

THE ULTIMATE WARHAMMER MAGAZINE

WHITE DWARF

OCTOBER 2019

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SISTERS OF
SILENCE

TOME
CELESTIAL:
THE HOST OF
SYLL'ESSKE

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AND MUCH
MORE FOR



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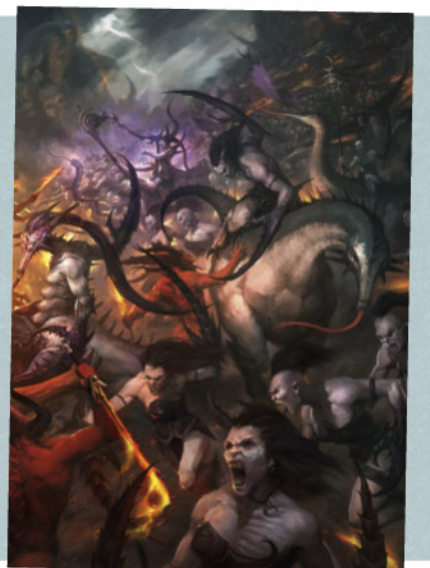
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EXCLUSIVE SUBSCRIBER COVERS!

If you subscribe to *White Dwarf*, you may have noticed that you have a different cover on your magazine compared to the ones found in shops.

Subscriber copies feature a piece of artwork without the contents listing down the side, allowing you to appreciate the art in all its wonderful glory. This month's cover is called *Wrath and Rapture* by Jaime Martinez.

If you would like to subscribe to *White Dwarf*, turn to the end of the magazine for more information.



MEET THE WHITE DWARF TEAM

From their secret sanctum, itself hidden deep within the Warhammer Studio, the White Dwarf team works tirelessly to craft everyone's favourite Warhammer hobby magazine each month.



LYLE LOWERY
Managing Editor

Lyle has just completed work on two Warhound Titans for his Legio Astorum Titan Legion, and he's currently 'sprucing up' his Adeptus Custodes army for a game he's got planned in the near future against Imperial Knights. What a match up!



DAN HARDEN
Staff Writer

Dan's painted a wizard and a Space Marine for two different articles this month, but he's also been trying out colour schemes for his next army. He's currently leaning towards Ynnari, though other ideas are starting to creep in ...



BEN HUMBER
Designer

Ben's been immersing himself in the lore of the 41st Millennium once again and had the honour of working on Index Imperialis: Sisters of Silence this month. He says the short story 'Engage & Slay' may leave you in the dark ...



MATTHEW HUTSON
Senior Designer

Matt has continued work on his Stormcast Eternals for the Stormvault Warlords series. He's also been reading *The Solar War* novel from Black Library, which has inspired him to paint more Imperial Fists for his Horus Heresy army.



JONATHAN STAPLETON
Photographer

Jonathan and Dan have played a couple of games recently, Jonathan using his T'au, Dan using his Orks and Adeptus Mechanicus. Jonathan won both games, mostly due to the ferocious firepower of his Stormsurge in Overwatch.



SHAUN PRITCHARD
Reprographics

Shaun has been playing Munchkin Warhammer 40,000 with his kids recently – he says it's the perfect game for a lazy weekend afternoon. He's already looking forward to getting hold of the Space Wolves expansion pack.

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

David Annandale, Owen Barnes, Michael Bax, Mark Bedford, John Bracken, Jay Clare, Andy Clark, Thomas Clarke, Robin Cruddace, Colin Cubbon, Max Faleij, James Gallagher, Richard Garton, Ben Gathercole, Simon Godwin, Jordan Green, Elliot Hamer, Jervis Johnson, James Karch, Phil Kelly, Kornel Kozak, Darren Latham, Jason Lee, Ashley Lowe, Paul Norton, Andrew Palies, Sam Pearson, Anthony Saliba, Dave Sanders, Joe Tomaszewski, Sam Wilson.



The home of Warhammer on the web, the Warhammer Community website brings you the latest news on Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer Age of Sigmar, the Horus Heresy, Forge World, Black Library, and more!

www.warhammer-community.com

WHITE DWARF

OCTOBER 2019

MAKING THE MOST OF HOBBY TIME



I don't know about you, but I've got a lot of hobby projects in progress at the same time. I've got a Nighthaunt army in the works for Warhammer Age of Sigmar and an Astra Militarum army being mustered for a game scheduled in a few months, and then there's my ongoing Legio Astorum army for Adeptus Titanicus. And cool things keep popping up – Enforcers for Necromunda, Imperial Navy aircraft for Aeronautica Imperialis, and my Splintered Fang for Warcry. It can be easy to lose focus when you've got a lot on your painting desk, so I thought I'd share my thoughts on managing hobby projects.

Deadlines are a great motivator, so my first bit of advice is to set achievable deadlines for your painting projects. It also helps to have a reason and a reward waiting at that deadline. Schedule a game based on that deadline, and then you'll have a reason to finish painting that new unit, and the reward is that you'll get to play with it all nice and painted up.

My second piece of advice is to have a visible countdown clock around your painting desk as a constant reminder of how many days you have left to complete your project. There are lots of apps and programs for this, and you can even get a physical countdown clock for your shelf if you like.

My third and final piece of advice today is to keep tabs of your project in a spreadsheet or Kanban board. A Kanban board is a very visual tool that helps you see your progress and the work remaining for a project, and it just so happens to be a great way to keep track of painting projects. You can make one on your wall with little more than sticky notes, and there's free software out there you can use as well.

I could talk about 'hobby project management' all day, so I may go into more depth in future editorials. But whatever you do, leave room in your schedule for reading *White Dwarf*!

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Skarburn Zapdakka is a notorious loot-hungry Flash Git, and his services are now for hire on Precipice. But first you need to find him. Our advice: follow the sounds of gunfire.

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SIX DOORS TO DARKNESS

4

Choose your own demise (well, let the dice decide your fate) in this Warhammer Horror short story adventure by David Annandale. Will you choose the wrong door and meet a grisly end, or will it all be rather lovely? More likely the former ...

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Refight the heroic battles of Judgement Squadron in this aerial campaign set during the Third War for Armageddon.



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CONTACT

Where we feature your thoughts, questions, and painted miniatures. Send us your letters and pictures, and we'll print the best ones we get!



SMALLER ARMY, BIGGER MODELS

G'day, *White Dwarf*.

I have had a *White Dwarf* subscription since Christmas 1998, and the hobby has given me many great times over the years. Sadly, in March last year, I was hit by a car while riding my bike to work. I became a quadriplegic and spent the next 259 days in hospital. Sadly my injuries are very permanent, but between supportive family and technology I've been getting back to life and full-time work which is great. *White Dwarf* is now also part of my occupational therapy as I have to practise turning the pages again. At least I am well motivated, so thank you for that!

When it comes to gaming, I've discovered that my Astra Militarum army can take a while to battle with now, as I have to direct somebody where to move all my figures. So the 2019 plan is an Imperial Knights army, which I think is very quadriplegic friendly! Some of my club mates have kindly volunteered to assemble and paint them for me.

Dr. Steven Peterson
Orange, Australia

Thank you for writing in, Steven. We're obviously really sad to hear about your accident, but on the flip side it's heartening to know that you've got such great friends and family around to support you. It takes some pretty dedicated friends to volunteer to paint a whole army for you, even if it is only a few models – Imperial Knights are big kits! We're also really impressed with your existing Catachan army, which is clearly quite sizeable. Perhaps with the new Apocalypse rules and movement trays you'll be able to persuade your gaming buddies to move them around again for you.



PAINTING QUESTION: INTO THE AETHER

Hi, dudes! I'm reading the April issue, and I totally love Dan's Kharadron Overlords army. But I can't find any information on his colour scheme. Might you be able to tell me how he painted them? Thanks a lot, and have a great day!

Alberto Tosetto
Alba, Italy

Well, fortunately Dan's right here to answer that for you, Alberto! 'After a Chaos Black undercoat, I drybrush all the metalwork,' says Dan. 'I then paint back in all the black armour and cloth and highlight them using the colours below. The aether globes are painted with Temple Guard Blue with White Scar mixed in to highlight them and a layer of 'Ardcoat to make them shiny.'

BRASSWORK

Basecoat: Brass Scorpion
Drybrush: Sycorax Bronze
Drybrush: Runefang Steel
Wash: Seraphim Sepia

BLACK CLOTH

Basecoat: Abaddon Black & Eshin Grey
Layer: Skavenblight Dingy
Layer: Stormvermin Fur

BLACK ARMOUR

Basecoat: Abaddon Black & Eshin Grey
Layer: Thunderhawk Blue
Layer: Fenrisian Grey





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Excelsior Warpriest and Gryph-hound
by Thomas David



Gutrot Spume
by Stephan Löppmann



Severin Steelheart
by Alberto Lana



Kastelan Robots
by Scott Ferguson



Blood Angels Captain
by Alberto Lana



Blood Angels Intercessors
by Alberto Lana

ASK GROMBRINDAL

Oh tankard of bearded wisdom, may your barrels runeth over. The sun pales in comparison to your mighty facial hair. I beg an answer from your towering and legendary intellect – please humour a young duardin such as me with an answer.



Please, what is the currency of the Imperium of Mankind? Is there one?

Jacob Moffatt
Chudleigh, UK

I like being a tankard of wisdom – well said, bearding. I will gladly answer your question. Put simply, there are many forms of currency in the Imperium, some official, many unofficial. The most well-known Imperial currency is the throne (also known as throne gelt), though crowns are also common. Credits, creds, or scripts are also used on many planets, though they're rarely of consistent value or denomination, making spending them pretty tricky. Fortunately, most planets trade in far simpler currencies: weapons, food, resources, and good old human lives.

Grombrindal

TOP PHOTO TIPS

In Contact, we want to show off the very best miniatures painted by you, our readers. Of course, great miniatures also need great pictures, so we came up with a useful guide to help you out:

www.warhammer-community.com/the-model-photo

If you follow all the advice in that article, you really can't go far wrong. Our tops tips are:

Always use a white background.

Make sure you've got good lighting.

Ensure the whole model is in focus.

Find the model's golden angle. If you're ever in doubt, take a look at the same model on the Games Workshop website.

CREDIT TO THE UNSUNG HEROES

Hello, WD:

I have recently got back into the hobby after a few decades away – when I last played, you could still buy metal models (lead-free of course)! I just wanted to give a shout-out and send a massive bagful of respect to the designers, tool makers, and process controllers out there. I am a design engineer by trade, and I know first-hand how difficult it is to design items to be moulded – draft alone is enough to make a heretic's mind explode. The level of detail, how well the parts offer up to each other, even the positions and angles of the parts on the sprue are a work of art. Well done and thank you to all involved in making this hobby as spectacular as it is.

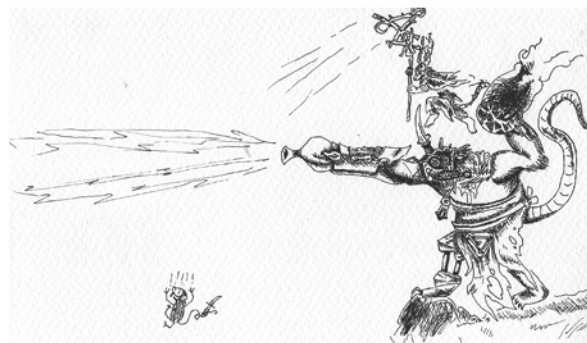
Craig Fotheringham
Ipswich, UK

Thank you for your letter, Craig. We'll certainly pass your kind words on. A lot of people don't realise that the miniatures designers are just the first step on the route to creating a Warhammer model and that it takes many (many!) long hours to turn that design into a sprue, create a mould, design the packaging, make the actual models, and then ship them out to all you lovely hobbyists. It's a process that can take years for just one model!

QUICK-QUICK, DRAW-SCRIBBLE

My name is Arthur Yerbury and I am eleven. I have been collecting skaven for a year, and my best friend (Arthur Gangei, also eleven) drew Thanquol & Boneripper as a present for my birthday. We thought it was so good that we scanned it and sent it to you. Maybe you'd like to print it in *White Dwarf*?

Arthur Yerbury
London, UK



Now that is a worthy gift for a mighty clawleader such as yourself, Arthur. Truly your friend is a talented artist. Perhaps one day we'll see his work in the pages of our codexes and battletomes – you never know! We hope his wonderful drawing will inspire you to paint many models for your skaven army. We even put in a picture of a Verminlord for you opposite as an added bonus. Happy skavening!

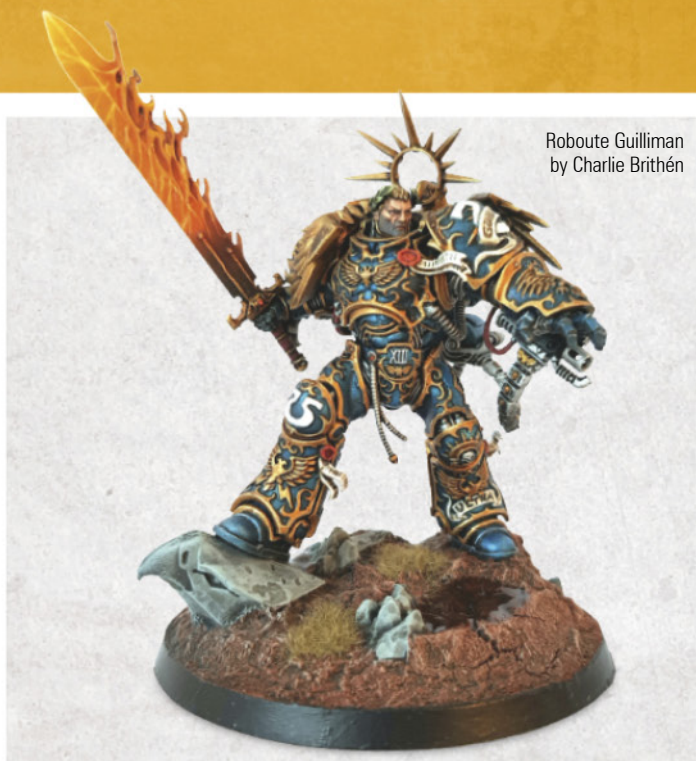
WHITE DWARF IN THE WILD

Once in a while, we get sent a picture of *White Dwarf* out and about in the real world. Recently, we received this picture from Panagiotis Striftos, who sent us a letter to accompany it:

'Hi, folks. I just wanted to drop you a line and let you know how much I'm enjoying the latest incarnation of *White Dwarf*. You've really taken our favourite mag to new heights. For my part, I took you guys up to 40,000 feet. Keep up the good work!'

What a lovely letter, eh? At least Panagiotis didn't think our magazine was a little plane ...



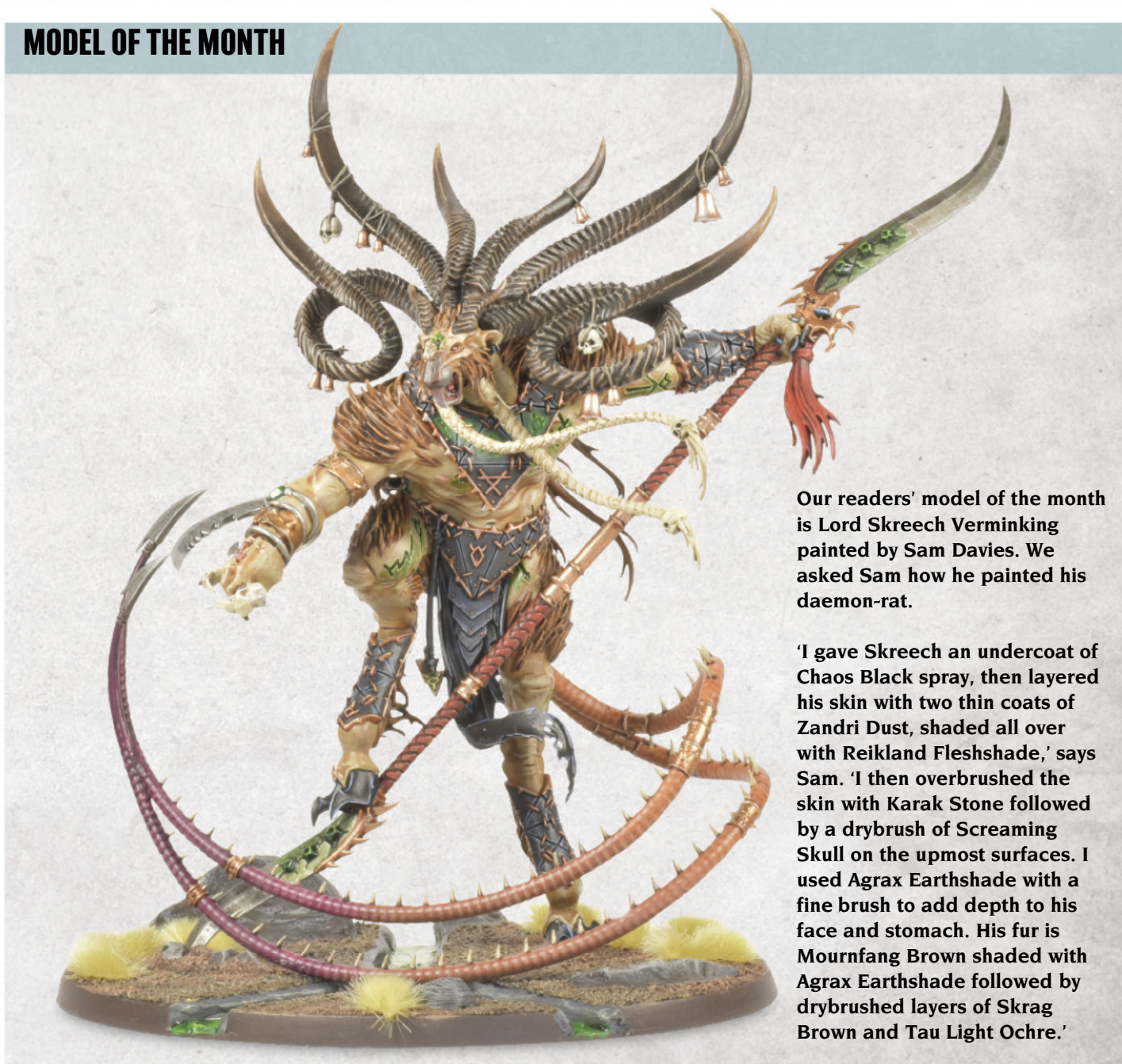


Roboute Guilliman
by Charlie Brithén



Abaddon the Despoiler
by Thilo Engels

MODEL OF THE MONTH



Our readers' model of the month is Lord Skreech Verminking painted by Sam Davies. We asked Sam how he painted his daemon-rat.

'I gave Skreech an undercoat of Chaos Black spray, then layered his skin with two thin coats of Zandri Dust, shaded all over with Reikland Fleshshade,' says Sam. 'I then overbrushed the skin with Karak Stone followed by a drybrush of Screaming Skull on the upmost surfaces. I used Agrax Earthshade with a fine brush to add depth to his face and stomach. His fur is Mourfang Brown shaded with Agrax Earthshade followed by drybrushed layers of Skrag Brown and Tau Light Ochre.'

WORLDS OF WARHAMMER



PHIL KELLY

As the Warhammer Studio's senior background writer, Phil is almost permanently (some might say eternally) immersed in the lore of the Mortal Realms and the 41st Millennium. It's rumoured that he never carries money and tries to pay for everything with facts about the Mortal Realms. This has proven unpopular with the canteen staff.

There are hundreds if not thousands of unique aspects of Age of Sigmar, gradually introduced to the public eye since the game's inception in 2015. They build upon something fascinating and many-faceted that we will continue to explore for many years to come. The fact these worlds are so open, that there are eight vast realms to explore, and that the saga is only just beginning, gives us a tremendous amount of scope to set stories within it.

Well, inspired by the mammoth list of 500 Facts about Games Workshop¹ that the Warhammer Community team published to celebrate the opening of our five-hundredth store last year, I thought it might be fun to list some of the most exciting, dark, or gloriously silly parts of Age of Sigmar that you may not realise are hiding away behind the gleaming gold facade. Here's a whistle-stop tour of some of the most weird and wonderful aspects of the Mortal Realms.

FORTY STRANGE TRUTHS²

1. The immortality of the Stormcast Eternals is not a blessing, but a curse. Every time the Stormcast Eternals are reforged after each death, they become a little bit more supernatural and a little less human. They are only now beginning to realise this, and desperately trying to cling on to their memories as they are gradually eroded by their lives of constant warfare. There's a whispered fear amongst the Stormhosts that they will become walking weapons of pitiless judgement, more like the hammer than the hand that wields it.

2. The vast majority of countries and nations in the Mortal Realms are corrupted by Chaos, nightmarish wastelands where toxic magic turns flora, fauna, and even the land itself against the sane and the orderly. The cities of Sigmar are islands of light in the darkness; from their gates roam vast processions of the Devoted of Sigmar, who flagellate themselves and walk barefoot across the sharp rocks so the blood of the faithful reconsecrates the soil. Only then can it be truly reclaimed and the process of growth started anew.

3. Not all the lands of the Mortal Realms have four seasons. Some have only one, like an eternal state of winter or the blessed fecundity of spring. In the Everspring Swathe of Ghyran, there are twelve: rebirth, springseed, naïve hope, the blooming, the burgeoning, the mellowing, the reaping, secret remorse, the dwindling, the great lack, everdusk, and death.

4. The least magical part of a realm is its very centre, and the most magically intense its edge.³ A compass in the Mortal Realms is not magnetic but thaumaturgical, and it will always point to the Perimeter Inimical. No matter where you are in the realms, it is a dangerous thing indeed to head due north until you reach the Realm's Edge, for the concentration of magic will lead to a spectacular, surreal, or disturbing end.

5. There is tremendous variety in all the realms. In the Realm of Fire there are not just arid deserts and volcano ranges, but snow-capped mountains and lush rainforests – though pretty much everyone that lives there has a fiery temper and a passionate outlook on life. The people of Aqshy typically want to burn twice as brightly, but half as long.

6. The Stormcast Eternals are literally blasted apart, body and soul, before being reforged and



Worlds of Warhammer delves into the background of the Age of Sigmar and the 41st Millennium, looking at how stories are created and legends are born. Here, Phil regales us with forty facts about the Age of Sigmar that you may or may not know.

sent back into the hellish, constant war for the Mortal Realms. At times they still feel the wounds of their previous incarnations' deaths aching within them, much as an amputee 'feels' a phantom limb.

7. More than one empire has been toppled because a Bonesplitter shaman saw a cloud, thought it looked a bit like a charging boar, and worked his tribe up into a frenzy over this indisputable omen of battle, thereby starting the avalanche of a continent-spanning Waaagh!

8. Formal alliance between the Saurus warrior-caste of the Seraphon and the Stormcast Eternals is rare, for they do not speak anything close to the same language. But when they fight on the same battlefield they will raise their weapons in salute and recognition to one another. They share a common foe in Chaos and a common origin in the celestial swirl of Azyr.

9. The Slaves to Darkness are the most prevalent human culture in the Mortal Realms. Their tribes number in the hundreds of thousands. Though only a small portion amongst them truly realise it, they all pay homage to the same dark gods in one guise or another.

10. Many snow-strewn lands in the Age of Sigmar are dotted with ice-encrusted corpses that stand still as statues in random profusion. They are those souls caught by the predatory Everwinter that follows the nomadic Beastclaw Raiders, an eternal blizzard that is both their ally and their deadliest foe. Some of those statues are the ogors themselves. Most are dead, but not all of them, and if they ever thaw out, they will be very hungry indeed.

11. The duardin god Grungni, the Great Maker, abandoned his people to the vagaries of the Age of Chaos on purpose in order to make them hardier and more ingenious. In doing so, he got them out of their hiding places and forced them to evolve their technology, taking to the skies to start new lives as Kharadron Overlords. They have never forgiven him for it, and now they aspire to a godless society, even though rumours of Grungni's return are circulating in hushed whispers from fleet to fleet. No one holds a grudge like a duardin.

12. It is not only humans that have converted to Sigmar's cause, but also aelves, duardin, and even stranger entities. One of the twelve famous

saints of Glymmsforge is a gargant – Templesen, who became devoted to the God-King – and he fought so well in Sigmar's cause that he became a sainted figure before being entombed alongside his fellow beatified warriors as part of Glymmsforge's arcane defences.

13. The Dankhold Trogg boss known as Murkthudd led a Troggherd that bludgeoned a path through the settled lands around the Ferrus Sea before tearing down the walls of the city-fort Azyrvale. An unstoppable force, the Troggoths smashed much of the city, only to shamble off the edge of the dockyard pier and drop like stones into the sea beyond, much to the puzzlement of the city's defenders. They emerged much later on the other side of the sea, draped in seaweeds and covered in barnacles but still stomping with the same lumpy, unhurried gait on their way to who knows where.

14. Hammerhal Aqsha is famous for its use of cogforts. They are massive mobile keeps and garrisons that stalk on piston-driven legs from the city's borders as the lands are reclaimed, thereby extending its influence so another, wider perimeter can be established and the city can expand. The same technique has been used to great effect in many of Sigmar's free cities.

15. In Hysh there exist aelves who have learned to take light into themselves and become one with magic. For all their brilliance, they have a dark history indeed.

16. The Kharadron Overlords prize their ales just as do the magmalt-drinking Fyreslayers. A major part of the Kharadron Code has to do with the *Krenkha Gorogna*, literally translated as 'leadership driving us to a place of no alcohol' – a vote of no confidence, essentially, when a leader follows a path along which lies little or no profit.

17. The aelves of the Order Serpentis are every bit as vicious and merciless as the Chaos tribes they attack in the name of Sigmar's new order. They follow armies on the march like wolves in the night, harrying and gradually cutting apart the enemy from under the cover of darkness. Yet in their recent wars against the Bloodbound warriors that hold dominion over the Great Parch, they have met their match.

18. The skinks of the Seraphon race maintain embassies in several Sigmarite cities, for though

¹ Almost all of which are actually true.

² Well, close enough.

³ With the exception of Shyish, where the opposite is true – essentially because Nagash wanted all dead souls to come to him, rather than having to do the leg work.

⁴ Sorry if you're arachnophobic, but giant spooky spiders are cool.

their saurus and Kroxigor guardians can only growl, skinks are capable of chittering away in the tongues of man, duardin, and aelf. It's getting them to stop that's the problem.

19. Sigmar lost the Hammer Ghal Maraz due to a cunning illusion cast by Archaon the Everchosen. Hurling across the cosmos, it came to rest in the Hanging Valleys of Anvrok in Chamon. It was found by the sorcerer Ephryx, a devotee of Tzeentch, but Ghal Maraz was such anathema to the forces of Chaos that it was buried under a cairn made by blind Chaos ogors, then surrounded by a vast Dreadfort built to keep its power hidden.

20. There is a massive, pallid type of Arachnarok spider that comes from the Evercrawl, an afterlife thick with giant people-trapping webs.⁴ These building-sized creepy-crawlies can spin temporary, one-use Realmgates out of the silken threads of mortality, then pounce through them to seize victims like vast trapdoor spiders bursting from concealment. They then haul their screaming prize back into Shyish, collapsing their spun portal as they do so and binding their prey into their webs so their souls can be drained at leisure. Known as Skitterstrand Arachnaroks, only the Spiderfang Grots have treated with these deathly beasts and lived to tell the tale.

21. When Gorkamorka gets into an argument with himself, or just gets a splitting headache, he separates into two beings and fights it out amongst his original incarnations, Gork (who is brutal but cunning) and Mork (who is cunning but brutal).

22. Bloab is the Swarm, and the Swarm is Bloab.

23. The Stormcast Eternals, notably the Celestial Vindicators and the Knights Excelsior, have launched merciless purges of the cities in which they have Stormkeeps. In their zealous executions, no few innocent souls have been slain by the very warriors sworn to their

protection. In this, they inadvertently shattered one of the chains of paradox that holds Slaanesh – just as the Dark Prince had intended, for he was behind many of the cults of excess that led to the purges in the first place.

24. The godbeast Behemat, the World Titan, is the father of gargants, and the clans of the Everspring Sprawl were said to have climbed from his mouth as he lay sleeping off the after-effects of his duel with Sigmar. During the Realmgate Wars he was struck by the Great Bolts, legendary lightning strikes summoned by the Stormcast Eternals to stop him from becoming enslaved by Archaon. Though he is now an immense skeletal corpse, part of his ribcage used as a vast hall of commerce, some think Behemat will one day rise again ...

25. During a week-long Ghuzfest that saw the victorious Fyreslayers of Hammerhal Aqsha drink enough ale to kill a gigadrot, the loosened tongue of Runeson Rolth saw the secret of Grimnir's demise (and hence the Fyreslayer preoccupation with ur-gold) shared with the Kharadron Overlords. To their surprise, the knowledge only brings support and eventual talk of a *duardrazhal* unification that would see Fyreslayer and Overlord united in their goals.

26. The Spider God worshipped by the Spiderfang Grot tribes once bit Gorkamorka on the toes of his foot, and in doing so, inherited some of the brutal powers of the greenskinned deity of violence. It is worshipped in the form of the Arachnarok Spiders at the heart of each Spiderfang clan. The grots who worship these great spiders believe the Bad Moon is a giant egg sac that will one day hatch and rain trillions of poisonous arachnids down across every realm.

27. With the dawn of the Arcanum Optimar and the roaming predatory spells that have been unleashed upon the realms, professional spell hunters roam the wilderness seeking to dispel the most lethal arcane entities in order to claim the bounty placed upon them by the free cities.

28. A Mirror of Absorption – as used by the Contorted Epitomes of Slaanesh – is devised to drink in excessive energies, for its original maker hoped to undo the Dark Prince himself. The fiercest spell washes from it like water, the runic cannonball simply bounces off, whereas a humble and simple weapon strikes true. Some say the likeliest thing to shatter a Mirror of Absorption is a snotling with a bent wooden sword.

29. The Oak of Ages Past is part of a vast magical tree originally hailing from the enchanted forest of Loren. Cosmic driftwood, it came to rest in Ghyran after the destruction of the world-that-was



and has become a place of mourning and pilgrimage for Alarielle and her fellow Sylvaneth.

30. During the Time of Tribulations in the Twinned Towns, the people of Eastdale fared far better against the undead threat by using traditional superstitions than their Azyrite neighbours in Westreach did with logic and military science – only to eventually be eaten by their former allies when Westreach was overrun by Nighthaunt gheists and its populace resurrected as Deadwalkers.

31. The Daughters of Khaine stage illicit bloodsports in the hidden corners of Sigmar's cities, providing a source of thrilling entertainment for those with coin enough to watch them. These observers do not always make it back out, for the Scáthborn hunger for their own sport in turn ...

32. In his former life, Lord-Celestant Gavriel Sureheart was originally known only as Grub, a slave in the Khorne citadel of Ratspike. Forced to carry containers of blood from the arenas to the gargoyle spouts high above, he trained every night in secret with a bucket and a broom in place of shield and spear. In the end he led a rebellion, killing the king who had enslaved him and earning a place amongst Sigmar's Stormhosts.

33. The depths of the Shyish Nadir are so redolent with death magic that not even Soulblight Vampires can abide at the dark heart of Nagashizzar indefinitely – and neither can Nagash himself, not that he would admit that to anybody.

34. In their desperate attempts to keep their race alive, the Idoneth Deepkin steal memories as well as souls. There are settlements on the coasts that have been raided dozens of times, but other than a lingering sense of disquiet, the occupants do not realise that the bodies left comatose and wreathed with the scent of the sea are as good as dead, and that the same raids will occur over and over again.

35. The Slaaneshi warlord Reschevious found a mirror in Shyish in a heap of duardin bones. There was a being caught within it that taunted him and drove him to madness. Eventually he shattered the artefact and thereby set in motion a new evil.

36. Torglug the Despised, a Nurgle warlord who led a warhost to Alarielle's Hidden Vale and forced her out of hiding, was not merely slain but smote by Ghal Maraz. With the evil part of his soul obliterated, he has been reforged into Tornus the Redeemed, and his soul has been saved as a result. He is not fully accepted by his fellow Stormcast, but as the first of a new breed of the God-King's warriors, he is a vital member of Sigmar's new order.



37. The ghouls of the Flesh-eater Courts believe themselves to be fine and noble knights, and – as in the case of the Siege of Lethis – have even gone to war in the cause of the just. Under their delusion they are deranged and hideous cannibals immersed in filth and rotting cadavers.

38. Valius Maliti, the visionary architect who helped design several of the Cities of Sigmar, is not who he claims to be. He is in fact the Changeling, a shapeshifting daemon of Tzeentch. Such is the trickster's skill at subterfuge he has ensured a lot of these cities were built on places of arcane power and their construction sped by industrialised use of magical – and highly unstable – realmstone. Though most of these metropolises have yet to pay the price for the volatility of their foundations, the works of Tzeentch have already undermined Excelsis and are gnawing at Hallowheart and Brightspear on a daily basis.

39. The skaven have a way of burrowing through reality using arcane passageways called gnawholes. It is rumoured amongst the Grey Seers of the Masterclan that these are so widespread that one of them has penetrated Sigmar's inner sanctum in High Azyr. Though it remains all but unused, every member of the Council of Thirteen has claimed it to be his work at some point.

40. Lord-Celestant Vandus Hammerhand is haunted by visions of a figure of pure celestial energy he thinks of as the Lightning Man, who whispers in a crackling voice of future events. Because of this figure's warnings, Vandus brought word to Sigmar of the Shyish Nadir's coming, in doing so setting in motion the deployment of the Sacrosanct Chamber that saved many of the free cities from a terrible demise during the time of the necroquake. What Vandus didn't tell the God-King is that he fears the Lightning Man is his future self, travelling back in time to warn him of the dangers to come so he may yet turn aside from the destiny that will otherwise consume him.

A LITTLE EXTRA READING

What would you like to read about in Worlds of Warhammer? Let us know your thoughts and we'll pass them on to Phil!

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From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. And with their birth began a war to claim them. This month, we look at a vengeful host and the starriest of all the realms.





THE TOME CELESTIAL

She was a daemon of Slaanesh, he was a mortal warrior. Turn to page 18 to read the tale of Syll'Esske and how they rose to prominence.



FANTASTICAL REALMS

Reach for the stars in this month's modelling and painting guide set in the Realm of Heavens. Turn to page 36 for eight pages of celestial wonder.



RULES OF ENGAGEMENT



JERVIS JOHNSON

Jervis has worked for Games Workshop for many years. He is currently the lead rules writer for Warhammer Age of Sigmar, but he has worked on just about every game in the Games Workshop catalogue at one time or another. Recently he's been working on his game face in an effort to disguise his reactions to his poor dice rolls. He's been smiling a lot.

This month's Rules of Engagement column is not about the rules for Age of Sigmar as such, but rather about something that can affect the results of a battle: bad luck. If you are anything like me, there have been times when you have got frustrated with how badly the dice have let you down in a game. Your once-cheery demeanor might have transformed into one of sullen dejection, and in your mind you might have thought, "I thought I had this in the bag! Curse you, gods of gaming! What have I ever done to you to deserve such bad luck? It's just not fair!" Come on, I know you know what I mean. After all, it would take a truly saintly player to not

occasionally fall victim to these feelings. When all is said and done, nobody likes losing, and it's very easy to let it get to us. However, there are things that you can do to mitigate bad luck in your games and deal with the feelings of frustration that they engender, and that is what the rest of this month's column is about.

PLANNING TO FAIL

The starting point for the column was an interesting discussion that I had with Ben Johnson, the Product Developer for Warhammer Age of Sigmar, and one of the best Age of Sigmar players in the world. We were talking about Jack Armstrong, one of our playtesters and another very strong Age of Sigmar player, who had just won back-to-back tournaments without losing a single game. I was wondering how he did it, and Ben said, 'The thing with Jack is that he always has a backup plan. He rarely gets caught out by bad luck because he's planned what to do if the dice go against him. Other players rely on not rolling a 1 for that important attack, or a 2 for that important charge or casting roll, and then when they make a bad roll their plans fall apart and they lose. Jack would never let that happen unless there was no other choice.'



Rules of Engagement – penned by veteran games developer Jervis Johnson – focuses on the creation, design, and evolution of the rules for Warhammer Age of Sigmar. Or does it? This month, Jervis tackles another important part of wargaming: luck.

Now, this may seem like a little thing, but it's actually extremely important. In a nutshell, if you want to become a great Age of Sigmar player, you need to learn how to deal with bad luck. As an example of what Ben meant, consider this hypothetical situation. Early on in a game you have one of your best units lined up to make a charge. It is only 6" away from an enemy unit, and if a charge goes in it will almost certainly destroy the enemy unit, putting you in a strong position to win the game. Sadly, your charge roll comes up with a 2, you've spent all of your command points so can't issue a Forward to Victory command, and so your unit sits around and does nothing, only to get charged in the opponent's turn and wiped out. You lose the battle, and after the game you curse your bad luck at rolling that 2 and blame the dice for your defeat.

But it didn't have to be that way. You could have moved a second unit into position to make the charge if your primary unit failed to do so. The secondary unit might not have wiped out the enemy, but they would have stopped the enemy unit from charging and destroying one of the best units in your army on the following turn. Or you

could have decided to not attempt the charge unless you had a command point in hand to allow you a re-roll. While neither of these things guarantee that things will go your way, they hugely reduce the chances of the dice going against you. The unsupported charge had about a 1 in 6 chance of failure, which may not seem like much, but it would have been reduced to a 1-in-36 chance of failure if you taken one of the safeguards I mentioned, and a miniscule 1-in-216 chance of failure if you had done both.

THE DREADED DOUBLE TURN

Nowhere is the importance of forward planning more obvious than in the vexed issue of the dreaded 'double turn'. This is where the player that move second in the last round wins the roll to pick the player who goes first in the next round and in effect gets two turns in a row. Because the player order stays the same if the dice roll is tied, the odds are slightly against the double turn, albeit not by much. This means that it quite often happens during a game, and I've lost track of the number of times I've been told that a game was won 'just because the winner got to do a double turn'. Now, I'm not going to try and say that getting

Below: Sometimes it doesn't matter how close you get for a charge, the dice just refuse to cooperate. If the Evocators on Celestial Dracolines get the charge on the Fiends, they will likely destroy them, and vice versa. For the Stormcast Eternals player, getting that charge is crucial, so having a plan in case the Evocators fail their charge is a good way to mitigate bad luck. Here, a second charging unit and a reserve of command points dramatically reduces the chance of bad luck spoiling the Stormcast player's plans.





Above: They say one of the best ways to learn is to learn from the best, and the best can often be found at tournaments. If you want to witness finely honed tactics in action, then a tournament is a good place to look.

a double turn can't have an impact on the outcome of a battle, but it is by no means such a sure thing as some might say. How do I know this? Well it's because people like Jack Armstrong and Ben Johnson can play through two or three tournaments in a row, against tough opponents, and not lose a single game. The chance of their being able to do this without suffering a double turn now and then is pretty much zero, which means that they still won the games when it happens. And how do they do this? By planning for it and making their moves accordingly, so that they will never be defeated just because an opponent got lucky and took two turns in a row. Specifically, they make their moves in such a way that if they suffer a double turn it will not be catastrophic for them, rather than making their moves on the assumption that the double turn will not happen (and then blaming bad luck for the loss if it does!).

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

The lesson here is that what often looks like bad luck might actually be you relying on having good luck to win the battle. If you want to win more games, and suffer less frustration when you do lose, then concentrate on doing everything you can to win without needing the dice rolls to be

kind to you. Or to put that another way, just ask yourself, 'What would Ben and Jack do?'

That said, even mighty players like Jack and Ben occasionally come a cropper and lose because of a string of bad rolls, while mere mortals like you and I will suffer such defeats as a matter of course. So, the other side of dealing with bad luck isn't so much about how to stop it happening, but rather about how to deal with it well when it does happen so that you can be gracious in defeat. I've discussed the importance of being a good loser about a decade ago in the Standard Bearer column which is the precursor to this column, where I called a lack of graciousness in defeat 'The Face'. The second part of this column draws a lot on that old Standard Bearer article, so if any veteran readers of *White Dwarf* experience a strange feeling of *deja-vu*, that will be why!

THE FACE

You'll almost certainly be familiar with The Face, though you may not know it has a name. Simply put, The Face is the expression adopted by a player who feels that a game is slipping through their fingers and can already taste the bitter ashes of defeat in their mouth. In my experience,

suffering a string of unlucky rolls in a game is a pretty sure-fire way of triggering an attack of The Face, especially if you felt you were previously in a good position and the game is now swinging against you. The reason I can say this with such certainty is that I am as prone to The Face as anyone I know. Without exception, I've ended up being ashamed of myself when I've let The Face get the better of me, and so I try to do my absolute utmost to not let it happen. I can't say I've been 100% successful – there are still times when what I perceive as horrible bad luck will get me down. Inevitably, though, on reflection I realize that in fact it was my own mistakes or tactical errors that had led to my defeat.

Still, I do my best not to succumb to The Face, and over the years I have picked up a number of 'tricks of the trade' to help me get through those times in a game when The Face threatens to take over, which I will describe below. Keep in mind that they are not foolproof, but trust me, they really can help, and you will find that if you use them, your battles will be much more enjoyable affairs, both for your opponent and yourself.

'We improve ourselves by victories over ourself.'
– Edward Gibbon

The first and most important lesson I learnt was to try and spot when I was starting to succumb to The Face. If you don't keep an eye out for its approach, there is little you can do to head it off. Realising that you have been a bad sport after the event at least allows you to apologise, but by then it may be too late, and your opponent could well decide that they'd rather not play against you again. So try to watch for the telltale signs, such as the slumping of the shoulders, the desertion of your sense of humour, and the feeling that even the dice are against you. All of these things are delusions, wrought by the subconscious parts of your brain that find it hard to cope with defeat. When you spot these telltale signs, do your best to reject them as the imposters they are. Remember, failure isn't fatal.

'One of the greatest victories you can gain over someone is to beat him at politeness.'
– Josh Billings

One thing I have learnt to keep in mind is that it is important that the game is fun for all concerned, both myself and my opponent. This doesn't mean that I shouldn't try to win the game – far from it – it just means that winning (or, indeed, losing) the game in a way that spoils my opponent's fun is something I should actively try and avoid. This is a subtle point, but I think an important one. As soon as you start to take an active interest in how much your opponent is enjoying the game, it becomes harder to worry

about your own bad luck or misfortune. Above all, avoid suggesting that your opponent only won because they were lucky or you were not – just congratulate them for their well-earned victory.

'The moment of victory is much too short to live for that and nothing else.' – Martina Navratilova

The third thing I try to keep in mind is a sense of perspective. When all is said and done, winning or losing a game is simply not all that big a thing. I think that sometimes we get so tied up in the moment that we tend to forget this, and we act as if victory is the only thing that really matters. I know that this really isn't the case, so I try to remember that no one will ever judge me on how many games of Warhammer I have won. They will, however, judge me on the spirit and attitude I showed when I won (or lost) them. No one likes a sore loser or a bad winner.

'What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.'
– Wendell Phillips

Finally, I always try to keep in mind that I will learn more from a defeat than from a victory. If I want to become a better player, then I need to study what actually happened during a game so that I can learn from my mistakes and do better in my next game, rather than brush it off as bad luck and learn nothing. Trying to understand what mistakes you've made while the game is in progress not only makes you a better player, it also means that you will avoid coming up with excuses for the loss and that you will focus on things you can actually do something about. Both of these things are far more positive than bemoaning your bad luck, and at the very least may distract you enough so that The Face doesn't manage to claim another victim.

As I hope you can see, learning how to be a better player and how to maintain a positive attitude during a game will both increase your chances of winning and, much more importantly, increase your enjoyment of the game, win or lose. And, as it happens, one of the best ways of achieving both these things is learning how to deal with bad luck when it strikes during a game (because, like sunrise and taxes, it will!). This final point takes us right back to the start of the article, because one of the best ways of becoming a better player is to learn from strong players like Jack and Ben.

And on that note I will finish this month's column. As ever, if you've got any comments about this article, or ideas about how to deal with bad luck in a game, you can always email me with them at AOSFAQ@gwplc.com. I can't reply to the emails I receive, but I do read each and every one, and I value all of the feedback I receive.

THE TOME CELESTIAL

Driven by vengeful desire, the symbiotic entity known as Syll'Esske has fought their way into Slaanesh's favour. Now, mortals and daemons flock to their banner in search of delicious, sadistic revenge.



THE HOST OF SYLL'ESSKE

By Phil Kelly & Jervis Johnson

The entity known as Syll'Esske is a dual being, with one part hailing from mortal shores and the other from the Realm of Chaos. In Slaaneshi circles, Syll'Esske is considered a patron demigod of symbiosis, of mutual excess rather than individual indulgence. In reflection of their idols, the hosts that follow them include both daemons and mortals in roughly equal number, working together in the hope of gaining from their allegiance. The armies of the Vengeful Allegiance harbour all manner of strange outcasts, rising hopefuls, and Pleasurebound tribes that have flocked to their banner. A great many Hellstriders and mutants ride alongside them, for they too are fusions of mortal and chaotic creature that in essence have become one single entity of war. Yet their motives are not pure, nor laudable, but merely a means to an end. If there is one thing that the legend of Syll'Esske has come to embody, it is vengeance against the odds, taken in the name of spite, antipathy, and brutal tyranny.

