouflage to strike unseen at their prey, and tonight Kaleth Blackheart was the beast's chosen victim.

guns. A second Orc invasion force succeeded where the first had failed, and the Orcs were able to breach the defences. They slew every man, and destroyed the fortress in a victorious rampage. So numerous were the dead that it is said that the Orcs feasted for two whole days and nights.

During the festivities the army was approached by a Dark Emissary. He persuaded some of the Orcs to fight for his master with the promise of great battles and untold riches as their reward. Ever eager to shed more blood, the Orcs followed him inland, but it wasn't long before the various tribes began to bicker over who would lead the force. Soon the huge horde had split apart into a number of smaller tribes, all making their own way through the treacherous fens, eagerly seeking the next bloody fight.

Now other armies have taken possession of the landing point and try to defend the beach from attack, but the Orcs have already gained a strong foothold upon the island. Although a costly blow to the forces of the Empire, reinforcements are already heading towards the rugged coast and will make landfall soon.

The first scouting parties to report back talk of a cold wet swamp land. Thick mists hamper all reconnaissance attempts and many brave warriors have disappeared into the fog never to be seen again. Progress inland is slow – the swamps, fens and marshes are a severe hindrance to any marching army. A Dark Elf raiding force was quick to exploit the speed at which their Cold Ones could traverse the bogs and fens. Had it not been for an ambush by a large Lizardman force, the Dark Elves would now command some of the finest strategic locations. Instead the small, reptilian Skink warriors used the cover of the mists to lure the Dark Elf scouting force deep into the swamps. Once separated from the main force they were quickly surrounded and slaughtered by overwhelming numbers of massive Saurus warriors and the mighty Kroxigors. The few survivors that returned tell of monsters that surfaced from the dark swamps to prey upon any who had fallen behind the retreating force. The creatures have been called Fenbeasts and those who have survived seeing one talk of a foul beast that is half plant, half monster. Rumours abound of sightings of the dreaded Black Arks floating menacingly off the North coast;



Deep in the marshes, Dark Elf monsters, led by a Truthsayer, ambush a raiding party of Orcs & Goblins.

ultimately the Dark Elves losses are but a minor setback. News that Lizardmen are patrolling the inland of Albion has come as a surprise to many. No sign of any fleets sailing from Lustria have been spied and many fear that strange magics are at play.

As more and more troops gain a valuable foothold on the island, encampments have begun to spring up. The initial high spirits of the treasure seekers have been dampened by the harsh reality of a long and hard campaign of war in this inhospitable land. A constant drizzle soaks the troops and it is nearly impossible to light campfires. The only time the drizzle stops is when the storms take hold and great lightning bolts arc across the dark skies. There is a polluted nature to the freakish weather; even the rain feels wrong. This is due to the fact that the foul climate is a product of the magical nature of the island which soaks up Chaotic energies, drawing them to the stone circles. Something in the nature of the Ogham stone circles draws storms and all manner of foul weather to Albion.

As each of the armies tries to cross the fenland to the solid central plateau of Albion, they are stumbling into other forces attempting to outflank them. The newly discovered realm of Albion holds the promise of great riches and, as a result, vicious fighting has ensued, aimed at preventing the enemy from reaching the mysterious treasures first.

Wild rumours are spreading around the camp fires, centring on the existence of a series of massive stone circles. Known locally as the Ogham stones, these mysterious places are said to be haunted, and many warriors fear to go near them. The mages, sorcerers and wizards of the varied forces each seek to investigate these stones with the utmost urgency. Their curiosity has been aroused by the appearance of a small group of native Shamans who go by the name of Truthsayers. All are keen to glean knowledge from these noble warrior wizards, who are eager to ally themselves with those armies they deem worthy.

Now the armies are mobilising themselves to gain control of these areas of the island. It is already common knowledge amongst those who understand the winds of magic that these stone circles have great potential for harnessing magic and channelling it with an increased potency. Yet rumours have spread that magic on the island is highly unstable. Some talk of their spells being cast with amazing results whilst others talk of impotency; they find themselves unable to shoot even the smallest fireball from their magic wands.

For the moment, all the armies are marching to gain possession of these ancient monuments. The Orcs have already managed to gain possession of one such place but, ignorant of the power of the stones, they have toppled them. Should such wanton destruction be allowed to continue,

the wizened sages predict that a disaster could fall upon Albion which would have repercussions for the whole world. The stone circles draw much of the Chaos energy from the winds of magic, harnessing it safely to the earth. Of the few stones that have been discovered by the passing armies, the wizards claim that the runes are from a time before even the ancient High Elves knew of such magics. If these stones were truly created by the Old Ones, who dares guess at the secret powers they may hold within. The High Elves are eager to investigate the wild claims that their own watch stones are pathetic copies of these powerful stones, and are sending their best mages to lay rest to these unfounded rumours.

The Truthsayers talk of the dormant power of the stones, but it is clear that they know far more than they are willing to reveal. They have mentioned a fantastic citadel located at the heart of the island. Other than its existence, nothing more has been unveiled, but this legendary fortress has become the target for all invading armies. Each general knows that the stone circles hold the key to power. For now they are content to risk their soldiers' lives for the possession of the ancient structures. Soon, though, the armies will head further inland and, when they do the mysteries of Albion will finally be exposed. But only to the victors will go the spoils.

Dural Durak could sense the humming vibration of raw magical energy pulsating through his body. The stone circle was close by, and with each step closer he could feel his powers strengthening. The Truthsayer marched at the fore of a column of Elves. He had guided the fair folk of Ulthuan's fleet to the sacred island. After days of fighting their way through marauding tribes of Beastmen, they had broke through to the heart of the island. Dural could now spy the stones through the thick mists.

A sudden wracking pain caused him to fall to the floor. A feeling of hopelessness and despair flooded through his mind; never before had he felt such dark powers take control of his will. Forcing himself back up with his staff, Dural quickly concentrated on focusing his thoughts. The Triskele harnessed his thoughts, and an aura of peace was created around him, a small bubble of protection through which the dark sorceries could not pass. Something evil had entered the sacred stone circle, and a menacing presence was manipulating the power of the Ogham stones, bending them to its dark will. Dural knew they must get to the sacred place before whatever had taken control became too powerful to destroy.

He signalled to the High Elf Commander to spur his army forward. As one the Elves advanced, their bright banners held proudly high. As the ithilmar-clad regiments surged forward, the skies grew dark. Black clouds appeared in the already grey skies, turning day into night. Drawing close to the edge of the circle, the Spearmen began to scream. Dropping their weapons, some began flailing their arms wildly in the air as if trying to fight off some unseen foe. Others ran away, expressions of sheer horror crossing their faces.

Dural raised his staff high, and from its tip a dull light grew in brightness, its rays piercing through the darkness.

"Fear not these nightmare visions, they cannot harm you," Dural called out. His voice was strong and clear. It had a depth to it that broke through the terror-filled minds of the Elves. Dural strode to the fore of the army, his staff of light serving as a beacon to the Elves. Gathering their courage, the host of

Ulthuan resumed the march forwards, the musicians sounding their horns in defiance of the evil that assaulted them.

As they passed through the massive stones that marked the boundary of the magical area, each Elf stared in awe at their size. They dwarfed their own watch stones, and each one had strange primitive symbols carved into its surface. Dural could feel his own strength growing immeasurably. A great power coursed through him and, as he crossed the border of the circle, the light of his staff shone even brighter.

Within seconds of entering the circle, Dural spied the evil presence that had polluted the energy of the stones. From the mists hundreds of small creatures charged towards the Elves. Evil rat-like beasts, they swarmed around

the Spearmen, drowning the regiment from view by sheer numbers. In the distance Dural could hear that the other regiments of the army were engaged in combat. A sudden vision appeared in Dural's mind, emanating from his Triskele. He turned instantly, just in time to deflect the blow of a large rat creature who had crept up on him and was attempting to thrust a knife into the base of his spine. Dural brought the staff down on the skull of the foul thing, crushing it easily.

A sudden burst of energy sent the Truthsayer flying backwards, and as he fell to the ground he knew that it was a sorcerous blast. Fortunately the aura of the Triskele had absorbed much of the harm. Before he had a chance to stand, Dural felt something wrapping itself around his torso. A magical mist resembling a serpent had coiled itself around him and was squeezing tighter with each second. Dural could no longer breathe and within seconds the pressure on his chest was unbearable. Helpless against the magical attack, Dural slipped into unconsciousness.

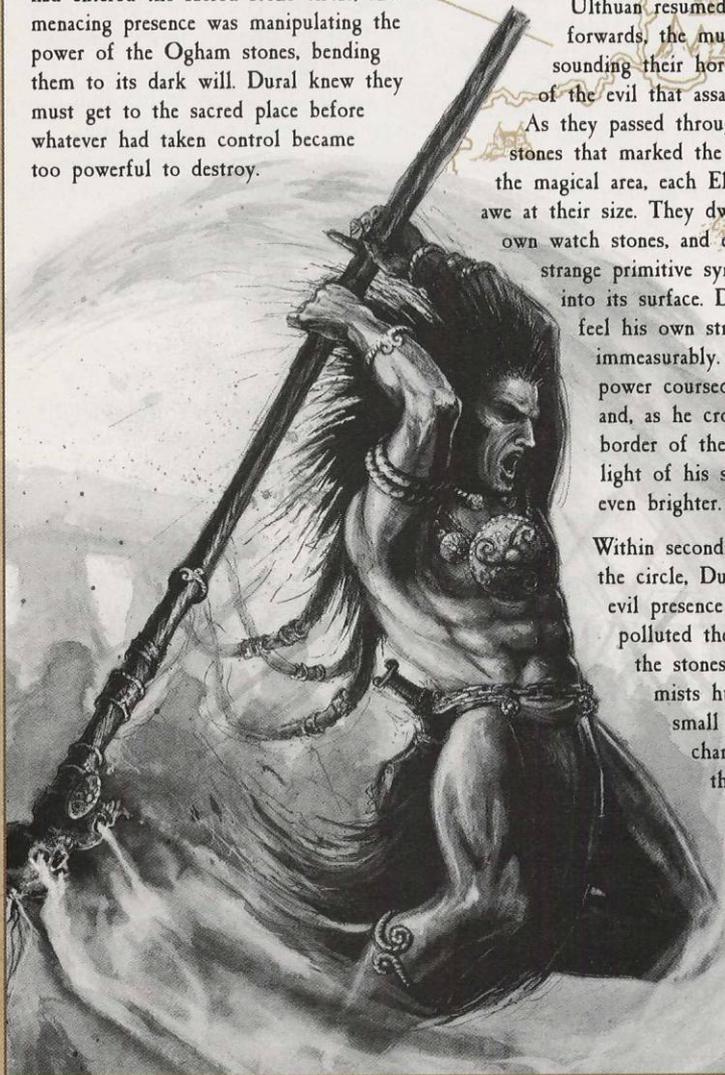
The sharp features of an Elf, bathing Dural's forehead with a warm cloth, met him as he opened his eyes. He tried to sit upright but a sharp pain in his chest prevented him from doing so.

"Rest my friend. You are badly bruised but you will recover." The Elf's voice was calm and soothing and Dural lay back.

"It was only the timely charge of the Silver Helms that saved us, my Lord. The Skaven flank fell apart and they fled from the circle. We slew most of the vile creatures but their mage escaped us."

Dural shook his head, "That was no Seer of the rat folk. I have heard of their dark magic and, though it is powerful, none have the ability to cast such magics." Dural closed his eyes. He needed to recover quickly and that meant some well-needed rest. "No, some other dark force works against us and I fear it has a greater knowledge of magic than myself. We must act fast if we are to reach the citadel before him."

Dural let fatigue overcome him, but his dreams were haunted by a mysterious foe.



Dark Shadows Roadshow

This summer, Games Workshop takes to the road with the Dark Shadows roadshow.

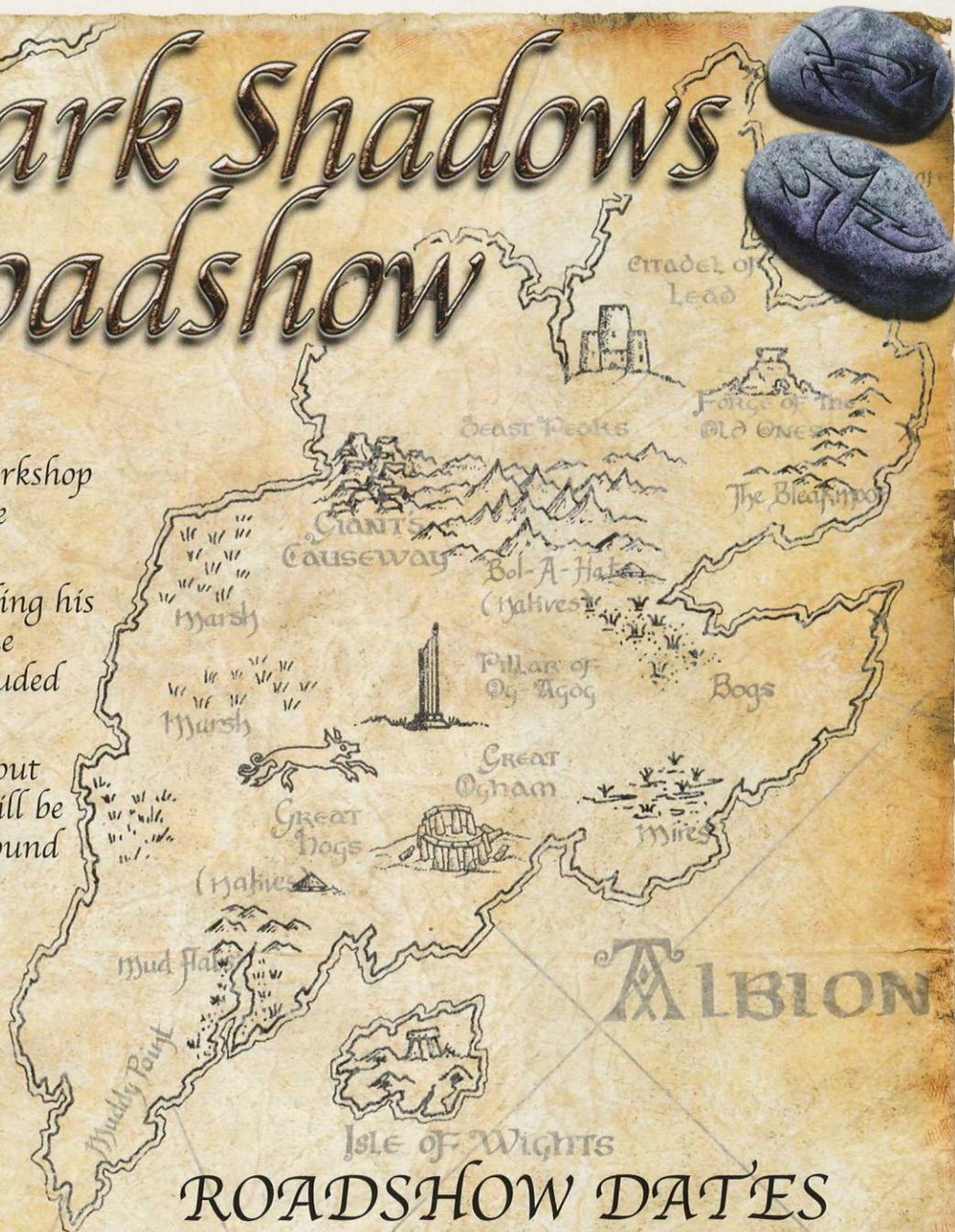
Malus Darkblade is leading his Dark Elf force to raid the newly revealed mist-shrouded shores of Albion.

From July, and throughout August, the Roadshow will be visiting many venues around the country.

Ask your local Games Workshop staff for more details on these upcoming events.

The Roadshow will feature the custom built Studio Albion battlefield and the following special offers will be available (while stocks last):

- A special Dark Elf Skull Badge.
- Special Edition Malus Darkblade Art Print by Adrian Smith.
- Special Edition Malus Darkblade miniature sculpted by Chris Fitzpatrick.



ROADSHOW DATES

30th July	Marquee Models, Hertford.	18th August	GW Tunbridge Wells.
31st July	GW Oxford.	19th August	GW Poole.
1st August	Dreams Unlimited, 27 Unicorn Hill, Redditch.	20th August	GW Plymouth.
2nd August	GW Merry Hill Centre, Dudley.	21st August	Griffin Games, Weston-s-Mare.
3rd August	GW Leicester.	22nd August	Cyberdyne, 15 The Shire Centre, Trowbridge.
4th August	GW Nottingham.	23rd August	GW Cardiff.
5th August	GW Peterborough.	24th August	GW Portsmouth.
7th August	Empire, 121 Norfolk St, Kings Lynn.	25th August	Harrods, Knightsbridge, London.
8th August	GW Norwich.	26th August	GW Plaza, Oxford St, London.
9th August	GW Leeds.	27th August	GW Kingston, London.
10th August	GW York.	28th August	Cyberdyne, 63a Northbrook St, Newbury.
11th August	GW Metro Centre, Newcastle.	30th August	Little Shop, 12 Conway Street, St Helier, Jersey
12th August	GW Edinburgh.		
14th August	GW Chester.		
15th August	GW Manchester.		
17th August	GW Reading.		



Index Astartes

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 mouldering 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 neighbouring 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 rigours 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 unrecognisable 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 jewellery 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. Rumours 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 M.31

Shoulder plate: Night Lords Legion symbol

Shoulder plate: Chaos Undivided icon

Pre-Heresy Night Lords colour scheme

Corrupted Night Lords colour scheme

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.

Index Astartes First Founding: The Night Lords

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 an example 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 neighbouring worlds tripled. The society existed in a terrible harmony of shared wealth and shared fear. None dared have more than his neighbour 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.

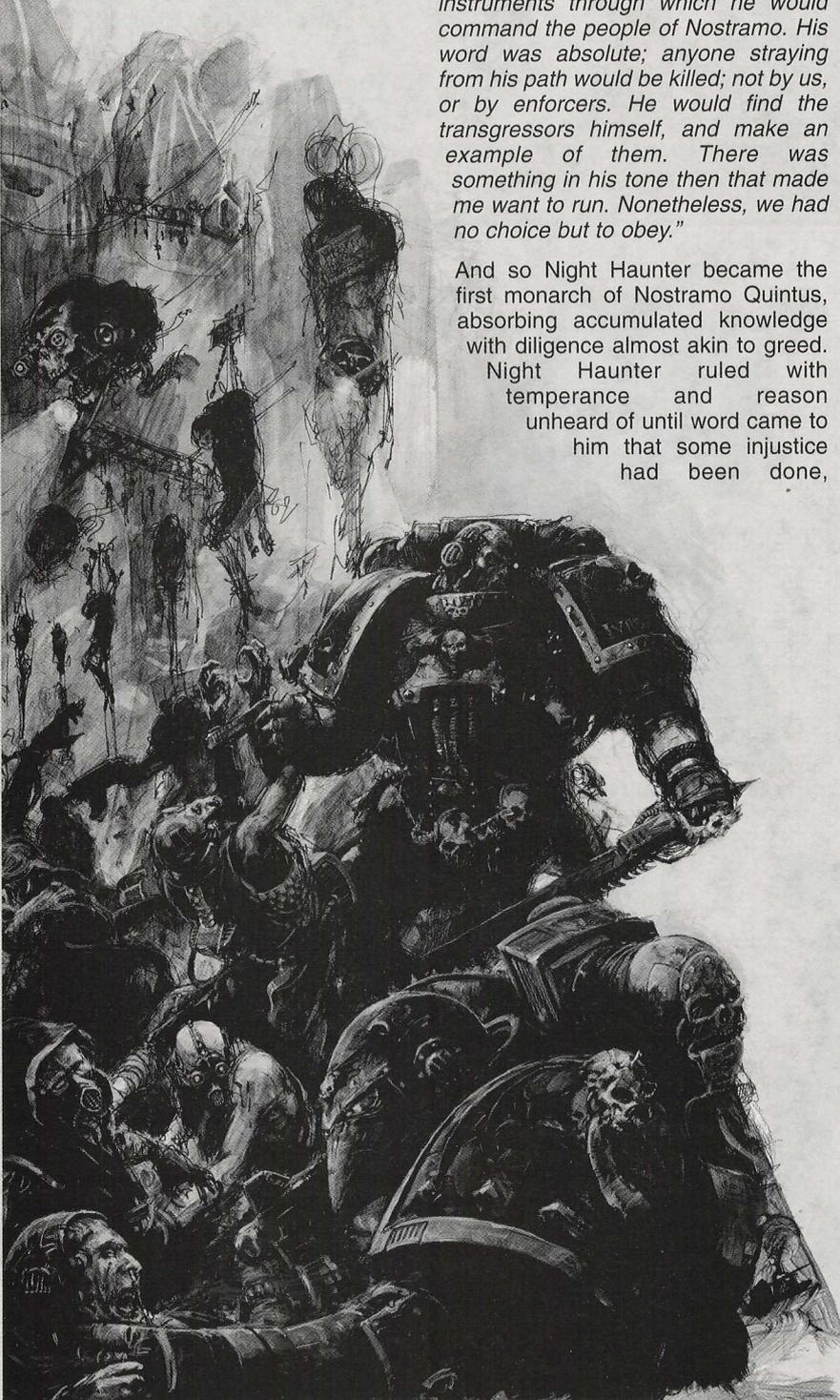
Imperial historians have correlated Night Hunter's rule over Nostramo Quintus and its surrounding cities with the time the Great Crusade reached the fringes of the galaxy where Nostramo orbited its dying sun. The following is a fragment of Astropath Thoquai's personal records, transcribed during the 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 moulded 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 centre of Nostramo Quintus, it is possible to accrue a detailed account of the meeting between the Emperor and Night Haunter. 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 armour found their delicate sight lost to them forever, the shining image of mankind's saviour 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 Haunter'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 Haunter.

Suddenly, Night Haunter 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 Haunter'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 Haunter, 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 Haunter 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 rumoured 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 civilisation outside of Nostramo's tenebrous star system, that there were better places in the galaxy, and that these places had light and splendour. The curse inflicted upon the citizens was that of futile hope, as each knew in their hearts that these places were far beyond their

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

- Night Haunter,
Primarch of the Night Lords

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

Night Haunter 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 Haunter was accepted 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 Haunter 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 Haunter 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 Haunter 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 Haunter'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 Haunter moulded his sons into an efficient, humourless 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 Haunter 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 a damning proof of their dangerous use of excessive force. Night Haunter encouraged his legions to decorate their armour 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 armour with the greatest of care. Even the shrunken heads of their enemies often adorned the armour 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 civilised 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 Haunter 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 Haunter 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 defenceless populations increased with worrying frequency.

Although a son of the Emperor was answerable to none but the ruler of Mankind himself, Night Haunter's behaviour 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 Haunter and the brotherhood of the Primarchs widened.

The matter of Night Haunter's heretical beliefs did not come to a head until some time later, and only because Night Haunter 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 Haunter'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 Haunter 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 Haunter'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 Haunter, 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 honour 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 Haunter, 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 Haunter 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 Haunter missing, his honour 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 Haunter had already mobilised his legion's craft. By the time the Primarchs had enough craft ready for pursuit, Night Haunter had already entered the warp.

Without the supernatural skill and incredible prescience of the Emperor's Primarchs, many of Night Haunter'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 Haunter'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 theorised 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 Haunter 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 civilised worlds were totally without blemish, and the pretexts on which Night Haunter 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-armoured 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 GRENDL'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 centres 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 demoralising 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 defence, 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 favour 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 Haunter 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 favour 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 neighbouring 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 Haunter'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 honour 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 armour 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-armoured 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 favour. 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 recognise 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 defenceless 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 Haunter may be psychological. There is a tendency for paranoia and self-destructive behaviour 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 Haunter 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 prophesies, 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 ORGANISATION

Whichever Force Organisation 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 Organisation 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 specialise 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 favoured 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 maximise 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

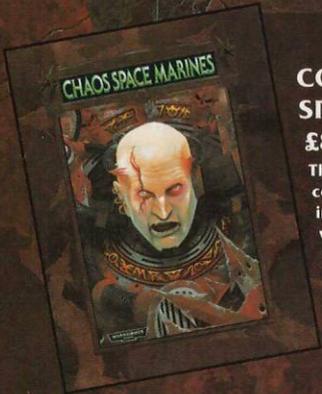
15 points for Night Lords

(Independent characters only)

Many of the Night Lords favour 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.



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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.

'EAVY METAL MASTERCLASS

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.

PAINTING THE MODEL

One of the most important aspects I had to think about was how my chosen colour 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 colour 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 callipers, before moving onto his robes. Eisenhorn's robed uniform works on three separate layers of



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 colour to accentuate the two darker colours.

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

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.

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 centre 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 colour, 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

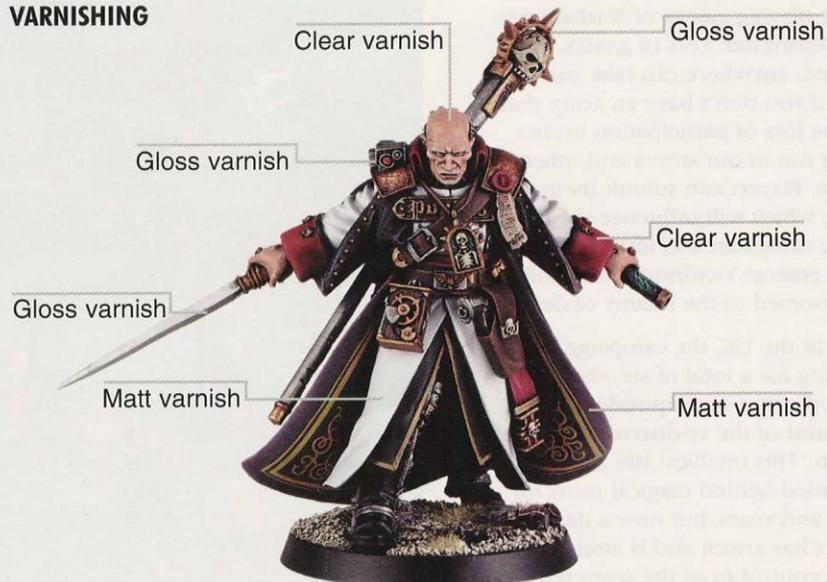
The base of any figure forms a large surface area, and so some degree of attention should be paid to making sure that it looks good. In the case of Eisenhorn I knew we would mostly be playing with the figure on our wilderness 'Frontier World' terrain and so themed my base around this. In the case of 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 callipers. 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



Clear varnish

Gloss varnish

Gloss varnish

Clear varnish

Gloss varnish

Matt varnish

Matt varnish

Arcane Lore is a series of ruminations and cogitations by the Warhammer Games Development team on aspects of the Warhammer game. This month, Gav Thorpe takes a look at the Dark Shadows campaign.

ARCANE LORE

The creation of the Dark Shadows campaign.

As you have no doubt noticed, this month sees the start of a special time for Warhammer. Our worldwide campaign is about to begin! For this reason, Arcane Lore is a bit different this month, as Gav will be talking about why we're doing the campaign, what it means and how you can get involved too.



WHY A WORLDWIDE CAMPAIGN?

Well, many of you will have heard of or participated in last year's Warhammer 40,000 Armageddon campaign. Even before it had finished we were hearing great reports of lots of gaming, thousands of results were being sent in and everyone was very excited and having fun. So why should the Warhammer 40,000 players get all the fun? No reason at all, we realised, and that was how Dark Shadows first began.

WHAT'S GOING ON THEN?

The Dark Shadows campaign is all about playing games of Warhammer and Warmaster. Lots of games. Anyone, anywhere can take part, and even if you don't have an army, there will be lots of participation events being run in our stores and other places. Players can submit their results to us, which will influence the course of the campaign and ultimately which races emerge victorious, and which are doomed to the infamy of defeat.

Here in the UK, the campaign will be running for a total of six weeks. Each week charts a new episode in the conquest of the re-discovered isle of Albion. This mythical isle has been shrouded behind magical mists for years and years, but now a dark power has arisen and is attempting to wrest control from the scattered native tribes.



The battle for control of the mystical isle of Albion has begun.

Opposed to the Dark Master are the Truthsayers, who have warned that should Albion and the magical treasures it contains fall to evil, it will herald a great calamity the likes of which the Warhammer world has not seen in a thousand years.

So, each player can choose whether to support the Dark Emissaries or the Truthsayers. Or you can swap sides, depending on how mercenary you're feeling. Any race can fight for either side, and you're welcome to do so, but the natural inclinations of the various races are:

Dark Emissaries: Chaos (all types), Dark Elves, Undead, Chaos Dwarfs, Skaven.

Truthsayers: High Elves, Lizardmen, Dwarfs, Wood Elves.

Either: Bretonnians, Empire, Orcs and Goblins.

We've created different scenarios that can be played each week, representing the common type of battle being fought at that stage. For example, in the first week the scenario recreates a sea landing against an enemy war machine battery. However, you can send in the results of any battles you fight – you don't have to play the special scenarios if you don't feel like it! Also, the Truthsayers and Dark Emissaries have spread far across the Warhammer world to recruit allies, so even if you want to fight your battles in Naggaroth, or the Land of the Dead the results still count.

TRUTHSAYERS

The Truthsayers are the guardians of the Albion Ogham stone circles. They claim to have knowledge passed down from the great Old Ones themselves who, myth has it, created the Warhammer world and the races that live upon it. They are fierce warrior-wizards, hardened by life in the unforgiving climate of Albion, used to battling ferocious beasts and ravening monsters. They draw their magical energy from the skies and lands, meaning that their spells have much in common with the Lore of Light, the Lore of the Beasts and the Lore of Life.

Since the arrival of the Dark Master, the Truthsayers have been trying to defeat his emissaries, though they have been forced to look abroad to muster armies that can deal with the hosts being assembled by the Dark Emissaries. Some work for the Truthsayers for the promise of riches or knowledge. Many of the older races, such as the Lizardmen, High Elves and Dwarfs, know that whoever the Dark Master is, if he can gain control of such a magically-charged realm as Albion it would surely be another nail in the coffin for their races.

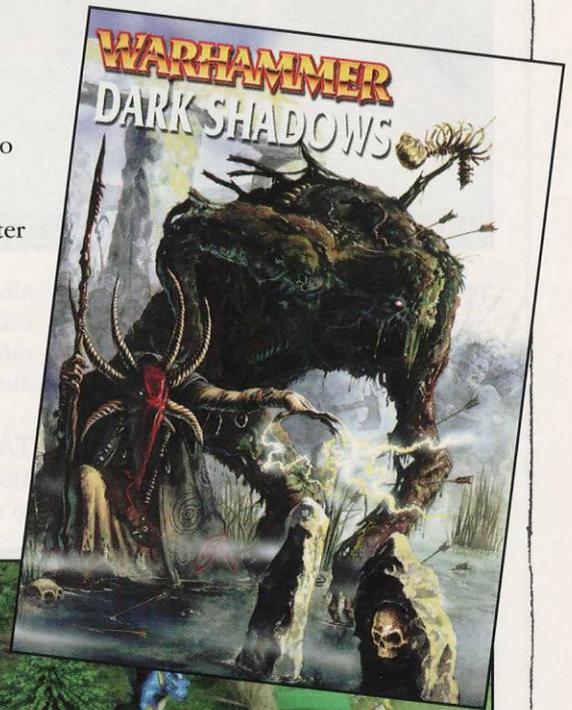
THE RESULTS

When the last day of fighting is over on the 31st August we'll tally up the results to see who the winners and losers are.

