



WHITE DWARF

ISSUE
470

**RULES UPDATES
FOR THE CITIES
OF SIGMAR**

**THE DEBUT
TALE OF
DREKKI FLYNT**

**GALACTIC
WAR HOSTS:
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HERESY SO FAR**

**QUEST OF THE
RINGBEARER
BATTLE REPORT**

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November 2021

WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 470

SEASON'S GREETINGS



LYLE LOWERY
Managing Editor

The season of giving is upon us once again (can you believe it?), so *White Dwarf* is packed with some gifts from us to you. Included with this issue is a Special Play card for Blood Bowl, a Tactics card for Necromunda, an Ace card for Aeronautica Imperialis and a Battlefield Effects card for Adeptus Titanicus, perfect for those Specialist Games fanatics out there.

For our Tome Keepers fans, we've thrown in another Tome Keepers transfer sheet. If you got the one we gave away in June as well, you're swimming in Tome Keepers Chapter icons! You're covered for a full company of Space Marines between the two. This one's slightly different as well, giving you a few new options for text with which to adorn your vehicles. Pro tip: use a yellow glaze on the 2nd Company vehicle roundels. It'll easily cover the white part of the roundel, but the black numeral will still show through the glaze. And of course even if you're not doing Tome Keepers, those black tactical markings and white gothic numerals will come in handy for many Codex-adherent Chapters, especially those with light-coloured armour!

For a last little bit of holiday fun, we used this issue's card insert to bring you a couple of greeting postcards and some gift tags. You can clip out the gift tags and tape them to presents, or if you prefer to use ribbon or twine, there's enough room to punch a hole through the tag as well. The postcards are official UK postcard size, so once you clip them out, they're fit to pop in the mail like any other postcard. Why not drop a message to a friend or family member to let them know you're thinking of them? Nothing beats receiving a card in the mail for the holidays!

Season's greetings from your friends at *White Dwarf*!

A stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'LTL'.



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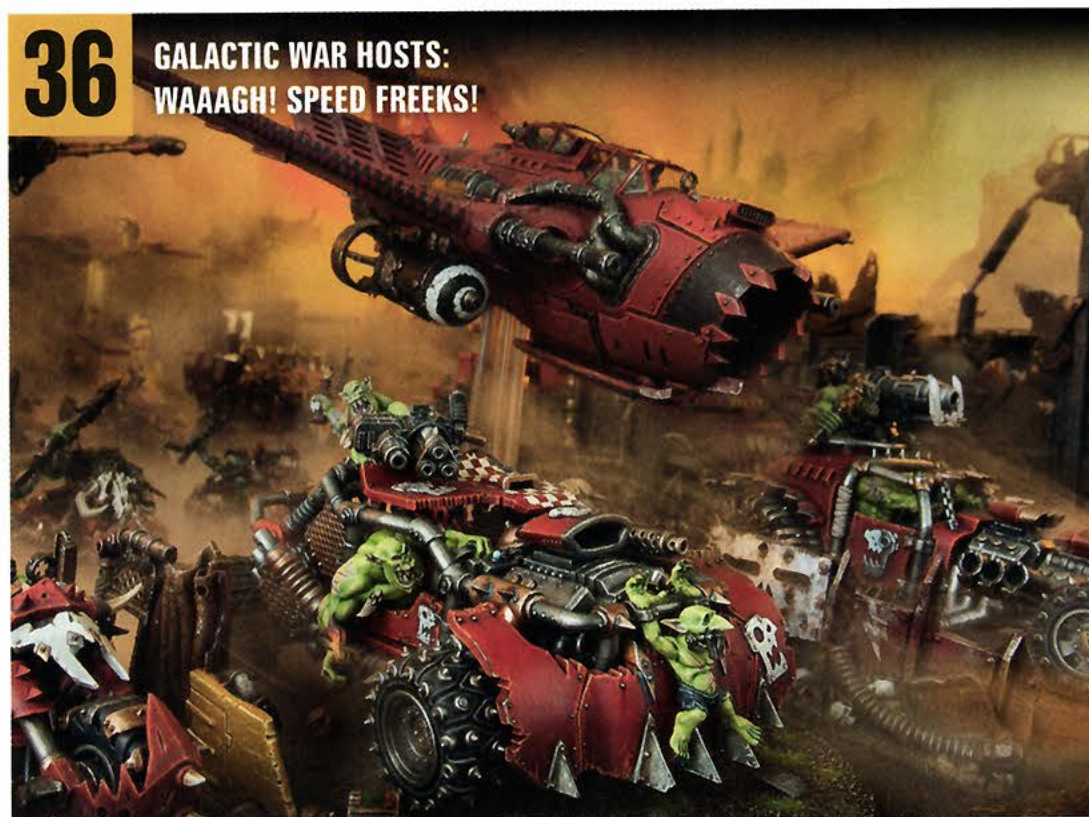
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THE RED AND THE DEAD PART I



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GALACTIC WAR HOSTS: WAAAGH! SPEED FREEKS!



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A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS



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TODAY!
SEE INSIDE
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BATTLE REPORT: QUEST OF THE RINGBEARER



FREE GIFT EXTRAVAGANZA!

It's almost Christmas, which means festive gifts! We've got more Tome Keepers transfers, special event and weapon cards for a host of Specialist Games and plenty more besides!



ON THIS ISSUE'S TEAR-OUT SHEET
Seeing as it's Christmas (or Krimbo, as the Orks like to call it), we put a couple of festive cards and a few gift tags in the card section of this month's mag. Simply tear out the card section as normal, then cut around the cards and tags with a pair of scissors. We can guarantee (fingers crossed!) that granny will love her festive Warhammer gift tag.



WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR FLASHPOINT CLASH



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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.

Witch Aelves
by Philipp Höppner



Ork Flash Gitz
by Scott Hall



Anvils of the Heldenhammer Sequitors
by Aleix Gibert





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HOBBY BINGO

Greetings, White Dwarf team!

I have enjoyed reading about how the folks in the bunker have been doing with their Hobby Bingo cards over issues 461 and 462 of your fine magazine, and you have inspired me to play along. I know you started back in December, so I am a bit late to the party, but I'm going to play fair and only check off the projects I've worked on since issue 461 came out and I started paying attention to what was going on!

So far I've checked off the Unit of 2+ Models box with my Drukhari Hellions, the Hero or Character box with my Alarith Stonemage and the Fortification or Scenery box with the Necron Convergence of Dominion set. I painted the Necron terrain for my son's Necron army – it's a beautiful kit, by the way, and a joy to paint. I used some very simple techniques to paint it and it still looks great.

I particularly like the idea of this Hobby Bingo challenge because I have a touch of ADD when it comes to painting and I prefer to bounce around from project to project, painting whatever strikes my fancy rather than just slogging through a whole force in one go. And this Hobby Bingo challenge rewards me for doing just that!

Next up on the painting table is a Death Guard Foetid Bloat-drone to fill in the Vehicle or Monster box adjacent to my first two projects, and then after that maybe I will paint some more Lumineth Realm-lords, as I have quite a few of them in my painting queue. Plus, there's a whole slew of new Lumineth models out that I want to paint, too, so I need to clear the backlog. There are also things

to paint for my Warcry collection and Slaves to Darkness army, more Drukhari and Primaris Space Marines, more Fyreslayers and Genestealer Cultists, plus Warhammer Underworlds warbands ...

So yes, lots to do!

Games Workshop has been really hitting it out of the park for the last few years – you've given me so many things to paint. Stay tuned to see what I finish next!

As always, thanks for your hard work keeping the magazine great and producing quality content that gets my hobby juices flowing.

Ben Tull

Westmont, Illinois, USA

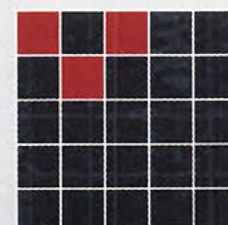
It's a pleasure providing inspiration for you, Ben – you're not the only person to write in saying you've found the Hobby Bingo sheet to be a great motivator. In fact, most people seem to be taking the same approach as you, painting a unit from one army, then hopping on to a character from another force before painting some scenery for a completely different game system. We hope you managed to get plenty more entries filled in on your sheet between time of writing (May!) and publication (November), because the Hobby Bingo 2022 sheet will be in next month's issue!



B2
FORTIFICATION
OR SCENERY



A1
HERO OR
CHARACTER



MODEL OF THE MONTH: ÉOMER, MARSHAL OF THE RIDDERMARK

Our model of the month this issue is this stunning rendition of Éomer, Marshal of the Riddermark, by Francesco Olivieri. We asked Francesco how he went about painting him.

Francesco: I started by basecoating all the leather parts with Doombull Brown. I highlighted them with a mix of skin tones and then glazed back the colour with watered-down Flesh Tearers Red. Finally, I edge-highlighted the leather with Cadian Fleshtone. For the metal, I used Grey Knights Steel as a base, which I shaded with a mix of Nuln Oil and Akhelian Green (about 3:1). I then applied a selective shade of Nuln Oil Gloss to the deepest recesses. I finally highlighted every single edge with Stormhost Silver.

For Éomer's skin, I used Cadian Fleshtone shaded with Reikland Fleshshade and highlighted with Kislev Flesh and Pallid Wych Flesh. My goal was to focus attention on all the expressive points of the face – the eyebrows, nose tip, cheeks (mostly right under the eyes) and laughter lines. A subtle glaze of blue added to the lower parts of the cheeks increases contrast and gives his face a more three-dimensional feeling. I painted his hair using XV-88 as a base, which I shaded with Agrax Earthshade. I then layered on Zamesi Desert, Ushabti Bone and a few spots of Dorn Yellow on the most raised areas for the highlights.



Branchwych
by Helen Hickman



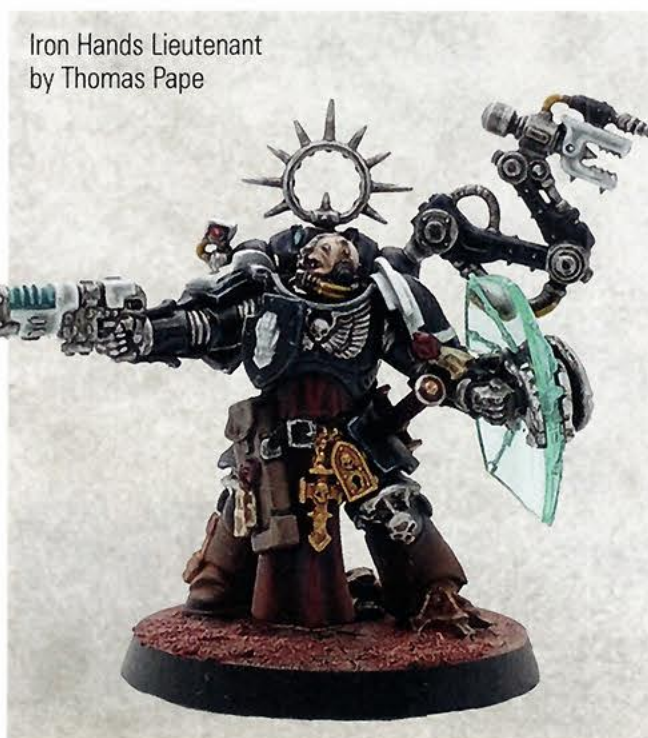
Nathaniel Garro
by Geoff Payne



Knight-Incantor
by Sascha Buttgerit



Iron Hands Lieutenant
by Thomas Pape



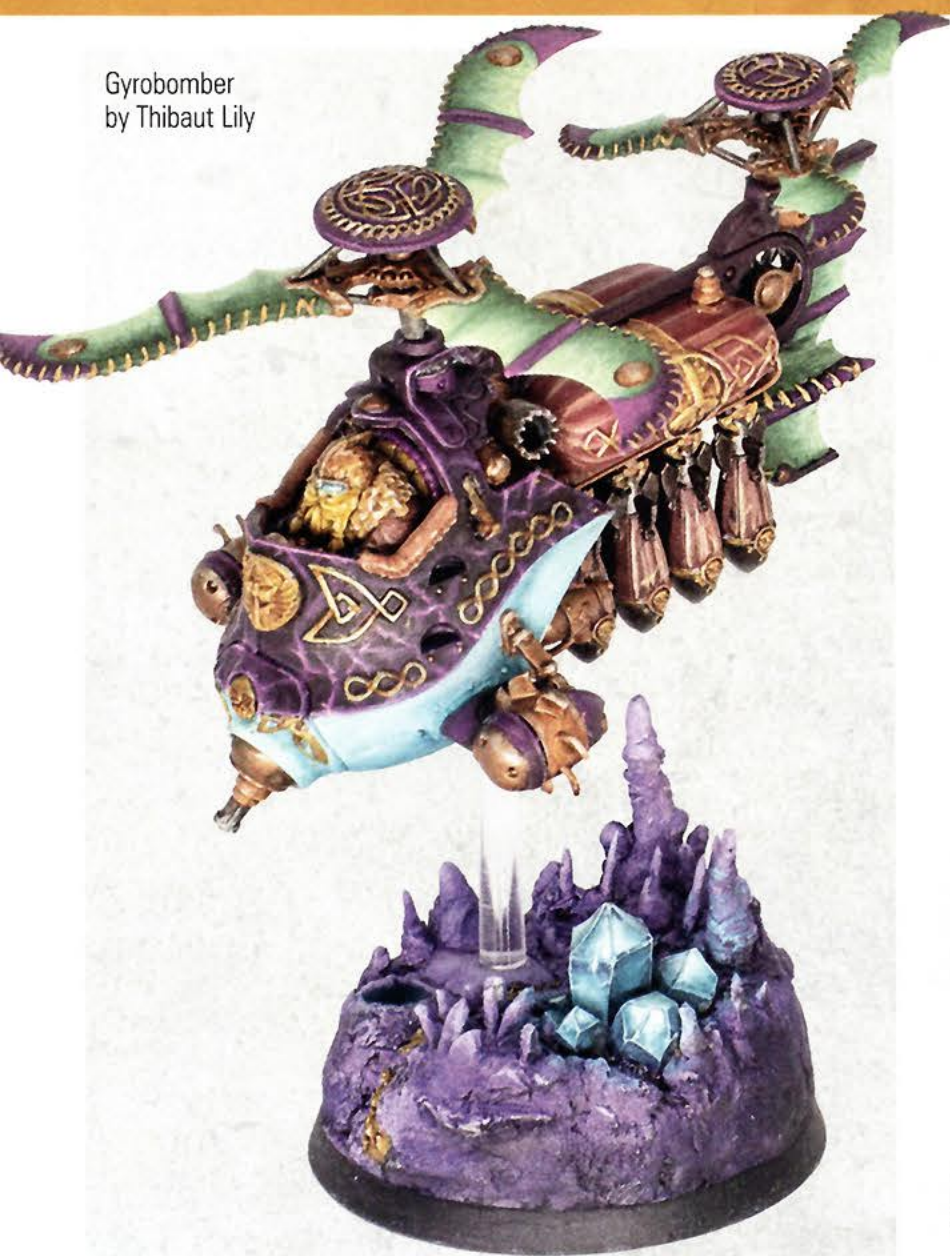
Severin Steelheart
by Thierry Devillechabrolle



Tome Keepers Captain
by Thilo Engels



Gyrobomber
by Thibaut Lily



ASK GROMBRINDAL

Dear *White Dwarf*, I have a question about the Exorcists Chapter of Space Marines. Sergeants in Codex-compliant Chapters wear a red helmet to denote their rank, but red is the normal helm colour of the Exorcists. So what colour do the sergeants wear?



Thomas Davis
Louisville, Kentucky, USA, Holy Terra

Ah, that classic red on red problem – if only Space Marines didn't have such excellent heraldry! It's probably best to answer this question generally first. Some Chapters that wear red armour may denote their sergeants with different-coloured faceplates or shoulder pads (the Blood Angels are a good example of this). Others may wear a white laurel around their helmet, or a skull icon. Some wear a back banner, though this has become less fashionable in recent times. No one wants to get shot in the heraldry! In the case of the Exorcists, they wear a white stripe on the top of their helmet. Veteran Sergeants wear a full white helmet, with Veterans (such as Terminators) wearing bone.

Grombrindal

PAINTING QUESTION: JOHN MARGIOTTA'S ULTRAMARINES

Hi, I'm really taken with John Margiotta's Ultramarines that were shown on page 4 of issue 452. How do I replicate the worn effect please?

David Love
Oban, Scotland

We can definitely help you out with that, David. First, John applies a basecoat of Lothorn Blue followed by a wash of Agrax Earthshade. He

then glazes the recesses with Tuskgor Fur mixed with a little bit of orange. This simulates weathering and dirt. Then he reapplies the Lothorn Blue, layering it up where the light would catch the armour most, such as the outside of the legs, the chest and the tops of the shoulder pads. He added a bit of Fenrisian Grey for the next layer, then Fenrisian Grey on its own for the final highlights. He applies any additional weathering using a sponge. Done!



WEATHERED ARMOUR

Basecoat: Lothorn Blue

Wash: Agrax Earthshade & Lahmian Medium 1:3

Glaze: Tuskgor Fur & Troll Slayer Orange (recesses)

Layer: Lothorn Blue

Layer: Lothorn Blue & Fenrisian Grey

Layer: Fenrisian Grey

TOP PHOTO TIPS

In Contact, we want to show off the very best miniatures painted by you, our readers. Of course, great miniatures 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 top tips are:

Always use a white background.

Make sure you've got good lighting.

Ensure the whole model is in focus, including the base and all its weapons.

Find the model's golden angle. If in doubt, take a look at the same model on the Games Workshop website to see how it was photographed.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT: JIMBO WARTH

We get sent loads of photos of models every month, but sometimes we receive a great selection painted by one hobbyist. This issue, it's Jimbo Warth's Sylvaneth collection.

Jimbo: The Huntspinney of Sequoyya is one of the expeditionary forces tasked by Alarielle to search the Mortal Realms and locate the missing Spirits of Durthu that the Everqueen banished in a pique of anger. As such, whenever I use my army in games, I typically field at least one Spirit of Durthu and a Treelord or an Ancient. Sylvaneth are a joy to paint because if anything doesn't go to plan, it looks naturally treelike anyway! All sorts of different techniques work really well, and I use many for my colour scheme. You can probably tell from the name Sequoyya that the army is based on the redwood trees found around California.



Treelord Ancient

Sylvaneth Dryads

Druanti the Arch-Revenant



Kurnoth Hunters

I use a dark red basecoat for the bark, which I drybrush with Kislev Flesh. I then wash the whole model with Fuegan Orange before applying a lighter drybrush of Kislev Flesh. I pick high-level features and branches with Ushabti Bone and then wash the entire model with Seraphim Sepia. The top highlights are Ushabti Bone.

The green leaves are based with Warpstone Glow and highlighted with Yriel Yellow on the tips. The whole leaf is shaded with Coelia Greenshade before a really small highlight of Yriel Yellow is reapplied to the tip.

Sylvaneth are an army of trees, so I think their basing should reflect their forest home. I gather twigs, fragments of bark, interesting-shaped gravel and dried leaves to glue to the bases using PVA glue. The wood parts are painted to match the Sylvaneth bark whilst the rocks are painted a neutral grey. I apply some static grass and tufts before gluing down a sprinkling of crushed leaves.



Tree-Revenants

WARHAMMER

WORLDS OF WARHAMMER



PHIL KELLY

As the Warhammer Age of Sigmar Studio's creative lead, Phil is almost permanently (some might say eternally) immersed in the lore of the Mortal Realms as well as that of the 41st Millennium. He was recently seen in Ghur trying to extract a fly from a lump of amber realmstone for some mysterious experiment. All the tropes tell us this can only end badly.

Welcome to the second part of the Age of Sigmar Lore FAQ. Last time around, I introduced the concept of answering questions about 'how the AoS setting works' outside the battletomes, novels and rulebooks that show the wars for the Mortal Realms in all their splendour. In writing parlance, you should typically 'show rather than tell' – i.e. have information come across in situ, as the story progresses, rather than breaking away from the action to manage the exposition of your worlds. Still, given the title of this column, I thought it would be fair to gather some cogent facts together in the same place to 'catch people up' in this new era of war. Showing information about the days of the week by heading up a short story written in the form of a diary entry can be fun, but there's nothing quite like having a definitive list for such things, and editor Lyle was kind enough to oblige.

This time around, we'll focus a bit more on Sigmarite culture and the cities of our settings.

What language do people use to communicate? Is there a common tongue?

Though there are countless subcultures and dialects in the Mortal Realms, all the followers of the God-King can speak – to some degree or other – a bastardised version of the Azyrite tongue. This is the lingua franca of the Sigmarite nations, being as it is a version of the language spoken by Sigmar himself when he first settled the realms. Most aelves and duardin are fluent in the language, too, whether it's for reasons of trade, friendship or even to know the enemy.

What forms of currency do people use in the Mortal Realms?

In all the cities of the Mortal Realms, a barter economy existed for the first few years before anything approaching a currency evolved, and it still thrives. A rich merchant might trade a nullstone casket in exchange for a pair of war

stallions, for instance, whereas a peasant might trade a knife missing its handle for a loaf of seedbread from Miller's Row. At the dawn of the Age of Sigmar, the idea of coin was tried for a while, but with the Kharadron Overlords having so much control over the Spiral Crux of Chamon – where precious metals such as gold are as commonplace as hardwood – inflation soon made the system impractical, leading to the time known as the Goldflood. The barter system rose to the top once more, much to the irritation of the duardin behind the coin initiative.

Since that time, a steady currency has emerged in the form of Aqua Ghyranis imported from Ghyran. This is essentially a stable, dilute form of Ghyranite realmstone supplied from the sacred regenerating pools of the Sylvaneth enclaves (though the Sylvaneth are cagey about sharing too much of this stuff). It is valuable in and of itself, for it is something of a panacea if you have enough of it, and it can spur growth in even the most stubborn and arid soil. Typically kept in phials, flasks or special cylinders, it is valued in every realm for its healing properties. In Aqshy, most of those above the poverty line carry a pipette and shaped glass plate everywhere they go, measuring out Aqua Ghyranis drop by drop onto the glass before allowing the person they are trading with to tip it carefully into their own flask. Licking the plate afterwards is seen as uncouth but does undoubtedly have health benefits, 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. In part two of a two-part special, Phil answers some of the most pressing questions about the Age of Sigmar.

no one wants to waste Aqua Ghyranis. Each droplet can be imagined as equivalent to a pound coin or a dollar bill. A little phial of the stuff might be worth a hundred pounds/dollars, and a barrelful could set you up for life.

What kind of power source is behind all the industry of the Mortal Realms?