The Vengeful Allegiance is a symbiosis of a once-mortal daemon prince and the Herald of Slaanesh who has fought with him – or rather stood atop his broad shoulders – for time immemorial. There is no part of this union that has dominion over the other, for the two are an equal partnership, and they ensure that the supernatural and flesh-and-blood followers that follow them enjoy a similar power dynamic. They have remained stubbornly unaffected by the petty rival struggles that afflict their daemoniac kind, though it has cost them dearly. In this they are extremely unusual, though it grants them great power. In the treacherous reaches of the Realm of Chaos and the Mortal Realms alike, to have followers that find strength in unity has proven to be a significant advantage, just as to have a permanent ally in Slaanesh's courts is a rare and wondrous thing indeed. But it was not always this way.

The story of Syll'Esske has been whispered with a mixture of awe, respect, and bitter envy across Slaanesh's realm for longer than any can remember. These mismatched daemons were once outcasts, spurned as misfits and fools by the legions of excess that patrol the hellscape and twisted paradises of Slaanesh's realm. Yet through a canny expertise in the Great Game that shaped them, they have become leaders amongst the Chaos hosts and even count several Keepers of Secrets – those greater daemons who epitomise their god's true self – amongst their entourage. They are sought out by those who wish to overcome the iniquities of Chaos worship through making a permanent pact with a daemoniac force, as well as by those daemons that wish to become muse, patron, or tormentor to a single mortal soul so that they may have a

constant anchor in reality from which to work their agendas. The volatile tyranny of Chaos is so prevalent that this means a near-constant influx of new recruits to Syll'Esske's long crusade. So numerous are these souls that at times the warhost that has trailed behind the Slaaneshi herald and her daemon prince paramour has been measured in the hundreds of miles.

In combat, the Vengeful Allegiance fights not as two disparate individuals, but as a single creature united by the same inviolable will. Oftentimes Syll's many-tailed whip loops around the weapon arms of the enemy, yanking them out wide just in time for Esske's long-hafted axe to carve in and decapitate the now-defenceless foe. At others, Esske will sweep his axe low, taking the legs from a half dozen enemies as Syll's whips catch around their throats and throttle the life from them whilst they are still reeling from the initial strike. Over the millennia these manoeuvres have been practiced so frequently they hit home with uncanny synchronicity. This is due to each part of the Vengeful Allegiance reading what the other will do, conveyed through minute shifts of body language. This they can feel through the complex apparatus that Esske can unfurl at will from his spine and shoulders, a strange lightweight framework shot through with nerve endings. When Syll shifts her weight for a strike, Esske reads the trajectory of her scourging whip. When Esske leans into a blow to put his muscular strength behind the Axe of Dominion, Syll balances like a dancer, lining up a follow-up assault. Together they fight with such fluid focus and skill that even the heralds of the other Chaos Gods find themselves swiftly outmatched.

Wherever the glorious dual being that is Syll'Esske walks, an obsession with joining the daemonic and the mortal together blossoms in the mind. So steeped in their own uniqueness are they that those who fight alongside them, even for a single hour, become infected with a burning need to tear the barrier between the everyday and the supernatural. The physical skills of these two daemonic scions are powerful indeed, but they are far from the only weapons in their arsenal, for their true strength is inspiration. The sheer aura of authority that emanates from Esske – a being twice the height of a man and possessed of a supernaturally overpowering presence – can leave weak-minded adversaries grovelling in the dirt. Such fools are swiftly dispatched. Conversely, those Hedonites who swear allegiance to the Vengeful Allegiance instead find their resolve hardened to the point it is all but unbreakable. How can they fail when they are led to war by not one but two of Slaanesh's foremost champions, they who have fought through millennia of strife and emerged triumphant?

THE DARK PRINCE OF CHAOS

Slaanesh is a strange god, for he is formed not of emotion or concept – as are his brothers in darkness – but of degree. He is the god of excess, and those who obsess over their vices or indulge their passions to the point of madness give great power to the Dark Prince. Androgynous and elegant, Slaanesh can take any form and gender, but the abyssal depths of evil in his eyes will always enrapture the souls of those who witness him no matter how he appears to them. His followers number in the billions, for mortals in every realm worship him, whether knowingly or not. Because the surreal environments and hazards that typify the furthest reaches of the realms foster extreme beliefs and behaviours, his faithful are found as often in the magic-haunted wilds as in the city, where cults of luxury and indolence thrive in secret. Slaanesh one day intends to claim all the Perimeters Inimical as part of his sovereign realm and from there close his stranglehold to consume reality entirely. Yet for long centuries Slaanesh has been absent, chained in the Hidden Gloaming by the magic of the aelven gods and able to act only through the scattered daemons and mortals who would one day see him restored to his rightful throne as the Dark Prince of Chaos.





Above: Syll'Esske leads an army of daemons and mortals dedicated to the Prince of Pleasure. With their heightened senses and lightning-fast reflexes fuelled by vengeance and unquenchable lust for power, there are few foes that can stand in their way.

There is much debate as to which of the two entities that make up Syll'Esske is the elder, or the most dominant, but in truth it matters not. There is no one soul that has authority, no one element that pays obeisance to the other. Instead they are a fusion of wills that has become far greater than the sum of its parts.

ESKKE THE SCARRED

Esske used to be human, no more impressive in stature than the other tribally scarified warriors and athletes of his clan. He hails not from the Mortal Realms, nor even from the world-that-was, but from another time and place entirely – that darksome reality known in the Slaaneshi courts as the Land of the Forgotten.

Esske is one of the first mortals to make the journey into the Realm of Chaos voluntarily, millennia before Threx Skullbrand sought the brass citadel of Khorne or Lord Gardus of the Hallowed Knights ventured into the noxious domain of the Plaguefather. Having risen to kingship of his tribe, Esske walked the spiral of decadence that led from the Land of the Forgotten to the Realm of Chaos. Through sheer excellence and bloody-minded determination he fought his way to the outskirts of the six circles of seduction, intending to lay his axe before Slaanesh's divine throne. Though he fought and

bled each day, and though he reached the fleshy gardens that ring the outer circle of Slaanesh's palaces, he got no further.

In those dubious gardens, blood sports are a daily diversion for the daemons languishing between invasions of the mortal plane. Through illusions of a golden path, Esske was led to the outermost arenas, only to find himself fighting for his life in a giant oval of entwined bodies from which hundreds of daemons watched his progress. He found himself battling there for days, then months, then what seemed like an eternity, all the while sustained by the immortal energies of that place. Each new day he was matched against a procession of weird and terrifying creatures from a dozen dimensions, for the forces of Chaos have conquered many realities, and Slaanesh has retained keepsake souls and fascinating monsters from each and every one. There stayed Esske, unable to free himself from the seemingly endless arenas of Slaanesh's garden, unable to meet his ultimate goal of fighting before the Dark Prince himself. He wet his axe anew with each false dawn in his frustration, caught in a Moebius loop of endless bloodshed. Held back by his mortal nature, he could only get so far towards the prime arena sometimes frequented by Slaanesh himself. Then, one day, a new daemon ventured in to





watch him fight, and in doing so changed both of their fates forever.

SYLL LEWDTONQUE

The daemon known in Slaanesh's courts as Syll Lewdtongue was unusual amongst the favoured handmaidens of Slaanesh. She was not fickle and faithless, taking favoured souls as pets and discarding them again on a whim in the manner of her Daemonette peers. Instead she was devoted to that which enthralled her. This was a source of endless scorn from her peers, who painted her as a wilting naïf or a lovelorn debutante traipsing after those who she should rightfully be grinding beneath her heel for her own entertainment.

There was an element of truth to this, for though Syll had a sharp-enough tongue, quick-enough blade and vicious-enough imagination to compete with the best of Slaanesh's heralds, she had a habit of becoming obsessed with those mortals she visited in the physical realms. In her role as muse she would go to great lengths to foster the talent of those whose indulgences appealed to her, endlessly pushing them to scale greater heights or plunge into darker depths in their own all-consuming quests. Some she sought to fashion into perfect beings, for her ultimate desire was to parade her most beautiful creation before Slaanesh himself. So proficient

was Syll in the role of muse, so deep did her insight and wisdom run, she even inspired a Keeper of Secrets – the monstrous doyenne known as Aspho Mhel'Daraxes – to claim the Quintessent Crown. In doing so the greater daemon cemented their place as one of the six most favoured daemons in all of Slaanesh's court, and though Aspho has never formally acknowledged Syll's aid, they have swapped secrets ever since.

A CONFLUENCE OF FATE

On the day Syll entered the flesh-walled gladiatorial arenas of Slaanesh's gardens, all former projects and paramours were forgotten. She saw something wondrous in Esske's indomitable nature, despite his jaded soul and ever-growing fatigue, and approached him that night with every persuasive art she could summon.

By dawn, Esske had a new lease on life. He strode out onto the bone sands of the arena with a killing light in his eye, and he hacked his way into the next circle of gladiatorial excellence, and the next. With Syll's patronage, with her insights into the foes he would face and their secret weaknesses detailed before each bout by her ally Aspho, Esske proved unstoppable. His two-headed axe claimed the lives of champions, daemon lords, even gigantic bladebrutes and

**'Two as one
never lasts,
dear, in the
circles of
seduction.
One day your
blades will
find each
other's backs,
my prideful
darlings. One
fine day.'**

— Last words of the
Whispering Marquis



steel-skinned drakes as he fought his way ever closer to Slaanesh's godly palace. As his fortunes rose, so did those of Syll Lewdtongue, and the two enjoyed a brief period of pre-eminence. But as with all those embroiled in the Great Game, their very success courted disaster from those that would see them fall.

In the wake of a lengthy victory feast that Syll and her paramour enjoyed for far too long, the Daemonette was found in her gluttoned slumber by her fiercest rivals. Whilst Esske was at his red work in the arena, Syll was circled by the jealous heralds who sought to end her spate of success, and whilst the Daemonette was still in her gluttonous torpor, she was violently slain with her own blade.

Such an ignominy is not easily forgotten in Slaanesh's realm, for he despises those who show weakness. Syll Lewdtongue was banished from his realm for six hundred years and six days. It was a time so extensive that it damned Esske as well; fighting alone in the penultimate arena of the Dark Prince's bloodstained gardens without his consort's support and inspiration, he would eventually be outmatched and torn to pieces. This twist of fate was the cause of much tittering mirth within Slaanesh's court.

A PACT OF DAEMON STEEL

Syll was exiled to the nether hells of the Realm of Chaos, there to linger not as a daemon but as a shapeless essence with nothing but anguish to call her own. Yet obsession always finds a way. In her learning of secrets, Syll had uncovered the truths behind the Forge of Souls – a last bastion of opportunity for a disgraced daemon that supplied power, but at a terrible cost. She ventured there, formless and faint, to speak to the tyrannical masters of that strange sub-realm. There she used every nuance of her persuasive nature to broker a deal, and through the power of her voice, she struck a bargain. It saw her remade into a hissing, clanking monstrosity of pistons and arcane firepower. With a thousand souls slain for the forge, she could earn her freedom and become Syll once more.

With dark glee the Creature-that-was-Syll went forth into the Mortal Realms as a metallic Soul Grinder, scuttling out of a corrupted portal to wreak havoc across the worlds of mortal men. The carnage she inflicted was horrific. Driven by her desperate desire to reach Esske's side once more, her tally neared one thousand mortal souls in an impressively short time. Yet the masters of the Forge of Souls never intend their supplicants to make good their debts without experiencing crushing defeat or disgrace first, in doing so incurring a still greater debt and so being caught in a cycle of slavery for all eternity. Their agents

in the mortal world saw that as Syll neared her tally, she fought her way back to Slaanesh's gardens – not as a soul close to freedom, but as a mindless beast.

The long years of despair and endless battle had dulled Syll's mind, just as the masters of the Forge of Souls had expected. Under tides of bloodshed her sharp wit and fierce sense of independence had been eroded, and in many ways she had become the roaring, senseless beast within as well as without. When the Creature-that-was-Syll passed through that same portal that had unleashed her and stormed back into the domain of Slaanesh, she was insensate, a pale echo of the famous muse that had once climbed the spires of glory.

Slaanesh's domain was at that time embroiled in an intense war against Khorne, the Dark Prince's old rival, for the two gods take every opportunity they can to fan the flames of their aeons-old enmity. This time, the daemons of Khorne had penetrated further than ever before. Yet though hordes of red-skinned Bloodletters were hacking their way through the outer gardens, the fighting in the most prestigious arenas still raged unabated. The agents of the Forge of Souls cared little, focusing only on Syll and the debt she was soon to forfeit. They ensured that she found her way to the heart of Slaanesh's realm, storming headlong through a mob of Khorne daemons to emerge onto the sands of the penultimate arena.

THE DUEL

There – just as the Forge of Souls and their allies in the Slaaneshi courts had planned – was Esske, standing alone and drenched in gore. He was half-blind with fatigue, exhausted in body and soul, and covered with a dozen grievous wounds. In stormed Syll, roaring with bloodlust. Her giant piston-driven claw snapped in anticipation of claiming the thousandth mortal soul she would need to break free of her curse – though in truth, she remembered not why she wanted it so badly. The two fought with everything they had, the last remnants of their defiance wasted upon one another as the bejewelled harpies of Slaanesh's realm laughed from the contorted thrones ranged all around. Should Syll slay the last mortal she needed to escape her purgatory, she would have killed her own true protégé. Should she be slain in turn, she would be bound as a Soul Grinder for all eternity.

Lashing out came Syll's giant claw, smashing Esske across the arena. The gladiator rolled with the landing, teeth bared as he ran, made as if to leap, then dropped to slide under the giant scything blade Syll sent to intercept. He leapt up, spinning his axe around in a decapitating arc. At that moment something of Syll's essence, some

tiny trace of her scent, caught in Esske's nostrils with a burst of bittersweet familiarity, like the perfume of a lost lover. In that moment, the vile trick played upon them both became clear.

Esske stayed his blade at the last moment. He landed deftly and stepped back. He would not play puppet to those gloating courtiers in the arena, and if ascending to the final level meant destroying the one soul he had felt a connection with, he would rather abandon his long-cherished dream entirely. Raising his arms, he let his executioner's axe tip from his hands and closed his eyes in the closest thing to peace he had felt for untold centuries.

A second later, Syll's razored claw came slamming in, the twin blades ripping Esske's eyes from his head and simultaneously tearing out his throat. His blood fountained out in great spurting arcs from his once-handsome face as he was flung back into the gore-stained sand, spasming and convulsing. And there he died.

SACRIFICE

With the last mortal soul she needed slain in the name of the Forge of Souls, Syll was released from the spell that bound her. Her metal-bound form diminished, shrinking in on itself to become a Daemonette herald once more, fragile in comparison to the bladed monstrosity she had been for long years of slaughter. Though she was weakened beyond measure by her transformation and the soul-wracking despair that sought to consume her, she rushed to Esske's fallen form. A cry of anguish ripped from her throat as she cradled him, the scent of his dying breath still lingering in the air as his soul drifted away into the aether towards the Forge of Souls.

Syll breathed that departing soul in, wholly and completely, before it could escape – for the daemons of Slaanesh are no stranger to feasting on souls. Instead of drawing power from it, however, she leaned down to cradle Esske's lolling head and, closing her teeth over his bloodied mouth in a fanged kiss, she breathed it back into his corpse. Unclasping her bladed girdle, she closed the garment around Esske's neck, moulding it with her hands into a high collar that covered the gladiator's mortal injury. Last of all she slit her own wrist with her razored claw and let the hot daemon ichor spill into Esske's throat.

All around her the crowd hooted and roared, taking perverse glee in her desperate measures, shouting accusations of unfair play, and thrilling at the sight of the blessed excess on display before them. Fate itself forked, twisted, and unfurled anew.

And then, perhaps by the grace of Slaanesh himself, Esske spasmed once more and gasped.

Had he still eyes, he would have opened them to see his muse in her true form smiling down at him, but he was all but blind, and she was shaken and exhausted. Instead he drank in her proximity, her heady scent, and found bliss. Esske rose to his feet, unsteady but alive – and with vengeance foremost in his mind.

NEMESIS AT THE GATES

All eyes had been fixed on the plight and strange rebirth of the two paramours, for in the inner circle of Slaanesh's realm, extreme emotions are all the more spellbinding. Yet in watching so closely, the daemons of Slaanesh had allowed their enemies, the forces of Khorne, to hack a path deep into their master's territory. The edges of the arena came alive as a tide of horned Bloodletters broke across the fleshy bulwarks of the gladiators' inner circle, baying savagely as onyx hellblade clashed against chitinous claw.

Blinded and with a great deal of his lifeblood staining the sand, Esske would soon have been cut down by the Khornate daemons charging towards him had he fought on his own – just as would Syll, still exhausted and spent from giving so much of her strength to resurrect her consort. In a flash of inspiration, Syll saw a way out. The

'Vengeance comes for you.'

– Motto of the Syll'Esskan Hordes





Daemonette whispered into Esske's ear that she would be his eyes; she would guide his blade if he would be her strength. The big warrior simply nodded, reclaimed his greataxe, and knelt before her. She took a discarded sixtail whip from the arena floor, climbed gingerly atop his shoulders, and they stood as one.

The two proved greater than the sum of their parts. Inspired by a desire for revenge upon those who had so nearly laid them low, they fought with every iota of their skill to survive. An uncanny symbiotic relationship was born from their mingled souls; given the circumstances, they had no other choice. Those who evaded Syll's whip were met by Esske's axe; those who darted in to wound Esske as he swung his blade found themselves pulled aside at the last by Syll's lash.

In the surreal tableaux of daemon war that followed, the two were formidable indeed, empowered by their fierce joy at having escaped the brink of death. They fought all the way to Slaanesh's throne room, intercepting a trio of Bloodthirsters that had the temerity to barge through the flesh-sculptures of the palace walls and yanking their leader from its feet with an artful lash of Syll's whip before Esske's axe bit deep into its neck. There, before the indulgent gaze of Slaanesh himself and with their fellow gladiators pouring in to fight alongside them, they fought the greater daemons to a gory standstill until the Bloodthirsters were eventually overwhelmed by the trilling Fiends that had been basking in Slaanesh's radiance.

A FITTING REWARD

Together the Vengeful Allegiance were fulfilling a twisted, bloodied echo of their dreams. Syll the Muse was parading her 'perfect warrior' before her divine master, though by this point he was a blind and ragged wreck bleeding from a dozen deep wounds. Esske was finally fighting under his patron's gaze, but being long past the edge of exhaustion, his signature grace was sorely lacking. The gory dance turned into a stumbling, blood-drunk parody of the finesse for which the two had once been known. And yet they defeated the Khornate trespassers one and all, for when fighting together the two had inner steel to spare. In doing so, they saved Slaanesh himself from having to intervene – though he could have annihilated the intruders with a flick of his claw, it would have meant admitting the Blood God had forced him to direct action. Better than that, now the Dark Prince could boast that Khorne's spearhead thrust had been defeated by a blind mortal and a broken lesser daemon, something that he would enjoy reminding the Blood God about for centuries to come. The clash of battle faded away until at last the audience chamber fell

quiet – silent aside from the slow, languid clap of Slaanesh's beringed hands.

When the two emerged from his throne room, they did so in splendour. Syll was returned to the peak of her powers, clad in queenly raiment and positively radiant with Slaanesh's favour. Esske had been given the ultimate reward, not only healed by the Dark Prince's own hand, but reshaped and given immortality as a daemon prince – twelve foot tall and with all the hauteur and poise Syll had once intended for him. In his hands he clutched the Axe of Dominion, an enchanted greataxe that could cut through even stone with ease.

Out they went into the war-torn gardens, where the last of the preening gossips of Slaanesh's court were fought ragged by the Khornate invasion they had so narrowly overcome. Yet though the Blood God's servants were no more than a stink of hot gore upon the air, the slaughter was not yet over. This time, Esske's gigantic axe cut not the crimson hide and lumpen spines of Khorne's avatars, but the soft and silken flesh of those Slaaneshi daemons who had sought to engineer the downfall of the Vengeful Allegiance. The swiftness of the courtiers' demise was merciful, but the long millennia of their resultant exile was not.

THE HOSTS GATHER

Since that day, the legend of the Vengeful Allegiance has spread through whisper and song to all eight of the Mortal Realms. They have become dark saints of the Slaaneshi religion, revered by all as champions of those who would seek power from the fusion of daemon and mortal to cast down those who once stood in their path. Syll made good on her debt by swearing an oath that her warhosts would include Soul Grinders for the rest of time, and she ensured that for every six souls they claimed, one would not count against their tally, but go directly to the Forge of Souls. Esske's legend has attracted gladiators and athletes from every realm. A great many warriors who hear the story of Syll'Esske become obsessed by it and devote their lives to seeking out the Vengeful Allegiance, just as so many Slaaneshi daemons seek the Dark Prince in their turn. Those who find their muse risk never coming back. Once they join the adoring masses who trail in Syll'Esske's wake, pleading with the dual entity for a chance to garner personal power or get their revenge on those who wronged them, they will likely never leave, dying in the Vengeful Allegiance's service before their own tale can reach its end. For a pact with the Vengeful Allegiance is a pact with the daemonic, and very few across the span of history have lived to tell of such desperate measures.

'Watch the axe, and the whip'll take your eyes. Dodge the whip, and the axe'll split you in twain. And that's if you can keep from debasing yourself as soon as they get near. The hand of the Dark Prince himself is behind those two, and he won't let them fall easy.'

— Rhardros the Bear of the Skullfiend Tribe.

Opposite: The Host of Syll'Esske includes both mortals and daemons – followers of Slaanesh who obsess over revenge and the acquisition of power they believe is rightfully theirs. They take a perverse joy in inflicting pain on those foolish enough to stand in their way.

OUT FROM THE REALM OF CHAOS

The legend of Syll'Esske is older than that of any Slaaneshi daemon save that of Shalaxi Helbane, the great hunter. So long ago did the story of the Vengeful Allegiance enter mortal consciousness that depictions of two conquerors, one standing upon the other's shoulders, can be found daubed on the walls of Ghur's deepest Primal Caves, within the Hyali Mosaics, and even in other worlds and realities entirely. Some of their exploits are particularly well known, for since Slaanesh blessed them in recompense for their service, they have carved a bloody swathe across the Mortal Realms and beyond.

THE AGE OF MYTH

TO SEEK A GOD

Esske the Scarred, undefeated champion of the Land of the Forgotten, passes through the spiral of decadence to reach the Realm of Chaos. There he seeks out Slaanesh himself, though it is many millennia before he reaches his goal, and he does so not in splendour but in desperation.

THE CROSSING OF THE PATHS

In the gladiatorial arenas of Slaanesh's gardens, the herald Syll sees Esske fighting for the edification of a crowd of her fellow daemons. She seeks him out that night, and an immortal bond is formed.

THE LOST YEARS

Syll is sent into ethereal exile by her jealous detractors, forced to take the form of a Soul Grinder in order to have any corporeal presence at all. Meanwhile, Esske fights for his life every night in the arena, sustained by daemonic energy only so long as he provides a good spectacle for the baying crowds.

THE AGE OF CHAOS

THE STEEL RAMPAGE

Syll cuts a bloody swathe across Hysh during the dark era in which Slaanesh infiltrates the Ten Paradises and lays them low before returning to the Six Circles of Seduction. There she is matched against Esske for the amusement of the crowd, but after a fierce duel they rise above the desire for violence and in doing so save one another at the last.

A GODLY BLESSING

Syll and Esske fight their way to Slaanesh's throne room, stymieing the Khornate invasion that threatens to disturb their master. In doing so they earn his blessing and are reborn as Syll'Esske, the Vengeful Allegiance.

REVENGE IN THE BRASS CITADEL

The first duty given to the Vengeful Allegiance is a retaliatory strike against the same Khornate legion that had the gall to invade Slaanesh's realm. Together they fight their way across the wastes of the Realm of Chaos, gathering a great following of long-limbed mutants, lithe dancers, and warrior acrobats as they pass out from those areas devoted to Tzeentch. Fighting through the hot-soiled wastelands around Khorne's citadel, they find their path barred by a giant fortress wall studded with brazen gargoyles that vomit molten metal. With their followers forming a human pyramid, Syll'Esske scale a ladder of limbs to crest the wall and butcher the garrison of Bloodletters sent against them. Only when they have mounted the heads of six Khornate heralds upon the highest spikes of that fortress do they retreat for the realm of Slaanesh once more, for a thousands-strong pack of Flesh Hounds has been dispatched to avenge the slaughter. Though their followers are chased down by the hundred, the two cross back into the Six Circles of Seduction as the hunt closes in on them. Just as the Flesh Hounds' snapping jaws are close enough to bite, they are hurled back by Slaanesh's wards, forced to slink back to their master in disgrace.

THE AGE OF SIGMAR

THE SANDS STAINED RED

The Idoneth of Fuethán take a great soul-haul from the outlying settlements of Vanx Littoral. Just as they are returning to their whirlway portals, a pair of strange figures rise from the surf of the beach, one atop another. The two give rise to an ululating and discordant call, and from the blood-laced waves come hundreds of daemons, leaping forth to slash and cut. The Fuethán rear back in horror and return to the coast, only to find a vast host of Slaanesh-worshipping mortals running across the dunes behind them. Caught between the two halves of Syll'Esske's horde, they are cut down – and the souls they had harvested consumed by Syll and her fellow Daemonettes.

THE LAST DEBAUCH OF BLEINHAIM

The infamous harvest festival in Bleinhaim, a wealthy city known for its lavish feasts and elaborate costumes, is treated to some unexpected guests when the Vengeful Allegiance is summoned through a forgotten portal by a sect of Slaaneshi cultists. Walking regally through the carnival, Syll'Esske soon have the populace rapt in awe, and street by street they draw every reveller in their wake. The Bleinhaim Freeguild muster to bar their path at the city limits, but they are torn to pieces by Syll'Esske and their newly devoted hosts. When Syll'Esske finally leave the city, their host is greatly bolstered, and Bleinhaim is empty save for the rats and other vermin that suddenly find themselves the sole inheritors of its former riches.

A PURITAN'S REWARD

The Dawnbringers, a warrior chamber of the Knights Excelsior, uncover a cult of degenerates that has thoroughly infested the Sigyorn region in Chamon. They purge the cultists and burn their holdings to the ground, reducing to ash every blasphemous tome and tattooed, flayed skin upon which the depictions of Syll'Esske and their fellow daemons of Slaanesh are drawn. Yet they are too late, for the Sigyorn region has come to the notice of Syll, and she takes offence to her burgeoning power-base being laid low. Under the

light of the next new moon, the Dawnbringers are assailed by a Slaaneshi host of daemons and mortals that outnumbers them three times over. The Stormcast Eternals fight with every ounce of determination and skill they can muster, and the ground is painted red with cultist blood and daemon ichor by the time the sun rises. Yet it shines not upon the white sigmarite plate of the Knights Excelsior, for they have been slain one and all. Only Syll'Esske stands proud, glinting in the new sunlight and covered head to toe in spilt gore.



THE HOST OF SYLL'ESSKE BATTLE TRAITS

A Syll'Esskan Host is a new Host of Slaanesh which can be used by any player that is using a Slaanesh army chosen from *Battletome Hedonites of Slaanesh*. If you decide to do so, after you have chosen the Slaanesh allegiance for your army, you can choose for your army to be a SYLL'ESSKAN HOST instead of an INVADERS HOST, a PRETENDERS HOST or a GODSEEKERS HOST. All units in your army gain the SYLL'ESSKAN keyword and benefit from the following Battle Traits as well as the allegiance abilities they have for being a Slaanesh army.

VENGEANCE UNLEASHED

SYLL'ESSKAN HOST units only

COMMON PURPOSE

In reflection of their leader, the hosts that follow Syll'Esske count both daemons and mortals in roughly equal number, working together in perfect symmetry.

At the start of the battle, if the number of MORTAL units in a Syll'Esskan Host army is exactly equal to the number of DAEMON units, you receive D3 extra command points. If the total number of units in the army is more than 12, and the number of MORTAL units in a Syll'Esskan Host army is exactly equal to the number of DAEMON units, you receive D6 extra command points instead of D3 extra points. Syll'Esske counts as 2 units, 1 MORTAL and 1 DAEMON, for the purposes of this rule.

DEADLY SYMBIOSIS

The followers of Syll'Esske are united in their desire to wreak vengeance, and they take shivering pleasure in their comrades committing acts of violence and excess in the name of the Vengeful Allegiance.

When you receive depravity points because a friendly SLAANESH HERO has inflicted a wound or mortal wound,

or has suffered a wound or mortal wound, you receive 2 depravity points instead of 1 if that SLAANESH HERO is within 12" of SYLL'ESSKE.

SYLL'ESSKAN HOST

A Syll'Esskan host contains far more mortal warriors than any other host of Slaanesh.

A Syll'Esskan Host can include only the following warscroll battalions: The Vengeful Alliance, Epicurean Revellers, Seeker Cavalcade, Devout Supplicants, Vengeful Throng and Daemonsteel Contingent. The Vengeful Alliance, Devout Supplicants, Vengeful Throng and Daemonsteel Contingent warscroll battalions can only be used in an army that is a Syll'Esskan Host.

HOST OF SYLL'ESSKE WARSCROLL	POINTS
The Vengeful Alliance	100 pts
Devout Supplicants	160 pts
Vengeful Throng	140 pts
Daemonsteel Contingent	110 pts

WARSCROLLS

WARSCROLL BATTALION

THE VENGEFUL ALLIANCE

The armies of the Vengeful Alliance harbour all manner of strange outcasts, rising hopefuls and Pleasurebound tribes that have flocked to their banner. A great many Hellstriders and mutants ride alongside them, for they too are fusions of mortal and chaotic creature that in essence have become one single entity of war.

ORGANISATION

- 1 Syll'Esske, The Vengeful Allegiance
- 0-5 CHAOS SLAANESH HEROES
- 1-2 Devout Supplicants and Vengeful Throng warscroll battalions in any combination
- 1-2 Seeker Cavalcade warscroll battalions
- 0-2 Epicurean Revellers warscroll battalions
- 0-2 Daemonsteel Contingents warscroll battalions

ABILITIES

Brutal Tyranny: *If there is one thing that the legend of Syll'Esske has come to embody, it is vengeance against the odds, taken in the name of spite, antipathy and brutal tyranny.*

All MORTAL units in this battalion count as having a Bravery characteristic of 10 as long as SYLL'ESSKE is part of your army and on the battlefield. In addition, at the start of your hero phase you receive 1 command point if SYLL'ESSKE is part of your army and on the battlefield.

WARSCROLL BATTALION DEVOUT SUPPLICANTS

ORGANISATION

A Devout Suppliants battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 MORTAL SLAANESH HERO
- 2-6 Chaos Chosen, Chaos Warriors or Chaos Marauders units in any combination
- 0-2 Chaos Spawn units
- 1-2 Chaos Warshrine units

All units in this battalion must have the SLAANESH keyword.

ABILITIES

Favoured of Slaanesh: *The warriors of the Syll'Esskan hosts are held in special favour by Slaanesh, and he will often answer their prayers.*

When you use the Favour of the Ruinous Powers ability for a WARSHRINE from this battalion, the prayer is answered on a 2+ instead of a 3+.



WARSCROLL BATTALION VENGEFUL THRONG

ORGANISATION

A Vengeful Throng battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 MORTAL SLAANESH HERO with a mount or that can fly
- 2-6 Chaos Knights or Chaos Marauder Horsemen units in any combination
- 0-4 Chaos Chariots or Chaos Gorebeast Chariots units in any combination

All units in this battalion must have the SLAANESH keyword.

ABILITIES

Headlong Charge: *The thunderous pound of iron-shod hooves shakes the ground as this warband charges headlong towards the foe, all restraint lost to the thrill of imminent vengeance.*

Once per battle, at the start of your charge phase, you can say that this battalion will make a headlong charge. If you do so, in that charge phase you can attempt to charge with a unit from this battalion if it is within 18" of the enemy instead of 12", and you can roll 3D6 instead of 2D6 when making charge rolls for units from this battalion. In addition, after each unit from this battalion makes a headlong charge move, pick one enemy unit within 1" of that charging unit and roll a dice. On a 5+ that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds at the end of the charge phase.

WARSCROLL BATTALION DAEMONSTEEL CONTINGENT

ORGANISATION

A Daemonsteel Contingent battalion consists of the following units:

- 1-3 Soul Grinder units

All units in this battalion must have the SLAANESH keyword.

ABILITIES

The Debt: *When Syll was bound to the masters of the Forge of Souls, the toll of souls that was owed to earn Syll's freedom was not fully repaid. Rather than earn the enmity of the masters of the Forge of Souls, Syll'Esske brokered a new deal, agreeing that the Vengeful Allegiance would forevermore include an elite contingent of the mightiest constructs created in the Forge of Souls, thus ensuring that the masters would receive a proportion of the souls taken by the Syll'Esskan host forevermore.*

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by SOUL GRINDERS in this battalion, and add 1 to save rolls for attacks that target SOUL GRINDERS in this battalion.

PAINTING SYLL'ESSKE

Welcome, little mortal, to the two most glorious pages in the magazine – the place where we show you how to paint the most magnificent of Slaanesh's servants: Syll'Esske, the Vengeful Allegiance. Make sure you've got plenty of purple paint on standby.

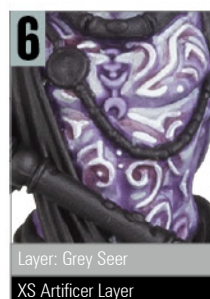
This rendition of Syll'Esske was painted by Andrew Palies, who observant readers will notice is one of the entrants in our Golden Demon Winners Challenge later in the magazine. Here's what Andrew had to say about painting the Vengeful Allegiance.

'I kept the model in three sub-assemblies to make it easier to paint,' says Andrew. 'There's Esske, the metal frame on his back, and Syll. I sprayed Syll and Esske

Chaos Black and the frame Leadbelcher, then started painting the largest areas of the models first, namely the skin, then the cloth, then the metal. There's a lot of purple on this model, and you'll notice that some areas use exactly the same colours but come out looking different (such as the purple robes and Syll's claw). That's because I used some colours as full layers, while others I used as edge highlights. You can create a whole range of tones and textures by experimenting with colours in this way.'



PALLID SKIN



SHINING ARMOUR



PURPLE ROBES



Wash: Nuln Oil



Layer: White Scar

LOINCLOTH

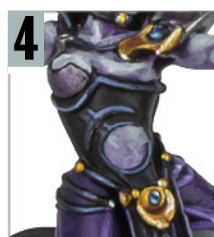


Wash: Nuln Oil



Layer: White Scar

BLACK LEATHER



Layer: Blue Horror

LUSTROUS GOLD



Basecoat: Retributor Armour



Wash: Reikland Fleshshade



Layer: Liberator Gold



Layer: Stormhost Silver

AXE OF DOMINION



Basecoat: Leadbelcher



Wash: Drakenhof Nightshade



Layer: Ironbreaker



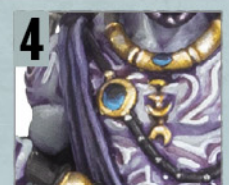
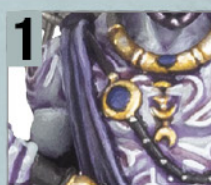
Layer: Stormhost Silver

DAEMONETTE CLAW



GEMSTONES

Andrew painted Syll'Eske's gemstones to make them look like they are reflecting the light. He started with a basecoat of Kantor Blue on each gem (1). Next, he shaded the top of each gem with a crescent of Abaddon Black (2) and highlighted the lower edge of each gem with a crescent of Sotek Green (3). He then applied edge highlights of Temple Guard Blue (4) and Baharroth Blue (5) around the bottom edge of the gemstone. To finish off, Andrew painted a tiny dot of White Scar into the top right corner to represent a light reflection point (6).



THE DUALITY OF VENGEANCE

Dark are the desires of Slaanesh's followers, their lust for power and revenge beyond compare. The Vengeful Allegiance can offer them everything they ever dreamed of and more in this short story by Jordan Green.

'V'engeance comes for you.'

Those are the whispered words in Yarkasai's head that spur him onwards.

Sand and shale the hue of a burnt-out funeral pyre crunch underfoot as he flees. Each step sees the sharpened rocks slice into his soles. There's pain, but Yarkasai doesn't care. If he slows, his pursuers will gain on him. Should they catch him, there'll be more pain – perhaps more than he can handle.

'Faster, my love. Vengeance comes for you.'

'I know, Luxsion,' Yarkasai says to the daemon-muse trilling in his mind. His voice is a hoarse and ragged gasp born from exertion. 'I know.'

Yarkasai's skin is pale, like many inhabitants of Shyish. His muscles are lean, but there's strength there. He's a warrior, as are all those tribesmen who dwell in the underworld of Athanasia. He honours the gods, and he rejoices in waging war against the charnel hosts of the Undying King and the Storm God's get. But it isn't they who hunt him. It's his own tribe, seeking his blood for a sin they cannot forgive.

He cannot run forever. Luxsion's urging keeps him going. His daemon-muse offers a solitary hope. As the lightless surf of the Ocean of Mergheists crashes against the night-black beach, he pulls his khiropfiend-hide cloak tighter and stumbles onward.

'We must keep going. We must find the Vengeful Allegiance.'

With a grunt, Yarkasai pulled his axe from the daemon-beast's chest. The tainted raptor let out a rattling wheeze, tongue lolling from its beak. Yarkasai lifted the blood-slick blade in respect for the fallen prey. Around him, his warband finished slaughtering the remainder of the flock. The squawking cries of more Raptoryx echoed through the rocky hills, a last effort to escape the death coming for them.

Yarkasai frowned. The cabalistic shamans who ruled the tribe of the Unending Coil claimed that to sup the blood of

daemons was to inherit a portion of their divinity. In the past, the Coil had brought down daemon behemoths and infernal predators beyond count – but ever since the gheist-gales had begun to rock Shyish, the creatures had grown scarcer. Yet Yarkasai was the son of a Maraktor, one of the marauding chieftains of the Unending Coil. There were expectations.

He crouched to sup from the tainted vitae, absorbing its faint daemonic power. Then Yarkasai stood, hoisting the carcass across his shoulders and setting off towards the tribe's camp, a collection of tents nestled amidst cyclopean menhirs. Other warriors were returning from the hunt as Yarkasai arrived. Many were bloated in body and covered in dripping pustules. They were marks of devotion to the Gift-Giver, one of the dark powers worshipped throughout Athanasia.

His father was waiting. Yarkasai held the elder Maraktor's gaze as he approached, an uneasy void opening in his stomach. The Raptoryx corpse suddenly felt insubstantial compared to the tales of his father slaying infernal champions and temptress-daemons in his own youth. Yarkasai stopped a few paces before his father, flinging the carcass down. A drawn-out silence lingered until the elder spoke.

'Is that all?'

'Pickings were slim,' Yarkasai answered.

The old man did not blink. Yarkasai's lips pursed as he fought the urge to reach for his axe and defend his honour.

'A kill is a kill, father, it—'

The sound of drums interrupted him. Frowning, Yarkasai turned towards its source. More warriors were returning. Carried on their backs were the bodies of tainted grave-beasts hunted amidst the most perilous reaches of the mountain passes. At the head of the triumphant returning party marched a younger warrior, chin crimson with gore, eyes alight with a lust for glory.

Arsamax. His younger brother.

'You will never become Maraktor, boy,' Yarkasai's father said. As Arsamax was lifted onto the shoulders of his blood-wards, the elder pushed forward, shouldering Yarkasai aside.

'Never.'

The Vengeful Allegiance. The Dualarch. The Two-that-is-One. Whispers say that these daemon-saints can bestow divine symbiosis, that through them can mortal and daemon become one. The same gossip suggests their caravan now crosses Athanasia.

That's his salvation. He is favoured by a dark muse, and through such a union he could return to take vengeance on his tribe. But first he must survive.

Even through the fugue of pain, Yarkasai can hear his pursuers. With them come mercenaries from distant Tzlid, flayed men who have long fought alongside the Coil.

'Left,' Luxsion orders. Yarkasai complies, darting into a cluster of protruding rocks. It won't buy him much time, but every second could count. But in the end he must catch his breath, else his heart will explode. The sudden halting sends Yarkasai's vision swimming with black stars. He can hear the pursuers still.

'It's no use,' he gasps. 'We cannot outrun them.'

'Hush!' Luxsion's tone is stern but encouraging. 'Do not give into wretched despair. I taste the Dualarch's scent upon the wind.'

'They will catch us before we reach them.'

'They will not!' Yarkasai winces as his muse shrieks into his mind. Yet as ever, Luxsion offers succour; the tribesman's aches recede as his patron's insubstantial essence ghosts across his mind.

'They will not catch us. I will not let them.'

'He had no right to speak to you that way.'

The thoughts mirrored Yarkasai's, yet they were not his own. The voice that crept into his mind was a sibilant whisper, a taunting hiss that nevertheless reached the core of his being.

The tribesman rose from his fur-pile bed, axe in hand. Within his yurt the shadows loomed large. A brazier flickered in the corner, wafting scented smoke. Here and there the smoke took on the impression of a waif-form, slender of limb with coy, almond-shaped eyes.

'Show yourself,' Yarkasai said, scanning the darkness. Tittering laughter was his reply.

'Alas, my prince. Once I was a queen amongst the joyous courts. But now I am banished – a lost echo, an exile. This form is all I can muster.'

Yarkasai paused; the Unending Coil hunted and praised the

children of the gods in equal measure. Sensing his hesitation, the smoke-form drifted closer. Yarkasai felt the impression of a claw-limb running across his chest, sending bliss fluttering through him.

'This is a trick,' he said. 'A temptation. You are an agent of the Changer, twisting threads for your own amusement.'

'A temptation, yes. But I am no progeny of the Lunatic God,' the daemon-form crooned. 'My absent lord is of far nobler stock. And he adores those with ... potential. Like you.' As he shook his head in bitter self-hatred, Yarkasai almost thought that the smoke-thing seemed disappointed.

'Yes, like you,' the daemon said. 'After all, you are son of the Maraktor. You were amongst the finest warriors of this tribe. You could rise high in my master's esteem.'

Within Yarkasai's breast, ambition kindled. The daemon was not wrong. Had he not been heir-apparent until Arsamax stole their father's gaze?

'And you?' he said warily. 'What do you gain through this?'

'A second chance,' the daemon chuckled. Smoke-claws rested upon his cheeks, stroking gently. 'My name, in your tongue, is Luxsion. Tell me ... have you heard of the Vengeful Allegiance?'

Yarkasai has reckoned without the cunning of the Unmade. The pain addicts are no fools; a pack of them have outflanked him and now close with wicked cleavers and flesh-hooks ready.

Yarkasai does not think. He merely moves his blade to follow Luxsion's urgings. Deflect a thrust. Step back from a blow. Sidestep, then an elbow into a flayed face. Downward cut to decapitate. Soon, not all the blood on the sand is his own.

But they outnumber him, and they don't fear agony. One is caught square in the chest by Yarkasai's axe, only to lash out and trace a thin line of crimson over the tribesman's chest. Another leaps from behind, plunging a barbed dagger into the meat of his shoulder before being thrown off. Luxsion cannot predict every motion. Gradually, Yarkasai's strength flees, along with his lifeblood. Luxsion's voice grows faint.

Was his betrayal worth this end?

'He will not see it coming.'

Yarkasai had Luxsion alone to guide him. That and the burning need to claim what ought to be his.

Arsamax saw him across the night-shrouded campsite. His

brother smiled. It almost gave Yarkasai pause, but his muse drove him onward. Raising a hand, Arsamax stepped forward, his smile disarming and handsome.

'A fine hunt, brother,' he said, as Yarkasai closed the distance. 'Do not let father trouble you. He—'

He never finished. Yarkasai's hand slipped to his belt, producing his bone-hilted dagger and ramming it deep into his sibling's chest. With Luxsion's guidance, it wasn't much different to gutting a swine.

Arsamax fumbled for his own blade, but to no avail. With a rattling gasp, he collapsed. Rich crimson blood – a warrior's blood – sprayed over the rocky ground.

For a time Yarkasai could only stare at his sibling's corpse, dagger dripping with gore. It wasn't long before Arsamax's blood-ward jurls spotted the body. Kin-slayer, assassin – these were not titles of honour amongst the Unending Coil. Javelins and axes flew through the darkness. In Yarkasai's mind, Luxsion's cackles turned into over-exaggerated cries of outrage.

That was when he fled.

He hears his saviours approach before seeing. Yarkasai doesn't know where they came from, but the discordant war-shouts and blaring of demented horns alert him to their presence.

Hellstriders. Mounted devotees of the Pleasure God. They charge lightning-fast, falling upon the Unmade. Whips lash out. Cruel spears punch through leathery hides. Amidst the carnage, Yarkasai catches glances of his saviours. They are neither fully mortal nor fully daemonic. They are unholy fusions of both. Limbs and bodies, nerve endings and weapons, they all mix in a symbiosis as beatific as it is terrible.

They're riding back towards him. The foe lie dead or scattered, but still they're coming. Yarkasai is too weak to run. They reach out for him, lifting the tribesman, and as they ride off, Yarkasai lets blackness overtake him.

He's not dead.

As his vision clears, that's the first surprise. The second comes as Yarkasai looks around, still carried by the conjoined man-daemons. He's not sure he's in Athanasia anymore; he's not sure he's anywhere anymore, except maybe an addict's fantastical nightmare.

He has found the caravan. More accurately, it has found him. It stretches for miles, an endless pageant of wonder and sin. There are more mortals

than he expected. The ground is a writhing carpet of man and daemon. Armoured warriors with the porcelain features of succubi observe him with void-black eyes. Chariots pulled by hooting Fiends and crewed by twisted hunchbacks charge pell-mell between screeching cartilage-wagons. Mortal supplicants plead at the feet of daemon-maidens, infernal harpists playing for rapturous crowds of flesh-pierced marauders.