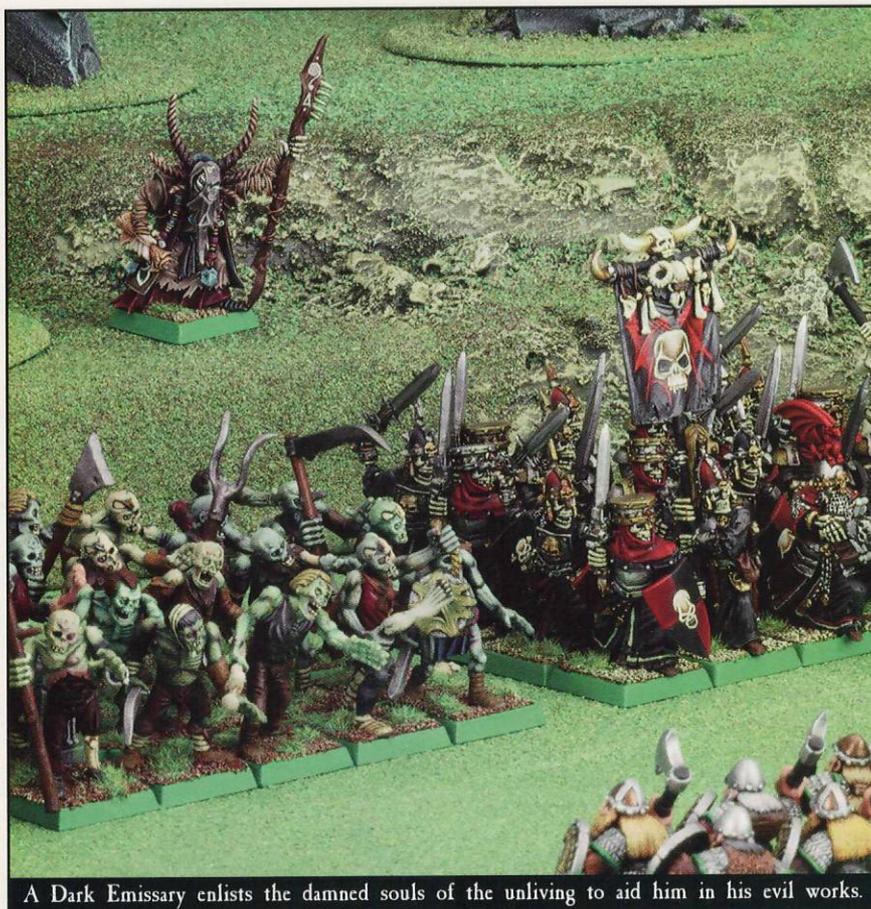
The results of the Dark Shadows campaign will have a number of effects. Firstly, whether the Dark Master triumphs and Albion falls to him, or the forces of light manage to oust him, will have important repercussions on the future of the Warhammer world. If the Dark Master can control Albion, it will herald massive strife for all of the Warhammer races.

Secondly, you're not only fighting for the big picture, but also for the sake of your race. The armies that do well will uncover ancient artefacts of the Old Ones and will be able to use them. That's right,

the winning armies will have new magic items available to use from then on – and some of them will be quite powerful! More details of these in future issues...



The Truthsayer orders a Fenbeast to attack.



A Dark Emissary enlists the damned souls of the unliving to aid him in his evil works.

THE DARK SHADOWS BOOK

With this issue of White Dwarf you will have received our special, free Dark Shadows campaign supplement. In this you will discover the history of Albion and the events that have led to the massive influx of armies to the

Albion coast. Also included is a collection of linked scenarios, special rules and ideas for playing games set during the Dark Shadows campaign.

TAKING PART

Although we've given details of how to run your own Albion campaign in

DARK EMISSARIES

For thousands of years the order of the Truthsayers has strived to maintain the knowledge of the Ogham stones, despite the degeneration and corruption of their people and lands. None can say when the power known simply as the Dark Master arrived. Perhaps he has been there centuries, perhaps not so long. Over time, members of the order began to serve this mysterious creature, passing on what they knew of the Old Ones' power and the workings of the stone circles. In return, the Dark Master rewarded them with powerful, but destructive magics. The Emissaries are powerful wizards, using a blend of corrupted Lore of Life, the Beasts and the Dark Art to mutilate and degenerate their foes. While the Ogham stones and the Truthsayer magic cycle the energies of the land, the Dark Emissaries' spells rip the power from the earth and air, sucking life and vitality from around them. If allowed to harness the stones, the Dark Emissaries could lay waste to the whole of Albion, and perhaps ever further abroad.

These Emissaries have been sent to gather forces and knowledge from across the Old World and beyond. As war escalates and the armies invade Albion, the Dark Winds grow ever stronger, so the Emissaries have also been fomenting rebellion and infighting, inciting civil war and rioting. They have brought great wealth out of Albion and are hiring armies of many different races to fight on behalf of the Dark Master.

the Dark Shadows supplement, we'd like as many people as possible to take part in the worldwide campaign we will be running. The easiest way to do this is through the internet, at our dedicated website (www.games-workshop.com/albion/). There's more background, game rules and suggestions there, as well as an interactive map and gazetteer. Here you will be able to check up on the latest weather forecasts for your next battle, as well as see which winds of magic are blowing most strongly. And, possibly most important, you can check up on how your own race is faring in the battle for control of the Isle of Storms.

Oh, and of course you can enter the results of your battles over the internet, so that you can do your bit for king and country (or warlord and tribe, or Grey Seer and clan, etc).

THE MAILBOX

For those of you who prefer the more traditional methods of communication, a postal results form has been included in this article for you to photocopy and send to us at:

DARK SHADOWS CAMPAIGN,
White Dwarf, Games Workshop,
Willow Road, Lenton,
Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

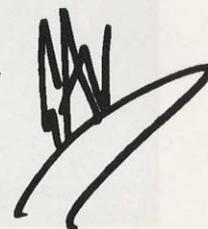
To count, postal entries must be received by 31st August, 2001.

EVENTS

As well as playing games in the comfort of your own homes, there will be all sorts of things going on in our stores, at clubs and in Warhammer World. We haven't got the final details at the time of writing (the perils of having to do this three months in advance!) but why not check the stores section of this White Dwarf or phone your local store or club to find out what's going on.

THE FUTURE

Over the following months, White Dwarf will be bringing you even more stuff for Albion and the Dark Shadows campaign. There'll be more background, other game ideas, plus the results as soon as we can get them to you.



BATTLE RESULTS FORM

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

DARK SHADOWS CAMPAIGN,
White Dwarf, Games Workshop, Willow Road,
Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

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



YOUR DETAILS

Name:

Address:

.....

.....

Date of Birth:

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Which game did you play?

Warhammer

Warmaster

What was the total points value of your game?

Up to 1,500

1,501-3,000

3,001-5,000

5,001+

FORCES OF LIGHT - TRUTHSAYERS

Supreme General's name: Army:

FORCES OF THE DARK MASTER - DARK EMISSARIES

Supreme General's name: Army:

WIN LOSE OR DRAW?

Truthsayers' victory

Dark Emissaries' victory

Draw

Which Lore of Magic did the victor use?

Lore of Beasts

Lore of Light

Lore of Life

Lore of Shadows

Dark Emissaries' magic

Truthsayers' magic

Lore of Death (and Necromancy)

Lore of Fire

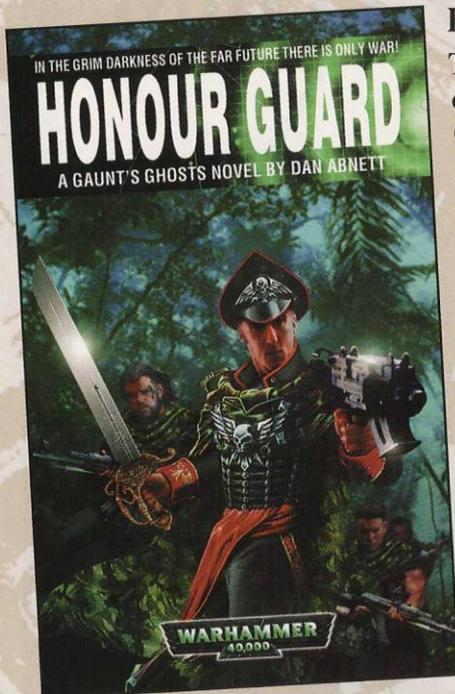
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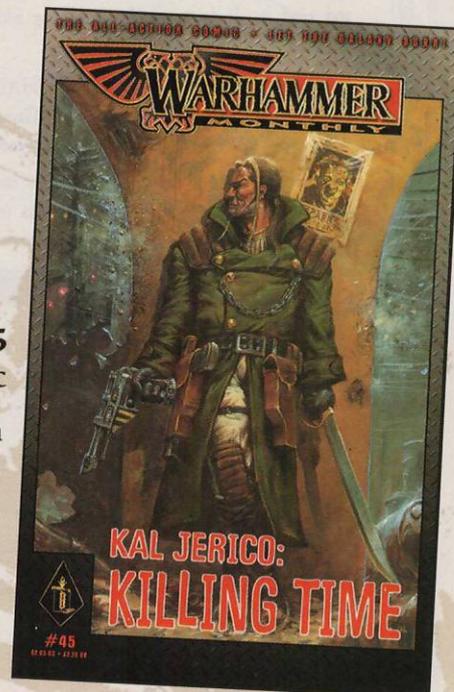
WARHAMMER MONTHLY #45

The All-Action Comic

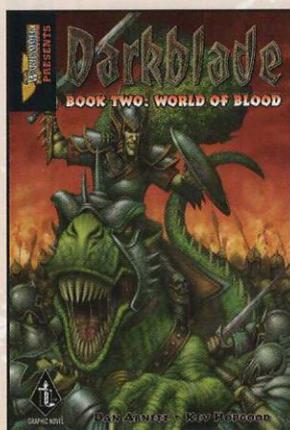
Kal's keeping his cool in this bullet-ridden issue.

Inside: Kal Jerico • Titan • Mordheim: Crusade • Darkblade • Features, interviews and more!

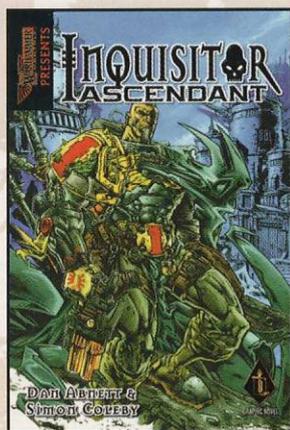
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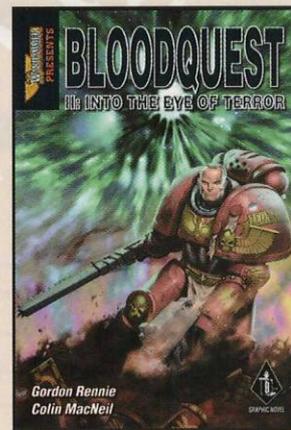
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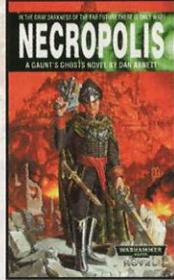
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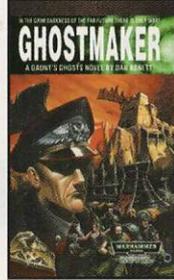
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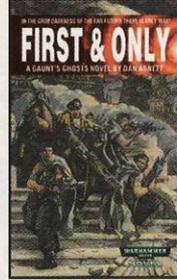
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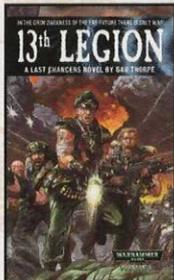
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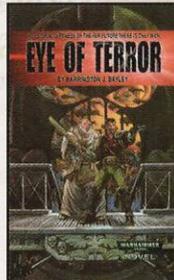
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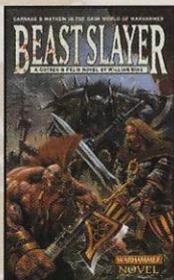


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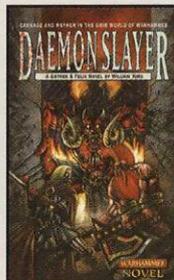
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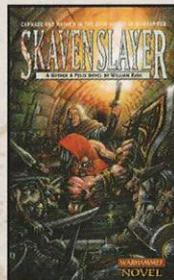
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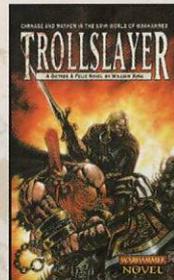
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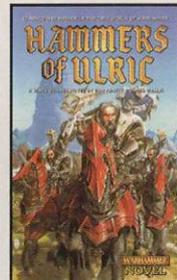
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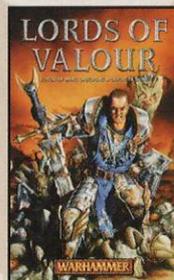
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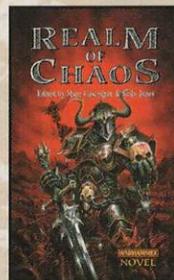
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Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend Andy Chambers was the author of Codex Orks and has been terrorising the Studio with Warlord Gorbag for many years.

Warhammer writer Space McQuirk normally spells Ork with a 'c', but his love of all things green extended to a fully painted Feral Ork 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 utilise 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 civilisation 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 uncivilised, 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 realise 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.

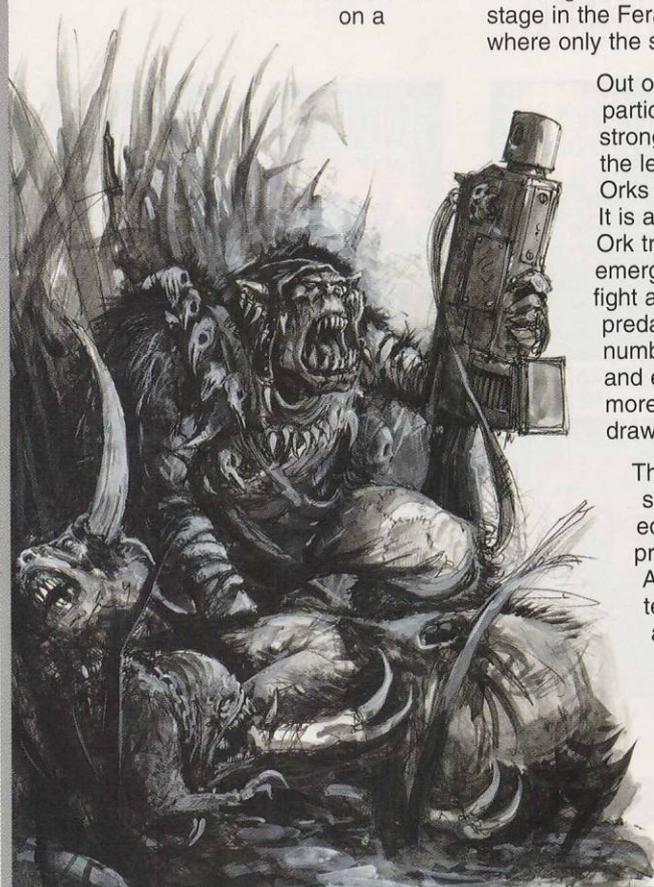
DA TRIBE

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 specialise 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 furore 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 armour within units, use choppas, utilise 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 specialise 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 ARMOURY

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 Armoury, 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 armour (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 (Slavertz 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.

Armour plates	5 pts
Big grabber	5 pts
Boarding plank	5 pts
Bolt-on big shoota	10 pts
Reinforced ram	5 pts
Stikkbomb chukka (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 armour, giving them an Armour 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 armour and gets a 4+ armour 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

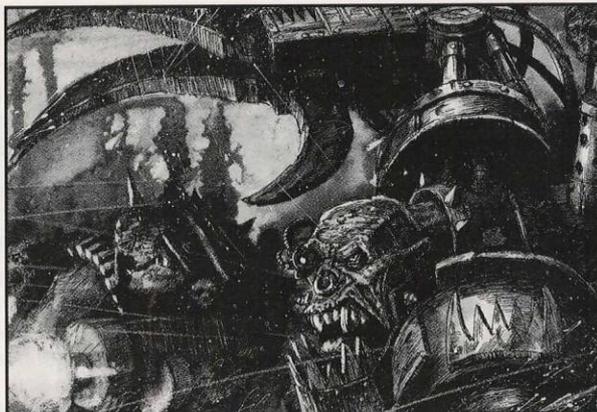
due to the massive amount of metal and armour plate. In addition, the Cyboar is fitted with what is commonly known as Da Big Red Knob. This is essentially an injector system which pumps stimulants into the Boar's system causing it to hurtle forward at an alarming rate. The Warboss will have the system 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 honour. 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 Armour 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 Armoury.

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 Armoury.

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 Armoury.

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.

Q-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 armoury.

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, channelling it into a powerful psychic burst.

ELITES

Q-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 Armoury.



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 Armoury.



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.

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

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.

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.





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 rokket 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 Armoury.

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 rokket 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 Armoury.



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 Wildboyz 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 Armoury.



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 Armoury. 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 BEHAVIOUR TABLE

- The Madboyz fight amongst themselves because they realise 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.
- 3 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.

- 4 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.
- 6 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 Armoury.



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 Armoury.

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 rokkit 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 Armoury.

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 Armoury.



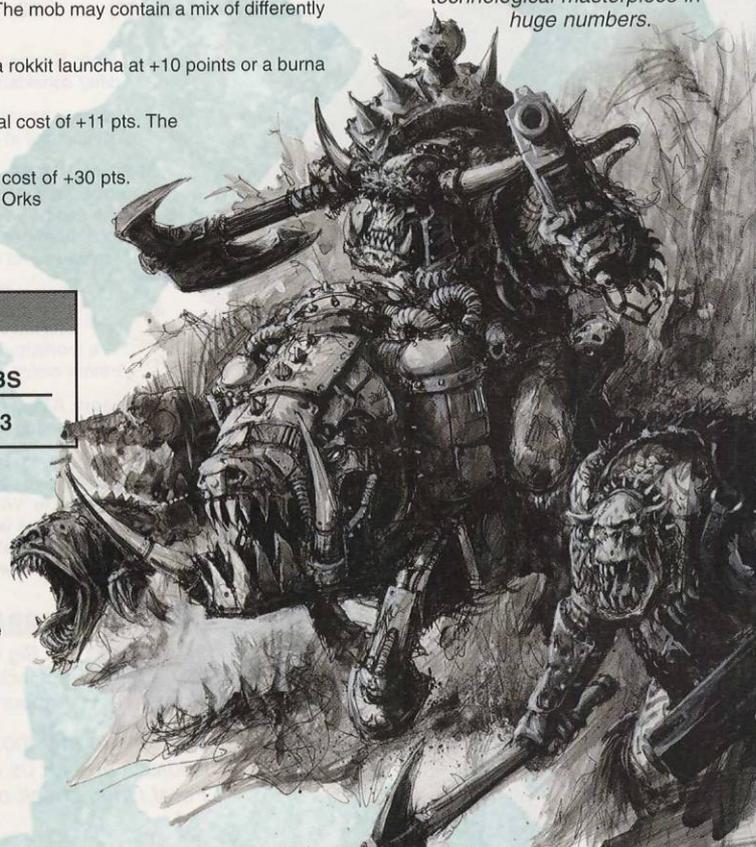
On rare occasions a lucky Feral Ork tribe may find damaged vehicles left by other forces. If their Pigdok is skilled enough they often manage to get the vehicle up and running using steam, pedal or even pure boar power. The Orks will then ride into battle clinging on to any spare space of their technological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

JUNKATRUKK				
	Front Armour	Side Armour	Rear Armour	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 rokkit 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, with a Squiggoth looming 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 Armour Penetration and ignores opponents' Armour 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 Armoury.

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 Armoured Company

SCENARIOS

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

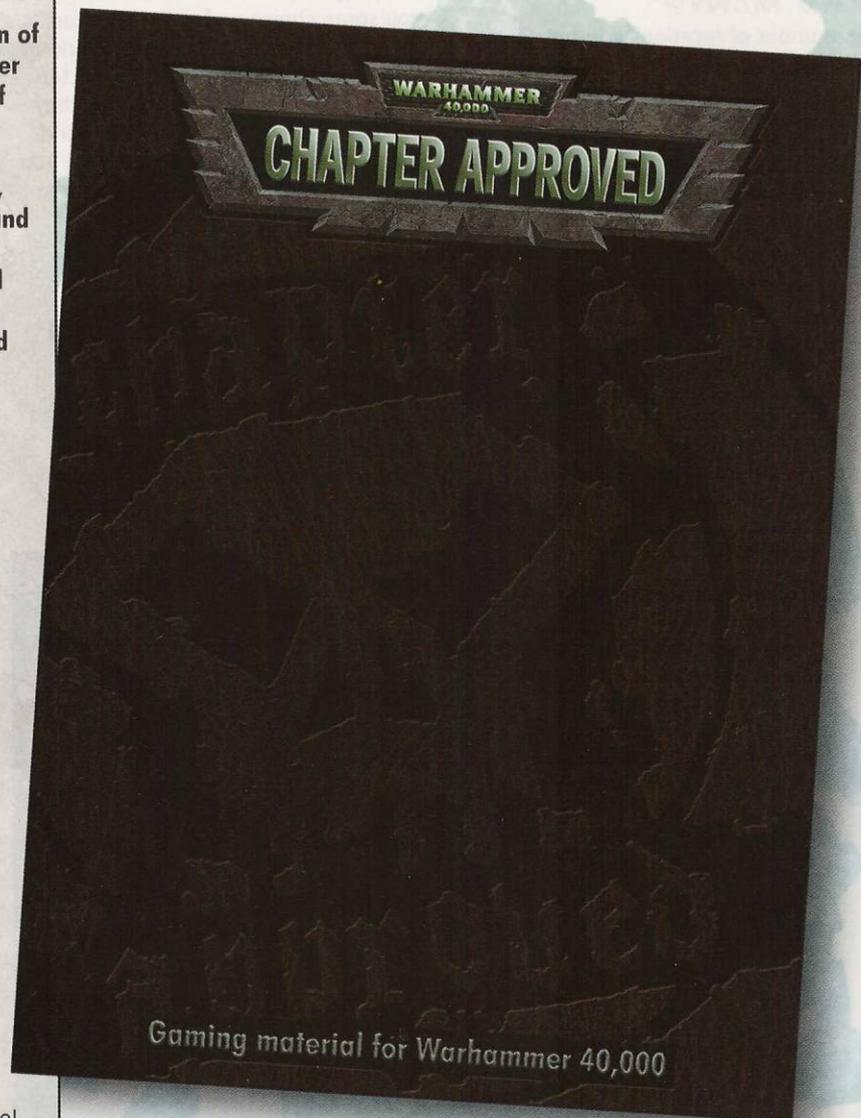
ADDITIONAL RULES

- Dark Lords of Chaos
- Grey Knights
- Cult Terminators
- Night Fighting Expanded Rules
- Ultramarines Special Characters

VEHICLE RULES

- Transport Vehicles
- Vehicle Design Rules
- Tyranid Monstrosities

PLUS questions & answers, letters, battle statistics and much more!



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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.

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

CREATING WORLDS

INQUISITOR CAMPAIGN SETTINGS PART 2

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 with, without being too much work up front, and 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 rumours 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

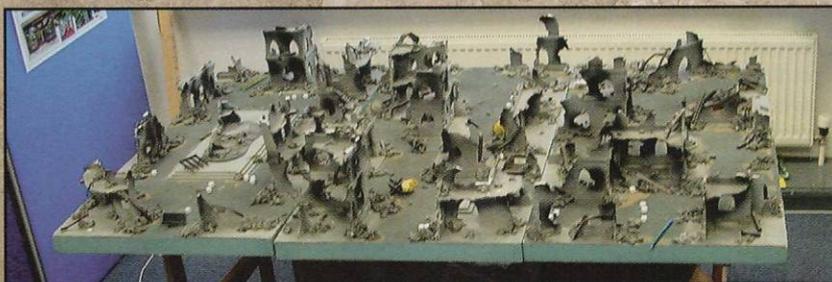
This was a board I used for a scenario set outside a shuttle base on Karis Cephalon's moon. The scenario revolved around one warrior band trying to sneak into the compound and steal a shuttle to get to the capital to link up with their allies. The Governor's security forces had been put on alert and, 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 centre 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 artefacts 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 favourite 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. Modelling 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...

ARMOURIES 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 to 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.

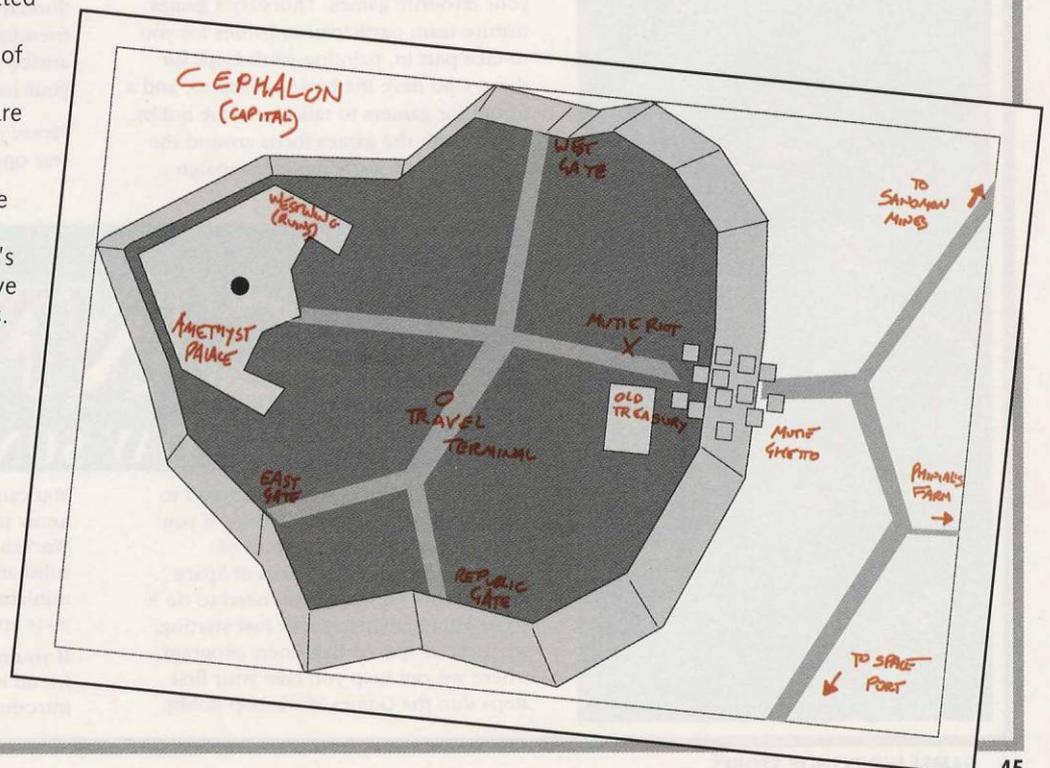
MAPS AND DIAGRAMS

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

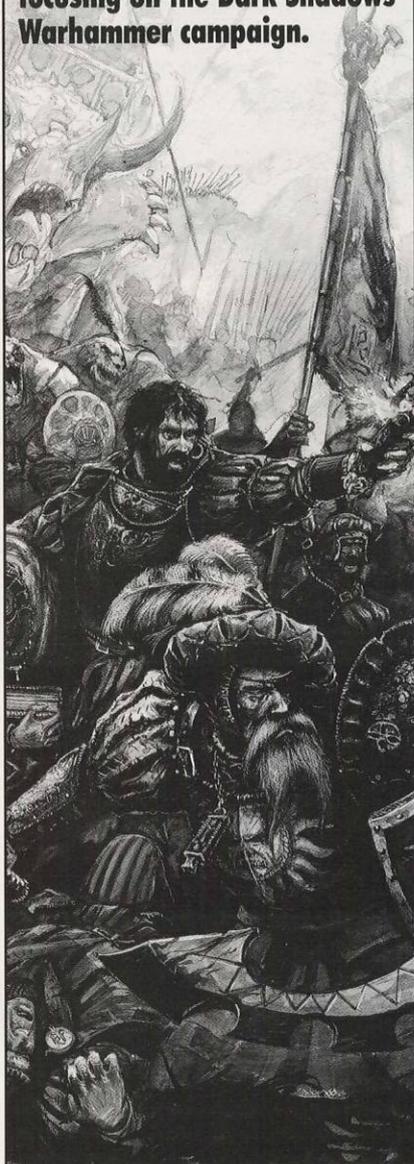
prepare before the encounter, and actually scouting out the area or finding the map could be the objective of an earlier scenario...



Every Games Workshop store is a centre for gaming, painting and modelling. No matter what your level of experience, from complete newcomer to experienced veteran, you'll find something to interest you.

Throughout each week, the focus of the store is aimed towards different gamers' needs. If you browse over these pages you will be able to see which activities will suit you best.

This month, our stores will be increasing their hobby activities for the summer holidays, in particular focusing on the Dark Shadows Warhammer campaign.



GAMES WORKSHOP STORES

What's going on in your local store?

VETERANS TUESDAY EVENING

Some Games Workshop stores run Veteran's Nights. They are aimed at older gamers with plenty of experience on the battlefield. You can play games against equally experienced Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 opponents, share ideas about all aspects of your hobby and also play Games Workshop's more specialised gaming systems.

This month is a great time to play Warmaster in the Dark Shadows campaign. To play a specific game, check with the store to see if they have the space that day, and what scenery and boards they may be able to provide. Then just come along with your army, and an opponent of course, and play.

GAMES NIGHT THURSDAY EVENING

Most Games Workshop stores stay open late on Thursdays so that you can play your favourite games. Thursday's games feature team participation battles for you to take part in, painting workshops for those who have the basic principles, and a forum for gamers to talk about the hobby. This month the games focus around the Dark Shadows Warhammer campaign.

Thursday evenings are particularly aimed at those who have just graduated from our Sunday Beginners programme. Our friendly staff available to help with all the advice you may need. Just come down to your local store on Thursday to join in.

Please note that not all stores are able to stay open late.

BEGINNERS ALL DAY SUNDAY

Our Sunday's are especially devoted to helping those new to the hobby. If you want to learn about the world of Warhammer, or lead a squad of Space Marines into battle, all you need to do is come along! To help those just starting, we run our special Beginners program, where we can help you take your first steps into the Games Workshop hobby.

You can learn everything you need to know to get started in the Games Workshop hobby, from learning the basic rules and controlling units, to painting miniatures and forming battle plans for your army.

If you're already a hobbyist, why not ask a friend to come along on a Sunday to introduce them to your hobby.

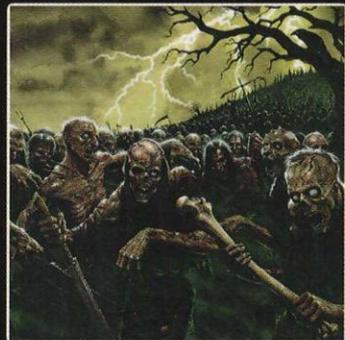
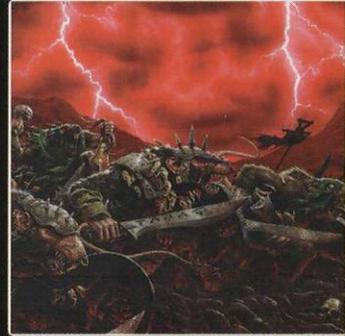
SUMMER GAMING

Games Workshop stores are centres for the hobby at all times of the year, focused around the different days featured on this page. However, during the holidays they extend their activities, running them throughout the week. This Summer, stores will host extra events including specialist painting, modelling and terrain making workshops, gaming leagues, tournaments and campaigns, and many other activities.