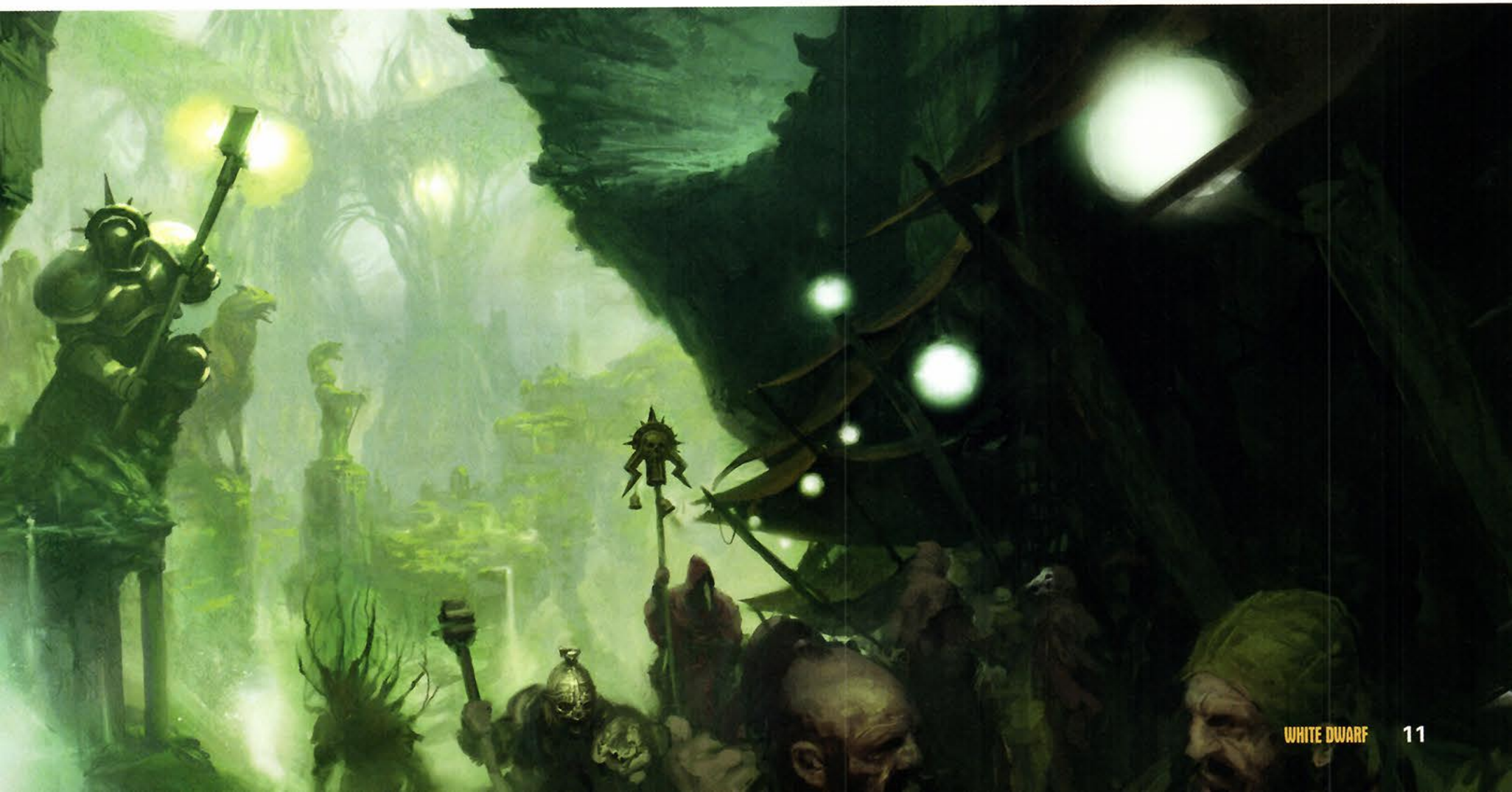
Though the Ironweld Arsenal is fond of steam power, the cutting-edge industry of the Mortal Realms revolves around the crystallised magic known as realmstone. Even the aether-gold of the Kharadron is a form of this meta-substance. The engines and inventions made to capitalise on realmstone (in whatever form) can channel immense amounts of energy, though it is far more dangerous and unpredictable than mundane sources of power. In the Mortal Realms, the different varieties of realmstone and its diluted or relatively stable equivalents are always the most valuable and sought-after resource (as mentioned above, Aqua Ghyranis is a dilute, stable form of the shifting-state Ghyranite substance sometimes known as 'cyclestone').

Though realmstone is always very dangerous to use, essentially being crystallised magic energy, it can provide a near-endless amount of power – and relatively easily at that. The different realms have different ways of using, refining and containing their realmstone, and many scientific discoveries have been made as a result of its treatment.

The most common way to contain the volatile energy of realmstone is to use the substance known as nullstone, an ore that comes from the void itself via the occasional meteorite. Nullstone works a bit like lead against radiation and, hence, is valuable in and of itself; you can't stabilise a chunk of realmstone without first having some nullstone to keep it in. Rock rich in nullstone can be mined from meteorites and areas where an Aethervoid Pendulum (an 'endless spell' active since the magical tumult of the Arcanum Optimar) has carved the earth. This has seen a recent boom in nullstone prospecting, spell hunting and the containment and harnessing of ever larger amounts of realmstone.

So realmstone can be diluted?

Yes, but only by experts in the field with dangerously subdued survival instincts. Aqshy's version of realmstone, aqthracite, is a bit like a chunk of coal that always burns. It can be ground to a powder (at great risk – the Parchers use special stone-based cog machines to do this to avoid being immolated), mixed with powdered obsidian and used as a more stable version that does not spontaneously combust, though it does burst into flame at a sharp impact – or even a harsh swear word if the bearer is near the Realm's Edge. When sufficiently diluted and mixed with sulphur, nitrates and other chemicals, it is used to make fingerbite, an excellent form of gunpowder. Don't get it on your skin, though, as it will burn deep.





How do traders get around the place?

It's a dangerous wilderness out there, and no journey is undertaken lightly. A lot of preparation is needed, as well as a Reclaimed guide who somehow survived living in that region and knows the safest routes, and a heavy armed guard, usually consisting of mercenary types such as Fyreslayers or even an ogor Maneater or three. If you have Aqua Ghyranis to burn, you might well be able to enlist a Kharadron Overlords ship to ferry you to your destination in relative safety. The skies are generally easier going than the lands below; the Floating Market of Bataar, an entire city of flying ships that take the market to the customer rather than the other way around, works on this principle. Even then, the airways are beset with airborne daemons, harkraken, the corruptions known as the cursed skies of Be'lakor and perhaps even the odd flotilla of airborne grot pirates. It's all about playing the odds, really, though it's a gambler's nightmare out there ...

Who made the realmgates?

No one really knows, though there are rumours that an ancient race known as the Old Ones put the portals into being. Some appear as natural phenomena, others as constructions. Some have been claimed by one race or another; the architecture of those that have been 'framed' by monolithic archways and similar structures suggest they were built upon by the earliest civilisations of the Mortal Realms. Since then, a great many have been corrupted by Chaos. To use one as a shortcut to your destination is usually a leap of faith at best.

How old are the cities?

Most of the Cities of Sigmar are all around a hundred years old, with the first of their number being closer to 120. Some are built on truly ancient ruins and catacombs, the remnants of predecessor cities that were raised in the Age of Myth and the basis for the expansionist strategies of the Dawnbringer Crusades. There are whispers that there remain a few last cities that were so well hidden through artifice or enchantment that they survived the Age of Chaos, but if such places truly exist, they have yet to make their presence felt.

How are the cities ruled?

Each settlement has a council of elders or

champions that watches over it and makes decisions on behalf of the people. Loosely meritocratic, these are hotbeds of debate and passion – especially in Aqshy, where Bright Mages are largely banned as council members due to their habit of bursting into flames when they get really angry. The largest form of these councils are known as Grand Conclaves, democratically elected (at least in theory) and with traditional roles and representatives from every race, station and enclave in the city. They vote on important matters through a show of hands – though they always have an empty seat for Sigmar himself, and should he show up (which is all but unheard of), the word of the God-King is law.

Is there a formal church of Sigmar, or a structured religion in the cities?

Yes, and it's often called the Church Unberogen. This religious organisation has many incarnations, for in each realm, Sigmar is revered in slightly different ways. In the Realm of Fire, Sigmar is often worshipped as a blazing twin-tailed comet that sets fire to entire nations when it strikes. In Shyish, he is seen as a saviour king with a crown of dark lightning upon his brow; those who believe in him strongly enough will, upon death, find their spirits lingering in an underworld much like the forests and rolling hills of the God-King's birthplace. In Ghyran, he is often depicted as a muscular giant wound with vines, a reference to an ancient story about him and Alarielle. In Chamon, he is the Golden Lord, his glory such that to look upon him is to know the poverty of the soul.

They encourage the common man to claim the birthright that lies scattered in the wilderness for those intrepid enough to get out there and take it. However, these are all dangerous words, if not outright lies, of course. Those who listen to them soon find out that the golden promises are all too frequently lost to the corpse-mulch of the battlefield. Still, they are undoubtedly effective in rousing the populace to enlisting, especially the young and the desperate. Without their efforts, the Dawnbringer Crusades would likely be untenable.

Q. Speaking of faith, what's the deal with Kurnoth and the Kurnothi?

Kurnoth, the hunter deity who was once consort to Alarielle in the Everspring Swathe, is a dead god, slain long ago by the scourge of Nurgle. Perhaps dormant would be a better term, for like all things tied to the eternal cycles of Ghyran, he may experience a rebirth of his own someday. Certainly this is the belief of the Kurnothi, a fierce and warlike religion that encompasses a wide variety of believers, from Sylvaneth, rural aelves and humans to faun-like creatures, centauroid stag-people and even certain kinds of spites.

Is there any sort of police equivalent in the Age of Sigmar?

On the frontiers and amongst the Sigmarite strongpoints, there is really only rough justice. In larger, well-established towns, the Stormcast Eternals form a terrifying authority, but there is no formal police equivalent. In the fortress-cities, something approaching law and order prevails. Each city has its own version of a watch or police force that is in rotation from the Freeguild soldiery (there is never enough resource in a time of constant war, after all) and invalided troops who have been retired from the front line. In Excelsis, the shift-based Coldguard keeps order (though is hopelessly corrupt), whereas in Hammerhal Ghyra, the oak-hard Greenhelms keep the city ticking along. In practice, the more established criminal fraternities and thieves' guilds keep a kind of order with the tacit approval of the Grand Conclave's shadier members, cracking down hard on those lesser ne'er-do-wells that don't pay their dues.

What sort of calendar, if any, is used by the Cities of Sigmar?

The Great Parch uses the Azyrheim calendar, as do most other nations (though some will have regional equivalents). This, conveniently enough, has a seven-day week and around 30 days in a month, though this has more to do with an ancient system imposed on an arcane setting than any bespoke solution. There are twelve months in a year (in parts of Ghyran, these months are each considered a season unto themselves).

Each day in the Mortal Realms is longer than one of ours – thirty hours rather than twenty-four. That is the frequency at which the realmspheres Hysh and Ulgu ascend and descend in influence.

Why are these similar to our own understandings of time? Well, some say the Dance of the Spheres was set in motion by the Old Ones in order to foster life and sanity in realms once made of anarchy and magic, and that many realities have a similar system. Others say it's just easier, in a setting so full of fantastical concepts, to have a few familiar touchstones to work around.¹

Okay, so what are the days and the months of this calendar?

The Azyrite terms for the days of the week (in order) are:

Cometsday
Moonday
Zenithus
Sunwane
Starsday
Horizonday
Voidsday

'Sigmarsday' is the last Moonday of each month, the day on which Sigmar's Tempest broke, and it is a special festival day in most cities. Certain Reclaimed cultures still use their own terms for the days and the months, but over time they are becoming standardised.

The months (from Year's Beginning, which is like New Year's Day) are:

Coldbane
Shiverblight
Hope's Renewal
Rainstay
Highspright
Azyr's Gleaming
Meadowswell
Golden Harvests
Thresh
Wyndscal
Darkening
Evenswinter

The seasons are dictated by the movement of the realms. Though they stay roughly in the same place in the cosmos, there is some variance in the Dance of the Spheres that sees the realms move further away from one another before moving back again in their own pathways. All the realms ebb and flow in ascendancy – not just Hysh and Ulgu – but they do so in a very slow fashion. Not even the foremost astronomers of Azyr have fully comprehended their patterns and idiosyncrasies thus far.²

Bonus Round! Is Slaanesh free from his prison?

Slaanesh, the Dark Prince of Chaos, is still imprisoned in the Hidden Gloaming. Even he can't undo the fetters the aelven gods have put around him without a long game plan. That said, the impossibly vile entity has made great gains in the last few years, having broken several of the sixty-six Chains of Paradox that have bound him through the careful propagation of magically contradictory events across the unfolding story of the Mortal Realms.

This, and the apotheosis of everyone's favourite serpentine goddess in *Broken Realms: Morathi*, has allowed Slaanesh to extrude a portion of his power in the form of the Newborn – a glut of energy that slowly coalesced into not one but two daemons of exceptional power.³ When first bringing their power to bear in Excelsis, the Talon and the Voice were thwarted at the last moment by the Order of Azyr and the infamous White Reaper, but they drove a wedge of suspicion between the races of man and aelf that will likely take centuries to be undone. Undoubtedly, that division made their divine parent Slaanesh rattle his remaining chains in Uhl-Gysh with an excess of glee. Nonetheless, Slaanesh is still not free to wreak his vengeance on those who imprisoned him. Not yet, at any rate.

¹ You can count the studio writers amongst their number.

² And those masters of time and space, the slann, aren't telling.

³ Congrats, it's twins!

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 the writers!

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WARHAMMER

40,000

In the grim darkness of the far future, there is only war! This month, everything's gone a bit Orky with new background on the Octarius Sector, new rules and a modelling article about Speed Freaks.





THE RED AND THE DEAD PART I
Turn to page 20 to read about the next phase of the war in the Octarius Sector. Plus, a short story from an Ork point of view. Much krumpin'!



DA SPEED WARS
Race on to page 30 for new rules for Orks fighting in the Octarius campaign, including datasheets and a new scenario featuring a rolling road!



ECHOES FROM THE WARP



ROBIN CRUDDACE

Robin Cruddace is the Rules-Fabricator General of Warhammer 40,000, which means he gets to oversee all the new rules that are written for the game, be they in rulebooks, codexes or one of the game's many other publications. He was last seen tinkering with the stat lines for Gretchin, who he feels 'have suffered enough under their Orkish overlords'.

¹ Keywords are always written using this **KEYWORD FONT**, to make it extra clear when a rule is interacting with a specific unit.

² I suspect, for an example, that Khorne and Slaanesh daemons are far more likely to try and tear each other apart than take commands from one another due to their eternal rivalry.

³ Excluding things that are Unaligned.

⁴ See White Dwarf 461.

⁵ For example, Ultramarines, Salamanders, Raven Guard, etc. can all be thought of as sub-factions of the 'Adeptus Astartes' Faction.

⁶ I'm using Space Marines as the example here, but I've found the same is typically true of every Faction. Players typically tell you they collect Cadians instead of Imperial Guard, or that they collect World Eaters instead of Chaos Space Marines, etc.

⁷ Unless you're an Iron Hands battle-brother, I suppose, depending on the level of bionic replacements ...

This month I'd like to write a little about keywords. Keywords¹ are simply words that can be tagged within rules to call out specific models or units. As a mechanic, it exists to make sure that the right rules affect the right units, instead of having rules that simply apply to all friendly units, regardless of whether that made sense from a background or gaming point of view or not. For example, Apothecaries should be able to heal **INFANTRY**, and Techmarines should be able to repair **VEHICLES** (but not vice versa), and **KHORNE DAEMON CHARACTERS** are meant to make other **KHORNE DAEMON** units better, they're not meant to make all kinds of daemons better.² Keywords allow rules writers to make sure that abilities only apply to the intended units.

KEYWORDS VS. FACTION KEYWORDS

Keywords are, at the highest level, split into two types, which are represented on two different lines on datasheets: keywords and Faction keywords. The only real difference is that Faction keywords are used when building an army. For example, when battle-forging an army, you will often only be able to include units in the same detachment if they share the same Faction keyword. Also, if you are battle-forging an army or starting a Crusade force, you will need to have an Army Faction or Crusade Faction, respectively. In either case, these are Faction keywords that are shared by all of the units in your entire army or Crusade Force.³ Once the battle has begun and the dice are rolling, there is no functional difference between a keyword and a Faction keyword, and they are used interchangeably.

<CHOOSE YOUR OWN> SUB-FACTION KEYWORDS

I have previously talked about 'choose your own' keywords.⁴ These are those that appear within angular brackets, like **<CHAPTER>**, **<REGIMENT>** or **<CLAN>**, and they are almost always Faction

keywords that denote a unit's 'sub-faction'.⁵ To briefly summarise the relevant parts of that column, the inspiration behind this kind of keyword came from talking to Warhammer 40,000 players at events. Whenever meeting hobbyists and asking what they collect, Space Marines⁶ players rarely answered 'I collect Space Marines'. Instead, they proudly say 'I collect Raven Guard' or 'I collect White Scars', etc. The angular brackets enable players to capture the individuality of their favourite Chapter, Regiment, Clan, etc., whether that is one illustrated and detailed in a codex or Black Library novel, or one of their own creation. By letting players choose their own keywords, they can literally have an army from whichever sub-faction that they want and then give that keyword to the whole army. This is a cool thing in and of itself, but it can have actual rules implications in codexes, as their choice is then substituted into all the rules they will then use. Codexes (and codex supplements) then go on to expand the rules available to players based on their choice, by opening up, for example, Raven Guard-themed rules (Stratagems, Chapter Tactics, Relics, etc.) that are specific to units with the **RAVEN GUARD** keyword.

'UNIT TYPE' KEYWORDS

These are things like **INFANTRY**, **BIKER**, **MONSTER** and **VEHICLE**. As well as being a descriptor of the unit itself, these keywords help us to reflect the narrative of the rules better. Indeed, the very first example I used at the start of this article was about the difference between Apothecaries and Techmarines. Both of these characters have very similar functions (they restore lost wounds to models), but because they affect units with different keywords, their role and use on the battlefield is very different and obviously better matched to their background. No amount of narthecium combat stimms is likely to help your damaged Land Raider, and neither is a Techmarine's spanner-like axe going to help in reattaching a Space Marine's severed limb.⁷

'Unit type' keywords also help us to ensure the different types of models on the battlefields of the 41st Millennium interact with terrain in the most pleasing way. Infantry, for example, are able to get the most out of terrain, and we can imagine them automatically taking up defensive positions or scaling ladders and the like. Bikers on the other hand are not things we really want to see zooming up vertical walls to perform wheelies on

Echoes from the Warp is a regular column about the rules, tactics and ongoing development of Warhammer 40,000 presented by the team's games developers. This month, Robin joins us to talk about the origins, uses and types of keywords used in Warhammer 40,000.

the roof, and so we can use a datasheet's 'unit type' keyword to try and help ensure that the models interact with their environment in a way that we imagine feels right.

In ninth edition, actions are another great example of rules that interact with 'unit type' keywords. As each action is trying to recreate a specific little story unfolding in one part of the battlefield, they tend to be more narratively specific about the type of units that can do them. One can easily imagine a squad of infantry raising banners or defusing bombs and the like, while your average Rhino – with its lack of opposable thumbs – not so much ...

KEYWORDS THAT IMPART RULES

There are some keywords, such as **CHARACTER**, **FLY** and **AIRCRAFT**, that have a number of core rules attached to them that enable them to behave in a certain way. In the case of things like the **FLY** keyword, it enables them to move over other units and terrain features as they move. In the case of **CHARACTERS**, it grants them the ability to benefit from the Look Out, Sir rule. In almost all of these cases, we could have simply written these rules out, in full, on the datasheets, each and every time. However, the rules themselves

are in some cases not short (see **TRANSPORTS**, below), and as we know we will have dozens of such units in the whole of Warhammer 40,000, it is simply clearer to save some space on the datasheets and have everyone refer to the core rulebook instead. As hinted at, the biggest 'space saving' keywords of all are **TRANSPORT** and **PSYKER**. The former has a whole raft of advanced rules attached to it that would just be extremely unwieldy to paste into each and every datasheet⁸ with a transport capacity, and the latter has an entire phase of the game dedicated to how it works! The beauty of keywords in these cases is not only that we save the space, of course, it's also that the Transport rules and Psychic phase both start off by saying 'these rules only apply if you have models with the **TRANSPORT/PSYKER** keyword', and so, if that applies to you, then read on; otherwise you can skip that part of the rules for now. In this case, the keywords have helped new readers not get bogged down by advanced rules that might not apply to them in their first few games as they learn how to play.

Before I talk about a completely different type of keyword, I will quickly mention that these 'types' of different keywords are not always neatly ring-fenced, and they do sometimes cross

⁸ We would likely have to turn every Transport datasheet into a double-page spread to accommodate all the rules regarding embarkation, disembarkation, etc.





streams. **MONSTERS** and **VEHICLES**, for example, are used as 'unit type' keywords, but they also impart certain rules, such as Big Guns Never Tire. Keywords are just very versatile like that.

THE CORE KEYWORD

In ninth edition codexes we have introduced a new keyword: '**CORE**'. This keyword has caused some confusion in some gaming groups as they try and ascribe what units should and shouldn't have this keyword based on their understanding of the lore for any given faction. The reason such thinking often creates confusion is that it is not a keyword borne from the background at all. The **CORE** keyword exists only to facilitate certain rules interactions and, as with any other keyword, allows us to tag certain units with certain rules. In most cases, this was to let us use **CHARACTERS**, who typically have force-multiplying Aura abilities, to boost the units we wanted them to affect and not other things. We wanted, for example, Space Marine Captains to be leading their battle-brothers in the heat of battle and directing their attacks, not babysitting the Chapter's armoury of battle tanks at the back of the board. In many cases, we also wanted to ensure these **CHARACTERS** were not buffing themselves (our Space Marine Captain, for example, is already a better shot and a better swordsman by virtue of having a better ballistic skill and weapon skill – they didn't need to benefit from their own Aura ability as well). It is purely a gaming consideration as to whether a unit has **CORE** or not. While we found many Space Marine Aura abilities were a bit too oppressive when applied to, say, three Repulsor Executioners, we did not find during playtesting that Dreadnoughts felt overbearing if they also benefited from these rules. As such, we chose not to give **CORE** to Repulsor Executioners, but we did attach it to Dreadnoughts.

Part of the reason we chose 'Core' as the name of this keyword was exactly because we thought it was a faction-agnostic term that didn't have any descriptive connotations, unlike the 'unit type' keywords or <Choose Your Own> sub-faction keywords discussed above, which are fairly descriptively tied to the models themselves or the paint schemes given to them. We thought 'Core' sounded vague enough while still sounding cool, but it really could have been anything, and it could have been different from book to book, but we thought a simple single word would be best. The keyword is attached to certain datasheets for pure rules-mechanics reasons and considerations. We actually ended up with a short-list choice between 'Core' and 'Battle-line' but opted for the former because 1) it's shorter, which can help rules writing and datasheet design, and 2) we thought battle-line sounded a bit too much like a Space Marine or Imperial Guard designation, and we wanted a universal

term that would work just as well in those armies as they would in Tyranids and Daemons.

Core is not the only 'invented purely for the sake of the rules' keyword in ninth edition. For example, you will notice in *Codex: Death Guard* that we created a new keyword called Bubonic Astartes. This was simply so that we had another mechanism to 'tag' all the *Codex: Death Guard* units that we wanted to be affected by a particular rule in a succinct, clear way, rather than having to add in a bunch of exceptions or exclusions (e.g. 'select one Bubonic Astartes unit ...' rather than 'select one Death Guard unit (excluding Cultists, Poxwalkers and Daemon Engines)'. In this case, Bubonic Astartes is a bit more thematically named, but it is not a term used in the background – it was invented just to enable certain rules interactions.

KEYWORD-ESQUE LABELS

Keywords have been such a useful tool in the games developers' tool kit that we have started to attach labels to other kinds of rules so we can, in time, start to utilise the same advantages – specifically, being able to write rules that affect a specific subset of rules and not the others. It's exactly the same idea as keywords, really. In the case of some labels, like Aura abilities, this mostly just clarifies exactly what is and what is not affected by any rule that, for example, increases the range of a model's Aura abilities. But in the cases of things like Psychic Powers and Stratagems, where we have applied labels (e.g. Witchfire Psychic Power or Battle Tactic Stratagem), it not only lends a little bit more flavour to those rules, it also opens up the opportunities to use them in rules. There are already a few instances of rules whereby a psyker may get a bonus to manifesting one category of psychic powers, but not the others, and of some Character abilities whereby they can use a particular type of Stratagem, such as an Epic Deed, once per battle for free. We have also started to apply labels to certain weapons, like 'Bolt' weapons and 'Flame' weapons, and the reason for doing so is just so that we can write exciting rules that can use that label to enable specific weapons to do a cool thing.⁹ As we apply these labels to all codexes, I am confident we shall lean on that idea more and more, with more rules that interact with labels.