'Soon, my light.' Luxsion's voice drips with anticipation. Yarkasai can feel his heart pounding in a frenzied tattoo. *'The Allegiance calls. Soon, vengeance.'*

The Hellstriders deposit him by the grand pavilion at the caravan's heart, retreating into the whirling clouds of madness. The silken portal billows open, a sweet-scented breeze wafting from within. With Luxsion's urgings ringing in his ears, Yarkasai rises and staggers inside.

It feels like he's walking for seconds, and hours, and both at once. Eventually he trips. Yarkasai braces for pain, but the sensation of impact is blissful, the ground beneath his hands surprisingly supple.

'Stand.'

Yarkasai complies. He can't help it. Shaking off a lingering sense of disorientation, the tribesman gets to his feet. What confronts him is a shade, an outline of something terrible and wondrous. Slowly, it steps into the ring of light at the pavilion's centre.

It's tall. The lower half of its body is thickly muscled, the top lithe. There are multiple limbs, multiple pairs of eyes watching him. Is it one being? Is it two?

It's both, he realises. It's the Two-that-is-One. Not separate entities, but an indivisible whole.

'You've come far, little one.' It's the hulking man-thing forming the Allegiance's lower half that speaks, though there's something curiously androgynous about the cast of its features. There's a smile upon its broad face and an oddly paternal quirk in its voice. Upon the curved apparatus rising from its shoulders the lithe daemon sneers, eyes radiating a cold disdain.

'You know what it wants, my love. You know what they all want.' The daemon's scowl deepens. *'Power. That's what they come for, what they all bleat for. Nothing grander. No vision beyond petty revenge.'*

'Vengeance can be vision,' the masculine half replies. Yarkasai doesn't think it's addressing him anymore. There's a thoughtful edge about it, as if it continues a conversation held many times before. *'We made it our vision, did we not?'*

'We earned it.' The feminine daemon's voice is sharp, but she smiles now, crouching and caressing the man-form's cheek. The Vengeful Allegiance stares at Yarkasai, one face wearing a cruel expression, the other contemplative. 'What has this wastrel earned?'

'Union!' Yarkasai can't help himself but speak. He forgets himself as he staggers forward a step, dropping to his knees once more and raising his hands in supplication. The Allegiance watches, caught between amusement and disdain.

'I have come so far.' Tears flow freely as he speaks, the words coming without conscious effort. He must make them – it? – understand. 'I have been passed over when glory should be mine. My muse has led me here. Teach me your secrets, I beg you, let me and my Luxsion become one and seize what is ours!'

They're still watching. One half is spiteful, the other almost pitying. He can never tell which is which, for the expressions flow into one another with each passing moment. At last, the Allegiance steps forward. The man-half's huge hand extends, lifting Yarkasai's chin. Black eyes, shark's eyes, stare into the tribesman's own.

'Oh, little mortal ... did you think I was speaking to you?'

Yarkasai doesn't understand. The Allegiance is the glory-bringer, the granter of revenge. All the pain, all the terror of the pursuit, it was all for this. A chuckle in his mind freezes him. Luxsion, normally so soothing, now speaks with a bladed edge.

'Did you never wonder how I was banished, my love? Did you never consider why your tribe above all attracted my gaze?'

The daemon-hunts. The rites of the Unending Coil. They flash through Yarkasai's mind. They assumed that those they slew would never seek vengeance of their own.

Yarkasai screams, but Luxsion is already in his mind. His muse pounces with a frenzied hell-shriek. Slicing shards of soul-pain fill him. Everything that Yarkasai was is supplanted as Luxsion, empowered by the presence of its kin, takes his flesh as its own. He feels himself ripple, his body distend.

In his mind's eye, Yarkasai sees his brother staring at him.

Syll'Esske continues to watch. As Yarkasai collapses, howling as he is violently remade, he hears the Allegiance speak in twinned voices.

'You wished for union, in pursuit of power and glory. Now you have it. Vengeance comes for you.'

THE REALM OF HEAVENS

Fantastical Realms is an ongoing series of articles showing you how to build and paint your Warhammer Age of Sigmar armies based around the Mortal Realms in which they live and fight. Gaze deep into the aetheric void, for this month we are travelling to Azyr.



Azyr glitters above all, a swirl of heavenly energy in the aetheric void, a beacon of hope in the Darkness Without. It is a place of wonder and endless possibilities, the embodiment of thoughts and ideas, of dreams and potential. In the Realm of Heavens, deities, demigods, and mortals converse and philosophise; civilisations and cultures thrive and prosper.

Yet the Celestial Realm is not the place of peace that it once was, and as long as the forces of Chaos still exist in the Mortal Realms, Azyr is on a permanent war footing. It is fortunate, then, that the people of Azyr are courageous and determined fighters, well-trained and highly skilled in the arts of war and magic. Yet many are also driven by vengeance, particularly the descendants of those who were forced from their homelands during the Age of Chaos.

THE COMET OF POWER

The symbol of Azyr is the Comet of Power, a clear link to the celestial lore that influences the lives of the realm's people. It is traditionally shown with the comet travelling skyward, symbolising the transcendent and ever-expanding knowledge of the realm's finest minds.



THE HEAVENLY HOST

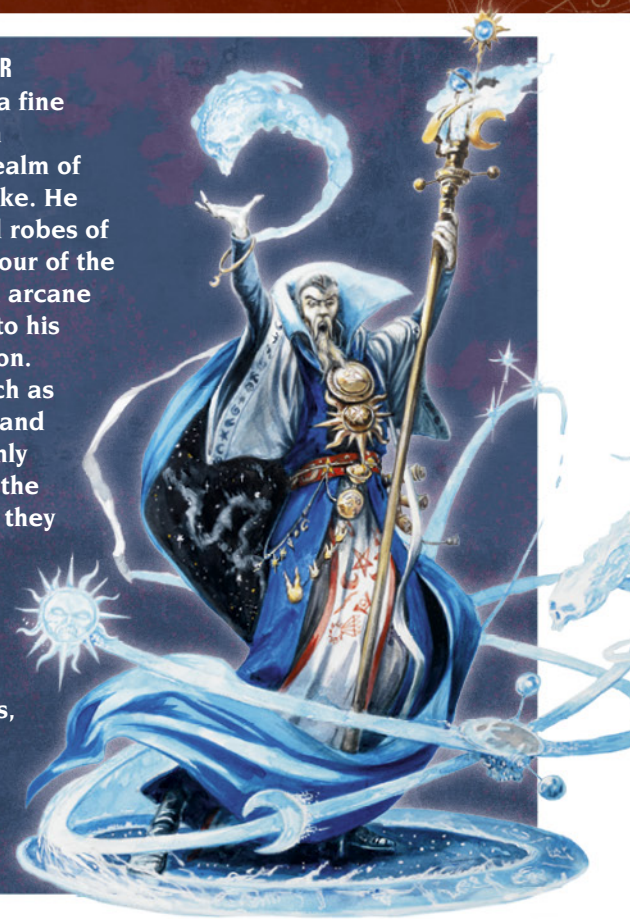
So what would an army from the Realm of Heavens look like? Do the Freeguild armies wear uniforms to denote what cities they hail from, or are they more of a rag-tag conglomeration of warriors sent to reinforce the beleaguered armies of the other realms? Perhaps the dispossessed who dwell in the Celestial Realm use gleaming Azyrite metals when forging their weapons and armour, while the aelves make talismans and charms from celestium, the gleaming blue realmstone of Azyr. Do the people of Order who settle in the Realm of Heavens take on its culture, Fyreslayers and Idoneth Deepkin wearing Azyrite runes on their armour or adopting the colours of the realm into their clan and family heraldry? Maybe those Daughters of Khaine who live in the realm wear immaculate robes the colour of twilight to hide what lies beneath. There's a lot to consider when creating an army from Azyr.

The look of a realm and the environment your army is fighting in can be great inspiration for how you paint your models. Azyr is made up of many sub-realms floating within its realmsphere, all of them a wonder to behold. Some feature vast gleaming cities such as Azyrheim, with orreries and observatories crowning every tower, while those sub-realms steeped in celestial magic contain sights that could break a mortal mind. Mountains made of coalesced starlight play home to zodiacal demigods. Void-dust comets rain down upon lands made of glass, shattering them into shards that twinkle in the aether. Celestial energy flows in parabolas between sub-realms, creating both physical and metaphysical bridges. And above all, the Sigmarabulum shines like a crown in the firmament, a god-wrought ring of crystal and sigmarite surrounding the tortured orb that is the Broken World.

While there are infinite ways to build and paint your models, hopefully this article will provide you with some useful inspiration for how to create an army from the Realm of Heavens. If you have an idea you would like to share with us, send us some pictures of your own creations to: team@whitedwarf.co.uk

THE INHABITANTS OF AZYR

This Battlemage is a fine example of what an inhabitant of the Realm of Heavens can look like. He wears finely crafted robes of deep blue – the colour of the aetheric void – with arcane symbols stitched into his clothes for protection. Celestial bodies such as suns, moons, stars, and comets are commonly worn as trinkets by the people of Azyr, and they will often engrave these symbols into their wargear, too. Astrological equipment such as telescopes, sextants, nocturnals, and astrolabes are also common accoutrements.



AZYRHEIM



THE CELESTIAL SPECTRUM

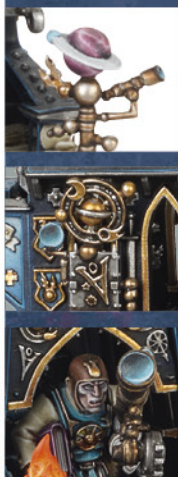
Blue, purple, and gold are the colours most commonly associated with Azyr, often featuring in the clothes worn by its inhabitants and in the architecture of its great cities. But celestial phenomena take on many hues, from vivid reds and yellows through to abyssal black.

PAINTING YOUR ARMIES

While regal colours such as blue, purple, and gold are predominant in armies from the Celestial Realm, there's nothing to stop you using whatever colours you like on your Azyrite warriors.

A LITTLE PIECE OF HEAVEN

The Celestial Hurricanum is a great source of conversion pieces for Azyrite armies. Not only does it feature an orrery, the kit also includes loads of telescopes, celestial iconography, and two grumpy-looking acolytes of the Collegiate Arcane.



How you paint your models is a great way to show what realm they are from or the realm in which they are currently fighting. Of course, almost all the inhabitants of the Realm of Heavens are creatures of Order, but that still leaves you with plenty of scope for new painting opportunities. What about a fleet of Kharadron Overlords wearing glittering star-metal prospecting suits? Perhaps you could paint sea-going aelf corsairs in the blues and purples of the aetheric void. Why not create a Freeguild army in the gold and blue heraldry of Azyrheim? A Stormhost clad in white armour the colour of the stars would look exceptionally striking on the battlefield.

Then again, there is strength in contrast. If you paint your bases in Azyrite colours such as purple or blue, maybe contrasting colours would be best for your warriors. Imagine Idoneth Deepkin riding to war on vivid orange Leviadons and Allopexes, or Wanderers clad in cool greens to complement the blue tones. Perhaps your Azyrite army is fighting in another realm – say Ghur or Aqshy – and they've adopted the colours of that realm to better blend in. Why not paint their gemstones, runes, and magical weapons a vibrant blue or mystical purple to show where they originally come from? The possibilities really are endless.



CHRONOMATIC COGS

The magical effect on this endless spell was achieved using thin glazes of blue and purple over Abaddon Black. The blues used are Kantor Blue, Caledor Sky, Teclis Blue, and Temple Guard Blue. The purples are those shown in the Star Temple base opposite.

TANGRIM LODGE FYRESLAYER

The Tangrim took up residence in the Celestial Realm following the opening of the Gates of Azyr. Their debt to the God-King is shown by the white streaks in their beards, which represent the twin-tailed comet of Sigmar.



DEATHLY SKINK

The Seraphon are Celestial beings, yet this Skink has changed its appearance to better match the realm it is fighting in. But while the Skink's skin is black, hints of purple, blue, and white are still evident in its colour scheme.



HAMMER OF SIGMAR

The colour scheme for the Hammers of Sigmar is based around the primary colours of yellow (gold), blue, and red – a regal palette worthy of Azyr. This Raptor-Prime is also accompanied by an Aetherwing, which has been painted in pale blue and deep purple, like the colours of the night sky and constellations.



CELESTIAL BATTLEMAGE

This Battlemage hails from Hollowheart in Aqshy, but he wears the traditional colours of Azyr. His pallid skin and white collar share the same cool palette as the wizard's robes while offering a strong tonal contrast. Gold details add a contrasting warm colour to an otherwise cool model.



A FEW STELLAR BASING TIPS

Need some basing inspiration for your models? Here are five ways that you can base your models from the Realm of Heavens using the Shattered Dominion and Hero Basing sets.

AZYRITE HALL



STAR TEMPLE



TIMEWORN VISTA



SIGMARITE RUIN



CELESTIAL MARBLE



CONVERTING YOUR HEROES

There are many noble heroes to be found in the Realm of Heavens. Whether riding fantastical beasts or surrounded by celestial magic, they make excellent centrepieces for your collections.

Conversions are a great way to show that the models in your collection hail from a particular realm. When it comes to converting celestial heroes, there are lots of different approaches you can take – magical tomes, potion bottles, staves and staves, orreries, rune-engraved swords, and even wings are all popular choices, as you can see from the models shown here. Symbols such as the twin-tailed comet, the Anvil of the Apotheosis, and the wheel of magic are also common devices among the people of Azyr.

This month, five keen hobbyists converted five celestial heroes for us, three of them riding mystical beasties. It seems otherworldly mounts are a popular choice in Azyr these days! Anthony Saliba and Richard Garton both opted for Celestial Dracolines, the first painting a Lord-Arcanum, while the second converted a Witch Hunter from the Order of Azyr, having been inspired by the Callis & Toll novels from Black Library. Meanwhile, Sam Wilson painted a Lord-Aquilor who's earned a reputation as a fearsome beast hunter. Ashley Lowe converted a Knight-Azyros imbued with celestial energy, while our own writer Dan settled for a rather more humble, but no less deadly, wizard. Enjoy!

CELESTIAL BATTLE Mage – DAN HARDEN

Dan converted a Battle Mage using the wizard from the Celestial Hurricanum and the head from the Celestial Wizard in the Collegiate Arcane kit. The telescope, potion bottle, candles, the top of the wizard's staff, and the metal dais he's standing on all come from the Hurricanum, while the stone base is the bottom section of the Realmvault Key from the Shattered Dominion objectives set.



A tiny griffon, taken from the Freeguild General kit, accompanies the Celestial Mage as he goes about his work. Dan chose it for the model because it's got a raised claw, which mirrors the wizard's casting hand.

LORD-ARCANUM ON CELESTIAL DRACOLINE – ANTHONY SALIBA

Ant converted a Lord-Arcanum from the Sigmarite Brotherhood – a Stormhost he chose because of their noble colour scheme. To create the model's dynamic pose, Ant mounted a piece from the Timeworn Ruins kit on the base, giving the model extra height and presence. He also gave the Lord-Arcanum a shouting head from a Forge World upgrade set so that it matched the roaring head of the Dracoline.



The Sigmarite Brotherhood wear bone white and purple – colours perfectly suited to Azyr. In contrast, Ant painted the Dracoline in more natural, earthy colours.



KNIGHT-AZYROS – ASHLEY LOWE

Ashley used a head and stormstave from the Evocators kit for his conversion, using the stave to represent the Knight-Azyros' celestial beacon. Like Ant, Ashley picked a noble, pure colour scheme – the blue and white of the Knights Excelsior.



WITCH HUNTER GENERAL – RICHARD GARTON

Richard's Witch Hunter is a member of the Order of Azyr. He converted it using the mounted Freeguild General combined with Astreia Solbright's Dracoline. He painted the Dracoline to look like the night sky, with its scales representing stars and comets.

LORD-AQUILOR – SAM WILSON

The Astral Templars Stormhost are renowned monster-hunters, which is why Sam swapped the Lord-Aquilor's regular head for a heavily scarred one from the Forge World head upgrade set. To show that his Lord-Aquilor is currently stationed in one of the many cities of Azyr, Sam created a flagstone base by cutting up one of the flooring sections in the Azyrite Townscape set and mounting it on the model's regular base.

Sam painted the Lord-Aquilor in regal purple armour, while his Gryph-charger is painted in mystical blue, turquoise, and teal – the colours of celestial magic. He painted the base a neutral sandstone.



To get the mystical skin tone on his Gryph-charger, Sam basecoated it with Mechanicus Standard Grey, then airbrushed it with Slaanesh Grey and Administratum Grey. He then applied a wash of Aethermatic Blue mixed with Contrast Medium, followed by another wash of Leviadon Blue around the feet. Sam then redefined the Gryph-charger's musculature with Slaanesh Grey and Administratum Grey.

THE STAR HOST OF KUOTEQ

This impressive Seraphon collection belongs to miniatures designer Steve Party, who converted all of his models to give them a high-tech, mystical look that's perfect for the Realm of Heavens.

Steve: 'I really love the freedom that Warhammer Age of Sigmar offers when it comes to converting models,' says Steve. 'In Warhammer Fantasy we started making Lizardmen kits like the Bastiladon that featured magical technology, and I really wanted to push that idea in the Age of Sigmar with my own army. I decided to use parts from the Necron range for my conversions – their weapons and armour feature no mechanical parts, and the warscythes and rods of covenant carried by the Lychguard and Triarch Praetorians make for excellent magical blades. I used spare torsos from the same kit to create armour for my Saurus Warriors and Temple Guard.'

'When it came to painting my Seraphon, I started by airbrushing the blue skin with a 3:1 mix of White Scar and Lothorn Blue, and the pink skin with a 1:1 mix of Screamer Pink and White Scar. I used washes of Drakenhof Nightshade and Druchii Violet to shade the models, then applied several layers of highlights using the original skin colours with progressively more white added into the two mixes.'

COLD-BLOODED COMMANDER

Steve wanted his commander to really stand out on the battlefield, so he converted this Scar-Veteran riding a huge lizard-like creature. 'I imagine it's something like a Dracoth or a Dracolone – a really powerful Celestial beast,' says Steve. 'I converted it from a Dragon Ogor with the head from a War Hydra, plus a fair amount of Green Stuff. The Scar-Veteran himself sits inside an ornate saddle which I built from a Necron Tomb Blade. I think the crescent-like shape of it fits the aesthetic of the Seraphon perfectly.'



Steve's Seraphon army in all its glory, including Saurus Warriors, Terradon Riders, Kroxigors, and Temple Guard, all of them converted using weapons and armour panels from the Necron range.



LORD OF THE CELESTIAL HOST

Steve's Slann Starmaster is easily the most heavily converted model in his army. Steve based the conversion on the Slann kit, but he used a significant amount of Green Stuff to change the look of the model. Curiously, its webbed feet are from the Beast of Nurgle, while the staff it holds aloft was taken from Orikan the Diviner. Instead of the Slann's regular stone palanquin, Steve used the Necron Command Barge as the basis for his, adding Seraphon details such as the glyphs and horns from the Carnosaur kit.

'I also converted some Chameleon Skinks,' says Steve. 'I wanted them to wear incorporeal celestial cloaks, which I converted from the ghostly tendrils of Spirit Hosts.'



WARHAMMER 40,000

In the grim darkness of the far future, there is only war! Well, war, four warlords, new rules for Space Marine kill teams, and a whole lot of silence. Plus painting and modelling guides. Huzzah!



INDEX IMPERIALIS

Brush up on your Thoughtmark, because the Sisters of Silence are back with new background and rules in this month's Index Imperialis on page 54.



DEATH FROM THE SHADOWS

New rules for Space Marine kill teams, plus a kitbash article on converting them, too! Turn to page 76 for some power-armoured action.



ECHOES FROM THE WARP



ROBIN CRUDDACE

Robin is Warhammer 40,000's lead games developer. Ever hungry for larger battles, ever eager for greater glory, and ever keen to get hold of more D12s, he is also the chief architect behind the rules for the latest edition of Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse. Now we know why he's been painting so many models for his armies recently.

If you're reading this article, then you've probably heard about and perhaps even played Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse.

The flow of time is ever mutable in the warp, however, and at the time of writing this column, Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse has yet to be released. From my vantage point, it has been announced on Warhammer Community and a few tidbits have been teased, but it's yet to be unleashed into the wild. As a games designer, this is an exciting but apprehensive time. I'm really looking forward to seeing people's reactions and hope that everyone has as much fun playing Apocalypse as I did writing it.¹ As we build to launch (which, due to those pesky warp currents, happened a few months ago by your reckoning), I've been reflecting a bit and thinking back to the design goals we were trying to achieve when we created Apocalypse.²

The idea of Apocalypse is not new to Warhammer 40,000. It has existed as an expansion in one form or another for a few editions now, and it has always proved extremely popular. Who doesn't love the spectacle of massed battles, the thrill of deploying entire tank companies, and the joy of the very largest models duelling across the sprawl of massive battlefields?

The plan for this iteration was to release Apocalypse as a bespoke game system, not simply as an expansion to an existing game. The thinking behind this was inspired by the success of Warhammer 40,000: Kill Team. Whilst Warhammer 40,000 is designed to work at any scale and can be used to have a fun skirmish with a single squad of warriors, having an entire game system dedicated to playing battles at this scale results in a more engaging and detailed experience. It also opens the door for rules and mechanics that simply wouldn't be appropriate in larger battles. That's what we wanted for Apocalypse, too: a dedicated game system for

playing massed-battle games that could utilise the rules and mechanics necessary to make it the best it could be.³ It goes without saying that this new version of Apocalypse should still capture the coolest parts of the previous versions of Apocalypse. That is to say that you can get together with a bunch of mates, put all of your toy soldiers on the table, and have an awesome mega battle. If you loved Apocalypse before, I think you'll love this version even more!

As with all new games we create, it all starts with a design brief. In a nutshell, this is a set of goals that the game needs to achieve. I'll highlight four of these design goals below, which can be roughly summarised as follows.

Accessible and Intuitive: A game that is as simple to pick up and start playing as Kill Team.

Quicker Gameplay: A game that can be finished in an evening (rather than a weekend).

Minimal Downtime: A game that reduces the downtime experienced by players.

Get to Use All Models: A game in which no models are destroyed before they can act.

I'll explain briefly how we went about tackling each of these goals.

GOAL 1) ACCESSIBLE AND INTUITIVE

The first of the design goals was that the game be accessible and intuitive. This really means that if you are familiar with playing Warhammer 40,000, then Apocalypse has enough similar rules ideas and terminology in it to make transitioning from one game system to another as easy as possible.⁴ It's for this reason we reuse a lot of the same rules terms and characteristics like Battle-forged and Weapons Skill, and we tend to use them in the same way. If you've played Warhammer 40,000, and you take a guess at how to use these terms in Apocalypse, chances are you'd be correct. That's a big win, especially when it comes to mustering an army for battle. It means we don't need to reinvent the wheel, and instead we can concentrate on the things we need to change and the new concepts we are going to introduce. It also allows us to put our time into making those things as clear and as accessible as possible.

One of these new concepts is issuing orders. This was inspired and adapted from the similar orders

¹ As always, it was not a solo effort. Whilst I spent my time developing the core engine of the game, the real heroes of Apocalypse – John, Duncan, Tony, and Malcolm – toiled long and hard to produce over 2,700 datacards. May the Chaos Gods reward them for their diligence.

² I'll simply refer to Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse as 'Apocalypse' from here on. I should also make it clear that this article is about creating Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse, and should not be confused with creating the actual Apocalypse. Apparently that's frowned upon.

³ It also neatly completes our triumvirate of Warhammer 40,000 gaming systems (Kill Team, Warhammer 40,000, and Apocalypse).

⁴ The same is true for Warhammer 40,000: Kill Team, of course.

Echoes from the Warp is a regular column about the rules, tactics, and ongoing development of Warhammer 40,000, hosted by games developer Robin Cruddace. In this month's column, he talks about the design goals and philosophies behind creating a massed-battle wargame.

system from one of my favourite classic Games Workshop games, Space Marine (or Epic, as it was commonly called).⁵ The basic idea is that at the start of each turn, you secretly place one of three different order markers next to your units, and the order you issue would then affect what actions that unit would execute this turn (i.e. what combinations of move, shoot, and fight actions it would carry out) and how effective they would be at doing said actions. It is a very simple-to-understand system, but it's one that adds huge tactical depth to the game and helps to set it apart from games of Kill Team or standard Warhammer 40,000. It also remains a pretty intuitive system; you pretty much know what a unit would do if it's on Aimed Fire orders, for example, just from the name.

GOAL 2) QUICKER GAMEPLAY

Reducing the time required to finish a game of Apocalypse to an evening was the biggest challenge to overcome. To start, we looked at games of regular Warhammer 40,000 and noted what parts of the game took the longest. These

were moving models and resolving attacks. In regular Warhammer 40,000, the positioning of each and every model is important, and each and every model's individual selection of weapons and armour has a meaningful impact, so resolving a unit's move or a unit's attacks actually involves dozens of individual decisions and operations. That's fine for Warhammer 40,000, but to make a game of Apocalypse play quicker, we needed to reduce the number of individual operations and abstract the level of detail if we were going to make the game quicker to play.

To do that, we changed the game so that instead of operating on a 'per-model' basis, it worked on a 'per-unit' basis. The plan was to make it so that each unit would move, make attacks, and take saving throws as a single entity.⁶ We could then adjust the total number of dice rolls that would be made whenever a unit resolves its attacks or takes its saving throws to something more manageable. We also combined certain characteristics to speed up the process even further. For example, in Apocalypse, we don't

⁵ Or stolen – you decide ...

⁶ If your army is on Apocalypse movement trays, then it becomes even quicker to move your units, moving whole ranks of warriors at once.

Games of Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse enable you to recreate huge battles that previously only existed in the background, Black Library novels, or the dark depths of your own imagination. Let battle commence!



have a Toughness characteristic or use invulnerable saves. Instead, a unit's Save characteristic takes all these things into account in one simple dice roll. The only issue we ran into was that some of our characteristics, being limited to a D6, didn't quite give us the granularity to distinguish between certain units.⁷ After all, we still wanted our rules to be able to reflect that a Space Marine squad with bolters is better than an Imperial Guard squad with lasguns. The inclusion of D12s, on the other hand, more than doubled our scope. Also, they roll really well and are just cool.

The end result is a game that is centred around the unit rather than the model, which moves, makes attacks, and resolves saving throws in a fraction of the time it would take the same number of models to do in Warhammer 40,000.

⁷ And as you don't ever have rolls of 1+, you actually end up with only five results.

Below: Nine Imperial Knights, six Monoliths, a Tesseract Vault, and a Necron Obelisk – and that's just the tip of this Apocalypse iceberg. A Warhammer 40,000 game of this size could take a couple of days to play. With the new Apocalypse rules, it can be played in hours. Boom!

GOAL 3) MINIMAL DOWNTIME

When we talk about downtime in games, we are talking about any time that a player is either not interacting or not fully engaged with the game. The downtime a player can experience in extremely large games of standard Warhammer 40,000 can start to become significant. We identified that the biggest culprit is the Movement phase. In that phase it can take a long time to move a large army, and the interactions with your opponent are negligible.

The simplest way to reduce downtime is to use an alternating-activations method of playing, in which players take turns to do things with their models. Kill Team does this very successfully, but it also has a maximum model limit, whereas Apocalypse does not. The sheer number of units on each side in Apocalypse makes alternating activations on a per-unit basis a little impractical. Instead, we decided to make it so players activate Detachments one at a time. This strikes the right balance between getting to activate several units at once, without it being so many units that your opponent's downtime becomes significant.

The final thing we introduced to reduce downtime is Command Assets. These are inspired by the Stratagems of previous editions of Apocalypse and indeed of Warhammer 40,000 itself. Essentially, each Command Asset is a cool ability, ploy or tactic that you can unleash on your opponent, as well as a way to represent more esoteric things like psychic powers.

All the strategic uses aside (and there are many), their real purpose was to give you another thing to read and devise a plan with whilst your opponent is moving their models. It works even better in a team game, when you can conspiratorially look through your cards, devising who should make use of what and so on. Also, raining fire down on your foe with orbital barrages is just good fun ...



GOAL 4) GET TO USE ALL YOUR MODELS

The last of our design goals doesn't just mean that you could deploy all your models on the table at the start of the battle. It really means that you could do something with each of your units, and that none of your favourite models would get destroyed before you get a chance for it to do something. Looking back at previous versions of Apocalypse, it was quite possible, indeed sensible, to focus fire on your opponent's most prized units and obliterate them before they had a chance to do the same to you. Alternating activations certainly helps to limit this from happening, but it doesn't eliminate it, especially when you consider that a single Detachment could consist of a Titan with the firepower to level a hab block. So, the idea of blast markers in Apocalypse came into being, again, inspired by previous editions of Epic. Instead of resolving damage for each and every individual attack as it occurred, we simply reduced the attack sequence to a hit roll and a wound roll, with a successful roll resulting in a blast marker being placed next to the target. We added a Damage phase in which all saving throws would then be taken, wounds applied, and destroyed units removed. Importantly, this would happen after the Action phase, after all units had been given an opportunity to do something.

The only real change we implemented following initial playtesting was to make it so that a second successful wound roll against a unit would first upgrade an existing blast marker to a large blast marker instead of just adding more blast markers to the unit. This was simply because we found units were dying too quickly. Turning a 'small' blast marker results in a greater chance of a wound being applied to the unit in question, but the unit would likely still be alive (albeit damaged) for another turn or so. This helped to make sure you got to use your models for longer, as well as maintain the spectacle of a massed-battle game for longer throughout the battle. It would have been sad indeed if, at the start of turn two, both players' apocalyptic forces had been reduced to kill teams ...

IN CONCLUSION

That should give you some insight behind the design goals we were aiming for with Apocalypse and some of the development processes and ideas that we went through to achieve them. I hope you've had an opportunity to try out a game of Apocalypse for yourself and see these design principles in action. If not, give it a go – it'll only take an evening.



ENGAGE AND SLAY



Those tainted by Chaos will go to any lengths to carry out their dark deeds. So too will the Sisters of Silence in their duty to the Emperor, as you'll soon discover in this story by Andy Clark.

Sister Superior Jessavyn Pheng knelt with her eyes closed in meditation. She breathed slowly, in through her nostrils, then soundlessly out between her lips. Her breath gently misted inside the adamantine mask that covered the lower half of her face.

Even as she corralled her conscious thoughts, she allowed her senses to roam free. Jessavyn felt the stiffly padded interior plates of her armour pressing against her knees where she knelt, and below them the unyielding iron of the bulk hauler's deck plates. Sounds came to her, some loud and close, some soft and faint as a kiss of silk – the repetitious *whump* of industrial fans forcing the spacecraft's recycled air to flow through its miles of ducts and cavernous hold spaces, the steady breathing of the Null-Maidens around her as they performed their meditations, the slow drip of liquid from some loose pipe or valve, the dull creak and groan of the hauler's outer hull handling the stresses of the void. Taste and smell brought her musty air, stale sweat, rust, leaking unguents, and, acridly underpinning them all, the scent of spilled blood and ruptured innards.

Feeling her heart beating slow and steady, Jessavyn allowed her conscious mind to intrude by measured degrees. One aspect at a time she reviewed her purpose here, the duty that she and her Silent Sisters sought to discharge. Three days ago she and her comrades of the Bone Tiger Cadre had boarded the *Cavalier* as the bulk hauler made haste for the Sol System's Mandeville point. The Silent Sisters had encountered no resistance as they made their way through the ship's grubby corridors to the bridge. In fact, the *Cavalier*'s glassy-eyed crew had not responded to the arrival of the boarding party in any way, moving around the Null-Maidens as though they weren't there. They had not even shied away or scowled in unconscious disgust, as did even the most dull-witted beings when in the Silent Sisters' presence.

Knowing that they had little time before the bewitched crew triggered a warp jump, and less patience for those who had allowed heresy to steal their wits, Pheng and her warriors had executed the crewmen to the last before bringing the *Cavalier* to a full stop.

So had begun the hunt for Mother Cerynt. Since that first flurry of action, it had become a slow and methodical stalk – one that had tested Jessavyn's patience. She knew she wasn't alone in this. Yet to faultlessly maintain a vow of silence required ironclad self-control, the sort that meant none of the Null-Maidens had displayed any outward hint of their growing frustration. They had simply divided into hunting parties, partitioned out the interior of the enormous spacecraft, and worked their way methodically from one search sector to the next. Swarms of gilded servo-skulls bearing the sigil of the Outer Solar Vigil skimmed ahead of them through dirty corridors, rusting bulkheads, and the echoing immensity of one cargo hold after another. Their eye lenses glowed in the gloom of the holds, looking to Jessavyn like daemonic sprites flitting through the shadows between the towering rows of cargo containers.

Had the mind-slaved crew left the Silent Sisters with any doubts of their quarry's presence, those containers would have dispelled them. Almost all those that the Null-Maidens deigned to examine were empty but for dust, old burlap and plastisheet wrappings, and the inevitable nests of duct-skulkers, skittermites, and other vermin that persisted aboard void craft. As Sister Superior Tefless had indicated when they inspected their tenth container, no hauler crew in their right mind would put to void unladen with cargo. Even one such voyage would ruin them.

They had found other strange signs as they swept deeper into the *Cavalier*'s mouldering interior. There were the other types of containers, the ones fitted with crude oxy-filtrators, waste pails, rudimentary bunks, depleted ration chests, and expensive-looking psi baffles that spoke to the truth of the rumours concerning Mother Cerynt's psyker-smuggling operations. There were chambers marked up with ritual circles and heretical runes daubed in a flaking red-brown substance that could only be old blood. They found empty ration packs stuffed hastily into service lockers and behind loose duct covers, human waste clumsily disposed of down chutes not intended for its transit, scraps torn from clothing, old and blood-smeared bandages, and the butchered remains of human corpses in tattered crew uniforms shoved into

decommissioned airlocks or just abandoned in heaps in the corners of reeking cargo holds.

All this the Null-Maidens had seen, yet still their quarry remained elusive. Jessavyn believed Cerynt and whatever followers accompanied her had been retreating ahead of their advance, though what the heretic and her cult hoped to achieve by this she had no idea.

Today, finally, the chase had ended. Psyooculum readings confirmed a prodigious psychic presence in the next hold, while conventional auspex suggested upwards of five hundred Human-type life-sign readings collected at the heart of the cavernous space. Why Cerynt hadn't fled them again, Jessavyn didn't know; it made her uneasy knowing their prey had suddenly turned at bay when there were many miles more corridors and hold spaces to retreat through. The old heretic might even have attempted to circle around the Null-Maidens and seeking a means of escape, though Jessavyn wouldn't have rated her chances amidst their high-gain auspex sweeps, hunting servo-skulls, and the fact that all the ship's saviour pods had been scuttled on day one.

But no, instead she awaited them within the next hold. And now, as Jessavyn heard the dull clang of armoured boots on decking draw closer, she knew that it was time for Bone Tiger Cadre to find out why. She opened her eyes upon the dim light of the sub-chamber in which her cadre had gathered. Jessavyn glanced about at the squads of Prosecutors, Witchseekers, and Vigilators surrounding her. She knew every name, every face, and she saw the unity of purpose in every fierce gaze.

Are we in readiness? she signed to her Sisters in Thoughtmark. Though they had all taken a vow of silence, the complex sign language allowed the Sisters to communicate in lieu of speech.

We are, came back her comrades' responses. *In the Emperor's name.*

A door swung open in the chamber's aft bulkhead, and a trio of Null-Maidens stepped through. Witchseekers Vyserica, Esmes, and Corviss emerged, the last carrying a bulky fuel canister on her back with a servo-armature attached to it. It was their footfalls that Jessavyn had heard approaching through the half-open doorway.

Is all in readiness? she signed to them.

Yes, Sister Superior, replied Esmes. *The far bulkhead is welded shut. There is no escape that way.*

Ducts? asked Sister Superior Duriella as she joined them. Blunt and aggressive as always, Duriella had

already switched to the more robust and simplified Battlemark form of sign.

Only four duct vents detected by auspex within this hold, and of those, three are too high to be reached, replied Jessavyn. *The other, at ground level, empties out into a sub-chamber a deck down, and there is no escape that way.*

Witchseeker Corviss nodded and patted the auto-welder before sliding it off her shoulder and setting it against the wall.

We rigged the room with trip charges and psyk-out grenades before we sealed it, she signed. *It is as the Sister Superior says. Cerynt will not slip through our talons by that route.*

Good. We attack now, Duriella gestured.

Jessavyn nodded her agreement, then turned to her warriors as the others rejoined their squads. She looked over the Prosecutors, Witchseekers, and Vigilators before her, and then spared a glance for the dozen-or-so servo skulls wobbling on grav impellers above their heads. The cadre was ready, she knew. Whatever surprises Mother Cerynt might have prepared, they would not be enough to stay the Emperor's justice.

Sisters, melta charges on the doors, signed Jessavyn. The moment they are down, execute dispersal pattern Kaledes. Prosecutors: suppression. Witchseekers: watch our flanks and herd the foe into kill boxes. Vigilators: we hunt down Mother Cerynt and end her heresy. In the Emperor's name, attack!

Conventional warriors might have roared some battlecry as they sprang into action. From the Null-Maidens there was only the click of safety runes being thumbled, the clack of bolter magazines being slotted into place, the hiss of promethium canisters arming, and the thrumming sound of the waking disruption fields that wreathed the Vigilators' blades. Two Prosecutors stepped up to the ten-foot-high servo-doors that led into the cargo hold and clamped melta charges to their hinges. There came sharp clangs as the charges' mag-locks engaged, then, once the warriors had stepped smartly back again, a searing hiss followed by a pair of dull bangs. The huge doors shuddered then toppled backwards into the chamber beyond with loud booms.

Jessavyn led the way into the cargo hold, her executioner greatblade held at a guard position. The warriors of her squad followed her, and behind them came the rest of the cadre, who swept through the doorway like ghosts and into the gloom beyond.

It was sepulchral dark in the cargo hold, and unpleasantly cold. A glance showed Jessavyn that the primary lumens had been shot out, robbing the cargo hold of both their fallow illumination and the blunt heat they gave off. In their place, nests of

candles had been scattered between the cargo containers. Their flickering flames spread pools of dancing illumination but left the container stacks as mountainous shadows and the walkways between them as yawning, Stygian tunnels.

Clever, thought Jessavyn. Cerynt obviously had at least some passing notion of the foes she faced; amidst the obscuring darkness, the range of the Null-Maidens' Battlemark communications would be severely hampered. Nonetheless, she hit a quick string of runic controls on the unit built into her vambrace and sent the swarm of servo-skulls winging their way up into the darkness above.

She hit another control and the skulls deployed stablights. The blinding beams cut the darkness like sharpened blades and spread pools of stark white illumination before the Silent Sisters' implacable advance.

A voice came then, echoing through the cargo hold as though amplified through a vox-hailer. The wet and cracking screech was rendered all the more monstrous by its sing-song cadence and jollity.

'At last, my dears! At last! Come and join the throng, won't you? Enjoy the love and hospitality of Mother Cerynt!'

A runic chime issued from Jessavyn's control vambrace and she flicked up a plasticrystal viewing screen upon which the servo-skulls' vid feeds appeared, lurching and grainy. They

showed a place further into the cargo hold where the container stacks had been hauled into a crude circle. It reminded Jessavyn of the druidic stones she had seen during the purge of Aleph Maximal. Burning braziers and hundreds of candles illuminated this heretical arrangement, and all around and within it were clustered masses of ragged figures. Jessavyn saw gas hoods, blast goggles, miners' hab-suits, security helot bodygloves, crew fatigues, even a scattering of Administratum acolytes' robes and priestly cassocks. They clutched crudely stamped autoguns, defence militia lasguns, and an assortment of rough-hewn pistols and brutal improvised hand weapons, and they all stared with glassy-eyed rapture at the awful figure squatting at the stone circle's centre.

Cerynt crouched atop a bloody heap of butchered corpses. Her habit was caked with layers of blood, old and crusty beneath fresh and dripping red. Her bulk was prodigious, and there was something wrong about her posture, as though her bones and muscles were trying to force their way out through her bloated flesh at odd angles. Her face was the worst part, though – a nightmare to rival anything Jessavyn had seen in her long years of service to the Emperor. In many ways it resembled that of a kindly old matron, crinkled with laughter lines about the eyes and framed by a tight mop of steely-grey curls. Yet Cerynt's face was too wide and somehow flattened, her nose little more than fleshy slits beneath two deeply recessed eyes that glinted in the firelight like chips of amethyst. Her mouth was twisted into a leer that threatened to split her face, the flesh of which was spattered with gore and other dripping fluids. An eight-pointed star marred that ghoulish visage, looking as though it had been raked into the skin with the witch's own grubby talons.

Mother Cerynt cocked her head and her smile widened, threatening to bury her other features in mounds of rubbery wrinkles. Rows of needle-sharp fangs glinted blood-slicked red in the firelight as she set down the human arm upon which she had been gnawing.



'Peeking!' she shrieked, and Jessavyn realised that the heretic must be projecting her voice through psychic means. 'Very rude! We offer you succour, my dears, and you come in peeking! Now you've gone and spoiled the surprise, haven't you?'

The witch snatched up a grotesque stave of muscle and bone that lay at her side and jabbed it skyward with a screech. Overhead, the servo-skulls shuddered, whined, then exploded one by one. Jessavyn's vid-display went blank and she folded it away, continuing to stalk through the shadows with her warriors at her back. The Null-Maidens might not have been able to communicate far, and they might have lost their surveillance skulls, but they had seen enough. Every Sister Superior had watched what Jessavyn had. They all knew where their quarry was and what part in the plan they would play.

'Quickly now, my darlings!' cried Mother Cerynt, her voice taking on a booming tone of command. 'Welcome our guests! Bring them to the feast!'

Jessavyn heard the tramp of booted feet, the clatter and clink of weapons and wargear as Cerynt's followers spread out through the containers. There were a lot of them, she knew, likely in thrall to Cerynt's blood magick as completely as had been the bridge crew.

It didn't matter. There was work to be done. In the Emperor's name.

Bolters boomed from beyond the container wall to Jessavyn's right. Clattering autoguns answered them, and there came the sounds of fleshy detonations and bullets rebounding from armour.

Mother Cerynt was shrieking now, a constant, sawing note that hurt Jessavyn's ears. She wondered what that awful sound might have done to her had she not been a psychic blank; not for the first time, she was glad of this birthright that others called a curse.

Rounding a corner, she met a mass of enthralled cultists coming the other way. They loomed up through the leaping candlelight, eyes blank and faces slack as they raised their guns to fire.

Jessavyn didn't give them the chance.

Engage and slay, she flashed back to her squad with one hand, then surged into the enemy. Her first blow lopped the barrel from an autogun before shearing off a chunk of its wielder's skull. Before the man had even hit the ground Jessavyn was past him, her armoured shoulder throwing a mindless clerk from his feet before her blade pierced flak armour and fatigues to spit a veteran Imperial Guardsman through and through. The man convulsed, blood spilling from his blistered

lips, but still he tried to raise his laspistol and shoot her in the face. Vigilator Wenloch's blade whipped out and took the man's head off before she spun and delivered a thunderous kick to the sternum of another cultist.

A handful of gunshots rang out, and Vigilator Hastricha staggered backwards, clamping a hand to the bloody wound in her shoulder. But the cultists were slowing, staggering, and shaking their heads as the sapping aura of the Null-Maidens interfered with Mother Cerynt's hold upon their minds. Jessavyn and her comrades redoubled their fury. Blades flashed in the candlelit gloom. Severed heads, limbs, and torsos slapped to the decking. Within moments, the only cultists moving were those twitching and bleeding their last.

Hurt? Jessavyn asked Hastricha.

Not serious, the wounded Vigilator signed, and Jessavyn nodded.

Follow. Close now. Engage and slay.

They emerged into a crossroads between teetering containers and met another wave of cultists pushing up from deeper within the chamber. Again the bullets and lasbolts flew, and this time Vigilator Wenloch was thrown to the decking with a smouldering hole where her right eye had been before. In return, the surviving Vigilators hacked their enemies to pieces, leaving scattered carcasses in their wake.

Another flicker-lit corridor, another band of blank-eyed cultists, and this time it was Vigilator Amlachir who was left behind, slowed down by a broken arm and a bloody gunshot wound to the gut. Yet the Vigilators had slain near a hundred foes by this point, and as they rounded yet another shadowy corner, the brazier-lit container circle came into view.

Mother Cerynt's screams redoubled as Jessavyn locked eyes with her over the heads of a protective mob of cultists. The witch raised her stave and spat a curse as she jabbed it at the Vigilators, then wailed in pain as the grotesque implement shattered apart in a spray of meat and bone shards.

'Filthy Blanks!' she screamed in a frenzy of hatred and revulsion. 'Freaks! Soulless freaks! Kill them, my darlings! Kill them all!'

No, thought Jessavyn, flicking blood from her blade and breaking into a run. *We are not the freaks here, you revolting heretic, and it is not we who will die this day.*

She launched herself into a headlong charge, and her comrades followed her in. *In the Emperor's name.*



INDEX IMPERIALIS

The Sisters of Silence are the Imperium's shield against the threat of psychic annihilation. They are exceptional witch trackers, their menacing orders hunting down rogue psykers and warlocks. Each Sister is a hardened warrior, surrounded by a soulless aura from which the malign and the eldritch recoil in terror and disgust. Keeping to a solemn oath never to utter a single word, the Sisterhood instead pronounces its judgement in bolt, flame, and blade upon those who imperil the Emperor's domain.