The action will revolve around the Dark Shadows campaign, so call your local store for details of any of the activities featured on this page!

WARHAMMER

Rampaging Armies



WARLORDS

SATURDAY



Everyone is welcome, from absolute beginners...

Every Saturday our stores play a massive Warlords game. Whether you're a complete beginner or a seasoned veteran, everyone is welcome to take part.

The Saturday Warlords game is the highlight of the store's gaming schedule. All through the week leading up to the game you can get information on the Saturday game, just ask the staff about what's happening, and where to sign up. Then simply turn up on the day, bringing along whatever models you can, to join in the fun!

Saturday is also the day new products are released, so make sure you're there to check out the latest new miniatures!

Please call your local store for details.



... to hardened veterans!

Saturday 4th August

This Warhammer participation game features the first mass battle on Albion. You can see the biggest clash yet of the invading armies, featuring the Truthsayers and Dark Emissaries exclusive to the campaign.

Ring your local store for more details.



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 vapour 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	Armour	Command	Unit Size	Points per unit	Min/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 staves 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

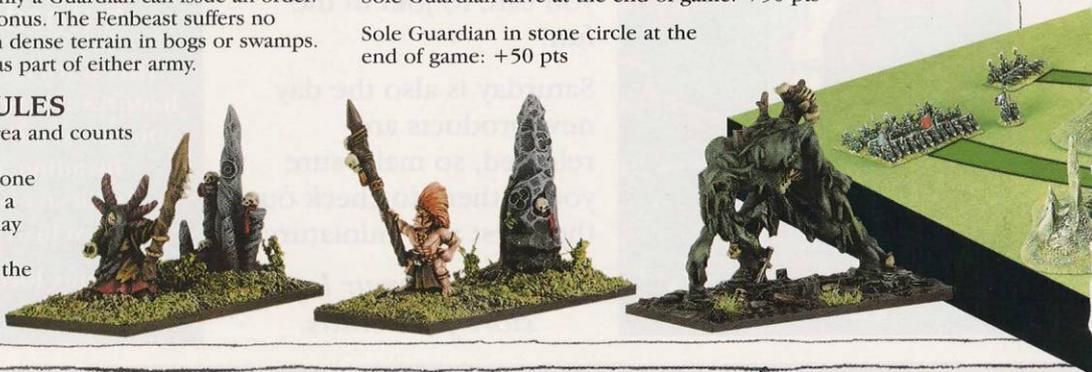
- Players deploy by sketching their units' positions onto a map before setting up – because of the fog you can't observe the disposition of the enemy forces.
- Both players roll a D6 – the player with the highest score has first turn.
- The battle ends once one army is forced to withdraw.

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.

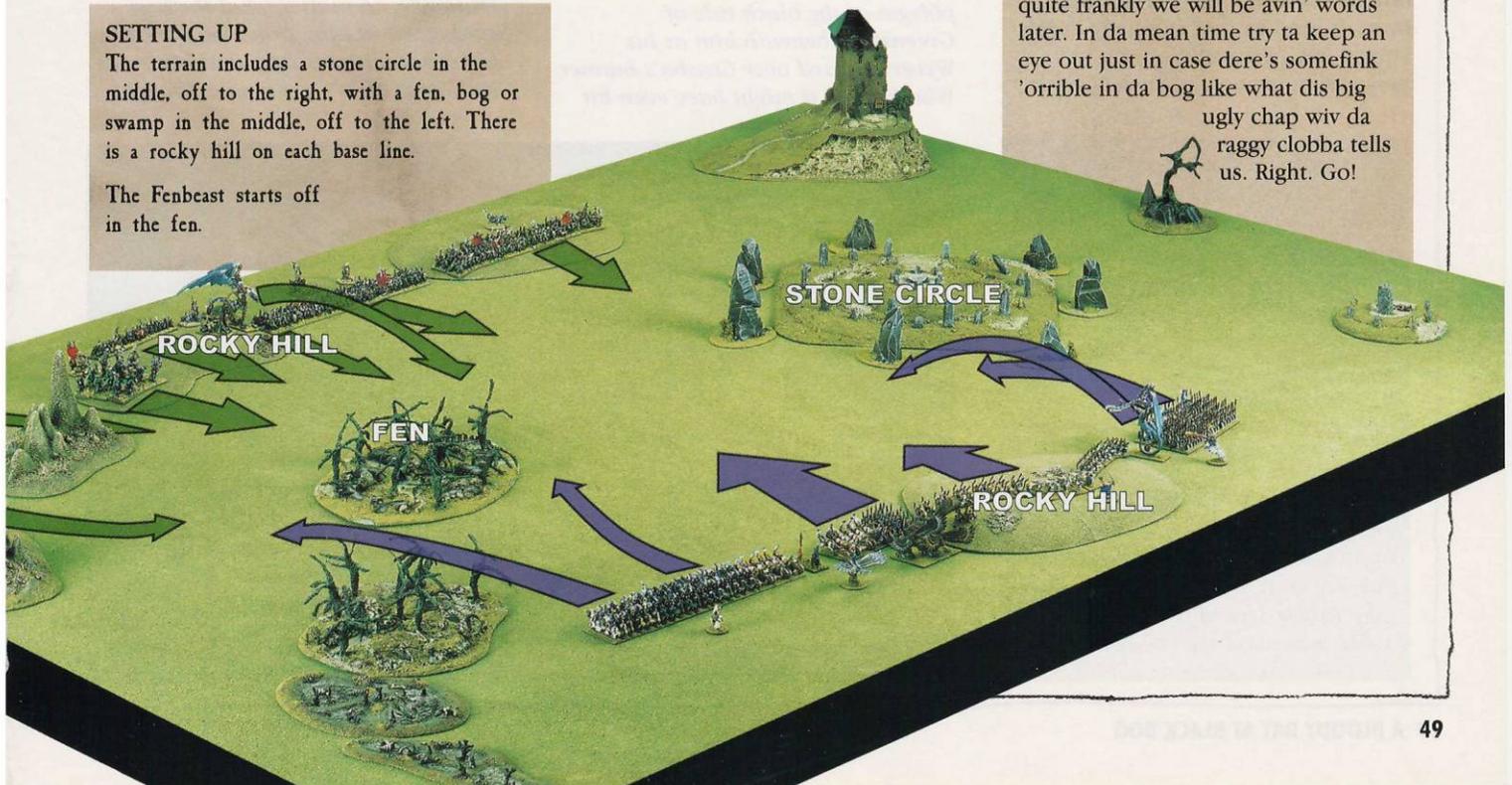
Boarboyz and Wolfboyz will be doin' some clever sneaky stuff on da flank. Right through da gap in da hills, an' wham bam splat, let's hope we catch 'em mincing about in da middle. Chariots and Trolls – you will be ready to move left or right as da situation develops. An' just to make sure ya do, I've 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 clobba 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

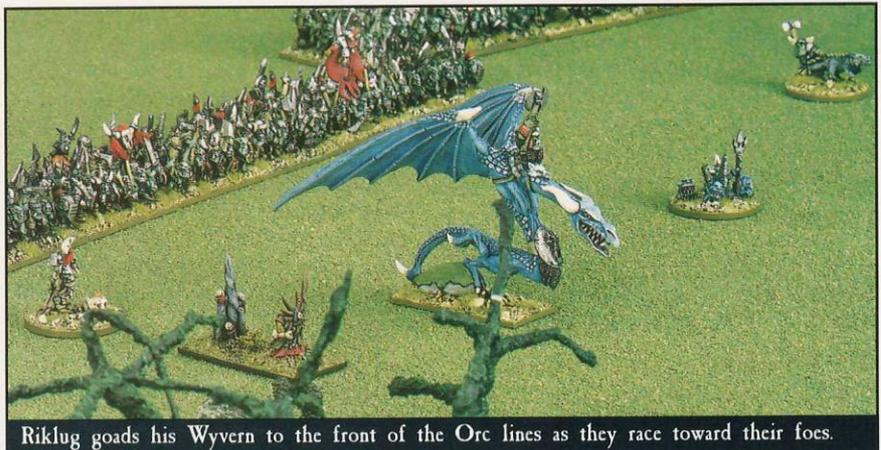
The cloying, white fog seemed to be getting thicker, but Alathrien knew full well that tens of thousands of Orcs were out there. The mighty Dragon, Firathriel, writhed uneasily beneath him as its ancient leathery wings beat slowly, gliding a hundred feet above the glittering host of High Elves, arrayed 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 clamour 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 armour 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 neutralising 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 centre 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.

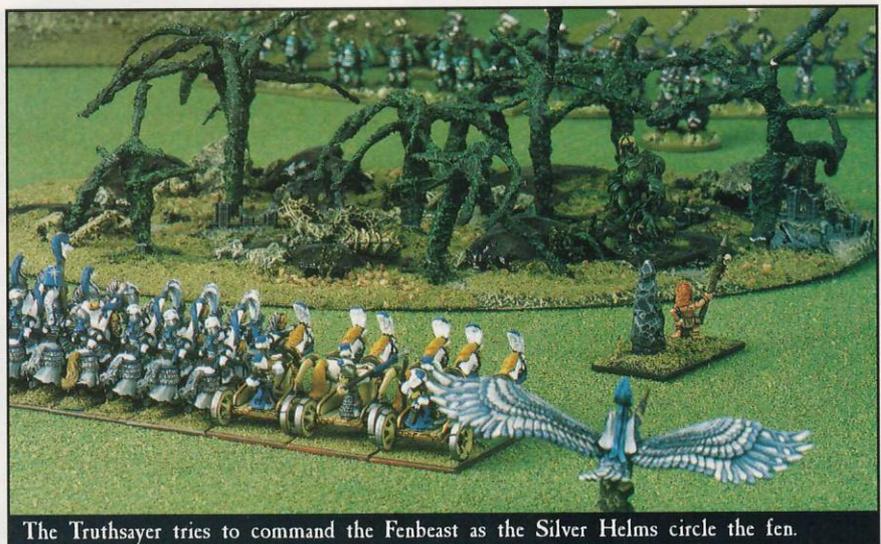
a powerful heirloom, and the magical arrows that accompanied it. He could still hear the hideous sucking noises coming from the sprawling bog ahead as three entire companies of his magnificent knights rode forward. On their flanks sped more than a score of lightweight Tiranoc chariots, the Elven steeds 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 phlegm at the black tide of Greenskins beneath him as his Wyvern passed over Crusba'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 manoeuvre 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 Gashibroat the Unstoppable, now rejoicing in the name Gashibroat 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 hit Elf sooner or later, and from then on things would be simple.



The charge of the Boarboyz hits home into the ranks of the Silver Helms.

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...

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 manically 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 armour 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 armour, 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.

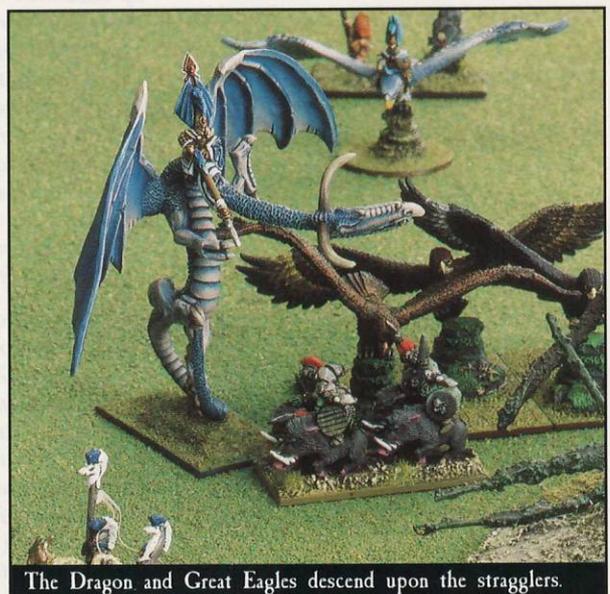
The charge of the Silver Helms hit home like a bolt of lightning, crashing through the disorganised formation of the Goblinoids with little resistance. Trapped between the hammer of the High Elf charge and the anvil of the mountains behind them, the Wolf riders were run down and destroyed.

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 recognised 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 ploughed 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.

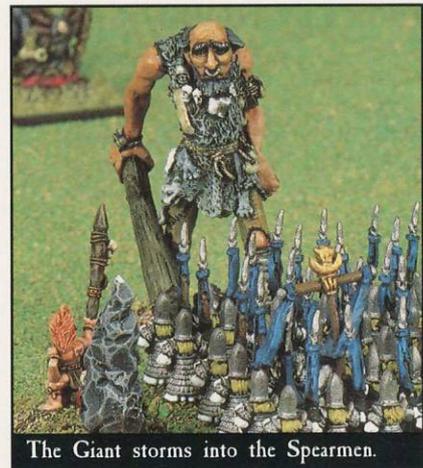
ORC TURN THREE

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 bellowed, 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 behemoth. 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 centre of the line once more.

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!



The Trolls enter the fray, supported by Wolf Chariots.

HIGH ELF TURN FOUR

Perspiration began to bead upon Alathrien's brow as he realised 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 centre. He had followed the orders of Lord Aoliath since he first learned to ride a horse, and he would not turn back now.

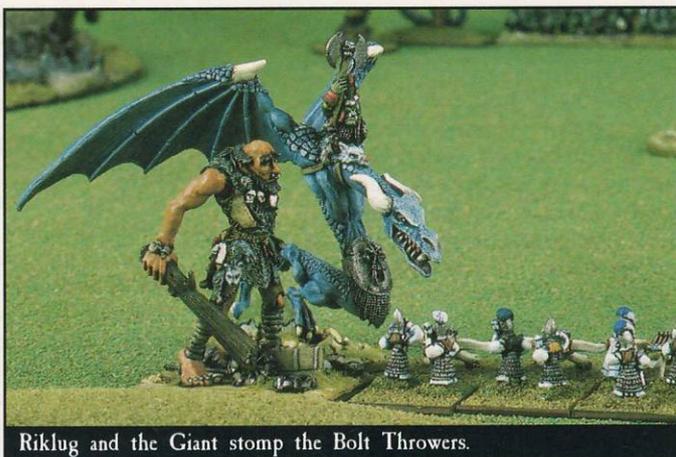
As the leathery wings of his steed sent him flying like an azure bolt across the sky, Alathrien took stock of the battle far beneath him. The robed figure of the Dark Emissary was sprinting through the muck toward the menhirs of the standing circle, a nimbus of light playing around the top of his staff. 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 metres 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.

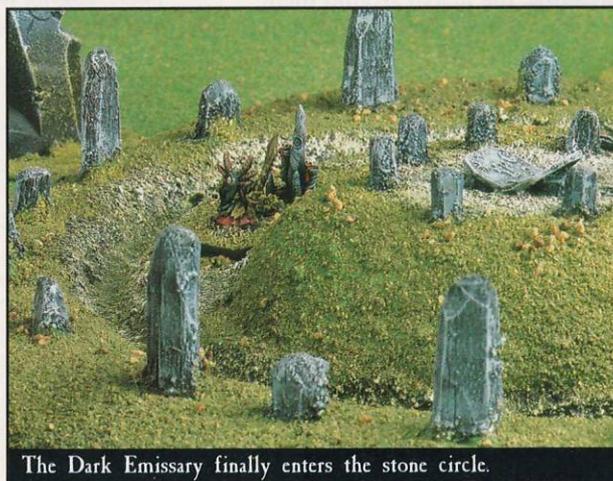
the fun, and with a kick of his spurs, sent the Wyvern thundering into the bolt thrower batteries up ahead.

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.

RIKLUG'S ADDRESS



Rick Priestley

Riklug: Now den, now den, shurrup at da back. Whizgit willya stop squeezein' 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

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 centre 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 centre 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 centre, 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 centre 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 Fen Beast or fulfilling my objective. The Giant continued to plough through my troops, taking a unit of archers in the flank and proceeded to roll up my centre. 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 centre 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 pummelled them to death!

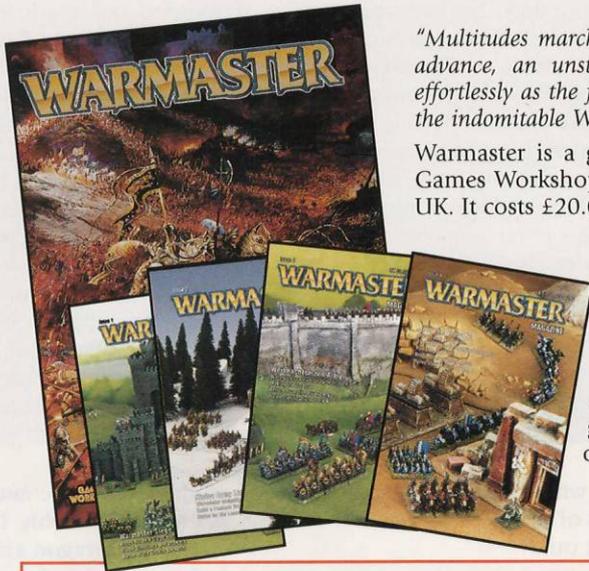
Ironically, in complete contrast to Rick in WD 243, the hard lesson I learned here was not to misuse your flyers and to respect just how powerful the Dragon Rider really is. I should have charged the Dragon and General into the Giant, and, with their whopping 12 combined attacks when charging, would have made mincemeat of him and saved my army centre. This would have left me free to mop up the Goblins in a later turn. As it happened, because I failed to neutralise 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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Dark Emissary

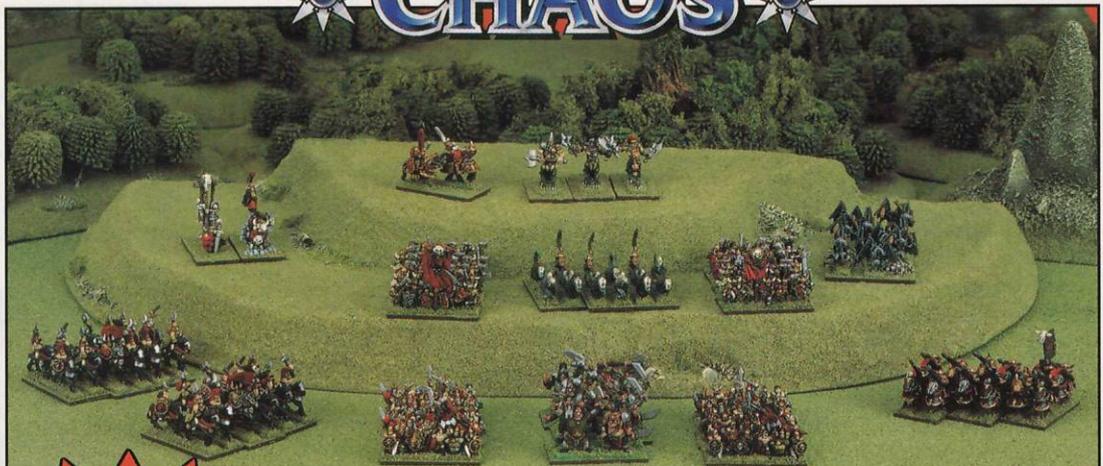
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Graham McNeill looks at the journey of a man tortured by a Daemon as a child, who would grow to become Witch Hunter Tyrus, a man who's word alone can smite the daemonic.

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 armour, intricately carved with decorative scrollwork and fluting, materialised with four, grey armoured 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 armoured 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 daemonic 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 armoured 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 daemonic. 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 daemonic 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 armour 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.

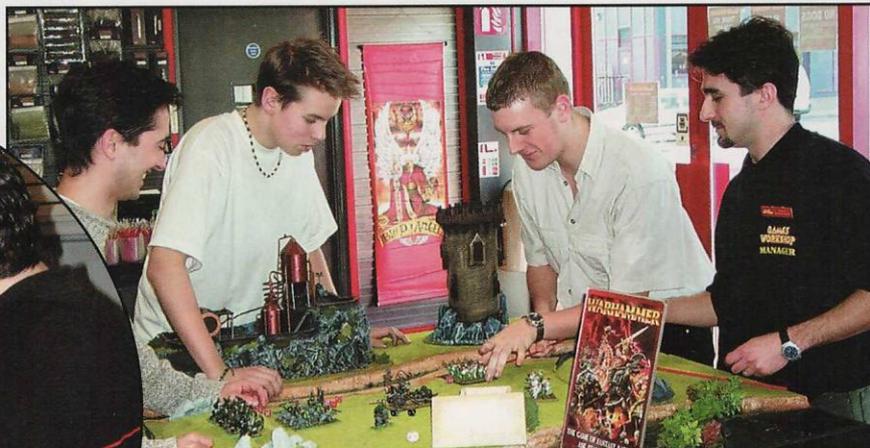
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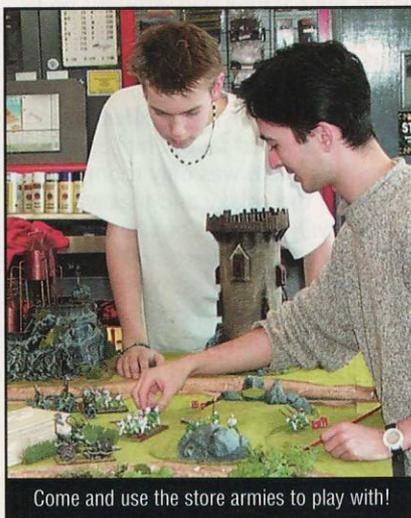
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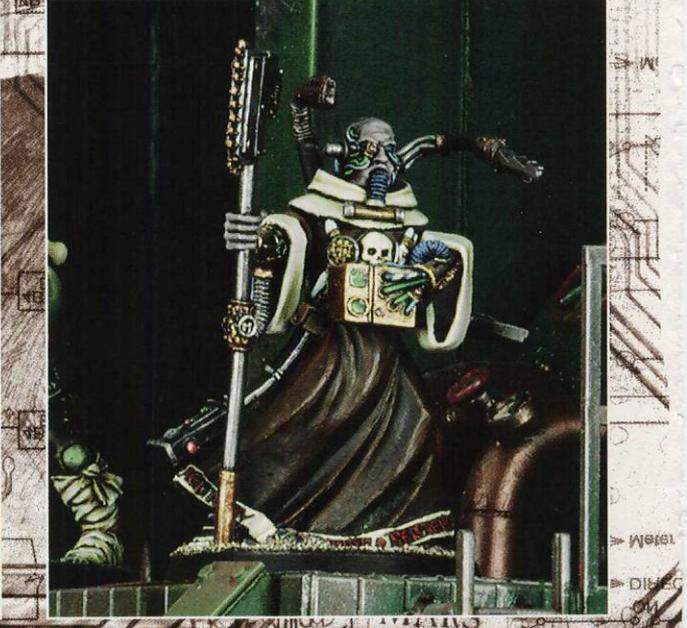
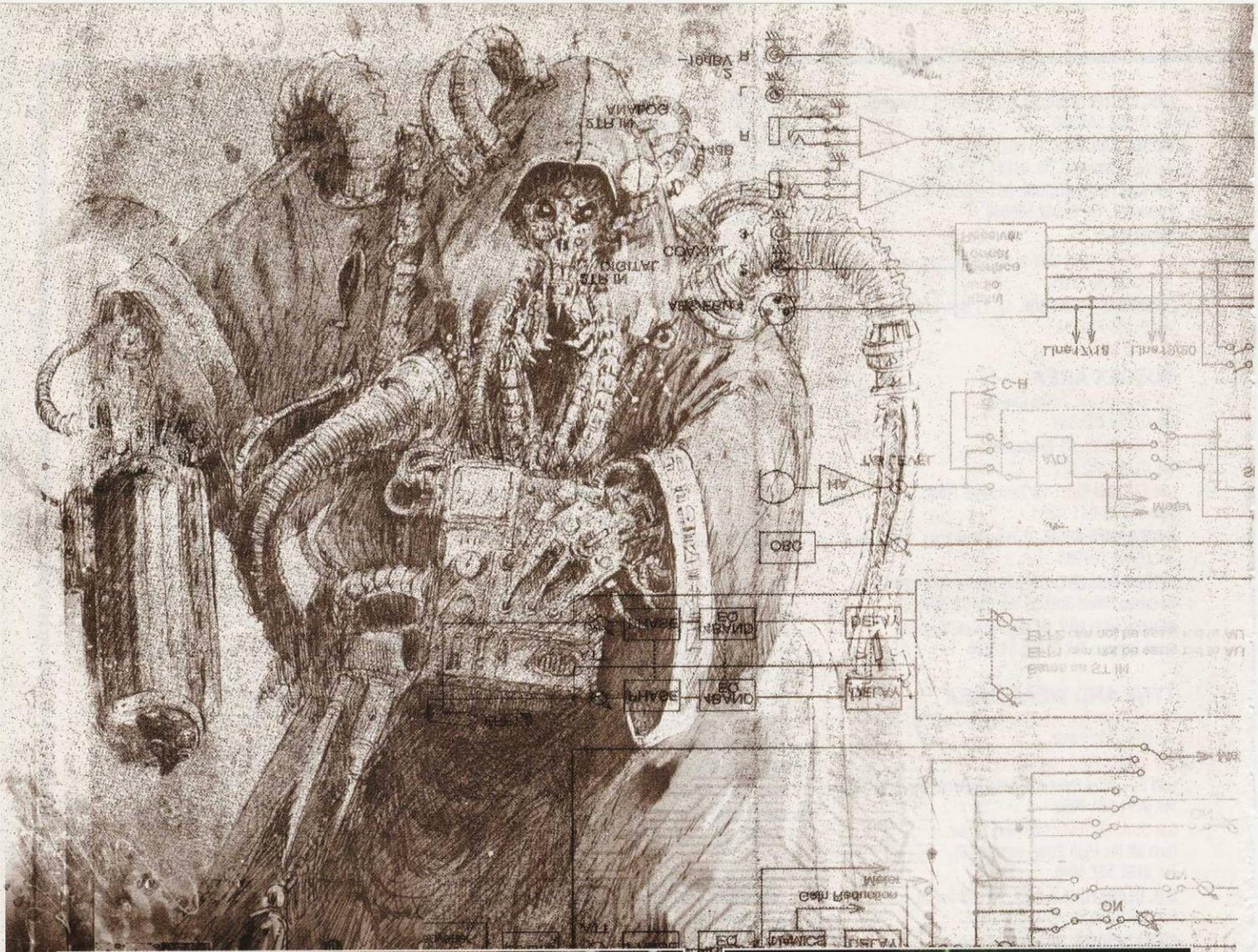
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TECH-PRIEST TEZLA

Hieronomus Tezla was trained as a runic priest on the forge world of Sygies VIII, a large moon which orbits a ringed gas giant in the binary star system of Vulcanis. Vulcanis is a vital stronghold of the Adeptus Mechanicus far to the galactic north of Terra and perilously near the Eye of Terror. Sygies itself almost fell to heretic forces in the legendary times of the Horus Heresy, only being saved by the intervention of the enigmatic alien Eldar race. This event has led to Vulcanis being the home of a secretive sect within the Adeptus Mechanicus known as the Xenarites.

The Xenarites are dedicated to the study and exploitation of alien technology, a policy which most Tech-Priests find highly offensive. "If the Omnissiah had meant use to use xeno-tech," the saying goes, "he would have given us foul alien brains to comprehend it with." The Xenarites point to the intervention of the Eldar to assist the true followers of the Machine God as a sign that even they are subject to his will, and that it is their sacred duty to study them.

Aware of the antipathy of their colleagues, the Xenarites pursue a policy of covert study, often dispatching Tech-Priests and their servitors to alien sites

instead of bringing artefacts back to forge worlds for study as prescribed by doctrine. As a result, it is not unusual for Xenarite expeditions to encounter resistance from alien lifeforms, local inhabitants and even Inquisitors and other Tech-Priests in the pursuit of their studies. Open conflict with Imperial authorities is not unknown, regrettable occurrences which have only served to drive the Xenarites deeper underground, concealing evidence of their activities and guarding their study-sites heavily.

Runic priests are trained in arcane branches of scientific lore such as intuitive mechanics, speculation and improvisation. Their special skills are brought into play when scripture and doctrine fail to produce results, although their methods are often viewed with suspicion by more orthodox Tech-Priests. This marries closely with the Xenarites aims and, as such, Tezla was recruited to their ranks even before his training was completed. Tezla has rapidly become an important member of the sect, proving to have a truly enquiring mind and a natural talent for locating alien artefacts. He won great renown amongst his fellows for his audacious examination of a crashed Fra'al spacecraft in the Tamahl sector and his subsequent etheric-

plasma theorums. Likewise his studies of the ancient Ork power field generators on Polaris are reckoned to be the authoritative texts on the subject.

Over a decade ago, studies of Exodite artefacts found on the meteoroid fragment AB/90120jk 7m drew Tezla's ever-wandering gaze to the so-called maiden worlds of the Halrubra Fringe. He was last heard of leading a heavily armed servitor expedition to the moon of Eldrathon IV, where he believed an undiscovered Eldar warp-portal lay beneath the surface.

"Yes, by way of scripture, it is not for us to question the divine Omnissiah by studying the technology of alien races. However, it is my belief that the Machine God has laid the full panoply of xenological study before us for precisely that reason. I believe His Will is that we should observe and catalogue all forms of science, not only those forged by the hand of Mankind. By such study we become better able to appreciate the technological wonders of Humanity itself."

Hieronomus Tezla at the Vulcanis Symposium, 782.M41

Tech-Priest Hieronomus Tezla

Equipment: Chain-axe; Mechadendrites; Laspistol; Re-Breather; Advanced bionic eye with Infrascopes and Motion Predictor; Bio-scanner; Temporal Phase Distort Generator (see Exterminatus elsewhere in this issue). Advanced bionic right leg.

Special Abilities: Nerves of Steel, Rock Steady Aim

Right handed: Tezla is right handed (in fact his left arm is completely useless).

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Tezla	63	64	48	61	69	73	78	63	64



Mike Walker takes a regular look at the finer points of Warhammer, in his own unique way...

TO KILL A BLOODTHIRSTER

Mike Walker confronts his daemons.

Mike, a regular White Dwarf contributor, has endured many long hours in the fiery barren wastes this month (well a hot bath), in order to purify his body and mind, so that he might be prepared to face the chosen of Khorne.



There is one gaming incident from a few months ago that is burned into my memory and my trousers. In actual fact there was really nothing unusual about being thoroughly trounced by Alan's Daemons. Ever since he summoned up his horde, he has been whipping out his minions of Khorne and slapping them on the tabletop to take on all comers.

I was victim number four. Alan and his fiends had already victimised Stuart's Vampires, eliminated Scott's Elves, duffed up Craig's Dwarves and had just finished being generally unpleasant to my Savage Orcs. It was when Rocnob¹, my last surviving character, got bashed flat by Alan's Big Red Bloodthirster that I realised my mission.

As I surveyed the shattered remains of my Greenskins, I realised just how awesome the Bloodthirster is. Not just the hugeness of the model and the incredible profile, but the arrogant way it had scythed through my ladz

TERRAIN CARDS

Since my last article about terrain cards I have made a refinement to the rules. This is to prevent unscrupulous players (Little Dave!) from stuffing all the cards in one corner, when a plain battlefield would be an advantage to them.

If any of the terrain pieces overlap then the enemy player can reposition the card anywhere on their opponent's side of the table.

and emerged unscathed. It was like the Terminator let loose in Trumpton.