I think, now that I've started entering the realms of potential directions and possibilities for future rules, that's probably a good place to end this column. I hope you've found my ramblings on the origins and different uses of keywords (and the different kinds thereof) to be illuminating. Until next time, whatever sub-faction's <KEYWORD>¹⁰ you have chosen, may the dice-gods smile favourably upon your rolls.

⁹ Or, in the case of Flame weapons, a searing hot thing.

¹⁰ Hey look, I got through an entire column without mentioning Howling Griffons once!

A LITTLE EXTRA READING

What would you like to read about in Echoes from the Warp? Let us know your thoughts, and we'll pass them on!

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THE RED AND THE DEAD PART I



The galaxy is being torn asunder, new war zones exploding into life with ever-increasing frequency. In the Octarius Sector, the Cordon Impenetra is established to hold back Ork and Tyranid assaults. Yet valuable Imperial worlds lie inside the cordon, and their resources cannot be allowed to fall into alien hands.

The devastating and costly war fought by the Imperium against teeming Orks and Tyranids in the Octarius Sector was proving near impossible to win. When successive waves of both xenos species arrived to engulf the Sigma-Ulstari System, it was already host to millions of refugees from other fallen systems. Yet salvation was also at hand with the arrival of the Black Templars and their allies.

WHAT ARE FLASHPOINTS?

Flashpoints are collections of articles that explore a particular region or war zone at a specific point in time. Flashpoints contain new rules for you to try out on the battlefield, plus new stories and background about the setting, giving you plenty of opportunities to theme your games. You could recreate some of the battles mentioned in the background section, convert characters based on the heroes in the stories or build a new battlefield to represent one of the theatres of war.

Flashpoints typically span multiple issues, and articles are always marked with the Flashpoint's symbol, making them easy to find in your copy of *White Dwarf*.



The Sigma-Ulstari System had long boasted numerous and highly organised defence forces. These had been vital to its existence for centuries, as the system lay close to the Octarian Empire, an area of space dominated by Orks and centred on the Octarius System. The Skitarii legions of the forge world at the system's political heart were supported on other worlds by locally raised defence forces and militias, numerous regiments of Astra Militarum and Knights from House Thyvender. These would be tested as never before by the events that unfolded.

A vast tendril of Hive Fleet Leviathan was lured into the Octarius Sector by Inquisitor Kryptman as part of an ego-driven plan to have both xenos races wipe each other out. Kryptman's great gambit, roundly denounced by fellow Inquisitors, failed terribly. While millions of Tyranids and Orks did slaughter each other, the survivors became far more deadly; the Tyranids feasted on the biomass of the Orks and adapted ever-greater survival strategies, while the Orks grew larger and more belligerent on a diet of increasing war and bloodshed. The sector's worlds suffered devastating attacks from hordes of both xenos breeds, and Imperial forces struggled to repel their continued attacks.

One of Kryptman's critics, Inquisitor Sahansun, devised the stratagem of the Cordon Impenetra. An enormous region of space centred on the competing xenos' primary locations was declared to be within the Cordon. The systems at the area's boundary were massively reinforced as a tactic of



aggressive containment was put into action. Meanwhile, those systems inside the spherical Cordon – and their trillions of Imperial citizens – were abandoned to their fate. Those who could strove to escape, but there were precious few havens, and those systems inside the Cordon's bounds that did offer sanctuary were soon invaded in their turn.

THE PRIVILEGE OF SALIENCE

Despite being within the bounds of the Cordon Impenetra, the Sigma-Ulstari System was the only location deemed far too valuable to abandon entirely. This so-called salient system contained the forge world of Sigma-Ulstari itself and the factory world of Nyrrvahna. Between them, their industrial output was vital to the ongoing efforts to contain the xenos within the Cordon Impenetra. The forge world's Fabricator General, Einrek Phlagustok, was assured he would be able to call upon the defences that were being hastily built up out at the Cordon Impenetra's boundary region. Ever the pragmatist, Phlagustok nevertheless vastly expanded his forge world's legions of Skitarii, ramping up production of armour and ordnance and demanding the system's other worlds did likewise in expectation of imminent xenos attacks.

The system was still building up its armies and defences when first one wave, then a second, then more hit Sigma-Ulstari. Tyranid hive ships disgorged many millions of bio-adapted horrors onto the system's planets. Ork kroozers barged into upper orbits and unleashed swarms of heavy landas, fightas and bommas, turning already polluted skies black with the volume of their smoky contrails. On several worlds, Genestealer Cults, which had lurked and schemed in secret for generations, rose up in concert with Tyranid invasions or in response to Ork assaults. Time and again, the armies of Sigma-Ulstari resisted, redeployed, committed desperate breakouts and

were overrun or reinforced. Successive waves of xenos were destroyed or repulsed at great cost. Yet, while other hordes of Tyranids and Orks fractured, millions of the aliens still held out in countless regions and cities. Phlagustok knew the system could not take much more and released an urgent request for the aid he had been promised.

ABUNDANTIA

Among the system's principal worlds was Abundantia, an agri world of huge import to both the system and sub-sector. Harvested from the world's vast herds of megafauna, meat and an indescribable variety of protein pastes and seepage concentrates were shipped off-world to feed numerous other systems. Catalytic condensates and lubrication gels were also produced, as well as combustive bio-additives for fuel, lapping powders formed of ground bones, and countless more derivatives. There was even rumoured to be an illicit trade in bone and cartilage fragments. Pickled, dried, treated with a variety of agents and carefully scrimshawed, these were passed on as remedies or saintly remains to those too desperate to worry about notions of provenance.

Ostensibly independent of the system's forge world, Abundantia was nevertheless bound economically and politically to Sigma-Ulstari. The agri world's planetary governor, Inaego Vhent, was forced by Phlagustok to accept a huge portion of the millions of refugees that flooded into the system from worlds already fallen to Orks, Tyranids or both. They came not only from neighbouring systems but also from much more distant sub-sectors. They arrived in flotillas of damaged warships and limping transports, ugly merchantmen and void yachts of the wealthy, and even saviour pods cobbled together in a heretically innovative fashion to brave the warp transit like improvised space hulks.

++ PRELIMINARY PLANETARY ABSTRACT - ABUNDANTIA ++

Issued to Field Officers of the 387th
(103/277) Barghentine Corps of Plains-rangers

Planet: **ABUNDANTIA**

System: Sigma-Ulstari

Sub-Sector: Lartus-thir

Sector: Octarius

Segmentum: Ultima

Primary Classification (sub-class): Agri
World (Livestock – protein/bio-chem/
derivatives)

Emergency Classification: Refugee World –
maintain extreme caution in proximity to
local forces [see File A/SUii-73 sub.2
"Potential Xenos Taint"]

Population: pre-crisis est. 86.5 million,
latest aggregate 151.1 million.

Climate Classification: Temperate / Dry –
Chem-Saturation

Planetary Governor: Lord Inaego Vhent [agri-
cartel suzerain, semi-hereditary]

Flora and Fauna: 95% native species
eradicated. Native fauna remnants / herd

escapees pose feral threat [cf environmental
chem-saturation of flora and water table].
Primary fauna comprise tithed herds, incl.
megagrox, grundlopers, vashkadons [see Files
23i-F5 for full list]. Individuals pose
threat to squads; herds pose threat to
battalions – coordinate with Aeronautica
Imperialis liaison for advance warning.

Society: Two thirds of population housed in
sub-Barghentine conditions. Squalor, disease
and malcontent rife. Labour pool tithed to
23 reclamation cities [cf local usage of
butcher towns] in pursuance of export
quotas. [NB pre-war status quo, aggravated
by refugee influx]

Notable exceptions: the semi-autonomous
clans of roving hunters and butchers centred
on mobile pastor fortresses are efficient
and less troublesome, commendations made to
several clans for stoic defence against Ork
aggressors.

Principle Exports: 154 categories of
protein-nominal products, 27 categories of
bio-oils (reserved for Sigma-Ulstari), 38
categories of high-powered fuel additives
(reserved for Sigma-Ulstari), 973 further
categories of protein-deficient derivatives.

The desperate refugees found Abundantia to be a mostly desiccated world of open skies and immense vistas that reeked of blood, waste and chemical tangs. Rocky plains with the barest scrapings of hardy vegetation clinging on, dust bowl basins and desertified swathes of landscape covered all but a fraction of the landmass. Across these, groups who were part-herders and part-butchers roved in large clans, following the megafauna from one artificial grazing oasis to another in fast buggies or from the backs of rugged bikes. At the centre of each clan was a giant flesh harvester engine, which functioned as both abattoir and cryostorage facility.

The huge harvester engines toiled continuously over Abundantia's surface, across complex networks of plascrete macro-transitways (where they existed) or over earthen trails compacted solid by generations of their passing bulks. These arteries were the means by which the herds' products were transported to the planet's primary processing sites, its so-called reclamation cities. As the centres of permanent habitation, the reclamation cities were the only locations where layers of defences were erected. Referred to as butcher towns among the downtrodden masses, each was a reeking maze of industrial blocks and rendering factorums surrounded by dozens of shanty districts in which the workers were kept

in squalid conditions. Besides the transitways, the reclamation cities were also linked by networks of immense pipe-clusters running above or below ground as local geography necessitated. These connected the cities to refinery facilities and orbital transfer sites, and through them flowed the various liquids either produced or required by the reclamation cities: hyper-combustible fuels, hormone concentrates and stim-laced feed. Through generations of overuse, industrial stims and chemicals had leached into Abundantia's hardy vegetation, its water table and even the air. In some regions, the concentrations were so thick that specialist respiratory gear had to be worn; those unable to acquire such equipment became hyper-aggressive, manic and liable to dangerously impulsive actions.

The reclamation cities' labour force made excellent recruiting grounds for the persuasive rhetoric of the xenostainted Cult of the Toothed Coil. Many cities suffered under guerilla strikes, assassinations and bombings that fanned the flames of unrest in the Cult's favour. The cities were often the primary target for Orks too, representing both concentrations of ready opponents as well as technology and industrial slaughter tools that the Orks quickly repurposed into vicious combat weapons. A large number of other targets were attacked as well. The herds of megafauna and giant flesh harvester engines came under attack, as did chem-pipelines and their sparsely defended tapping outposts where the harvester clans could access the network at various points.

Many of these conflicts became speeding road battles with fast mobs or columns of xenos vehicles surging from one compound to the next over the networks of transitways and rock-hard migratory trails. Abundantia's defenders could not afford to deploy standing armies at every single fuel outpost, comms booster station or tertiary refinery hub that dotted the network of transitways. Skitarii marshals and Astra Militarum field officers developed ad-hoc response battalions of tanks, aircraft and walking engines such as Sentinels and Ironstriders in a bid to defend these far-flung sites.

Such high-speed battles were made even more dangerous when they occurred in the vicinity of vast herds of the planet's megafauna. The Noresta Stampede became the first of many incidents to reach the ears of Imperial commanders. Enraged by bombing runs from Ork Deffkoptas and hunted by Evil Sunz Beast Snaggas, the herd of grundloppers designated Noresta 44-c rampaged along the Vikarun Depression. In their path was a Skitarii Execution Maniple and a speed mob under Boss Madreg. The two forces fought a vicious high-speed battle as they simultaneously strove to stay ahead of the stampeding herd, hemmed in as they were by the Depression's crater-like walls. Any vehicle that strayed too close to the grundloppers was crushed under pounding hooves and heaving flesh. Eventually, the speed of the Orks proved too great and they escaped. The Skitarii Marshal commanding the Execution Maniple was forced to direct heavy fire to blast an extraction ramp in the Depression's side to salvage what she could of her holy war machines.



ORKS

Greenskins of several Ork clans invaded Abundantia, but by far the most numerous were the Evil Sunz of Waaagh! Morbad. The Speedboss had evinced great cunning in manoeuvring his swift and highly mobile warbands, though he seldom capitalised on his enemies' weaknesses and often split his warbands into superfluous or even contradictory assaults. At the reclamation city of Kor-rho, hundreds of Morbad's truk-mounted Boyz tore into the 165th Grendish Proctors who defended two districts of its shanty settlements. Their initial assault almost broke the Guardsmen's resolve, cutting down dozens of soldiers every moment as their ramshackle trukks tore straight through or over the poorly maintained defensive lines. Yet the Nobz in charge spied a convoy of tanks attempting to manoeuvre for an encirclement and, with whoops of joy, turned the trukks towards them. Most of them were blown into blazing wreckage by battlecannon and multi-melta fire long before they hit the tanks, leaving the surviving greenskins' numbers too few to overwhelm the rumbling Astra Militarum armour. Meanwhile, the Grendish Proctors, under the watchful gaze of their Commissars, rallied long enough to withstand another assault by Morbad's forces and bought enough time for more armoured columns to bring their heavy weapons into range of the greenskins.

Morbad's goals were to loot whatever he could from the reclamation cities of the northern hemisphere. Industrial saws, bone shriveners and whirring shank-flayers were favoured prizes, but there were others such as crackling dynamos and archaic energy converters, which the Meks somehow managed to integrate into their vehicles' engines, powering them to incredible speeds. Built and



maintained by the Tech-Priests of Sigma-Ulstari, the serried engines that ordinarily ran day and night to flense megafauna carcasses were coveted by Morbad's Big Meks, who saw the potential to repurpose them to drive giant Stompas or chugging battle fortresses that could blitz their way along the macro-transitways.

MORBAD ZAGBLASTA

Supa-Speedboss, Da Red Smeer, Git-grabbin' Speedsta – Morbad Zagblasta has adopted and abandoned more titles and epithets than most Orks can count. Matured on Dakkazot in the Octarius System, amongst the deadly blitzkrieg wars that are everyday life on that world, Morbad became enamoured with the Speed Freek way of life from the moment he stole his first Warbike. The dangerous speeds he rode at seemed to fulfil one aching void within him, only for another to awaken, then another. With a rapid change of obsessions from fast-and-shooty mounts to shooty-and-fast ones, his maniacal lightning-fast assaults became a source of mixed amusement and envy as he rapidly grew in power. Though most of those who dared to follow in his blind, onrushing strikes were dead soon after – and Morbad himself often wrecked many of his newly acquired vehicles – their results mounted. As they did so, Morbad's sparse attention began to cling on to those tricks that had worked – where he hadn't died – and those that had *really* worked – where vast numbers of the enemy had been obliterated.

Seemingly never satisfied with whatever speedy vehicles bore him to war, Morbad settled primarily on the compromise of a deadly Deffkilla Wartrike. In

terms of speed, dakka and enabling him to get stuck straight into any foe he kicked his driver to plough into, it was the best his teef could buy. Obsessed with making his ride ever faster, he had every Mek and Spanner under his command upgrade it with their reddest kustom 'bitz' with the vague notion that at least one of them would give him that boost he craved. Thus his mega boomstikks fire cartridges of heavy shot individually painted red by subservient grots, his roaring engine is fed with Supa-red Oktane formulated to produce eye-wateringly scarlet exhaust flames, and his armoured wheels are constantly sprayed in an oily, red paint that leaves a crimson slick behind him. On Abundantia, Morbad soon learned to covet the hyper-combustive fuel mixes distilled in the reclamation cities and refineries as well as the enormous harvester engines. He dispatched numerous speedmobs to hunt down any of the flesh engines they could find, while he followed his Warbiker scouts to deposits of what they called 'go-fasta joos', eventually discovering the flow of it running through several of the miles-long pipe-clusters. His devastating raids hit stockpile after stockpile of the substance. Then, once his continually distracted mind focused long enough to plan a longer strategy, Morbad launched a full-scale assault on Refinery Torqad-Upsilon.

MANIK GORG – DA GYROBLITZA

Called Da Gyroblitza for his insane and near-suicidal combat manoeuvres, Manik Gorg was famed amongst Waaagh! Morbad for plummeting from the sky like a blood-red comet, trailing a plume of thick, black exhaust fumes before crashing into the enemy. Manik Gorg's fellow Speed Freeks had long since learned to cast wary glances at the sky before he made his appearance, for his speed-addled mind was often more concerned with the velocity of his descent than its accuracy. His kustom-built Deffkopta was more than solid enough to take the damage he invariably ended up causing to it, first by crashing into one enemy, then rebounding and smashing into another. His flying machine's spinning blades regularly made circular sprays of blood as he ploughed like a buzzsaw through enemy lines, and the Speed Freek's pinball-like attacks caused almost as much disarray and anarchy as outright destruction.

On Abundantia, Speedboss Morbad frequently commanded Manik Gorg to lead ragtag swarms of Deffkoptas in brutal vanguard blitzes against dug-in enemies. At Refinery Torqad-Upsilon, defending maniples of Skitarii from Sigma-Ulstari alongside Yellowjackets of the 3,981st Vorradi Light Sappers and the Freeblade Lady Herrik had been given time to prepare significant defences as Morbad raided and looted outlying sub-stations. At the head of an airborne armada of Deffkoptas, shadowed by Dakkajets and Blitza Bommas, Gorg led the Flyboyz through a wall of flak. Numerous Orks were shot down, but a veritable horde of them remained. Executing a corkscrewing plunge into the refinery's heart, Gorg and his Deffkoptas unleashed a barrage of incendiary bombs, clusters of rokkits and a whirlwind of bullets into the defenders. Then the Orks crashed into their reeling foes. They smashed through gantries and sent sentries screaming to their deaths, ploughing along trench systems until they were filled with nothing but butchered meat. Gorg

himself aimed (relatively) straight at the Knight piloted by Lady Herrik, his Ded Glowly Blasta stitched a stream of painfully bright energy bolts into her that crackled and fizzed as the noble warrior expertly deflected them with her ion shield. Other Deffkoptas sought to bring Lady Herrik down too, distracting her as she battered them from the sky. Gorg swept low, glancing the Knight's knee joint. He rebounded into a squad of Skitarii rushing to aid the embattled Knight and burst through them in a shower of bionic limbs, blood and sanctified lubricant. Unbalanced, fighting off yet more Deffkoptas and now strafed by Dakkajets as well, Lady Herrik was unable to turn in time to cut Gorg down as he made another run. His Deffkopta's blades tore great gouges into the Knight's torso, and the weight of Gorg's impact was enough to finally topple the Knight. Blitza Bommas were the final indignity, their bombs causing a huge skeletal gantry to collapse on top of Lady Herrik's Knight, trapping the fuming noble.





GENESTEALER CULTS

Abundantia's planetary defence forces, supplemented by enforced conscription of as many of the refugees as logistics would allow, exploded in number – if not quality. Among these compressed swarms of Humanity, many hailing from numerous other worlds, the Cult of the Toothed Coil found rich pickings in terms of recruitment. The cult had arisen in anticipation of the system's invasion by Hive Fleet Leviathan. However, despite their carefully laid plans and insurgency attacks in support of those they heralded as Star Children, the hive fleet's swarms were yet to spread to Abundantia. The cult's Clamavuses and Maguses preached that only by preparing the way and tearing down Abundantia's oppressive regime would the Star Children bless them with their presence.

The Cult of the Toothed Coil had far greater success across the plains, where the vast majority of harvester engine crews and their attendant bikers and herd-monitor buggies had long been in the thrall of the Broodmind. Under cover of replenishing Outpost ZV-a's supplies, the harvester engine GA-589 and its caravan of cultist herders and butchers were able to approach beyond the outpost's perimeter of defences. So deployed, xenos hybrids and whip-fast cult abominations threw off desert garb that hid weapons or leapt from hidden crevices aboard the gigantic harvester engine. Not a soul loyal to the Imperium survived, and the outpost's reserves of ammunition and fuel were added to the caravan's stores.

The chemical stimulants and bio-lubricants that Abundantia shipped throughout the system and beyond were the prime targets of many of the cult's gene-sects. Shaylagh Dysther, a Magus of the cult, had flexed her domineering influence among Abundantia's elite and installed genius Biophaguses in several factorums. These bio-alchemists ensured the xenos taint carried by the cult, as well as other contaminants and viral agents, would pass into every syringe and canister shipped off-world. These carried the cult's future beyond Abundantia, and so the looting of these chemicals by Ork Speed Freeks for use as fuel additives or by Beast Snaggas as steroidal enhancers for their monstrous squigs was a major source of violent conflict between the xenos.

SALVATION

Desperately needed reinforcements did eventually arrive in the Sigma-Ulstari System. Large numbers of warships drawn from Battle Group Irasmus of the Indomitus Crusade's Fleet Primus, as well as Adeptus Astartes strike vessels of the Black Templars, entered the system. The Black Templars were commanded by their High Marshal, Helbrecht, who led the majority of the reinforcements onto the forge world of Sigma-Ulstari. Helbrecht instructed Castellan Beren Kiergaard to dispatch a strike force of Black Templars to Abundantia. Alongside these Adeptus Astartes, fanatics of the Cult Imperialis and oath-bound Knights of House T'orvanosh were deployed to several of the reclamation cities, swearing to exterminate the xenos.

DA WURM RUN



One of the great Harvester Engines of Abundantia has been tracked down by the Evil Sunz. Now they race after it to claim their prize. The huge machine is well-protected, but this doesn't deter the Orks in the slightest. In fact, it only seems to spur them on!

Speednob Killgrin gripped the rough steel handlebars of *Da Shuntgrunta* and bent low to eke out as much speed as he could. His Boyz rode their own roaring Warbikes in his wake, those of Magrok and Dreknik too. A slew of buggies, Deffkoptas and Trukks filled with Boyz streamed behind them. Killgrin would be a squig's dinner before he let any of them overtake him. His target lay ahead – a dense cloud of dust with a dark, looming shadow at its heart. His manic leer widened until it was broader than a human skull as he realised that his prey could never outpace him.

Killgrin's yellow fangs seemed to grow as his scarred lips peeled further back, his mount's speed and power working their weird influence on him. The jackhammer reverberation of *Da Shuntgrunta*'s engine thrummed through Killgrin's skull, clashing with rapid tremors and knocks from that cheap fix Drogg da Spanner did. The shaking was underscored with bone-jarring jolts as the Warbike's front wheel seemingly slammed into every Gork-forsaken (or possibly Mork-forsaken) rock on the planet. The desert wind blasted his thick skin with sharp grains and coated his drooling lips in insect matter.



The humans ahead must have twisted the throttle on the immense vehicle; Killgrin noticed his gain on them slip slightly, but it made little difference. Speednob Killgrin was always up for a race. All it meant was that the humans inside it were desperately trying every trick to put as much dust between them and the Orks as possible, and that made Killgrin very happy. Not even Speedboss Morbad had known exactly what the big humie fortress-wagon was when he'd ordered Killgrin to chase it down. The boss had growled about a vision the Weirdfreek had seen in a cloud of fungus-laced exhaust fumes. It had got the Meks abuzz, and anything the Meks wanted, the boss gave them, until a better idea – one comprising more speed and fighting – came along. The humies' panic told Killgrin there was something worth saving aboard.

An' if it's wurf savin', he thought, with the portion of his brain not bellowing with the joy of a speeding hunt, *It's wurf havin'.*

The dust thrown up by the huge vehicle's thunderous progress filled more and more of the Nob's field of vision. Killgrin realised he could now feel the harvester engine's vibration merged with that of *Da Shuntgrunta*. Squinting through the metal slats of his go-fasta-goggles, Killgrin could just make out that the ground was rising far to his left and right, and it was getting steeper and the uplift closer. Straight ahead, the dust-covered earth and rock, hammered flat by the passage of harvester engines for generations, stayed level and seemed to punch a hole through the rising plateau.

Killgrin snorted, turned his head to spit out a great gobbet of spittle and flies, then bellowed behind him at the top of his lungs into the dust-clogged wind and noise that almost swallowed his command.

'Koptas!' He unhitched his biggest choppa and pointed it in the direction of their pursuit.

Golgaz, hurtling mere yards behind the Nob, elbowed the Gretchin clinging on behind him. The scrawny wretch manhandled a large metal tube, touching one end to the glowing exhaust baffles of Golgaz's Warbike. The end sparked and fizzed, and the grot hurriedly aimed it over Golgaz's shoulder towards the narrowing horizon, desperately holding on to a protruding bolt on the bike. With a whoosh of flame, the signal rokkit sped skywards. Its ferocious recoil shot the luckless grot and launcha off Golgaz's Warbike with equal velocity. Speedboss Killgrin just caught the shriek and squelch as the grot vanished under the wheels of the hurtling speed mob, and he turned back to his race with a chuckle. The rokkit corkscrewed before detonating in a cloud of red smoke directly over the fleeing fortress.