SISTERS OF SILENCE

ANATHEMA PSYKANA

By Colin Cubbon and Duncan Waugh

The number of confirmed psykers appearing on the worlds of Mankind is growing faster than at any other time. Those able to tap into the power of the warp are capable of great deeds, and the Imperium is utterly reliant upon many different grades of psyker. Yet psychic ability is also a curse for the Imperium and one of the greatest dangers Mankind has ever faced. An inexperienced or undisciplined mind is the gateway through which apocalyptic power can pour, and it can engulf an entire world in Chaos. These unpredictable, dangerous, and unsanctioned psykers are the quarry of an ancient order of hunters operating at the very highest levels of Imperial authority.

The Silent Sisterhood is an Imperial institution dating back tens of thousands of years, and its warriors are some of the greatest and most terrifying witch hunters in the galaxy. From their widespread spire-convents, the Sisterhood's warriors tirelessly carry out their oathsworn duty to enforce the Imperium's rigid laws on the use of psychic powers and to hunt down those who seek to avoid its dicta. Once a psyker is discovered, the Sisters either deliver them into the hands of those who can make use of them or ensure they can never pose a threat by destroying them. Every Sister of Silence endures a punishing training regimen throughout her lifetime that enables her to carry out her duties, yet her greatest weapon is the yawning psychic gulf that lies within her. The Sisterhood are psychically blank, their entire order made up exclusively of those the Imperium refers to as Untouchables. Amongst the millions of Imperial worlds, there are other terms for such rare individuals, many of which speak to the horror their presence generates; pariah and blank, some say, while others whisper hag or soulless freak.

UNTOUCHABLES

Untouchables, or pariahs, are immune to the malignant touch of witchcraft and warp-derived power, and this blessing is a result of a void within them. They are one in a trillion, bearing an invisible deviation that sets them apart from the rest of humankind. Some claim these psychic blanks have no presence at all in the warp. It may be more accurate – as much as anything can be known of the warp – to say instead that their presence is a yawning void, a black pit of nothingness that devours the unlight of the empyrean. The effects this soullessness has on those around them grants the Sisters of Silence incredible advantages in their unending hunts and causes them to be feared at a base and instinctual level.

Those without any psychic ability feel their skin crawl in the Sisters' presence. An unsettling repulsion causes even their allies to falter at their approach. To psykers, they are anathema. Wielders

of warp power sense the Sisters' soul-draining proximity, fearing and loathing them in equal measure. Bolts of warp flame dissipate before the Sisters' advance and fell enchantments unravel. As the Null-Maidens home in on their prey, the psyker's invocations break down and curses die on their lips. The psyker's connection to the warp constricts and their second sight dims as they suffer increasing pain and terror. Many of those the Sisters of Silence track down surround themselves with bodyguards and soldiery, and they will callously throw every last one in the Sisters' path in their desperation to escape the horror they can feel approaching. Those warriors may be mercenary lackeys, thralls under the psyker's mental dominion, or those deceived with abominable lies into shielding the witch from their deserved fate. In the eyes of the Silent Sisterhood, they are just as guilty of propagating their master's sorcery.

THE VOW-SWORN

Though nominally part of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, the Sisterhood answer directly to the Golden Throne, and they undertake many actions throughout the Imperium at the behest of the Lord Commander of the Imperium and the High Lords of Terra. First among the Sisterhood's duties include ensuring the Great Tithe is adhered to.

THE GREAT TITHE

The countless worlds of the Imperium each contribute to its continuance by the payment of tithes. Depending on the system's resources, these may be bounties of wealth, raw materials, finished goods, or millions of soldiers and labourers, all levied to sustain the Imperium and its vast armies. There is one tithe, however, which almost every system in the Imperium must pay. Referred to by some as the Great Tithe, planetary governors are obliged to round up and hand over those harbouring psychic powers. The Adeptus Astra Telepathica ministers the Tithe, identifying, categorising, and training psykers that they might benefit the Imperium. From those they harvest and rigorously test, some go to power the great beacon of the Astronomican, some undergo the agonising ritual of soul-binding and become Astropaths, while many other Imperial institutions – some so obscure or so secretive that their activities are barely known – take their share. Many of those psykers do not survive the tortuous horrors of their examinations, deemed either too weak of will or too dangerous to be allowed to live.

Silent Sisters hunt down rogue psykers who have either escaped the Tithe or who have risen to prominence before their powers were identified. They garrison the Black Ships that transport the levies of psykers back to Terra, their presence ensuring the consignees cannot use their powers. Where planetary governors are lax in rooting out

Below: Jenetia Krole was the Knight-Commander of the Sisters of Silence during the time of the Great Crusade. Here she is shown alongside the Emperor and Constantin Valdor.





Above: The Sisters of the Vigil Indomitibus battle the traitorous Alpha Legion in the depths of a hive city. The soulless nature of the Silent Sisters is anathema to the servants of Chaos, whose own souls are so deeply tainted by the warp.

psykers for the Tithe or fail to hand them over, Sisters of Silence will investigate and administer punishment without hesitation. Certain cadres of Silent Sisters investigate those worlds not subject to a planetary governor, such as the domains of the Ecclesiarchy and the Priesthood of Mars. Such organisations as these have great autonomy, and it is not unknown for their masters to believe themselves above such scrutiny. Large-scale assaults against covens of psychic mutants or the sorcerers of the Heretic Astartes see the Sisterhood's coldly rational and tactical discipline standing in sharp contrast to many zealous and fanatical warriors who fight in the Emperor's name.

The Sisterhood recruits its Untouchables from a great many sources, which vary from Vigil to Vigil. Some have ended up among the Great Tithe, their

worlds as eager to be rid of them as dangerous psykers. Members of the Inquisition or far-ranging Rogue Traders hand some over to the Sisterhood, and rumour persists of genetically stable bloodlines hidden from Terra and protected by the Sisterhood themselves. The Untouchables begin their gruelling duties as novices, and only once they have proved themselves worthy of the Sisterhood's high standards are they inducted fully. Upon attaining full membership of the order, every Sister swears the Vow of Tranquillity, an oath that binds them to a solemn dedication to duty. From that point, not a single sound will pass their lips. The Sisters do not speak, they do not declaim their foes with shouted tirades or cry out in pain. Combined with their fearful aura, this muteness in the heat of battle is incredibly unnerving. Instead, Sisters of Silence

THE BLACK SHIPS

The League of Black Ships is one of two primary organs of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica and the means by which the harvests of the Great Tithe are reaped and delivered. Every world with permanent habitation is visited by these dreaded ships, which take into their disorienting and occluded holds all the psykers the planet's authorities have apprehended. Part prison, part torture chamber, the arcane devices and specially selected crew of a Black Ship are enough to contain the majority of their manifest, yet immense dangers remain. For this reason, squads of the Silent Sisterhood usually garrison Black Ships. They remain distant from the psychically sensitive officers who cannot abide them, instead guarding the lower holds where the most

dangerous of the harvest are kept – those with unpredictable potential. The distances involved, the threat of attack, and the near impossibility of navigating through parts of the Imperium mean that some worlds may see a Black Ship less than once a generation. Horrifying tales gather in the collective consciousness, and fear of their impending arrival can whip up populaces into a frenzy, turning upon each other to ensure they have someone to offer up when the time comes. In such riotous anarchy, a hidden witch can escape notice or even ride to power upon the fell wave of emotion. Upon arrival, the silent garrison of a Black Ship may therefore need to deploy in force to protect the agents of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica and to root out those who shrink from them the most.

communicate with each other via a highly complex and ritualised sign language known as Thoughtmark. Through manual gestures and body language, varying forms of Thoughtmark can convey deeply intricate concepts or swift battle orders. On the rare occasions that senior Sisters of Silence need to communicate with those outside their order, a Proloquor, an acolyte who has yet to take the Vow, translates her superior's signs.

AN ANCIENT ORDER

Little is known of the Sisterhood's origins, but it is believed that the Emperor instigated their foundation at the dawning of His Great Crusade. Bands of these feared hunters operated in the Imperial Palace, where they were granted access to areas forbidden to all but the Emperor and his elite bodyguard, the Custodians. Fragmentary accounts talk of large forces of the Sisterhood setting out from Sol on pilgrimages of vengeance alongside other hunters of terrifying renown. Whatever heroic deeds they performed, or what psychic horrors they protected Mankind from in those far-off days, have been forgotten or are now regarded as little better than apocrypha.

In the wake of the Horus Heresy and the Emperor's interment in the Golden Throne, the surviving Sisters of Silence were directionless. With many of their order killed, lost, or scattered during the Heresy and the tumultuous Scouring that followed, the remaining Sisters were spread far and wide across galaxy. As millennia passed, there were some who believed they had been disbanded, the

defence they had provided lost beyond recall. Though the Sisterhood's numbers slowly recovered, they were fractured. Most gathered in isolated spire-convents and lonely keeps, continuing to fulfil their duty, while some undertook solitary crusades, ignorant of the fate of any others of their kind. All this would change with the return of the Primarch, Roboute Guilliman.

Guilliman well remembered the value his father had placed on the Null-Maidens. With the threat posed by the Great Rift, they were now needed more than ever, and he declared the *Dispensatus Anathema*, sending out as emissaries those of the Sisterhood who had fought with him at the Battle of Luna. The decree called upon Sisters of Silence who still fought in the sectors surrounding the throneworld. As his *Indomitus Crusade* took shape and the first fleets were mustered, bands of Silent Sisters converged on Terra from every direction. Each isolated group had met different challenges through the generations, diverging to overcome them as necessity dictated. The tactics, characters, and traditions of each group were far removed from each other, but their collective sense of duty was undimmed. The hosts of Silent Sisters upon Terra eventually numbered near three thousand, and Guilliman declared them the *Vigil Indomitus*. They would be the first in a spreading network of Vigils throughout the Imperium, each granted the explicit authority to carry out their ancient duties. The *Vigil Indomitus* divided into cadres, with each joining the battlegroups of the *Indomitus Crusade* fleets.

ANCIENT ICONS

Though rarely inscribed upon the Sisterhood's battlefield materiel, the organisation's icon is sometimes appended to Vigil charters, holomandates, and bond scrolls. The silhouette of the Null-Maiden's helm appears overlaid with the *Oculus Magnus* of the *Adeptus Astra Telepathica*. Those who are aware of both institutions believe that the symbol is simple recognition of the Sisterhood's position within that enormous psychic institution. Others may question why an organisation replete with those who fear the Sisterhood would so honour them.



*We are Mute but
not without Power,*

*We are Silent but
not without
Resolve,*

*We are
Untouchable but
not without
Courage,*

*We are Sisters and
have but one
Father,*

*We are Seekers
and we shall find
our Prey,*

*We are Warriors
and woe to those
we Oppose,*

*The Emperor's
Mark is on our
brow,*

*All who deal with
the Warp must
beware,*

*His Judgement and
Vengeance is ours
to deliver!*

– Motion MDVI
of the Protocols
Anathema,
commonly
referred to as
The Golden
Paeon

CASTING WIDE THE VIGIL

The Vigil Indomitus established satellite Vigils throughout the Segmentum Solar, hoping they would prosper enough to be able to join later fleets of the Crusade. Some of these Vigils would not be ready by the time their appointed battlegroup passed by, beset by calamity or forced by circumstance into striking out on their own. Some would wait in the dark for many years, never to be reached as Crusade forces were diverted and delayed, for despite Guilliman's superhuman logistical acumen, such tragedies of bureaucracy continued to haunt the Era Indomitus. Yet many more Vigils joined their appointed battlegroups and proved invaluable as their ships spread ever deeper into the beset Imperium. The presence of the Sisters helped to calm the turbulent warp storms around the battlegroups, allowing them to make far greater progress than the groupmasters had hoped.

Contact was made with lost conclaves of Silent Sisters, those who had unstintingly continued in their duty for generations. Where they were found, Vigils were established with responsibility to undertake the Sisterhood's duty in a particular area, no longer alone but once again operating with the full authority of the Golden Throne. Some were small, with jurisdiction over a handful of systems. Others could call upon many hundreds of Untouchable warriors and have since grown even further, their spheres of responsibility extending to entire sectors. Now, such strongholds of the Sisterhood as the Vigil of Darius III, the Segritae Nebula Vigil, and the Vigil of Orshan's Belt are known far beyond their borders.

Every Vigil is granted high levels of autonomy. The number of its warriors varies depending on the area they must cover and the populations of the worlds therein, and some of the largest Vigils number in the thousands. Most Vigils are based within their spire-convent, usually a fortified keep at the heart of their territory, though those that accompany the Crusade fleets nominate one of their capital ships as their spire-convent. Most vow-sworn hunters spend little time within their spire-convents, their warriors constantly on the move, transiting between Black Ships, following the spoor of sorcery from system to system, and chasing down fleeing witches.

Each Vigil retains the colours that its founding Sisters developed through millennia of isolation, from the deep blue and bright silver of the Vigil of Hrav-Ulan to the bone white and blood red of the Outer Solar Vigil. Every Vigil divides its

**'Fools may call these women
abominations, hags, and
freaks. Only the wise know the
Sisters as the bravest of all
Humanity's saviours – they
who battle Chaos itself.'**

– Inquisitor D'Maros

warriors into cadres, and each cadre is given a unique designation before taking up the Vigil's historic hues. The cadres are company-level bodies, though it is rare for them to ever fight as one. As Vigils are bound to uphold the Sisterhood's duties across a particular stretch of the Imperium, its cadres each carry out a particular facet of those duties. Some cadres investigate non-compliance with the Great Tithe, some are tasked with hunting down those Human psykers who have fled justice. In particularly high-risk areas, a Vigil will dedicate several cadres to the same duty. The Triventine Vigil, for example – charged with the psychic purity of the Triventine trade routes north-west of Nocturne – assign five whole cadres to the garrisoning of the region's Black Ships, which have allowed them to maintain the high frequency of their tithe-harvests. In the execution of their specific duty, a cadre has access to every resource, asset, and piece of arcane equipment at the disposal of their Vigil.

As contact is re-established with systems and sectors throughout the shattered Imperium, and the declaration of the Dispensatus Anathema is made known, more Vigils are founded wherever the Sisters of Silence are rediscovered.

SNOW LYNX CADRE, VIGIL OF THE CHORALYNTH TRACE

The Snow Lynx Cadre are keen-eyed markswomen, adept not only in assassination operations but also in rooting out the most well-concealed of psychic mutations. Within the Vigil of the Choralynth Trace, the cadre investigates claims of miracles and religious visions amongst the penitents and pilgrims to the region's shrine worlds, and even – it is rumoured – amongst the Imperial Priesthood themselves.



TO HURL BACK THE DARKNESS

Since the opening of the Great Rift, the Silent Sisters have been called upon like never before. Without their aid, many hundreds of worlds would now be ruled by witches and sorcerous overlords.

THE HUNT FOR MOTHER

Bearing the cream, red, and black of the Outer Solar Vigil, the Bone Tiger Cadre are investigators of black marketeers and other illegal economies. Such activities vein the teeming shoals of Sol's inter-system traffic, yet the cadre has no interest in their criminal trade, except so far as their hidden manifests can hide psykers fleeing the Tithe. Five years after the first departure of the Indomitus Crusade, the Bone Tiger cadre were set upon the trail of Mother Cerynt, an elderly business-woman who ran halfway houses aboard Neptunian orbitals. Rumours of vanishing tenants had surfaced, and tales of blood magic had reached the Outer Solar Vigil. Tracking her movements, the Bone Tiger Cadre traced Mother Cerynt to a supposedly empty bulk hauler. The cadre's ships patiently lay in wait for the right moment before striking with swift precision.

A lengthy search of the haul-chambers ended when the cadre's squads came upon Cerynt's sanctum in a lower hold. Some five hundred ragged cultists surrounded her, wide-eyed and gripping improvised weapons with hands pocked with bloody scabs. Mother Cerynt sat feasting on some of the bulk hauler's crew, her round, wrinkled face awash with blood and scored with an eight-pointed star. With a shriek of fear, she screamed at the cultists in thrall to her tainted blood to kill the interlopers. The Sisters of Silence attacked with feline grace, and the mile-long container echoed to the crack and explosion of bolts, the frenzied brays of Mother Cerynt's blood-kin, and her increasingly high-pitched wailing. After the long and patient hunt, the Bone Tiger Cadre's squads killed swiftly and efficiently, not stopping or taking a step back until every cultist and their heinous matriarch had been destroyed.

THE EXTINGUISHING OF PERANIS

Ship-borne chronometric-choirs sang that Battlegroup Macharius reached the Gher Straits eighteen months after their last contact with the rest of the Indomitus Crusade's Third Fleet. Task Force XI swept down upon the once-verdant agri world of Peranis, whose giltfir forests had been swathed in fire and blood by the Scintillating Legions of Tzeentch. While other Imperial forces made planetfall at key targets, near two hundred warriors of the Auric Eagle Cadre of the Vigil Indomitus deployed around the capital's astropathic chori-spyre.

The uncompromising Auric Eagle Cadre surrounded the chori-spyre, boltguns roaring. Leaping and bounding Daemons threw twisting bolts of warpfire and beams of polymorphic light at the Sisters, but they guttered and died as they touched the psychic null zones around

each warrior. Incensed, packs of gangling Horrors and rapidly mutating Flamers bore down on them with claws and fangs, while shoals of barbed Screamers poured out of the smoke-filled sky. Prosecutors fired until boltgun magazines were emptied; Witchseekers poured forth torrents of fiery death until their flamer canisters were spent. Arcing psyk-out grenades exploded in knots of writhing pseudopods, arcane substances in their cores unmaking their twisting flesh. When the Daemons reached their lines, executioner greatblades cleaved open daemonic flesh and empty weapons were smashed into leering faces. When Space Marines reached the chori-spyre hours later, their Captain counted just seventeen Sisters of Silence left alive. Their armour was gouged and melted, skin and cloaks scorched. But the capital's chori-spyre, at the centre of a blasted wasteland, was free of Daemons.

HONOUR BEFORE HONOURS

The Steel Drake Cadre of the Reductus Sector Vigil is tasked with answering requests for aid against xenos witch-breeds. Recent monitoring of the Pargetar Reclamation revealed desperate vox-chatter from the hive world of Mesa Superior – tales of a monstrous Ork witch whose powers were holding back entire companies. The Steel Drake Cadre deployed six squads into the hive city, carefully avoiding detection by rampaging Ork mobs, while veteran platoons of Ushanti infiltrated the ruined buildings to encircle the xenos. A huge feral figure chanted, roared, and stamped atop a ruined tower, while the sky above this Ork Warphead churned with green thunderclouds. Flights of Aeronautica Imperialis fighters were swatted from the air by ethereal green claws or fried by webs of actinic lightning flung from the Warphead's outstretched arms.

Tightly focused on their target, the Sisters made their way through shattered tunnels before finding their quarry protected. The commanding Sister Superior saw they could not avoid the hundreds of Orks guarding the Warphead and took the decision to divert them. With carefully placed shots and charges, the Sisters of Steel Drake Cadre revealed the position of the Ushanti's infiltrating platoons. The Orks roared at finding a nearby foe and instantly leapt to engage them. Upon the tower, the Warphead felt the Sisters' approach. The psychic manifestations surrounding him evaporated, and a moment of clarity lit his addled mind, suddenly free of the splitting headache he had known for his entire life. The feeling was brief, as then three bolt shells sprayed the contents of his thick skull wide. If any of the infiltrating Ushanti had witnessed the Sisters' deed, none survived the Orks' violence to tell of it.

SISTERS OF SILENCE ARMY LIST

The following section contains all of the datasheets that you will need in order to fight battles with your Sisters of Silence miniatures. Each datasheet includes the characteristics profiles of the unit it describes, as well as any wargear and abilities it may have. Some abilities are common to several Sisters of Silence units – these are described below and referenced on the datasheets.

ABILITIES

The following abilities are common to many Sisters of Silence units:

WITCH HUNTERS

When resolving an attack made with a melee weapon by a model in this unit against a PSYKER unit, you can re-roll the wound roll.


PSYCHIC ABOMINATION


This unit cannot be targeted or affected by psychic powers. When a Psychic test or a Deny the Witch test is taken for an enemy model,


subtract 1 from the total for each unit from your army with this ability within 18" of that model (to a maximum of -4).


NULL MAIDENS

If you have an IMPERIUM Warlord (excluding a FALLEN Warlord), you can include this unit in a Vanguard Detachment. If you do so, that Detachment's HQ requirements are changed to 0-2 and its Command Benefits are changed to 'None'.

<div><div><div>3 POWER</div></div><div>PROSECUTORS</div></div>										
NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	
Prosecutor	7"	3+	3+	3	3	1	2	8	3+	
Sister Superior	7"	3+	3+	3	3	1	3	9	3+	
This unit contains 1 Sister Superior and 4 Prosecutors. It can additionally contain up to 5 Prosecutors (Power Rating +3). Every model is equipped with: boltgun; psyk-out grenades.										
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES			
Boltgun	24"	Rapid Fire 1		4	0	1	-			
Psyk-out grenades	6"	Grenade D3		2	0	1	When resolving an attack made with this weapon against a PSYKER or DAEMON unit, a hit roll of 6+ inflicts a mortal wound on the target and the attack sequence ends.			
ABILITIES	Psychic Abomination, Witch Hunters, Null Maidens									
	Prosecution Protocols: Ranged weapons that models in this unit are equipped with can target a PSYKER CHARACTER unit even if it is not the closest enemy unit.									
FACTION KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, ASTRA TELEPATHICA, SISTERS OF SILENCE									
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, PROSECUTORS									

<div><div><div>4 POWER</div></div><div>VIGILATORS</div></div>										
NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	
Vigilator	7"	3+	3+	3	3	1	2	8	3+	
Sister Superior	7"	3+	3+	3	3	1	3	9	3+	
This unit contains 1 Sister Superior and 4 Vigilators. It can additionally contain up to 5 Vigilators (Power Rating +4). Every model is equipped with: executioner greatblade; psyk-out grenades.										
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES			
Executioner greatblade	Melee	Melee		+1	-3	D3	-			
Psyk-out grenades	6"	Grenade D3		2	0	1	When resolving an attack made with this weapon against a PSYKER or DAEMON unit, a hit roll of 6+ inflicts a mortal wound on the target and the attack sequence ends.			
ABILITIES	Psychic Abomination, Witch Hunters, Null Maidens									
FACTION KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, ASTRA TELEPATHICA, SISTERS OF SILENCE									
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, VIGILATORS									

<div><div></div><div>5 POWER</div></div> <div>WITCHSEEKERS</div>									
NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Witchseeker	7"	3+	3+	3	3	1	2	8	3+
Sister Superior	7"	3+	3+	3	3	1	3	9	3+
This unit contains 1 Sister Superior and 4 Witchseekers. It can additionally contain up to 5 Witchseekers (Power Rating +5). Every model is equipped with: flamer; psyk-out grenades.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Flamer	8"	Assault D6		4	0	1	When resolving an attack made with this weapon, do not make a hit roll: it automatically scores a hit.		
Psyk-out grenades	6"	Grenade D3		2	0	1	When resolving an attack made with this weapon against a PSYKER or DAEMON unit, a hit roll of 6+ inflicts a mortal wound on the target and the attack sequence ends.		
ABILITIES	Psychic Abomination, Witch Hunters, Null Maidens								
FACTION KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, ASTRA TELEPATHICA, SISTERS OF SILENCE								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, WITCHSEEKERS								

<div><div></div><div>4 POWER</div></div> <div>NULL-MAIDEN RHINO</div>										<div>DAMAGE</div> <div>Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:</div> <table><tr><th>REMAINING W</th><th>M</th><th>BS</th><th>A</th></tr><tr><td>6-10+</td><td>12"</td><td>3+</td><td>3</td></tr><tr><td>3-5</td><td>6"</td><td>4+</td><td>D3</td></tr><tr><td>1-2</td><td>3"</td><td>5+</td><td>1</td></tr></table>				REMAINING W	M	BS	A	6-10+	12"	3+	3	3-5	6"	4+	D3	1-2	3"	5+	1
REMAINING W	M	BS	A																										
6-10+	12"	3+	3																										
3-5	6"	4+	D3																										
1-2	3"	5+	1																										
NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv																				
Null-Maiden Rhino	*	6+	*	6	7	10	*	8	3+																				
A Null-Maiden Rhino is a single model equipped with: storm bolter.																													
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE			S	AP	D	ABILITIES																					
Hunter-killer missile	48"	Heavy 1			8	-2	D6	The bearer can only shoot with this weapon once per battle.																					
Storm bolter	24"	Rapid Fire 2			4	0	1	-																					
WARGEAR OPTIONS	• This model can additionally be equipped with 1 hunter-killer missile.																												
ABILITIES	<div>Null Maidens</div> <div>Explodes: When this model is destroyed, roll one D6 before any embarked models disembark, and before removing it from play. On a 6 it explodes, and each unit within 6" suffers D3 mortal wounds.</div> <div>Smoke Launchers: Once per battle, instead of shooting in your Shooting phase, this model can use its smoke launchers. Until the start of your next Shooting phase, when resolving an attack made with a ranged weapon against this model, subtract 1 from the hit roll.</div> <div>Self-Repair: At the start of your turn, if this model has lost any wounds, you can roll one D6; on a 6 this model regains 1 lost wound.</div>																												
TRANSPORT	This model can transport 10 SISTERS OF SILENCE INFANTRY models.																												
FACTION KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, ASTRA TELEPATHICA, SISTERS OF SILENCE																												
KEYWORDS	VEHICLE, TRANSPORT, RHINO, NULL-MAIDEN RHINO																												

DAMAGE			
Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:			
REMAINING W	M	BS	A
6-10+	12"	3+	3
3-5	6"	4+	D3
1-2	3"	5+	1

UNITS		
UNIT	MODELS PER UNIT	POINTS PER MODEL (Excluding wargear)
Null-Maiden Rhino	1	65
Prosecutors	5-10	10
Vigilators	5-10	10
Witchseekers	5-10	10

RANGED WEAPON	
WEAPON	POINTS PER WEAPON
Boltgun	0
Flamer	6
Hunter-killer missile	6
Psyk-out grenades	0
Storm bolter	2

MELEE WEAPON	
WEAPON	POINTS PER WEAPON
Executioner greatblade	5

PAINTING SISTERS OF SILENCE

With new background and rules for the Sisters of Silence in *Index Imperialis*, you might be thinking about adding them to your collections. To help you out, here's a stage-by-stage painting guide for them, plus some other inspirational colour schemes.

The Sisters of Silence traditionally wear golden armour, but, as you'll see over the page, their warrior cadres wear many different colours to signify their role and responsibilities within the Silent Sisterhood. This Sister of Silence has been painted in the brass and purple of the Snow Lynx, a cadre that has been in existence since the days of the Great Crusade. Other cadres within the same Vigil will use these same colours in different combinations.

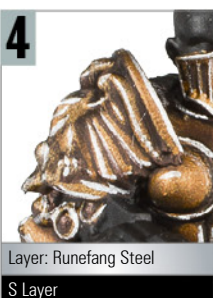
The easiest way to paint a Sister of Silence is to start with the largest area of the model first: the armour. You can be quite messy at this stage, as any brass-coloured paint you get on other areas of the model will soon be covered up. Next the guns and tabards are painted, followed by the smaller details. A useful tip: paint the topknot as one of the last stages – it's likely you'll touch it quite often while painting, and you don't want to accidentally rub off the colours you've already applied.

THE SILENT SISTERHOOD

While the Sisters of Silence wear no icons or emblems on their armour except the Imperial Aquila, they do have a symbol that can be painted onto their vehicles. It features the column of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica behind the helm of the Silent Sisterhood with the Astra Telepathica eye overlaid on it, suggesting a link between the two organisations.



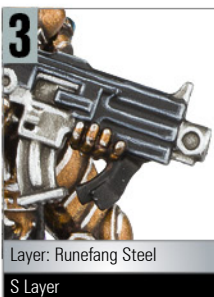
BRASS ARMOUR



BLACK GUN CASING



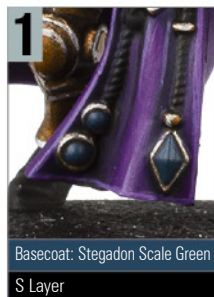
GUN METAL



PURPLE TABARD



GEMSTONES

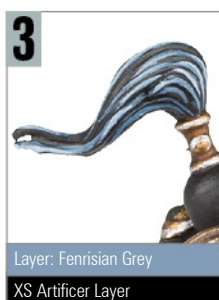


THE SNOW LYNX CADRE

The Snow Lynx wear burnished Vratine armour that carries with it the patina of many centuries of warfare. The armour has quite a warm tone (by which we mean it tends towards red rather than blue on the colour spectrum) that is complemented by the Sister's cool purple cape and tabard, not to mention the blue gemstones that are used as spot colours across the model. In reference to her cadre's name, this Sister of Silence wears a white fur pelt across her shoulders, which is complemented tonally by the black outside of her cape.



TOPKNOT



PALE SKIN



WHITE FUR



EYES



WARHAMMER TV

Did you know there are five Sisters of Silence painting videos on Warhammer TV? They cover armour, skin, fur, capes, and hair, but with different colours to the stages shown here, giving you yet another way to paint your Sisters! Head over to the Warhammer TV YouTube page to check them out.



ALTERNATIVE CADRE COLOUR SCHEMES

Why stop at one colour scheme for the Sisters of Silence? Remember, they don't all have to wear gold armour, as you can see from the examples shown on these two pages.

Every Vigil of Silent Sisters is made up of many different cadres, each with their own name, duties, and livery. Many wear the gold armour associated with the servants of the Golden Throne, while others may wear red, bone, or even black armour, their heraldry passed down to successive Null Maidens over many generations.

While there are no hard and fast rules as to what colours you paint your Sisters of Silence, it's worth considering what colour their armour will be first, so that you can then choose a complementary colour for their capes and tabards. After all, a unit of Sisters wearing black armour, black capes, and carrying black guns could look pretty unexciting!



PAINTING THE CADRES

When painting these Sisters of Silence, the two on the right were undercoated with Chaos Black spray. The Sister at the top left was undercoated with Retributor Armour, the one at the bottom left with Corax White.

AURIC EAGLE CADRE, VIGIL INDOMITUS

These Sisters of Silence were painted to fight alongside the studio's Adeptus Custodes force, their gold armour and red capes matching those worn by the Emperor's guardians. Their gems are painted blue, creating a triadic colour scheme of gold, red, and blue.



GOLD ARMOUR

Basecoat: Retributor Armour

Layer: Gehenna's Gold

Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Layer: Runefang Steel

RED CLOTH

Basecoat: Mephiston Red

Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet

Layer: Wild Rider Red

Layer: Tau Light Ochre

CRIMSON LION CADRE, VIGIL OF GHERRITH

The dark red of this Sister's armour is complemented by her green topknot and the pale green fur on her cape. The tattoo on the model's forehead is in the shape of a Templar cross, a symbol that has been used by Imperial units since the time of the Great Crusade.



RED ARMOUR

Basecoat: Khorne Red

Wash: Nuln Oil

Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet

Layer: Fire Dragon Bright

BLACK CLOTH

Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Layer: Dark Reaper

Layer: Russ Grey

BONE TIGER CADRE, THE OUTER SOLAR VIGIL

This Sister of Silence was sprayed Corax White, then painted in bone-coloured armour. The model's other details – gun, tassels, cape, and skin – have been painted in darker tones to contrast with the light armour. This helps the key areas of the model stand out.



BONE ARMOUR

Basecoat: Screaming Skull

Wash: Seraphim Sepia

Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh

Layer: White Scar

RED CLOTH

Basecoat: Mephiston Red

Wash: Nuln Oil

Layer: Wild Rider Red

Layer: Fire Dragon Bright

STEEL DRAKE CADRE, REDUCTUS SECTOR VIGIL

The gleaming brass armour of this Sister was achieved by highlighting only the top of each panel with Sycorax Bronze. This creates the illusion of light hitting the armour from above, making the uppermost panels gleam brightly, while those in shadow appear much darker.



BRASS ARMOUR

Basecoat: Skullcrusher Brass

Wash: Reikland Fleshshade

Layer: Sycorax Bronze

Layer: Runefang Steel

WHITE CLOTH

Basecoat: Celestra Grey

Layer: Ulthuan Grey

Layer: White Scar

CADRE OF THE EBON TALON, OBSCURUS VIGIL

These Sisters of Silence were painted by veteran brush-wielder Jason Lee, who painted them as part of a much larger Imperial Agents force (more on them in the future!). Here's how he painted them.

Jason: I remember seeing a picture of the Sisters of Silence wearing really dark armour – I think it was from the old Horus Heresy collectible card game – and I thought they looked quite cool, so that's why I painted them this way! I kept their colour scheme really monochrome apart from the gold details and their capes, which are a rich magenta in colour.



BLACK ARMOUR

Basecoat: Abaddon Black & Dark Reaper

Layer: Dark Reaper

Layer: Thunderhawk Blue

Layer: Russ Grey

Layer: Fenrisian Grey

Layer: Blue Horror

PURPLE CLOTH

Basecoat: Screamer Pink

Wash: Nuln Oil

Layer: Emperor's Children

Layer: Pink Horror



THE WARLORDS OF VIGILUS

On the war-torn world of Vigilus, four mighty armies are assembling for battle. Aliens, heretics, and warriors loyal to the Emperor stand ready to fight, their forces continually growing as the war for Vigilus escalates. This is A Tale of Four Warlords!



Welcome, one and all, to the fourth instalment of the Warlords of Vigilus – a celebration of collecting, painting, and gaming in the far future of the 41st Millennium. Over the last few months, our four warlords have been hard at work on their collections, painting new models, playing games, and immersing themselves in the background of their chosen armies. And what armies they are turning out to be! Sam Pearson has engineered a huge Genestealer Cults uprising, while James Gallagher has assembled a sinister-looking army of Chaos Space Marines with heretical Knight allies. Mark Bedford has vastly increased the size of his Death Guard collection, while James Karch has continued to add to his Raven Guard infiltration force.

Two of the warlords also entered Golden Demon at Warhammer Fest this year. Having challenged each other to enter a painting competition, Chaos James and Loyalist James pulled out all the stops to get an entry ready. James G painted Abaddon, while James K entered his Raven Guard heroes on a scenic base. You can find out how both of them got on later in the article.



SAM PEARSON

Warhammer Age of Sigmar games developer Sam has been playing a lot of Warcry recently and has painted not one but two warbands for it. But that hasn't stopped him painting a load of new Genestealer

Cult models for A Tale of Four Warlords, too, including a trio of misappropriated Sentinels. Sam's also played a few more games of Kill Team with his cultists, most notably in a biker-based game against Nick Horth.



JAMES GALLAGHER

In the Chaos camp, James's forces are slowly accumulating. And diversifying! At the start of this challenge, James was all about Chaos Space Marines. Then suddenly he went crazy for Chaos

Knights. Now he's talking about Daemons! Truly James has embraced the all-inclusive nature of Chaos. This month, however, he's dedicated his time to the black-clad overlord himself – Abaddon the Despoiler.



MARK BEDFORD

Having switched armies from Orks to Death Guard last month, Mark has now changed his army again! No, he hasn't really, we're just messing with you! In fact, Mark's actually painted quite a few new

units for his Death Guard force since he felt he 'had to catch up with everyone else'. To aid him in his painting quest, Mark's made good use of Contrast paints. We think they look great on his new unit of Plaguebearers.



JAMES KARCH

James's goal over the last few months was to create an entry for Golden Demon using some of the models from his Raven Guard force. Not only did he manage to do that (and get himself a finalist

pin in the Open Category), he's also managed to paint a few more units for his army, including the new Primaris Invictor Tactical Warsuit and some more Eliminators. There really is no stopping this man!



FIRST CONTACT

'I finally played a game with my Raven Guard army,' says James Karch. 'I took on Jes Bickham and his Genestealer Cultists in the Big Guns Never Tire mission. I used all the models that I had at the time, which came to 51 power level. I suffered some early attrition, losing my entire unit of Suppressors to the Kelermorph, but overall I managed to hold back the alien tide pretty well. Infiltrators are great against units arriving from reserve like Genestealer Cultists, and every ambush Jes made was quickly dealt with. I won the game by only a single victory point, though. It was a little too close for comfort!'



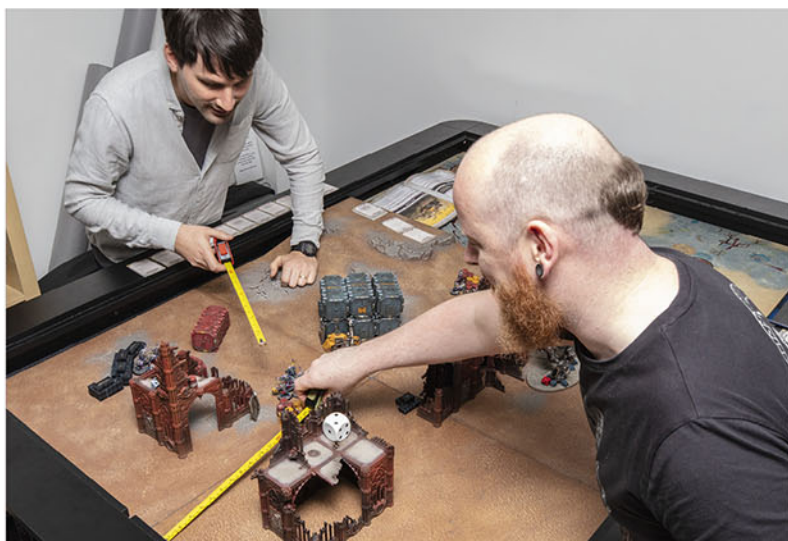
SAM PEARSON | GENESTEALER CULTS

THE ARRIVAL OF THE STAR CHILDREN

The Cult of the Four-armed Emperor have been busy of late, shipping Munitorum containers to Vigilus from across the sector. The cargo manifest says they contain machine parts. We believe otherwise ...

The true nature of the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor has been revealed! They're not industrial workers at all but alien hybrids. Even worse, their psychic presence has drawn the attention of the Tyranids.

'The day of ascension is close at hand,' says Sam proudly. 'I felt it was time to start adding a few Tyranids to my collection. After all, a full-blown alien invasion is the desired conclusion to any successful Genestealer Cult. To herald the arrival of the Tyranids, I've added a unit of Zoanthropes (well, two Zoanthropes and a Neurothrope) to my force. I feel the red-and-bone colour scheme I've picked should complement the grey and red of my cult troops nicely. On the cult side of things, I painted three Sentinels. They're super-posable with loads of weapon versatility. In the end I gave them plasma cannons, which are ideal for taking out all those power-armoured warriors my fellow warlords are fielding. I painted another five Genestealers, too. I have forty, now, but I'm aiming for sixty. I mean, sixty is an impressive number of Genestealers. I will put them all on the mantelpiece and show them to guests.'



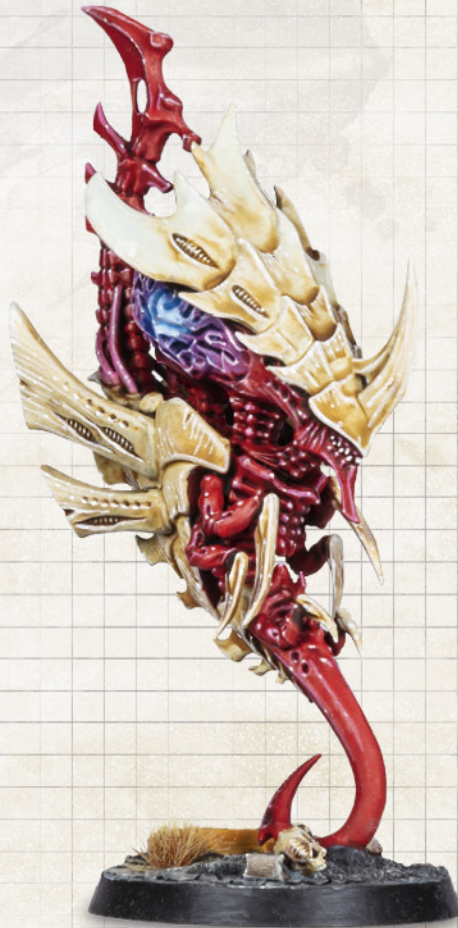
WAR IN THE MUNITORUM STORAGE YARD

'I've played a few games with my Genestealer Cults since we last chatted,' says Sam. 'My favourite game was a narrative battle against fellow warlord James Gallagher, in which he was trying to enact a ritual and I had to try and stop it. I'm pleased to say that I managed to scupper his evil plans, but the Cult of the Four Armed Emperor took 100% casualties in the process!'



THE TYRANID VANGUARD

'I've been a fan of the Tyranids since I first got involved in the hobby,' says Sam. 'I fondly remember their red-and-bone colour scheme from the second edition of the game (around 1993), and I wanted to replicate that with my Tyranids. After all, my Genestealers are painted in the original purple-and-blue colour scheme from around that time, so why not the rest of my Tyranids, too?' Below you can see some of the artwork that inspired Sam's colour scheme, while to the right you'll find the colours he used on his Neurothrope.



Sam started by undercoating his Zoanthropes and Neurothrope with Corax White spray. He then painted the skin red using the stages below, being careful not to get any paint on the chitinous armour plates. Next, Sam applied a wash of Seraphim Sepia directly over the Corax White undercoat to achieve the bone colour on the chitin.

RED SKIN

Basecoat: Evil Sunz Scarlet

Wash: Carroburg Crimson & Lahmian Medium

Layer: Emperor's Children

Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh

BONE CHITIN

Wash: Seraphim Sepia & Lahmian Medium

Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh

Layer: White Scar

Sam's additions include six more Munitorum Armoured Containers, three Sentinels, five Genestealers, a Broodlord, and a trio of Zoanthropes. Note how the Broodlord's base is painted the same way as the Zoanthropes.



JAMES GALLAGHER | BLACK LEGION

THE DESPOILER OF WORLDS

The Black Legion have been joined by the Warmaster himself, Abaddon the Despoiler. Resplendent in black and gold, he now leads a host of Chaos Space Marines and Renegade Knights to war.

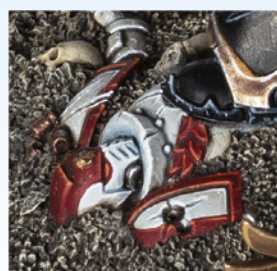
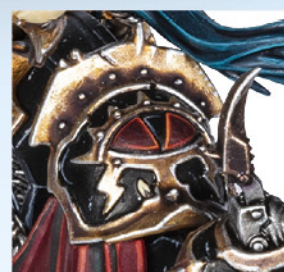
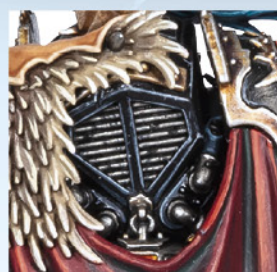
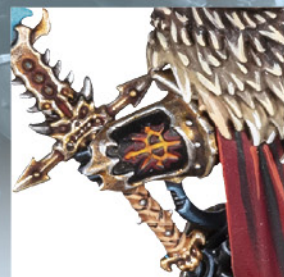
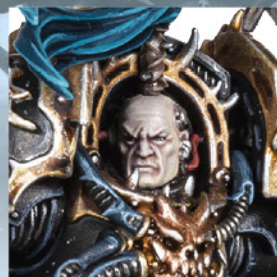
James's Chaos army has been growing slowly but surely over the last few instalments of A Tale of Four Warlords. What initially began as a Black Legion army now also includes a lance of Knights from House Lucaris – one of the Iconoclast Houses that turned to Chaos during the Horus Heresy. Perhaps it is the arrival of Abaddon the Despoiler in James' army that has secured their allegiance.

'My main project over the last few months has been Abaddon,' says James. 'When James Karch suggested we enter Golden Demon, I thought why not? After all, I've never entered before, and it would be an interesting challenge to see if my painting skills are up to the challenge of entering the Open Competition.'

'And that's when a thought crossed my mind. Up to that point, I'd been painting models for an army, whereas Abaddon would be for a painting competition. If I painted him to the very best of my ability, he would look radically different to the rest of my force, which I definitely didn't want. After all, Golden Demon only lasts for a few hours, but an army is for life. So while I was working on him, I had to restrain my painting a bit. That was a challenge in itself. While my Black Legion models only have two highlights on their armour, Abaddon has four of five, though I could easily have added more. I still managed to walk away with a finalist pin, though, which I'm really happy about, as there were a lot of very strong entries. If I enter again next year – which I think I will – I'll pick a model that I'm not painting as part of an army project.'

THE GLORY OF CHAOS

'I painted Abaddon in his traditional colours, but I made a few small alterations to his scheme,' says James. 'Firstly, I painted the Primaris Marine on his base as a White Scar, as I wanted to show that classic good-white, evil-black contrast on the model. I painted the helmet on his trophy rack black to match James's Raven Guard. I painted his topknot blue to match my other Black Legion models.'



A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

James's collection may be the smallest, but it also contains some of the biggest models. He has a hundred wounds of Chaos Knights alone! What followers of the Dark Gods will appear in James's army next?



MARK BEDFORD | DEATH GUARD

THE CONTAGION SPREADS

The Death Guard are amassing on Vigilus at an alarming rate, new units joining their foetid ranks every day. Now, their strength has been bolstered by war machines and daemonic entities.

Mark's no slouch when it comes to painting, having added a swathe of new models to his Death Guard army over the last couple of months. We asked him how he's been getting on.