Alan was just finishing clearing away his army, when I decided to declare my firm intention to slay the monster. It was exactly at this time that Craig decided to flash². I was going to explain just how much effort I was going to put into returning the Bloodthirster to whatever dingy plane of existence it had strolled here from, but what I actually said was, "Blagghhowwwwwnnnnuuuggghh."

Which is what you say if, suddenly blinded, you step backwards and your trousers come into contact with a gas heater on full. After a suitable amount of ointment and levity had been applied, I was left alone in the garage with thoughts of retribution and revenge and the smell of singed trouser leg gently drifting up my nostrils.

This article is the tale of how I went about killing the massive beastie and the lessons I learnt along the way.

1. TWANGS & BANGS

So just how do you kill a huge, airborne, tough, terrifying, magic resistant, devastatingly destructive Greater Daemon. Easy – shoot it.

At least that was the plan I formulated during an insufficiently long bath. It seemed perfectly reasonable at the time to develop a strategy that included keeping the massive monstrosity more than a huge murderous axe length away from my troops.

A longer soak would have given me enough time to realise that even though it is a huge target, with 8 Attacks, Toughness of 6 and a saving throw of 4+, I was going to have to chuck its body weight in miniature bolts and bullets at it to kill it. I also might have considered the fact that its flying ability gave it the means to approach my forces whilst hugging the terrain like a Harrier Jump Jet. This was to drastically reduce my shooting opportunities.

My Witch Hunter (Empire) force of just over a hundred crossbow and handgun armed troops was lined up, weapons cocked for the start of the battle. Alan skipped the Bloodthirster from cover to cover until he was able to slam it down right in the midst of my army. It was in the perfect position to generate a huge number of Terror tests. My Witch Hunters took one look at the sixty foot high nasty, decided that it looked nothing like any small, delicate, broom wielding, inflammable, black cat owning female that they were trained to deal with and ran for it wholesale.

My first attempt to assassinate the Bloodthirster had left it entirely unperforated, whilst my troops had entirely vacated the table (except for eight Crossbowmen cowering in a wood).

The Bloodthirster's flying ability made it an elusive target and an inability to move and fire my troops had not helped.

So I learnt my first lesson: I had to do something about the *terror*.

2. TWANGS AND BIGGER BANGS

A good long soak revealed the following counter-measures to use against *terror*. My army would be deployed in a clump with a mighty general radiating his high Leadership at the centre.

I would put all the characters in units. This is a bit controversial as it tends to make the units more attractive as targets, with a higher points value. But I was determined to fail as few Terror tests as possible. The characters could be sent off on their own once the Terror test was done.

I would make sure that all my units have plenty of room to run away. Alan always calculates carefully where to plonk his terrifying monster onto the table. It is usually positioned so that the maximum number of my units will drop off the table edge into oblivion. I will give all my units musicians. The instrumentalist's parp, strum, ting or

¹ Rocnob is a recent addition to Greensbanks' Savage Orcs. Unless he shows a little bit less of a propensity to suffer cranial explosions when casting critical spells, he could well become a subtraction.

² As the garage's resident taker of embarrassing photographs (many of which have already been used in the pages of this august magazine), Craig is always bringing new camera gear to try. In this case a new remote flash unit.

bonk that boosts the unit's Leadership when rallying makes these guys well worth the points.

I dismissed the Witch Hunters and summoned my artillery train (I wanted to lob some serious projectiles at the fiend). Half a hundred Crossbowmen marched off and two Great Cannons, a Mortar and a Helblaster were wheeled forwards. The guns were painstakingly placed so that if one were attacked another piece could fire at the enemy.

This time it was the speed of attack from Alan's sixteen Flesh Hounds (two units of eight) that did for my army. These daemonic canines are a cross between a greyhound, a Porsche and a grumpy komodo dragon. In two moves they were ripping through my gunners. With the guns silenced, the Bloodthirster swooped in and began crunching up the rest of my army.

Another complete rout. Another unblemished Bloodthirster. This time, at least, the artillery had caused it to hesitate. As I scooped up my few remaining figures I thought I heard one of the Handgunners (a veteran of both non-victories) mutter. "Next time let's run straight off the table and save everyone's time."

Lesson: I needed more fighting power to slow down Alan's army. It was time for a major re-think. Time for a really hot bath.

3. FLAME & FIZZLE

I have said in my articles before that I just don't seem to be able to come to grips with magic. It seems that in order to wield it successfully against a Bloodthirster you need to:

- Spend a vast amount of points on it.
- Be the sort of person who doesn't mind all their unhatched infant hens being in a lone woven wood receptacle.
- Be terminally lucky.

It's not for me. To stand much of a chance you need to be rolling four or five casting dice. When casting spells at those levels just too many Miscasts (and a few Irresistible Forces) occur. Besides, there are not that many spells that would worry the favourite of Khorne. *The Comet of Casandora* is one. It does 2D6 Strength 5 hits and may actually cause a couple of wounds against the beast.

Incidentally, a recurring debate has been raging about this spell and whether a Bloodthirster can dispel it (it gets four Dispel dice against any enemy spell that effects it). Current thinking favours the idea that, since the spell targets the tabletop, the Greater Daemon cannot use the four dice to dispel it. We thought that this also applied to the Bloodletters and the Flesh Hounds and after a quick check with Warhammer Loremaster, Gav Thorpe, it was indeed confirmed to be true.

What was absolutely clear was that Ron's lone Level 2 Bretonnian Sorceress stood not a Squig squashed by a Screaming Bell's chance of damaging the Bloodthirster. I told him so. At length. With diagrams.

I retained my smug smile (just about) as the first three spell castings went off. Two Irresistible Forces and an incredibly pants Dispel roll and the Bloodthirster was unexpectedly subject to a couple of *Fire Ball's* and a *Conflagration of Doom*. My smug smile beamed afresh as the Daemon suffered only a solitary wound from all the flame and fire. I guess in the end this proved my point.

Lesson: Magic ain't the answer.

4 BOLTS & BEARDS

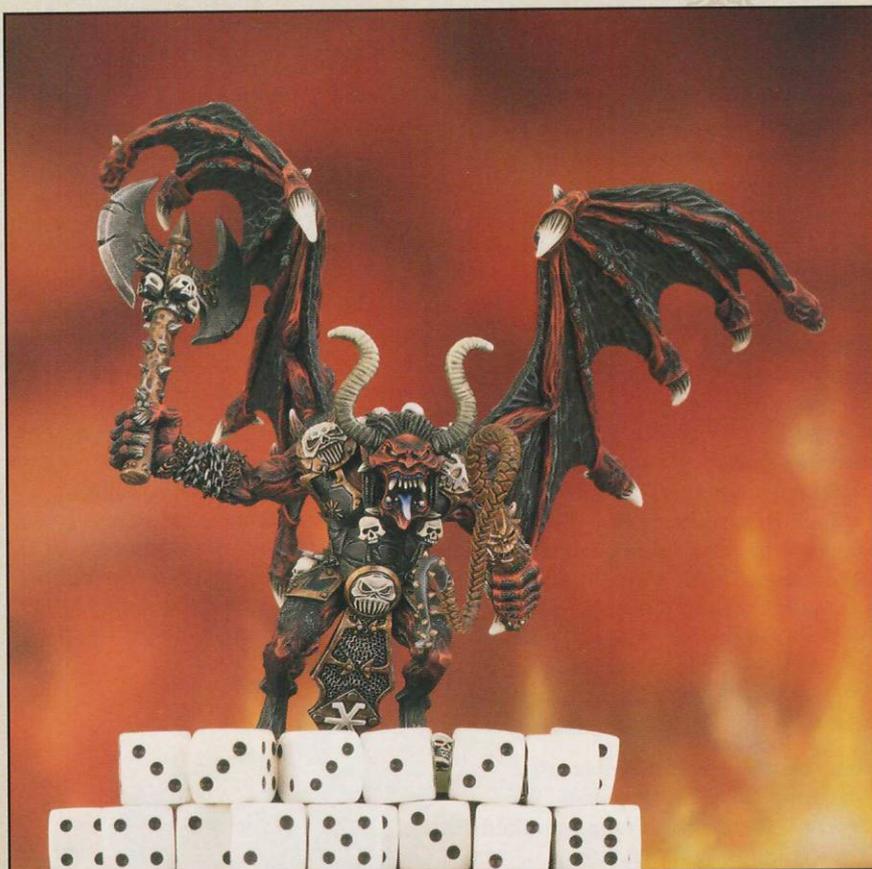
So just to summarise the lessons so far:

I needed a tough fighting army, with high Leadership and no magic. Time to get out the Dwarfs then.

The Dwarf force I chose consisted of four Bolt Throwers, fifty Thunderers, some Ironbreakers and Rangers. I have discovered that if you use blocks of sixteen Handgunners with shields, Standards and Musicians this allows them to have a reasonable stab at winning a round of combat.

It's a simple matter of mathematics. Three ranks, Standard and Outnumbering – Dwarf combat resolution 5. Average casualties, just a bit less than five – Bloodthirster combat resolution 5. A draw – but up steps the euphonium-equipped Dwarf, and one mighty puff later, it's a win to the Dwarfs.





You may remember the undefeated Greater Daemon of Khorne from his exploits in Arena of Death which appeared in White Dwarf 221, demonstrating just how unstoppable and destructive a Bloodthirster can be.

Okay, the Daemon will probably stand and will also have cut down one of the unit's ranks, but there is always the chance of slamming another unit of Stunties into the flank or rear and really putting the pressure on.

This only works if the Bloodthirster obligingly charges into the unit front. Playing against an experienced Daemon player this just ain't going to happen. But by keeping your Handgunners facing it, not only will it be dissuaded from attacking, but you get to loose four shots at it, as Dwarf Handgunners are allowed to move and fire. Simple tactics and surprisingly effective.

On the second turn after the battle got under way a six foot bolt smashed into the beast and it finally suffered two wounds. The game was largely a stand-off (the Bloodthirster hiding downtable nursing its injury for all but the last turn), with the majority of points going to me (twenty of the thirty six Bloodletters blown away).

I had finally won but the celebration was bitter; the blasted Bloodthirster still survived. I needed an army to attack with.

Lesson: I needed troops that moved faster.

5 TERRADONS & TOXINS

Lizardmen get that marvellous three dice test to avoid *terror*, they are tough fighters (apart from the Skinks), okay I have to use a Toad³, but the Kroxigors and Skinks move quickly. I borrowed Alan's reptiles for the encounter.

The first thirty minutes of that evening were lost to a disagreement about whether Daemons are affected by poison. We have for a long time adopted the policy of allowing the majority of those present on the night to decide these things.

For quite a long time players thought that being nice or feigning interest in another's spouse, offspring, work or decorating could influence things. I

cringe even now when I recall the embarrassing moment when one hardened Warhammer veteran attempted to compliment another player's new haircut. It has subsequently been realised that strength of evidence, clear logical argument and high quality confectionery bribes are far more important.

I won this debate⁴ by pointing out that Undead were no longer immune to venom (in their case, swords with garlic cloves on the end or washed in Dettol, I presume).

Throughout the battle my Kroxigors and Alan's Bloodletters ripped each other to pieces. On the left flank the Temple Guard withstood the attentions of the Flesh Hounds.

The Bloodthirster was discovering that there was no hiding place from the Terradons and their bow equipped riders. For four turns the dinosaur mounted Skinks shot ten poisoned arrows into the beast every round. Meanwhile, swift moving, skirmishing Skinks chucked envenomed javelins into its ankles. The sheer volume of poisoned projectiles took their toll and wound after wound off the brute.

In turn five it staggered King Kong-like to the top of a hill before the fatal poisoned arrow was shot up its nose and immediately corrupted its brain. With a pathetic hamster-like whimper it dropped its whip and tilted slowly over onto its right leg and began to spin faster ever faster, until suddenly exploding in a shower of red steaming lumps of Daemon matter, leaving only a single smoking hoof and the faint smell of sulphur to mark the place of its demise (at least that's what I saw as Alan rather sadly packed the model away). At last I was at peace – mission accomplished.

So that's my tale. That's how I finally killed the Bloodthirster. I feel more relieved than any sense of great victory and Alan is enormously pleased that at last he can play with some other army.

I've got to go now as Little Dave has just turned up for this week's game and he has a new Nurgle horde led by a Great Unclean One. How tough can that be to destroy?

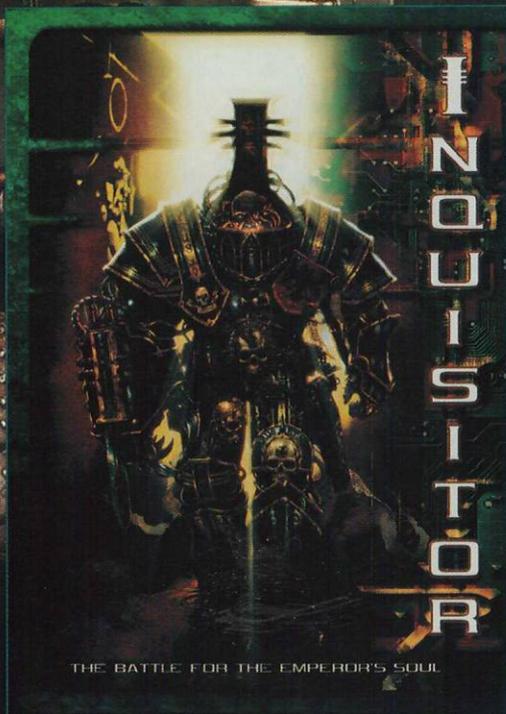
Mike

³ This was a Ravening Hordes army and the Slann was compulsory and a bit disappointing (much improved in the WD256 list).

⁴ I must confess to having a large plate of freshly opened Jaffa Cakes on standby, just in case Alan tried to sway opinion by the unscrupulous use of custard creams.

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...



Inquisitor is a large scale narrative skirmish game set in the dark world of the Imperium's most covert and mysterious agents. Using beautifully crafted 54mm models, each player takes the role of an Inquisitor and his warband as they clash with the enemies of humanity, alien forces and frequently other Inquisitors!

Remember, no one can hide from the scrutiny of the Inquisition.

- Rules for Inquisitor, a large scale narrative skirmish game.
- Comprehensive armoury and details of many special talents, abilities and psychic powers.
- Extensive guidance for gamesmasters and players.
- 15 fully detailed sample characters.

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

DAEMON PRINCE

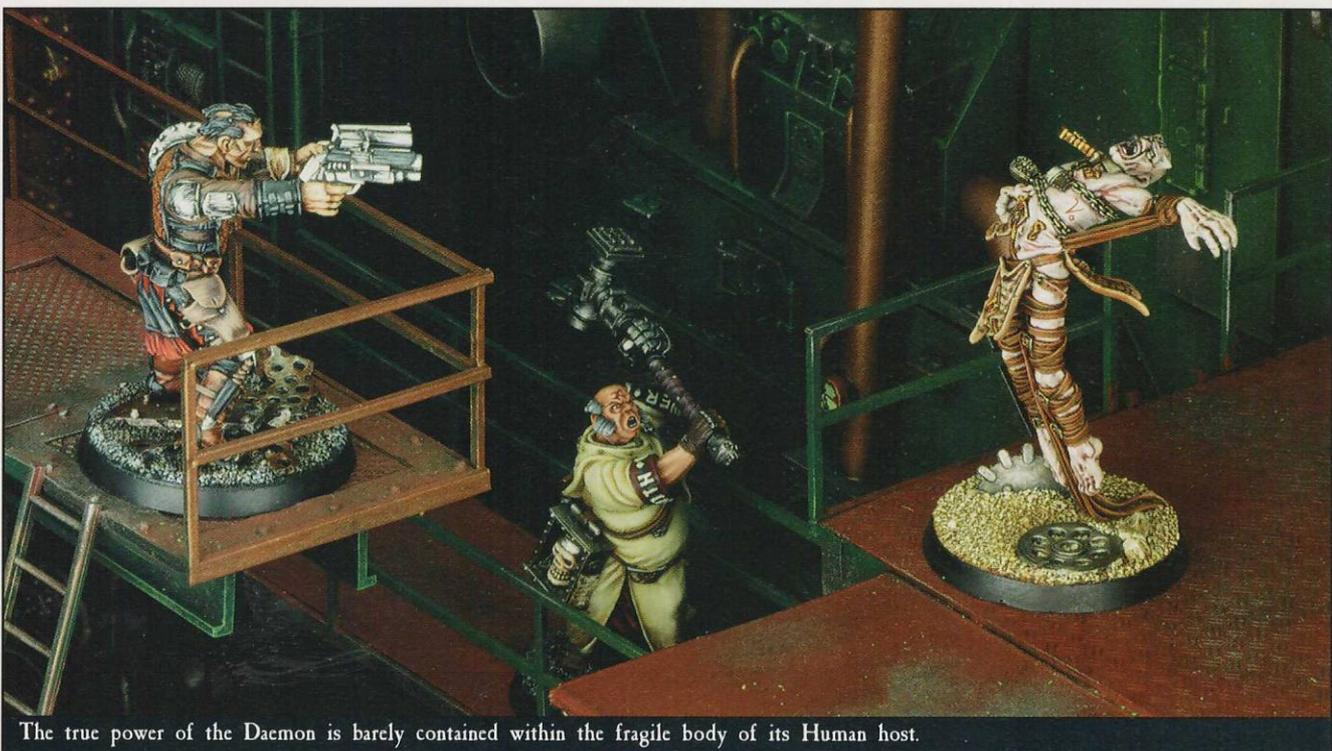
A DAEMON BOUND TO SERVE MAN

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 civilisation 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.

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.

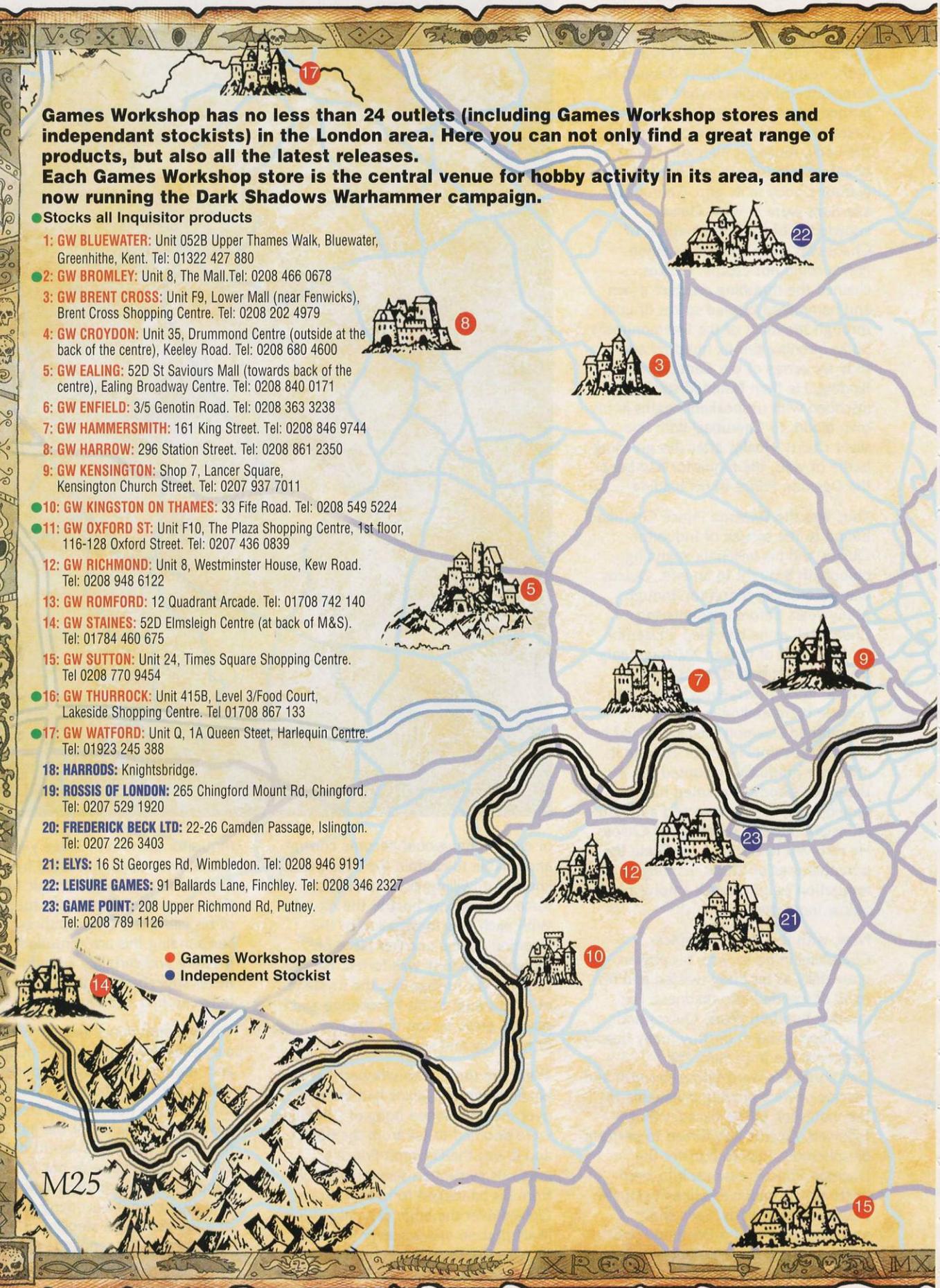
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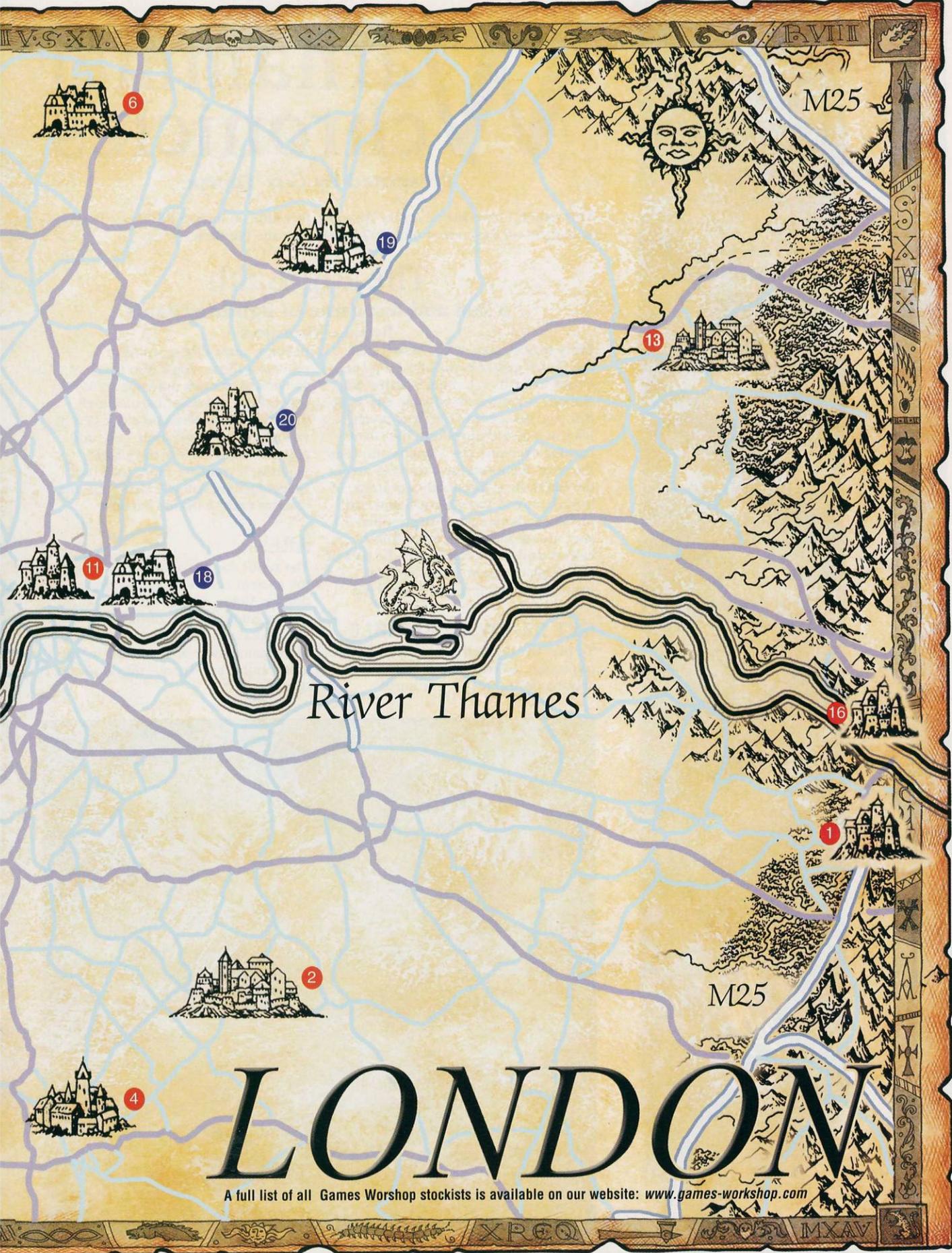
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Warhammer Chronicles takes a look at the Warhammer game, its rules, background and game mechanics, frequently stolen from in-progress developments here at the Studio. It also acts as a forum for dedicated Warhammer players who have produced inspired,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

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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.

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 colours, 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.

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

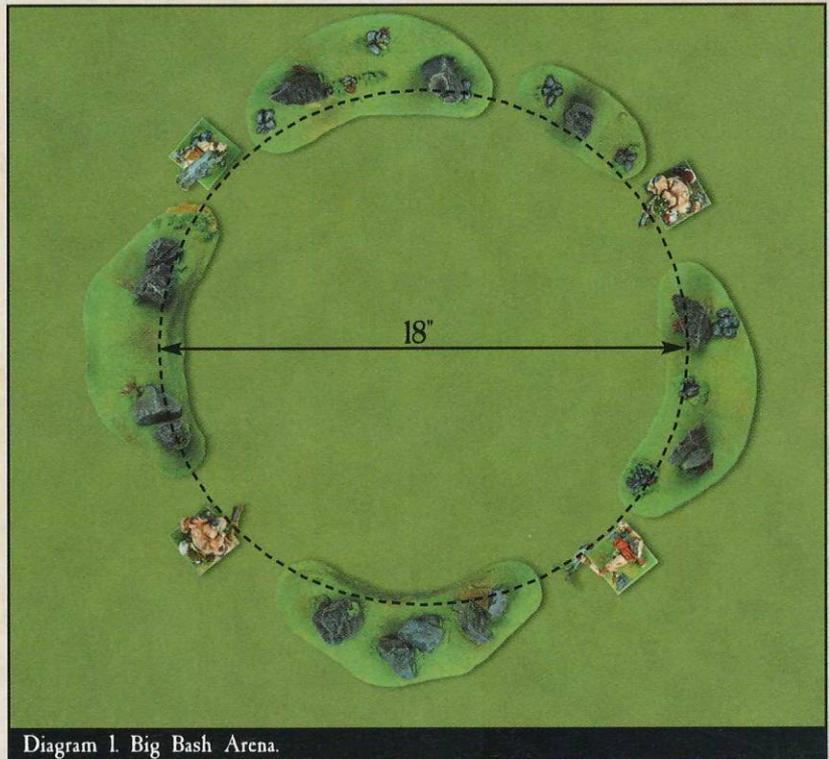


Diagram 1. Big Bash Arena.

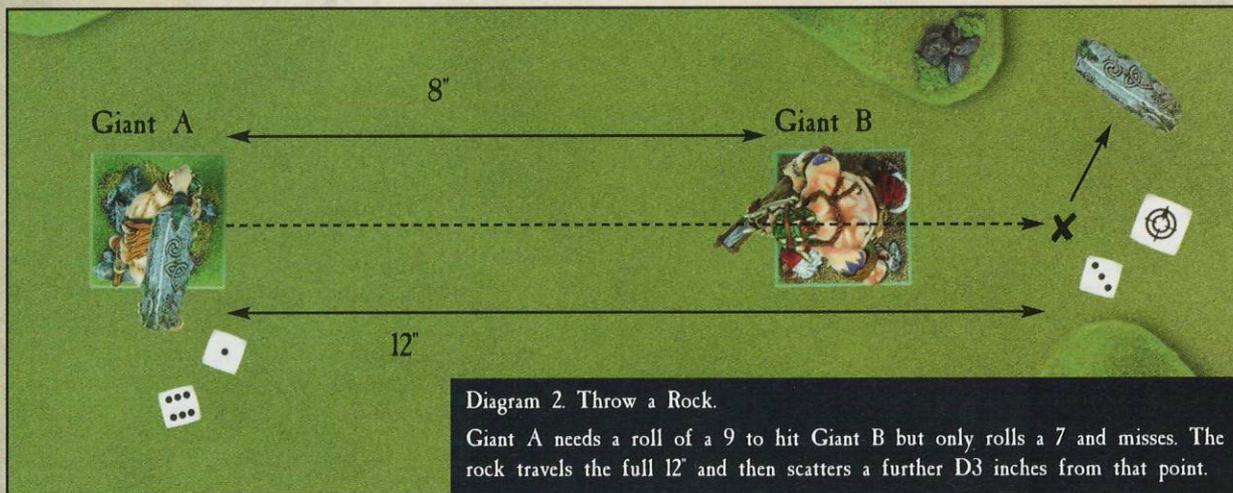


Diagram 2. Throw a Rock.

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, ie in base contact with another Giant, he can do two things, ie 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 randomise 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 Defence. 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 defence. 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 coloured. The coloured 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 defence, 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 Defence from the Strength of the Attack.

The defending Giant loses a number of wounds equal to the Strength of the attack left (ie. after any defence 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 (defence 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 defence.
'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 fourth 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...

The War Hydras of Naggaroth

By Erik Mogensen

When the Dark Elf Army Book was in the playtesting stage, I was fortunate enough to blag a copy and offer my meagre insights. I've always had a soft... erm, a cold hard spot in my heart for the true, pure Elven race. Specifically, however, the War Hydra passage had caught my attention. It mentioned that there are actually several different types of Hydra at the Witch King's disposal. One night, over a pint, I asked Gav if there were any plans to delve deeper into this – perhaps a White Dwarf article offering some alternative rules? “Good idea”, he replied. “Get to it!”

With a curt “Doh!”, I was off...

KHAINE'S FAVOURED BEASTS

For centuries, the Beastmasters of Karond Kar have broken creatures of all descriptions to their will. Of these beasts, it is the War Hydra that has become the most common monster seen on battlefields alongside Dark Elf armies. Beastmasters have been training Hydras, using dark incantations upon them, and even discovering new breeds for countless years. As a result there are now a number of Hydra variants in the Witch King's bestiary. Some get sent as rewards to Dark Elf generals who have distinguished

themselves on the field of battle, others stay hidden beneath the Blackspine Mountains, only to be brought forth by Lord Malekith's personal decree. There are even some, it is said, that have been to so many battles with the same team of Beastmasters, that they have formed a special bond. These War Hydras are among the most feared for they have learned, over time, to obey special commands and are said to possess an uncanny (and terrifying) intelligence.