With a droning whine, the Deffkoptas swooped over Killgrin's head, one-shot thrusters burning to power them forwards. Humies sometimes didn't fight fair, running and hiding rather than getting stuck in. If there were any cunning hideaways where they might try to harbour the fortress before Killgrin reached it, the Flyboyz would find them. At that point, it didn't matter whether the airborne loons

wrought havoc amongst the enemy or got shot down. Either way, it would be a simple matter of Speedboss Killgrin and his ladz following the smoke trail to locate their quarry.



The twisting valley that Killgrin and the rest of the Speed Freetks tore into was even more parched and wind-blasted than the wastes. It was more of a canyon, its rearing walls bracketing a mile-wide trench. Banks of pale rubble, containing particulates the size of a Gretchin's fist, sloped from the canyon's floor to its sheer faces, and what seemed like dunes of them littered the rocky passage in addition to boulders bigger than battlefortresses. The howling gale that roared directly into the Orks' faces was strong enough to sculpt the stone dunes and rocks. It battered his Warbike's brutal cowl, chipping the layers of assiduously applied red paint.

The Nob had lost sight of the fortress, but he felt its great rumbling treads more keenly now that he had almost hunted it down. The canyon coiled and bent like a snake's gullet. The Evil Sunz flashed past outcrops and boulders with reckless abandon, skidding over rubble and weaving over moraine heaps, while buggies and bikes roared up the angled banks to outpace their rivals. Killgrin caught sight of his quarry in snatches as he rounded bends and bounced hard off rocky terrain he hadn't quite missed. He could see its silhouette more clearly; it was fast and big, but not as huge as he had thought. The reason for the giant cloud it threw up became clearer as he saw swifter shapes in the murk. To the engine's sides and rear were dozens of industrial buggies equipped with a variety of heavy weapons, and weaving between them were scores of humies riding speeding bikes.

Good, he thought. *A proppa scrap before we gut da big wagon!*

The Deffkopta swarm was almost on top of the humies now. As Killgrin watched, the ramshackle flying machines began a suicidal attack run upon the mass of smaller enemy vehicles. They dropped bombs, unleashed chugging streams of solid shot and fired bolts of glowing energy. As they swarmed down, a wall of flak met them, fired from the speeding enemy buggies, bikers and numerous rapid-firing turrets that Killgrin only now saw dotted the harvester engine's upper surface. Several of the Deffkoptas were torn from the sky, dropping like stones or even hurtling madly towards Killgrin and the rest of the Evil Sunz. Most managed to remain airborne, bobbing wildly and spinning as they unleashed everything they had at the humies.

Killgrin swerved the first damaged Deffkopta by sheer luck, before taking a spinning blade to the shoulder that gouged a chunk of muscle from him. Behind him, others thundered into the canyon floor like meteors, and not even the raging wind could whip away the noise of detonations and impacts as Ork Warbikers, buggies and Trukks were crushed or collided in their efforts to avoid the raining Deffkoptas. There was only one way through

the deluge of iron and ordnance. Wasn't it always the answer to everything?

Killgrin reached behind himself to yank a lever. On the rear of his bike, a painfully bright flare burst to life, visible to all through the dust and smoke. Killgrin punched the prominent red button on *Da Shuntgrunta's* controls before clenching his fists on the Warbike's handles so tightly that the solid metal buckled. The Speednob surged forward as rokket pods and boosters ignited. His surviving speed mob followed his lead, dozens of Warbikers igniting their motley collections of boosta rokkets and turbochargers in unison.

The Warbikers hurtled towards the crawler and its escort with eye-watering speed, the Orks roaring along with their engines, venting guttural bellows as they finally came within range of the humans. Now much closer, Killgrin got the true measure of his prize and those he hoped would try to stop him taking it.

In the lee of his quarry, dozens of lightweight buggies and hundreds of combat bikes were still trading fire with the surviving Deffkoptas as the flying machines buzzed back and forth overhead. He noticed that they didn't bear the two-headed yellow vulcha Killgrin associated with humies. Instead, their speeding vehicles were daubed with what looked like coiling snakes or bore curved, jangling icons of the same design.

Wurmboyz, thought Killgrin.

The massive bulk of the harvester engine continued to thunder along the canyon, crushing wrecks and screaming survivors beneath its treads. However, the *Wurmboyz's* bikes and light buggies skidded and spun to face the Orks, gunning their engines before whipping forwards from several directions at once.

Killgrin prised his thumbs out of the gouges he'd created hanging on during his red-button boost, jabbing them firmly onto the triggers of his dakkaguns. The Nob led his Warbikers at a squadron of three buggies, pulling a tight curve around a mangled wreck to intercept them. The Orks'

wild bursts of gunfire tore up the ground and shattered rocks before several rounds found their mark, punching ragged holes in the vehicles' armour, smashing cockpits and killing a luckless crewman at a cupola. The lead buggy skidded away belching smoke and then crashed headfirst into a boulder. Then Killgrin's Warbikers were on the survivors up close. Two of his Boyz rammed their Warbikes into the side of another *Wurmboy* buggy, pulping the driver within before circling round and chopping the other screaming crew apart. Golgaz gave a roar of fury, and Killgrin turned, laughing when he saw his fellow Speed Freek hurtling off after the final buggy, his favourite choppa still buried in its superstructure.

The humies gave as good as they got. They blazed away with automatic weapons that punched Orks from their saddles and blew holes in fuel tanks with explosive results. Their drivers swerved between the furious Speed Freeks, relying on agility and cunning to stay alive. Orks and *Wurmboyz* alike died in tumbling fireballs and clouds of shrapnel as their light vehicles were blown apart. One of the other Nobz, Magrok, took a disc-shaped explosive charge to the chest that tore him and two of his Boyz apart. The humans' buggies bore powerful weapons, too, which easily chewed through anything they hit. The battle was frenetic, and Killgrin found himself fighting blind due to the churning dust and oily exhaust in the air. On instinct, he thrust his choppa arm out as he made a tight turn. A *Wurmboy* biker drove straight into his arm. The humie might as well have ridden into an iron stanchion; his neck snapped like a twig and he flipped from his saddle to roll to a stop in the dust.

Killgrin was vaguely aware of the thundering progress of the prey engine and strove to maintain his pursuit, clobbering any Orks he passed going in the wrong direction. The humies appeared intimately familiar with their surroundings, coordinated in a way he had only seen pointy-ears fight before, skirting fissures that claimed their greenskin pursuers, backing into hidden clefts before emerging to strike at the Orks' backs. It was impossible to tell for sure above the deafening noise and constantly moving combats, but more than once Killgrin even thought he saw flurries of fire erupt from alcoves high up the canyon faces. Headshots claimed several more Orks, and a few lucky hits to their Warbikes ignited fuel tanks or crippled engine blocks.

At last, the Ork buggies and Trukks that had been delayed negotiating the raining Deffkoptas appeared to catch up to the rear of the speeding battle, yet just as suddenly, more of the human bikers sped in from behind them. Killgrin couldn't understand how they'd snuck up on the Orks like that until, racing after a fleeing buggy even smaller than *Da Shuntgrunta*, he saw the 'solid ground' open up to his left and three human bikers roar up an engineered slope from a hidden ditch.

They're sneaky gits, I'll give 'em that.

Killgrin caught sight of a dozen Warbikers pushing their vehicles' powerful engines to their limits and tearing up the rubble bank away to his right. They were about to descend and encircle the last full squadron of the humie buggies when a rapid series of detonations sounded high on the





canyon wall above them. One moment Magrok's survivors were there, the next they were crushed and buried beneath hundreds of tons of solid rock.

Despite the humies' trickery, the brawn and bloody-mindedness of the Orks wore them down. The sudden influx of ambushers from behind had merely given more opportunities for the Orks to land a blow in the high-speed carnage. Once their numerical advantage was eliminated, the humies suffered under the incessant hail of shots that the greenskins fired in every direction. Heedless of the poor visibility and being far more capable of shrugging off glancing hits than their opponents, the Orks caught and finished off the last of the speeding Wurmboyz before Killgrin waved them onwards after the grinding harvester engine.

The Nob slowed alongside one of the humies' buggies, ripping off an energy cannon from its roof mount, easily hefting it one-handed while its sparking power pack dangled and bounced along the canyon floor. Killgrin swiftly caught up with the mammoth harvester engine. It had slowed to a crawl, having taken numerous hits from rogue shots flying out from the battle fought in its wake. Killgrin aimed for a drive unit whose armour plating was buckled, but the energy cannon's worky gubbinz were too fiddly. With a roar of frustration, he rammed the cannon base-first into the drive's innards. Something caught, and the remnants of the cannon were suddenly dragged violently within the mechanism before a bright burst of light erupted from inside. Only Killgrin's unthinking reflexes saw him pull away

in time to avoid the drive unit's explosive demise and the screeching, grinding slide as the engine's remaining units futilely attempted to drag it onwards away from its fate.



Killgrin circled the huge, blood-encrusted engine on *Da Shuntgrunta*, reimagining its fussy banners and icons as simpler glyphs. He gauged its bulk, armour, potential hard points and envisaged a time when he would ride it as a turbo-charged soopa-wagon, atop an enormous saddle, with exhausts that could blot out the stars, revving an engine whose growl could crumble mountains. He'd let the Mekboyz worry about the details – it was far too slow and ponderous for his tastes for now.

Dozens of Boyz crawled up its flanks, butchering any of the weird-looking, clawed humans who still twitched. A mob broke down a sealed hatch near the centre, disappearing inside to look for loot. A sudden cacophony of chainblades and slugga fire echoed out of the hatch along with angry Ork shouts of surprise and pain. Dozens more Boyz eagerly pushed their way inside at the prospect of something else to fight.

Killgrin let them have their fun. They'd earned it, after all. He made his usual dent into *Shuntgrunta's* armoured cowl, marking a good performance, before hefting his big choppa and proceeding to hack his name into the harvester engine's flank.

THE ROAD WAR

The agri world of Abundantia in the Octarius Sector is covered with a latticework of transitways that criss-cross the endless plateaux and deserts that make up the planet's surface. It is the perfect destination for an army of speed-obsessed Orks!



This month's Flashpoint rules content is set on the dust-wreathed agri world of Abundantia, where herds of massive stimm-grown beasts roam arid plains covered in a network of roadways. These creatures are followed by huge factory engines, which catch them, kill them and render them down into fur, oil, nutrient paste and countless other resources to be shipped off-world. Abundantia sits within the Cordon Impenetra and is slowly being overrun by Orks from the Evil Sunz Clan and Genestealer Cultists from the Cult of the Toothed Coil. This has resulted in violent road wars between Imperial, Adeptus Mechanicus, Ork and Genestealer Cultist forces as they battle for valuable resources.

THE TRANSITWAYS OF ABUNDANTIA

Over the next few pages, you will find new rules for using your Ork forces in the Octarius Flashpoint. Opposite, you will find a new Theatre of War for the Stimm-saturated Butcher Plains – a place that can result in violent mood swings for any combatants unlucky (or lucky, depending on your point of view) enough to be stationed there. Over the page, there are two new datasheets representing Morbad Zagblasta and Manik Gorg (both featured in this month's background) and following that is a new mission – Road Wars. This unusual scenario features a rolling-road mechanic, so if you're not fast enough to keep up with the action, you'll soon be out of the battle. Yikes!



THEATRE OF WAR

If you are playing a Flashpoint, you can, when selecting your mission, choose to set that mission in a Theatre of War that is found within that Flashpoint; these are themed locations that will provide you with new rules to represent the battlefield conditions within that locale. Theatres of War are a fantastic way to add an additional level of narrative to your games as well as add new and exciting challenges to your battle. You and your opponent can either select an Octarius Theatre of War to use for the battle, or you can randomly select one from those available.

STIMM-SATURATED BUTCHER PLAINS



Thousands of Imperial agri worlds, such as Abundantia in the Sigma-Ulstari System, are primarily exporters of livestock products rather than crops. The industrial meat reclamation centres on such planets are usually spread thinly. Between these charnel cities are vast expanses of stark plains, plateaux of churned mud or desertified dust bowl wastes. Millions-strong herds of beasts are driven across these, followed by caravans of macro flesh-engines. Webs of plascrete transitways or trails of compacted earth link herd-routes with fortified shelters, chem-output stations or hides used by wealthy hunters, and battles fought over such unforgiving terrain are often focused on these vital arteries. Centuries of unrestrained use of hypergrowth stimms and industrial steroids have saturated these worlds in a cocktail of dangerous bio-chems that have leached into the native fauna and endowed many with hypermetabolic aggression and a hunger for flesh. Residual airborne stimms are also a hazard, inflaming bestial rage and impulsive actions.

FLASHPOINTS: ABUNDANTIA, OCTARIUS

When fighting a battle on the agri world of Abundantia, the following rules apply:

Flat Lands

You can re-roll Advance rolls made for units from your army.

Transitways

Designer's Note: We recommend placing a number of roads on the battlefield. These should aim to be at least 6" in width and extend in runs of at least 24". Some portions of the road network on the planet will have fallen into disrepair or be damaged by the movements of large livestock herds, so it is not necessary for all sections of roadway to connect to each other. Roads do not count as terrain features and do not have any terrain traits.

In the Movement phase, each time a **VEHICLE** or **BIKER** unit is selected to move, if that unit is wholly on a road, until the end of the phase, add 3" to the Move characteristic of models in that unit. If that unit remains wholly on that road for its entire move, add 6" to the Move characteristic of those models instead.

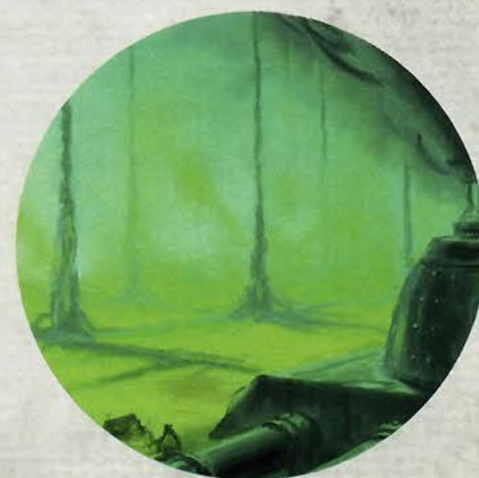
Hyper-aggressive Fauna

At the end of the battle round, roll one D6 for each unit within 3" of any Area Terrain features: on a 2-5, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds; on a 6, that unit suffers 3 mortal wounds.

Residual Aero-stimms

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine what effect the aero-stimms in the atmosphere have on the warriors.

D3	AERO-STIMMS EFFECT
1	Heedless Aggression While a unit is within Engagement Range of any enemy units, that unit automatically passes Morale tests.
2	Stimm-fuelled Impetus You can re-roll Charge rolls made for units from your army.
3	Steroid Stupor Each time an attack with an Armour Penetration characteristic of -1 is allocated to a model, that attack has an Armour Penetration characteristic of 0 instead.



FLASHPOINT DATASHEETS

If you are playing a battle in the **ABUNDANTIA** or **OCTARIUS** Flashpoints, you can, when mustering your army, select any of the following units. If you are playing a Crusade battle, these units can be added to your Order of Battle

and are treated as named characters but can only be included in your army if you are playing a battle in one of the listed Flashpoints.

NAMED CHARACTERS AND WARLORD TRAITS

If one of these characters gains a Warlord Trait, they must have the one shown below:

NAMED CHARACTER	WARLORD TRAIT
Morbad Zagblasta	'Ard As Nails (see <i>Codex: Orks</i>)
Manik Gorg	Kunnin' But Brutal (see <i>Codex: Orks</i>)

POINTS VALUES

Morbad Zagblasta

Unit size 1 model
Unit cost 140 pts

Manik Gorg

Unit size 1 model
Unit cost 70 pts

MORBAD ZAGBLASTA [HQ]

7 POWER

NO.	NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
1	Morbad Zagblasta	14"	2+	5+	5	6	8	5	7	4+

Morbad Zagblasta is equipped with: killa jet; 3 twin mega boomstikks; Morbad's Gitgrabba. Your army can only include one **MORBAD ZAGBLASTA** model.

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Killa Jet	Before selecting targets, select one of the profiles below to make attacks with.					
- Burna	12"	Assault D6	5	-1	1	Each time an attack is made with this weapon profile, that attack automatically hits the target.
- Cutta	12"	Assault 2	8	-4	D6	Each time an attack made with this weapon profile targets a unit within half range, that attack has a Damage characteristic of D6+2.
Twin mega boomstikk	12"	Assault 2	6	-2	1	-
Morbad's Gitgrabba	Melee	Melee	+3	-3	2	Gotcha! (see below). Each time an attack is made with this weapon, you can re-roll the wound roll.

ABILITIES

'Ere We Go, Ramshackle, Waaagh! (see *Codex: Orks*)

Big Red Button: Each time this model Advances, do not make an Advance roll. Instead, until the end of the phase, add 6" to the Move characteristic of this model.

Dead Tough: This model has a 5+ invulnerable save.

Gotcha! Each time an attack made with this weapon successfully hits an enemy unit, until the start of your next Movement phase, that enemy unit is grabbed by the bearer. Each time an enemy unit that is grabbed by the bearer is selected to Fall Back, roll one D6 and add the bearer's Strength characteristic to the result. Your opponent rolls one D6 and adds that unit's Strength characteristic to the result. If your total is higher than your opponent's, that enemy unit cannot Fall Back and must Remain Stationary instead.

Fuel-mixa Grot: Once per battle, when this model Advances, do not make an Advance roll. Instead, until the end of the phase, add 9" to the Move characteristic of this model.

Explodes: When this model is destroyed, roll one D6 before removing it from play. On a 6 it explodes, and each unit within 3" suffers 1 mortal wound.

FACTION KEYWORDS: **ORKS, EVIL SUNZ**

KEYWORDS: **VEHICLE, CHARACTER, SPEED FREEKS, SPEEDBOSS, DEFKILLA WARTRIKE, MORBAD ZAGBLASTA**



MANIK GORG [HQ]

4 POWER

NO.	NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
1	Manik Gorg	14"	2+	5+	5	5	6	3	6	4+

Manik Gorg is equipped with: Ded Glowy Blasta; slugga; spinnin' blades; stikkbombs (see *Codex: Orks*); big bomb. Your army can only include one **MANIK GORG** model.

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Ded Glowy Blasta	24"	Assault D6	8	-3	D6	Blast. If any unmodified hit rolls of 1 are made for attacks with this weapon, the bearer suffers 1 mortal wound after shooting with this weapon.
Slugga	12"	Pistol 1	4	0	1	-
Spinnin' blades	Melee	Melee	+1	-1	1	Each time an attack is made with this weapon, make 3 hit rolls instead of 1.
Stikkbombs	8"	Grenade D6	3	0	1	Blast

OTHER WARGEAR	ABILITIES
Big bomb	Once per battle, in your Movement phase, after the bearer makes a Normal Move or Advances, you can select one point on the battlefield the bearer moved across this phase. Roll one D6 for each unit within 3" of that point, subtracting 1 if that unit is a CHARACTER (excluding VEHICLE or MONSTER units): on a 4+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

ABILITIES

'Ere We Go, Ramshackle, Waaagh! (see <i>Codex: Orks</i>)	Big Red Button: Each time this model Advances, do not make an Advance roll. Instead, until the end of the phase, add 6" to the Move characteristic of this model.
Da Gyroblitza: Each time this model is selected to fight, it can make its full number of attacks against each enemy unit within Engagement Range.	Swoopin' Down: During deployment, you can set up this unit high in the skies instead of setting it up on the battlefield. If you do so, then in the Reinforcements step of one of your Movement phases you can set up this unit anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" away from any enemy models.

FACTION KEYWORDS: **ORKS, EVIL SUNZ**
KEYWORDS: **VEHICLE, CHARACTER, FLY, SPEED FREEKS, DEFFKOPTA, MANIK GORG**



ROAD WARS: STRIKE FORCE FLASHPOINT MISSION



Designer's Note: While the map for this mission is designed for a Strike Force battle, this mission can be played at other sizes. When doing so, we recommend scaling the dimensions as appropriate for the size of the battlefield that is being used.

MISSION BRIEFING

The battles across most of Abundantia were speeding transitway chases that roared across parched grasslands and dusty plains, as forces attempted to exploit or defend caches of unstable chemicals, stockpiles of fuel, technology or stumm-riddled meat. Where vast and dangerous herds of megagroxx and grundlopers were startled or enraged, battlefronts were forced together, compelled to maintain top momentum lest they fall behind and get crushed in the thundering stampede at their backs.

MISSION RULES

Army Limitations

Each army can only include the following:

- **VEHICLE** units
- **BIKER** units
- Units embarked within a **TRANSPORT**
- Units that can **FLY**

Deployment

Units cannot be set up in any location other than on the battlefield and cannot be set up in Strategic Reserves.

Additional Transport Rules

The following additional rules affect **TRANSPORT** models:

- Units embarked within a **TRANSPORT** model cannot disembark from it.
- Each time a **TRANSPORT** model is destroyed, any units embarked within that **TRANSPORT** model are destroyed.
- Units embarked within a **TRANSPORT** model can use any abilities they have as if they were on the battlefield; when doing so, measure distances and line of sight from the **TRANSPORT** model they are embarked within.

Speed-fuelled Violence

- Units are eligible to shoot and charge in a turn in which they Fell Back, but if they do, then until the end of the turn, each time a model in that unit makes an attack, subtract 1 from that attack's hit roll.
- Each time a model makes a melee attack, if it made a charge move this turn, add 1 to that attack's hit roll and add 1 to that attack's wound roll.

Accelerant Boosters

When playing a Road Wars battle, you have access to the Stratagem shown below, and can spend CPs to use it:

ACCELERANT BOOSTERS [1CP]

Road Wars – Wargear Stratagem

Whether a sanctified promethium additive, a sorcerous power cell or a super-heated squig-blood dispenser, the speeding fighters on Abundantia employed many methods to eke out extra acceleration to achieve an advantage.

Use this Stratagem in your Movement phase, when a **VEHICLE** or **BIKER** unit from your army is selected to Advance. Until the end of the phase, add 6" to the Move characteristic of models in that unit in addition to the increase from the normal rules for Advancing.

Loot Markers

Road Wars battles use Loot objective markers. These count as normal objective markers with the following additional rules:

- Each time a model makes a move, if it moves within range of a Loot objective marker, it can pick it up. If it does, remove that objective marker from the battlefield and make a note of which model is carrying it.
- Each time a model is destroyed or is removed from the battlefield for any reason, before removing it, if that model is within 3" of the Trailing battlefield edge, remove any Loot objective markers it is carrying from play. Otherwise, that model's



controller sets up those Loot objective markers anywhere that is within 1" of the model and not within an Area Terrain feature.

Rolling Road

From the second battle round onwards, at the start of the battle round, each model, loot marker and terrain feature on the battlefield is moved 9" in a straight line directly towards the Trailing battlefield edge. It is easiest to move the models and terrain features in the order of closest to furthest from the Trailing battlefield edge.

- If this would cause a model to move wholly or partially off the edge of the battlefield, that model is destroyed.
- Any Loot objective markers and terrain features no longer wholly on the battlefield are removed from play.

After all models and terrain features have been moved, both players roll off, and, starting with the winner, each player selects one terrain feature, and places it anywhere on the battlefield wholly within 9" of the leading battlefield edge and more than 3" from any models, other terrain features or other battlefield edges. Then, starting with the loser, each player sets up one Loot objective marker on the battlefield anywhere wholly within 9" of the leading battlefield edge and more than 3" from any models, other terrain features or other battlefield edges.