'Well, seeing as I changed armies last month from Orks to Death Guard, I felt that I had a bit of catching up to do,' says Mark. 'So I ramped up the painting and set to work on loads of new units, including Blightlord Terminators, a pair of Plagueburst Crawlers, and a Tallyman. I gave the Tallyman whiter armour than my other Death Guard to link him more closely to the Legion's original colours during the Great Crusade. I feel he is probably quite a traditionalist! I also took the opportunity to try out the new Contrast paints on some Daemons. They really are perfect for models like Plaguebearers that have loads of textures on them. I'm already looking at my next project – possibly a Chaos Knight, or maybe Mortarion, though I might leave him until the last month as my grand finale. I still need to get some games in with my army, too – it's just all this painting can be quite time consuming!'



AN OUTBREAK OF SICKLY HUES

'I've been experimenting with the Contrast paints, and I used them on a unit of Plaguebearers,' says Mark. 'They took me about two and a half hours to paint. I used Plaguebearer Flesh, Iyanden Yellow, Magus Purple, and Aethermatic Blue, applying them randomly to the models and even letting them mix into each other to make the models look really sickly.'

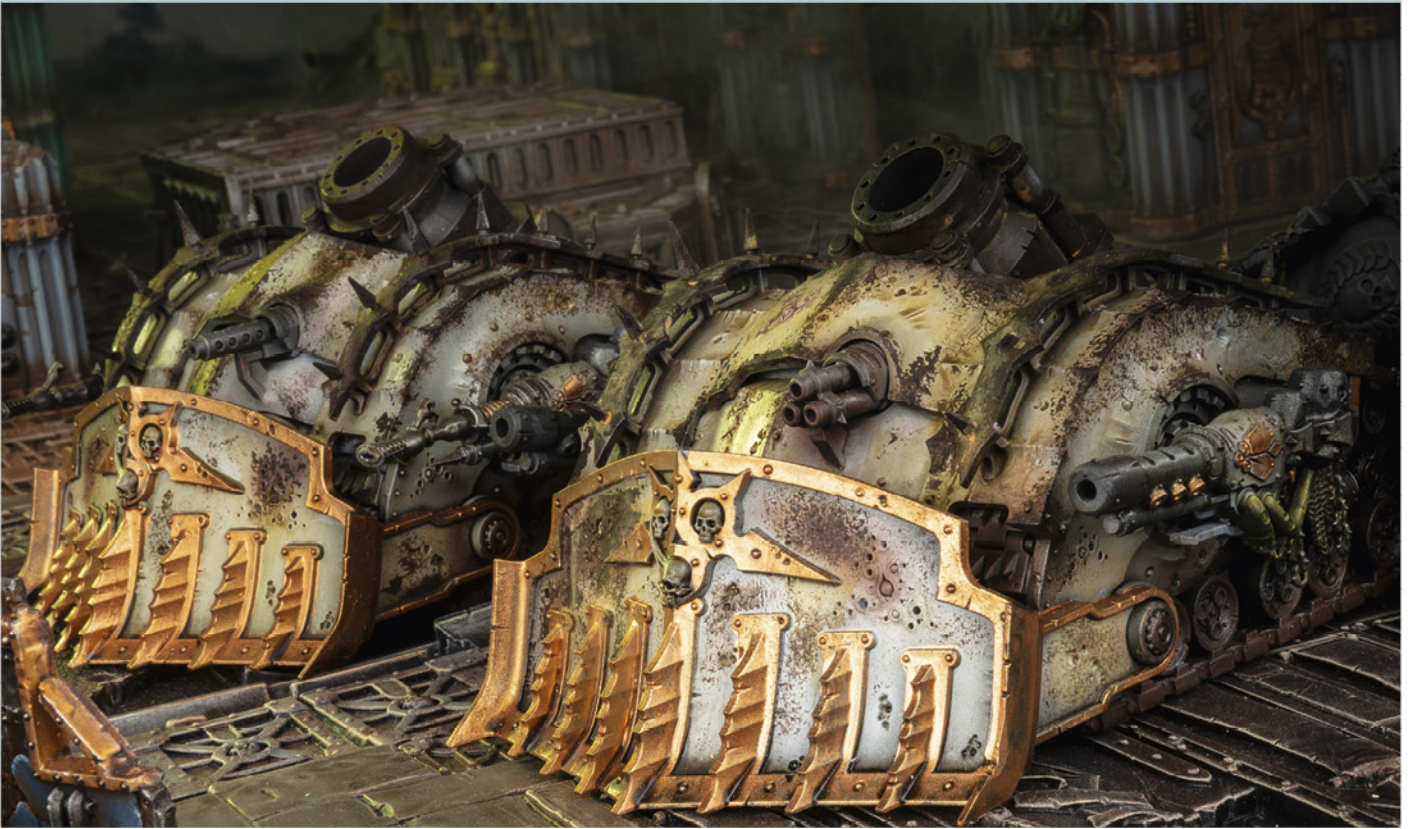
Mark's new units include a unit of Blightlord Terminators, Lord Felthius, two Plagueburst Crawlers, a Mythic Blight-hauler, a Tallyman, three bases of Nurglings, ten Plaguebearers, and a Beast of Nurgle.



BRINGING OUT THE BIG GUNS

'I love painting vehicles, and the Death Guard have some really unusual ones,' says Mark. 'For my Plagueburst Crawlers, I painted patches of them with Agrellan Earth before I undercoated them, giving the

armour panels a wonderful cracked texture that I could then drybrush and weather to make it look like peeling paint and corrosion. I used Typhus Corrosion for the battle damage on these tanks, plus Seraphim Sepia and Nuln Oil for grease and rust streaks.'



JAMES KARCH | RAVEN GUARD

THE 3RD COMPANY MARCH TO WAR

Clad in midnight-black armour, the Raven Guard of the 3rd Company bring the shadow war to Vigilus. Reinforced with new war assets, they are a force to be reckoned with.

James is arguably one of the fastest and most consistent painters here at Warhammer World, and his Raven Guard (among many other armies) are the proof of his accomplishments.

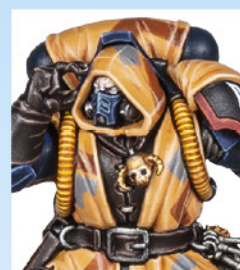
'This month, I've mostly been painting for Golden Demon,' says James. 'I've entered something every year for the last few years, sometimes winning a finalist pin, sometimes not. This time, I took things a bit more seriously and really pushed my modelling and painting, building a display base for my three models to stand on. It seemed to attract a fair amount of attention, which is really heartening, and I

did manage to secure a finalist pin, too, which I'm really proud of. Like James, I also found it weird to slow down my painting, but I think it's worth it just to test your skills.'

Incredibly, his Golden Demon entry wasn't the only thing James painted. 'I also finished a second unit of Eliminators and an Invictor Tactical Warsuit,' says James. 'It's one of my favourite models at the moment – it's just covered in guns. It was easier to paint than I expected, too. I just left the pilot out and the arms off, enabling me to get at all the mechanical areas more easily. Nuln Oil Gloss does a lot of the work for you.'

TROOPING THE COLOURS

'While painting my entry, I watched Darren Latham's video on the Warhammer Community site about entering Golden Demon,' says James. 'He mentioned that texture is a key consideration, so I went back over my models and added extra texture to the banner, their camo capes, and leather pouches. I think it was time well spent.'



A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS



'I love the Eliminators kit. It's got so many cool options in it, such as extra ammo, hooded heads, and loads of power packs,' says James. 'I equipped one unit with las fusils, making them perfect for taking on tanks.'



'Because my army is mostly black and silver, I used the new Iron Warriors' paint on the Warsuit's gun barrels to help break up the colour scheme and to show they are a slightly different metal to the roll cage and mechanical parts.'

VANGUARD REINFORCEMENTS

Deep behind enemy lines, kill teams are often sent on covert missions of intelligence gathering, sabotage, and assassination. Often outnumbered by their foes, the prospect of reinforcements is always gladly received, and this month there are quite a few of them!



Genetically engineered super-human warriors, Space Marines are counted amongst the Imperium's – if not the galaxy's – most deadly fighters. Though few in number, every Space Marine is worth a hundred regular humans. They are braver, faster, stronger, and more resilient, able to endure the hardships of battle for weeks or even months without respite. Known colloquially as the Angels of Death, most Space Marines are deployed to the battlefield by Drop Pod or Thunderhawk Gunship, their lightning-fast assaults intended to break the back of the enemy army in a fraction of the time it would take regular ground forces. But not all Space Marines are deployed this way. While the main strike force takes on the enemy face-to-face, other Space Marines are working behind enemy lines to disrupt communications, assassinate enemy leaders, and take out key targets. They are the Vanguard.

KILL TEAM

If you want to start playing Kill Team, make sure you pick up the *Kill Team Core Manual*, which contains all the rules you need to play. There are several expansions for the game, too, including Kill Team: Commanders, Elites, Rogue Trader, and Arena.



VANGUARD SPACE MARINES IN KILL TEAM

The release of the Shadowspear boxed set earlier this year introduced us to the Vanguard Space Marines – warriors of the Adeptus Astartes specially trained to operate behind enemy lines. And what better theatre of war for them to fight in than games of Kill Team? Over the next few pages, you'll find new and updated rules for using Incursors, Eliminators, Infiltrators, Reivers, and a Lieutenant in Phobos armour (plus Intercessors) in your games of Kill Team, enabling you to create a truly specialised Space Marine kill team. You'll also find new weapon profiles for you to arm your kill team with, plus a new stratagem – Outflank – over to the right. Now all you need to do is figure out who will be your specialists. An Eliminator as a Sniper specialist, perhaps? Maybe an Incursor Scout or a Reiver Combat specialist? There are a lot of options to choose from!

ADEPTUS ASTARTES

The datasheets included in this section replace those in previous publications, and have been updated with any additional equipment and options available to these units. We have also included the rules for Reserves in Kill Team, which several units available to the Adeptus Astartes can make use of.

RESERVES

The rules found here can be used in any games of Kill Team, with the exception of missions that use the Ultra-close Confines rules.

SETTING UP IN RESERVE

During deployment, instead of setting up a model on the battlefield as described by the mission, you can set that model up in Reserve. You can do this with up to half of the models in your kill team, but if you are using a Battle-forged kill team, the total points cost of any models you set up in Reserve can be no greater than half of your kill team's Force.

SETTING UP FROM RESERVE

A model that is set up in Reserve can be set up on the battlefield at the end of any Movement phase. At the end of the phase, if a player has any models in Reserve, they can decide to set up one or more of them on the battlefield. If more than one player has any models in Reserve, the players take it in turn to set up all of the models they wish to (including using any Reserve Tactics they wish to use, as described below), in the order determined in the Initiative phase.

Players do not have to set up any models from Reserve if they do not wish to, but if any models are still in Reserve at the end of the third battle round, they are considered to be out of action. When a model is set up from Reserve, it must be set up on the battlefield more than 5" from any enemy models and within 1" of the edge of the battlefield. It must also be wholly within your deployment zone, where the mission provides a deployment zone. Note that the restrictions described in Reinforcements in the *Kill Team Core Manual* apply to models set up in this way.

RESERVE TACTICS

Some Tactics alter how models arrive from Reserve. When players use these Tactics as part of their models arriving from Reserve, they do so in the sequence described above and by following the instructions on the Tactic. Note that the restrictions described in Reinforcements in the *Kill Team Core Manual* apply to models set up in this way, unless stated otherwise.

The following Tactic can be used by any player with at least one model in Reserve.

OUTFLANK

Tactic

Use this Tactic at the end of the Movement phase. Choose a model from your kill team that was set up in Reserve and set them up within 1" of the edge of the battlefield, and more than 5" away from any enemy models.

1 COMMAND POINT



INCURSOR

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	Max
Incursore	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	2	7	3+	-
Incursore Sergeant	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	3	8	3+	1
This model is armed with an oculus bolt carbine, bolt pistol, paired combat blades, frag grenades and krak grenades. One Incursore in your kill team can be an Incursore Sergeant.										
WARGEAR OPTIONS	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> One Incursore in your kill team may take a haywire mine. 									
ABILITIES	<p>And They Shall Know No Fear: You can re-roll failed Nerve tests for this model.</p> <p>Transhuman Physiology: Ignore the penalty to this model's hit rolls from one flesh wound it has suffered.</p> <p>Haywire Mine: In your turn in the Movement phase, a model from your kill team with a haywire mine that has not been primed can prime it. If they do, at any point during that model's move, place the Primed Haywire Mine within 1" of it, and more than 3" away from any enemy models. If an enemy model moves within 2" of that Primed Haywire Mine, roll one D6; on a 4+ each model within 2" of the Primed Haywire Mine suffer 1 mortal wound. That Primed Haywire Mine is then removed from play.</p> <p>The Primed Haywire Mine is represented by the Primed Haywire Mine model, but does not count as a model for any rules purposes.</p>									
SPECIALISTS	Leader (Sergeant only), Comms , Demolitions , Scout , Veteran									
FACTION KEYWORD	ADEPTUS ASTARTES									
KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, INFANTRY, PHOBOS, PRIMARIS, INCURSOR									

ELIMINATOR

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	Max
Eliminator	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	2	7	3+	-
Eliminator Sergeant	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	3	8	3+	1
This model is armed with a bolt sniper rifle, bolt pistol, frag grenades and krak grenades. One Eliminator in your kill team can be an Eliminator Sergeant.										
WARGEAR OPTIONS	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> An Eliminator may replace their bolt sniper rifle with a las fusil. An Eliminator Sergeant may replace their bolt sniper rifle with a las fusil or instigator bolt carbine. 									
ABILITIES	<p>And They Shall Know No Fear: You can re-roll failed Nerve tests for this model.</p> <p>Transhuman Physiology: Ignore the penalty to this model's hit rolls from one flesh wound it has suffered.</p> <p>Camo Cloak: When an opponent makes a hit roll for a shooting attack that targets this model, and this model is obscured, that hit roll suffers an additional -1 modifier.</p> <p>Concealed Position: When you set this model up during deployment, it can be set up anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" from any enemy deployment zone.</p>									
SPECIALISTS	Leader (Sergeant only), Comms , Scout , Sniper , Veteran									
FACTION KEYWORD	ADEPTUS ASTARTES									
KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, INFANTRY, PHOBOS, PRIMARIS, ELIMINATOR									

INFILTRATOR

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	Max
Infiltrator	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	2	7	3+	-
Infiltrator Helix Adept	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	2	7	3+	1
Infiltrator Sergeant	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	3	8	3+	1
This model is armed with a marksman bolt carbine, bolt pistol, frag grenades and krak grenades. One Infiltrator in your kill team can be an Infiltrator Helix Adept, and one Infiltrator in your kill team can be an Infiltrator Sergeant.										
WARGEAR OPTIONS	• One Infiltrator in your kill team can be equipped with an Infiltrator Comms Array.									
ABILITIES	<p>And They Shall Know No Fear: You can re-roll failed Nerve tests for this model.</p> <p>Transhuman Physiology: Ignore the penalty to this model's hit rolls from one flesh wound it has suffered.</p> <p>Infiltrator Comms Array: Add 1 to the Leadership characteristic of models within 6" of any friendly models equipped with an Infiltrator Comms Array.</p> <p>Concealed Position: When you set this model up during deployment, it can be set up anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" from any enemy deployment zone.</p> <p>Omni-scrambler: Enemy models that are set up on the battlefield from Reserve cannot be set up within 7" of this model.</p>									
SPECIALISTS	Leader (Sergeant only), Medic (Helix Adept only), Comms (Infiltrator with Infiltrator Comms Array only), Demolitions , Scout , Veteran									
FACTION KEYWORD	ADEPTUS ASTARTES									
KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, INFANTRY, PHOBOS, PRIMARIS, INFILTRATOR									

REIVER

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	Max
Reiver	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	2	7	3+	-
Reiver Sergeant	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	3	8	3+	1
This model is armed with a bolt carbine, heavy bolt pistol, frag grenades and krak grenades and shock grenades. One Reiver in your kill team can be a Reiver Sergeant.										
WARGEAR OPTIONS	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • A Reiver may replace their bolt carbine with a combat knife. • A Reiver Sergeant may replace their bolt carbine or heavy bolt pistol with a combat knife. • This model may take a grav-chute. • This model may take a grapnel launcher. 									
ABILITIES	<p>And They Shall Know No Fear: You can re-roll failed Nerve tests for this model.</p> <p>Transhuman Physiology: Ignore the penalty to this model's hit rolls from one flesh wound it has suffered.</p> <p>Grapnel Launcher: A model with a grapnel launcher can climb any distance vertically (up or down) when it makes a normal move – do not measure the distance moved in this way.</p> <p>Grav-chute: A model with a grav-chute never suffers falling damage and never falls on another model. If it would, instead place this model as close as possible to the point where it would have landed. This can bring it within 1" of an enemy model.</p> <p>Terror Troops: Enemy models must subtract 1 from their Leadership if they are within 3" of any REIVER models.</p>									
SPECIALISTS	Leader (Sergeant only), Combat , Comms , Demolitions , Scout , Veteran									
FACTION KEYWORD	ADEPTUS ASTARTES									
KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, INFANTRY, PHOBOS, PRIMARIS, REIVER									

INTERCESSOR

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	Max
Intercessor	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	2	7	3+	-
Intercessor Gunner	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	2	7	3+	2
Intercessor Sergeant	6"	3+	3+	4	4	2	3	8	3+	1
This model is armed with a bolt rifle, bolt pistol, frag grenades and krak grenades. Up to two Intercessors in your kill team can be Intercessor Gunners, and one Intercessor in your kill team can be an Intercessor Sergeant.										
WARGEAR OPTIONS	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • This model may replace its bolt rifle with an auto bolt rifle or stalker bolt rifle. • An Intercessor Gunner may take an auxiliary grenade launcher. • An Intercessor Sergeant may replace their bolt rifle with a hand flamer or chainsword. • If an Intercessor Sergeant is not equipped with a chainsword he can be equipped with a power fist, power sword, thunder hammer or chainsword. 									
ABILITIES	<p>And They Shall Know No Fear: You can re-roll failed Nerve tests for this model.</p> <p>Transhuman Physiology: Ignore the penalty to this model's hit rolls from one flesh wound it has suffered.</p> <p>Auxiliary Grenade Launcher: If a model is armed with an auxiliary grenade launcher, increase the range of any Grenade weapons they have to 30".</p>									
SPECIALISTS	Leader (Sergeant only), Demolitions (Gunner only), Combat , Comms , Sniper , Veteran									
FACTION KEYWORD	ADEPTUS ASTARTES									
KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, INFANTRY, PRIMARIS, INTERCESSOR									



LIEUTENANT IN PHOBOS ARMOUR

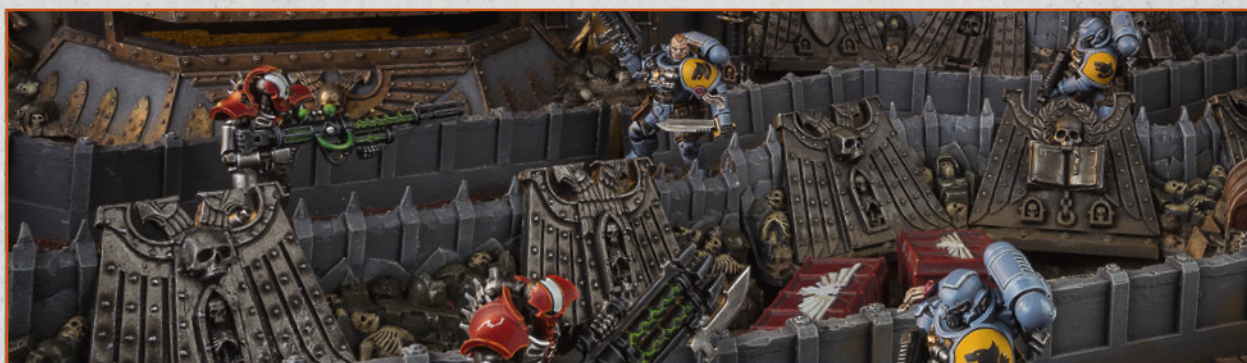
NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	Max
Lieutenant in Phobos Armour	6"	2+	3+	4	4	5	4	8	3+	1
This model is armed with a master-crafted occulus bolt carbine, bolt pistol, paired combat blades, frag grenades and krak grenades and a grav-chute.										
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE			S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Master-crafted occulus bolt carbine	24"	Rapid Fire 1			4	0	2	Add 1 to hit rolls for this weapon when targeting a model that is obscured.		
WARGEAR OPTIONS	• This model can be equipped with a heavy bolt pistol and combat knife instead of its master-crafted occulus bolt carbine, paired combat blades, bolt pistol and grav-chute. If it is, it gains the REIVER keyword.									
ABILITIES	And They Shall Know No Fear: You can re-roll failed Nerve tests for this model.									
	Transhuman Physiology: Ignore the penalty to this model's hit rolls from one flesh wound it has suffered.									
	Terror Troops: Enemy models must subtract 1 from their Leadership characteristic if they are within 3" of any REIVER models.									
	Grav-chute: A model with a grav-chute never suffers falling damage and never falls on another model. If it would, instead place this model as close as possible to the point where it would have landed. This can bring it within 1" of an enemy model.									
SPECIALISTS	Ferocity, Fortitude, Leadership, Logistics, Melee, Shooting, Stealth, Strategist, Strength									
FACTION KEYWORD	ADEPTUS ASTARTES									
KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, COMMANDER, INFANTRY, PHOBOS, PRIMARIS, GRAV-CHUTE, LIEUTENANT									

RANGED WEAPONS

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Bolt carbine	24"	Assault 2	4	0	1	-
Bolt pistol	12"	Pistol 1	4	0	1	-
Bolt sniper rifle	A model firing a bolt sniper rifle does not suffer the penalty to hit rolls for the target being at long range. In addition, when attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below.					
- Executioner round	36"	Heavy 1	5	-1	1	Add 2 to hit rolls made for this weapon. In addition, this weapon can target models that are not visible to the bearer. If the target is not visible to the bearer, a 6 is required for a successful hit roll, irrespective of the firing model's Ballistic Skill or any modifiers.
- Mortis round	36"	Heavy 1	5	-2	D3	If you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, it inflicts a mortal wound in addition to its normal damage.
- Hyperfrag round	36"	Heavy D3	5	0	1	-
Frag grenade	6"	Grenade D6	3	0	1	-
Hand flamer	6"	Pistol D3	3	0	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.
Heavy bolt pistol	12"	Pistol 1	4	-1	1	-
Instigator bolt carbine	24"	Assault 1	4	-1	2	-
Krak grenade	6"	Grenade 1	6	-1	D3	-
Marksman bolt carbine	24"	Rapid Fire 1	4	0	1	Each unmodified hit roll of 6 made for this weapon's attacks automatically results in a wound (do not make a wound roll for that attack).
Las fusil	36"	Heavy 1	8	-3	3	-
Oculus bolt carbine	24"	Rapid Fire 1	4	0	1	Add 1 to hit rolls for this weapon when targeting a model that is obscured.
Shock grenade	6"	Grenade D3	*	*	*	This weapon does not inflict any damage. If an enemy INFANTRY model is hit by any shock grenades, it is stunned; until the end of the next battle round, that model cannot fire Overwatch or be Readied, and your opponent must subtract 1 from hit rolls made for this model.

MELEE WEAPONS

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Chainsword	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.
Combat knife	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.
Paired combat blades	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	When resolving an attack made with this weapon, an unmodified hit roll of 6 scores 1 additional hit.
Power fist	Melee	Melee	x2	-3	D3	When attacking with this weapon, you must subtract 1 from the hit roll.
Power sword	Melee	Melee	User	-3	1	-
Thunder hammer	Melee	Melee	x2	-3	3	When attacking with this weapon, you must subtract 1 from the hit roll.



BATTLEFIELD MODIFICATIONS

With new rules for Space Marines in Kill Team, surely some hobbyists will have painted new models for their kill teams. Well, they have! Over the next few pages you'll find four Adeptus Astartes kill teams, plus useful tips on converting your Space Marine operatives.



If you're a fan of Warhammer 40,000: Kill Team, and Space Marines in particular, then this issue of *White Dwarf* is going to be pretty exciting for you. Not only can you now include Infiltrators, Incursors, and Eliminators in your kill team, you can now also field the Lieutenant in Phobos Armour if you're using the Commanders expansion.

Of course, all this means that there's now a host of new modelling options available to Space Marine kill teams. You could, for example, convert a Demolitions expert using the massive haywire mine from the Infiltrators kit (see opposite), or combine parts from the Infiltrators kit with the Eliminators to create a Scout shrouded in a camouflage cloak. How about using a skull-helm from the Reivers kit on your Lieutenant, or an oculus bolt carbine on an Intercessor to create a Sniper specialist?

MARK X ARMOUR

Power armour comes in many different designs, the latest iteration being Mark X. Mark X power armour has several variants, including the lighter and more manoeuvrable Phobos pattern armour worn by Infiltrators and Reivers. This style of power armour may have different features compared to that worn by Intercessors, but the arms, shoulder pads, backpacks, and heads are all interchangeable between kits.

KEY CONVERSION CONSIDERATIONS

When converting a model, it's important to consider how the model is posed. Most Warhammer kits nowadays have an optimal pose as shown in their instructions, but when you're kitbashing several kits together, you need to think carefully about what parts will work best with each other. For example, a pair of running Reiver legs combined with the reloading arms from the Intercessor kit may look pretty unnatural. Similarly, do you want a shouting, aggressive face on a model reading an auspex, or would a more thoughtful, contemplative face be more appropriate? Sometimes, all you need is a head or weapon swap between models in the same kit to get a unique model for your kill team. If you're new to converting, take a look at our conversion advice opposite. Otherwise, turn the page and take a look at some of the kill teams that people around our HQ have been making.

CONVERSION ADVICE

The Infiltrators kit contains a bevy of exciting components that are ideal for conversions, particularly when it comes to Space Marine kill teams. After all, kill teams are meant to be made up of covert operatives, and nothing looks more covert than a pair of infra-red goggles, a bolt rifle with a high-tech targeter, packs and pouches full

of grenades and equipment, and scanners on arms that look like they go *weeep weeep* when enemies get close. So we decided to combine the new multi-part Infiltrators with the Reivers kit to see what sorts of covert operatives we could make. Here's how we went about making an Incursor demolitions expert.

The first stage is picking a suitable body. We used torso and legs set D from the Reivers kit – parts 35, 36, 37, and 38 **(1)**.

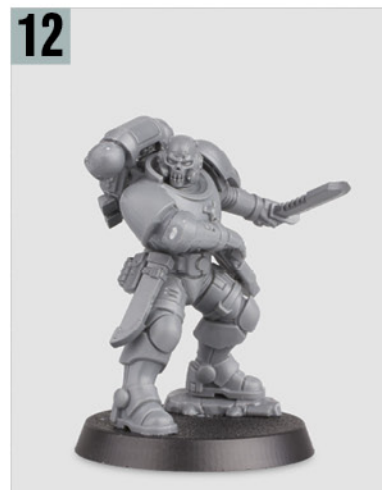
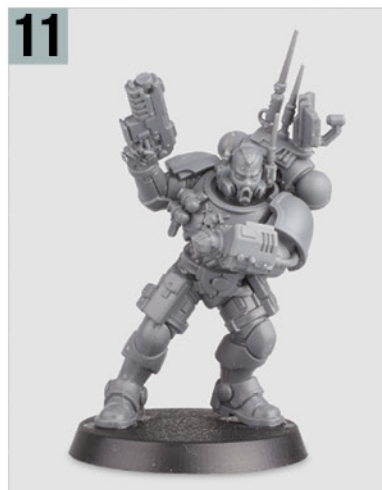
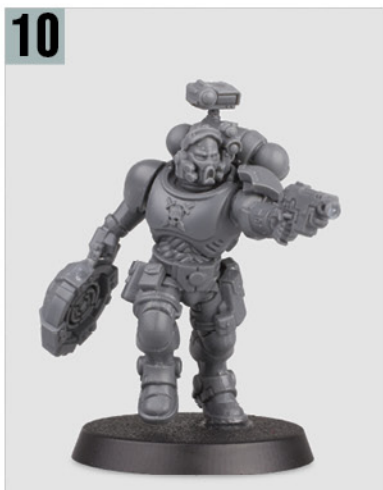
Before sticking the Incursor's arms on, we tried out a few different weapon combinations using adhesive putty to hold them in place **(2)**. In the end, we picked the huge haywire mine from the Infiltrators kit (part 50) and a bolt pistol from the Hellblasters set (part 70). The head is part 74 from the Infiltrators box **(3)**.

A key consideration when making a model is that it's all moving in the same direction. To achieve this, we picked a backpack camera (part 60) from the Infiltrators kit that matches the direction the model is facing **(4)**. However, at this stage we felt that – while anatomically correct – the arm holding the mine looked a little long next to the running legs. So we decided to swap the arm for a bent one instead **(5)**.

We used a Citadel Knife to cut both arms at the wrist **(6-7)**, using the armour cuff as a marker for where to cut. You can use a Citadel Saw for this, but remember that it will cut away more plastic than the knife. We then glued the two parts together **(8)**.

The last stage was assembling the model again. We tried it once more with adhesive putty **(9)** before sticking it together with Plastic Glue **(10)**.

We also made a few other Reiver/Infiltrator conversions to show off the compatibility of the two kits. One uses a Reiver body, legs, and right arm, with all the other parts from the Infiltrators kit **(11)**, while the other uses an Infiltrator body, legs and right arm, with a left arm and head from a Reiver **(12)**.





DEATHWATCH – JOHN BRACKEN

'My Deathwatch Kill Team is made up of Space Marines from all the nastiest Chapters,' says John. 'There's a Minotaur, a Carcharodon, a Flesh Tearer – all the Chapters who don't care too much about human lives! I wanted them to be a really mean, dangerous bunch, sent on the most dangerous missions imaginable. I converted and painted the first five models for a Kill Team event, though I have now added a Librarian, Lieutenant, Eliminator, and an Infiltrator to the force.'



1



2

'All the models in my kill team wear Reiver skull masks to make them look more sinister,' says John. 'The Lieutenant model (1) was already wearing one, so I converted him using a Reiver blade in his left hand and the arm throwing a knife from the Infiltrator kit in his right.'

'The Librarian (2) is a simple conversion – I just gave him a head from the Reivers kit so he matches the rest of the team.'



3



4



5

'I converted the Eliminator (3) using the auspex-poking hand from the Infiltrators kit, repurposing it so it looks like he's telling his squad members to be quiet. Ironical, considering he's a Flesh Tearer.'

'I converted the Minotaur (4) to be throwing the smoke grenade that comes in the Lieutenant kit.'

'My kill team is painted in traditional Deathwatch colours (5), and each model has their own Chapter pad and heraldry.'

NECROPOLIS HAWKS – JASON LEE

'The Necropolis Hawks were created by Darren Latham for an 'Eavy Metal article in *White Dwarf* a few years back,' says Jason. 'I really like the colour scheme, so I decided to make a kill team of them. The main blue armour is painted using Dark Reaper as a basecoat, followed by Thunderhawk Blue and highlights of Russ Grey, Fenrisian Grey, and Blue Horror. The white arms are Fenrisian Grey, a layer of Ulthuan Grey, a recess shade of Russ Grey, and then a final highlight of White Scar.'



1



2

'My Leader (1) is converted from the Lieutenant in Phobos Armour with the addition of an occulus bolt carbine in his left hand and a Reiver head,' says Jason. I also added markings to his helmet.

'I reposed my Sniper (2) so that he's holding a Reiver blade, with his las fusil at ease in his right hand. This took a bit of resculpting around the trigger of the gun and around the model's new hand.

'My Demolitions expert (3) is built using almost the same parts as the model on the previous spread! I just picked a different head and gun for him.

'My Combat specialist (4) carries two Reiver blades, the one in his right hand swapped from the left to the right. His advancing pose is taken from the Infiltrators kit.

'The Comms specialist (5) uses the kneeling legs from an Eliminator, plus an upraised fist to show that he's signalling the others forwards.'



3



4



5



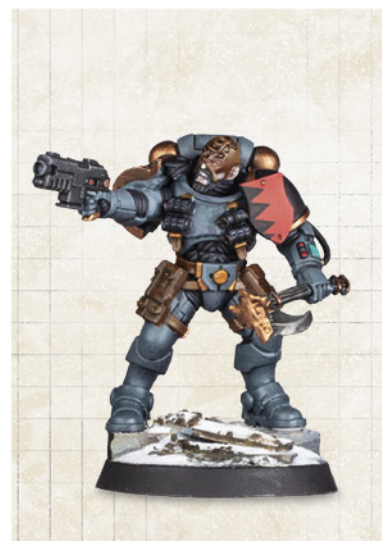


SPACE WOLVES – MARK BEDFORD

'My kill team are a group of unproven Space Wolves – those Greyshield Primaris Marines that have been inducted into the Chapter, but aren't quite trusted yet by their battle-brothers,' says Mark. 'I imagine that Logan Grimnar is sending them off on dangerous missions to prove themselves to the rest of the Chapter, then when they return victorious they can join one of the Great Companies. That's why they have plain black shoulder pads – they haven't earned their pack markings yet.'



1



2

'My Leader (1) is converted from the Lieutenant in Phobos Armour, but with the head from Wolf Lord Krom,' says Mark. 'I also gave him the shoulder pads from Geigor Fellhand – the Space Wolves character from the Burning of Prospero boxed set – to really make him stand out.'

'The Veteran (2) uses a Reiver body, but with the hooded head and axe from the Grey Slayers upgrade pack from Forge World. The tilting shield comes from the Grey Knights Terminators kit.'



3



4



5

'I used an Eliminator as my Sniper specialist (3). He's relatively unconverted aside from a head swap from the Space Wolves Terminators box.'

'I used Geigor Fellhand's head for this Reiver (4), plus a spare shield from the Terminators set.'

'The Demolitions guy (5) is a straight-up Incursor, but with a head from the Space Wolves Upgrade Pack.'

DARK ANGELS – ELLIOT HAMER

'I already have a sizeable Dark Angels army, so creating a kill team for them was a no-brainer,' says Elliot. 'I wanted them to be proper infiltration specialists, getting in close and personal, which is why most of them are based on Reiver models. Then the Eliminator models came out, and I thought perhaps it would be prudent to have a few snipers for those missions that require a little more long-ranged subtlety. That way I can pick the troopers I need for each mission.'



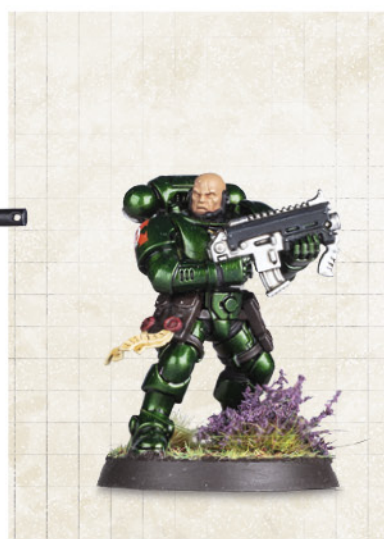
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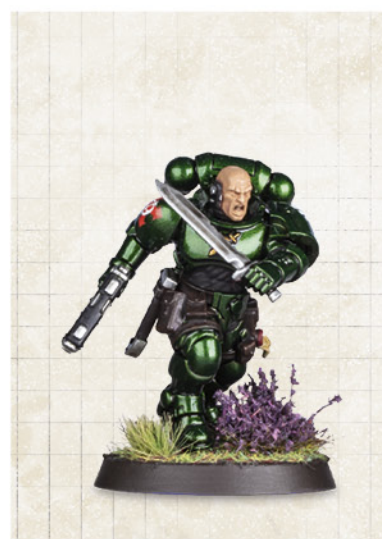
2



3



4



5

'I really like the Eliminator models just as they are (1-3), so I didn't convert the models much, adding a few bits of rubble to their bases,' says Elliot. 'I painted them the same as the rest of my Dark Angels models, using Warlock Bronze as a basecoat, followed by a highlight of Runelord Brass, then three or four thin coats of Mortarion Green applied with an airbrush to get a smooth finish. A recess wash of Nuln Oil finished off the armour.'

'The Leader of my kill team is made from a Reiver with a head taken from an Intercessor (4). I wanted him to look noble and honourable, unlike the Combat specialist (5) who is shouting as he's running forwards. His head is also from the Intercessors set. In fact, all my Reivers have bare heads culled from various kits. I think it helps give them more personality – an important factor for me when creating a kill team.'



GLORY POINTS



DAVE SANDERS

Dave has been writing rules for Games Workshop for three years, working on such notable games as Warhammer 40,000: Kill Team and Warhammer Underworlds. Recently, however, Dave has left his glittering tower in the city of Shadespire and travelled across the aetheric void to the realm of Ghur, where he plans to do something beastly.

For the first time since I started writing this column, I can tell you about something I've been burning to share for a long time now – Warhammer

Underworlds: Beastgrave! In this article I'll share some insights into the set and some things to look out for in this new edition of the game.

A SPREADING CURSE

For two years now, thousands of you have been playing countless games of Warhammer Underworlds in Shadespire. Warbands have fought and died and fought again, amassing glory and grudges as they seek an escape from the cursed city. Now everything has changed.

The setting for the new season of Warhammer Underworlds is Beastgrave, a monstrous mountain in Ghur, the Realm of Beasts. Some believe the mountain to be alive, and some even believe it to be a god. Some say that it calls out to warriors hungry for battle or riches, drawing them in and never releasing them. Whatever the truth of the matter, the caverns of this fell mountain are the new setting for Warhammer Underworlds and the latest lethal environs in which the warriors of the Age of Sigmar will fight and die.

They will not remain dead for long, however. In the aftermath of the Shyish necroquake, fissures rent in Shadespire have opened into other realms, offering an escape to those trapped there, but also providing a vector for the Katophrane curse. Now those who die in Beastgrave find themselves reborn as they were moments before their death, doomed to struggle for all eternity.

BEING BEASTLY

This whole new setting brings with it new themes, new cards, and, of course, new warbands. The miniatures designers have created a set of warbands that work perfectly in this new setting

and allow the very Ghurish themes of hunters and hunted, savagery, and insatiable hunger to play a big part in the game.

The core set may come as a surprise to long-time Age of Sigmar or Warhammer Underworlds players, as it doesn't include any of Sigmar's finest, the Stormcast Eternals. Instead, the forces of Order are represented by Skaeth's Wild Hunt, who are Sylvaneth worshippers of Kurnoth, while the forces of Chaos are represented by Grashrak's Despoilers, a Brayherd warband led by a formidable Bray-Shaman. When these warbands face each other, you can never be certain who will be hunting and who will be hunted!

It's worth saying that the devotees of the Death and Destruction Grand Alliances need not be dismayed, as they will soon have warbands of their own suited to this brutal new setting.

GHUR RULES!

A new set means new rules, and we've put a lot of effort into making this the best version of Warhammer Underworlds ever. Here are some of the highlights.

New warbands and starter decks: You'll find each new warband has something different to offer, and I'm really excited to see what you do with them. One of the changes we've made in Beastgrave is that we've increased the number of warband-specific cards. Each new warband now has 12 objectives, 10 upgrades, and 10 gambits that only they can use. This is enough to make an objective deck and a power deck without needing any universal cards. If you're picking them up for the first time, these 'starter decks' are a good way to learn how each warband works. You'll find that each warband's cards suit their playstyle down to the ground, so much so that you may find it hard to find room in your decks for some of your favourite universal cards!

New universal cards: Of course, each set also includes universal cards that all warbands can use – including those from Shadespire and Nightvault. You'll often find these universal cards are complementary to the warband whose expansion they're found in, making them an even better deal. There are a few themes running through the universal cards that help to describe Beastgrave and the warriors fighting in its depths, and the universal cards make the mechanics of this set available to every warband, old and new.

In this monthly column, games developer Dave Sanders explores various aspects of Warhammer Underworlds, sharing insights, designer's notes, tactics, and advice. But what's Dave chatting about this month? Only the new edition of the game - **Beastgrave!**



The cover of the boxed game depicts the Bray-Shaman Grashrak Fellhoof and an ongoing battle between his warband – Grashrak's Despoilers – and Skaeth's Wild Hunt, a warband of aelves dedicated to the hunter god Kurnoth.

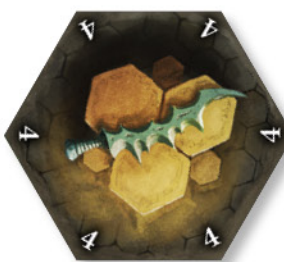
Revised core rules: It's not just about the new cards, though. We've given the core rules an overhaul as well, making this the cleanest and clearest version of the rules yet. These rules replace the Nightvault rules and will be used in all organised play events. We've more clearly defined the combat sequence, introduced keywords, and done no small amount of tinkering besides. Keywords come in two kinds: shorthand for rules found in the rulebook, such as **Cleave** and the new **Heal (X)**; and 'tags', used to classify different things, such as **Hunter**, **Quarry**, and **Poison**. These tags have no inherent effect, but they allow other rules to interact with them.

Changes to set up: Something that players often ask me about at tournaments is the roll-off at the start of the game to choose a board first. They commented that it feels strange that sometimes you want to 'lose' that roll. I thought this was a really good point, so in Beastgrave whoever wins that roll-off decides which player chooses a board first. Now you'll always want to win!

Another change we've made to set up that is going to cause ripples is a new rule allowing each player to make one hex into a lethal hex at the

start of the game, using the new lethal hex tokens. This means that lethal hexes are likely to be part of every game of Beastgrave, without requiring players to risk choosing a board that already contains lethal hexes. Of course, the rule also means that you can double down, choosing a lethal board and making it even more dangerous!

As if that wasn't enough to inject a bit of Ghurish peril into the game, objective markers are now just one side of something called a feature token. The reverse of a feature token is a lethal hex token. Feature tokens can be flipped during the game, changing an objective marker into a lethal hex and vice versa. Some warbands, including those from Shadespire and Nightvault, will benefit a lot from feature-token manipulation.



Feature tokens have an objective side and a lethal hex side.





Skaeth's Wild Hunt take on Grashrak's Despoilers in the dark depths of Beastgrave – a colossal mountain in Ghur that some believe to be alive.

New types of objective cards: There are now three special types of objective card in the game. These are called surge, hybrid, and Dual. Surge objectives are the equivalent of the 'score immediately' objectives that you know and love. Hybrid objectives offer you two ways to score them, while dual objectives have two requirements that must be met in order for you to score them.

New and improved Guard: In Warhammer Underworlds: Beastgrave, a fighter with any Guard tokens cannot be driven back, in addition to the rules you're familiar with. This is a significant boost to the Guard action and opens up some great possibilities for players that like to focus on holding objectives or controlling particular areas of the board.

META MATTERS

With the introduction of Beastgrave, we announced a new initiative to help promote the long-term health of the game. We want Warhammer Underworlds to remain fun, fresh, and accessible forever. To do this, we've cycled the universal cards from the first season of the game – Shadespire – out of Organised Play. In practical terms, this means you'll only be able to use universal cards printed for Nightvault or Beastgrave in your competitive games. You can also use universal cards from Shadespire that have been reprinted in Nightvault or Beastgrave, like Great Strength.

This ensures that the card pool in competitive play remains manageable, while still allowing players to discover new strategies and explore the potential of the various warbands. If you're completely new to the game, you'll only have the most recent seasons to learn, and if you're a veteran, this ensures that the competitive

scene stays engaging, balanced, and fun. If you've got a favourite warband you want to keep using, you can! The warbands themselves, and warband-specific cards, are exempt from cycling, ensuring that each retains their distinct character and thematic tactical options. You can keep using any card with your warband's symbol on it in organised play regardless of when they were released.

This cycling initiative is aimed at keeping competitive gaming fresh. When playing at home or at your local gaming club, you can still use every card in your collection. There will even be events dedicated to playing with all the old cards, so keep your eyes peeled for news of these in the future.

REFLECTIONS OF GLORY

Speaking of the warbands from Shadespire, I'd like to reassure you that they (and their Nightvault counterparts) are entirely compatible with and competitive in Beastgrave. Our intention is to keep developing this game, increasing the number of warbands over time but always making sure that there's a place for Steelheart's Champions, Spiteclaw's Swarm, the Sepulchral Guard and so on. This should lead to great variety in your games, particularly when the whole of the Beastgrave set has been released. It's such an exciting time!

END PHASE

That's it for this quick look at what's new and exciting in Beastgrave. There's loads more to come, of course, including some warbands with miniatures that will wow you and rules that will give you whole new ways to play. I hope you're looking forward to it as much as I am.

TELL US YOUR THOUGHTS

As ever, do write in if you have any suggestions or something that you'd like to read about. You can contact me by email at:

whunderworlds@gwplc.com

or by sending a letter to Dave Sanders, Books and Box Games, Games Workshop, Willow Road, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

I may not be able to reply directly, but you might see your suggestion or question in a column in a future issue.

BIG DAKKA FOR HIRE

When it comes to exploring the Blackstone Fortress, you can never have too many guns. Fortunately, there's a mercenary for hire who's got a very large weapon indeed. He is the Ork Flash Git known as Skarburn Zapdakka. Just hope he's aiming it at the enemy ...



Last month, we introduced two new retinue characters for Blackstone Fortress – the Ogryns known as the Broggan brothers. This month there's a new mercenary in town – the notorious Flash Git Skarburn Zapdakka. This trigger-happy Ork is available to recruit for your expeditions, and his snazzgun will no doubt prove immensely useful when your adventurers are confronted with hordes of hostiles. But first you've got to find him. It's rumoured that Zapdakka was last seen marauding around the Blackstone Fortress hunting for loot, but no one knows quite where he's wandered off to. You must follow the trail of broken bodies and spent ammo casings if you're going to find him. Over the next few pages you'll find Zapdakka's character card, along with an exclusive mission that you'll need to complete in order to recruit him to your expedition. Good luck!