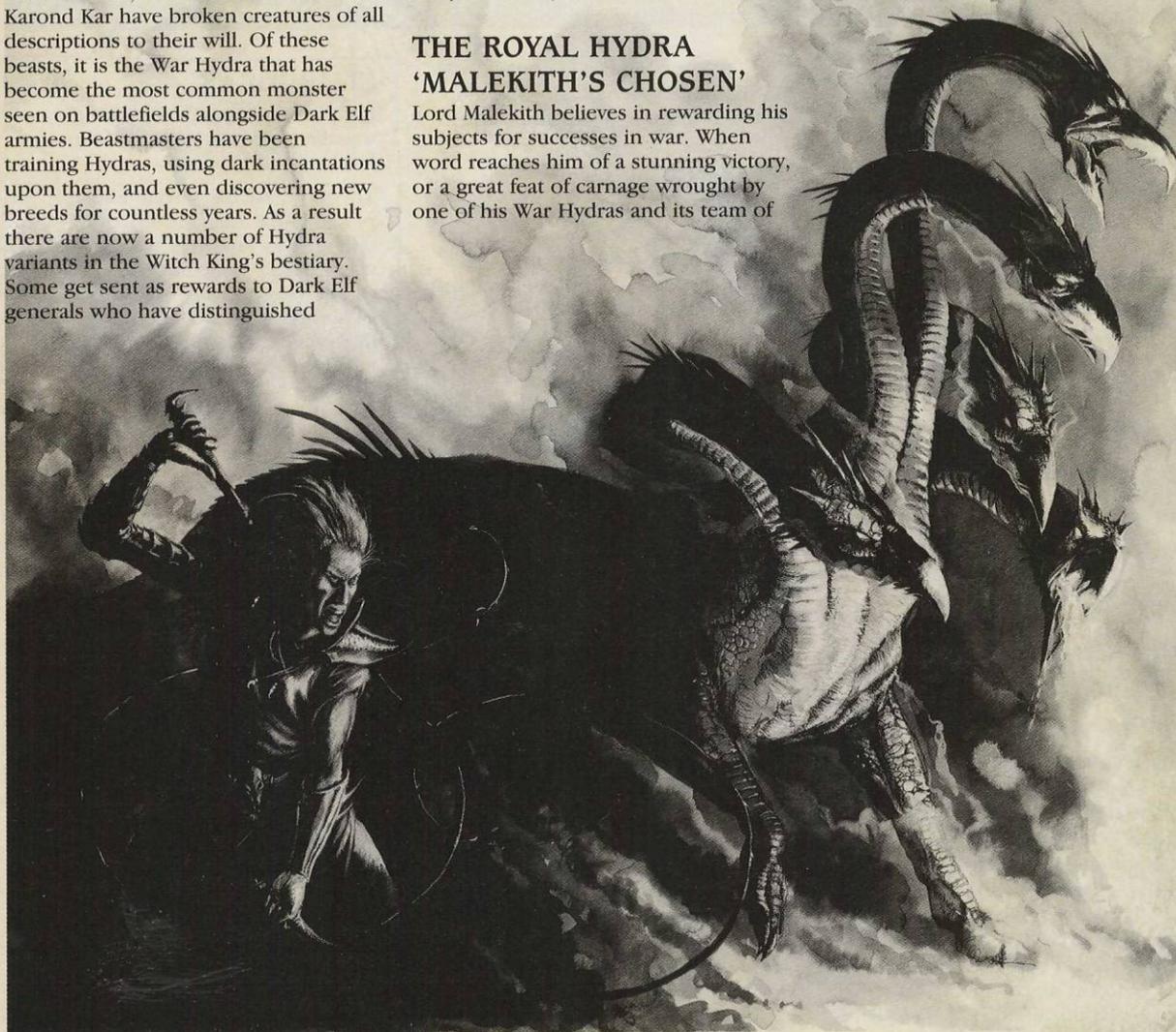
The following article provides you with rules for using these rare and powerful War Hydra variants in your Dark Elf Army. You may upgrade any one (and only one) War Hydra in your army to one of the variants presented below. Unless otherwise stated, all regular Hydra rules still apply (eg. cause *terror*, Scaly Skin, etc.).

THE ROYAL HYDRA 'MALEKITH'S CHOSEN'

Lord Malekith believes in rewarding his subjects for successes in war. When word reaches him of a stunning victory, or a great feat of carnage wrought by one of his War Hydras and its team of

Beastmaster apprentices, the Witch King will summon them all to Naggarond. There, the Beastmasters will engage in a two-week binge of decadence in Malekith's palace. They eat the finest foods, and drink the rarest of wines, all of which have received dark blessings from the Witch King himself. On the final night of revelry, Malekith casts a final spell upon them and they are led to the royal bestiary where their Hydra awaits. It is a great honour that Lord Malekith himself, the rightful ruler of all Elvenkind, commands their Hydra to devour them both alive.

It is then that the dark energies woven over the fortnight take full effect. Howls of agony echo throughout Naggarond as the Hydra is warped by the Witch King's power.





The creature's blood transforms into a powerful acid, and protective plates of bone burst through its hide. Every mutation is unique, but the resulting creature (along with a new Beastmaster team) will stay in the Witch King's personal bestiary until it dies or is sent to a Dark Elf General as one of Malekith's highest rewards.

Converting: One bit of advice before starting your own Hydra project: pin the necks, or you're bound to finish painting and have one of them drop off on you just as you start your first game!

For the Royal Hydra, I wanted to make it look really menacing. The plates of bone armour were the key features I would need to model, and it wasn't long before I found the perfect pieces in my bits box – Tyranid Warrior kits. Everything added to this Hydra once belonged to a Tyranid. The chest plate is actually a Tyranid's back and the various plates on the back and legs are extra bits provided with the Tyranids to enable players to model extended carapaces. Finally, the head plates are the Warriors' heads. With a bit of clipping, and then shaving with a hobby knife, everything fitted perfectly. A bit of green stuff filled any major gaps before painting.

Painting: My friend Chris Bone asked if he could have a crack at painting this Hydra. Starting with a Black undercoat, he went for a Scaly Green body. He wanted it to stay dark, so used only the faintest highlight of Scaly Green mixed with Skull White. The bone was painted Bleached Bone (what else?!) over Bubonic Brown. A Brown Ink wash provided the lines that makes it look aged. The eyes are Biliious Green, with a black vertical line to make them look truly reptilian.

THE ROYAL WAR HYDRA Points/model: +35

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Royal Hydra	6	4	0	5	5	6	2	5	6

SPECIAL RULES

Armour Plates: +1 Armour save from bony protrusions. The Royal Hydra has a save of 3+.

Acidic Breath: Counts as a S3 breath weapon that ignores armour saves.

Splashback: Any unsaved wound it suffers in close combat causes a S3 hit on the attacker (no armour save), as its acid blood spills forth.

Mentally Scarred: The transformation these Hydras undergo is quite traumatic. When faced with great pain, there is a chance that a Royal Hydra may go catatonic. When it is reduced to 3 wounds or less, the Hydra becomes subject to the rules for Stupidity for the remainder of the game. Test each turn, as described on page 82 of the Warhammer rulebook, but you may use the Beastmasters' Leadership value since they have been specially chosen for their ability to 'inspire' the Hydra to continue fighting.



THE SPELLTHIRSTER 'RAKARTH'S VENDETTA'

Beastmaster Rakarth once fought a particularly bitter battle against the traitorous High Elves of Ulthuan. He led an army in which he had amassed the largest force of War Hydras in Druchii history. With 9 of the mighty beasts at his command, he predicted a swift victory. The wizards Liandus, Ellyunnor and Aliana, however, accompanied the enemy. Within minutes, their combined magical barrage had whittled the Hydras'

number down to three; two of which broke and fled the field.

Rakarth vowed never to be defeated by High magic again, and forged a pact with Morathi. She spun her spells over the surviving Hydra, known as Daerlythe, or 'Burning Fury'. Dark magic mutated the creature tremendously. Daerlythe's skin began to glow with burning blue-black energy; and great rents opened in his flesh where Morathi had ritually carved dread runes. During his next appearance on the battlefield it was

found that he was physically weakened, but had also developed a strong resistance to magic, especially High Magic. A breeding program was soon established, and Daerlythe was retired from battle. To this day only one in every ten of his offspring shares his abilities.

Converting: The Spellthirster was the simplest conversion. I figured the easiest way to depict a physically weakened Hydra was to make it with fewer heads! Green stuff filled the holes in the body where necks should have been attached. I also used a small file to carve some scars into the Hydra's flesh since Daerlythe was recognisable by never-healing wounds.

Painting: I wanted a very simple colour scheme for my Spellthirster, so I limited my palette considerably. To represent the blue-black glow, I started with a Black undercoat and then painted the entire model Midnight Blue. I drybrushed over that with Enchanted Blue, and finally a very light drybrush of Enchanted Blue mixed with some Skull White. His bony ridges started Bestial Brown, and I painted Bleached Bone over that. Finally, a dab of Skull White at the very point of the bones provided a nice highlight. The scars were painted Scab Red, and to give them a touch of brightness and a never-healing look, I added Golden Yellow to the Scab Red to highlight. Finally, the eyes are Scorpion Green to complete the look of magical power.

THE SPELLTHIRSTER..... Points/model: +20

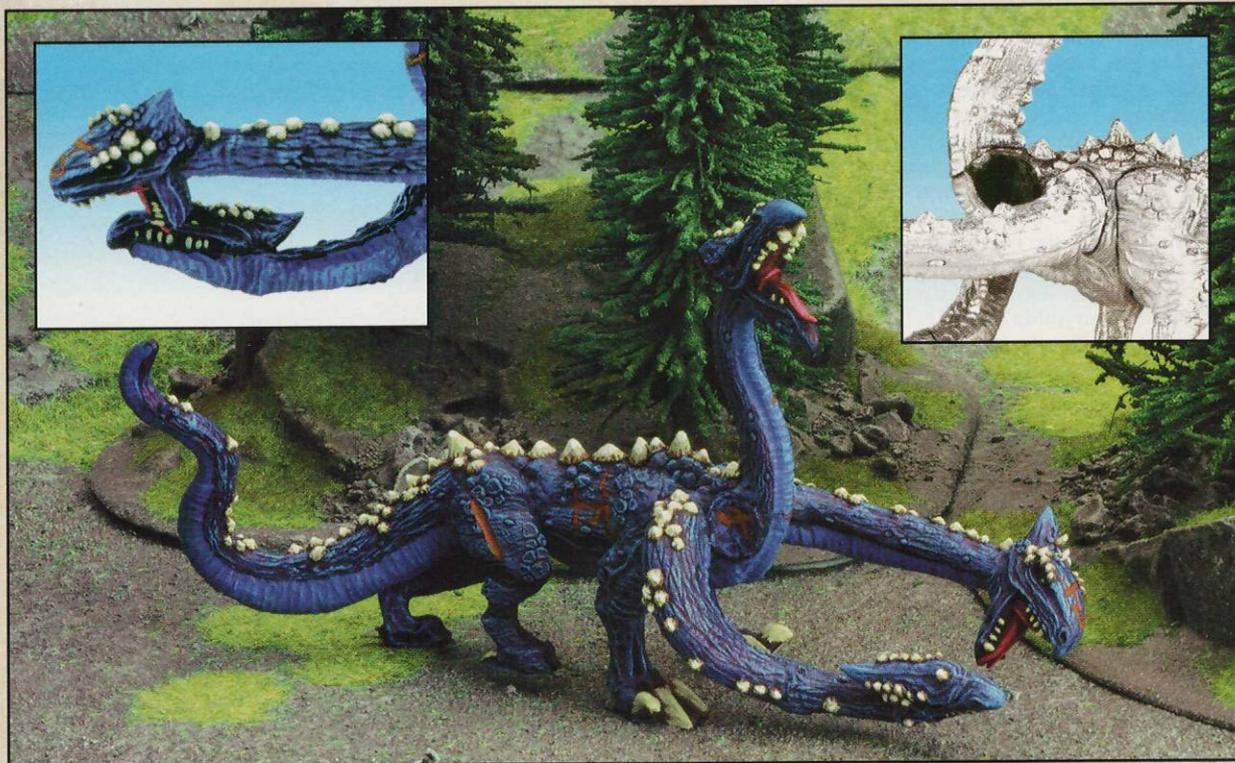
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Spellthirster	6	3	0	4	5	6	2	4	6

SPECIAL RULES

Daerlythe's Aura: A legacy from their sire, all Spellthirster Hydras have Magical Resistance (2) (see page 114 of the Warhammer rulebook). In addition, nearby units gain a diminished measure of this protection. Dark Elf units within 6" count as having Magical Resistance (1). Such was the power of Morathi's incantation that any High Magic spells dispelled with the aid of Daerlythe's Aura automatically rebound and strike the caster.

Physically Weakened: Daerlythe's fighting prowess was reduced as an unfortunate side effect of Morathi's spell. This has also been passed onto his offspring. See profile.

Chosen of the Convents: Spellthirsters are so rare, and so strongly linked to the Dark Arts, that they may only be used by Dark Elf armies which contain at least a level 2 Sorceress.



VETERAN WAR HYDRAS 'THE CLAWS OF KHAINE'

If a War Hydra survives and remains with the same Beastmasters for long enough, they can become a truly fierce fighting team. Hydras are intelligent enough to learn from each battle, and a good Beastmaster can refine their abilities with rewards and lashings. For notable battlefield successes, generals may reward their Beastmasters with minor incantations to augment their Hydra's already impressive battlefield prowess. Recognisable on the battlefield by their multitude of adornments and trophies (not to mention battle scars!), experienced Hydras are a terrifying and unpredictable foe.

1. FETCH!

After both armies are set up, nominate one enemy character model (Lord or Hero). The Hydra will focus all its attentions on bringing that character's limp form back to his general. It will always move as far as possible directly towards that character – charging if it can. It may ignore the usual shooting rules and choose that character as a target if it is in range of the Hydra's breath weapon. If the Hydra declares a charge against that character it may add a D6" to its charge distance – this represents the Hydra's bloodthirsty enthusiasm. In close combat, if the character is in a unit, the Hydra will effectively issue a challenge (with a loud roar, and by bowling all others aside!). All usual rules for challenges apply, so if it is declined the Hydra can fight the unit as normal. If the character is mounted on a monster, the Hydra will ignore the mount, although its handlers are free to allocate attacks as they wish. The Hydra also gets +1 S and +1 A in close combat against the chosen character.

2. ESCORT

The Beastmasters have trained this Hydra to restrain its killing instincts and act in a defensive role. Before the battle, nominate one friendly Dark Elf unit for the Hydra to guard. For the rest of the game, as long as it isn't engaged in close combat, the Hydra must stay within 6" of that unit wherever possible. It may charge an enemy unit, even if this move takes it beyond the 6", but as soon as it is no longer engaged, it must move to within the 6" distance as soon as possible. As this would probably take it too far out of position, the Hydra will always attempt to restrain from

VETERAN WAR HYDRAS Points/model: +20

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Veteran Hydra	6	4	0	5	5	6	2	5	6

SPECIAL RULES

Accustomed to battle: All Veteran Hydras are so familiar with their handlers, and so accustomed to battle, that they will often continue to fight even if their beastmasters are killed. All Veteran Hydras therefore add +1 to their Leadership when taking Monster Reaction tests.

Veteran: Roll a D6" at the beginning of each game to determine what special ability your War Hydra has!

pursuing a fleeing enemy. It may add +1 to its Leadership for these tests (remember you get to use the Beastmasters' Leadership, too!)

If the War Hydra is within 6" of the escorted unit when the enemy declares a charge against them, the Hydra may immediately make a normal move (before the chargers). If, after this special move, your opponent is unable to charge the target unit then they must decide to either stop the charge, in which case they do nothing for the remainder of the turn, or charge the Hydra instead, using all of the normal rules.

3. BATTLE LOVER

Always among the first to engage the enemy, this Hydra bounds forward towards the foe at the first opportunity – often against his handlers' wishes. You must make a free 2D6" move with the Hydra and its Beastmasters after all troops have been set up (including scouts), but before the battle begins. This move must be made directly towards the nearest visible enemy. This will often leave it exposed and vulnerable, but a wily General should be able to use this to his advantage...

4. CHAMELEON SKINNED

Among its many trophies, this particular Hydra has been bathed with magical oils. Once in contact with the scales on the Hydra's skin, the oil reacts and causes the Hydra's skin to shimmer and blend in with its surroundings. Enemy missile weapons suffer a -1 to hit penalty when shooting at the Hydra and its Beastmasters. When an opponent shoots a war machine that uses artillery dice, the Dark Elf player may roll an artillery die of his own. The Dark Elf player may (but doesn't have to) choose to use this extra die in place of the one rolled by the opponent. This represents how difficult it is for war machine crews to discern the Hydra's exact location. If the Dark Elf player rolls a Misfire, the

war machine's crew manages to get a clear view of the Hydra for a moment, and their own dice roll is used.

5. BLOODTHIRSTY!

This Hydra has seen so much war that it now has trouble differentiating between friend and foe. It is unpredictable and always looking for the taste of blood. Whenever possible, the Hydra will always march towards the closest enemy unit, and must always charge the closest chargeable unit, friend or foe – so irritable is this great beast, that it won't tolerate the presence of anyone but its handlers. In other words, keep your troops out of its way! To represent its love of killing, the Hydra gets an extra D6 attacks on the turn it charges. These Hydras are often a liability on the battlefield, and have to be used carefully. Even so, some Dark Elf generals can't resist the carnage.

6. KHAINE SMILES UPON YOU!

You may choose the type of Veteran Hydra that joins your forces for this battle.

Converting: The Veteran Hydra is really where I got to have a bit of fun. I really wanted to show a beast that had been through countless battles, and collected a few trophies along the way. So, there's an arrow stuck in his back (and who knows how long it's been there!), and he's recently punished someone for sticking him with a spear – by biting their arm off! As for the trophies, he has the skeleton of an Elector Count's warhorse slung about one of his necks... and part of the Count himself on another! These came from an old Skeleton horseman frame, and a Chaos Warrior head. The top of an old Orc banner pole is also hung from a neck. So inured to pain is this great monster, that someone has nailed a length of chain to his side to make more room for trophies. The chain is actually from the Warhammer 40,000 chaos spiky frame, and the trophies are bits and



bobs from the Skeleton and Chaos Warrior frames again. Don't feel intimidated by this, though. I just used whatever I had laying around from old projects. Be as creative as you like, and use what you have available.

Painting: When it came time to paint it, I really wanted this Hydra to look aged. I painted the entire model Shadow Grey, and then inked all but

the underbelly with a very watered down wash of Brown Ink, with just a touch of Black Ink thrown in. The belly was drybrushed up to Space Wolves Grey, so it would be lighter than the weathered hide. I used the same techniques for scars and bone as I did on the Spellthirster. When painting the trophies, I had a good think and decided that the Dark Elves would be likely to preserve any trophies they

might acquire – so that they might display them indefinitely. In a twist of wickedness, I decided that the poor Elector Count and his steed had been bronzed! I simply painted them Dwarf Bronze, washed them with Brown ink and drybrushed lightly with Burnished Gold. This monster had to have eyes that burn with centuries of hatred and ferocity, so I used Red Gore and a touch of Blood Red on the eyeballs.

Lizardmen update

By Gav Thorpe

We published a Lizardmen preview army list in WD256. First of all, thanks for all the feedback we've received, both through the mail and on our website. It is all read with interest. As is the way of such things, a few errors crept in, while one or two rules need some further clarification (it is a list in progress after all!).

TICHI-HUICHI'S RAIDERS

Note that the Regiment of Renown, Tichi-Huichi's Raiders, use the rules and profiles published in WD252, rather than those in the Lizardmen army list. This is because they are Great Crested Skinks, and ride a species of Cold One known sometimes as a Horned One.

SAURUS WARRIORS

The following entry replaces the one which appeared in WD256.

CORE UNITS

SAURUS WARRIORS 12 points per model

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

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon and shield.

Options:

- Any unit may be equipped with spears (+3 points per model).
- Upgrade one Saurus Warrior into a Musician for +6 points.
- Upgrade one Saurus Warrior into a Standard Bearer for +12 points.
- Promote one Saurus Warrior to a Champion for +12 points.

Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (6+).*

SKIRMISH SCREEN

Enemy units charged by Kroxigor through a skirmish screen may stand and shoot as normal. For the purposes of working out range and whether the unit can stand and shoot at all (if the Kroxigor are within half their charge distance) use the distance to the point the Kroxigor emerge (ie. the front of the Skink unit).

COLD-BLOODED

Slann are, of course, cold blooded. Also, the cold blooded rule is amended to the following:

Lizardmen units roll all Ld-based tests on 3D6, and discard the highest dice score.

TEMPLE GUARD

Add the following equipment option to the Temple Guard entry:

The unit may be equipped with shields for +1 point per model.

Saurus on Cold Ones

By Darren Latham

Here is something interesting for all of you thinking that the idea of Saurus Warriors on Cold Ones sounds like a must-have unit and then realising that the models are not available for you to buy. Darren Latham shows us all just how simple it is to create and paint your own Saurus cavalry out of models which are currently available.

Converting: Darren started by getting the following pieces from Mail Order:

- 1 plastic Saurus Warrior frame
- 1 plastic Cold One frame
- 1 metal Saurus spear arm
- a small amount of green stuff

After cleaning the mould lines from his collection of parts he first clipped off the Saurus tail, then filed the inside of the Saurus legs. To help the Saurus Warrior fit onto the plastic Cold One, he cut and repositioned the Saurus feet. With the aid of a small amount of green stuff he filled all the gaps and created a new tail for the Saurus model.

Painting: Darren started by spraying the model with black undercoat. Using this as his base colour he then fleshed out the model with a mixture of Hawk Turquoise and Black. To create his highlights he continued to add more Hawk Turquoise and for his final highlight he added Bleached Bone. For the Saurus Warrior, Darren used a mixture of Black and Scaly Green, the highlights were created by adding

NEW UNIT

The following entry is added to the Lizardmen army list in the Special Units section:

SPECIAL UNITS

SAURUS CAVALRY 32 points per model

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

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, shield and spear.

Options:

- Upgrade one Saurus Warrior into a Musician for +10 points.
- Upgrade one Saurus Warrior into a Standard Bearer for +20 points.
- Promote one Saurus Warrior to a Champion for +20 points.

Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (6+), Cause Fear, Stupidity, Thick Skinned.*

more Scaly Green and for the final highlight he again added Bleached Bone. The spear point and shield were both painted with Dwarf Bronze with a Chestnut Ink wash. To finish the model Darren added small details such as painting on some small patterns and picking out the eyes and teeth.





Even though he is still bursting with new ideas for Inquisitor, Gav, in his role a Warhammer Loremaster, has just finished putting the final touches to the Albion campaign which can be seen elsewhere in this issue.

EXTERMINATUS

Expanded Rules for Inquisitor

Exterminatus is our regular Inquisitor column, featuring new rules, wargear, special abilities, etc. This month Gav presents expanded rules for campaigns and a strange alien device – the temporal phase distort generator.

CAMPAIGNS

Many players have asked me to expand upon the short campaign rules given in Inquisitor, so I will oblige them here.

TIME FRAME

The rules in this and next issue work off an established time frame for your campaign. Depending on how long you want your campaign to last (in game terms, not real time) you should measure the time between scenarios in either days (for a 'quick burn' campaign) or in weeks (for something a bit more long-lasting and investigative).

This is where a campaign diary becomes really handy, so that you can keep notes on what the characters get up to between scenarios. Often it won't be necessary to keep track of every day or week, simply make a note of any time that has passed, any effect this has on injuries, training and so on, and any other notable activity.

PERMANENT INJURY EFFECTS

The following rules are in addition to the injury rules on page 176 of Inquisitor.

There is only so much injury a body can sustain, and repeated injury to a location will inevitably begin to take its toll on the character's health.

At the end of every game there is a chance that locations injured during that scenario have been permanently affected. This chance depends on how injured the location is. Roll on the Permanent Injuries table.

If a location suffers permanent injury, then it loses its lowest Injury level –

PERMANENT INJURIES

Injury level	% chance of permanent damage
Light	None
Heavy	20%
Serious	40%
Acute	60%
Crippled	80%

cross out the box on the character sheet. For example, the first time a location suffers permanent injury, it will lose its Light damage box. This means that the first level of injury suffered will always be Heavy from then on.

GETTING TREATMENT

As with normal injuries, a visit to a specialist physician, surgeon, psychologist or other medical person may offer a chance of reversing or reducing the effects of a permanent injury effect. Each visit can only heal a maximum of one permanent damage level, and cannot be undertaken while there are any short-term injuries on the location. As with other damage, if a location is replaced with bionics, any permanent damage will be removed.

CHARACTERISTIC REDUCTIONS

Unless otherwise stated, all characteristics which are reduced during a scenario will recover at the rate of 10 points per day. The effects of a characteristic being reduced to zero or below varies according to the characteristic. Note that although a

characteristic may be at zero or below, many characteristic tests are still passed on a roll of 01-05.

WS and BS: The character will only ever hit or parry with the minimum 5% chance that everyone has, regardless of any other modifiers.

S and T: A character with these characteristics at zero or below falls into a coma and may do nothing while the coma lasts. Each day he is in a coma there is a 5% chance that he will die. If he does not pass away, he will recover 10 points to each reduced characteristic as mentioned earlier. When the characteristic goes above zero, there is a chance every day that the character will wake up. Take a normal characteristic test against the reduced characteristic, if this is passed then he wakes up. If both S and T are reduced, the character must pass a test against both in order to wake from the coma.

If S or T is ever reduced to a negative amount equal to the character's starting characteristic, he will die. For example, if a Toughness 67 character is reduced to Toughness -67, he will die.

I: A character with an Initiative value of zero or below counts as having Speed 1. In addition, outside of actual games he may not do anything related to the campaign as he is too exhausted and must spend all their time resting. This means that he can't go investigating, look for ammo and guns, even visit a medic or do similar activities. A character with zero or less Initiative may not spend any experience points he has earned (see below).

Wp: The character has no mind of their own and is completely open to suggestion. In order to perform any actions in a game, another character must tell him what to do (which will cost the guiding character one action to do so).

Sg: The character becomes a clinically insane, a drooling imbecile! While his



Sg remains at zero or below, he may do nothing at all outside of a game – he has to be kept restrained for his own protection. In addition, roll a D10 on the Madness table opposite to see what particular affliction the character is suffering from. When his Sg passes above zero again, there is a 25% chance that the character's madness is permanent.

Nv: The character becomes a total coward. All enemy characters he faces count as if they are terrifying to the character.

Ld: The character loses all sense of personality, discipline and personal hygiene. He will quite frequently forget what he is doing, wander off on his own and is otherwise easy to disorientate. The character acts as normal, with one exception. After he has performed each action, roll a D6. On a roll of 2 or more, everything is fine and he carries on as normal. On a roll of a 1, however, he forgets what he was up to and performs no more actions for the rest of the turn. Note that he does not count as stunned, he merely performs no more actions.

For example, if such an afflicted character had three successful actions and was aiming, firing and then aiming again, he must roll after each action. If you rolled a 1 after his first action then he would aim, but then forgets to shoot. If you rolled it after his second action he would aim and shoot but then forgets to aim again. There is no point rolling after the character's last action.

Well, that's it for now. Next month I'll be looking at experience and training.

MADNESS TABLE

D10 Effect

- 1 **Phobia.** The character is mortally afraid of the thing that drove him insane. The character who reduced the character's Sg to zero or below counts as having the Terrifying exotic ability against the afflicted character.
- 2 **Frenzied.** The character becomes a blood-crazed psychopath and follows the rules for the Frenzy exotic ability.
- 3 **Paranoia.** The character believes that everyone is out to get him, even his comrades. Roll a D6 at the start of every turn. On a 1, his paranoia overcomes him and he must use his available actions to either shoot or charge the nearest friendly character. On a roll of a 2, he may act normally unless in cover, in which case he spends the turn hiding as well as he can. On a roll of 3 or more, his paranoia has no effect.
- 4 **Invincibility complex.** The character believes himself to be impervious to all harm. The character is never pinned, and may not evade as a move, nor protect himself with skills such as deflect shot or dodge.
- 5 **Fearful.** The character jumps at his own shadow, and is easily startled. All enemy characters counts as having the Fearsome exotic ability to this character. In addition, he will only pass Pinning tests on a roll of 01-05, regardless of his Nv characteristic and any modifiers.
- 6 **Panic Attacks.** The character is prone to bouts of panic, during which he suffers loss of breath, disorientation and nausea. The character must take a Pinning test at the start of every turn.
- 7 **Catatonia.** The character occasionally lapses into a catatonic state, during which his eyes go blank and he does not respond at all to what's going on around him. At the start of every turn, there is a 10% chance that the character is stunned for the remainder of the turn. He does not fall prone if he goes catatonic.
- 8 **Hallucinations.** The character occasionally loses his grasp on reality. Every turn in a game, there is a 10% chance he will act as if affected by a Hallucinogen grenade.
- 9 **Wild Hallucinations.** The character is tormented by waking nightmares and visions. Every turn in a game, there is a 50% chance that he will act as if affected by a Hallucinogen grenade.
- 10 **Total Headcase.** Roll on this table at the start of every turn to see what madness he suffers from for the duration of that turn.

NEW WARGEAR

The following is a new item of wargear to equip your characters with, and is used by Techpriest Tezla, detailed elsewhere in this issue.

TEMPORAL PHASE DISTORT GENERATOR

This item is unique to Techpriest Tezla. Based upon technology which Tezla uncovered in ancient Necrontyr ruins, the Temporal Phase Distort Generator acts as an anti-stasis field, turning the user partially insubstantial. When working efficiently, this can make Tezla impervious to harm. However, in order to work it has been cybernetically integrated into his own

body and malfunctions often occur, causing him grievous wounds and intense agony.

Every time Tezla is hit while the distort generator is operational, there is a chance that it simply passes through him. This chance is equal to 100% minus the amount of damage done. For example, if Tezla took 7 points of damage then there is a 93% chance that the hit has no effect on him whatsoever. However, if he does take damage this means that the generator has shorted itself out, and he takes double the normal amount of damage from bionic feedback. This is increased to triple damage if hit in the abdomen

or left arm, where the primary field controls are located.

It takes one action to activate or deactivate the field. While it is active, Tezla cannot interact with his environment outside the field. This means that he may shoot normally (as the bullets will leave the field) but cannot attack in close combat, operate machinery, etc. He may pass through solid objects whilst moving, though there is a 5% chance that the field shorts out as he attempts this, causing 2D6 damage to D6 locations and leaving him stunned for D3 turns at the point he tried to enter the terrain.