MISSION OBJECTIVE

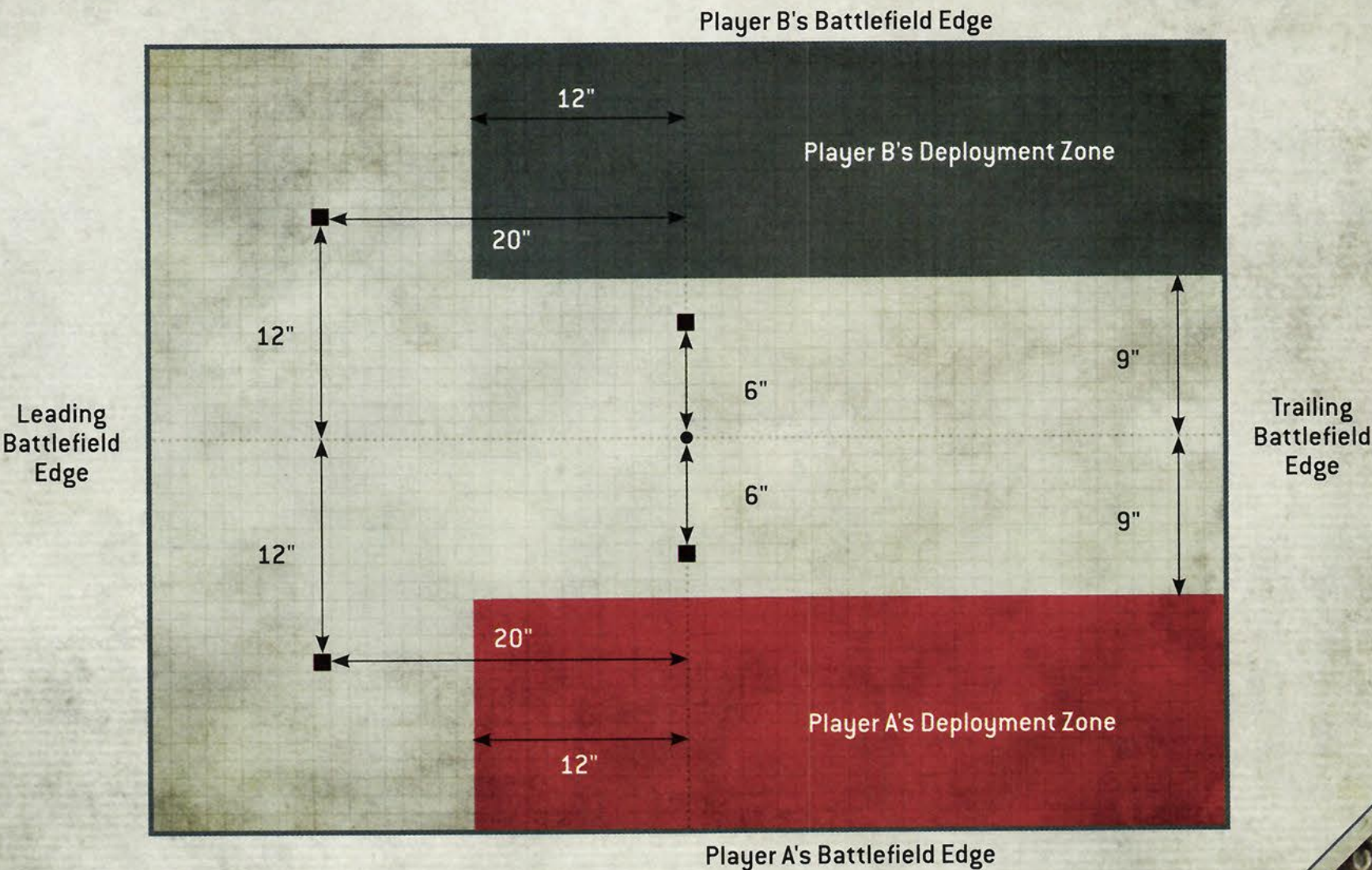
Victory points are awarded as follows:

SECURED AT SPEED

End Game Objective

At the end of the game, if one player's units are carrying more Loot objective markers than their opponent, then that player is the winner and each player earns the number of victory points shown in the table below (select the row that scores the highest number of victory points for the winner). If both player's units are carrying the same number of Loot objective markers as one another, then each player scores 50 victory points.

How many objective markers the winner's units are carrying	Winner's victory points	Opponent's victory points
More than their opponent	60	40
At least twice as many as their opponent	75	25
At least three times as many as their opponent	90	10





WAAAGH! SPEED FREEKS!

Galactic War Hosts is a series of modelling and painting articles focusing on the many factions and sub-factions of the 41st Millennium. Rev your enginez and grind yer gears cos we're takin' a peek under the bonnet at Ork Speed Freeks. Waaagh!

The horizon is obscured beneath a pall of dust. Plumes of black smoke rise into the sky. The sound of growling engines assaults the air, faint at first but growing louder. Shapes begin to emerge from the dust cloud. Crude warbikes covered in spikes and chains hurtle forward, speed-crazed Orks hanging desperately onto the handlebars as they roar towards the enemy, cannons blazing. Deffkoptas plummet from the sky to launch rokkitz and drop bombs before climbing back into the dust cloud for another pass. Ramshackle Trukks and ironclad Battlewagons tear up the earth with steel-shod tyres and clanking treads, scores of Ork Boyz clinging to their frames, eager to go faster, desperate to get to grips with the enemy. The air is filled with the stench of promethium, exhaust fumes, hot oil and alien sweat. The clamour is deafening, overwhelming, the confusion total. The wall of front-heavy vehicles hits with elemental, catastrophic force. The Speed Freeks have arrived.

THE KULT OF SPEED

Speed Freeks can come from any Ork clan, but the majority tend to be Evil Sunz, who are almost universally obsessed with going fast and painting things red (because red wunz, as any Ork will tell you, go fasta). Their obsessions tend to start small, as they race into battle on the back of a Trukk with a mob of like-minded Orks, the wind whipping through their hair-squigs, the taste of dust and dirt in their fang-lined gobs. But soon even this can become mundane, and they look for new ways to go faster. Many scavenge or build a warbike and join a biker mob, launching themselves into battle astride a contraption that is little more than two wheels, some guns, a saddle and a very large engine. Some pay a Mek to build them a ludicrously fast kustom buggy. The most speed-obsessed take to the skies in Deffkoptas, then Dakkajets, then rockets if they have to. For a Speed Freek, terminal velocity is both a goal and an obituary.



THE NEED ... FOR SPEED!

This Kustom Boosta-blasta is the perfect example of what a group of Speed Freeks looks like. Their ride has been extensively modified to accommodate a huge engine, complete with air intakes, fuel injectors and flaming exhaust pipes. The tyres are covered in spikes, and the front grille is adorned with horns as if it were a wild animal. A roll cage serves as a mount for the main gun and, as an afterthought, protection for the crew, who all sport various metal plates and bioniks thanks to regular crashes. The buggy is painted red to make it go faster and features numerous dags fashioned from blades of sharpened metal.



DA EVIL SUN

The Evil Sun is the Ork glyph associated with the Evil Sunz Clan. It typically takes the form of a grimacing red face surrounded by two rows of black and white checks and a ring of red flames. Orks lack the patience to paint such complex symbols on their armour and vehicles, but grots and snots with an aptitude for 'art' are often encouraged to paint the Evil Sun on their boss's wargear.



BBBBRRMMMM, BBBBBRRMMMM, DAKKA DAKKA!

Creating a Speed Freeks army is an exciting prospect for modellers and painters alike. While the majority of Speed Freeks wear the red of the Evil Sunz, the need for speed can sneak up on any Ork, giving you plenty of scope to paint models from other clans for your Speedwaaagh! Vehicles also provide a great opportunity to try out new painting effects such as clumps of mud and dirt, dust, oil stains, rust streaks, chipped and scratched paintwork, weathering, worn iconography and decals ... the list goes on!

The modelling side of things is equally exciting. Our advice: think like a Big Mek! Would a Trukks look cool with trakks? Of course it would! How about a rocket booster? Why not? Perhaps wheels are overrated and a hover-trukks is what's really in fashion! You could loot Astra Militarum tanks for

extra armour (and firepower!) or cut up a Space Marine vehicle for spare parts. Extra wheels, more guns, bigger engines, more fuel tanks, fighting platforms, turrets, running boards, boarding planks; whatever you can think of, an Ork has probably thought of it too. And that's before you consider how Orks from different clans customise their vehicles. Goffs and Snakebites may stick big horns on them, for example, while Bad Moons might opt for some suitably garish bling to make their trukks look the snazziest. Blood Axes might even try camouflage. Orange and purple, perhaps?

We hope this article provides you with some useful inspiration for how to create your very own Speed Freeks army. If you have an idea you would like to share with us, send us some pictures of your creation to: team@whitedwarf.co.uk



Orks who race into battle in super-charged vehicles rarely make it off the battlefield without at least one new scar to show for their recklessness.

PAINTING SPEED FREEKS

Every Ork clan has its Speed Freeks, but the most notorious hail from the Evil Sunz Clan. They believe, correctly or otherwise, that red wunz go fasta, so here's a painting guide for a very red Blastajet!

WAZBOM BLASTAJET

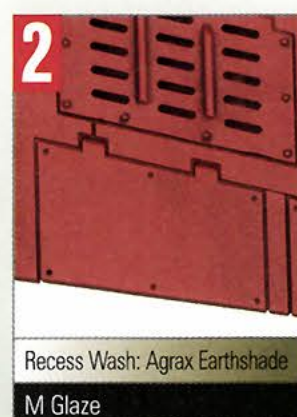
This model was painted in three sub-assemblies – the plane, the pilot and the clear plastic cockpit screen. With this kit, it's easy to assemble the pilot to completion and then glue him into the cockpit when you've finished painting both him and the plane. Aside from the obvious advantages this brings, it also means you can spray the pilot and his aircraft in different colours. Here, the two main sub-assemblies were undercoated with Chaos Black Spray. The aircraft was then sprayed with Mephiston Red Spray, providing the primary colour for most of the model.

The first stage after the basecoat is a recess wash of Agrax Earthshade, which is painted into the cracks between the

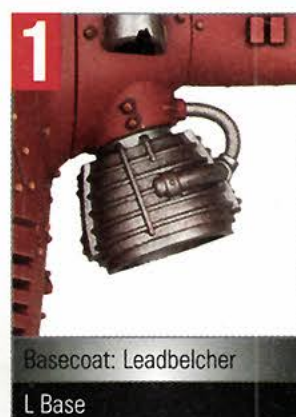
armour panels. This may take a while, but it's worth being neat at this stage, as it makes the effects of the drybrushing on the next stage even more intense!

The first three stages of the model – red, metal and brass – are all drybrushed to completion. Drybrushing is perfect for Orks, as it gives their paint jobs and metalwork a worn, weathered appearance. By contrast, the Skwadron Markings and the whirly pattern on the nose cone are carefully applied, using masking tape to help make sure the lines are straight. Our advice with the whirly pattern is to apply the masking tape at the point and work inwards, making the white stripe gradually wider to keep it in proportion with the width of the nose cone.

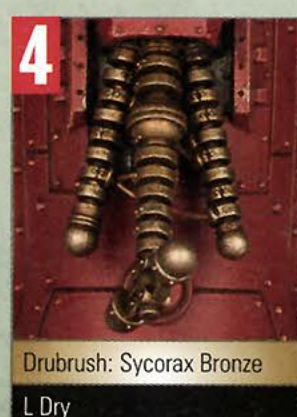
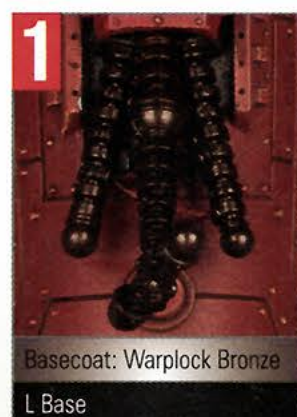
RED PAINT JOB



ORKY METAL



SHINY GUBBINZ



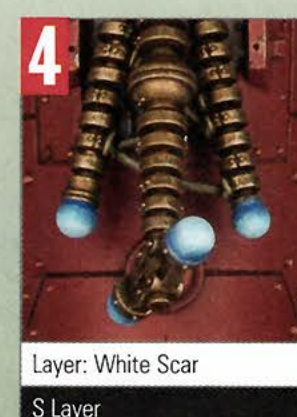
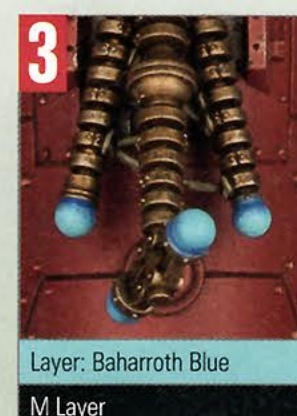
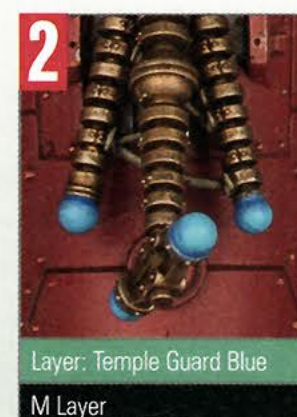
SKWADRON MARKINGS



WHITE WHIRLY BIT



GLOWIN' FINGZ





FIRE STREAKS

1



Paint on wavy lines of Averland Sunset using an M Layer brush.

2



Create the shape of the flames around the wavy lines.

3



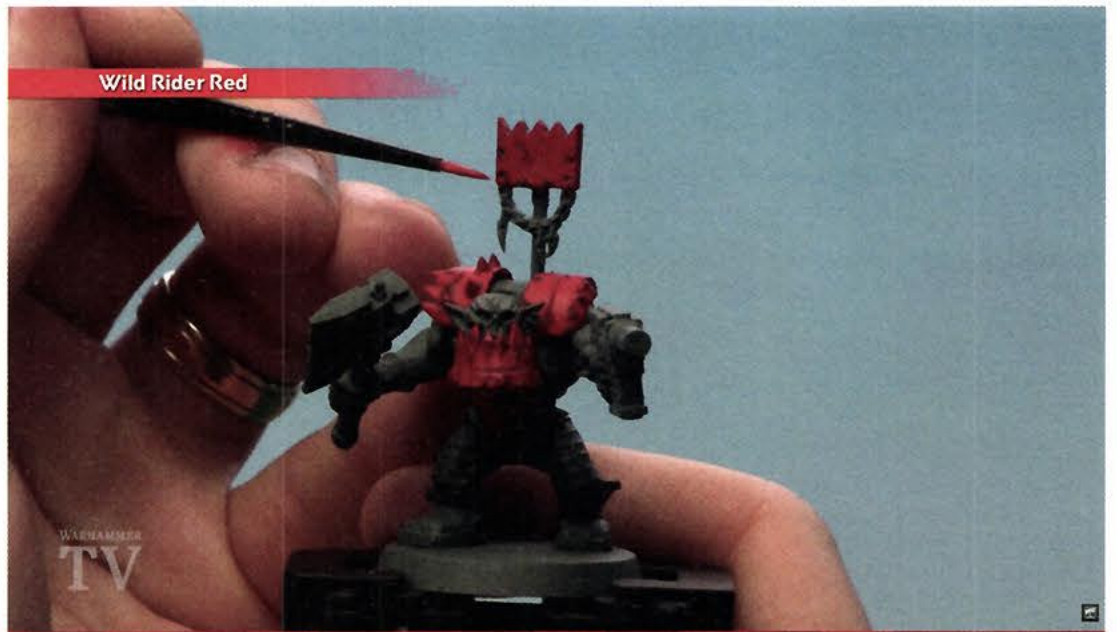
Fill in the shapes with Averland Sunset. Use thin coats to get smooth coverage.

4



Using an XS Artificer brush, add Mephiston Red scratches.

Wild Rider Red



MOAR RED! AND UVVA COLOURS ...

Want to know how to paint even more stuff red? The Warhammer YouTube channel has a couple of painting guides for Evil Sunz armour that are really easy to follow and ideal for both infantry and vehicles. If you want your vehicles to be a different colour (and consequently slightly slower), there are also guides for Goff, Bad Moon and Snakebite vehicles, plus numerous other guides for oily metalwork, shiny gubbinz, chipped and weathered armour and plenty more besides.



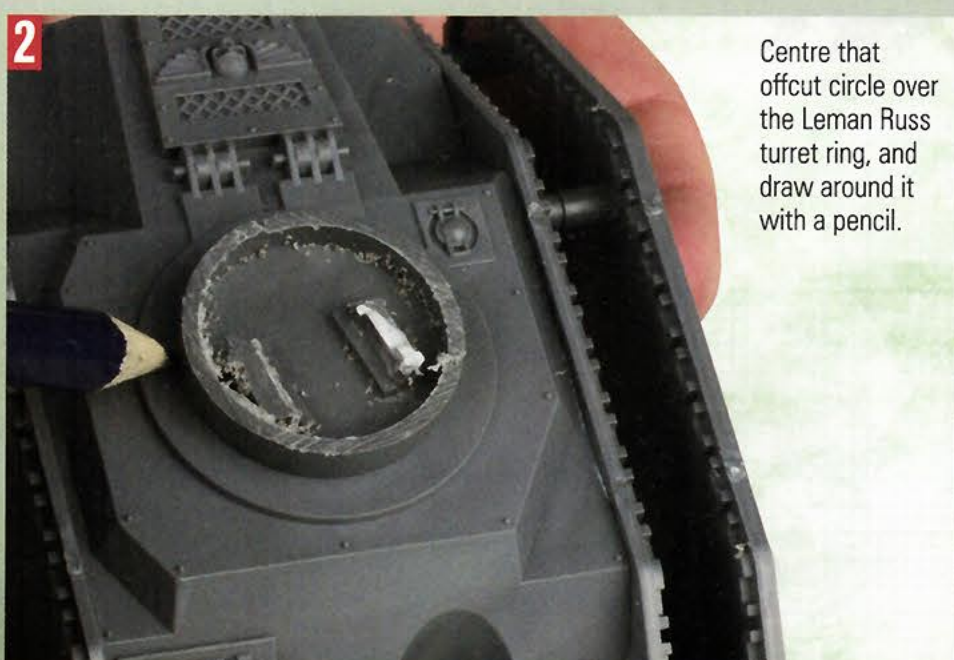
LOOTED WAGON KONVERSION GUIDE

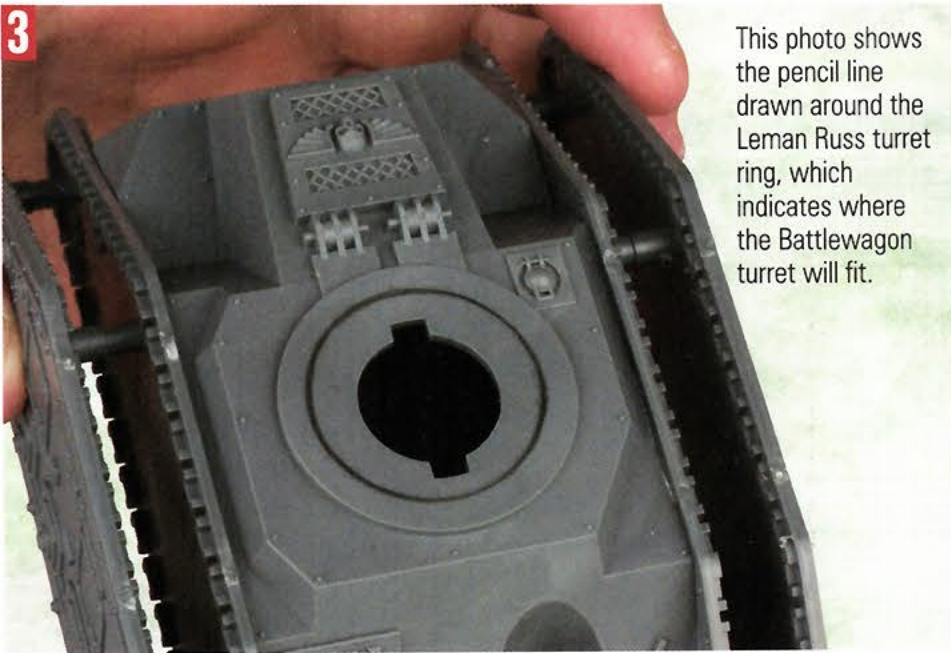
Seeing as there are new Crusade rules for Looted Wagons in War Zone Octarius: Critical Mass campaign book, we thought it would be cool to show you how to convert your own Looted 'Eavy Wagon.



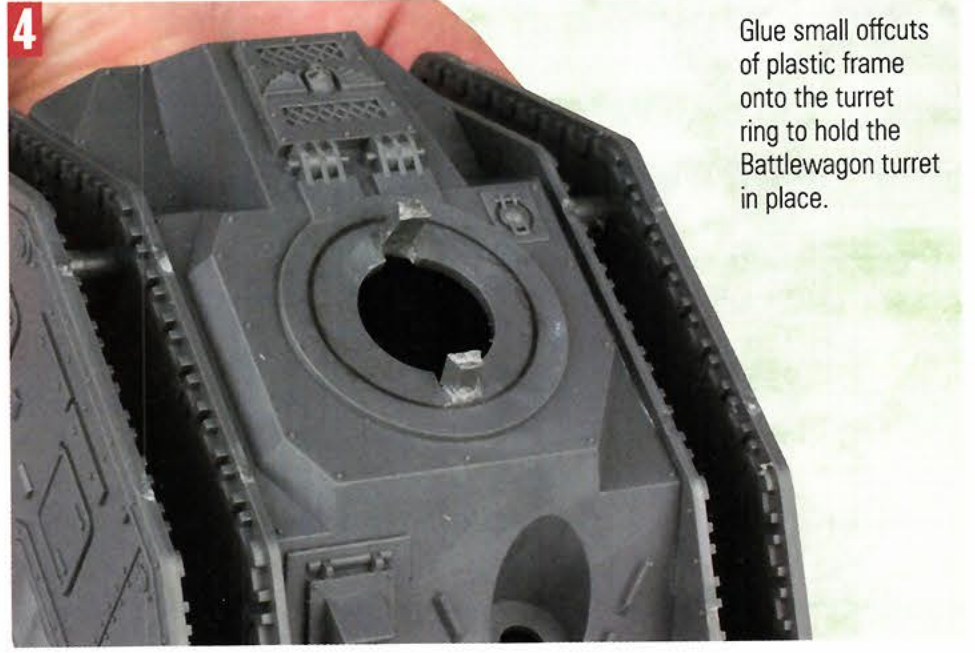
To make a Looted Wagon, Ork Mekboyz start by getting their grubby hands on a vehicle, and then they 'kustomise' it by adding their own improvements (i.e. Orky details). That is exactly the process that the Warhammer 40,000 army painters followed here. This Looted 'Eavy Wagon began its life as a Leman Russ Battle Tank, and it was modified with parts from the Ork Battlewagon kit.

It is worth noting that Mekboyz are notorious for their fast and loose building style – after all, why measure to see if something will fit properly when you can simply hammer it into shape later or weld something even bigger over it! Emulating Mek design ethos is all well and good, but humans are more prone to injury, so please practise safe precautions when using sharp instruments.