'Where's da loot?' Zapdakka lifted up the humie soldier in his massive paw-like hand and shook him back and forth a bit. The man moaned weakly as he regained consciousness, then began screaming in pain when he realised his left arm was missing at the elbow. Zapdakka shook him a little harder.

'Where's da loot?' he growled again in broken Low Gothic. He'd picked up a few humie words back on Precipice, but so far he'd had little success using them. The man forgot his pain for a moment and stared wide-eyed at the green face barely a foot in front of his own. Broken fangs jutted from a bucket-like jaw that was criss-crossed with old scars held together with rusty staples. One beady eye full of malicious cunning stared back at him, the other a crude bionic that whirred as it tried to focus. The traitor Guardsman's eyes grew wide, glazed over, then rolled back as he passed out once again. Zapdakka growled, threw the limp body to one side, reloaded his snazzgun, and stomped off into the darkness in search of shiny stuff.

RETINUE CHARACTERS

WHAT ARE RETINUE CHARACTERS?

Retinue characters represent characters who, while not being the central protagonists of the Blackstone Fortress story, still play a part. These individuals may be hired – or otherwise persuaded – to accompany the explorers into the fortress. In the game, they can be fielded in addition to a full party of four on an expedition into the Blackstone Fortress. As they are less inclined to act on their own initiative, they are not controlled by one player but by whichever player is the leader that turn, moving and fighting as directed by that player. Incredibly useful for any party of explorers, retinue characters have their own unique weapons and sometimes unique actions, lending their strength to the group and allowing the explorers to overcome obstacles they would otherwise find impossible.

Retinue characters were introduced in the Blackstone Fortress: Escalation expansion. The first, a combat Servitor designated X-101, was discovered in the fortress itself, and once rescued, gave the explorers a powerful asset – an unquestioningly loyal companion they could bring on their expeditions to fight against the minions of Mallex. This article introduces new retinue characters for you to use, including background that explains how these particular characters came to the fortress, a reference card for each character, and rules for how you can win them to your cause – a necessary step, as most of them will not be waiting around gathering dust like X-101!

Adding More Retinue Characters

Precipice is populated by a diverse collection of individuals. Representatives of many different facets of Imperial life have found their way to the station, along with members of dozens of different alien races. This has allowed us to pick some great Warhammer 40,000 miniatures and present them as retinue characters so that you can use more models in your games of Blackstone Fortress.

Of course, these followers won't just cheerfully join your crusades into one of the most mysterious and dangerous locations in the known galaxy for no reason! To recruit these fighters to your cause, you must first succeed in a unique quest. Completing this quest not only allows you to pick these characters for future expeditions, but also tells the story of why they are on the Blackstone Fortress and how your explorers came across them.

Retinue Character Rules

To use these retinue characters, follow the rules below.

When starting a new expedition, one retinue character can be chosen to accompany the explorers. Some retinue characters have conditions which must be met to recruit them; the explorers must achieve these before that character can be picked to accompany the explorers. A retinue character is treated as an explorer in all regards with the following exceptions:

- A retinue character does not have an initiative card and is always controlled by whoever is the current leader. Retinue characters are activated immediately after the leader's own explorer.

- A retinue character can never use destiny dice.

- Retinue characters do not use activation dice. Instead, their character card will tell you how many actions (and what actions) that character can take each time it is activated. A stunned retinue character takes one fewer action in a turn in which it stands back up. Retinue characters suffer wounds and grievous wounds and are taken out of action in the same manner as explorers.

- A retinue character can never have discovery or resource cards. If a rule or ability would cause a retinue character to receive a discovery card, the leader receives that discovery card instead.

- Retinue characters can never receive any cards that are given as rewards. If a reward would be given to a retinue character (because, for example, they slew a specific enemy or achieved a certain goal), that reward is instead given to the leader.

SIDEQUEST

An expedition to recruit a retinue character can be undertaken as a one-off expedition before, after, or even during another quest. If you begin this expedition whilst on another quest (such as the quest for the hidden vault or the quest for the Black Shrines), do not treat this expedition as part of the quest you are currently undertaking – that quest is placed on hold, using the following rules:

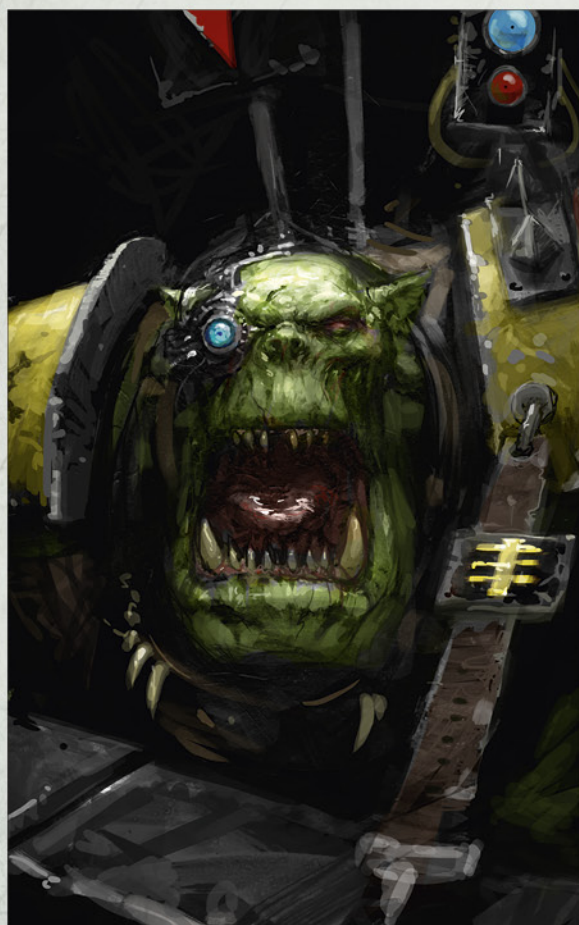
- During this expedition, discovery cards cannot be drawn for any reason.
- There is no Legacy or Trading step when the explorers return to Precipice.
- No cards, counters, or tokens are drawn, placed, or added to the databank to affect the amount of time the explorers have to finish the quest that is currently on hold. Menace counters and legacy cards are good examples of this. Those cards, counters, and tokens that have already been drawn, placed, or added to the databank are, however, still in use – the forces of Chaos are relentless, after all. This means, for example, that the cumulative penalties from the menace tracker will still affect this expedition during combats.
- Cards and equipment that would go in an explorer's stasis chamber at the end of a session's play remain in use and affect explorers as normal.
- Once the explorers have completed this expedition, these rules cease to apply and the explorers can continue once again with their quest.

Running Out of Time: The Search action, and equivalent actions that discard discovery markers (such as Daedalus' Omniscan ability), cannot be used in a quest to recruit retinue characters.

SKARBURN ZAPDAKKA

Skarburn Zapdakka is a Flash Git, an Ork who took to the stars to earn his fortune after he was forced from his original tribe for his swaggering bluster. The life of the Freebooter suited Zapdakka, and for several years he fought under the renowned mercenary Kaptin Deffdreg. After each battle, Zapdakka spent whatever loot he had acquired on upgrades for his treasured snazzgun. However, the Flash Git's incessant desire to assess the results of the latest tinkering with his weapon got him into trouble on the dust world of Ghorovow. Zapdakka blasted apart a group of gold-robed humans, only to find out they included the renegade commander who had drawn Kaptin Deffdreg to Ghorovow, seeking firepower to support his ill-fated insurrection.

Zapdakka had always believed he was destined for greater things and took his ejection from Deffdreg's ship as a sign from Gork (or possibly Mork) that the time was right to strike out on his own. While touting himself as a gun for hire on the frontier station of Farvast, Zapdakka heard tell of a distant fortress where loot lay in great drifts in the corridors, protected by ancient machines and snarling beasts. The ambitious Ork knew the timing of these rumours was not coincidence – it was his destiny to find and loot this apocryphal fortress.



It was months before a ship docked at Farvast that was headed for the fortress. The *Aurea*'s captain was heading to the Western Reaches to escape the vengeance of a powerful group of creditors. Zapdakka was able to gain a place on the trader's ship through a combination of bribery and intimidation. The *Aurea*'s journey to the area of wilderness space in which the Blackstone Fortress lay was fraught with danger, and Zapdakka found plenty of opportunities to enhance his reputation for getting the job done through overwhelming application of firepower. On arriving at Precipice, the Flash Git took the first opportunity to join a group of mercenaries heading to the Blackstone Fortress. Within hours, each of the others had been cut down, either by the fortress' denizens or by errant snazzgun fire. Zapdakka himself roamed the tessellating corridors seeking the priceless item of loot that would seal his reputation. If any other group of adventurers from Precipice wished to secure the Freebooter's services, they would need to prove they would be able to lead him to the motherlode.


SETTING UP AN EXPEDITION TO RECRUIT SKARBURN ZAPDAKKA

Set up the expedition as described in the *Blackstone Fortress: Rules* booklet, but with the following changes:

During Step 2, Skarburn Zapdakka cannot be picked as a retinue character.

During Step 12, the leader reads aloud the following text instead: **'You alight from the maglev chamber, hoping to locate Zapdakka and convince him to join your cause. You hear the concussive sound of heavy firepower echoing from a nearby chamber and push towards the Flash Git's location.'**





SKARBURN ZAPDAKKA

RETINUE CHARACTER

"You so paid for dakka, an' dakka yer gonna go!"

Move: 2 Defence: ▲ Agility: □ Vitality: ▲ Size: Huge

WEAPON ACTIONS

Weapon	Range		
	1	2-3	4+
Snazzgun ¹	▲	□	▲

¹ **Unbridled Firepower:** When this retinue character makes this weapon action, draw line of sight to the target, then make an attack roll against each explorer and hostile in each hex through which that line of sight was drawn (including the hex which contains the target).

SPECIAL RULES

Waaagh! Do not roll activation dice for Skarburn Zapdokka. Instead he will take up to three of the following actions in any order and combination: Snazzgun, Move, Recuperate. If there are hostiles visible to him, he must take the Snazzgun weapon action.

Dakka! Dakka! Dakka! After Skarburn Zapdokka's activation is over, roll the Blackstone dice if he made any Snazzgun weapon actions. On a 1, apply 1 grievous wound to Skarburn Zapdokka. On a 20, take the Snazzgun weapon action again.

Huge: Other explorers cannot share a hex with this explorer.

SECRET AGENDA

This explorer kills two hostiles with a single weapon action (taking an explorer out of action with a weapon action counts as killing one hostile to determine if this retinue character inspires).



SKARBURN ZAPDAKKA

RETINUE CHARACTER (INSPIRED)

"Outta my way runt, or you'll get some dakka too."

Move: 2 Defence: ▲ Agility: □ Vitality: ▲ Size: Huge

WEAPON ACTIONS

Weapon	Range		
	1	2-3	4+
Snazzgun ¹	□	▲	▲

¹ **Unbridled Firepower:** When this retinue character makes this weapon action, draw line of sight to the target, then make an attack roll against each explorer and hostile in each hex through which that line of sight was drawn (including the hex which contains the target).

SPECIAL RULES

Waaagh! Do not roll activation dice for Skarburn Zapdokka. Instead he will take up to three of the following actions in any order or combination: Snazzgun, Move, Recuperate. If there are hostiles visible to him, he must take the Snazzgun weapon action.

Dakka! Dakka! Dakka! After Skarburn Zapdokka's turn is over, roll the Blackstone dice if he made any Snazzgun weapon actions. On a 1-3, apply 1 grievous wound to Skarburn Zapdokka. On an 18-20, take the Snazzgun weapon action again.

Huge: Other explorers cannot share a hex with this explorer.

SECRET AGENDA

This explorer kills two hostiles with a single weapon action (taking an explorer out of action with a weapon action counts as killing one hostile to determine if this retinue character inspires).

STRONGHOLD

ZAPDAKKA'S RAMPAGE

The Freebooter Skarburn Zapdakka has gone on a greed-fuelled killing spree. Only an explorer with wealth to spare can hope to catch this loot-obsessed maniac's attention long enough to strike a deal.



ACCESS ROUTE

This expedition is one combat, set up as shown here. Place Skarburn Zapdakka's miniature in the hex marked Z.

HOSTILE GROUPS

- 1** 7 Cultists (C)
1 Cultist Firebrand (FB)
- 2** 4 Negavolt Cultists (NC)
7 Traitor Guardsmen (TG)
- 3** 4 Spindle Drones (SD)
4 Chaos Beastmen (CB)

STRONGHOLD RULES

Lootin' Frenzy: This rule replaces the Waaagh! Rule on Skarburn Zapdakka's character card for this stronghold. Do not roll activation dice for Skarburn Zapdakka. Instead use the following sequence to determine his actions each turn.

Skarburn Zapdakka will take three actions when he activates. If he cannot make the Loot action, he will make a Leggit action, and if he cannot make a Leggit action he will make the Dakka Dakka action. He will activate after the leader each turn, after any retinue characters. The hostile player (or the leader if there is no hostile player) rolls the dice for and moves his miniature.

- **Loot:** If Skarburn Zapdakka is in the same hex as a discovery marker, remove that discovery marker from the battlefield and place it next to his character card.
- **Leggit:** Skarburn Zapdakka makes a Move action towards the closest discovery marker.
- **Dakka Dakka:** Skarburn Zapdakka makes a Snazzgun weapon action (use the Inspired side of the character card when resolving the Snazzgun weapon action) that will target the nearest hostile or explorer. If there is a choice, the hostile player (or the leader if there is no hostile player) chooses the target.

SIDEQUEST TABLE

ROLL	EVENT
1	'Avin' da Best Time: Skarburn Zapdakka makes one Snazzgun weapon action, one Loot action and then makes one Leggit action.
2-3	Unfulfilled Destiny: Do not make a destiny roll at the start of the next turn.
4-6	Not Dead Yet: The leader must pick one hostile that was slain during the combat and has not returned to the battlefield, and then deploy them as close to an explorer as possible.
7-10	Changing Conditions: Draw an encounter card. If the card has a twist, it applies for the rest of the combat. If not, there is no effect.
11-14	'Avin' a Good Time: Skarburn Zapdakka makes one Loot action and then one Leggit action.
15-17	Inspiration: The leader picks an explorer. That explorer receives 1 inspiration point.
18-19	Heroic Effort: The leader picks an explorer that is out of action. Deploy the explorer in the same hex as another explorer or as close to another explorer as possible, and then make a vitality roll for them. If no explorers are out of action, the leader picks an explorer. Make a vitality roll for that explorer.
20	Lucky Find: The leader picks an explorer. That explorer draws a discovery card.

VICTORY

If all explorers are out of action, if there are no discovery markers on the battlefield, or if Skarburn Zapdakka is out of action, the combat ends in the following event phase. If, when the combat ends, all the explorers are out of action, or Skarburn Zapdakka has 3 or more discovery markers next to his character card, this stronghold is failed and must be attempted again. Otherwise, the stronghold is conquered and Skarburn Zapdakka is available to be picked as a retinue character in future expeditions.



WINNERS CHALLENGE

For more than thirty years, Golden Demon has been the ultimate challenge for the very best painters of Citadel Miniatures from around the globe. But what if all the winners were invited to take part in a new painting challenge?

When it comes to painting Citadel Miniatures, Golden Demon winners are surely up there with the best of them, impressing hobbyists around the world with their awe-inspiring creations.

That's why we gave the 2018 Golden Demon winners a special challenge – to paint a unique entry around the theme of 'The Witch' for Warhammer 40,000. Thirty-five Golden Demon winners accepted our invitation. We've

already featured twenty-seven of them over the last couple of issues. Now we're on to the final eight, including the champion of the Winners Challenge as picked by Golden Demon judges Darren Latham, Joe Tomaszewski, and Max Faleij. As you have seen over the last couple of months (and will soon see over the coming pages), they had a pretty tough task on their hands, but in the end there can be only one winner. Enjoy!

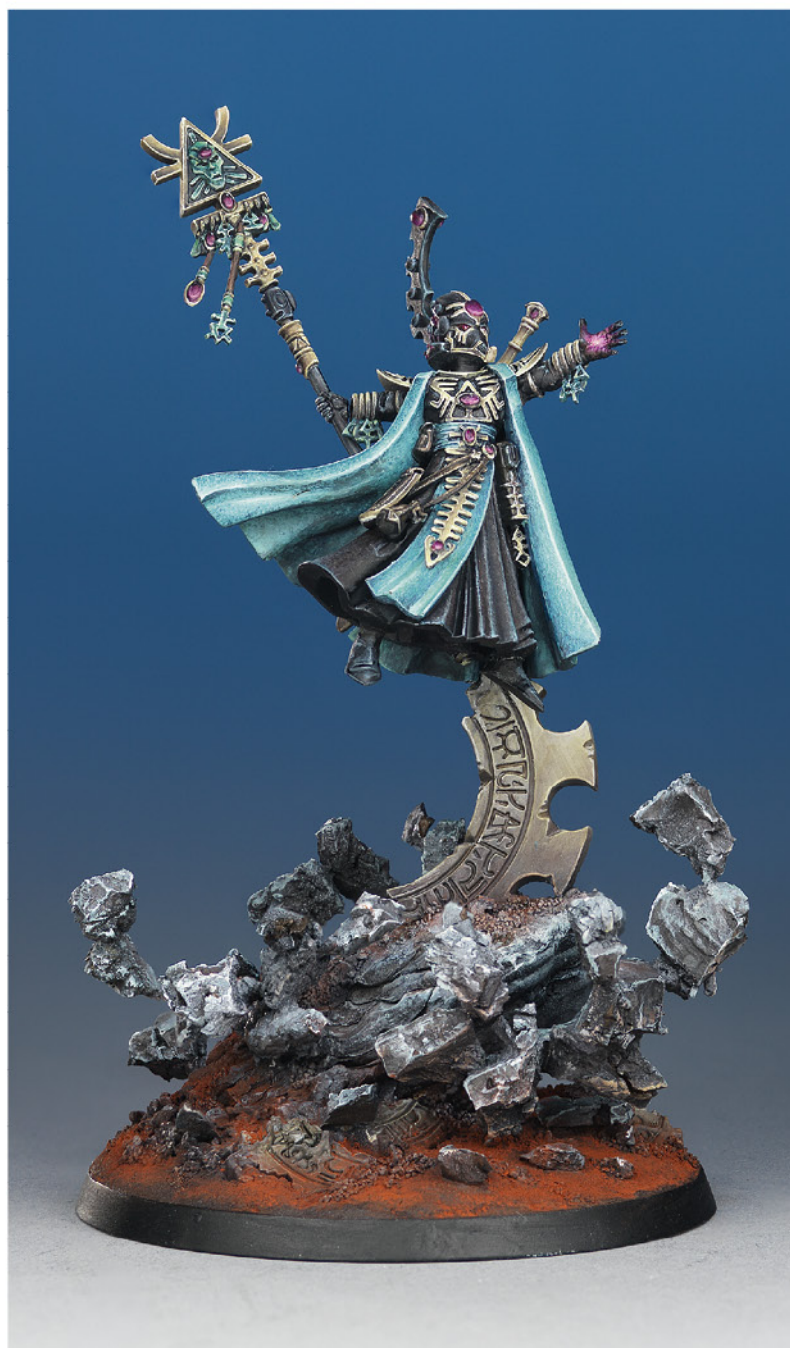
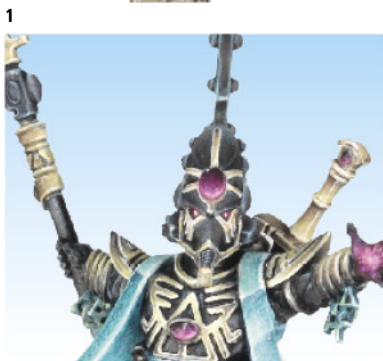
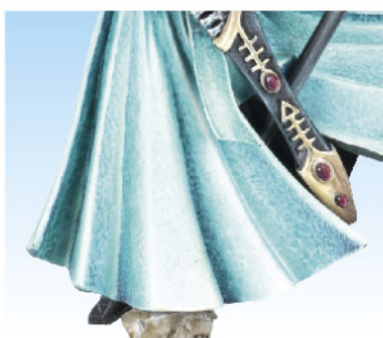
ELDRAD ULTHRAN – YOHAN LEDUC

'I chose Eldrad Ulthran to be the subject of my piece,' says Yohan. 'I wanted him to look like he was levitating himself off the ground, with rocks flying around him to show his psychic potential. To create this effect, I took the aeldari scenery from Eldrad's base and mounted it vertically, using it as a single point of contact between the miniature and the base. I also cut his feet and pointed them downwards, showing that he's clearly floating above the ground.'

'For the paint job, I used black, magenta, and bone because they are the colours of Craftworld Ulthwé. The turquoise on the cloak and the jade jewellery are the colours that link all the others together. No special painting technique was used except for the pointillism (tiny dots of colour) on the cloak, which I used to give it some texture.'

Here you can see the pointillism that Yohan mentions above (1). The many layers of tiny dots help to create a different texture on the cloak, making it appear more like fabric compared to Eldrad's armour and wargear.

Yohan used non-metallic metals for Eldrad's rune armour and the Staff of Ulthamar (2). He used magenta on the model's spirit stones and soul stones as well as in the psychic effect in Eldrad's outstretched hand. Not only does this help tie all the psychic areas of the model together, it also helps draw attention to the key areas of the model – its head, hands, and weapons.

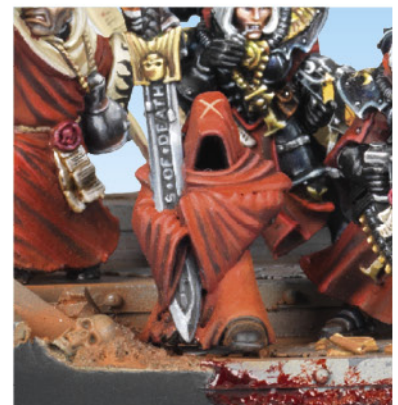


THE LIVING SAINT – ANDREW PALIES

'I wanted to show the hypocrisy of the Imperium in my piece,' says Andrew. 'Celestine is often viewed as a witch by more-puritan members of the Inquisition, yet she fights alongside – even leads – an army that is conditioned to abhor the witch. I was heavily influenced by John Blanche's artwork while making my entry. There's the classic image of Sisters firing their guns, a priest shouting, and other ecclesiastical followers milling around with swords and

burning braziers, now with Celestine flying above them, arms outstretched as if offering them protection.'

'I used a similar colour palette to John's artwork, too. The Sisters in the centre are wearing black, the followers on the outside wear red, and the Living Saint above them wears white. I painted the base in rusty tones, which helps give the piece a warm feel overall, with neutral blacks, whites, and greys as spot colours for hair and checkered patterns.'



'All of the models on my diorama (aside from the familiar) have their faces showing (1),' says Andrew. 'It was an opportunity to add that little hint of colour to the piece outside of the palette of black, red, and white I'd picked. I also added lots of little freehand elements like checks and flames, just like you'll see in John's artwork.'

'I painted all the metal in non-metallic metals, which was really tough, as I had to ensure the light source was consistent across the piece (2).'

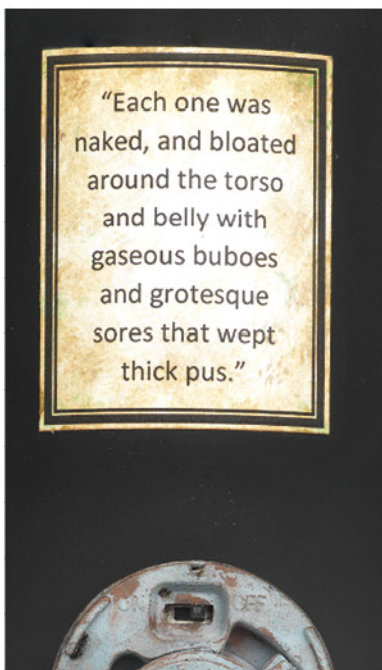
Celestine's wings are painted a vibrant yellow, like rays of heavenly sunlight (3).

UNINVITED GUESTS – PETER BELL

'The idea for my diorama came together after noticing how worried the Sanctioned Psyker model looks,' says Peter. 'Clearly, something is causing him some concern. In this case, the warp! To ensure the viewer couldn't see the whole story all at once, I split the piece into two sections so you have to rotate it. The top section shows Imperial Officers looking out of a viewport into warp space, while behind them a psyker struggles with an unknown disturbance, causing his head to ache and his nose to bleed. Moments later, reports come over the vox that something unnatural is happening all over the ship. Turn the diorama around and you see what this horror really is. The Gellar Field has been compromised below decks, and there's a rupture in reality allowing Nurgle Daemons to push through into realspace – a carnival of bloated monstrosities.'

'The text (1) is from the James Swallow book *The Flight of the Eisenstein*, which I felt fitted the diorama perfectly,' says Peter.

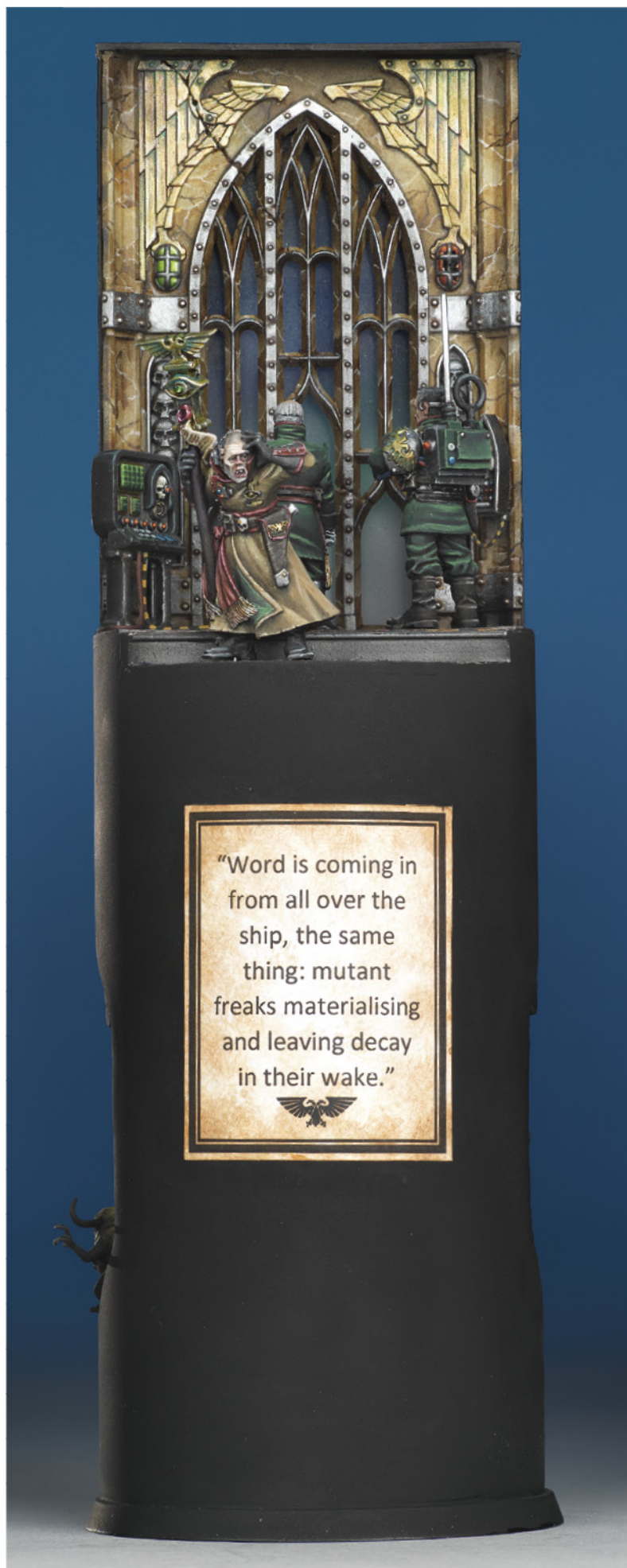
'I wanted to show a difference in character between the Nurglings and the Plaguebearer. The Nurglings are brighter and more cartoony, reflecting their more jovial side, whereas the Plaguebearer is more gritty and visceral (2). These organic colours are in contrast to the Gothic metalwork and marble used on the upper floors of the ship and the naval officers standing near the window. The colours upstairs are much grander.'



1



2

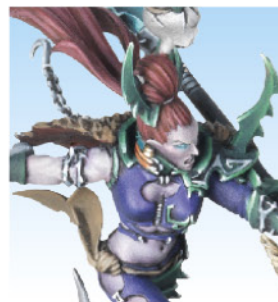
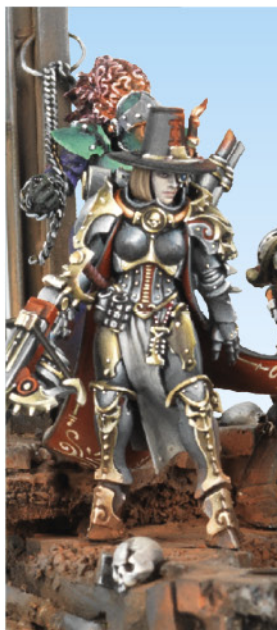




THE LAST STAND – JONATHAN DE VOS

'I've always wanted to paint Inquisitor Greyfax, but I never found a fitting concept for her until now,' says Jonathan. 'I wanted to show two bounty hunters who have just captured their bounty – in this case a Drukhari Medusae. They're taking a break after a hard fight, but they get ambushed by a Succubus who is trying to rescue her ugly friend. I picked all the models for my diorama based on their poses. The Drukhari have dynamic poses, one leaping forwards, the other trying to break free. The bounty hunters are more static, as though trying to hold their ground.'

'Getting everything to fit on a 60mm base was quite a challenge, but the metal beams were the perfect solution. The straight lines lead you around this small diorama and make it interesting from different angles. I really enjoyed creating this piece, and I can't wait to make more like it.'



'I wanted to create an abandoned-city look for the base of the diorama,' says Jonathan. 'The grey rubble, orange dust, and green water make the more vibrant colours on the characters pop. I painted the bounty hunters with red, grey, black, and gold, as they are the traditional colours of the Inquisition (1), while the Succubus (2) and the Medusae (3) have a vibrant purple-and-green colour scheme to make them stand out even more. I also used purple to shade their skin to help give the Drukhari a more unnatural look.'



MORTARION – MATT WINGROVE

'I chose Mortarion for this challenge as I'm currently collecting a Horus Heresy Death Guard force, so it seemed very fitting,' says Matt. 'I decided to paint him with brass-and-white armour to match the Heresy-era heraldry shown in some of the early artwork. The Death Guard really lend themselves to weathering and chipping, which is how I decided to paint Mortarion. I used Corax White as an undercoat and washed it with a mix of Seraphim Sepia and Lahmian Medium to get the bone colour of his armour. I then used more Seraphim Sepia to pick out the grimmer areas and deeper patches of corrosion. The robes were painted with Gal Vorbak Red and highlighted with Word Bearers Red and finally Mephiston Red. For Mortarion's base, I was lucky enough to have Horus's scenic base spare, so I decided to use it for this model. This was also my first attempt at painting green marble.'



1

Matt painted Mortarion's cowl a deep red to contrast with his bone-white armour (1). The shoulder pads are painted green to match the original Legion colours.



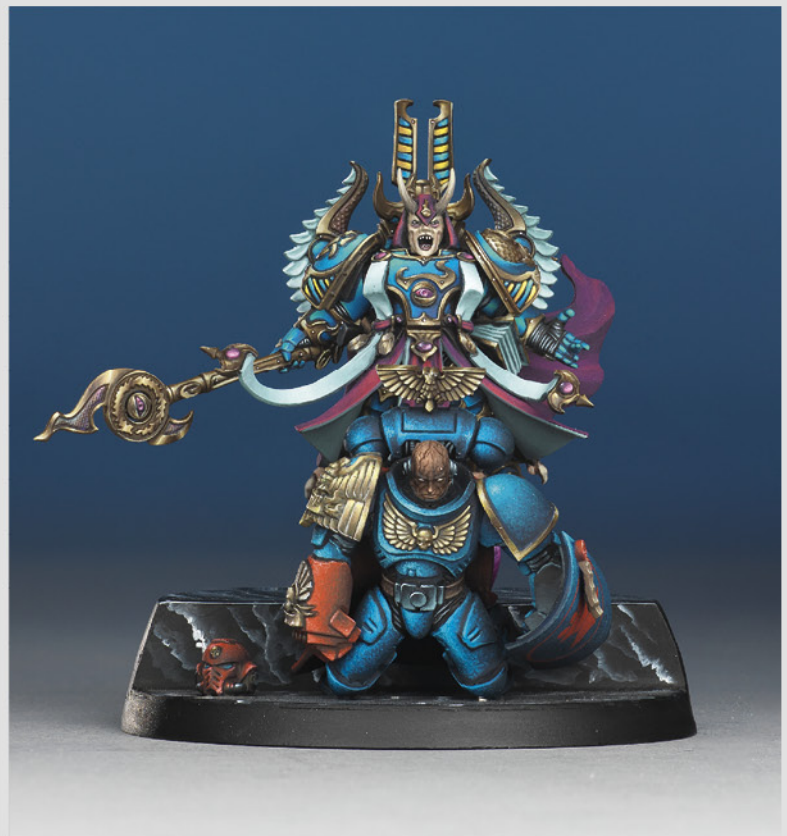
2

Mortarion's wings are pocked with festering sores that match the ones on his armour (2).

'I sponged on a mix of Kabalite Green and Abaddon Black for the marble (3),' says Matt. 'I used Kabalite Green mixed with White Scar and Lahmian Medium for the veins, followed by a Coelia Greenshade wash.'



3

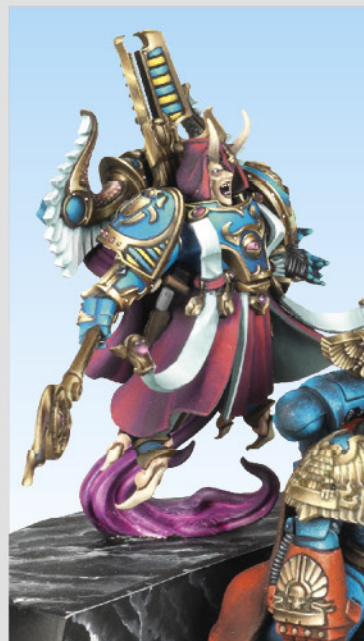


RESIGNATION – CHRISTOFFER JONSSON

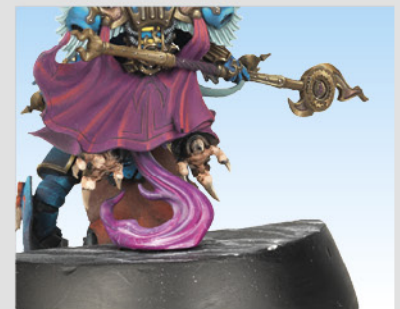
'My piece depicts a Crimson Fists Space Marine being forced to his knees by the psychic will of an Exalted Sorcerer,' says Christoffer. 'One of my goals with this challenge was to create a duel in which both models had a similar colour scheme, while pushing my painting skills to ensure they were distinctive from each other. To keep the focus on the Psyker I painted the Crimson Fist using stippling, and I painted the Sorcerer in a smooth, clean way to simulate the focal depth of a camera. I also used brighter colours on the Sorcerer to help attract the viewer's attention. I absolutely loved every second of creating this!'

'The dominating pose of the Sorcerer is perfect (1),' says Christoffer. 'He's hovering over the Space Marine (2) on a pillar of warp magic, forcing his foe to the ground by will alone.'

'I had to do some resculpting on the Crimson Fist to get him to kneel (3). It didn't turn out perfect, but I learned a lot about reposing models.'



1



2



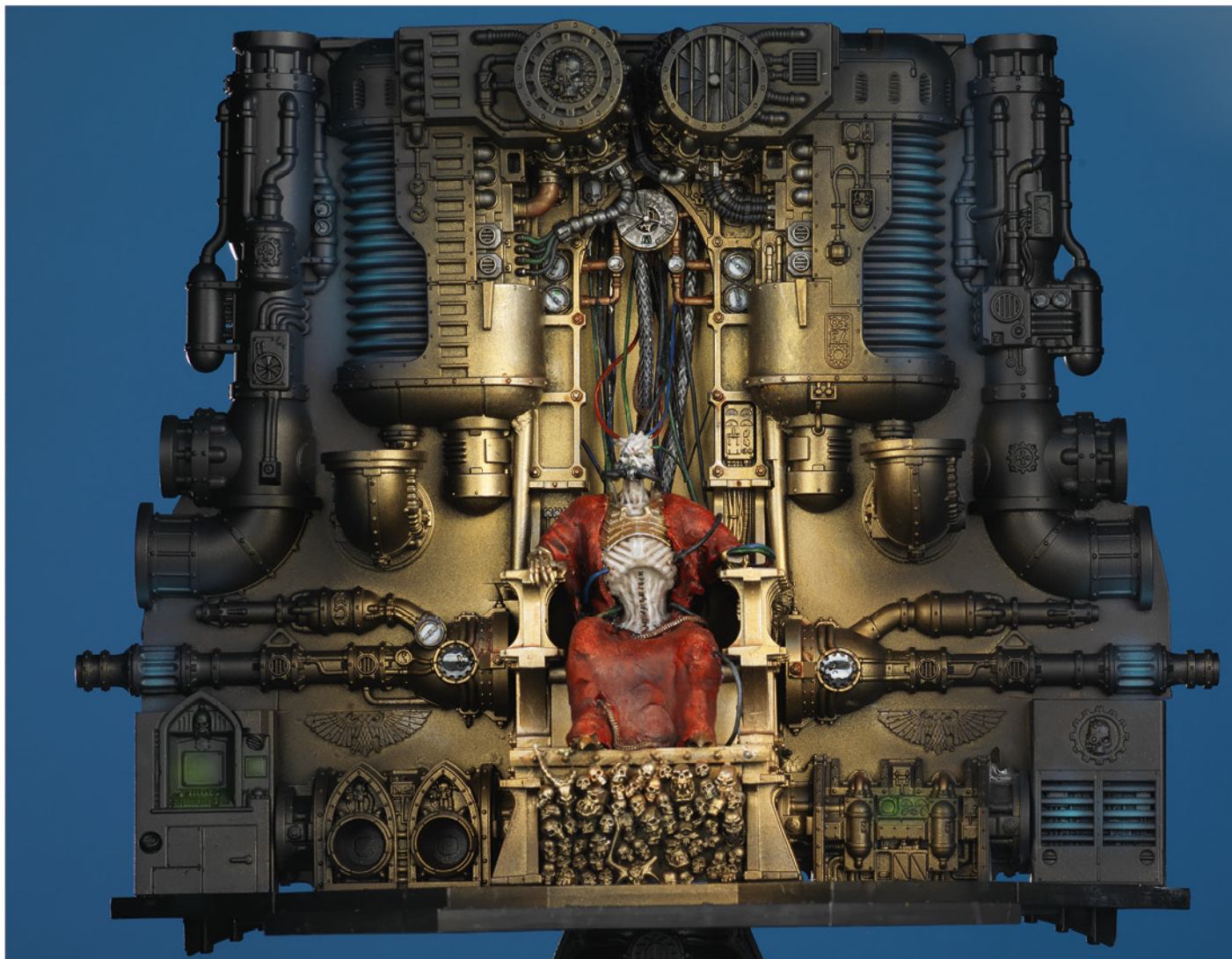
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THE EMPEROR OF MANKIND – RYAN ALLEN

'For this challenge, I realised I already own or have painted a large number of psyker models for Warhammer 40,000,' says Ryan. 'But there was one I hadn't yet attempted, so I picked the most powerful psyker I could think of – the Emperor of Mankind!

'Challenges like this are a great way to try out new painting techniques and styles, and, having seen the Blanchitsu

articles in *White Dwarf*, I thought I would have a go at something similar. I thought the style would lend itself well to how I imagine the Golden Throne, with it barely operational and maintained by Tech-Priests who scarcely understand the ancient technology involved. As it's a heavily atmospheric piece, most of the colour is situated around the Emperor Himself, with all the light radiating out around Him, leaving the rest of the throne room in darkness and mystery.'

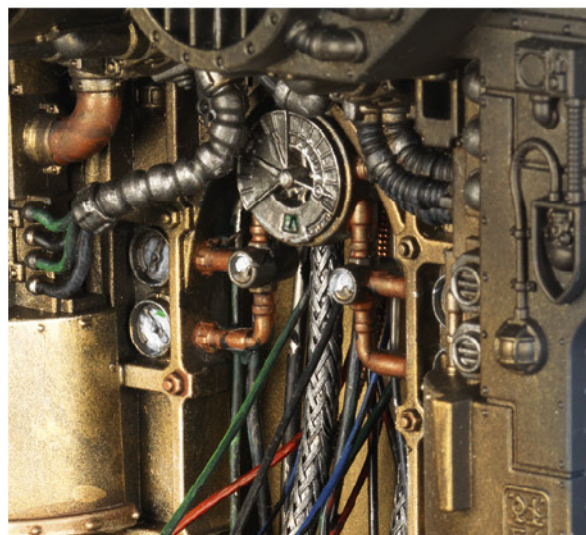


The Emperor is mostly built from the Nagash model, including His emaciated torso, His arms, and His feet (1). The red robes are all sculpted by hand. The Emperor's head (or what's left of it) is a spare from the Mortarion kit.

Pipes and cables feed into the Emperor's back to keep Him plugged into the Astronominon. Many of these disappear into the scenery (2), which is made from various Sector Mechanicus kits.



1



2

THE JUDGING

'Eavy Metal painter Max Faleij and miniatures designers Darren Latham and Joe Tomaszewski share their thoughts on their favourite entries before announcing the challenge winner over the page ...



THE CHAMBERS MILITANT – DEAN LECOO

Max: I love the triptych shown in Dean's entry. It's like looking at the cover of a book. It is absolutely stunningly painted, too, very much in the 'Eavy Metal style with very clean lines and blends. Dean's been really clever with his colour choices, too. The palette he's chosen for the three subjects perfectly matches their background and each other. Having the skulls of specific enemies next to each model is also a clever compositional choice.



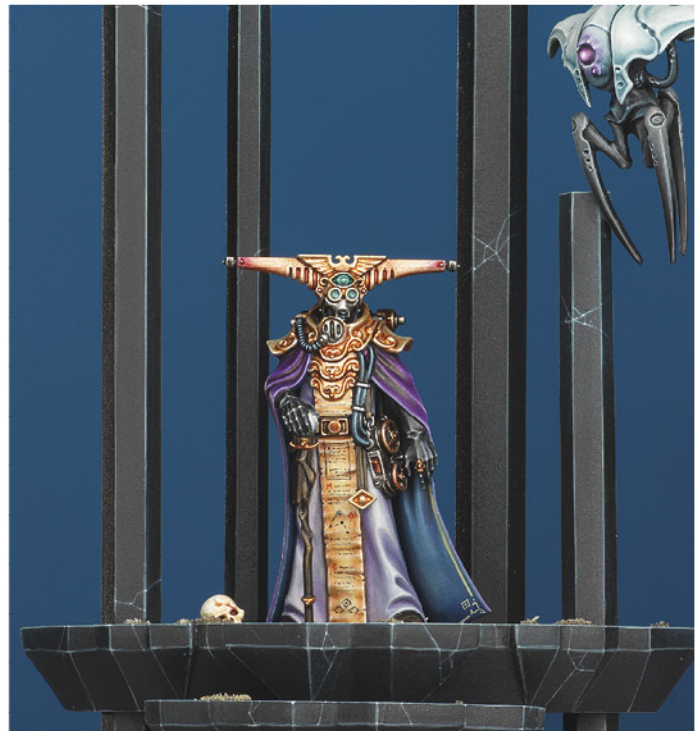
CLEAN THE UNCLEAN – DAMIEN TOMASINA

Darren: Damien has painted an excellent entry with a great narrative behind it, which is one of the key requirements in this challenge. Both of the characters have plenty of space to shine, and they look like they really do in non-metallic metal! It's a tough technique to pull off convincingly, but Damien has done it well, contrasting the characters' shiny metal armour with their filthy surroundings.



BOUND TILL DEATH – AKSEL OLSEN

Max: I love what Aksel has done with his piece. It's really gritty and grim, which captures the narrative of the witch theme perfectly. There are a lot of painting flourishes on this piece that really catch the eye, such as the weathering on the Inquisitor's cloak, the blood on the bound psyker's feet, and the differences in skin tones between the two characters. The little details will keep you engrossed for ages.



ESPERN LOCARNO – MAXIME CORBEIL

Joe: There are two things that really stand out for me with Maxime's piece: colour and presentation. Firstly, Maxime's taken the original colours of the Navigator and pushed them a little further, darkening some and lightening others to create some really strong contrasts across the model. He's also added some truly astounding freehand. The display base is also stunning, framing the model perfectly without detracting from it.

**THE
WINNER**



THE ENEMY BELOW – ANGELO DI CHELLO

'For this challenge, I was heavily inspired by the games of *Dark Heresy* that I love playing,' says Angelo. 'I wanted to create a snapshot of a tragic story that's unfolding. A Thousand Sons Sorcerer is summoning a Greater Daemon through a portal, but he needs the blood of a sacrifice to finish the ritual. Fortunately, he has already seen the future and knows that on the roadway above, a loyalist Space Marine Librarian is slaying cultists. At this very moment,

the blood of one of them is dripping through the drain and into the summoning circle, completing the ritual. The tragedy that the Space Marine is fighting to prevent is one that he has unwittingly caused! I used a Basilicanum building and Necromunda scenery to create the scene, which depicts an underground lair with the roadway above it. I think I used pretty much every technical paint on the piece, using Typhus Corrosion and the textured basing paints to create a real patina of grime on the scenery.'