WARHAMMER

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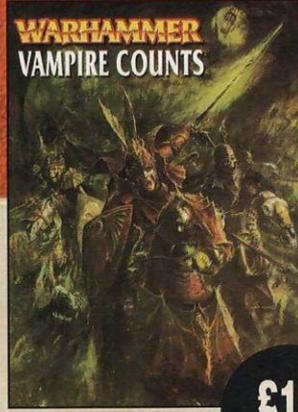
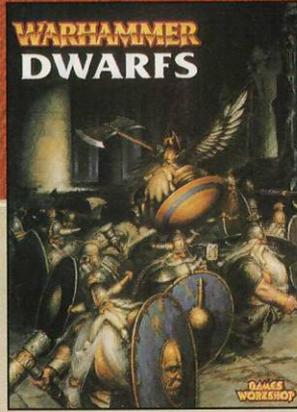
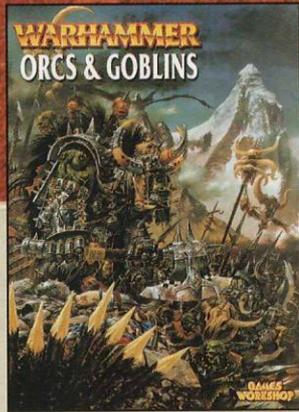
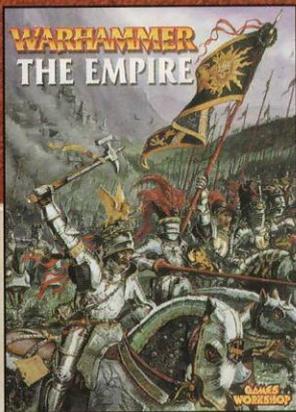
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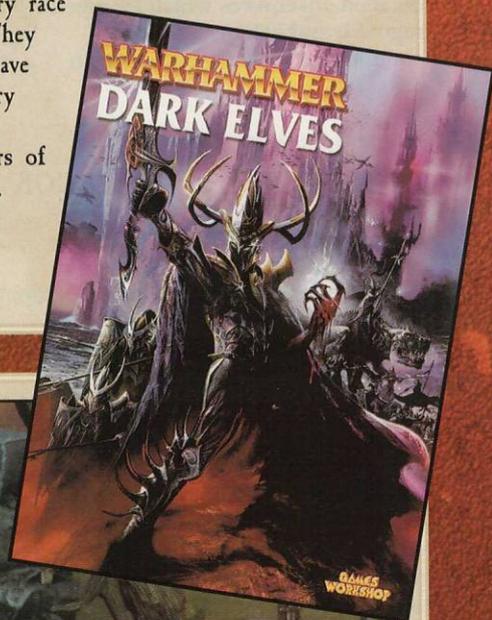
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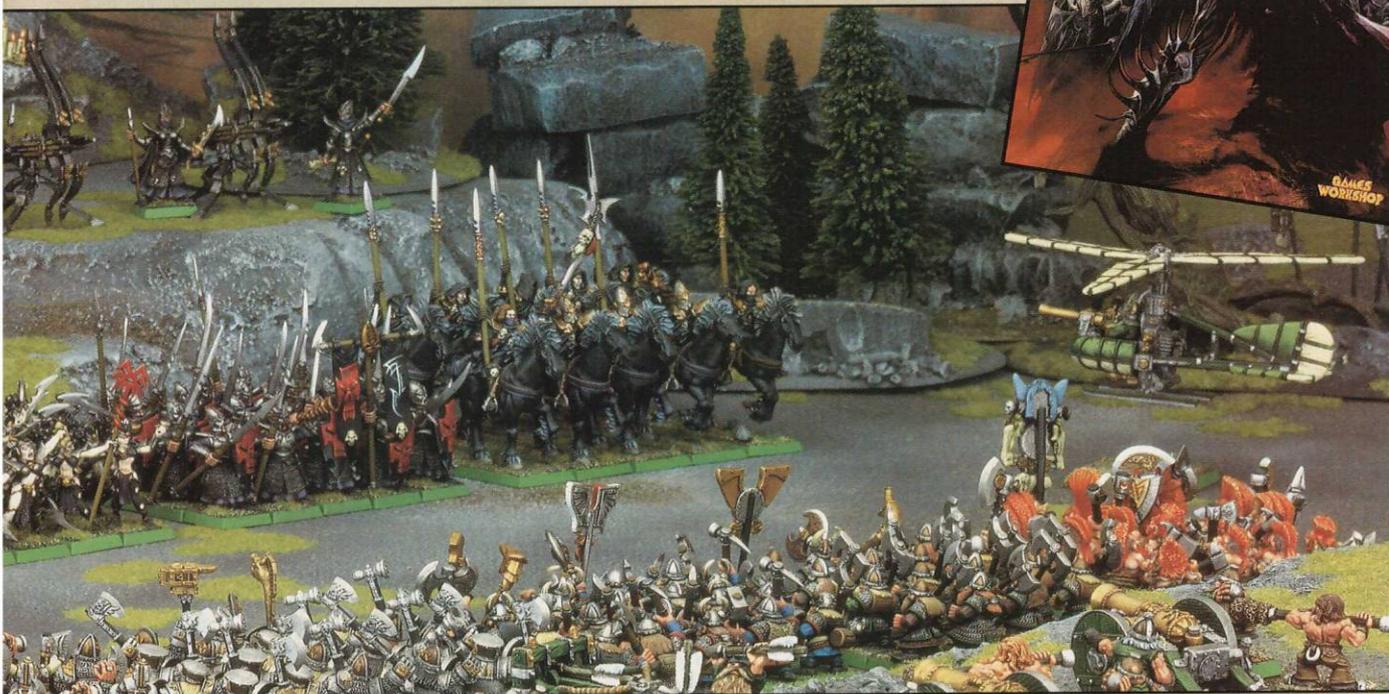
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HOGSHEAD
PUBLISHING

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 recognise 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 favourite 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.

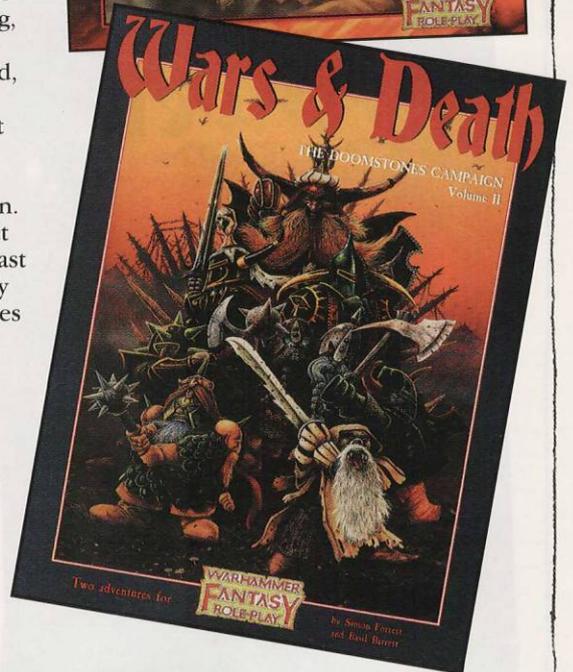
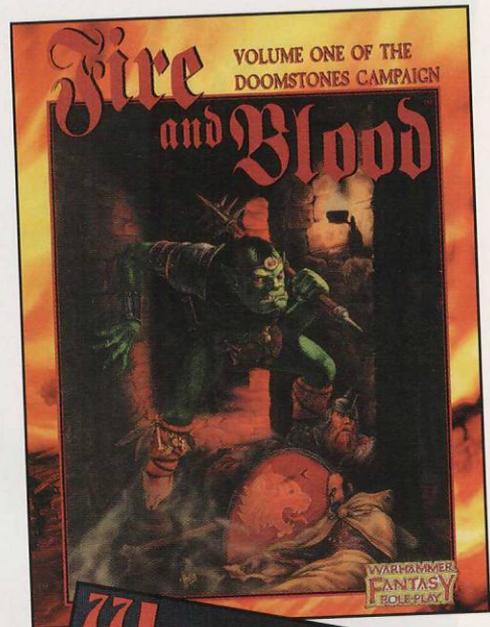
Like all Warhammer Fantasy Role Play adventures, *Fire and Blood* is heavily illustrated and contains hand-outs, pre-generated characters and props for the players and GM to use – including two 3D models.

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.

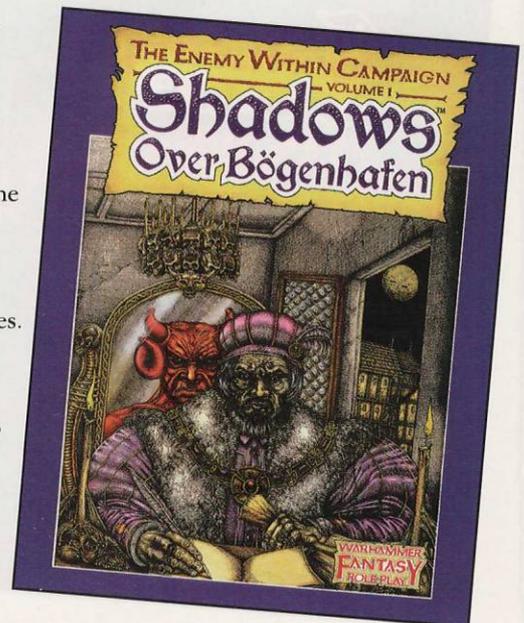
When, through a bizarre coincidence, a party of adventurers find themselves caught up in the machinations of a sinister cult, they quickly find that the only way out of the web of plots is through its very heart.

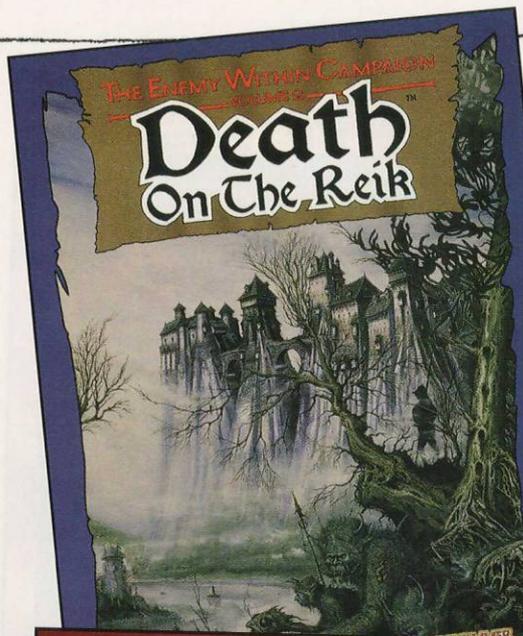
So, as the Schaffenfest fair in Bögenhafen draws to its close, the petals of an awful bloom begin to unfurl, and the sickly smell of Chaos pervades the town. Can the adventurers find out what is happening before disaster strikes?

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 Bögenhafen*. 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 Bögenhafen* 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 rumours 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 *Carrion 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*.

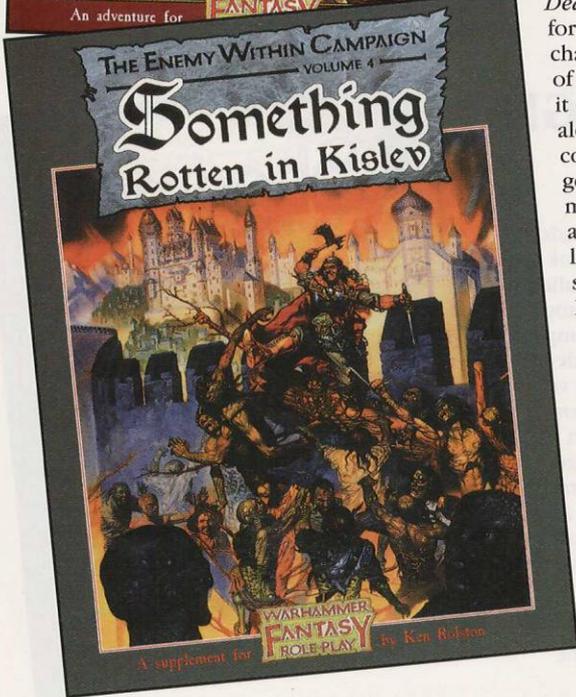
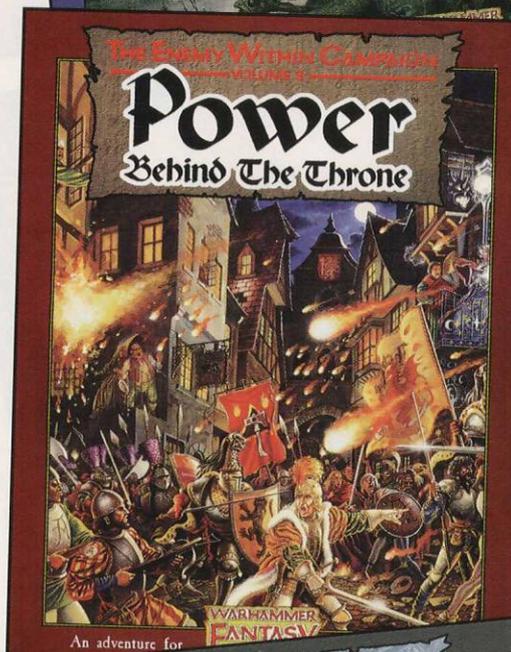
SOMETHING ROTTEN IN KISLEV

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 armour, 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.

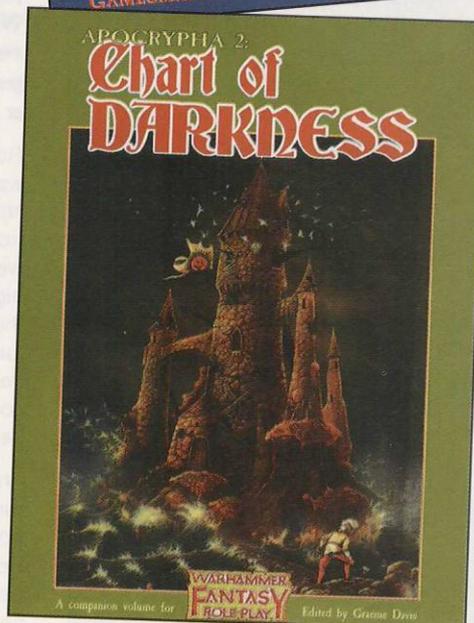
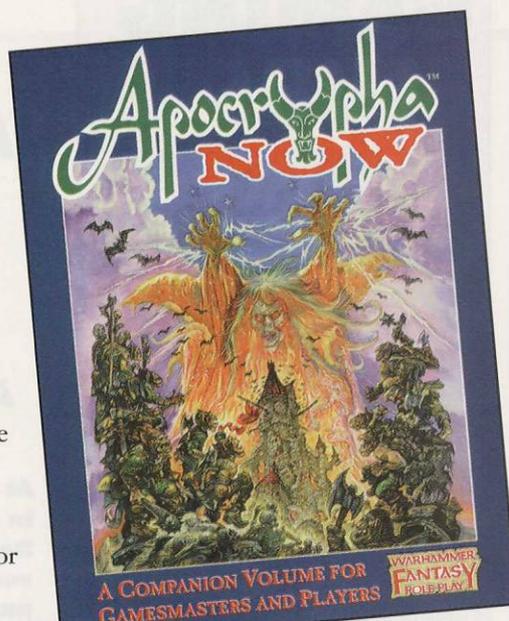
APOCRYPHA 2: CHART OF DARKNESS

Apocrypha 2: Chart of Darkness, the follow-up to *Apocrypha Now!*, is a mix of new rules, background material and adventures from both fan-favourite writers and from White Dwarfs 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 Mórr, 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 tidbits 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 lores 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

GAMING CLUBS



Che helping someone find a club, at the Games Workshop Open day.

Getting around the country you meet many different people, all with a different approach to the hobby. It never seems to matter where we go, however, as gamers always seem to be lurking around somewhere, usually in greater numbers than you might expect.

This month's article is about time spent with the student gaming fraternity at their biggest gathering. It seems that there are more university clubs than we thought...

HOW TO START

Gaming clubs are great things to get involved in. If you feel you would like to set up your own group, why not get your hands on the Gaming Club Toolkit, a custom-made package designed for the total club beginner?

You can get yours by either calling Mail Order (0115 91 40000) or by popping into your local Games Workshop store.

JOIN THE NETWORK

If you're already running a gaming club, but haven't got around to registering yet, here's how:

Option 1: Log on to the Gaming Club website and fill in the on-line form.

Option 2: Call Mail Order now!

Option 3: Pop in to your local Games Workshop store and ask for a registration form – then simply post it to us.

CONTACT DETAILS

If you would like to send in your news and photos, ask Che a question, or just drop him a line, you can:

E-mail:

clubguy@games-workshop.co.uk

Or write to:

UK Gaming Clubs,
Games Workshop HQ, Willow Road,
Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

A WEEKEND EDUCATION

THE STUDENT NATIONAL ROLEPLAYING AND WARGAMING CHAMPIONSHIPS 2001

BY CHE WEBSTER

At the Student Nationals, held in Leicester by De Montfort University, it was very apparent that folk are passionate about their gaming. Whether they were in the roleplaying or the wargaming parts of the event they all had a lot to say about the hobby.

Rob Jones, the key organiser of the wargaming competitions, told us that "the Nationals bring together University clubs from across the UK to one location for a weekend of gaming, socialising and late nights." As we talked he explained that the nature of the show was, "more than just a competition – the socialising is very important to everyone here." We could clearly sense the camaraderie between hobbyists of all types.

The Student Nationals have been running for about 15 years. The winners from the previous year host the show. Rob revealed that, "for many years Leicester had come second – proudly bearing the glory but no responsibility." In the last few years it has been held in places as varied as Bangor in North Wales, Glasgow and Loughborough.

Whilst we were talking, the competitors were being divided into their various categories ready to go off to play. There

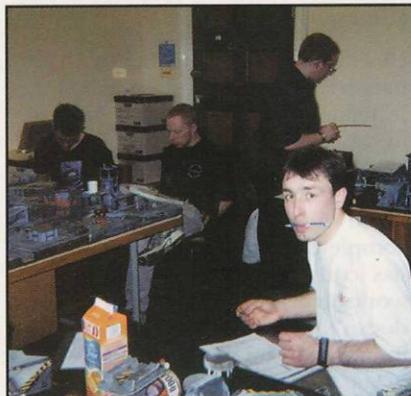
were 17 categories, of which 5 were for wargaming. The roleplayers were led off first, whilst we decided to go and set up the game we had been invited to bring along.

As the gaming began, held in the various buildings that surround Digby Hall, we decided to get our own set up and then go see what was on offer. After some frantic searching for 'someone in charge' (they can be quite evasive, you know) we eventually got our game together in the Mess Hall. Looking around we discovered that the Wargaming Championships contained many wonders indeed.

Initially we were greeted by some very cheerful games of Warhammer 40,000 and Warhammer. We also found some Necromunda. However, this was not all – we discovered a Warhammer Ancients category, and also the Open category.

By 'Open', the organisers meant "it is completely open as to what you might get to play." The competitors brought nothing and got to try a random selection of challenges.

This year the category included such surprises as a World War II tank battle, Mordheim, Full Tilt, a Lego Pirate Treasure Hunt, and our own game of Inquisitor.



▲ We surprised the chaps in the Necromunda room...



▲ ...but the tables were very smart.



▲ The competitions were played on a variety of club-built terrain provided by the organisers. Here are pictures from the Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 rooms.

We also began to notice that some of the people seemed to be familiar. Several of these fellows had been spotted at Grand Tournaments in the past, and at least one was positively identified as a 'non-student'. Quickly grabbing Rob we sought an explanation. "About 80% of the competitors ARE students," he replied, "but some are from Veterans teams made up of ex-students or postgraduates. These folk tend to come for the social time more than the competition."

We raced back to the Mess Hall to run Inquisitor for the first of the Open competitors sent our way. Soon we were

surrounded by a crowd of onlookers too – especially from the roleplaying groups who had finished earlier than expected – and the day turned towards night.

Having finished our required quota of Inquisitor games, the focus for Sunday became the Mordheim game, to be run by Adam and Peter from Games Workshop Leicester. Judging by the crowd and noise they were having a marvellous time.

As the show came to an end and the winning team was revealed to be Bangor, we made our way home. Rob was delighted with "all the generous support"

he had received, and especially with "the charity raffle and quiz, which raised over £450 for Rainbows Hospice in Leicester."

On reflection we had experienced a very unique gaming weekend. The mixture of wargamer and roleplayer had spiced up the show. Many discussions on how to use the narrative style of Inquisitor had lead players of both camps to try the game.

Next year is, of course, in Bangor. The organisers are already drawing up the plans for the 2002 Student Nationals, and you can ask for details by visiting their Internet website and emailing list.

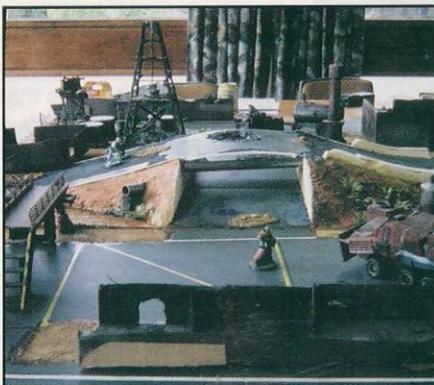
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/student_nationals

It's a great show, and perhaps we'll see you there next time!



Inquisitive Gamers by White Dwarf writer, Space McQuirk

The Inquisitor terrain hadn't been set up for more than a minute before a crowd of curious students gathered round, eager to find out what was going on. Feverish fingers paged through the unreleased rulebook, as mouths gaped in awe at the fantastic art and in-depth rules. I knew that the game would be an attraction to all. As part of the Open competition at the event I would have to judge players on Sportsmanship, Mission Objectives and on roleplaying, plus extra bonus points for sheer destructiveness.



The fuel storage depot on the arid desert world of Keylene was to be the setting for the conflict. The scenario was simple; three Inquisitor warbands were each given conflicting objectives. One warband had to protect the base, the second had to access coded information and the third was ordered to destroy the base at all costs. A number of games were played and the gamers quickly picked up the general rules, throwing themselves into their characters with savage abandon. As the alien bounty hunter obliterated a Tech Priest with a heavy stubber he in turn was cut down by the power sword of a deadly Inquisitor. The fight for the Emperor's soul was truly ferocious. Over the course of the day, the refinery security files were breached and bombs planted only to be disarmed the following turn. Everyone involved seemed to enjoy the chance to participate in the game weeks before its official release, and we got very positive feedback. My job as Games Master was made easy by the exceptionally good spirit in which the game was played and I'd like to thank all involved for a cool day's gaming.

Visit the Gaming Club website at: www.gamingclub.org.uk

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 glue and superglue

YOU WILL ALSO NEED THE FOLLOWING TOOLS:

A small drybrush, tank brush, detail brush, cutting mat, steel ruler, modelling 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.



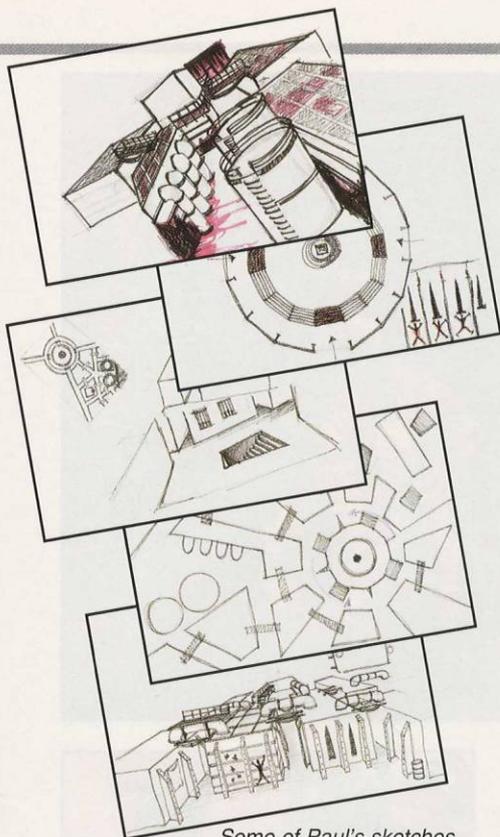
Before joining the White Dwarf team I spent my time working for Games Workshop at its Sunderland and Middlesbrough stores, endlessly creating new terrain. I have always enjoyed building scenery, but when I arrived at White Dwarf I had to fight off stiff opposition to become the new terrain bloke. Feeling 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 instalment, 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 modelling 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 modelling process.



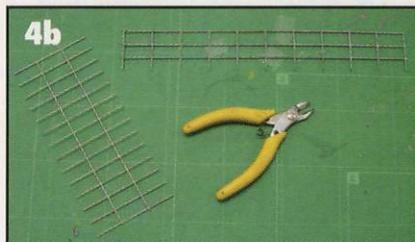
2. I took some thin card, again I found plenty of this in the kitchen in the form of cereal boxes, and cut strips of card 15mm, 10mm and 7mm wide, the length of the strips depending upon the circumference of my container (I found this by simply taking a piece of paper and wrapping it around my container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



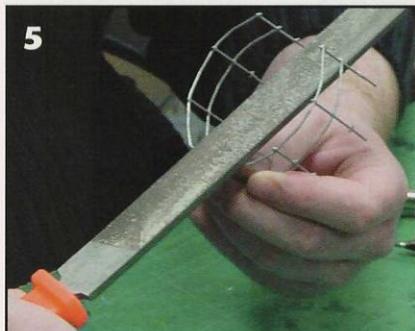
3. Once I had my strips of card cut to the correct length I took three 15mm wide strips of card and glued a strip to the very top, bottom and middle. I then took three 7mm strips and glued these on top of the 15mm pieces I had just stuck down, taking care to position them in the centre of the first strips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

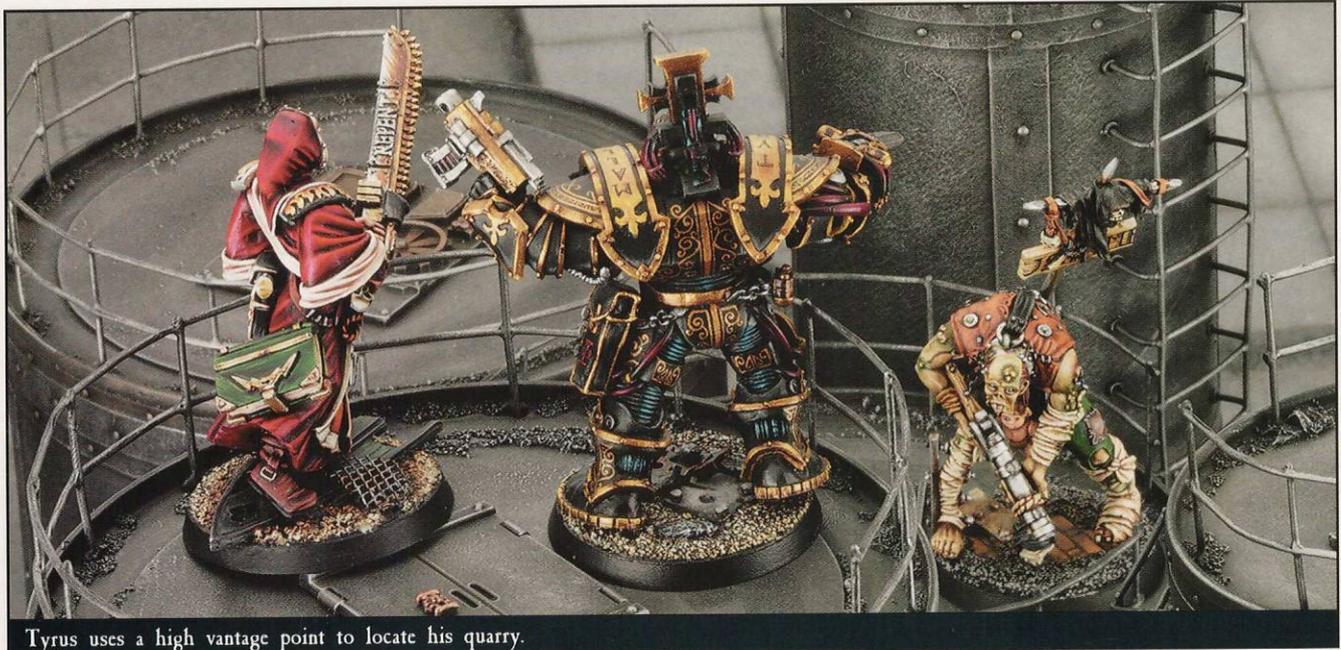


4. Now to create my safety railings and ladders, I took my sheet of rabbit hutch mesh and cut myself a section running across the length of the sheet and a section running down the height of the sheet.



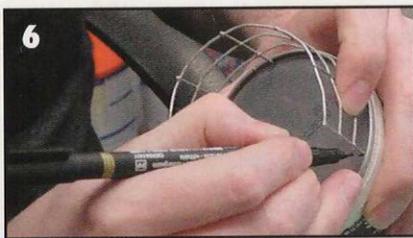
5. I gently bent my railing to shape and then using a metal file, removed any sharp points.



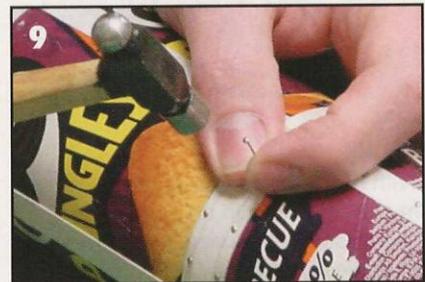


Tyrus uses a high vantage point to locate his quarry.

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.



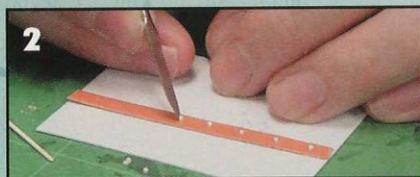
10. To create a ladder for my models to climb up and down, I took the strip of mesh that I cut earlier and gently bent the wire to form legs that will attach it to the storage tank.

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 modelling 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.

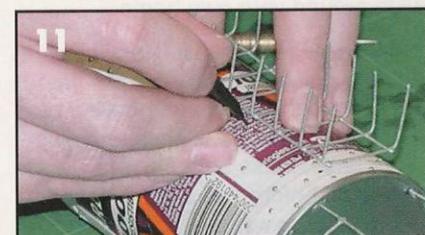
8. I then took the railing and carefully placed the legs of the railing into the holes I had just drilled, using small drops of superglue to secure the railing in place.



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.



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.



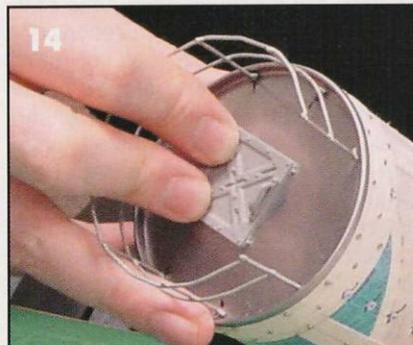
12. The following is optional and was done to add a bit of extra detail. I took some cotton buds and cut off the fluffy bits. I then cut the remaining piece of tube into half inch sections. Taking one piece and using a small hammer, I gently tapped it into one of the holes, leaving a small part of the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



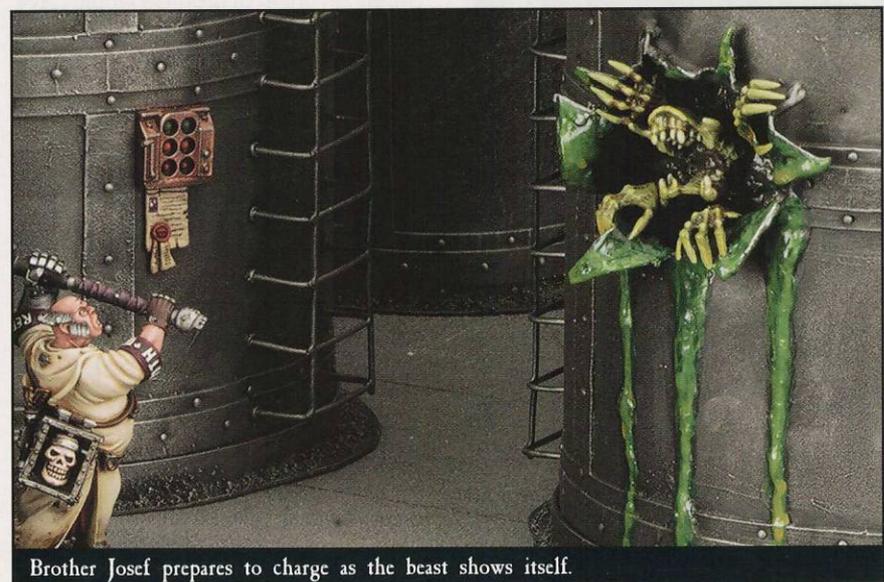
14. After a quick look through my bits box I created a hatch for my storage tower using the lid from an ammo crate and a hand rail from an Ork Wartruk. The storage tower was now ready to be painted.