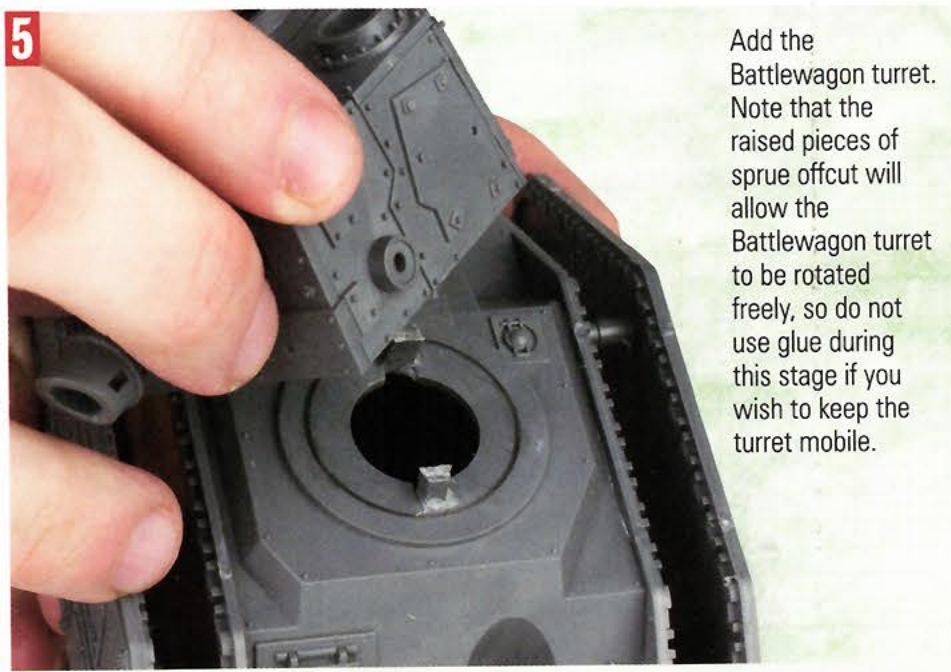




This photo shows the pencil line drawn around the Leman Russ turret ring, which indicates where the Battlewagon turret will fit.



Glue small offcuts of plastic frame onto the turret ring to hold the Battlewagon turret in place.



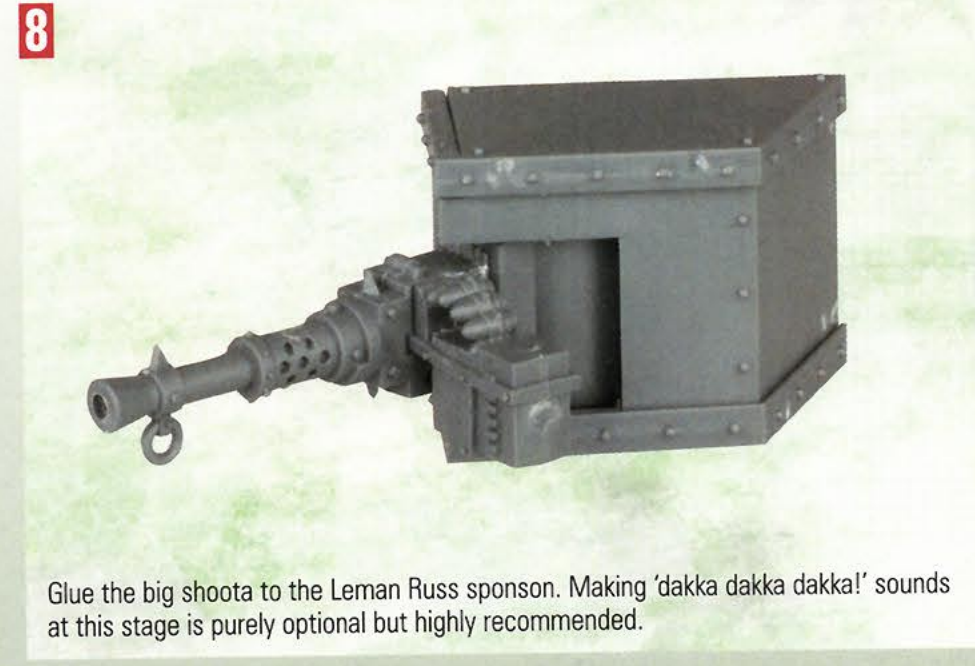
Add the Battlewagon turret. Note that the raised pieces of sprue offcut will allow the Battlewagon turret to be rotated freely, so do not use glue during this stage if you wish to keep the turret mobile.



Using a Citadel Saw, cut the Leman Russ heavy bolters off the sponson mounts.



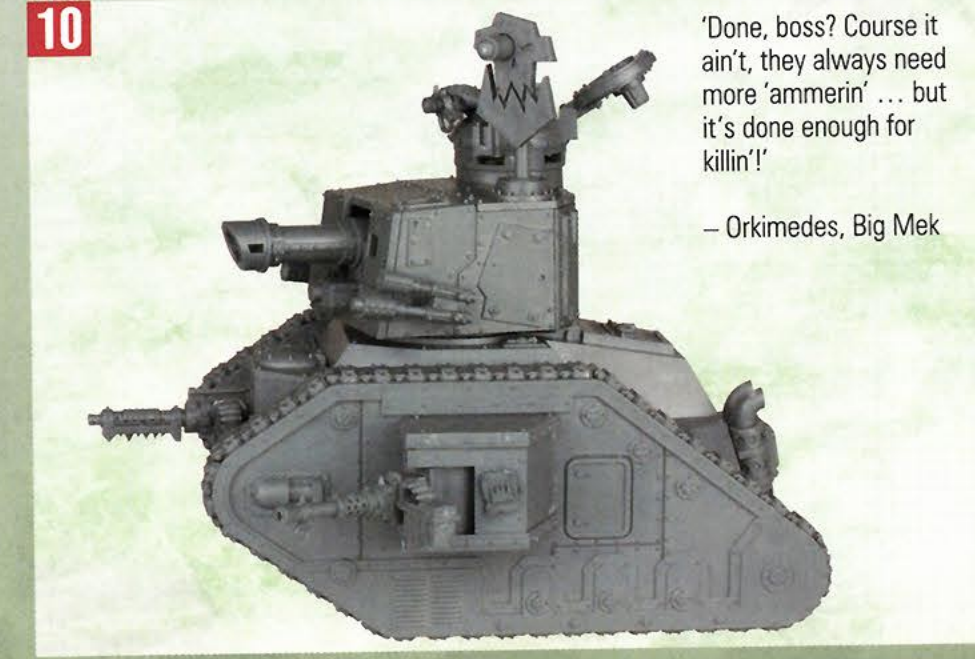
Cut the big shootas with a Citadel Saw to produce a squared-off edge that will fit against the Leman Russ sponson mounts.



Glue the big shoota to the Leman Russ sponson. Making 'dakka dakka dakka!' sounds at this stage is purely optional but highly recommended.



Here you can see two different angles of the completed Looted 'Eavy Wagon. As you can see, Ork crew, glyph plates and other greenskin decorations have been added. The model is now ready for painting!



'Done, boss? Course it ain't, they always need more 'ammerin' ... but it's done enough for killin'!

— Orkimeses, Big Mek

CONVERTING YOUR SPEED FREEKS

Unique and unusual conversions are a great way to emphasise and explore the story behind your army. Here's what the studio Mekboyz have been constructing in their workshops.

One of the great things about collecting Orks is that anything goes when it comes to conversions. Ork Nobz, Meganobz and Flash Gitz are all easy to swap parts around on, while regular Ork Boyz, vehicle crew and specialists such as Burna Boyz and Lootas feature similar arm and head joints, so mixing parts on them is super easy, too.

If you truly want to unleash your inner Mekboy, however, what you really want to do is kitbash some vehicles. There's something wonderfully liberating about chopping up a vehicle and smashing it cut-and-shut style into another one to create a unique vehicle. How about the front of a Trukk combined with the back of a Rukkatrukk Squigbuggy? Or the front of a Megatrakk Scrapjet joined to the back of a Trukk? Or the back of a Battlewagon? Or a Boomdakka Snazzwagon on the trakks of a Battlewagon? The conversion options really are incredible, as you'll see over the next few pages!

BIG BOSS BY LEWIS COLLINS

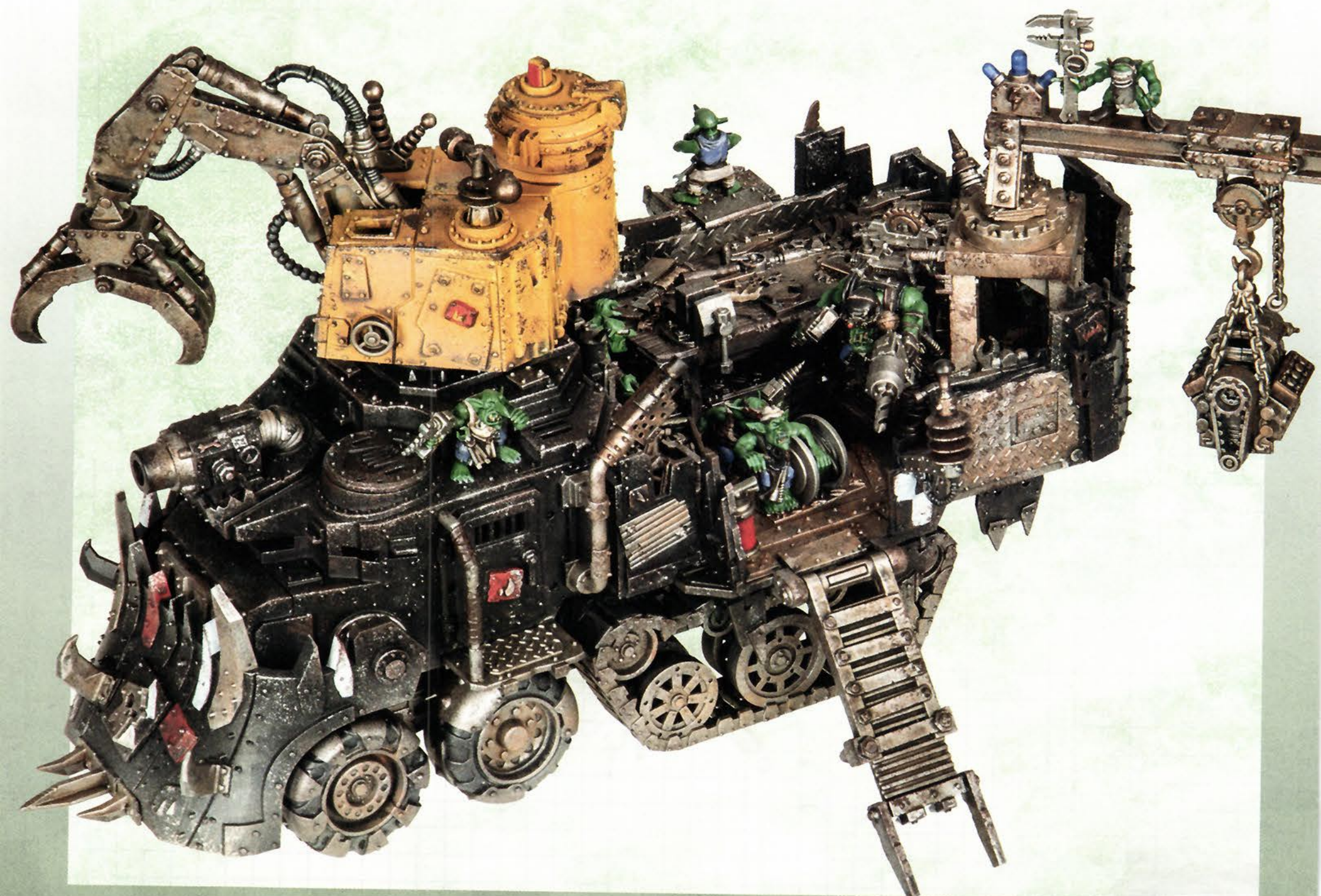
Lewis: I converted my boss from Varag Ghoul-Chewer, with the addition of a big choppa from the Warbiker Mob kit. I basecoated him Zandri Dust, then painted the red with Gore-grunta Fur highlighted with Wild Rider Red. The skin was washed with Ork Flesh and highlighted with Krieg Khaki.



MEK RECOVERY WAGON BY ADAM COOPER

Adam: My Mekboy needs to keep up with the buggies and bikes in the warband, so he built himself a mobile workshop to provide repair services on the front line. The base of the conversion is a Battlewagon that I extended at the back and widened so I could fit the

bench from the Mekboy Workshop inside. I mounted the grabbing klaw in the turret and added a winch hoisting an engine to the back. Most of the crew and a lot of the gubbinz were taken from the Mek Gunz kit, while the Mekboy himself has been given a big drill!





BOOMDAKKA SNAZZWAGON BY ANDY CLARK

Andy: My Blood Axe buggy hails from Da Sandsquigs, a warband that once fought the Tallarn Desert Raiders and decided they'd emulate their camo scheme (kind of!). Both Ork crew have had their heads swapped for Stormboyz heads, and I switched out the big shoota for a looted 'eavy stubba stolen from a Repulsor. The aerials and sensor box come from the same kit – clearly this is some kind of reconisonce vehicle for the warband.



MEGATRAKK SCRAPJET BY EDD BARFIELD

Edd: I built a floating Megatrakk Scrapjet commanded by the legendary Red Gobbo! It's made from a Megatrakk Scrapjet and a Grundstok Gunhauler fused together along with off-cuts of plastic from any kit that wasn't nailed down! I painted it Leadblecher, then washed it with gloss and regular black and brown Shades. The red and yellow panels were painted and weathered separately to give them each an authentic, worn look.

**DEFFKILLA WARTRIKE
BY EDDIE ECCLES**

Eddie: My Ork army is Da Squigtown Scrappas, an unusual clan from a squig-infested scrap pile on some unnamed world. As such, their tech is liberally 'augmented' with squig additions. The Warboss, for example, has replaced the outmoded front wheels of his Wartrike with a state-of-the-art squig propulsion system! It even has a self-driving feature, provided that what you want to drive at is edible!



**DAKKA-DRILLA
TURBO-KILLA BY
EDDIE ECCLES**

Eddie: The Turbo-kill is a rocket-propelled siegebreaker that I use in games as a Bonebreaka. It's made of the Genestealer Cults Tectonic Fragdrill, plus loads of spare Orky bits like the leftover wing pieces from a Dakkajet and some wheels from a Trukk. Collecting Orks is liberating and joyous, enabling you to create unique conversions like this while adding a little humour to the grimdark.

**MEGATRAKK SCRAPJET
BY EDDIE ECCLES**

Eddie: This conversion is pretty simple – most of the model is the regular kit but with a squig face over the air intake from the Mangler Squigs kit. The unfortunate grot about to be run over (a theme across my force) is a Blood Bowl Gnoblar with a grot head. The Scrapjet is painted in my distinctive Squigtown colour pallet of yellow (for dakka), blue (for luck) and red (for speed). They couldn't decide which colour was most important, so they went with all three!





RUKKATRUCK LUNCHWAGON BY EDDIE ECCLES

Eddie: The Rukkatrukk Lunchwagon (pronounced Lunchwaaaghon!) is a combined burger bar and field artillery piece. My Orks would call it the fourth emergency service if they could count that high. It's converted from the chassis of a Battlewagon with the cab of a Rukkatrukk Squigbuggy, a deff rolla, a Munitorum Armoured Container and a Plagueclaw catapult for the squig launcher on the back.

It's painted in the same scheme as the rest of my force. I use Zandri Dust as a basecoat followed by Iyanden Yellow, Averland Sunset Air, Flash Gitz Yellow and Dorn Yellow on the yellow bits. The blue areas are Talassar Blue, Thousand Sons Blue, Ahriman Blue and Baharroth Blue, while the reds are Blood Angels Red, Wazdakka Red, Evil Sunz Scarlet and Fire Dragon Bright. I use Agrax Earthshade for dirt and weathering.



A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

In a galaxy sundered by an eternity of battle, four mighty warlords are assembling their armies. Will they defend the Imperium of Mankind, or do they seek to crush it underfoot? This time, the big boys and girls come out to play ...



If you thought the big guns had already been unleashed in this series of A Tale of Four Warlords, then you would be very much mistaken. Sure, we've seen some big tanks and big guns, big monsters and war machines, but this issue is when all the mighty heroes are unleashed on the galaxy. You can see the headline acts on the opening page – a Space Marine commander, an alien god-being, a High Lord of Terra and the most powerful Gretchin in the galaxy (plus his big mate). But that's not all the warlords have been up to, as they have now reached the 125 Power mark with their forces. Just 25 to go until their challenge (and their tour of duty in *White Dwarf*) ends. Let's see what they've been up to.

Wannabe cyborg Joel Martin has converted a Master of the Forge for his Sons of Medusa force, while adding yet more big guns to his army. His firepower has progressed from the 'high' category in top trumps to 'extreme'.

Also representing the Imperium of Mankind is Drew Palies, whose Sisters of Battle force from the Order of the Argent Shroud has been bolstered by Morvenn Vahl and her retinue. As Drew points out, he only painted four models this month, but they're all pretty big.

On the alien side of things, *White Dwarf*'s Jonathan Stapleton has painted not only a load of Ophydian Destroyers but also a C'tan Shard of the Void Dragon! The Necrons of the Thokt Dynasty have also fought the most games in this series so far. Necrons, it seems, are not too bothered by pandemics.

Fellow alien-sympathiser Lydia Grant has also added a major character to her Ork force this month in the shape of Ghazghkull Thraka. He's accompanied, as ever, by his diminutive bannawava, plus another wedge of heavily armoured, klaw-wielding Meganobz. The Crooked Hand tribe are definitely ready for a skrap.

BECOME A WARLORD

As with previous years, we encourage you at home to join in with our challenge. Many Warhammer stores, independent stockists and gaming clubs like to run A Tale of Four Warlords alongside the series in the magazine, so why not ask them if they're planning anything this time around? If you do get involved, make sure you send some pictures of your creations to team@whitedwarf.co.uk. We would love to see what you've been working on.



Top: Drew's Sisters of Battle put up a fiery defence, but ultimately Jonathan's Necrons weathered the firestorm and chopped them into tiny pieces.
Bottom: Max rumbled happily into Dan's T'au army, mega-shoota blasting everything that moved. He was eventually brought down by a unit of (admittedly very scared) Breachers!

THE ONGOING CRUSADES

For this edition of A Tale of Four Warlords, our four hobbyists will be using the narrative play Crusade rules, which begin on page 306 of the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*.

For those of your new to Crusade, the premise is simple. Once you have established the core of your Crusade force, you can fight any number of battles against any number of different opponents, and, as you play more games, your army will grow in size and experience. For A Tale of Four Warlords, we decided that our warlords would need to paint 25 Power of new units to add to their force every two months. While this may be more than can ordinarily be added to a Order of Battle, it would give them plenty of options for picking and choosing which units and heroes they added to their force, while providing an exciting visual feast for everyone reading the article.

This month's gaming included two large battles, most notably the Battle Report between Jonathan and Drew in last month's issue. After a close-fought match, Jonathan managed to scrape victory from the jaws of defeat by dispatching Drew's Canoness, thereby preventing the reconsecration of Sanctuary 101. Not only did this provide an excellent narrative for a game, it also added to the stories of both Drew's and Jonathan's warlords, as you will read later.

Meanwhile, Lydia played a 75 Power game against *White Dwarf* writer Dan and his T'au. Things looked good for the T'au at the start but took a turn for the worse when Ghazghkull got involved in the fighting. A Riptide, a Ghostkeel and a Commander later, the big green ruled supreme on the battlefield!

SPACE MARINES

THE SONS OF MEDUSA



JOEL MARTIN

Having played a couple of Crusade games in his garden last month, Joel's Sons of Medusa have finally started gaining experience. It's rumoured that his desert camo Infiltrators are still battling their way across a particularly treacherous sandpit ...

The Sons of Medusa have opened their armoury, ready to unleash the contents on the heretics and aliens of the galaxy. This month, the Atropos War Clan is joined by their High Artificer, Vaylund Cal. And more big guns!

Joel: This month, I decided to add more support elements to my force in the form of an Aggressor Squad and a Gladiator Valiant. I really enjoyed building and painting the Lancer last month, so this one was a no-brainer. However, my main focus was on a Primaris Techmarine.

MASTER OF THE FORGE

Ever since starting A Tale of Four Warlords and choosing the Sons of Medusa as my Chapter, I knew that I wanted to add a miniature to my force to represent the Atropos War Clan's Iron Thane and High Artificer, Vaylund Cal. Rather than a single Chapter Master designated by the Codex Astartes, the Sons of Medusa have a ruling council comprising three Iron Thanes, so I set to work planning what I could use to represent Cal in miniature form (see opposite).

After building my Master of the Forge, I looked at how I should paint a Techmarine to fit in with the rest of the army. Instead of choosing the traditional red armour plates worn by Space Marines of the armoury, I decided to paint Vaylund Cal in black armour with accents of green. This ties the model into the Atropos War Clan and helps the figure stand out amongst my other troops and characters. It also links him more closely to the black-armoured vehicles that make up a large portion of my force. After all, he does like vehicles!

PURE AGGRESSION

Aggressor Squad Kolgrimm also joins the army this month. I've been wanting to add some Aggressors to my force for a while now, as they epitomise the close-assault style of warfare that the Sons of Medusa usually employ. I decided to arm them with auto boltstorm gauntlets and fragstorm grenade launchers for more close-range firepower! The narrative idea surrounding Squad Kolgrimm is that they have been assigned as stalwart bodyguards to Vaylund Cal, providing a wall of protection with their gravis armour. I already have plans to make the unit bigger, because three Aggressors clearly isn't enough!

MORE BIG GUNS

The armoured assets available to my Sons of Medusa also grow in number again this month in the form of a Gladiator Valiant – *Omnissiah's Blade*. I followed the same scheme as the Lancer I painted last month so that they look coherent on the tabletop. There are a lot of big, powerful units in the other Warlords' forces now, so I'm hoping the twin las-talons and multi-meltas will help me take down some of their armoured targets.

Sadly, I haven't been able to play any more games with my force as yet, but, with the weather improving, hopefully I'll be able to get in a few more games of Gardenhammer over the summer months in preparation for a warlords' showdown!



THE 125 POWER MARK

On the tabletop, I will use Vaylund Cal as a Primaris Techmarine, spending some requisition points to use the Chapter Command rules from *Codex: Space Marines* to upgrade him to a Master of the Forge. He will join the Aggressors in the Repulsor (until the unit gets larger, that is), giving them all that extra bit of manoeuvrability on the battlefield. Overall, I'm pretty happy with my force's distribution of firepower and combat potential, though I don't really have anything 'huge' compared to some of the other Warlords. Hopefully Adeptus Astartes training will win through!

CRUSADE CARDS

		POWER RATING	CRUSADE POINTS
UNIT 1:	Primaris Captain Morn Graevarr	5	1
UNIT 2:	2 Primaris Lieutenants	8	
UNIT 3:	Primaris Ancient Maarkol Dourr	4	
UNIT 4:	Master of the Forge, Iron Thane Vaylund Cal	5	
UNIT 5:	Squad Torvokh: 5 Intercessors	5	
UNIT 6:	Squad Ghorrean: 10 Infiltrators	12	
UNIT 7:	Squad Acchus: 5 Assault Intercessors	5	
UNIT 8:	Squad Skorrgek: 5 Hellblasters	8	
UNIT 9:	Squad Draak: 3 Eliminators	5	
UNIT 10:	Squad Varrdon: 3 Outriders	6	
UNIT 11:	Squad Kolgrimm 3 Aggressors	6	
UNIT 12:	Xeriis the Unrelenting: Redemptor Dreadnought	9	
UNIT 13:	Medusa's Wrath: Gladiator Lancer	11	
UNIT 14:	Omnissiah's Blade: Gladiator Valiant	12	
UNIT 15:	The Emperor's Retribution: Repulsor	16	
UNIT 16:	Cawl's Gift: Impulsor	7	

IRON THANE VAYLUND CAL

I used Iron Father Feirros as the base for my conversion of Vaylund Cal because his gravis armour makes him absolutely huge and intimidating. I'm not that skilled when it comes to converting miniatures, but I very much enjoy chopping and changing parts (test fitting with adhesive putty first) to see what the different options could look like. For this conversion, I used servo arms and a head from the Primaris Techmarine kit to create Cal.

He is accompanied by his faithful servitor, MORTI5, who I took from Blackstone Fortress: Escalation. I converted him to carry his master's Omnissian axe into battle. He doesn't do anything as a model in game – I just thought he'd make for a cool narrative piece.



NEXT TIME ...