1



2



3

'Most of the models in my scene were built straight out of the box,' says Angelo. 'The only major conversion was the cultist lying on the floor (1), whose arm I cut away and replaced with another one to show where he'd been wounded.'

'The lighting bolts coming from the Librarian's fingers (2) and from the portal were made from wire.'

'I painted the three main characters much lighter than their surroundings, which helps draw your eye to them (3). They form a triangle across the piece (two at the bottom, one at the top), which is mirrored by the triangle of cultists (two at the top and a gathering of two at the bottom). I used Cawdor gangers for the bottom two. I think they make great Chaos Cultists when they're converted with a few Chaos icons.'

WHAT THE JUDGES THOUGHT

Darren: Angelo absolutely nailed the theme with his entry. He really captured the idea of the witch perfectly, with not one but two powerful psykers in the scene. There's a strong narrative in the piece, too – a Space Marine Librarian trying to do the right thing by killing heretics accidentally aids a Sorcerer in the summoning of a Greater Daemon. There's a tragedy to the piece that really sits well with Warhammer 40,000.

Joe: It's an excellent piece. You can see lots of things going on – a snapshot of a story that's playing out right before your eyes. In a few seconds, those blood drops will fall into the portal and Chaos will reign!

Max: I like how the scene is dirty, gritty, and visceral, and the psychic powers are subtle to match it rather than being over the top. The lightning bolts leaping from the Librarian's fingertips and his glowing eyes are

a clear sign of his otherworldly powers without being too in your face. They also mirror the lighting bolts around the summoning portal, which is a nice touch.

Darren: The painting is stunning, too; we can't forget that. Angelo has a great style that he has applied really well to this piece, creating wonderful contrasts between the grubby cultists, the clean power-armoured psykers, and the Daemon. The colours he's used on the Librarian, Sorcerer, and Greater Daemon are all really vibrant and contrast well with the backdrop they're set against. You can tell at a glance who the key protagonists are and who are the supporting characters. Angelo's made clever use of the colour blue in the piece to help reinforce this, too. The Cultists wear dark blue robes and the Librarian has regal blue armour, while the Sorcerer and the Lord of Change are painted in mystical teal and turquoise.



SIX DOORS TO DARKNESS

Welcome to Malveil, where all is not as it seems. Your fate awaits you in the darkness, your future determined by the roll of a die ...

Malveil has been waiting for you. Its iron doors swing wide, commanding you to enter. You do not recall how you came to be here. You sense the approach to the great house is at your back. You think, perhaps, that it winds through cold and barren mountains. Or is there a city not far away, and you stand upon a hill overworked by mining? Then again, you are half-convinced that you crossed a desolate plain, thick with ash that drifts eternally from the sky. You cannot tell. Malveil's surroundings could be any, all, or none of these things. Even the configurations of the house are unclear to you. From where you stand on the threshold, you cannot see the outside walls. How big is Malveil? Is it truly a house – or a palace? A prison? A fortress? You fear it may be all of them. It may have a thousand spires and none. Windows of teeth and blank walls of obsidian.

There is only one thing you do know: you are standing in the entrance of a wide rotunda. The ceiling is invisible in the darkness but the pillars seem to be leaning inward slightly as they rise, as if they will eventually come together in a twisted configuration. There are six doors in the rotunda. Blood has pooled where you stand, though you are not injured. A thick trail of spatters leads to each door.

Six paths of blood.

You want to leave, but there is nowhere to go.

Choose. The word booms inside your head. The voice is heavy, dry, ancient. It could be the voice of Malveil itself. It will brook no hesitation.

You enter the rotunda. Because you must.

You choose a door. Because you must.

A roll of a six-sided die.





The Door of Hooks. You enter a dark, hollow tower. Droplets of cold water fall from the invisible heights. They hit the stone floor with hard echoes. The rhythm is unchanging, inexorable, like the slow swings of a pendulum. Above you, just at the limit of your sight, you see a narrow platform jut out from the blank, black walls. It ends in a vicious hook. A human figure is wriggling on its end, impaled through the chest. You climb the spiral staircase to the platform and work your way carefully to the end. You want to free the sufferer. You cannot make out their features. You crawl to the hook and reach out your hand.

The victim looks up at you. There are no features. There is only a concavity of shadows where the face should be. You jerk back in horror.

You slip.

You fall forward.

The pain as the hook smashes through your chest steals your scream with its intensity. You writhe, desperate for the release of death.

You are writhing there still.



The Door of Hungers. You enter a narrow hall. There are many more doorways on either side. Then you see, in the dim light, that there are doors on the floor and ceiling too. The perspective is dizzying. It is hard to keep your balance. The doorways are long ovals; they look as if they are screaming.

You try to run past the doorways, but as you do, they do scream. Sharp teeth emerge from the iron lips of the thresholds. The mouths gnash at you, hungry to tear the meat from your bones. You must not fall. But the floor is slippery and it is so hard to stand straight. You run as far and as long as you can.

But you do slip!

The other doorways scream as the victor consumes you.



The Door of Gifts. This hall was grand. Now it is rotten. Webs of cysts hang from the chandeliers. The floor ulcerates and bubbles with a foam of blisters. It is sticky underfoot. You need to find a way out of here. As you move across the floor, the blisters lunge at you. They climb up your ankles and legs. Coughing and choking you stagger forward, pulling a cloak whose trailing edge seems to be caught in the door through which you came. The hood tightens around you, enveloping your face. Then the blisters are on your stomach, your chest; they're in your mouth. In your ears. Your eyes!

You collapse, suffocating, blind.

The pustulant foam covers you. It consumes you, making you one with it.

You dissolve, unable to cry out as you vanish into the floor, one more gift among many.



The Door of Flesh. You fall as you step into nothingness. Howling in terror, you wait for the bone-smashing impact that never comes.

You fall through endless blackness and you do not hit the ground.

When you run out of breath and can no longer shriek, you realise that you are not alone. Discordant voices whisper insinuations in your ear. Then hands touch you. They peel the flesh from your skin like strips of wallpaper; and you know, to your horror, that you will be a plaything to the whisperers for as long as you fall.

More and more hands. The pain is exquisite.

You fall for as long as there is flesh to peel until you become the darkness itself.



The Door of Brass. You have been waiting for this moment. Crouched in a corner of this small, searingly hot room, the pulsating heat from the brass walls burning your arms, the hilt of the bayonet slippery in your grip, you have been waiting for the chamber's only door to open. At last, you will have vengeance on the wretch who imprisoned you here!

The door opens, and you lunge forward. Your foe does not have time to react. You plunge the bayonet into their stomach, wrench it out, then slash their throat. You attack again and again, revelling in the taste of your enemy's blood.

It is not until you begin to carve the face from the skull that you recognise your own stricken features.



The Door of Mazes. You are standing in the entrance of a wide rotunda. The ceiling is invisible in the darkness but the pillars seem to be leaning inward slightly as they rise, as if they will eventually come together in a twisted configuration. There are six doors in the rotunda. Blood pools from the new, agonising wound in your gut, and a thick trail of spatters leads to each door.

Six paths of blood.

You want to leave, but there is nowhere to go.

Choose. The word booms inside your head.

You enter the rotunda. Because you must.

You choose a door. Because you must.

A roll of a six-sided die.

DA BOMBING MISSHUN!



JAY CLARE & MICHAEL BAX

Middle-earth writer Jay and Forge World designer Michael are big fans of Aeronautica Imperialis. And flying goggles.

Aerial battles have always had an appeal for us wargamers. After all, who doesn't like the idea of racing aircraft around all over the place (with accompanying noises, of course), engaging in high-octane dogfights with enemy fighters, and, hopefully, emerging victorious after a hard-fought battle? Well, with the recent release of Aeronautica Imperialis, we thought it was high time to fight an entirely aerial Battle Report, pitting the forces of the Imperium against the speed-crazy Orks. And where better to fight such a battle than on Rynn's World, an Imperial planet that was almost overrun by the Ork forces of Waaagh! Snagrod? The *Rynn's World Air War* campaign book (also available now) provides a detailed account of the battles that took place in the skies above Rynn's World and includes six new missions for you to fight with your air fleets, so we selected a mission from this book for our Battle Report.

BOMBZ AWAY!

We chose the Bombing Mission scenario for our Battle Report. As you can probably guess, the mission involves destroying high-value ground targets – in this case a trio of missile silos.

As the attackers in this battle, the Orks can gain valuable Victory points by destroying the ground targets. Indeed, they must at least damage them if they are to have any hope of victory. On the other hand, while they're busy bombing and strafing the targets on the ground, the Imperial aircraft will be trying to shoot them out of the sky. Figuring out your tactics for a Bombing Mission can be pretty tricky, which is why we enlisted the help of Wing Commander Michael Bax and Fly Boss Jay Clare for this game. Having taken part in the playtesting of the game, these flying aces know just how to get the most out of their aircraft. So chocks away, chaps, and prepare for battle!

The planet of Rynn's World has come under attack by the Orks of Waaagh! Snagrod, and New Rynn City - the planet's capital - is besieged. While many Orks fight on the ground, the most speed- and dakka-obsessed among them take to the skies to join the Airwaaagh!



Clouds the colour of spilt blood rushed past outside the cockpit, heavy rain battering the Ork Fighta Bommer as it made its approach on New Rynn City. The aircraft bucked violently as the adverse weather tried to drag it from the sky, but somehow it remained aloft, its crude airframe screaming in protest, its many jet thrusters at full throttle.

Skurlugg casually rapped the altimeter with the back of his knuckles, the crooked needle behind the glass jiggling back and forth before finally settling on 'low', just above the red zone. The Ork pilot grunted appreciatively and turned to his co-pilot. Nafdakka had his feet up on the dashboard, one of his huge boots resting against the big red lever for the bomb bay doors. 'We must be nearly dere,' said Skurlugg, jabbing at a badly drawn map that was lying scrunched up on the console between them.

Nafdakka rolled his one remaining eye and, taking the hint, picked up the map in his massive green hands. He made a show of looking over it, measured some distances with a rusty piece of metal, and opened the window for a look down at the ground. He brought his head back in, rainwater dripping from his fanged jaw onto his flyin' overalls.

'Yeah, probably.'

That was confirmation enough for Skurlugg. Picking up the radio, he called in his orders to the rest of the skwadron. Somewhere out there in the clouds, five other Ork planes were hurtling through the skies ready to drop a dirty great load of bombz on one of the humie positions. Skurlugg tilted the control yoke forward, sending the nose of the Fighta Bommer down. The altimeter slowly crept into the red.

DEFEND THE MISSILE SILOS!

Michael: My force is made up of two Thunderbolts, two Marauder Destroyers, and two Hydra Flak Batteries. It may seem slightly odd to include what are essentially bombers in a defensive force, but the Marauder Destroyers are actually more like flying fortresses than bombers. They can churn out a ferocious amount of firepower with their six autocannons, and they have 5 structure points each, so they should be pretty survivable. I'm relying on them to do a lot of the heavy hitting in the early stages of the game (when the Orks are in front of their guns, basically). Then the Thunderbolts can do any of the tidying up. The flak guns are there as protection for the ground targets, as they're great at taking out low-flying aircraft on bombing runs.



WAAAGH! DAKKA DAKKA!

Jay: I went for numbers with my Ork force, picking two Fighta Bombers and four Dakkajets. My aircraft aren't as survivable as Michael's, but they are ferociously quick, so I'm hoping that I can close the distance quickly, get inside the range of his guns (Imperial guns are generally best at Medium range), then get behind his planes with some well-executed stall turns. Once I'm tailing his aircraft, my Orks will be really hard to shake off. The advantage of numbers also means that I will normally choose which aircraft to activate last. That means I should be able to react to Michael's manoeuvres and keep my valuable Fighta Bombers out of trouble, either with a well-chosen manoeuvre of my own, or simply by climbing or diving.





THE RYNNSGUARD AIRWING

1. Thunderbolt Fury 'Tonitrus'

Pilot: Wing Commander Rex 'The Duke' Daeyz
Upgrades: 2 Pairs of Skystrike Missiles, Armoured Cockpit, Imperial Ace

35 points

2. Marauder Destroyer 'Vastator'

Pilot: Flight Lieutenant Cabot Taryen
Upgrades: 4 Pairs of Skystrike Missiles, Armoured Cockpit

38 points

3. Marauder Destroyer 'Perditor'

Pilot: Flight Lieutenant Horace Etharn
Upgrades: 4 Pairs of Skystrike Missiles

35 points

4. Thunderbolt: 'Imber'

Pilot: Lieutenant Palin Hargot
Upgrades: 2 Pairs of Skystrike Missiles, Flares

26 points

5. Two Hydra Flak Batteries

16 points

Total:

150 points



SKURLUGG'S AIKORE

1. Dakkajet 'Wildskorcha'

Pilot: Zurzug
Upgrades: 2 Pairs of Rokkits

20 points

2. Dakkajet 'Hedkrumpa'

Pilot: Dughaz
Upgrades: 2 Pairs of Rokkits, Extra Armour

22 points

3. Fighta Bommer 'Da Big Bommer'

Pilot: Skurlugg
Upgrades: 2 Pairs of Big Bombs, Extra Armour, Belching Smoke, Fly Boss

36 points

4. Fighta Bommer 'Doombringa'

Pilot: Rorbaz
Upgrades: 2 Pairs of Rokkits, Pair of Wing Bombs, Extra Armour

28 points

5. Dakkajet 'Dedeye'

Pilot: Snakgrok
Upgrades: 2 Pairs of Rokkits, Extra Armour

22 points

6. Dakkajet 'Firekraka'

Pilot: Wurkraz
Upgrades: 2 Pairs of Rokkits, Extra Armour

22 points

Total:

150 points

THE SCENARIO

The scenario we picked for this Battle Report is Bombing Mission (page 59 of *Rynn's World Air War*). There are a potential 60 Victory points available for defending or

destroying the missile silo ground targets on top of the usual points awarded for destroying enemy aircraft (their Victory points value is equal to their points cost).

6. BOMBING MISSION

BACKGROUND

A high-value enemy installation has been identified and a bombing mission planned. Resistance in the form of ground and air defences will be heavy.

FORCES

Players should mutually agree a points value between 100 points and 200 points, and choose their forces accordingly.

The attacker must include one or more aircraft with Air-to-Ground weapons, and may not take any Scouts. The defender may take any force they wish but must include at least one Fighter and one Ground Defence.

SET-UP

In this scenario, one player is the attacker and the other the defender. The winner of a roll-off decides which they will be.

Three ground targets with Structure 4 are placed nine hexes away from one edge of the Area of Engagement and three hexes away from each other. This is the defender's edge.

The attacker deploys first, placing all of their aircraft in hexes touching their edge of the Area of Engagement opposite the defender's edge.

The defender's aircraft are set up behind the ground targets in hexes touching their edge of the Area of Engagement.

Both players may choose the Speed and Altitude of each aircraft before setting it up.

SPECIAL RULES

Reserves

The defender may keep a maximum of three aircraft in reserve. The combined cost of these may be no more than 50% of the total points value of the force.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker scores 5 Victory points for each point of Structure removed from the ground target. The defender gains 5 additional Victory points for each Structure point remaining on damaged, but not destroyed, ground targets at the end of the game. If, however, the attacker fails to remove any Structure from any of the ground targets, the best they can achieve is a draw.

The game lasts for either 12 turns, or until one side is forced to disengage, or until only one player has aircraft left operating in the Area of Engagement (Ground Defences do not count).

When the game ends, calculate Victory points to determine the winner.



NEW RYNN CITY BLITZ

Snagrod's efforts to burn New Rynn City to the ground dominated the first phase of the war and it was only through the efforts of the Rynnsguard Airwing that it survived. Nonetheless, the relentless blitz took its toll and vast sections of the city were reduced to ashes during the months of bombing. Players can recreate the New Rynn City blitz with the Bombing Mission scenario by adding the optional special rule presented below. In this scenario, the Ork Air Waaagh! are the attackers and the Imperial Navy are the defenders.

Optional Special Rule: Shielded Targets

New Rynn City was protected not just by its air force but also potent void shields over its most important structures. These shields were powerful enough to defend against high altitude bombing, but could be defeated with daring low-level strafing runs. When a ground target suffers damage inflicted by an aircraft more than 1 level of Altitude above it, roll a D6. On a result of 4 or more, the damage is ignored.

DEPLOYMENT: ENEMY FIGHTERS INCOMING!

Because Michael was the defender in this mission, he set up the three missile silos close to his own board edge, but sufficiently far away from each other so that Jay wouldn't be able to conduct consecutive bombing or strafing runs.

Jay, as the attacker, then had to set up his Ork force. He opted to set up the two Fighta Bommers towards the centre of the battlefield, with an escort of two Dakkajets for each of them. He started the game with all of his planes at Altitude 3 and a Speed of either 6 or 7, giving him plenty of options when it came to diving and climbing. It also gave him enough velocity to get to the ground targets in the second or third turn.

Michael deployed his two Hydra Flak Batteries around the objective furthest to the south, hoping that Jay's Bommers would come nice and low for a bombing run and end up torn to shreds by their quad autocannons. Like Jay, Michael then set up his biggest and slowest units – the two Marauder Destroyers – closer to the centre of the battlefield, starting them at Altitude 1, Speed 2 so they would have plenty of time to shoot at the Orks as they flew in. He placed the more manoeuvrable Thunderbolts on the northern and southern flanks, ready to nip in and take on targets of opportunity. They began the game at Altitude 2, Speed 5.

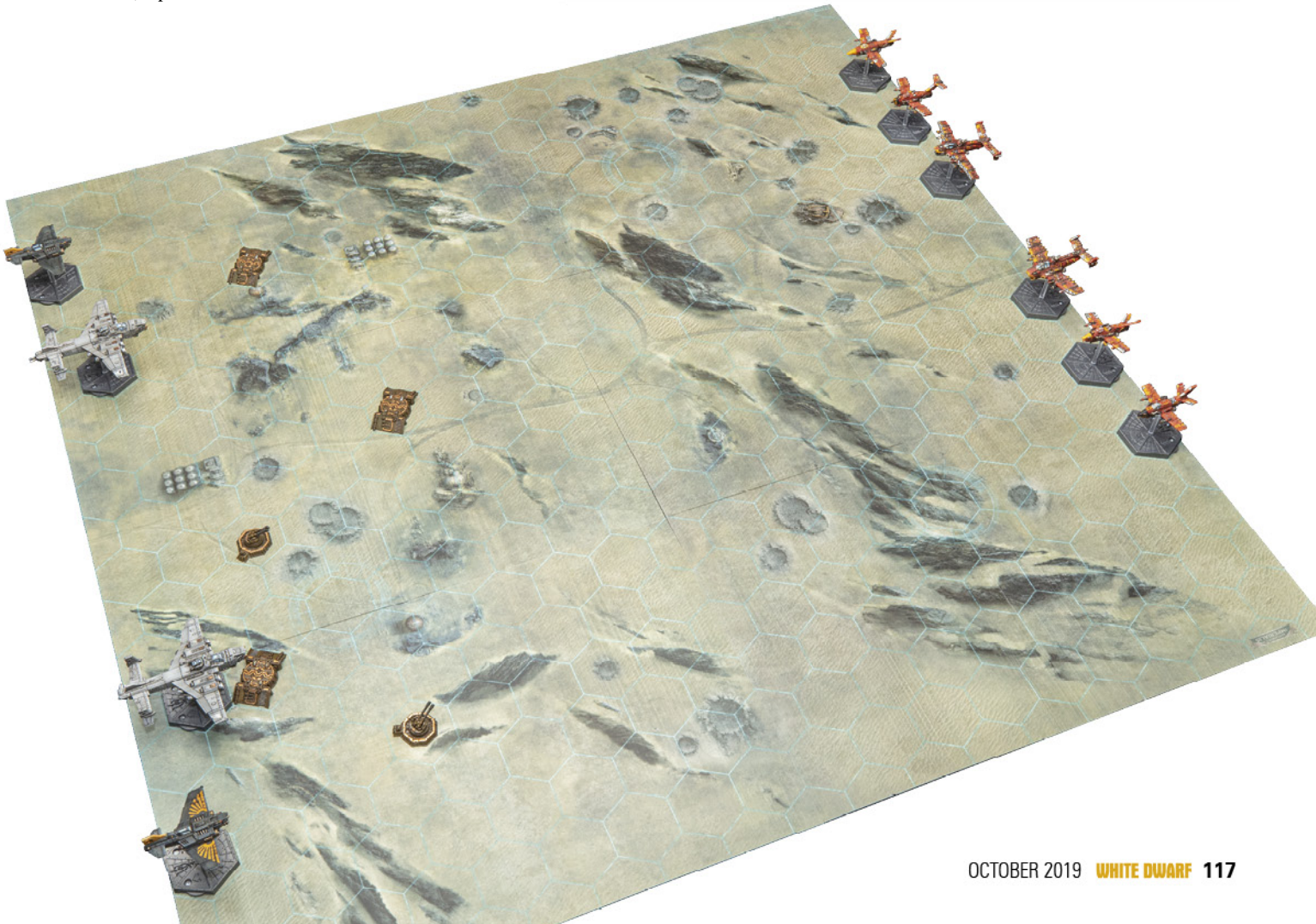


IMPERIAL NAVY

- 1 Tonitrus
- 2 Vastator
- 3 Perditor
- 4 Imber
- 5 Hydra Flak Battery
- 6 Hydra Flak Battery

ORKS

- 1 Wildskorcha
- 2 Hedkrumpa
- 3 Da Big Bommer
- 4 Doombringa
- 5 Dedeye
- 6 Firekraka



TURN ONE: FIRING INTO THE SUN

Skurlugg's skwadron raced towards their targets, a trio of missile silos just visible on the horizon. Skurlugg turned *Da Big Bommer* towards the northernmost target, two Dakkajets racing alongside, while Rorbaz headed his Fighta Bommer *Doombringa* towards the central objective, also accompanied by two fighters.

Tearing across the sky in his Thunderbolt Fury, Wing Commander Rex Daeyz ordered that the Ork aircraft be intercepted. A pair of Marauder Destroyers climbed towards the Orks, yet despite their incredible firepower, not a single Ork aircraft fell from the sky. Autocannons and big shootas chattered as the aircraft traded shots, the Imperials flying up towards the Orks as the belligerent xenos began an uncharacteristically controlled descent towards their targets.



Fly Boss Skurlugg in *Da Big Bommer* leads *Dedeye* and *Wildskorcha* towards the northern objective (1). Their guns, sadly, hit nothing.



To the south, the Marauder Destroyer *Perditor* climbs to Altitude 2 and fires its skysrike missiles at *Firekraka*, causing no damage (2). Nearby, Wing Commander Rex Daeyz in the Thunderbolt Fury *Tonitrus* (3) trains his lascannons on *Doombringa* and also misses!

'No, they are the rules, we're just really bad at rolling dice,' says Michael to Jay, after they fail to cause a single structure point of damage between them (4).

TURN TWO: A COSTLY DEFENCE

The Dakkajets *Wildskorcha* and *Dedeye* went into a steep dive to intercept the Marauder Bomber *Vastator*, but the Imperial aircraft climbed above them in an effort to evade their firepower. Both of the Dakkajets and the Thunderbolt performed desperate stall turns in an attempt to keep tabs on their foes, the Thunderbolt successfully downing one of the Dakkajets before it could fire. But it was too little too late – the Ork Fighta Bombers had swarmed the Marauder Destroyer and, along with the remaining Dakkajet, blasted it from the sky with their rokkits. To make matters worse, one of the Dakkajets to the south performed a daring stall turn over one of the Hydra Flak Batteries, dove in behind Wing Commander Rex Daeyz, and skilfully shot down the Imperial Ace. Things were looking bad for the Imperium.



'Skrag 'im, ladz!' The Ork Fighta Bombers use the turn manoeuvre to head north, swooping in behind the Marauder

Bomber *Vastator* (1). The Dakkajet *Dedeye* then performs a stall turn, enabling it to tail the Marauder. *Dedeye* and *Doombringa* fire

all their rokkits at *Vastator*, sending it down in flames (2).

Firekraka performs a stall turn and ends up

tailoring the Thunderbolt Fury (3). Both Hydra Flak guns fire at the Dakkajet, scoring three hits but causing no damage.

Firekraka returns fire, using its quad big shootas and all of its rokkits to bring down the Imperial Ace with a torrent of firepower.



TURN ONE



IMPERIAL NAVY

- 1 Tonitrus
- 2 Vastator
- 3 Perditor
- 4 Imber
- 5 Hydra Flak Battery
- 6 Hydra Flak Battery

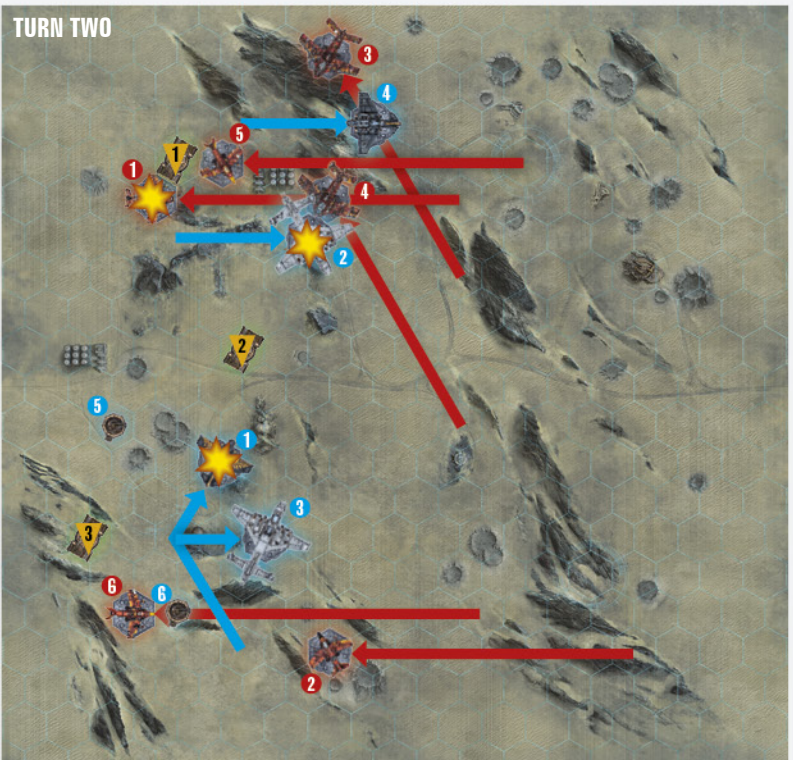
ORKS

- 1 Wildskorcha
- 2 Hedkrumpa
- 3 Da Big Bommer
- 4 Doombringa
- 5 Dedeye
- 6 Firekraka

VICTORY POINTS	
IMPERIAL NAVY	DA ORKS
0	0



TURN TWO



IMPERIAL NAVY

- 1 ~~Tonitrus~~
- 2 ~~Vastator~~
- 3 Perditor
- 4 Imber
- 5 Hydra Flak Battery
- 6 Hydra Flak Battery

ORKS

- 1 ~~Wildskorcha~~
- 2 Hedkrumpa
- 3 Da Big Bommer
- 4 Doombringa
- 5 Dedeye
- 6 Firekraka

VICTORY POINTS	
IMPERIAL NAVY	DA ORKS
20	73

TURN THREE: AERIAL DOMINANCE

With the Imperial aircraft severely outnumbered, the Orks began their attack on the ground targets, most of them diving to conduct more accurate bombing runs or to strafe their targets as they flew overhead. The Marauder Destroyer *Perditor* moved to intercept the Ork Fighta Bommers, but it failed to destroy either of them. The Ork aircraft successfully dropped their bombs on both the northern and central missile silos, destroying one and damaging the other. Dakkajets added to the carnage, strafing one of the nearby flak guns and destroying that, too. In desperation, the Thunderbolt pilot Palin Hargot raced after the Fighta Bommers, crippling one and successfully tailing the other. Though the Orks outnumbered the Imperial forces, both Fighta Bommers were now critically damaged as were most of the Dakkajets.



Perditor swoops north and dives to Altitude 1, bringing its guns to bear on Skurlugg's Fighta Bommer (1). It damages the craft but

fails to destroy it due to the plane's extra armour. The Orks, also at low altitude, set up their bombing runs on the

objectives. Skurlugg drops his big bombs on the northern silo, obliterating it, while Rorbaz drops his wing bombs on the central

objective, damaging it twice. Nearby, *Dedeye* swoops south, dives to Altitude 1 to strafe the Hydra Flak gun and destroys it (2).

Hedkrumpa (3) turns around the southern Flak Battery and fires into *Perditor*, reducing the Marauder to a single structure point.

TURN FOUR: FAILED ESCAPE ATTEMPTS

The tail of *Doombringa* clear in his sights, Palin Hargot fired every one of his guns into the rear of the Ork Fighta Bommer, turning the smoking aircraft into a ball of fire. Pulling up on *Imber's* throttle, Hargot drastically reduced his Thunderbolt's speed as an Ork Dakkajet screamed overhead, turned, and almost overshot him. In the distance, the two other Dakkajets were trading shots with the remaining Hydra Flak Battery. Hargot fired his lascannons at long range, scoring a hit on one of the ramshackle craft but failing to knock it out of the sky. Yet the Imperial pilot's successes were soon to be overshadowed. Shouts came across the vox as *Perditor* finally succumbed to the damage it had taken, the aircraft dropping slowly out of the sky. Hargot checked his scanner – two enemy aircraft were down. Only four to go ...



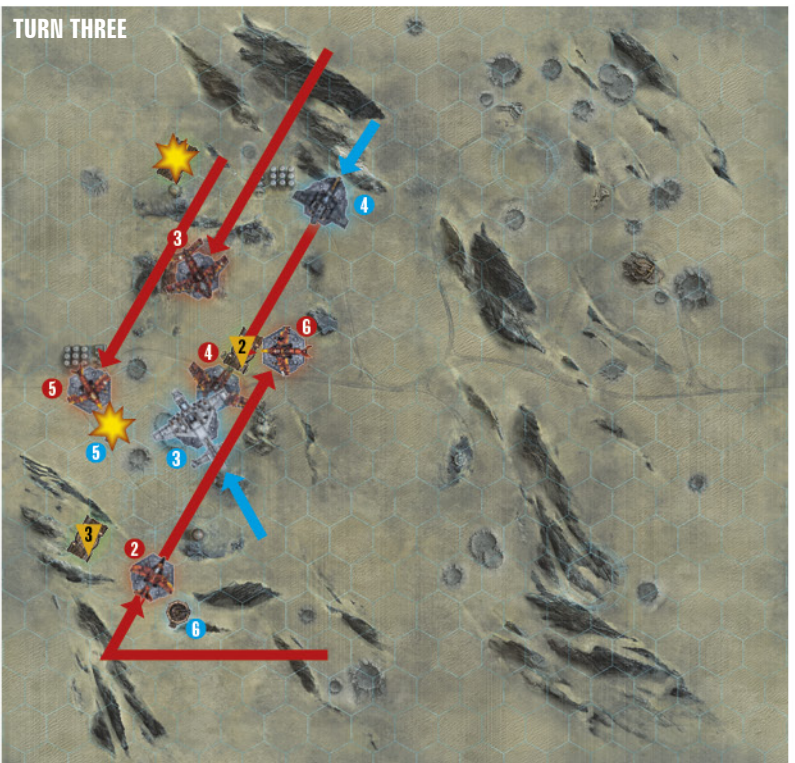
The lumbering *Perditor* is left behind by the Ork aircraft as they race towards their objectives (1). The Marauder turns in behind the *Da Big Bommer*, but is blasted ignominiously from the sky by the plane's tail gun (which only fires a single shot, damaging on 6s).

Hedkrumpa performs a high-speed stall turn to tail the Thunderbolt *Imber* (2), but the Imperial Pilot reduces his speed and dives at the same time, confounding the Ork pilot.

'If I move this one here, and this one here ...' Jay plans how he's going to surround the lone Thunderbolt (3).



TURN THREE



IMPERIAL NAVY

- 1 Tonitrus
- 2 Vastator
- 3 Perditor
- 4 Imber
- 5 Hydra Flak Battery
- 6 Hydra Flak Battery

ORKS

- 1 Wildskorcha
- 2 Hedkrumpa
- 3 Da Big Bommer
- 4 Doombringa
- 5 Dedeye
- 6 Firekraka

VICTORY POINTS	
IMPERIAL NAVY	DA ORKS
20	111



TURN FOUR



IMPERIAL NAVY

- 1 Tonitrus
- 2 Vastator
- 3 Perditor
- 4 Imber
- 5 Hydra Flak Battery
- 6 Hydra Flak Battery

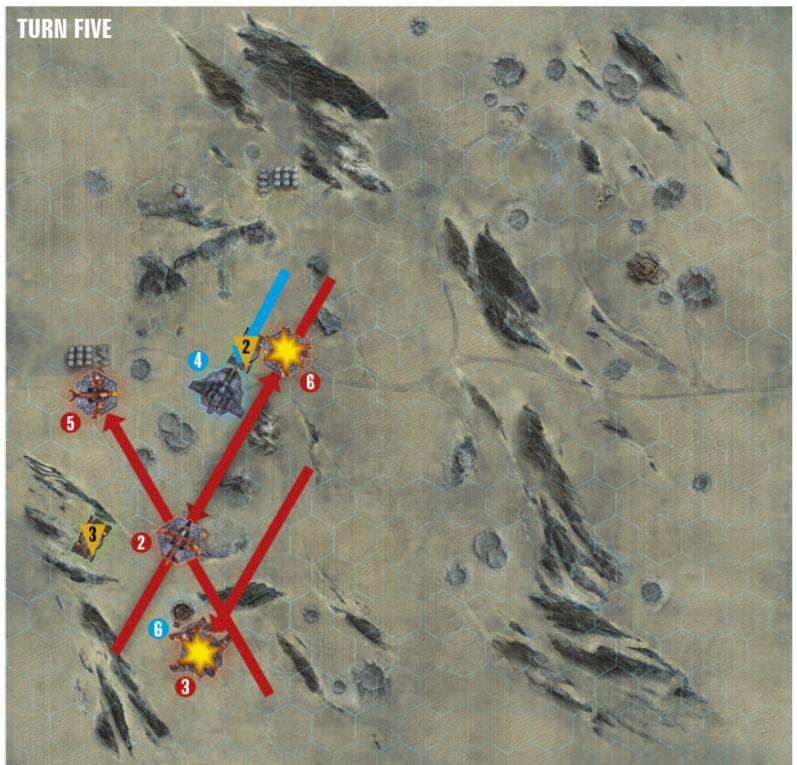
ORKS

- 1 Wildskorcha
- 2 Hedkrumpa
- 3 Da Big Bommer
- 4 Doombringa
- 5 Dedeye
- 6 Firekraka

VICTORY POINTS	
IMPERIAL NAVY	DA ORKS
48	151



TURN FIVE



IMPERIAL NAVY

- 1 Tonitrus
- 2 Vastator
- 3 Perditor
- 4 Imber
- 5 Hydra Flak Battery
- 6 Hydra Flak Battery

ORKS

- 1 Wildskorcha
- 2 Hedkrumpa
- 3 Da-Big Bommer
- 4 Doombingra
- 5 Dedeye
- 6 Firekraka

VICTORY POINTS	
IMPERIAL NAVY	DA ORKS
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WE IS DA WINNAZ!

Jay: I really thought that was going to be a whitewash at the beginning, but kudos to you, Michael, you held in there and it paid off!

Michael: That was one of the best games I've played, though I made some silly tactical choices, not to mention some terrible dice rolls early on. Putting so many skystrike missiles on my Marauders was a gamble that didn't pay off. Too many eggs in one basket.

Jay: Having more aircraft can be a real advantage. It means you normally have a plane or two left at the end of the movement phase that you can manoeuvre unhindered. At the very least you can adjust their altitude once you've seen what your opponent is doing, meaning they're not going to be shot as easily. Taking down

two of your aircraft early on was a big surprise, though.

Michael: It's the rokkits! They are a must for Dakkajets. They make them so dangerous.

Jay: You really need to be at the same altitude as your enemy to make the most of them, though, because once they're gone, they're gone. Just like your Fighter Ace!

Michael: Nice, thanks. Your firepower did drop drastically once you ran out of rokkits, though, and you had to rely on shootas which is never a good bet. On another note, I was really impressed with your manoeuvring. You managed to stall turn your way into some pretty sweet situations.

Jay: Yeah, stall turn – best manoeuvre ever!

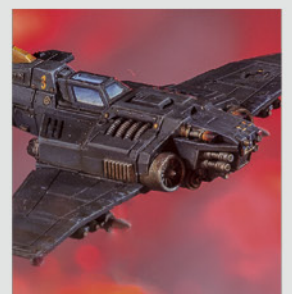


ORK OF DA MATCH

Jay: Both of the Fighta Bombers did really well. They both took out a Marauder Destroyer, while my Fly Boss destroyed one of the objectives. I reckon the Ork of da match award has to go to him for conducting such a successful raid with his skwadron.

NEW FIGHTER ACE?

Michael: It should be pretty obvious – it's my sole survivor! That Thunderbolt accounted for both Fighta Bombers and two Dakkajets, which is a seriously impressive tally. Palin Hargot is clearly a new Imperial Fighter Ace in the making.



JUDGEMENT SQUADRON

During the Third War for Armageddon, the skies of the beleaguered hive world were set alight by aerial battles as the Imperial squadrons desperately fought to hold back the tide of invading Ork craft. None were more steeped in glory than Judgement Squadron.

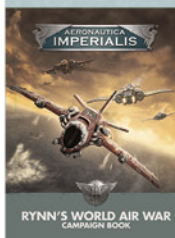


The Imperial Navy prides itself on the skill of its pilots, the speed of its aircraft, and the firepower of its guns. In a galaxy riven by war, they defend the airspace of worlds that have come under attack and provide aerial support for Imperial armies when they march to war. Rarely do the Astra Militarum fight without the air support of the Imperial Navy, and many wars of conquest or liberation would have come to a grinding halt without these skilled pilots protecting supply lines, escorting drop ships to the planet's surface, and running sorties on enemy positions.

Indeed, such was the case on Armageddon, a world that has suffered four major invasions in recent history, first from the forces of Chaos, then twice by the Orks, then once again by the legions of the Dark Gods. The pilots of the Imperial Navy have fought at every one of these engagements.

MORE AERIAL CAMPAIGNS

The *Rynn's World Air War* campaign book contains information on how to run your own Aeronautica Imperialis campaign, including additional rules for pilots who manage to survive long enough to become fighter aces.



JUDGEMENT SQUADRON

Over the next few pages, you'll find an exclusive campaign for Aeronautica Imperialis set on Armageddon, featuring the renowned Judgement Squadron and its most hated Ork adversary, Da Skymuncha. The first four missions use scenarios presented in the *Rynn's World Air War* campaign book, but use the additional rules presented here to represent the battle taking place around Hive Volcanus. The fifth and final mission enables you to re-enact the last flight of Judgement Squadron, which you can read about to the right.

You'll also find a squadron list for Judgement Squadron, complete with aircraft names, plus rules for two Fighter Aces – Flight Commander Leoz Answith in his Thunderbolt Fury Wings of Courage, and the Fly Boss known as Da Skymuncha in his Dakkajet Killa Eagul. Hopefully your air wars will be as successful as theirs!

THE FLIGHT OF JUDGEMENT SQUADRON

When the Imperial Hive World of Armageddon was invaded by Ork Warboss Ghazghkull Thraka's Waaagh! the Imperium mustered vast armies and space fleets to repel the brutal xenos hordes. The opening days of the Third War for Armageddon saw the Imperial Navy suffer devastating losses, both within the surrounding sector and upon Armageddon itself. When the Ork Warboss Ghazghkull Thraka darkened the skies of the world, he did so at the head of a fleet far larger than what the Imperium could hope to muster in defence, sweeping aside Battlefleet Armageddon with contemptuous ease. With the way clear, an unceasing tide of landing craft fell upon the world, taxing the planet's defences severely. In answer, Commissar Yarrick, commander of the planet's defence and hero of the Second War for Armageddon, ordered every Imperial Navy aircraft scrambled in a desperate attempt to delay the Orks for as long as possible. It was a battle the Navy could never hope to win. Within six days, the Orks had claimed both the planet's orbital approaches and its skies, leaving what remained of the Imperial Navy scattered and disorganised.

Such events ensured the Imperial Navy was to play only a minor role in the coming war, at least until reinforcements were able to reach the beleaguered planet. Despite this, records are keen to stress that the Navy was not idle during the war. Indeed, many aircraft squadrons – assembled from the remnants of those that survived the initial air war – were vital in maintaining supply routes, repurposing their bombers to ferry food and munitions to the hives. For Hive Volcanus, support of this nature came in the form of the so-called Judgement Squadron.

Commanded by Flight Commander Leoz Answith, Judgement Squadron was formed from the scattered survivors of the 642nd 'Steel Devils' Fighter Wing, 91st 'Skyborn' Fighter Wing, and 209th 'Firestorm' Bomber Wing. The force's new designation was sealed when each craft was daubed white, a symbol of the hope they sought to deliver. Hive Volcanus benefited from its links to the sea via a series of connected rivers and waterways patrolled by the Volcanus Archipelago Offshore Defences, and it was here Judgement Squadron conducted regular sorties in support of supply runs. Capable of fielding only eighteen aircraft, the squadron nevertheless became the defending angels of Hive Volcanus, punishing the xenos who dared visit such woes upon the Emperor's people.

It was inevitable that the war would see the end of Judgement Squadron, its success drawing ever more Ork Flyboyz to Hive Volcanus seeking the

glory of claiming the lives of Armageddon's hardest squadron. For two weeks the Imperial pilots reigned supreme, throwing back all challengers with only three losses. Then came Da Skymuncha, an Ork Fly Boss who had terrorized the Fire Wastes of Armageddon. His arrival was announced by an ambush upon Judgement Squadron as it sought to intercept an armada of Ork ships, squadrons of Dakkajets plummeting from the clouds. In the resulting duel, Judgement Squadron claimed eighteen Ork aircraft kills, but at the cost of nine of its own.

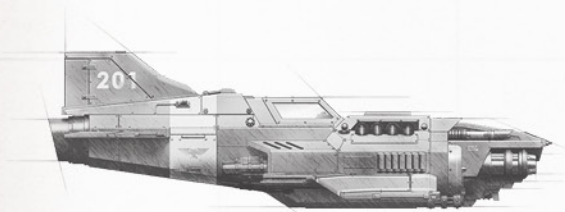
Flight Commander Answith escaped with the remnants of Judgement Squadron – just six operational aircraft, most too battered to remain airworthy for much longer. Day by day, the flow of supplies into the hive declined, and the air grew thick with Ork aircraft. Devoid of air support, the defenders watched helplessly as a mountain of scrap metal grew upon the horizon. Outside the reach of the hive's guns, the Orks began the construction of three Gargants, and the defenders of Hive Volcanus could only watch as their doom became manifest before their very eyes.

It was then that Judgement Squadron marshalled for its final fight. Answith and his crews set out fearlessly across the Ork lines, evading the barrages of air defences and Ork aircraft alike. Unable to contest air superiority above the hive, Judgement Squadron set out to topple the Gargants, knowing their own lives were forfeit. Unprepared for such a sudden assault, one Gargant was destroyed before the Orks could even react. In a desperate attempt to preserve their war machines, Ork Meks awakened their partially completed creations and unleashed their guns upon Judgement Squadron. Another Gargant was brought down in flames, yet by this point only Answith remained, his weapons dry and his engines trailing fire. Pursued by Da Skymuncha, Answith took the only option remaining – ploughing into the exposed belly of the remaining Gargant.

From the walls of Hive Volcanus the defenders watched the ballet of combat playing out above, cheers breaking out as each Gargant fell. A singular fireball signalled the death of Judgement Squadron, a broken aircraft tearing through the final Gargant. Though still surrounded by Orks and with little hope of immediate relief, the death of Hive Volcanus had been averted once more, and in that its defenders took heart. When the time came to throw back the Orks, the names of those who had given their lives were inscribed atop the gates of Hive Volcanus, those of Judgement Squadron chiselled above them all, to watch over the dead forever.

RECREATING THE FLIGHT OF JUDGEMENT SQUADRON

Those wishing to recreate the battles fought by Judgement Squadron can use the scenarios below to do so, linking each together using the rules presented in *Aeronautica Imperialis: Rynn's World Air War*. When constructing a Squadron List for the campaign, players follow the standard rules, with both players constructing their list to an agreed-upon points value. Between battles only the Ork player can replace aircraft – Judgement Squadron was unable to replenish its numbers. Neither side can include named Aces other than those described in this article.



If both players agree, the Imperial player may use the following historical Squadron List instead. If they do so, the Imperial player is allowed a total of 40 points to equip their aircraft with additional weaponry. The Ork player constructs their list as normal to a points value of 300 and must include the Ork Ace Da Skymuncha. As described before, only the Ork player may replace aircraft between battles.

SCENARIOS

The Flight of Judgement Squadron uses five linked scenarios to represent the key action undertaken by Judgement Squadron. The first four can be found in *Rynn's World Air War*, and each has a special rule presented here that represents the unique conditions of the battle. The final scenario is Last Flight, the rules for which are presented later in this article.