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.



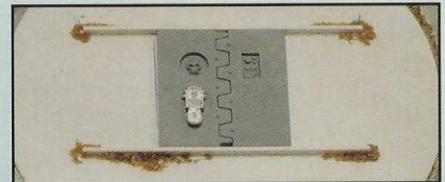
Brother Josef prepares to charge as the beast shows itself.

DETAILING YOUR STORAGE TANKS

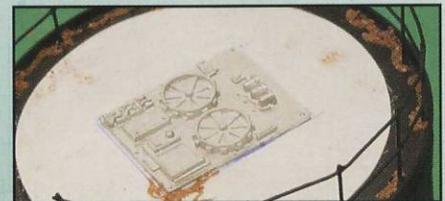
You can of course add extra little details to your own storage tanks. After a quick look through my bits box, I came up with the following ideas:



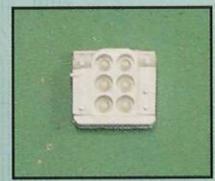
With the release of the new Tyranids, creating an evil creature was very easy.



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.

Index Astartes



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

THE CURSED FOUNDING

An investigation into a mysterious Space Marine founding

by Graham McNeill

To: Inquisitor Belial
From: Inquisitor Apollyon
Date: 999.M41
Subject: Excavation of Adeptus Mechanicus geno-lab
Thought for the Day: Strength through stability

Fellow Inquisitor, I contact you now with grave news. A matter has arisen on the world of Incunabla that may well threaten the delicate balance of the Imperium we strive to preserve. I have taken steps to remedy this situation, ordering a detachment of Grey Knights to the planet, but fear that events may have already progressed too far. I believe that our Thorian 'brothers' in the Inquisition have once again attempted to make their wild and heretical beliefs a reality. Only time will tell whether I have acted in time.

An agent of mine, inserted within the Adeptus Mechanicus some years ago, recently reported disturbing news from an archaeological site on the dead world of Incunabla. Details were slow in forthcoming, but it seemed clear that buried deep within the rock of this barren world were secrets that have lain undiscovered these last five thousand years. Secrets regarding a founding of the Adeptus Astartes Space Marines sometimes referred to as the Cursed Founding. Having intercepted and examined the majority of the Adeptus Mechanicus Astropathic transmissions, I believe that elimination of this site is the only viable option open to us. Such technology has no place in the Imperium if we are to preserve its stability. I present my findings to you and await further guidance.

Adeptus Mechanicus
Archaeological Expedition TH/21/36
Project Leader: Explorator Magos
Marco Pteronus
Date: 998.M41, days 23 - 38

DAY 23 - 27

Despite the frequent, curt reassurances from Brother Lequara that we were in the correct location, our initial investigations into the anomalous readings which our divination auguries registered were less than promising. Incunabla is a desolate place indeed and what Lequara expected to find so close to holy Terra was quite beyond me. Surely anything of promise would have been revealed to the Adepts of the Machine God before now? However, he does seem to have considerable sway with the Departmento Munitorum, and the funding, equipment and supplies he has provided for our expedition have proven to be most useful. Therefore I was inclined to indulge his fantasy that there was something worth excavating on Incunabla, while secretly deciding how best to obtain more equipment from him. How wrong I was to be proved!

DAY 28 - 33

After much to-ing and fro-ing we were finally able to triangulate the anomalous readings and descended to the planet's surface. The location of the readings proved to be a jagged black mountain peak surrounded by a

highly volatile magnetic field and despite such a hazardous external environment, Brother Lequara demanded that we immediately don pressure suits and venture outside. Almost as soon as the Explorator team stepped beyond the protective hexes of the crawler, systems began to fail on our pressure suits. I believe that the strong magnetic field and lack of a proper blessing had angered the machine spirits and caused them to rail against such treatment. In response, Lequara activated a device the likes of which I have never seen before and this seemed to calm the machine spirits of our suits. As I craned forwards for a closer look at this device he concealed it from my view and, admonishing us to continue forward, he led us towards the mountain.

We trudged ever upwards, the sky darkening and the temperature dropping rapidly. I advised Lequara that we should return to the crawler and continue our exploration on the morrow, but he would have none of it. I continued to urge him to reconsider and he shot me a look of utter ruthlessness such that I shall never forget. As we neared the top of the peak, we came upon a small ledge that apparently ended at a sheer basalt rock face. I say apparently because as we halted, Lequara muttered a few words into the strange device he carried and a section of the rock seemed to blur and shift as though caught in some kind of optical distortion. I stood amazed as revealed

before us was a scarred adamantium door clearly marked with the Imperial Eagle. The door resisted all our attempts at opening it and Lequara at last decided to wait until the following day when we would be able to bring up the powerful las-cutters he had furnished us with.

DAY 34 - 36

The door proved to be more resilient than I had originally thought and it was several days before we were able to effect an entry. Once inside, we discovered a shattered elevator shaft descending into the depths of the peak and were forced to rig a cable harness since it appeared that the elevator was no longer operational. Brother Lequara was the first to descend on the harness and, as he disappeared into the darkness of the shaft, I noticed the markings on its walls. What I had at first taken for corrosion damage I now realised was in fact laser scoring and impacts from small arms fire. Briefly I wondered what events had transpired here, but these were quickly forgotten as I imagined the secrets we might discover in this abandoned peak. For a moment I even dared hope for a fully functioning STC system!

DAY 37

At last we were within the corridors of the base and, I confess, my sense of trepidation was increasing the deeper we ventured. The facility buried beneath the mountain had obviously been the site of a tremendous battle. The walls were riddled with bullet impacts and laser burns and the remains of hastily constructed barricades lay scattered throughout the empty, echoing halls. The place was deserted and, save for the odd scattered bone, the victims of this battle had either been taken by the victors for some unguessable purpose or had long since decayed to dust. Brother Lequara was like an excited child as we explored the facility and would allow us to touch nothing. It was not until we eventually discovered a laboratory hidden in the heart of the underground complex that we were to learn the true purpose of this place. What I believe that purpose to be is almost too fantastic to relate, but having since perused the scant morsels of data on the base's main logic engine, words cannot begin to convey my excitement to you.

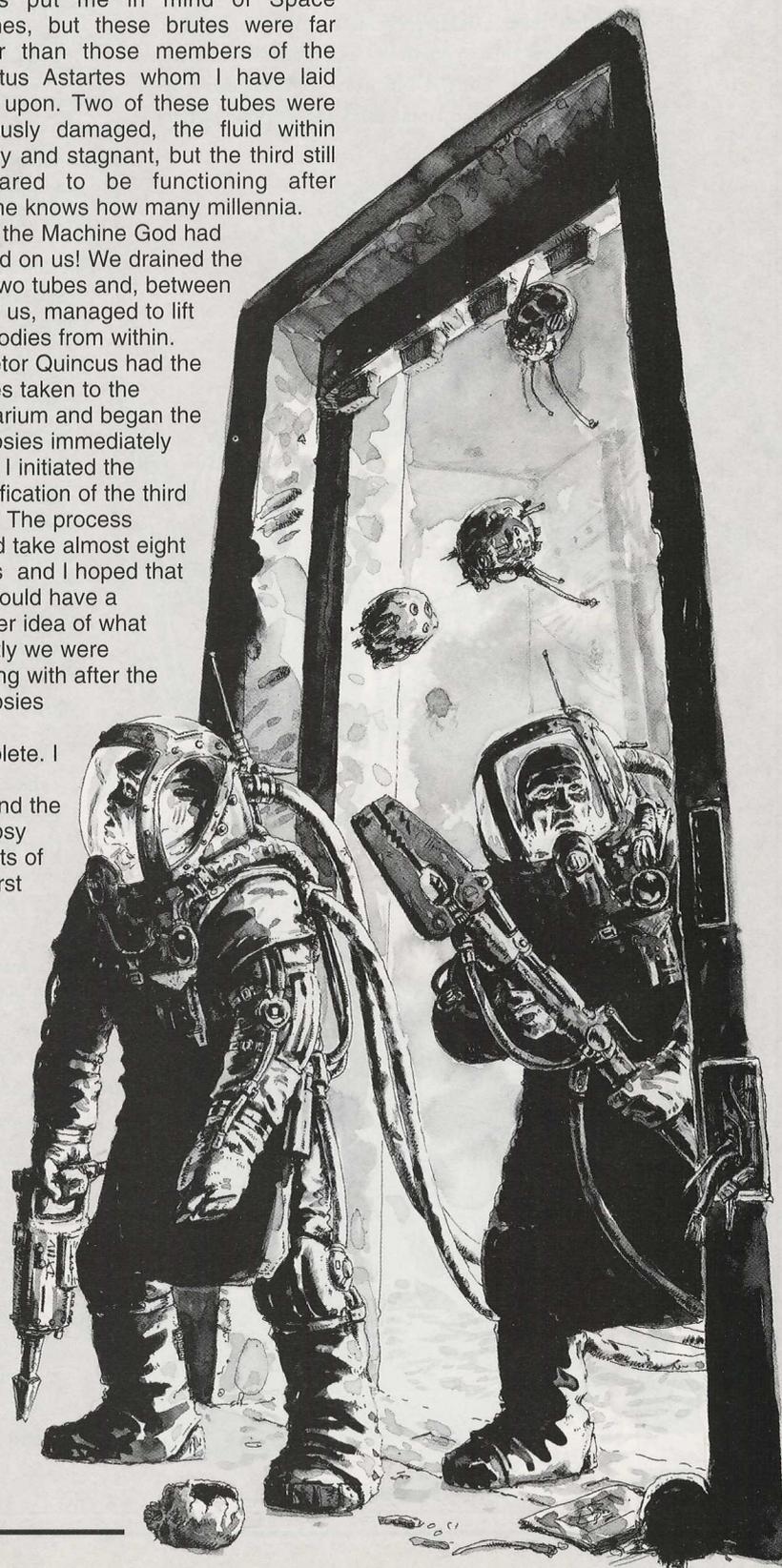
DAY 38

The laboratory we discovered contained a plethora of ancient machines, and my heart leapt to see so much techno-arcana preserved in such

an undamaged condition. But it was the centre of the laboratoria that demanded my most immediate attention. Connected by vast bundles of pulsing tubes and cables to the machines were six ceiling height incubation tanks. Three were empty, but the others contained amniotic fluid with an enormous human male floating within them. The physiology of these giants put me in mind of Space Marines, but these brutes were far larger than those members of the Adeptus Astartes whom I have laid eyes upon. Two of these tubes were obviously damaged, the fluid within cloudy and stagnant, but the third still appeared to be functioning after Throne knows how many millennia.

Truly the Machine God had smiled on us! We drained the first two tubes and, between six of us, managed to lift the bodies from within. Genetor Quincus had the bodies taken to the mortarium and began the autopsies immediately while I initiated the revivification of the third body. The process would take almost eight hours and I hoped that we would have a clearer idea of what exactly we were dealing with after the autopsies were complete. I shall append the autopsy reports of the first

two beings to this log later this evening. Also attached are the fragments of the facility commander's records which I have been able to recover. I am unsure as to their real value as the recorder of the log appears to be raving and of unsound mind. Nevertheless, I shall append them and allow you to make your own judgement.



AUTOPSY REPORT

Filed by: Genetor Quincus

1. Preliminary visual examination of the bodies proved to be inconclusive as to the cause of death. The skin of the body displayed a soft elastic quality and ruptured in several places on transport to the mortarium. No external puncture wounds were evident and dermal lividity appeared to indicate that the subject had died less than an hour previous to this examination.

How this is possible is as yet undetermined.

Initial DNA scans revealed many of the amino acid and enzyme chains

still unformed. Combined with evidence of 'hot-housing' the genome, this leads me to believe that the subjects were artificially accelerated to this level of growth and, biologically speaking, may be less than one year old.

2. Despite the lack of tensile strength in the skin, the bone structure beneath proved to be much tougher. Performing a standard 'Y' incision and peeling back the skin and considerable musculature on subject alpha's chest revealed an interlinked growth of highly ossified bone plates that completely armoured the chest cavity. It required a laser saw to cut through this 'bone-shield' and the strength of several servitors to break open the rib cage and expose the chest cavity.

3. The interior of the subject's chest cavity contains a number of organs whose purpose is undetermined. Primary heart, lungs, kidneys and liver are present and, in regard to mass to muscle ratio,

must have been many times more efficient than even the Space Marines of the present day are known to be. As well as these organs are a number of others of unknown origin. Their function can only be guessed at and it is beyond my expertise to probe their mysteries. I am familiar with most of the organs unique to the physiology of a Space Marine yet the ones visible here are unknown to me. These organs have been sealed in stasis jars for transport to the more advanced laboratoria facilities on Mars. Perhaps the genetors there will have more success than I.

4. After the chest cavity had been examined, I removed the cranial lid to expose the subject's brain. Inside was a most curious organism that only superficially resembled a human brain. Its mass and colouration were consistent with a male of such disproportionate size, but there the similarity ended. Dissection of the brain revealed a hitherto unknown configuration of matter, if indeed it was matter, and further organs of unknown nature. Further examination was impossible due to the ultra-rapid necrotising of the brain after its removal from the cranium. Within minutes it had disintegrated into a foetid puddle of grey ooze. The nature and purpose of this organ is therefore unknown.

5. In summary it is impossible to say with any certainty how the subjects died. No visible signs of trauma were evident and no viral, bacteriological or toxicological contamination was found. My own conclusion is that the subject's growth was boosted artificially and they expired when the machinery of the incubation tube failed. I have performed similar examinations on members of the Adeptus Astartes before this and can say with utter certainty that these subjects are far superior to them in every way.



LOG OF BASE COMMANDER

[Note: Many portions of data were lost and only these fragments could be recovered by the Lexmechanics. - Marco -Pteronus.]

Log Entry No: 23

Project Homo Sapiens Novus continues to meet with further success and I believe that within the next few accelerated evolutionary iterations we may achieve goal of recreating the [fragment destroyed] and imbue them with psychically attuned minds to resist the of Chaos. That we may follow in the footsteps of our Glorious Emperor fills me with pride and that my name may be spoken of in the same breath is an honour I can scarce believe.

Log Entry No: 29

More warships arrived in orbit today and I was privileged enough to be allowed to watch as our newest Chapter, the Flame Falcons, boarded the vessels en route to their designated home world of Lethe. To see such fighting men is to have mankind's manifest destiny amongst the stars affirmed. With such enhanced warriors as these fighting for the glory of the Emperor, the of our Imperium is assured.

Log Entry No: 33

I discovered an unusual occurrence in the storage labs today. As I was intoning the evening's Litany of Purity over the gene banks, I espied a dark, viscous liquid running from a stasis vessel. I opened the container and was horrified to discover the vessel overflowing with a stinking, organic substance, growing larger as I watched. Incinerator units destroyed the gene stock, but I am at a loss as to explain its sudden and rapid growth, the material was placed under the proper blessings and rituals. stasis field failed or the genetic corrupted before we placed it in storage. Other than this I can think of no explanation for this phenomena.

Log Entry No: 41

Today I received word from the Apothecaries of the Black Dragons of some irregularities in the zygote development of their first born members. It appears that as their Ossmodula has matured more fully, it has caused the growth of bony protuberances and 'crests' from the forearms and heads of the Space Marines. This is an unexpected side effect and is possibly hormonally stimulated growth. Purity procedures will be reviewed and any deficient zygotes destroyed.

Log Entry No: 44

Reports are coming in daily now of spontaneous mutation in the gene seed of those we have created here. I dread to think of the consequences should the cause of these mutations be traced back to the experiments we performed here. Our

sponsor in these matters, Inquisitor Crescere, has assured me that we proceed with the Emperor's blessing, but as more and more reports of mutation reach us I cannot help but feel a terrible mistake. I have requested that we halt the program until more thorough research is undertaken, but Crescere informed me in no uncertain terms that my life would be over should I fail to continue the work.

Log Entry No: 46

I have secretly begun implantation with six test subjects, in our hidden lab that not even Crescere knows of, to more closely monitor the gene development of our altered subjects. I will subjects' beyond normal parameters in order to observe any aberrations that might not otherwise come to light whilst they are on Incunabla. Perhaps then we will be able to discover the cause of such mutations and rectify the problem before we create more of these cursed How many have already left Incunabla I do not know. Only Crescere may communicate with the other facilities on the planet and I fear that we may be too late to these abominations this damned world.

Log Entry No: 47

I fear Crescere knows of the secret work I have been undertaking. During this morning's unarmed combat training, two of my test subjects berserk killed thirty of the others collapsing in a pile of mad, thrashing limbs as their bodies went uncontrolled mutation. The things that were left on the floor had only the last vestiges of humanity to their form and the thought of whole Chapters of Space Marines with such defective gene-seed in their bodies fills me with horror and shame. Crescere had the bodies incinerated before we could perform an examination of the corpses and informed me that he was relieving me as head of this facility. Emperor have mercy on my soul, created monsters here! While I can do nothing about those we have already let loose, destroy most of the knowledge stored here. Crescere has locked me out of the most vital systems, but I will do what I can. When he discovers what I have done kill me. I welcome it.

Log Entry No: 49

We were soon to learn that the third of the secret test subjects I created had condemned us all to death. At first it seemed as though his genetic structure had stabilised and we believed that we might yet be able to save the project, but this was to prove our

undoing. It was some months after his removal from the incubation tank and after his combat training was complete that Astropaths in orbit on the Eternity unsanctioned psychic signal originating from our facility. Inquisitor Crescere immediately placed our Astropath onto a pain rack and questioned her fully. It transpired that the girl had not been the source of the signal and now our base required another Astropath for communications. As we pondered the mystery, the vox-caster lines from the Eternity suddenly came alive garbled messages confused screams. It was impossible to make out exactly occurring, yet it was clear that another vessel was attacking the Eternity! A planet wide broadcast cut across all our communications and the viewscreen displayed a man of the most loathsome I have ever seen. From his build I knew he must be a [fragment destroyed] but his armour was adorned with symbols and runes that made my eyes sting to look upon them. Over his shoulders hunched a grotesque device with obscene mechanical limbs like a spider reaching forward, each one ending in what appeared to be a bizarre weapon or torture device. Drop pods descend to the surface of the planet and I knew I must attempt to destroy the remaining three subjects in the incubation tubes. Almost as soon as I formed this thought, the door to the command centre burst open and the third of my test subjects smashed his way inside. The figure viewscreen smiled, as though welcoming a long lost son and I realised at once where the unknown psychic come from. Crescere was the first to die and I am ashamed to say I fled, leaving everyone screaming as they died and the invaders broke inside our base.

Log Entry No: No ref.

For a day and a night I have hidden here screams of my people as the invaders hunted them down and violated their bodies has left me shaking with a terror I cannot quell. It is clear to me now that Project Homo Sapiens Novus doomed from the start. I have sealed off the hidden laboratory and pray that the abominations within never see the light of day. What we did here technology that I fear will return to haunt the Imperium in years to come. I am not long for this life, the pistol sits beside me as I record this and I can only hope that those who find this log will not hate us for what we tried to do here.



Adeptus Mechanicus
Archaeological Expedition TH/21/36
Project Leader: Explorator Magos
Marco Pteronus
Date: 998.M41, day 39

DAY 39

The revivification process continues and within an hour we should be able to safely remove the last living subject from the incubation tube. I feel sure that this discovery shall be ranked as one of the most significant in the last three thousand years and that we shall learn such wondrous things from this site. Brother Lequara has warned me not to transmit anything offworld or communicate any of our findings, but I felt that this matter outweighed any petty considerations of the Adeptus Terra regarding ownership of this site. Such a discovery merits the immediate attention of a full team of Adeptus Mechanicus Explorators, Genetors, Lexmechanics and Biologis. I therefore submit this report to you and await your most learned counsel.

To: Inquisitor Belial
From: Inquisitor Apollyon
Date: 999.M41
Subject: Excavation of Adeptus Mechanicus genolab
Thought for the Day: Knowledge is dangerous, guard it well

Since this last entry of the Adeptus Mechanicus research team, there have been no further transmissions from Incunabla and all attempts to discover the true identity of 'brother Lequara' have met with failure. I can only hope that when the Grey Knights arrive they are in time to prevent the sacred technology of this site from falling into the wrong hands. Or that there are survivors left to interrogate. I shall of course keep you updated with my findings.

Addendum to report

I regret to inform you that the archaeological site on Incunabla no longer exists. The Grey Knights secured the entrance and began exploration of the facility, but found no trace of the Adeptus Mechanicus team and no sign of their vessel. The site was as bereft of life as a world stripped by the Tyranids. There were no bodies discovered and no evidence of any attackers. Astropaths detected a residual warp trail, but were unable to discern its direction. I have had the site bombed from orbit with cyclonic torpedoes and expunged all record of it from all files. I fear that what was on this world is now gone and we will rue the day that this cursed place was discovered anew.

THE INFESTATION OF ALBION

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 defence 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 familiarised 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 this issue of White Dwarf.

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.

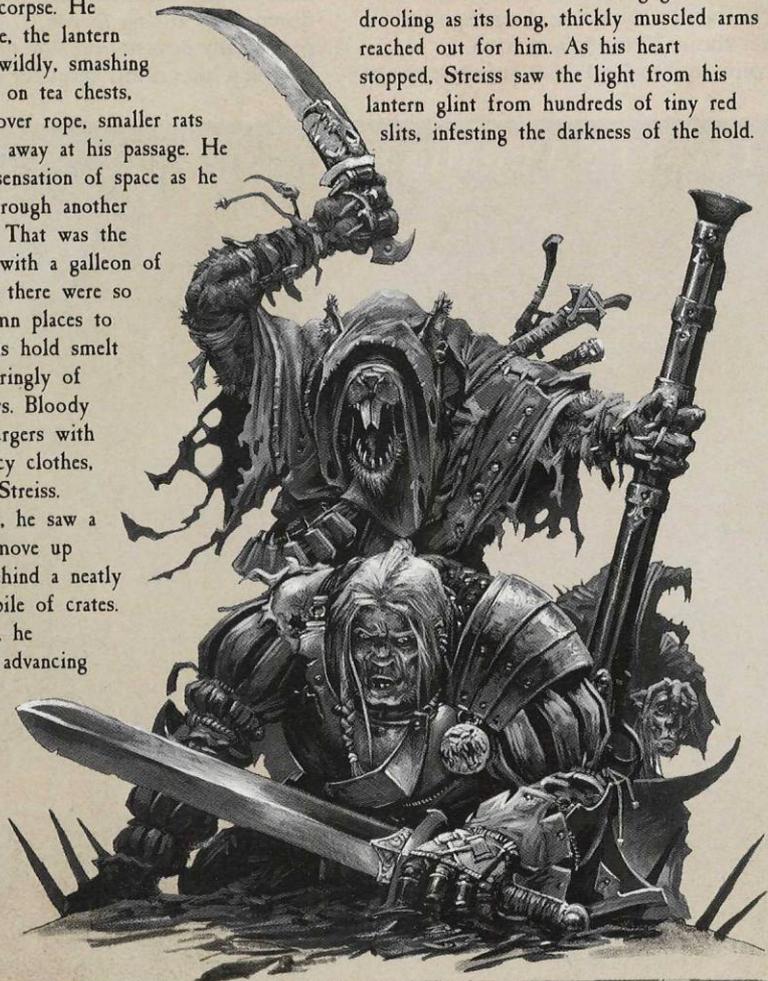
The lantern in his hand rocked wildly as the ship surged from one side to the other, bathing the hold's corridors with pallid light and flickering shadows. The smell was indescribable. For such a fine vessel, she certainly smelt old and rotting. Overtones of human waste and mould completed the nauseous 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 mould. 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 favour 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.

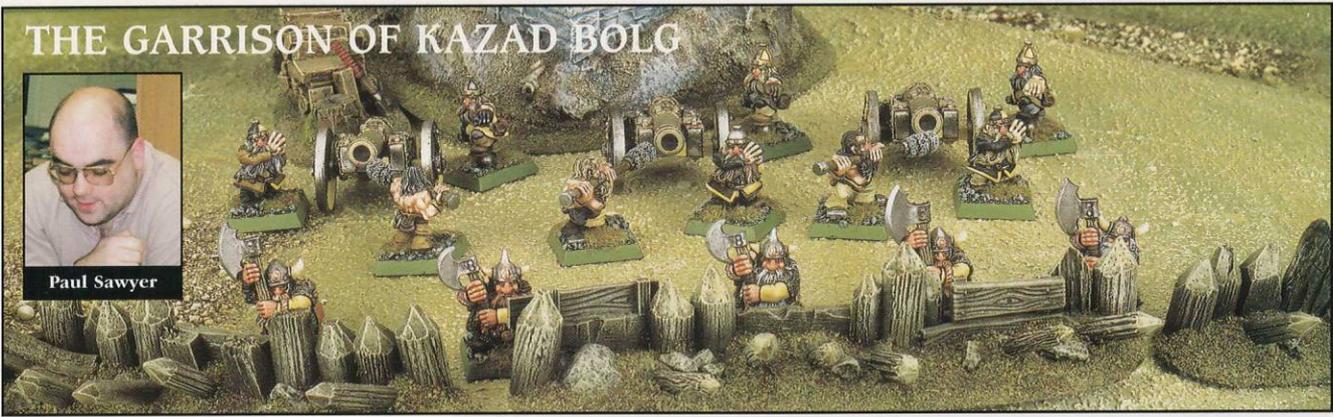
Finally, I was to face Matt Hutson, an old adversary, and his viciously shooty Dark Elf army. The thing is, with the notoriously bad weather in Albion, shooting doesn't necessarily count for that much, and so Matt would have to meet me on my own terms. The scenario objectives were to get your army into 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.



THE GARRISON OF KAZAD BOLG



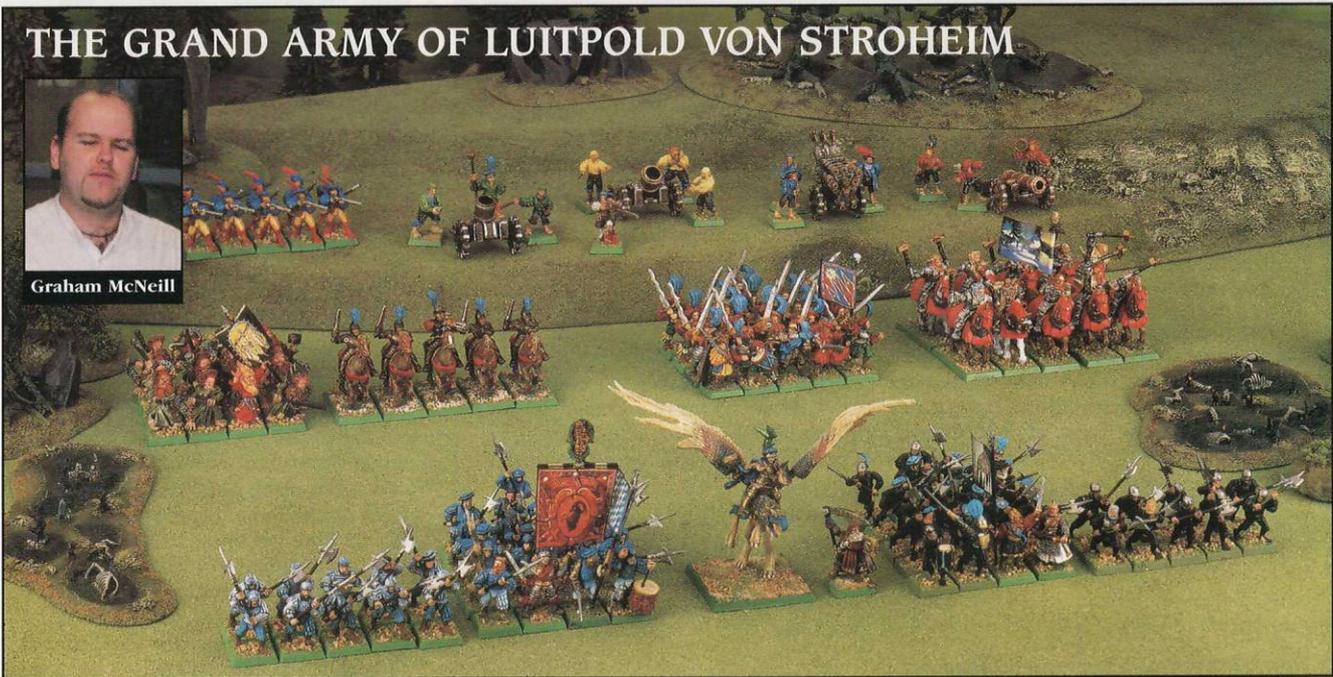
Paul Sawyer



THE GRAND ARMY OF LUITPOLD VON STROHEIM



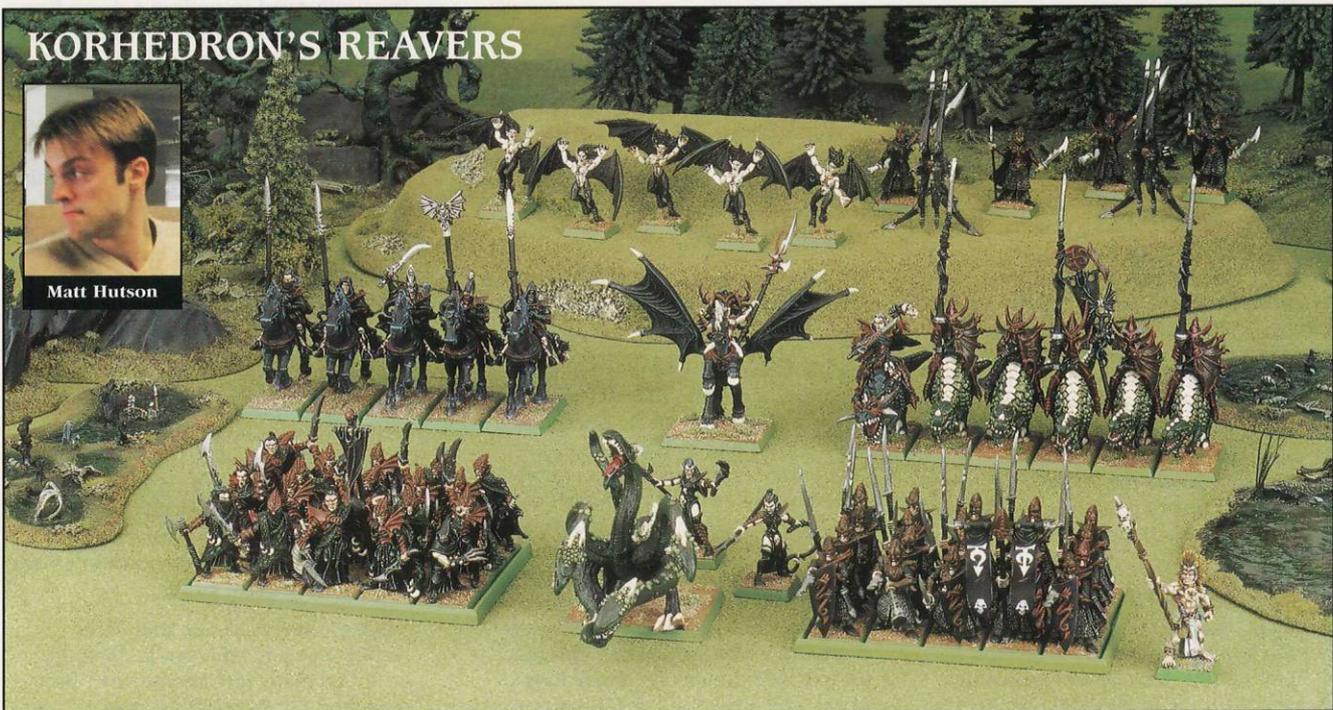
Graham McNeill



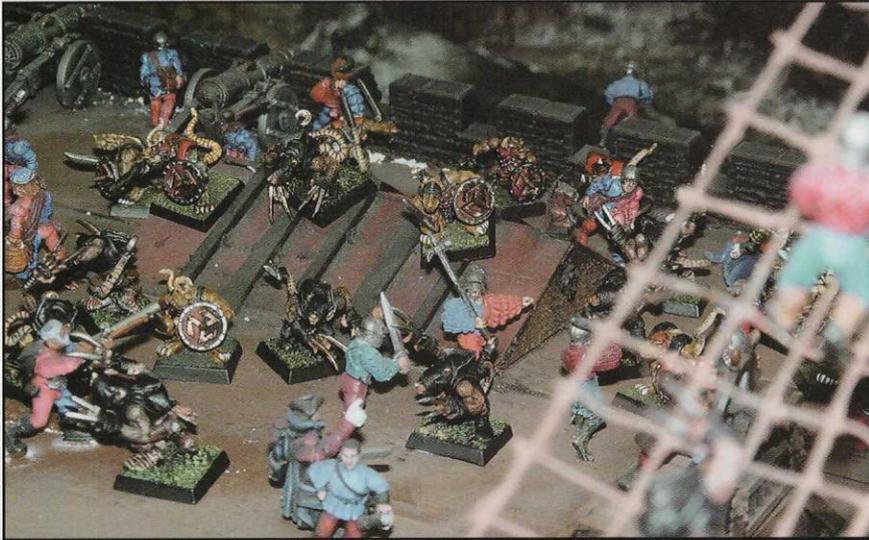
KORHEDRON'S REAVERS



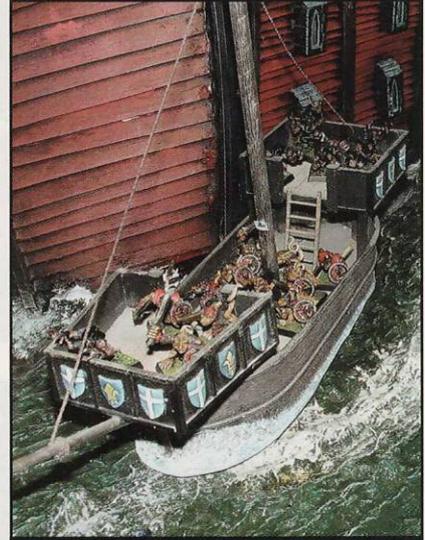
Matt Hutson



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 fulfil 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 meagre 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 laboured 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 recognised 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, plough 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 defences! NOW!"