I've got some big guns in my army, but not enough big guns. I've also got some combat units, but I could always do with more. So those are the two things I'm working on for next month. I'm already working on three more Aggressors to add to Squad Kolgrimm, plus that long-awaited Librarian in Phobos armour I planned to paint ages ago! I'm also going to paint some (quantity undecided as yet) Firestrike Turrets.



My Aggressors are picked out in the traditional green of the Sons of Medusa, while Vaylund Cal wears black to help him stand out as the force commander.



NECRONS

THE THOKT DYNASTY



JONATHAN STAPLETON

Jonathan is on a gaming high after his victory at Sanctuary 101 last month. Just like his Necron Overlord, he has added a new title to his Dynastic Epithet. He is now Jonathan, photographer of miniatures, rider of mountain bikes, roller of sixes.

Awakened from slumber, thirsting for vengeance and intent on galactic domination, the Necrons of the Thokt Dynasty have pledged their allegiance to the Silent King. To show their fealty, they have awakened one of their greatest war assets – a C'tan Shard!

Jonathan: With everyone painting big stuff recently, I thought I would keep up the arms race by adding another large model to my force – the C'tan Shard of the Void Dragon. He also brought some friends with him: more Destroyers!

THE MADDEST OF ALL THE DESTROYERS

Last time, I spoke about how I needed to awaken more combat units from the tomb, so this month I've focused on big blades over big guns. My first project was a unit of six Ophydian Destroyers – the freshly awoken Phalanx Abassid. I decided to paint them instead of the tougher and stronger Skorpeks for two reasons. Firstly, for some variety – I think it's more fun to have lots of unique units in an army with different skills and abilities. Secondly, I think the fear factor of them being able to appear anywhere on the battlefield might force my opponents to play a little more defensively. The Ophydians' ability to tunnel away and reappear somewhere else on the battlefield with the Burrowing Nightmares Stratagem should be fun and interesting to use. Hopefully I'll get to use it in a game so I can talk about how well it worked (fingers crossed!).

THE ANGRIEST OF ALL THE C'TAN

To go with the crazy robo-snakes is my answer to all those Imperial tanks that keep appearing in Joel's and Drew's forces: a C'tan Shard of the Void Dragon. Of course, having successfully dealt with

many of Drew's tanks without the Dragon in last month's Battle Report, perhaps he's a bit overkill. Then again, it's always good to make sure something is really dead! I've seen the Void Dragon in action before, and it's an absolute beast (not to mention a bullet magnet), so it should prove suitably terrifying for the other warlords.

THE ONGOING CRUSADE

The legion's return to Sanctuary 101 in last month's Battle Report saw my force take a bit a battering, though Onryx did shower himself in glory. Or rather, to give him his full title: Onryx, Indestructible Lord of Stars, Breaker of the Beings Below, Extinguisher of Injudicious Faith. Having received a third Dynastic Epithet for a third victory, he was able to gain the Dynastic ability Loyal Servant. This will allow me to use a Strategic Ploy Stratagem for free, which will be nice and handy with such goodies as Revenge of the Doomstalker or Curse of the Phaeron when I really need to detonate a Monolith. With him also ending the lives of a few heroes of the Argent Shroud, he was also Marked for Greatness (he really couldn't think of anyone more worthy of the accolade than himself).

The Battle Report last month was a great opportunity to use my whole army against another warlord. And even better, it was a victory. That's one warlord down, two to go!



THE 125 POWER MARK

The legion's glorious victory at Sanctuary 101 saw several of my units take an absolute battering. Most of them escaped injury, but Anaurus acquired a Battle Scar following his fight with Saint Celestine. He has now become a Mindless Reaper (as if he wasn't already!). He can now only target the closest units for shooting or charges. Hopefully that won't change my tactics with him too much, but it is very fitting.

In other news, both Onryx (insert titles here) and Skorpekh Host Oberet increased their rank.

CRUSADE CARDS

		POWER RATING	CRUSADE POINTS
UNIT 1:	Onryx, Indestructible Lord of Stars, Breaker of the Beings Below, Extinguisher of Injudicious Faith	6	4
UNIT 2:	Skorpekh Lord Anaurus	7	2
UNIT 3:	Royal Warden Accipitek	4	1
UNIT 4:	Illuminor Szeras	8	
UNIT 5:	Plasmancer Khaphtex	5	
UNIT 6:	Slave Unit Khaphtex: 2 Cryptothralls	2	
UNIT 7:	Warrior Phalanx Safhat: 10 Necron Warriors	6	
UNIT 8:	Warrior Phalanx Manat: 10 Necron Warriors	6	
UNIT 9:	Warrior Phalanx Sintek: 10 Necron Warriors	6	
UNIT 10:	Immortal Phalanx Sajouk: 10 Immortals	8	
UNIT 11:	Canoptek Reanimator	4	
UNIT 12:	Skorpekh Host Oberet: 3 Skorpekh Destroyers & Plasmacyte	6	1
UNIT 13:	6 Scarab Swarms	4	
UNIT 14:	3 Scarab Swarms	2	
UNIT 15:	Canoptek Doomstalker Khaneph	7	
UNIT 16:	Canoptek Doomstalker Karos	7	
UNIT 17:	Lokhust Host Khateph: 2 Lokhust Heavy Destroyers	8	
UNIT 18:	Ophydian Phalanx Abassid: 6 Ophydian Destroyers	10	
UNIT 19:	Pillar of Dominion: Monolith	19	
UNIT 20:	Void Dragon	18	

A TOUCH OF BLACKSTONE

Blackstone is often described as looking a bit like onyx, and I thought it would be great to add a few nuggets of it to my army. I looked up onyx online and found that it sometimes features ochre or gold streaks through it. Not only would that make it visually interesting, it would also add a hint of warmth to my army's otherwise cold colour scheme.

To paint it, I applied a heavy drybrush of Sycorax Bronze over the Chaos Black undercoat, then washed the flat areas with Black Templar, leaving the bronze effect along the edges and select areas. This creates a much rougher texture than edge highlighting – perfect for a material that is naturally formed rather than manufactured.



NEXT TIME ...

Well, Lydia's been talking about everyone's big-daddy one-upmanship, so next month it will be time to quietly end that argument! I've already painted the Void Dragon and a Monolith, both of which are huge kits. But they're still not the biggest in the Necron range! I could paint a Tesseract Vault, but I'm going down the route of biggest boss. Next month, the Silent King will make his return!

Void Dragon! That should sort out any pesky war machines the other warlords may dare to throw at me. The Opyhdian Destroyers, meanwhile, can get busy with the infantry.



ADEPTA SORORITAS

ORDER OF THE ARGENT SHROUD



DREW PALIES

Lifting heavy things and painting tiny things – these are two of Drew's favourite activities. He tried painting heavy things and lifting tiny things for a while, but edge highlighting a truck was too much work and lifting tiny things just made him look silly in the gym.

Following their defeat at Sanctuary 101, the Sisters of the Order of the Argent Shroud have regrouped and rearmed. With Morvenn Vahl joining their forces for the foreseeable future, the Sisters of Battle are now deadlier (and more righteous) than ever.

Drew: I finally got to play a game with my Sisters of Battle! And what an awesome game it was, recreating – well, continuing – the war for Sanctuary 101 that was first featured in *White Dwarf* over two decades ago. What an honour. That game really helped solidify my faith in my army and gave me new impetus to paint some more models. Admittedly, I only painted four models this month, but they're all pretty big!

THE ONGOING STORY

In the ongoing story for my Crusade force, the Order of the Argent Shroud have reclaimed the world of Daemenor, and it is now back in the blessed possession of the Imperium! However, the planet of Sanctuary 101 has not been so fortunate and still remains in Necron hands. As such, Canoness Eleanor has undertaken a Trial of Suffering. Driven by her failure to protect her predecessor, and to atone for the lives lost on Daemenor and Sanctuary 101, she now seeks absolution for her perceived failures. Perhaps in time she will become a Living Saint, perhaps not – only time will tell.

With success on Daemenor, the war to reclaim that area of space has continued to grow, with more and more Imperial resources being sent to the region. The cardinal world is now seen as a lighthouse in the darkness – a staging post for the whole crusade.

THE ABBESS SANCTORUM

As soon as I saw Morvenn Vahl, I knew I wanted to add her to my army, then I read her background and found out that she was originally from the Order of the Argent Shroud – I had to include her in my force! With the war escalating around Daemenor, it seemed like the perfect time to include her in my army. I imagined she visited the battlefronts of the Eastern Fringe to see how her former Sisters were doing. That's when she met with Canoness Eleanor and saw how pure and strong her faith was. New statues were erected in the Emperor's name and a ceremony was held on Daemenor to announce Eleanor's promotion. Henceforth she would be known as Eleanor the White Martyr, Canoness Preceptor of the Order of the Argent Shroud and leader of the War of Faith in the Daemenor Crusade.

As you can probably guess, this means I painted Morvenn Vahl for my army! I painted her just like the studio model, with her bespoke golden armour. Vahl is described as a fierce fighter, so I built the model with her shouting face. I also painted three Paragon Warsuits to accompany her into battle. I gave them multi-meltas and war maces because I want them to take care of big enemies with lots of Wounds. I learned from the Battle Report that big guns are definitely worth having around when you're facing something as large as a Monolith!



THE 125 POWER MARK

So quite a lot happened to my Crusade force after my first battle. I chose Squad Angelica to be Marked for Greatness, which, combined with the experience they gained throughout the battle, meant that they are now Blooded. They gained the Accelerator weapon enhancement, adding 6" to the range of their guns. Meanwhile, Beatrice picked up a Battle Scar – Deep Scars, which I can only assume came from trying to protect my Canoness. I used the Repair and Recuperate requisition to take it away, as I didn't feel she deserved it!

CRUSADE CARDS

		POWER RATING	CRUSADE POINTS
UNIT 1:	Celestine, the Living Saint	10	
UNIT 2:	Canoness Eleanor – the White Martyr	3	2
UNIT 3:	Morvenn Vahl	13	
UNIT 4:	Squad Briar: 5 Sisters of Battle	3	
UNIT 5:	Squad Euphemia: 10 Sisters of Battle	6	
UNIT 6:	Squad Cordelia: 10 Sisters of Battle	6	
UNIT 7:	Squad Erhynica: 5 Celestians	4	
UNIT 8:	Repentia Superior Ebba	2	
UNIT 9:	Squad Ebba: 9 Sisters Repentia	6	
UNIT 10:	Squad Angelica: 10 Zephyrim	8	1
UNIT 11:	Squad Alice: 5 Dominions	4	
UNIT 12:	Squad Arabella: 5 Dominions	4	
UNIT 13:	Squad Magdalena: 3 Paragon Warsuits	13	
UNIT 14:	Dialogus Weldina	3	
UNIT 15:	Imagifier Beatrice	3	
UNIT 16:	Hospitaller Sophie	3	
UNIT 17:	Sororitas Rhino Clarice	4	
UNIT 18:	Sororitas Rhino Sariah	4	
UNIT 19:	Immolator Iona	7	
UNIT 20:	Immolator Lellia	7	
UNIT 21:	Immolator Sabine	7	
UNIT 22:	Immolator Amellda	7	

Canoness Eleanor stood in silence before the Abbess Sanctorum. The sacristy was dark but not unwelcoming, the small room illuminated by a trio of red candles whose flames burned unsteadily in the warm air. Eleanor's head was bowed, but she could see the flames dancing from the corner of her eye. They reminded her of the battle. The deaths. The Stilling.

'How are your wounds, Sister?' Asked Morvenn Vahl, looking up from the tome she had been writing in.

'They are healing well, Abbess,' replied Eleanor. She lifted her right hand to show the bionic replacement – a finely crafted augmetic polished to a silver sheen. Her body was still bruised and battered, her head shaved to reveal new scars.

Apparently it was a miracle she was still alive after the battle at Sanctuary 101. It didn't feel like a miracle to Eleanor. She felt hollow. Her faith guttered like the candles around her, ready to be snuffed out.

Morvenn Vahl rose from her chair and walked round the desk to lay a hand on her Sister's shoulder. She seemed to sense Eleanor's despair. 'You have faced a terrible foe, Eleanor. Even the strongest souls cannot encounter the Stilling and emerge unscathed. The fact that you are here, now, is testament to your indomitable faith. I would expect nothing less from a soon-to-be-ordained Canoness Preceptor.' Eleanor looked up, shocked, to see Morvenn Vahl flash a rare smile. The flames of her soul began to burn just a little stronger.

NEXT TIME ...

For my final month, I'm bringing out the big guns! My Crusade has got to a point where I feel it should include some heavier war assets, so next time I'll be adding an Exorcist and a load of Retributors to my force. I'm also hoping to paint a unit of Celestian Sacresants if I have time. I'm not finishing the series on a centrepiece model like some of the other warlords – I see this as the start of a much bigger crusade!



Hailing from the Order of the Argent Shroud, I thought it only fitting that Morvenn Vahl should join my Crusade force along with her bodyguard of Paragon Warsuits.



ORKS

WAAAGH! DA GOFFS



LYDIA
GRANT

When Lydia's not answering customer queries, she can be found smashing up her foes on the roller derby circuit – a sport truly fitting of an Ork warlord. She also keeps a bottle of bubbles in her bag for when the bubblechukka hits something. Yes, really!

The Crooked Hand tribe have been joined by the mightiest of all the greenskins – the great green terror that will scourge the galaxy. We are, of course, talking about the infamous Makari! Oh, and some big guy that tags along with him.

Lydia: HE'S BIG, HE'S GREEN, HE'S VERY ZOGGIN' MEAN! ITS GHAZGHKULL THRAKKA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

THE GREAT GREEN HYPE

You can't play the galaxy's biggest game of 'I'll get my dad' and not have the big daddy of Ork-kind himself show up. It's especially inexcusable considering I'm collecting Goff Orks! I honestly cannot tell you how excited I have been to add Ghaz to my force. Story-wise, though, the real excitement is in the fact that Makari has also joined the force, having convinced Ghaz that this tiny hunk of junk planet might just have some mighty warriors on it (and some humies to krump too!). I imagine Ghaz and the Orkganik Mekaniak sitting across from each other in a rusty shed, a light flickering, the buzz of short-circuiting electricity in the air, while in the shadows, two pairs of tiny red eyes narrow at each other as Makari and Smolwyrd each realise, 'Ahh ... so you're the reason this all works.'

A PONDERING ABOUT GROTS

It's often ruminated on (by humies, of course, not by Orks – they ain't got time for that) how Makari has managed to survive for so long. The oldest grot known to man. I wonder, too. Perhaps, just maybe ... it's a title passed down from grot to grot. Or a persona assumed by a grot when the previous Makari meets an unfortunate end (by

means fair, foul or accidental). Perhaps when Ghaz has done what he needs to do on this planet, Makari will look a little paler than usual – a little more sickly. Perhaps Makari suddenly has some new ideas for upgrades for Ghaz's suit. Meanwhile, Skrappaking Smolwyrd is nowhere to be seen ... But we don't need to think about those things! There's krumpin' to be done!

When it came to painting my two iconic heroes, they're clearly not from this dusty planet, so I decided to paint them with brighter and healthier skin tones. For Makari that meant adding a yellow glaze on top of Elysian Green, and Ghaz was highlighted using Ushabti Bone mixed with Elysian Green to keep the tones warmer. However, the planet has begun to have an effect on their armour, and both are already thoroughly coated in a thick layer of rust and oxide dust, which ties them in with the rest of the army.

IN GAMING NEWS ...

The Bubblechukka ... still it does nothing! I would be at my wit's end had I not had a vision of Payne Grotzky, the grot in charge of targeting and firing. Standing on his platform, binoculars in hand, he slapped the side of his gun and said with absolute conviction, 'We miss 100% of the shots we take.' I also played a 75 Power alien-on-alien battle against Dan's T'au. Lots of non-red blood was spilt that day.



THE 125 POWER MARK

I have a couple of updates to my Crusade force this month. I decided that one of my units of Gretchin should be Marked for Greatness after my game with Dan. The 'Rocky Red Shirts' – so named because of their propensity to die almost as soon as the first dice is cast in any game – finally survived a battle and became Blooded. So, despite being shell-shocked, they are now also veterans! Meanwhile, Max suffered a Battle Scar when those pesky T'au shot off his antenna. They are most put out that they can no longer listen to Goff Rock on da radio.

CRUSADE CARDS		POWER RATING	CRUSADE POINTS
UNIT 1:	Makari (da most important character)	3	
UNIT 2:	Ghazghkull Thraka	15	
UNIT 3:	Da Orkganik Mekaniak: Big Mek with Shokk Attack Gun	6	2
UNIT 4:	Big Mek in Mega Armour	6	
UNIT 5:	Weirdgrot Skrappaking Smolwyrd	4	3
UNIT 6:	Da Legion of Boom: 10 Nobz	12	1
UNIT 7:	Da Bullet Farmers: 5 Meganobz	18	
UNIT 8:	The Warpups (led by Nuggz): 30 Gretchin	6	2
UNIT 9:	The Rocky Red Shirts (led by Rocky): 30 Gretchin	6	1
UNIT 10:	30 Gretchin	6	
UNIT 11:	3 Killa Kans	7	
UNIT 12:	Deff Dread	6	
UNIT 13:	Bubblechukka and Smasha Gun Mek gun	6	
UNIT 14:	Max: Gorkanaut	19	
UNIT 15:	Mekboy Workshop	4	

ALIEN SMACKDOWN!

My game with Dan was the largest I've played with the Crooked Hand so far. After the first two rounds of the battle, it really looked like the T'au were going to storm away with a victory. However, after reaching the centre of the battlefield, Ghazghkull remembered his five-a-day pledge. Five horrific, brutal, skull-crushin', armour-krumpin' murders per day. Fortunately, there were some T'au around to help with that quota. Ghaz chomped his way through three of Dan's biggest and most valuable battlesuits without even pausing for breath. Whilst Ghaz doesn't gain experience in the Crusade due to him being a named character, I'm sure it was a battle that neither Dan, nor I (nor any of the greenskins in the area) will forget any time soon!



NEXT TIME ...

I've made some big stuff for my army in the form of Max and Ghaz, but over the next couple of weeks I'm going to be working on something even bigger! I'm not going to say what it is yet, as I want my last month's creation to be a surprise, but let's just say it's really big, dead killy and covered in skrap. It might even have some armoured grot friends joining it, but we'll have to see how I do for time!



The ultimate greenskin joins the Crooked Hand, ready to inspire them in battle. He is joined by the almost-as-impressive Ghazghkull and some more Meganobz!



WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR

From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. And with their birth began a war to claim them. This month: a Flashpoint Clash set in the Realm of Shadow, plus new Cities of Sigmar rules.





REALMSCAPES

The Shadrac Convergence is a place of relative safety in the Realm of Shadow. But dire events could soon change that. The story begins on page 62.



THE TOME CELESTIAL

New background and rules for the Cities of Sigmar? Yes please! The fun begins on page 68 and includes a new Path to Glory campaign arc. For Sigmar!



RULES OF ENGAGEMENT



LOUIS AGUILAR

Louis is one of the games developers for the Age of Sigmar team. Since joining the studio a few years ago, he has worked on many battletomes and rules sets, including the latest edition of Warhammer Age of Sigmar. Recently, Louis set out into the wilderness to establish his very own City of Sigmar. He was quickly asked to remove his tent from the canal towpath.

Greetings from the Mortal Realms. By now, those of you who have picked up the new Stormcast Eternals and Orruk Warclans battletomes will have noticed the change in approach we have taken with several of the rules sections they contain. These changes and new features are the foundations of what we aim to deliver for each battletome throughout the third edition of Warhammer Age of Sigmar as we strive to give our players even more unique play experiences with each faction.

In this issue's column, I'll be giving you a brief look behind the curtain at our approaches to battletome rules for the new edition and hopefully provide some useful insights on how you can expect your own armies to be impacted.

WARSCROLLS

Whether it be in battletomes or on warscroll cards, any player of Age of Sigmar will at least glance at the warscrolls for their units during a

game, no matter how familiar they are with them. It's a good way of keeping your attention on the little details or to simply make sure something works as you've remembered it. It also ties in with one of the biggest objectives we have for the third edition, which is to effectively speed up the pace of battles overall while maintaining immersion and the curiosity of the players.

In order to achieve this, one of the first areas we scrutinised was the amount of rules on a single warscroll. We wanted to streamline our approach and design in this area, ensuring that warscrolls are simple things to refer to rather than potential obstacles that slow down the flow of a battle too often. If the rules that are included on warscrolls are more focused in this way, it also opens the door to give those units more unique roles in their army.

For the majority of Age of Sigmar 2, we saw specific units from each faction stand out above the rest. This would have been for a number of different reasons – maybe the points cost of a unit offered better value for its power, or a specific unit benefited most from battle traits or subfaction abilities. Regardless of the reason, this was an unforeseen consequence of the way we wrote rules for units, and we looked to improve upon our methods for the new edition.

This approach took a few different iterations to nail down, but in the end we settled on the idea that we would try to create the strength and identity of each unit with one rule (if it was



Rules of Engagement - curated by the Age of Sigmar games developers - focuses on the creation, design and evolution of the rules for Warhammer Age of Sigmar. This issue, the studio's Lord-Aguilar joins us to talk about new rules in the latest battletomes.

possible), only adding more if there were still areas of the unit's background or flavour that needed to be represented. This meant that the more common units in an army would have fewer rules on their warscrolls than its **HEROES** or **MONSTERS**, due to the nature of warscrolls with higher point costs.

Scare Taktikz: *Gutrippaz use all manner of means to unnerve and soften up their foes before the first blow is struck, from gruesome 'skareshields' to ululating battle cries that echo from the boggy mists.*

At the start of the charge phase, if this unit is more than 3" from all enemy units, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of this unit that is not a **HERO** or **MONSTER** and roll 2D6. Add 1 to the roll for every 5 models in this unit. If the roll is equal to or greater than the Bravery characteristic of that enemy unit, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made by that enemy unit that target this unit until the end of that turn.

In the previous edition of Warhammer Age of Sigmar, we had a tendency to represent the power of weapons used by units in abilities rather than within the weapon profiles themselves. This was another area that we approached with fresh eyes, allowing us to represent what our players expect from specific units without adding a load of extra rules for them to remember.

Throughout the new battletomes, you'll find that 'foot heroes' (referring to **HEROES** with typically 5-6 Wounds that do not have mounts) will have a small increase in damage output, giving them more use in a fight and making them more difficult to push around. Some battletomes will also include special abilities that allow a single foot hero and a unit of loyal warriors to fight together in the combat phase.

Let Me At 'Em: *A Savage Big Boss cannot wait to get to grips with the foe, and his manic fervour inspires any Bonesplitterz nearby to get into the fight as soon as possible.*

After this unit has fought in the combat phase for the first time, you can pick 1 friendly **BONESPLITTERZ** unit that has not yet fought in that combat phase, that is within 3" of an enemy unit and that is wholly within 12" of this unit. That unit fights immediately.

This encourages you to deploy those smaller heroes in the front lines of your army, where you can imagine they would be to inspire their warriors and fight alongside them. In game terms, this means that the hero and their loyal unit occupy a single activation in the combat phase, allowing foot heroes to contribute in a fight more effectively and not be left at the back for protection as they normally are.

Warscrolls for **MONSTERS** was another area that we examined to make changes for the better, with many rules being simplified and represented in the Monstrous Rampage mechanics of the Core Rules. In Age of Sigmar 3, all monsters now have what are commonly known as 'impact hits', thanks to the Stomp monstrous rampage. Rather than duplicating the effects of this sort of rule on warscrolls, we decided that these units would have enhanced monstrous rampage abilities instead. Some also have the means to achieve bonus effects on top of the monstrous rampage abilities found in the Core Rules.

Destructive Bulk: *A Maw-krusha is an unstoppable avalanche of ill-tempered muscle that turns all in its path into pulverised meat.*

If you carry out a Stomp monstrous rampage with this unit and the enemy unit you picked suffers any mortal wounds, that enemy unit suffers an additional number of mortal wounds equal to the Destructive Bulk value on this unit's damage table. After all models slain by those mortal wounds have been removed from play, if there are no enemy models within 3" of this unit, you can move this unit D6" and then you can carry out another Stomp monstrous rampage with this unit even though you have already carried out the Stomp monstrous rampage in that phase.