The linked scenarios are as follows and should be played in the order given.

JUDGEMENT SQUADRON – SQUADRON LIST

Flight Commander Leoz Answith
Thunderbolt Fury



Wings of Courage

Thunderbolt Fury Fighters



Unrelenting



Judge, Jury, Executioner



Death Aboard

Thunderbolt Fighters



Wild Knight



Lucky 508



Thunderstruck



Maverick



Undercover



From Above



Final Prayers



Fist of Glory



On Fiery Wings

Marauder Destroyer Bombers



Reaper



From On High

Marauder Bombers



Mercy's Nightmare



Last Thing



Terra Above

1: RAID ON DA MEK-YARDS

At the start of the invasion, Judgement Squadron focused their efforts on enacting vengeance on the Orks for the destruction they had brought to Armageddon. Their main targets were Mekboy workshops built along the coast responsible for churning out the Ork gunboats seeking to halt the flow of supplies into Hive Volcanus. Players may recreate one of these raids by adding the optional special rule presented below to the Bombing Mission scenario. In this scenario, the Imperial Navy side is the attacker and the Ork Air Waaagh! is the defender.

Optional Special Rule: Gunboat Flotilla

Many of the workshops were constructed across the Volcanus Archipelago, a series of islands situated in the waterways leading up to Hive Volcanus. The aircraft duels conducted over them were often accompanied by the fire from supporting gunboats from both sides. During the End phase of each turn, Ground Defences can be moved up to two hexes in any direction, with players taking turns to move a single Ground Defence, starting with the player who won initiative. A Ground Defence cannot enter a hex already containing another Ground Defence.

2: RESUPPLY

To compensate for their relatively low numbers, Judgement Squadron often ferried high-value supplies by air, relying on the densest fog to throw off pursuers. Players may recreate one of these raids by adding the optional special rule presented below to the Garrison Relief scenario. In this scenario, the Ork Air Waaagh! side is the attacker and the Imperial Navy side is the defender.

Optional Special Rule: Smog-filled Skies

Much of Armageddon was covered in smog, the product of the vast industrial sprawl scattered across the world. Judgement Squadron used this phenomenon to its advantage to conceal its aircraft and avoid fights where possible. In this scenario, no aircraft at Altitude 4 or below can fire at Long range – the sky is much too polluted to see that far.

3: AMBUSH IN THE CLOUDS

The death knell for Judgement Squadron came during a seemingly ordinary raid, scrambled to halt an approaching flotilla of Ork gunboats heading towards Hive Volcanus. As the Imperial forces engaged, a horde of planes burst from the clouds above. It screamed down upon Judgement Squadron, led by Da Skymuncha who was intent upon claiming the kills for himself. Players may recreate this raid by adding the optional special rule presented below to the Bandits Over the River scenario. In this scenario, the Ork Air Waaagh! side is the attacker and the Imperial Navy side is the defender.

Optional Special Rule: Ork Armada

Judgement Squadron was ambushed attempting to sink an approaching group of Ork ships and now finds itself trapped between them and the attacking Ork Flyboyz. For this scenario, both players should build a mutually agreed points value up to 200 points; the Imperial player can include Bombers in their squadron list. In addition, the Ork player has 25 additional points that must be spent on Ground Defences. The Ork aircraft start at Altitude 5 and the Imperial aircraft start at either Altitude 1 or 2.

4: RETREAT TO HIVE VOLCANUS

Though they emerged victorious, Judgement Squadron was severely damaged by Da Skymuncha's ambush. Most notable was the heavy damage done to Flight Commander Answith's Thunderbolt Fury. The retreat of Judgement Squadron was heavily harried by Ork fighters determined to claim the prize. Players may recreate the retreat by adding the optional special rule presented below to the Straggler scenario. In this scenario, the Ork Air Waaagh! side is the attacker and the Imperial Navy side is the defender.

Optional Special Rule: Flight Commander Answith

Of those that survived the ambush conducted by Da Skymuncha, the most heavily damaged was the Flight Commander. Despite ordering his troops to abandon him, the crews of Judgement Squadron risked all to stay by his side and ensure he returned safely. The Imperial player adds Flight Commander Answith to their force for free; the Flight Commander replaces the Bomber for this scenario and follows all the scenario rules that apply to the Bomber. Any Imperial Navy aircraft within two hexes of Answith can re-roll a single dice once per Shooting phase.

5: LAST FLIGHT

BACKGROUND

Determined to sell their lives dearly, the survivors of a decimated squadron assault a heavily fortified enemy with little hope or expectation of survival.

FORCES

Players should mutually agree a points value between 100 points and 200 points and choose their forces accordingly.

Only the defender can include Ground Defences.

SET-UP

In this scenario, one player is the attacker and the other is the defender. The winner of a roll-off decides which they will be. The defender may spend up to 30 points on Ground Defences; these points are in addition to the points value agreed upon for both player's Squadron Lists.

Before deploying forces, the defender places three ground targets with structure 10 within the Area of Engagement. No ground target marker can be within three hexes of another, or within three hexes of any edge of the Area of Engagement. The defender then deploys any of their Ground Defences in any hex adjacent to a ground target.

Players set up on opposite sides of the Area of Engagement. The defender deploys first, picking an edge of the Area of Engagement and placing all their aircraft within three hexes of that edge. The attacker's aircraft are set up in hexes touching the opposite edge of the Area of Engagement.

Both players may choose the Speed and Altitude of each aircraft before setting up.

SPECIAL RULES

Awakening War Machines

The attackers are targeting the towering war machines of the foe to destroy them before they are complete. The ground targets have a Terrain Height of Altitude 3. At the start of the game the Ground Defences are inactive and cannot fire. From Turn 3, the defender can fire with a single Ground Defence that is adjacent to each ground target. From Turn 5 onwards, the defender can fire with all their Ground Defences.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The attacker scores 5 Victory points for each ground target that has been destroyed. The defender scores 5 Victory points for each ground target remaining.

The game lasts for 12 turns, until one side is forced to disengage, or until only one player has aircraft left operating in the Area of Engagement.

When the game ends, calculate Victory points to determine the winner.



THE LAST FLIGHT OF JUDGEMENT SQUADRON

With their numbers heavily depleted, Judgement Squadron had little hope of continuing to secure the transport of supplies in Hive Volcanus, yet was determined to spend their lives for a purpose. To this end, the survivors of Judgement Squad set out to destroy the Gargants being constructed within view of the hive, aware it was to be their last flight. Players can recreate the Last Flight of Judgement Squadron with the Last Flight scenario by adding the optional special rules presented below. In this scenario the Imperial Navy side is the attacker and the Ork Air Waaagh! side is the defender.

Optional Special Rule: Last Ditch Effort


Even a single Gargant left standing would present a dire threat to Hive Volcanus, lending considerable firepower to the Orks' siege. If an aircraft controlled by the attacker crashes into a ground target, the player can roll a Handling check. If the check is passed, the ground target loses a number of Structure equal to the number of remaining Structure the crashing aircraft has. The aircraft is then removed as normal. If the Imperial Navy player fails to destroy all ground targets, the best they can achieve is a draw.

FLIGHT COMMANDER LEOZ ANSWITH

Answith's first true taste of aerial combat came during the Third War for Armageddon. A true trial by fire, the opening days of the war saw many of the more experienced Navy pilots wiped out. By the time the Orks had achieved air superiority, Answith was the most senior officer left, and it fell to him to organise a resistance. The following weeks highlighted Answith's natural talent for command. His service in Judgement Squadron was to be his last, sacrificing his life to ensure the survival of Hive Volcanus.

Wings of Courage may take additional weaponry as described on page 69 of *Aeronautica Imperialis: Rynn's World Air War*, but may not take any other crew or aircraft upgrades.

Your force may include one *Wings of Courage* piloted by Flight Commander Leoz Answith (in other words, your force cannot include one without the other). Flight Commander Leoz Answith is included in the points cost of *Wings of Courage*.

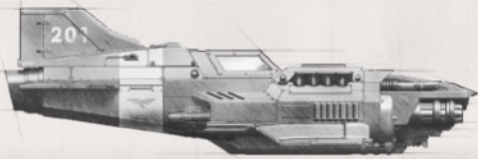


**FLIGHT COMMANDER
LEOZ ANSWITH**

Natural Leader: Once per game, during the Initiative phase, the player controlling this aircraft may choose to win initiative; this ability must be used before any dice are rolled. This aircraft must be operational within the Area of Engagement to use this ability.

'WINGS OF COURAGE'
AIRCRAFT: THUNDERBOLT FURY CLASS: FIGHTER

25 POINTS



STRUCTURE	3	THROTTLE	2	MIN SPEED	2
TRANSPORT	—	ACE MANOEUVRES	1-6	MAX SPEED	6
FUEL	—	HANDLING	3+	MAX ALTITUDE	5

WEAPON	FIRE ARC	FPR	DMG	AMMO	SPECIAL
Avenger Bolt Cannon	Front	3-7-0	4+	UL	Extra Damage (6+)
Twin Lascannon	Front	0-2-1	2+	UL	Extra Damage (6+)

Pilot

Additional Weapons

DA SKYMUNCHA

The legendary Ork Fly Boss calling himself Da Skymuncha was a known terror even before Ghazghkull Thraka returned to Armageddon. Da Skymuncha honed his skills against both Imperium and T'au pilots, becoming one of the most successful Flyboyz within Ghazghkull's Waaagh! On Armageddon, Da Skymuncha travelled wherever a story of accomplished Imperial pilots led him. Upon hearing of the success of Judgement Squadron, Da Skymuncha became determined to add their lives to his already impressive tally of kills.

Killa Eagul may take additional weaponry as described on page 77 of *Aeronautica Imperialis: Rynn's World Air War*, but may not take any other crew or aircraft upgrades.

Your force may include one *Killa Eagul* piloted by Da Skymuncha (in other words, your force cannot include one without the other). Da Skymuncha is included in the points cost of *Killa Eagul*.




"DA SKYMUNCHA"

Oversized Engines: Once per game, at the start of its Movement, this aircraft can increase its Throttle value to 4 until the end of the turn.

'KILLA EAGUL'
AIRCRAFT: DAKKAJET CLASS: FIGHTER

18 POINTS



STRUCTURE	2	THROTTLE	2	MIN SPEED	4
TRANSPORT	—	ACE MANOEUVRES	1-5	MAX SPEED	8
FUEL	—	HANDLING	4+	MAX ALTITUDE	4

WEAPON	FIRE ARC	FPR	DMG	AMMO	SPECIAL
Quad Big Shootas	Front	8-4-0	5+	UL	—

Pilot

Additional Weapons

ASSAULT ON PRECINCT-FORTRESS 17

In the anarchic world of the Necromunda underhive, even the law enforcers are not safe from the predations of vicious gangs. Having slain the leader of an outlaw gang, the Enforcers of Precinct-Fortress 17 have now come under attack with no hope of rescue.



The underhives of Necromunda are dangerous places at the best of times, with countless rival gangs embroiled in bitter wars against each other. Some squabble over territory or trading rights, others fight age-old grudges or battle each other for revenge. Whatever the cause of these underhive wars, it falls to the Enforcers – the lawmen and women of the hive – to try to maintain some semblance of order. Equipped with the best weapons and wargear the hive can offer, they try to ensure that the underhive gangs are kept in line or, at the very least, that their activities do not interfere with trade and industry. Sometimes, however, a gang leader will get it into their head that the Enforcers in their area have stuck their noses into their affairs just once too often. Should they rally enough support for their grievance from other local gangs, times could get very difficult indeed for the Enforcers ...

THE BOOK OF JUDGEMENT

There's a new supplement for Necromunda – *The Book of Judgement*! Inside, you'll find rules for using Palatine Enforcers, a new campaign, the Black Market trading post, five new Hangers-on, and plenty more besides!



WE'RE CALLING YOU OUT, LAWMAN!

Assault on Precinct-Fortress 17 is a mini-campaign for Necromunda featuring five exclusive scenarios, the rules for which can be found over the next few pages. Mini-campaigns offer a middle ground between one-off narrative scenarios and full-on campaigns. In effect, a mini-campaign is a series of short scenarios linked together with a little bit of downtime between each one and is usually connected by a strong narrative theme. One of the main advantages of a mini-campaign is that it can be played out in one or two evenings or over a single afternoon, but it still delivers a fun, story-driven experience and offers players lots of important tactical decisions before they reach its conclusion. The only decision you need to make now is whether you'll play as the tooled-up but outnumbered law enforcers or as the gangers out for revenge. Precinct-Fortress 17 awaits!

FIGHTING THE MINI-CAMPAIGN

Precinct-Fortress 17 has come under attack! This remote outpost of Lord Hewlmar's law is located where the sprawling ruin of the underhive proper begins, and under the command of Captain Torg Chancer it has long been a bulwark against disobedience. With no support coming any time soon, Chancer and his Enforcers must hold out through the long underhive night cycle as an alliance of outlaw gangs known as the Thunderboys circle in the darkness, intent on exacting revenge for the murder of their former leader by one of Chancer's patrols. The Enforcers have the advantage of superior weaponry and the sturdy walls of their fortress, but the gangers have the numbers – and a cunning that only comes from a life lived in the savage underhive.

Assault on Precinct-Fortress 17 is a mini-campaign that follows a gang attack on an isolated underhive Precinct-Fortress. Players take on the role of either the Enforcers (the defender) or the Outlaws (the attacker). Assault on Precinct-Fortress 17 is made up of several linked scenarios all played on the same battlefield. Each scenario lasts for a set number of rounds with a number of set goals. After each scenario is completed, both sides have a quick recovery period to marshal their troops or set their defences before the next one commences. Players must not only try to win the scenario they are fighting but also preserve their forces for future scenarios in the hopes of winning the overall campaign.

SCENARIOS

Assault on Precinct-Fortress 17 is played out over several scenarios, each one affecting the ones that come after. The campaign begins with First Scenario: Night Falls and concludes with Final Scenario: Hold Until Dawn, with three optional scenarios that can be played between the two. Players should agree beforehand how many of the optional scenarios they wish to play using the following as a guide:

- **One Optional Scenario:** This puts the pressure on the attacker to overwhelm the defender sooner with fewer opportunities to whittle down the precinct's defences and so is more challenging for the attacker.
- **Two Optional Scenarios:** This gives both attacker and defender an equal chance to hold the line or break through the precinct's defences and so is equally challenging for both the attacker and the defender.
- **Three Optional Scenarios:** This puts the pressure on the defender, as their resources must be stretched further while the attacker has more chances to break the precinct's defences.

If only one or two of the optional scenarios are being played, the attacker chooses which ones are used. If more than one optional scenario is being played, the attacker

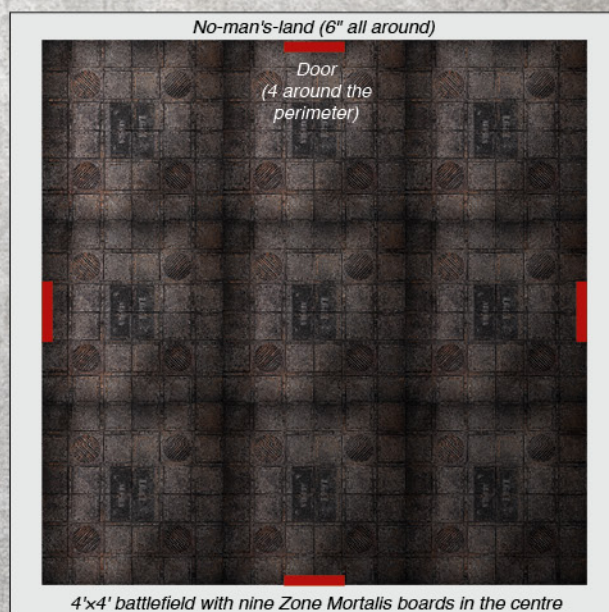
chooses the order in which they will be played. Once the players have decided how many of the optional scenarios they will use, the next step is to set up the battlefield.

THE BATTLEFIELD: PRECINCT-FORTRESS 17

The mini-campaign takes place in and around Precinct-Fortress 17, which is the basis for the battlefield. The game should be played on a 4'x4' battlefield with the defender setting up nine 1' square Zone Mortalis tiles in its centre to create a 3'x3' square. (If you wish, a 3'x3' area of 3D Sector Mechanicus terrain can be set up instead, provided it can easily be divided into 12"x12" squares. Alternatively, you may wish to use the 3D Zone Mortalis tiles available from Forge World.) The tiles represent the precinct, and the area around them is the no-man's-land of the underhive. Where the edges of these tiles meet no-man's-land represents the precinct's outer walls, and as such they are impassable terrain. The defender should then add four of the wider Necromunda: Underhive doors to the outer edge of the precinct, placing one door in the middle of each of the precinct's four sides. These doors represent the only ways through the outer walls of the precinct.

Next, the defender adds up to six internal doors and other terrain (such as barricades and ammo crates) to the precinct depending on the terrain in their collection. One tile or part of a tile must also be designated as the Gaol with a door sealing it off from the rest of the precinct. When setting up the precinct, the defender should make an effort to make the central tile as defensible as possible, as reaching this area will often be one of the attacker's objectives.

Once the defender has set up the doors and other terrain, the attacker can add up to four ductways to the precinct.



CREWS: CHANCER'S ENFORCERS

Precinct-Fortress 17 is a remote posting with only a skeleton crew of officers and support staff. The defender creates a gang up to a value of 1500 Credits using the Enforcer Gang list from page 26 of *Necromunda: The Book of Judgement*. Their gang will start with a Reputation of 20. Their gang must include a Rogue Doc, Ammo Jack and Slopper (see page 85 of *Necromunda: Gangs of the Underhive*), all of which must be represented by models, as they will take part in the defence. These models do not cost the defender any Credits to hire but do count toward their allotment of Hangers-on. When equipping their gang, they can choose items from the Trading Post with a Rarity of 12 or less. The defender can give their Champions two advancements and their Leader three advancements.

The defender's gang cannot include any Hired Guns apart from those detailed above. However, the precinct's gaol is also currently home to a number of miscreants who might, during the course of the fighting, find themselves conscripted by the Enforcers. The defender should create a Bounty Hunter and two Underhive Scum Hired Guns to represent these prisoners.

THE PRISONERS

While the door to the Gaol is closed the prisoners do not gain Ready markers and cannot take actions. The prisoners can be let out to aid in the defence at any time during a scenario by opening the door to their cell with a fighter. When the door is opened give Ready markers to each prisoner; for the rest of the current scenario the prisoners are now counted as part of the defender's gang. However, prisoners are far from the most reliable allies. If a prisoner activates more than 6" from an Enforcer, there is a chance they will escape custody. Roll a D6. On the roll of a 1, the attacker immediately takes control of them and they become part of their gang for the remainder of the current scenario, at the end of which they are removed from the campaign having escaped.

After the prisoners have been released, provided they didn't escape custody as described above, they can either be set up normally as part of the defender's gang in subsequent scenarios, or be put back in their cell, as decided by the defender.

CREWS: THUNDERBOYS ALLIANCE

An alliance of Outlaw gangs (see page 38 of *Necromunda: The Book of Judgement*) have gathered together to storm the precinct and kill everyone in their way. The attacker creates a gang using any gang list (this could even be a gang of corrupt Enforcers) up to a value of 3000 Credits. Their gang will start with a Reputation of 20. When

equipping their gang, they can choose items from the Black Market or the Trading Post with a Rarity or Legality of 9 or less. The attacker can give each of their Champions one advancement and their Leader two advancements. Their gang may also include Brutes, Bounty Hunters and other Hired Guns as normal for an Outlaw gang.

MORE THAN TWO PLAYERS

If more than two players are involved in the mini-campaign then additional players join the attacking side. The attackers divide the 3000 Credits and 20 Reputation evenly between themselves (i.e. in a three player campaign two players would be the attackers, each with 1500 Credits to spend on their gangs and a Reputation of 10 each) and each builds their own gang.

DEPLOYMENT: SET DEFENCE

At the start of each scenario the defender begins by setting up their defence. This involves deploying models, setting any traps or other defences they might have, and setting up Rally Points. Guidelines for each of these steps are detailed in each individual scenario. Unless otherwise noted, the defender can always field their entire gang.

For the duration of the mini-campaign, the defender has the Home Turf advantage (see page 120 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*) and does not need to make Bottle checks.

DEPLOYMENT: FORMULATE ATTACK

Once the defender has set up, it is time for the attacker to formulate their attack. This involves organising their forces, deploying fighters, and deciding on the number of assault waves they will commit to the attack. Guidelines for each of these steps are detailed in each individual scenario. Unless otherwise noted, the attacker can always field their entire gang.

ASSAULT WAVES

The attacker can use their numerical advantage to overwhelm the defender. At the beginning of the campaign, the attacker has three Assault Waves to call upon.

- Each Assault Wave allows the attacker to recycle some of their Gangers and Juves once during a battle.
- The attacker must decide if they are going to commit an Assault Wave at the start of each battle, which can then be activated during the game.
- If, at the end of a battle, an Assault Wave has not been activated, it is wasted and removed from the attacker's total.

RALLY POINTS

The defender knows they are about to fight a desperate battle and has prepared accordingly. At the start of the campaign the defender has three Rally Points. These are fall back points where stores of medical supplies and ammo have been piled along with non-combatants like servitors to aid the Enforcers. Rally Points can be represented either by a token or appropriate piece of terrain, such as a pile of ammo crates.

A Rally Point grants a number of benefits to nearby defenders:

- **Medical Assistance:** Defenders within 3" of a Rally Point count as having Assistance from a friendly fighter when making Recovery Tests (see page 73 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*). At the end of a scenario any Seriously Injured defender within 3" of a Rally Point do not need to test to see if they succumb to their injuries.
- **Tactical Retreat:** Defenders within 3" of a Rally Point automatically pass Rally Tests (see page 73 of the

Necromunda Rulebook). Broken fighters can move toward a Rally Point instead of seeking cover, even if it would leave them in the open or take them closer to enemy fighters.

- **Reloads:** Defenders within 3" of a Rally Point count their weapons as having the Plentiful Trait and ignore the Scarce and Limited traits on their weapons.

Rally Points do not count as cover and do not impede movement. They cannot be targeted by shooting, however, if an attacker is in base contact with a Rally Point they can destroy it by performing the Smash Apart (Double) action. Once a Rally Point has been destroyed it is removed from the battlefield and from the defender's total number of Rally Points, and is therefore not available to them in future scenarios.

The centre point of the precinct's central tile also counts as a Rally Point. This Rally Point is in addition to the three the defender can place throughout the precinct and cannot be destroyed by the attackers.

During a battle, the attacker can activate an Assault Wave by declaring their intention to do so during the End phase of any round, before Seriously Injured fighters make Recovery rolls.

Any of the attacker's Gangers and Juvies who have been taken Out of Action during this battle (including any who have been killed) may be returned to the battlefield, deploying within 6" of any battlefield edge during the Priority phase of the next round, after rolling for Priority but before fighters are Readied.

Seriously Injured attackers can also be recycled. Instead of making a Recovery roll in the End phase, they are removed from the battlefield and then placed within 6" of any battlefield edge during the Priority phase of the next round, after rolling for Priority but before fighters are Readied.

OUTCOMES: OVERRUNNING THE PRECINCT

Precinct-Fortress 17 has become a battleground with both sides fighting for its corridors and chambers. At the end of each battle, there is a chance that part of the precinct has fallen to the attackers or that the defenders have fought their way back into an area that was taken previously. Each scenario will detail victory conditions for both sides, allowing the attacker to Overrun precinct tiles or for the defender to Reclaim previously Overrun tiles.

When a tile is Overrun, it is no longer considered part of

the precinct, and the defender cannot set up fighters, Rally Points, barricades, or traps in that tile before the following battle or repair any of the tile's doors in the Respite period. Doors in Overrun tiles are always unlocked and can be either open or closed when battle commences, as decided by the attacker.

LASTING INJURIES, RECOVERY, AND MEDICAL ESCORT

During the course of Assault on Precinct-Fortress 17, fighters will be wounded and killed. Sometimes, though, they might be able to carry on into the next battle.

When a fighter is taken Out of Action during the battle, or if any fighters Seriously Injured at the end of the battle succumb to their wounds, roll for them as described below.

ATTACKING FIGHTERS

If one of the attacker's Gangers or Juvies is Taken Out or succumbs to their injuries, do not roll on the Lasting Injuries table. Instead, roll a D6:

- On a roll of 1-4, treat the fighter as if they have suffered a Memorable Death result on the Lasting Injury table.
- On a 5 or 6, treat the fighter as if they have suffered an Out Cold result on the Lasting Injury table.

If the attacker's Leader or any of their Champions is

Taken Out or succumbs to their injuries, roll on the Lasting Injuries table as normal, then roll a D6:

- On a roll of 1-3, the fighter suffers the effects of the Lasting Injury as normal.
- On a roll of 4-6, the fighter suffers the effects of the Lasting Injury, but does not have to go into Recovery.

DEFENDING FIGHTERS

The defender does not have the luxury of being able to give fighters the time to recover; all hands are needed for the defence of the precinct, and all but the dead will contribute their efforts!

If any of the defender's fighters are taken out or succumb to their injuries, roll on the Lasting Injuries table as normal and apply the results to that fighter. However, any fighters that go into Recovery must still take part in the next battle. These fighters must be placed within 3" of a Rally Point, representing the fighter being laid up and undergoing treatment. They begin the battle Prone and Pinned, and if they stand up, move, or are moved more than 3" from the Rally Point, they become Prone and Seriously Injured.

CRITICAL INJURIES

Should the attacker's Leader or any of their Champions, or any of the defender's fighters, suffer a Critical Injury result on the Lasting Injury table, the following rules apply.

If they are an attacker, there is no time to take them to the doc, and they will die unless the attacker's gang has a Rogue Doc to tend to them.

If they are a defender then they can only be saved by the defender's Rogue Doc, if the Hanger-on is still alive.

RESPITE

At the end of each scenario, it is likely some of the defender's fighters might have suffered Lasting Injuries, while others might have weapons that are out of ammo, and the precinct itself might have taken damage. These conditions are not automatically removed between games to better reflect the desperate situation.

Instead, at the end of each battle, immediately after the Wrap-Up, there is a period of Respite, giving the defender a chance to patch up some of their wounded, repair damaged terrain, and restock ammo. Each action performed during Respite, however, requires committing a fighter to the task. Fighters that are in Recovery cannot be used. During the Respite period, each of the defender's fighters can do one of the following.

- **Repair:** The fighter makes emergency repairs to the precinct's defences. Replace a single destroyed or damaged door, or add D3 barricades to the battlefield.
- **Patch-Up:** The fighter administers emergency medical aid to a comrade. One fighter that went into Recovery during the previous battle immediately comes out of Recovery.
- **Restock:** The fighter trawls through the precinct's armoury searching for uncommon ammo. Reload D3 weapons with the Scarce trait that are currently out of ammo or add D3 Booby Traps (Frag, Melta, or Gas as chosen by the defender) to the defender's Stash.

Once the Respite period has been completed, the players move on to the next scenario.

LIMITED AMMO

The defenders have a large armoury at their disposal, but ammo is still a limited resource. Any of the defender's ranged weapons that have the Scarce trait cannot be reloaded between battles unless a Reload action is performed for the weapon during Respite (see above).

TACTICS CARDS

The inclusion of Gang Tactics Cards in Assault on Precinct-Fortress 17 is optional and should be decided by the players before the first battle. If the players choose to include Tactics Cards, then each player can select two cards at the beginning of each scenario.

WINNING THE MINI-CAMPAIGN: VICTORY OR DEFEAT

There is no middle ground in the Enforcer's desperate stand against the Thunderboys, and neither side will be offering any quarter or looking for any from their foes. To see which side has won the campaign, tally up the survivors at the end of the final scenario.

At the end of Scenario Five: Hold until Dawn, if there are no defenders left on the battlefield who are not Seriously Injured, the attacker is the winner. The Thunderboys loot the bodies of their foes before burning the precinct to the ground and retreating back into the wastes to celebrate their victory over Lord Helmawr's rule.

At the end of Scenario Five: Hold until Dawn, if there is at least one defender left on the battlefield who is not Seriously Injured, the defender is the winner. The Enforcers breathe a collective sigh of relief as reinforcements arrive to see off the Thunderboys, leaving the Palanites to take stock of the damage and count their dead.

FIRST SCENARIO: NIGHT FALLS

Whispers of the Thunderboys' plans have reached Lieutenant Chancer, and he has begun the process of fortifying his precinct and briefing his fighters. However, before the Enforcers can man the barricades, the assault begins and they must scramble to hold off the outlaws!

SET DEFENCE

The defender sets up their Rally Points and places Booby Traps anywhere within the precinct. All doors within the precinct begin the battle closed and locked (see page 52 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*). Note that the defender may move through locked doors freely, as it is assumed their fighters have the access codes.

The defender must set up their Leader, their Hangers-on, and at least half of their fighters in the central tile of the precinct. The prisoners are placed in the Gaol. Any remaining fighters can be placed anywhere within the precinct.

FORMULATE ATTACK

Once the defender has set up their defence, the attacker decides how many (if any) of their Assault Waves they will commit to the attack. Then they divide their fighters into two groups: a main force and a flanking force. Both forces must have at least one Champion or the Leader to lead them. The attacker deploys their main force within 2" of one edge of the battlefield. The flanking force is not deployed in the first round of the battle. At the beginning of round two, three, four, or five, before rolling for priority, the entire flanking force is deployed within 2" of one edge of the battlefield.

The attacker has priority in the first round.

OUTCOMES

The battle ends after 6 rounds or if either player has no fighters on the battlefield at the end of any round. At the end of the battle, count up the number of fighters on both sides in the precinct. Do not count fighters who are Seriously Injured with the exception of defenders within 3" of a Rally Point.

If the attacker has the most fighters in the precinct, they can choose two tiles adjacent to no-man's-land to Overrun.

If the defender has the most fighters in the precinct, or it is a tie, then they count as having D3 extra fighters available for the purposes of performing Respite actions.

OPTIONAL SCENARIO: BURN THEM OUT

After being driven back by the Enforcers' superior firepower, the Thunderboys change their tactics by sending in groups of warriors to burn out the defenders. If the fire can take hold, it will force Chancer's fighters out into the open, where they can be easily gunned down by the waiting gangers.

FIRE!

In this scenario, any of the attacker's fighters can take the Set Fire (Double) action. This action can only be taken by an Active fighter within 3" of the centre of a precinct tile. Once this action is completed, place a Blaze token in the centre of the tile being set on fire. In the End phase, roll a D6 for each tile with a Blaze token. On a 4+, place an additional Blaze token on the tile. Any fighter that starts or ends their activation on a tile with Blaze tokens or moves across one may be affected depending on how many Blaze tokens are on the tile (all the effects below are cumulative).

- One Blaze Token: While a fighter is on the tile, reduce their Toughness Characteristic by 1 unless they are equipped with a respirator. Line of sight into, out of, and through the Tile is reduced to 6".
- Two Blaze Tokens: A fighter who begins or ends their activation on the tile must immediately test to see if they catch fire just as if they had been hit by a weapon with the Blaze trait. Fighters who both begin and end their activation on the tile must test twice – once when their activation begins and once when it ends.
- Three Blaze Tokens: The tile is fully ablaze. Fighters cannot voluntarily enter the tile, and fighters who begin their activation on the tile become Broken and must move toward the nearest non-burning tile.

A Blaze token can be removed from a burning tile if an Active fighter takes the Douse (Double) action within 3" of the centre of the tile. If all the Blaze tokens are removed from a tile, it is no longer on fire.

SET DEFENCE

The defender sets up their Rally Points and places Booby Traps anywhere within the precinct. All doors within the precinct begin the battle closed and locked (see page 52 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*). Note that the defender may move through locked doors freely, as it is assumed their fighters have the access codes.

The defender must set up their Hangers-on in the central tile of the precinct. The prisoners begin in the Gaol unless they have been released, in which case they can be placed anywhere within 6" of a defending fighter. All remaining fighters can be placed anywhere within the precinct.

FORMULATE ATTACK

Once the defender has set up their defence, the attacker decides how many (if any) of their Assault Waves they will commit to the attack. Then they create a crew of ten fighters. The attacker can deploy their fighters anywhere outside of the precinct or on any Overrun tiles provided they are out of line of sight of any defenders.

The attacker has priority in the first round.

OUTCOMES

The battle ends after 4 rounds or if either player has no fighters on the battlefield at the end of any round. At the end of the battle, count up the number of tiles that have Blaze tokens on them.

If no tiles have Blaze tokens, the defender can reclaim one Overrun tile.

If 1 or 2 tiles have Blaze tokens, the attacker can choose a tile adjacent to no-man's-land to Overrun.

If 3 or more tiles have Blaze tokens, the attacker can choose two tiles adjacent to no-man's-land to Overrun.

OPTIONAL SCENARIO: INFILTRATION

The Thunderboys have managed to temporarily cut the power to the precinct, plunging it into darkness. Under cover of shadows, the outlaw gang has sent in a small group of assassins to take out Chancer and his specialists.

BLACKOUT

The battle begins in Pitch Black conditions (see page 120 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*). Rally Points count as areas of emergency lighting, and all fighters within 4" of a Rally Point are Revealed.

The defenders are expecting an assault from outside but do not know that the Thunderboys have found a secret way into the precinct. This scenario uses the rules for Sneak Attacks (see page 119 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*) with all defending fighters counting as Sentries until the alarm is raised. Note that for the purposes of spotting attackers, the Pitch Black conditions count as full cover for any attacker further than 3" from a Sentry.

SET DEFENCE

The defender sets up their Rally Points and places Booby Traps anywhere within the precinct. All doors within the precinct begin the battle closed and locked (see page 52 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*). Note that the defender may move through locked doors freely, as it is assumed their fighters have the access codes.

The defender's fighters can be placed anywhere within the precinct. The prisoners begin in the Gaol unless they have been released, in which case they be placed anywhere within 6" of a defending fighter.

FORMULATE ATTACK

Once the defender has set up their defence, the attacker decides how many (if any) of their Assault Waves they will commit to the attack. Then they choose six of their fighters to infiltrate the precinct. These fighters can be placed anywhere on the battlefield as long as they are more than 3" from a defender and out of line of sight.

The attacker has priority in the first round.

OUTCOMES

The battle last for 4 rounds. At the end of the battle, check to see if the defender's Leader or any of their Hangers-on have been taken Out of Action.

- If all three Hangers-on and the defender's Leader are still on the battlefield, the defenders can Reclaim a tile.
- If at least 2 Hangers-on have been taken Out of Action, the attacker can choose a tile adjacent to no-man's-land to Overrun.
- If at least 2 Hangers-on and the defender's Leader have been taken Out of Action, the attacker can choose two tiles adjacent to no-man's-land to Overrun.



OPTIONAL SCENARIO: THE CHALLENGE

Captain Chancer has been called out by the leader of the Thunderboys. Chancer has accepted the Thunderboy's challenge to buy time for reinforcements to reach the precinct, but both sides have a few tricks up their sleeve should things go bad for them.

THROW DOWN

At the start of the battle, the defender's Leader and the attacker's Leader (or one Leader on the attacker's side if there are multiple gangs assaulting the precinct) are the only fighters to receive Ready markers. Until a Leader has either been Seriously Injured or moves more than 12" away from the other Leader, fighters (including the Leaders themselves) can only use weapons with the Melee trait.

At the start of the second battle round, and in each subsequent round, both players can choose an additional fighter to become Ready and gain a Ready Marker. Once a fighter is made Ready, they will then gain a Ready marker at the start of each following round as normal (see page 51 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*).

SET DEFENCE

The defender sets up their Rally Points and places Booby Traps anywhere within the precinct. All doors within the precinct except for one of the ones leading to the wasteland begin the battle closed but unlocked (see page 52 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*). This remaining door begins the battle open. Note that the defender may move through locked doors freely, as it is assumed their fighters have the access codes.

The defender must set up their Leader just outside the entranceway of the open door. Any Hangers-on and at least half of the defender's fighters must set up in the central tile of the precinct. The prisoners begin in the Gaol unless they have been released, in which case they be placed anywhere within 6" of a defending fighter. Any remaining fighters must be set up within the precinct and within 12" of the Leader.

The defender has priority in the first round.

FORMULATE ATTACK

Once the defender has set up their defence, the attacker decides how many (if any) of their Assault Waves they will commit to the attack. The attacker places their Leader in no-man's-land 6" from the defender's Leader and facing them. At least half of the attacker's gang is then set up in no-man's-land within 12" of the attacker's Leader. The remaining fighters are held back as Reinforcements (see page 119 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*). When these Reinforcements arrive, the attacker selects three fighters from their Reinforcement deck and brings them on from any battlefield edge or places them in any Overrun tile at least 6" from any enemy fighters.

OUTCOMES

The battle last for 4 rounds or until a Leader is taken Out of Action. At the end of the battle, check to see which Leader inflicted the most damage on their opponent.

- If a Leader was Seriously Injured, the opposing gang can either Overrun or Reclaim a precinct tile.
- If a Leader was taken Out of Action, the opposing gang can Overrun or Reclaim two precinct tiles.
- If neither Leader was Seriously Injured or taken Out of Action, the defender can Reclaim a precinct tile.



FINAL SCENARIO: HOLD UNTIL DAWN

Tired of skirmishing with Changer's Enforcers, the Thunderboys launch their final assault. This is a massive attack from all sides with the goal of smashing apart the defenders in a sudden avalanche of gangers.

FALL BACK!

The defender is making a final stand and must fall back before the attacker to maximise their chances of survival. In the End phase, count up the number of attackers and defenders in each of the precinct tiles, with the exception of the central tile. Do not count fighters who are Seriously Injured unless they are a defender within 3" of a Rally Point. If the attacker has more fighters in a tile than the defender, the tile has been taken and the defender must fall back. Any Rally Points in the tile are destroyed, and all defenders must use their activations to fall back to a friendly tile. If they cannot reach a friendly tile during their activation, they become Broken and will flee toward the nearest friendly tile. Once a tile has been taken by the attacker, the defender's models cannot voluntarily enter it.

Unlike the previous scenarios, the defender must make Bottle tests but still benefit from the Home Turf advantage.

SET DEFENCE

The defender sets up their Rally Points and places Booby Traps anywhere within the precinct. All doors within the precinct begin the battle closed and locked (see page 52 of the *Necromunda Rulebook*). Note that the defender may move through locked doors freely, as it is assumed their fighters have the access codes.

They must set up their Leader, any Hangers-on, and at least half of their fighters in the central tile of the precinct. The prisoners begin in the Gaol unless they have been released, in which case they be placed anywhere within 6" of a defending fighter. Any remaining fighters can be placed anywhere within the precinct.

FORMULATE ATTACK

Once the defender has set up their defence, the attacker decides how many (if any) of their Assault Waves they will commit to the attack. Then they divide their fighters into four groups with at least one fighter in each group. Each group deploys within 12" of one of the four entrances to the precinct.

The attacker has priority in the first round of the battle.

OUTCOMES

The battle ends after 6 rounds or if either player has no fighters on the battlefield at the end of any round. At the end of the battle, refer to Winning the Mini-Campaign: Victory or Defeat to see which side is victorious (see page 134).

INSIDE THE STUDIO

The fun never ends inside the Warhammer Studio, and this month was no exception. Many miniatures were painted, many games played, and many debates were had about which Space Marine Chapter is the best. Both Matt and Dan painted Space Marines this month, albeit 10,000 years apart (in game terms, not real life), while Lyle continued his mission to paint a Titan Legion in time for a game later this year. All three of them played games this month, too. Matt and Lyle played Adeptus Titanicus while Dan played Jonathan at a few games of Warhammer 40,000. Shaun and Ben played the role of eager spectators. You can see how they all got on over the page.



BIG MEN, LITTLE TITANS

Lyle's painted two Warhound Titans this month for his Legio Astorum force. 'I painted them the same way as my Warlord Titan last month,' says Lyle. 'This time, though, I used the new Aethermatic Blue Contrast paint to make the coils on the plasma blastgun look like they are glowing. I also painted the first five Guardsmen for my Astra Militarum army. I followed the colours in the Citadel Paint app to get them done quickly to a good standard.'



As we come to the end of the magazine, we take a look at the games people have been playing and the models they've been painting in the studio over the past month. This issue: more Titans, some clever conversions, battling in the bunker, and a trophy.

AWARD-WINNING

If you look below, you'll see a picture of the team looking swanky with some kind of glass trophy, which you can see better on the right. Well, that's because *White Dwarf* won an award for best Special Interest magazine at the ACE Newspaper and Magazine Awards 2019! We're obviously extremely proud of this, though Grombrindal did make a bit of a nuisance of himself at the awards. Apparently complimentary drinks doesn't extend to barrels of ale. Oh, that naughty dwarf!



LIEUTENANT JAVAN

Inspired by the Space Marine kitbashing going on in the studio, Dan created a Lieutenant for his Blood Angels army. 'I took the Lieutenant in Phobos Armour from the Shadowspear box and gave him a chainsword from the Death Company set,' says Dan. 'I also swapped his head for one of the ones in the Baal Predator kit and reattached the occlusus sensor to his new head.' A blood drop icon on his chest, a halo on his backpack, and a vial on his belt complete the conversion.



GAMING IN THE BUNKER

When we're not making *White Dwarf* for you lot in the real world, we try and get in a few games. Here's what we've been playing.

FOR THE GREATER GOOD

Jonathan's painted quite a few battlesuits for his T'au army over the last year or so, but he hasn't used them in many battles. So Dan suggested playing a few small games to get used to them. Their first battle pitted Dan's Orks against the T'au, which went really badly for the greenskins – they were wiped out in very short order. Dan then fielded his Adeptus Mechanicus against the T'au, the two armies trading ferocious firepower across the battlefield. The Stygian Skitarii gained the upper hand when the Kastelan Robots charged the Stormsurge, but in the end, overwhelming T'au firepower won the day. Again.



The Adeptus Mechanicus swarm the T'au, attempting to confine them to their half of the battlefield **(1)**. Jonathan quickly realises that the Adeptus Mechanicus are not only fast, they're good shots, too. Two of his battlesuits are blasted apart by the Onager Duncrawler and the last one lanced to death by a Sydonian Dragoon **(2)**.

But Dan's luck doesn't last. His units are blasted apart by the Stormsurge's many guns, while his Onager becomes the target of an unexpected Coldstar Commander assault **(3)**.



A TITANIC DUEL

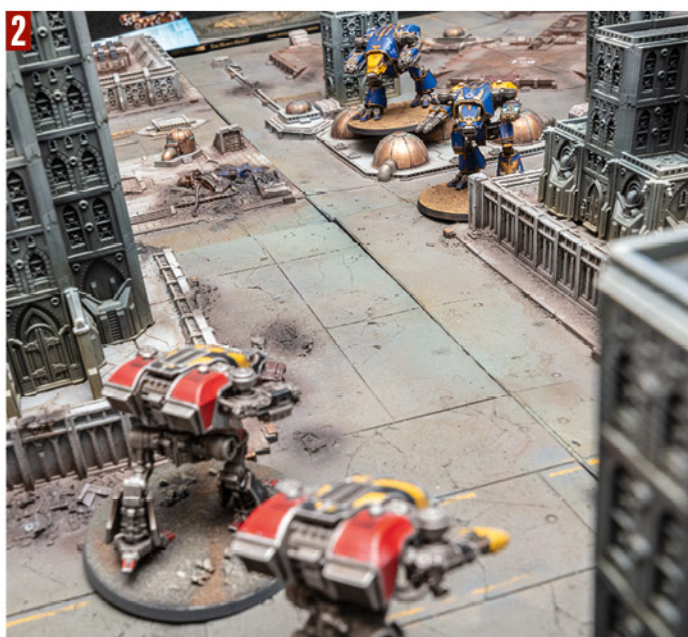
Matt has painted loads of Adeptus Titanicus Titans recently and has finally goaded Lyle into painting some of his own so they can play a game. Their first battle was a small affair, with two Warhounds and a Warlord Titan on each side, all conveniently armed with the same weapons.

Both players began the game aggressively, sending their Warhounds out to intercept the enemy while their Warlords got into position. As Lyle quickly found, 'It's not a good idea sticking Warhounds in front of your opponent's Warlord,' says Matt. 'Their apocalypse missile launchers strip off the void shields, then they get to work with their volcano cannons.' Matt quickly took down one of Lyle's Warhounds, then the second, then sent his own Warhounds in to surround Lyle's last Titan. Several rounds of violent shooting later, Lyle's force was annihilated.



The Warhounds scout ahead of their respective Warlord Titans (1), using their smaller guns to strip down void shields and cause occasional damage while their larger comrades get into position. The terrain ensures the Legio Ignatum Titans (2) stay hidden from Lyle's Warlord.

'I'm going to roll to see if it blows up now, which it hopefully will,' says Matt following the punishing fire of his Warlord Titan (3). Much to his disappointment, Lyle's Warhound doesn't explode. It just sort of crumples to the ground.



CAN'T SEE THE WOOD FOR THE TREE ... LORD ANCIENT

Being the hobby hero that he is, Mark Bedford not only painted a load of models for A Tale of Four Warlords and the Space Marine Kitbash, he also painted a Treelord Ancient, too. 'I got into my head the idea of combining the

new Sylvaneth Wyldwood with the Treelord kit,' says Mark. 'I used the branches and leaves to create a cape made of foliage. I also cut the top off his staff and replaced it with the Spirit of Durthu's sword to make a spear. The base was made using parts from the Timeworn Ruins set.'



NEXT MONTH BEWARE THE INQUISITION

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