The first of the rats had reached the shore, a sinuous, sleek thing almost the size of a Dwarf. It sprinted for the defences, sharp teeth bared in a snarl.

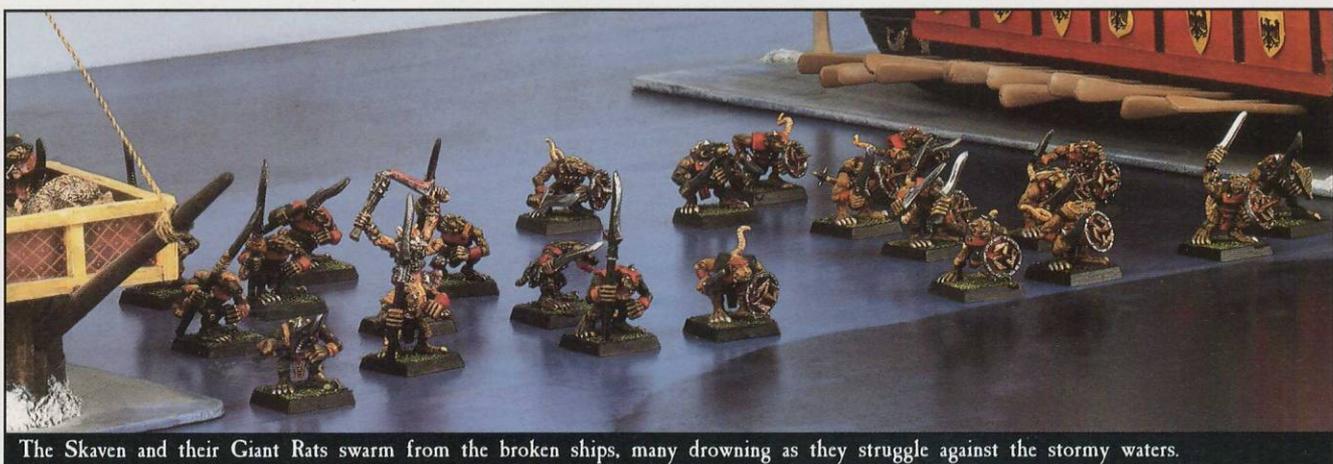
Another followed close behind, a black shadow scurrying across the sand. Borga watched Hrolf run to intercept the verminous thing. It bit him on the back of the hand, and in reply he brought his great-axe down hard upon its twitching snout. Laskji joined him, a backward sweep of his weapon knocking the 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 discolouring 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,



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.

corpses washing up in grotesque piles, 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.

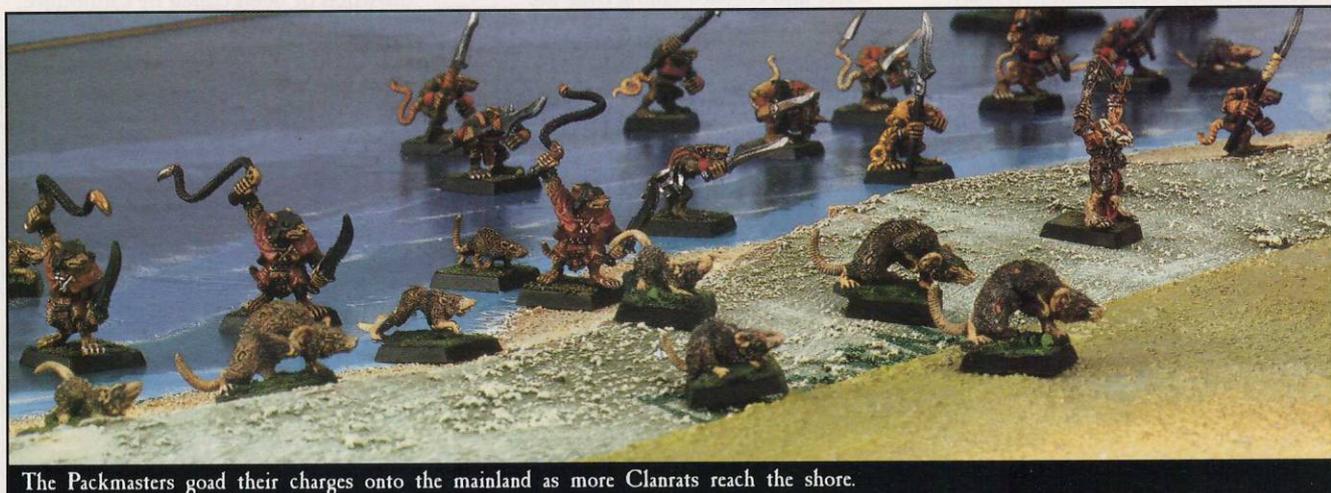
"Now! FIRE!" shouted Borga, and was answered by a series of hissing cracks as the cannons spat their lethal payload at the encroaching Skaven. The grapeshot hit a cluster of rat-things full on, shredding flesh from bone, blasting the malignant things into ragged pieces. The beach was covered in hairy 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. Prising 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 armour 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



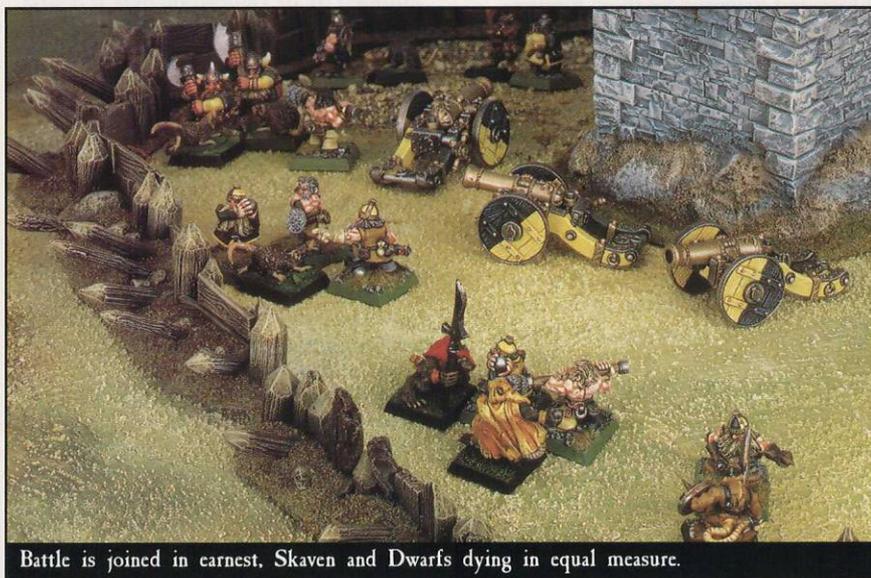
The Packmasters goad their charges onto the mainland as more Clanrats reach the shore.

hand-axe and was about to charge when 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



The Giant Rats scurry around the Dwarf encampment, looking for an opening.



Battle is joined in earnest, Skaven and Dwarfs dying in equal measure.

crewmen were locked in bitter combat, 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 recognise 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 colours 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 centre on a hill, and the rest of my army in the centre and right. The furthest right flank was possibly a bit weak, but with the Knights of the White Wolf lurking near my centre, 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 behaviour 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 labour 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

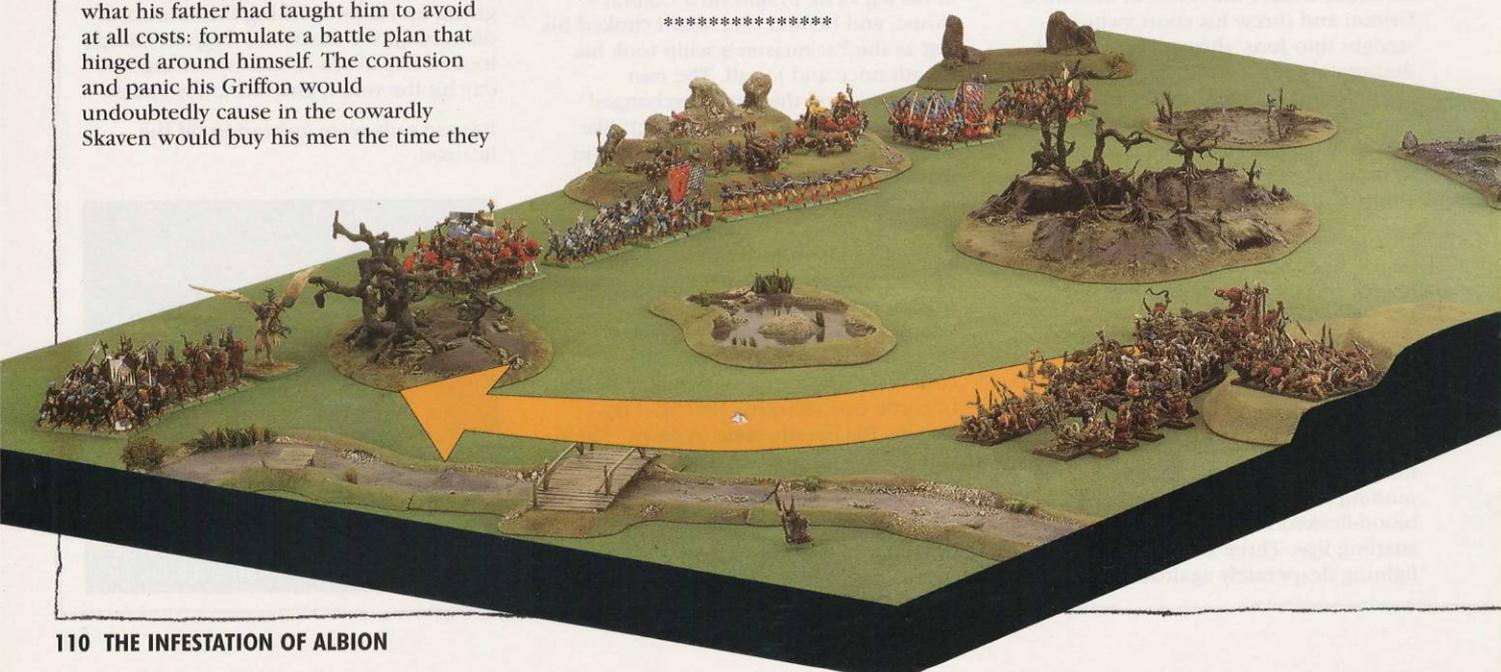
needed to close the net around the rat-things and exterminate them forever. Albion belonged to man and beast, not to Chaos, and he would give his life in its defence. What would occur in the Empire should they fail had been made abundantly clear by Creadh, and Leopold shuddered in his armour as he imagined 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 recognised 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. Rumours 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 centre 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 recognised 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 armour, 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 foetid air of

Albion tasted like spring water as he gasped and spluttered, able to breathe once more.

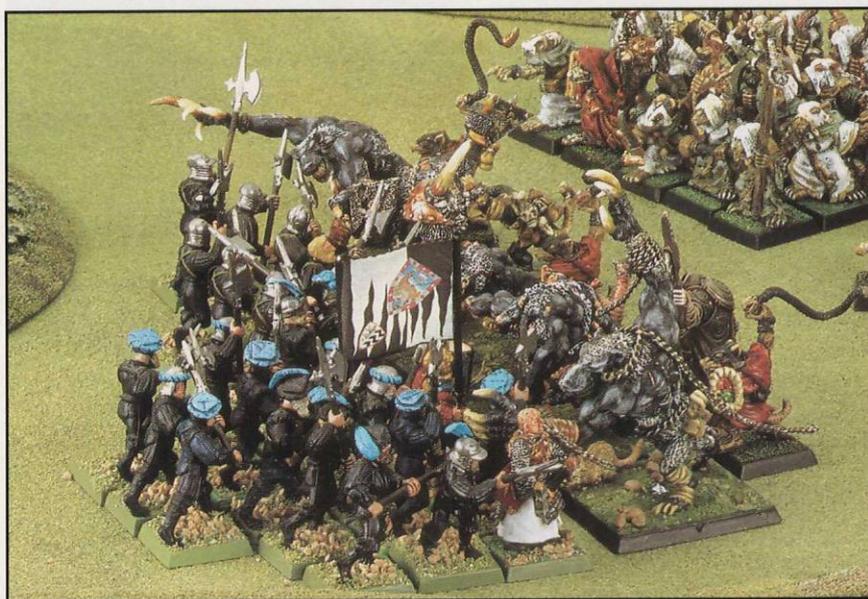
Almost before he had recovered, he was charged by a group of flailing berserker-rats, the censers they swung around their head exuding a noxious, acidic gas. He saw the foul vapour eat away at two of the Skaven even before they reached him, dropping them into the mire. He kicked Lightclaw into the air 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 armour 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 pets, 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 Warfire 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! Warfire 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 clamour 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 hit 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 ploughing 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

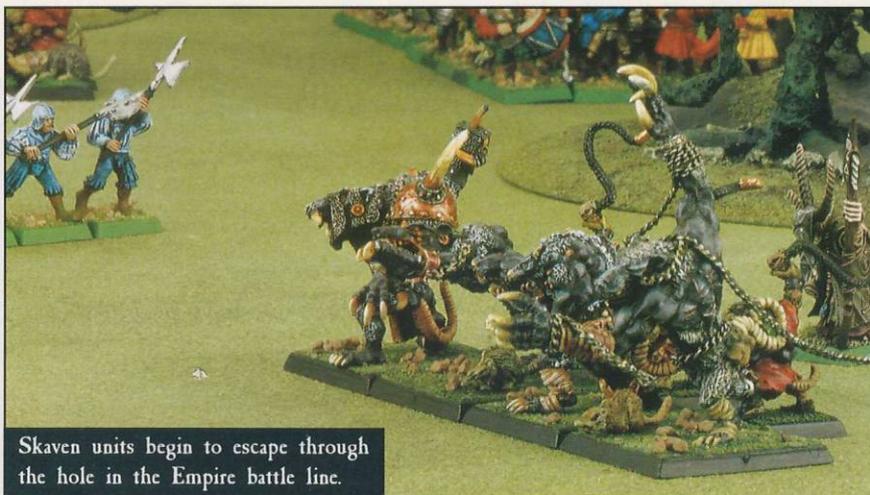
a unit of Giant Rats had also broken through. They had taken up a position on the hill, which had previously played host to the Empire's war machines, prohibiting any real progress that the units of Greatswords and Flagellants might make in an attempt to reinforce the Empire line. All that remained was 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 centre 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 Spearman 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 heading straight for the centre of the stone circle, intent on utilising the massive reservoirs of power that lay within. He had sent the

swarms and the Fenbeast circling left and the Giant Rats and Skaven slaves 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 metres 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 colour 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.

She felt the distinct sensation of



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.

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 hoary 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 armour 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 centre 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 armour 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 realised 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.

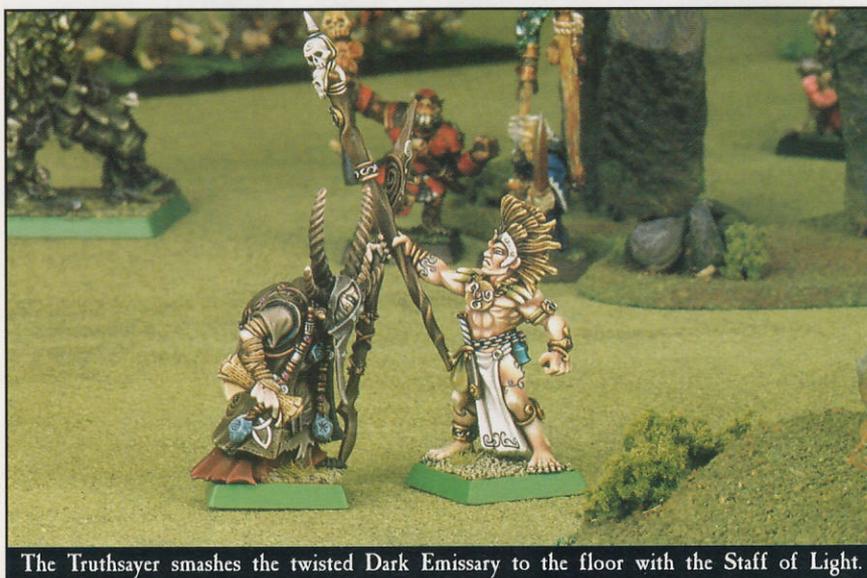
Finkel came to his senses to see the Truthsayer and Dark Emissary locked in hand-to-hand combat, hail belting down around them, the sky livid with magical cloud. The Truthsayer had his hands around his adversary's neck, forcing him to the floor. The Dark

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 Einborne, 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, chittering 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 HORNEDED 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 outmanoeuvring 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 beasties 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 centre of the Empire line as Graham's units manoeuvred 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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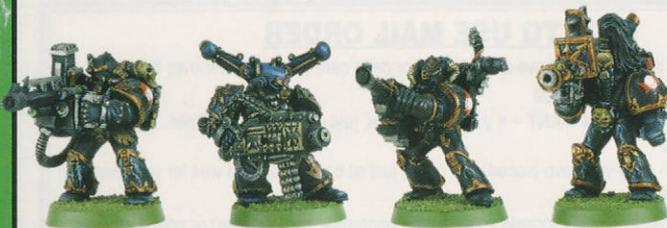
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15 Ork Boyz armed with either Shootas or Sluggas and Choppas. Designed by Brian Nelson.

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Feral Ork Conversion Bits

These sprues can be used to convert many of the miniatures on these pages for use in your Feral Ork army. Give Mail Order a call to order these sprues, and get some great tips for further conversions!



Stikkbomb sprue £1.50



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Savage Orc Boar Hero

Designed by Alex Hedström

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Orc Boar Boyz Musician

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Feral Ork Boarboyz - Exclusive to Mail Order!

Build your own mob of boar riding maniacs!

The Feral Ork Boarboyz Mob Conversion Kit consists of four upper bodies, four sets of legs, four plastic Boars and an Ork Boyz sprue.

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Wrecker Trukk Gunner



Speargun Driver



Ork Biker Upper Body

£15

Legs



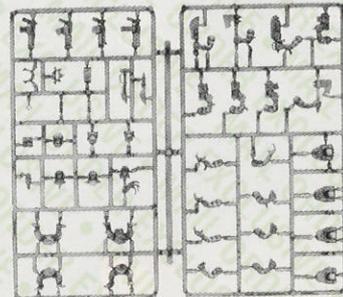
Snakebite Boarboy Legs A



Snakebite Boarboy Legs B



Snakebite Boarboy Legs C



Ork Boyz sprue

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| Golden Yellow | Storm Blue | Boltgun Metal |
| Sunburst Yellow | Regal Blue | Chainmail |
| Bad Moon Yellow | Ultramarines Blue | Mithril Silver |
| Scorched Brown | Enchanted Blue | Tin Bitz |
| Bestial Brown | Lightning Blue | Shining Gold |
| Snakebite Leather | Ice Blue | Burnished Gold |
| Bubonic Brown | Hawk Turquoise | Beaten Copper |
| Vomit Brown | Dark Angels Green | Brazen Brass |
| Bleached Bone | Snot Green | Dwarf Bronze |
| Dark Flesh | Scorpion Green | Inks |
| Vermin Brown | Bilious Green | Black |
| Leprous Brown | Scaly Green | Yellow |
| Dwarf Flesh | Jade Green | Flesh Wash |
| Bronzed Flesh | Vile Green | Red |
| Elf Flesh | Camo Green | Purple |
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Albion Truthsayer

Designed by Chris FitzPatrick

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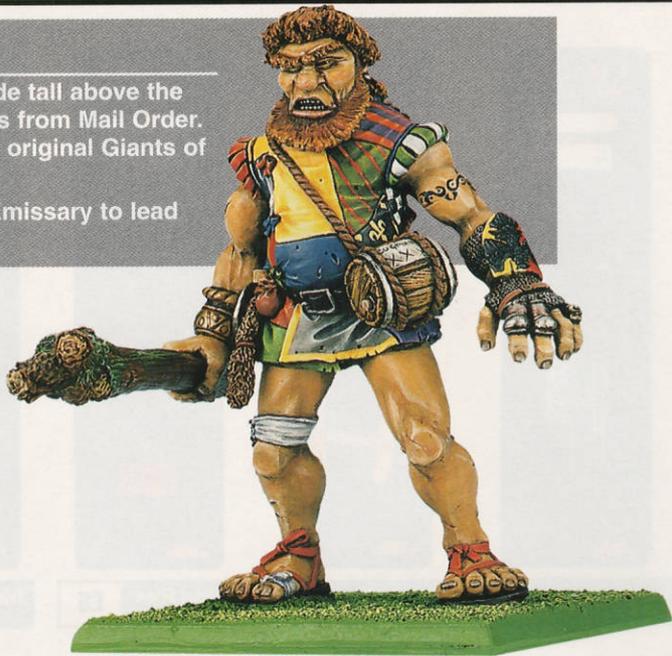


Albion Dark Emissary

Designed by Chris FitzPatrick

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Models shown at 75% actual size



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There are two head variants for this Giant. Both are included when you place your order.



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Designed by Trish Morrison

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Cold One Sprue



Saurus Spear 4

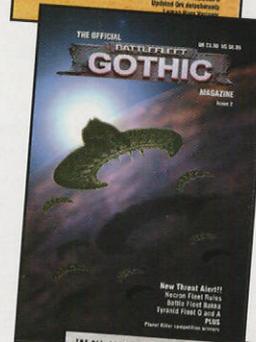
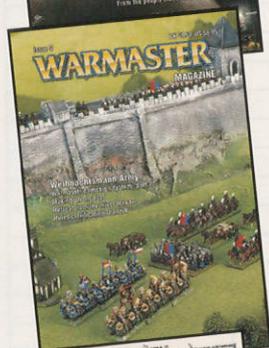
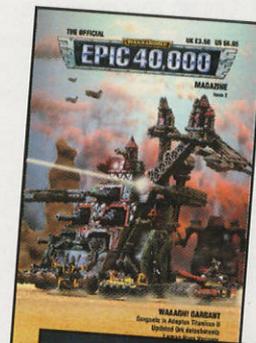


Saurus Sprue

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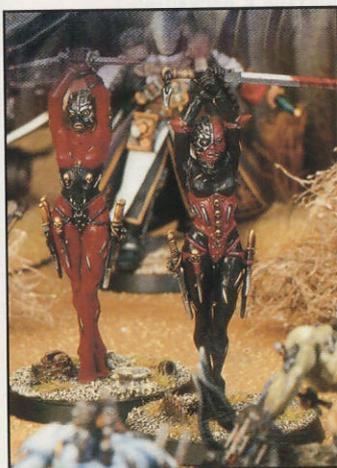


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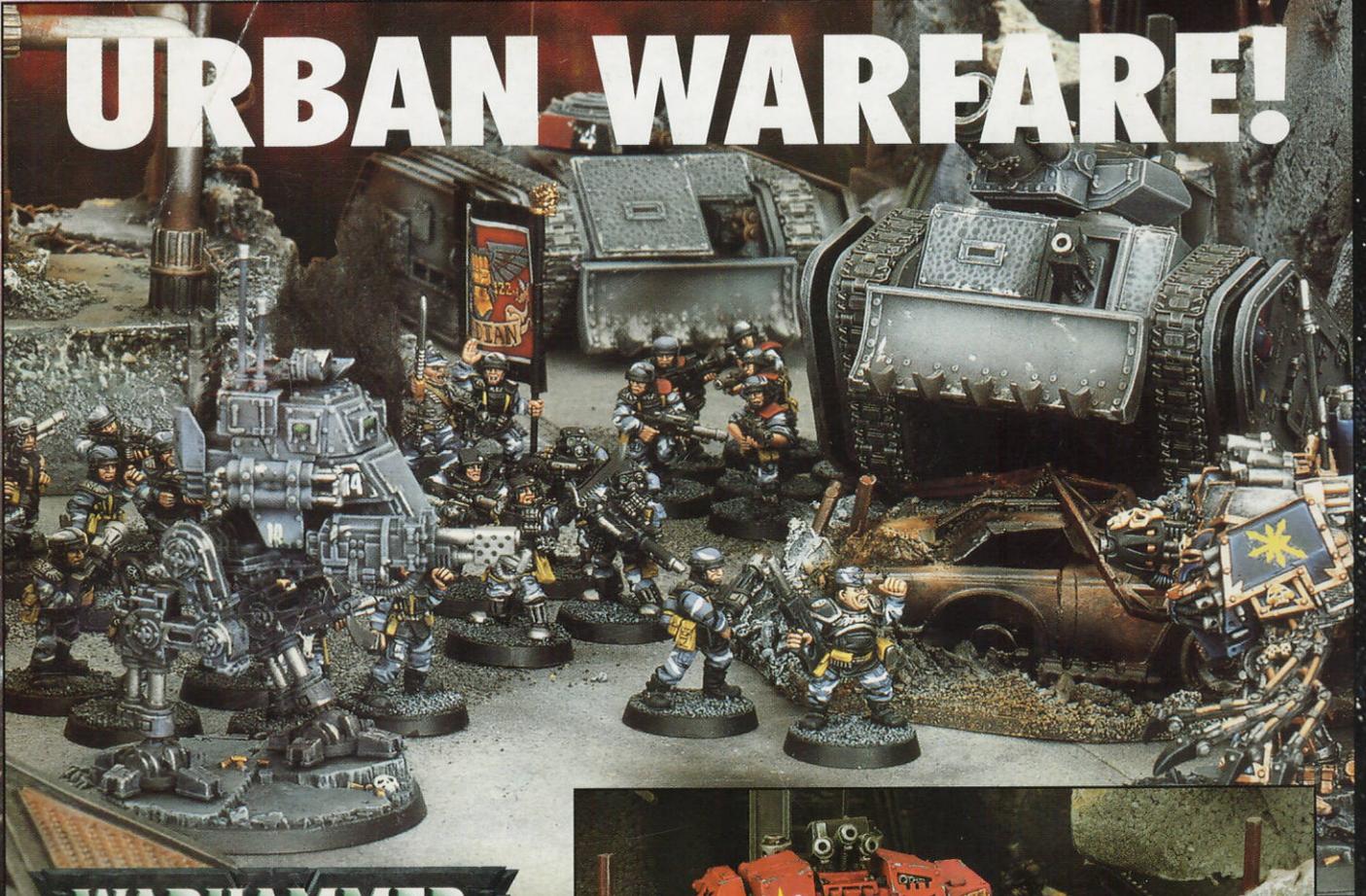
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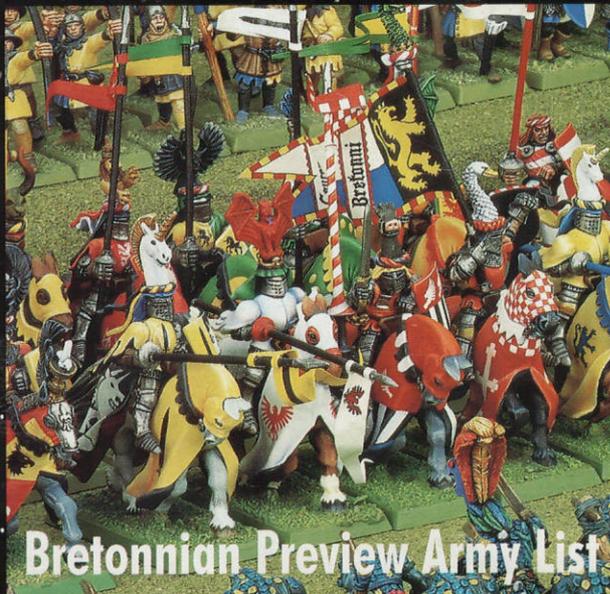
WARHAMMER
40,000

CITYFIGHT

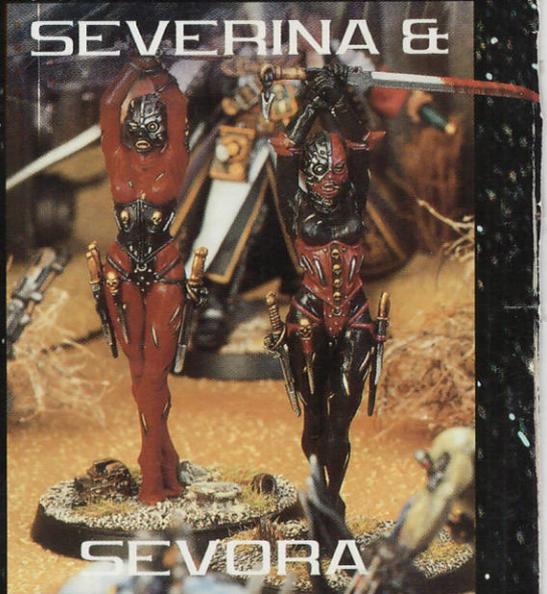
A new supplement is released for fighting battles in the war-torn cities of the Warhammer 40,000 universe.



WARHAMMER
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Bretonnian Preview Army List



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