The damage tables and Wound characteristics of monsters was another aspect of warscrolls that we scrutinised for the new battletomes. We want the monsters you take in your armies to perform at the level their point cost suggests, as well as to help them perform better for longer. As a first step, we aim to address most of the monster warscrolls in the game by increasing the first bracket of damage a monster has to endure on their damage table before they start to degrade in power.

Now, players will be able to bank on their monster's strength or abilities for a little longer

than in Age of Sigmar 2. This will give those monsters the power you expect them to have but will also attract the necessary attention of rival generals. So, when the next battletome for your army comes around, expect to find most of your units simplified but more powerful and easier to use without losing the essence of their character.

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

A number of decisions we made for Age of Sigmar 3 meant that some of the battletome content of the second edition would gradually become obsolete, and while making decisions to gradually phase out aspects of the game can produce teething issues, they also give us the perfect opportunity to implement the new directions we want each battletome to take.

Things like subfaction abilities had become particularly problematic when considering the balance of the game as a whole and often meant that there was only one optimal way to play a specific faction. Our objective for Age of Sigmar 3 is to ensure that each battletome presents a suite of rules that are all equally appealing and desirable to a faction's player base.

With the goal of making every faction more interesting to play, we also want to make sure you have more than one way of playing that faction. As a result, subfaction rules in new battletomes have been significantly simplified. They tend to have only one rule and, more often than not, unlock different battleline unit options for that subfaction.

We Cannot Fail: *The Hammers of Sigmar have stared down the greatest of horrors without yielding, refusing to fall until their task is completed.*

Friendly **HAMMERS OF SIGMAR** units wholly within 12" of an objective have a ward of 6+.

Freezing Strike: *Icebone orruks are armed with weapons made from ice infused with Waaagh! energy that are capable of freezing whatever they hit.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a melee weapon by a friendly **ICEBONE** model is 6, that attack causes a number of mortal wounds to the target equal to the weapon's Damage characteristic and the attack sequence ends (do not make a save roll).

You'll no longer be locked into specific enhancements when you pick your subfaction, as all of the enhancements for the new battletomes are designed to work across the different ways to build each army. Having choice is the best part of creating your armies, and we want players to be able to access all of their army's rules when doing so.

The desire to simplify the in-game experience of Age of Sigmar also meant that we could remove a lot of abilities that appeared on unit warscrolls and push them to the overarching battle traits of a faction instead. Battle traits in general will be simplified to help with the amount a player must remember when using their armies, and they aim to deliver simple and effective rules that convey each faction's unique characteristics. Overall, we took a 'quality over quantity' approach here and made every effort to provide a focused and intriguing suite of rules that players will be tempted to explore in their own games.

VENOM-ENCRUSTED WEAPONS

The weapons used by Kruleboyz are smeared with toxins extracted from poison sludge, venomous swamp creatures and the orruks' own spit, so the wounds they inflict quickly become infected.

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made by a **KRULEBOYZ ORRUK** model is 6, that attack causes a number of mortal wounds to the target equal to the weapon's Damage characteristic and the attack sequence ends (do not make a wound roll or save roll). This ability has no effect on attacks made by a mount unless noted otherwise.

PATH TO GLORY

One of the biggest changes you'll find in this edition's battletomes is an increased focus on Path to Glory rules and how each faction represents their background in Path to Glory campaigns. This improved design space lets us explore new and exciting ways for Path to Glory armies to be represented both on and off the tabletop. To start with, we aim to provide new 'battle trait' equivalent abilities for each battletome that are exclusively designed for Path to Glory games.

In the new Stormcast Eternals and Orruk Warclans battletomes, these rules are represented in the training of the Stormcasts and the territorial ransackings that Orruks perform during their Waaaghs! across the Mortal Realms. On the exterior, these rules are simple and flavourful to each faction's rich narrative but will more often than not drill into how these factions operate on a much more detailed level. We're very excited to bring you this fresh approach to narrative play in each of the battletomes to be released across this edition of the game.

Dracothian Guard Concussors	2	220	Battleline in a Hammers of Sigmar army
Savage Boarboys	5	140	Battleline in an Icebone army

TENETS OF THE GLADITORIUM

It is in the Gladitorium that all Stormcasts are trained. It is here where the conclaves drill tirelessly, honing their skills until they are proven veterans. It is here where the true nature of a Stormhost is born.

If you pick a subfaction for your Path to Glory army using the Stormhosts battle trait on page 106, instead of using the allegiance ability for that Stormhost listed on pages 112-113, you can pick combat tenets from the tables that follow as described below. Alternatively, you can choose to design your own Stormhost by creating a new subfaction keyword and picking its combat tenets from the tables that follow as described below. Note that the following rules can only be used in battles if both you and your opponent are using a Path to Glory army.

RANSACKING TERRITORIES

When you make an exploration roll, on a 61-66, you can pick a territory from the Orruk Warclans Territories table on page 98. These territories work differently to other territories in Path to Glory. Firstly, you do not spend any glory points to control them (you can do so automatically). Secondly, these territories cannot be upgraded. Instead they can be **ransacked**.

Unless a faction's background would dictate otherwise, each Path to Glory section in the new battletomes will also include unique quests for your faction to complete and veteran abilities for your units to gain. On top of these bespoke rules are new warscroll battalions, all of which have been created to focus on the narrative aspects of the factions while making sure that one warscroll battalion doesn't surpass the rest.

QUEST

THE NEMESIS ETERNAL

The Stormcast Eternals were first created to defy the armies of Chaos. Only through constant war can this ancient evil be held at bay and the growth of civilisation be guaranteed.

At the end of a Path to Glory battle, you complete this quest if you won a **major victory** and your opponent's army was a Blades of Khorne, Disciples of Tzeentch, Hedonites of Slaanesh, Maggotkin of Nurgle, Slaves to Darkness or Skaven army.

When you complete this quest, each unit in your army that was not destroyed earns 1 bonus renown point. In addition, if the enemy general was slain by an attack made by your general, your general earns 5 bonus renown points instead of 1.

Total Commitment: The strikes of these Stormcasts resound like the first terrible peal of thunder.

This unit can use this veteran ability once per battle at the start of the combat phase. This unit counts as having made a charge move in that turn.

If you've built armies conforming to old warscroll battalions from Age of Sigmar 2, at the very least you can expect those warscroll battalions to be included in your battletome, unless outliers (such as narrative progression) have dictated otherwise. Between the core battalions from the Core Book, the core battalions your battletome



may include and the imported warscroll battalions found in each Path to Glory section, your existing collections and their particular configurations will be accommodated.

MATCHED PLAY

Finally, each battletome will have unique sets of Grand Strategies and Battle Tactics for each general to use in their matched play games. These unique secondary and tertiary objectives are bespoke to each faction's style of waging war and the behaviours you would expect them to adopt when facing their enemies on the battlefield.

Draconith Defiance: When the battle ends, you complete this grand strategy if the only **HEROES** on the battlefield are friendly **DRACONITH**, **STARDRAKE** or **DRACOTH** units.

Time to Get Stuck In!: You can pick this battle tactic only in your first or second turn. You complete this tactic if the model picked to be your general and all of the models in your army that are on the battlefield are within 12" of an enemy unit at the end of this turn.

Oddly enough, the majority of these bespoke grand strategies and battle tactics are driven by the narrative of each faction as opposed to their tactical nous. This not only stays true to the identity of the faction but also allows us to make sure these new objectives are no easier or harder to achieve than those found in the Contest of Generals or Pitched Battles battlepacks. Players can pick from both the battlepack and battletome grand strategies and battle tactics, so we hope there will be plenty of choice for players of any ilk.

So concludes this edition of Rules of Engagement. I hope that you have found it useful and that you have a good idea of some of the things you can expect from the next edition of your battletomes. It's been my absolute pleasure to have been involved in the new direction of battletomes for the third edition. I hope you happily lose as many hours as I do when writing army lists and thinking about how your next march across the Mortal Realms will fare. Until next time, good luck and have fun!

A LITTLE EXTRA READING

What would you like to read about in Rules Of Engagement? Let us know your thoughts, and we'll pass them on!

team@
whitedwarf.co.uk

THE REALM OF SHADOW

Ulgû is a realm of misdirection and mistruth, a place of eternal gloom where one must rely upon senses other than sight and sound if they are to survive. Those who accept their surroundings at face value will soon stumble into misfortune and death.



THE SHADRAC CONVERGENCE



To those who live there, it sometimes appears that the very lands and oceans of Ulgu have a kind of malicious sentience, for they seem to delight in leading mortals into desperate peril. False paths lead unwary travellers over sheer cliff faces, while the maddeningly unpredictable tides of the Ulguan ocean drive galleys into whirling undersea vortexes or smash them against unyielding rocks. Apparently solid earth can prove to be as insubstantial as inky water, while many predators here have evolved to use false whispers and mimicking cries to lure their prey into the reach of their fangs. The Realm of Shadows is truly a domain of secrets and falsehoods, and a thousand and more armies have met a grisly end within its misty valleys.

Ulgu comprises a number of mist-woven, insubstantial continents together known as the Thirteen Dominions. These mysterious regions are wildly varied, encompassing forests of gossamer-like silk, wastelands shrouded entirely in fog, and mysterious metaliths locked to the ground by titanic chains – as if to prevent them from slipping away. Night and day do not exist here, only a gradation of gloom.

The rulers of the Thirteen Dominions are Malerion and Morathi, powerful gods of aelvenkind and unrivalled masters of shadow magic. Though she is mother to Malerion, Morathi's claim upon the Realm of Shadows is weaker – for now, at least. Her holdings in the Umbral Veil are relatively small compared to her son's sprawling empire, though she does possess the immensely potent font of shadow magic known as the Helleflux.

It should not be imagined that these two gods' rule in Ulgu is unchallenged, however. The vile worshippers of Slaanesh have flocked to the Realm of Shadows, sensing that clues to the location of their chained god lie somewhere within. Meanwhile, Sigmar has founded the powerful shadow-port of Mithhåvn on the coast of Cape Tenebrax, which has come to dominate all naval passage along the Shadrac Sea. The God-King's designs upon Ulgu do not end there. Though launching Dawnbringer Crusades in such an inherently dangerous and deceptive realm is a dangerous task indeed, that has not stopped the conclave of Mithhåvn from sending forth several such ventures. Guided by the unnaturally keen senses of native scouts, at least some of these crusades have managed to reach their destination and establish there new Sigmarite strongpoints.

SHADRAC CONVERGENCE

The Shadrac Convergence is so called because this is the location where several of the Thirteen Dominions come together, forming natural links and trading hubs. In a realm where inconstancy and unreliability are a given, Shadrac's status as a link between kingdoms makes it one of the most important regions in all of Ulgu.

This should not suggest that the Convergence is any way a less hostile place than the deeper reaches of Ulgu. Shadrac's lightless valleys and swaying forests of gossamer-trees quickly swallow up unwary travellers, while the seas here are so treacherous that they are almost impossible to traverse by non-magical means. Terrifying predators such as whisper-spiders, abyssal glatches, gaunt stranglers and shroudwings haunt the wilds, feeding upon their prey's panic and terror before consuming their flesh.

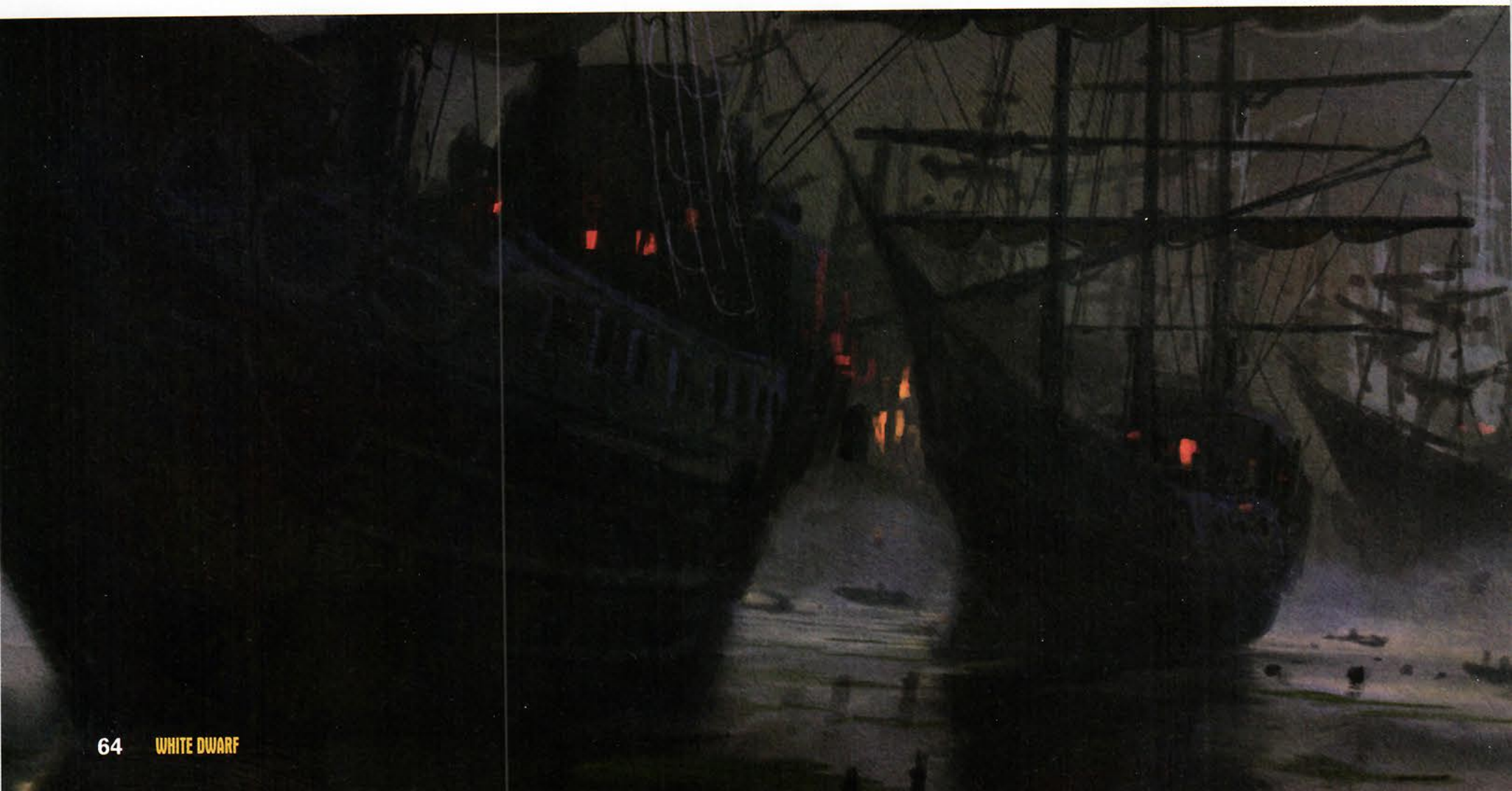
At the centre of Shadrac lies the Umbral Veil, an archipelago permanently wreathed in darkness. The source of this endless night is the Helleflux, an undersea font of pure shadow magic. Above it stands Hagg Nar, the great temple-city of the Khainite cult and domain of the goddess Morathi. Her deadly worshippers are known as the Daughters of Khaine, and it is they who have dominated the Convergence for centuries, fending off even the relentless invasions of Slaanesh-worshippers that plagued the region throughout the Age of Chaos. Hagg Nar's strategically beneficial location and control of the Helleflux – which empowers both Morathi and her formidable armies – makes it the foremost power in Shadrac, perhaps even rivalling nearby Ulguuroth, the mighty domain of Malerion.

The free city of Misthåvn has not yet reached such heights, but the steadily expanding port city is not to be underestimated. Its human denizens have adjusted to the

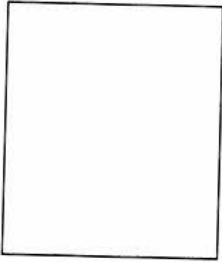
mercurial nature of Ulgu with remarkable rapidity, developing and honing strange powers of intuition that allow them to function in the constant gloom, where sight and hearing are rarely reliable. The city's Grand Conclave contains a smattering of rogues, Grey Wizards and other unscrupulous types, whose unconventional approach to matters of trade and conquest could easily be seen as unsavoury – even blasphemous. Corsairs out of Misthåvn deal in not only illicit material such as poisons, shadow-woven blades and illusory charms but also make a killing offering up captured prisoners as sacrifices for the Khainite cult. The link between Hagg Nar and the shadow-port remains surprisingly strong, despite Morathi and Sigmar's notoriously tense relations – likely because each of the cities grows increasingly wealthy and powerful by trading goods and military favours with its neighbour.

'Those glory-seekers from Hammerhal look down on us as cut-throats and deceivers. They say we'd rather stab a foe in the back than meet him face to face in honest battle. That we'd rather skulk in the shadows like assassins than storm a fortress wall, guns blazing. Just goes to show those gold-chested glory boys ain't quite as stupid as they seem, 'cos they're right on both counts.'

– Freeguild Sergeant Copper Dryne of the Mist Bats







SEASON'S GREETINGS!



WHITE DWARF

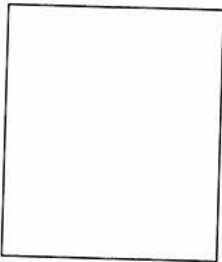
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SEASON'S GREETINGS!



WHITE DWARF

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MIST-SHROUDED MAJESTY

Though it is a realm infamous for its eternal pall of gloom and innumerable, treacherous hazards, Ulgu contains many wondrous sights: coastlines fashioned from wisping trails of shadow-stuff, foreboding temple-cities and swirling undersea vortexes of terrifying scale.



HAGG NAR

The capital of the Khainite cult is a foreboding temple-city that dominates the archipelago of the Umbral Veil. It is the seat of the goddess Morathi-Khaine's power, and it is amongst the most militarily powerful strongholds in all the realms.



MISTHÅVN

Formed from the hulks of lashed-together boats, Mithavn is uniquely infamous amongst the free cities for its lax attitude to notions of law and propriety. All manner of murderers, corsairs and cut-throats call the shadow-port home.



DOMINION OF KLARONDU

The vast continent of Klarondu is known for its harsh, jagged coastlines and the vast metaliths that float above it, tethered to the earth by god-wrought chains.



THE WITCHWHORL

An undersea realmgate formed from churning, illusory whirlpools, the Witchwhorl is navigable only by the Idoneth Deepkin, and even they are not immune to its hazards.

FLASHPOINT CLASH

THE TOME CELESTIAL

The Cities of Sigmar are a bulwark against the darkness, a shield against those who would see civilisation cast down and replaced with anarchy. Though their armies consist of mere mortals, they fight fearlessly against all odds in the name of their beloved God-King.



THE CITIES OF SIGMAR

The Cities of Sigmar are the God-King's vision for the future made manifest. Each is a beachhead of civilisation amidst realms still almost entirely dominated by the cruel will of the Dark Gods. Though they are far from unblemished by inequality and cruelty, these settlements offer the hope of a better world – a world where mortals can live in peace and not in constant fear of torment and death. Surrounded by high walls run through with channels of blessed starwater, thickly fortified with gun towers and clanking, smoke-spewing cogforts, the Cities of Sigmar present a formidable obstacle to any who would see Sigmar's ambitions cast down in ruins. Yet the free cities are far from merely a defensive, reactive force – especially in these troubled times.

When the armies of the free cities march to war, the sight is glorious to behold. The skies are filled with fluttering banners bearing the sacred iconography of Sigmar's people, while marching beneath come endless ranks of uniformed foot soldiers, bellowing battle-songs and clutching firearms and gleaming blades. When battle is joined, they form thick ranks around their standards, repelling the enemy with stubborn resolve and disciplined musketry. Though individually outmatched by almost all of the horrors they face, these humble humans, aelves and duardin make up for this discrepancy with discipline and an unshakeable faith in the righteousness of their cause. This resolve is backed up by the mighty, smoke-belching war machines of the Ironweld Arsenal and a bewildering array of specialist auxiliaries.

The defenders of the Cities of Sigmar are inheritors of a proud and tragic legacy, descendents of those battered and bloodied cultures forced to retreat to Azyr when the legions of the Dark Gods swept forth to conquer the realms. They are filled with righteous fury and determined to reclaim all that they lost during the darkest days in the history of mortalkind.

ORIGINS OF THE FREE CITIES

The first free cities were founded at the tail end of the Realmgate Wars, after the God-King's Stormcast Eternals had seized many of the vital arcane passageways that link the Mortal Realms. Desiring to consolidate these territories, and determined to restore the once-glorious empire he had known, the God-King ordered the construction of fortified settlements at key strategic junctures, almost always around the swirling portal of a realmgate.

First, the newly conquered lands were cleansed by throngs of flagellating saints and martyrs, holy men who scourged themselves until their blood seeped into the earth and banished the taint of corruption. Then a Stormkeep was raised – a fortress of the Stormcast, impervious and dominating, its sheer walls lined with ballistae and crackling with aetheric energy. The Stormkeep would form the central spine of each new city, with new districts sprouting



outwards in concentric rings. At first these districts were luxurious and ornate, but they grew increasingly slapdash in their construction as streams of refugees and Azyrite colonists flocked to the frontiers of Sigmar's empire and as enemy armies crashed against their reinforced walls again and again.

The first of the cities were collectively known as the Seeds of Hope and were located in the realms of Fire and Life, where Sigmar's armies made their initial gains. Foremost amongst them was the Twin-Tailed City of Hammerhal, a vast and wondrous megalopolis, which, in fact, comprised two cities in different realms joined together by the immense Stormrift Realmgate: the verdant and bounteous Hammerhal Ghyra and the industrial powerhouse of Hammerhal Aqsha. Empowered by this symbiotic relationship, Hammerhal has grown into the greatest settlement in the Mortal Realms, a jaw-droppingly vast and sprawling city that is home to untold thousands of humans, duardin and aelves. United by shared trauma and their determination to avenge themselves upon their persecutors, these disparate peoples forged strong bonds of fellowship. Though uncomfortable differences and open prejudices still existed, when the hour came for them to join together in defence of their homes, they fought for one another without hesitation.

With the success of the Seeds of Hope, other foundings followed; in Chamon, the caldera city of Vindicarum was hewn out of the interior of a dormant volcano, while in Ghur, the prophecy-rich port of Excelsis grew increasingly

powerful through trade and premonitions harvested from the nearby Spear of Mallus – a titanic shard of the World-that-Was that had crashed into the Ghurish oceans aeons ago. In Shyish, the grim yet resolute people of Lethis learned to live amongst the dead, and even in Ulgu, that most mercurial and treacherous of realms, the shadowy city of Mithåvn grew and thrived. With the rapidity and aggression that are the hallmarks of humanity, the empire of the God-King expanded to encompass a vast swathe of territory. Though, when compared to those lands that remained under the sway of the Dark Gods, Sigmar's gains remained relatively meagre.

DEFENDERS OF CIVILISATION

Each of Sigmar's free cities is akin to a nation-state, capable of mustering its own armies and defending its borders zealously. They must be self-reliant, for they are surrounded on all sides by merciless foes who would see them destroyed. Or worse, conquered and turned to a dreadful purpose. In most cities, the largest standing forces are those of the Freeguilds, composed of thousands of men and women conscripted or willingly recruited into service. Low-born guttersnipes rub shoulders with noble youths eager for a taste of battle and glory, as well as hard-bitten natives of the realms who know all too well what horrors await beyond the safety of high walls.

A city may contain multiple Freeguilds, each with its own traditions, legacy and military doctrine, and these regiments are responsible for offensive campaigns to clear territory as well as the more mundane duties of garrison



detail and policing. Most Freeguilds operate a complex system of reinforcement and relief, as those who have been wounded on the frontlines – or have simply been at the bloody front of battle for too long – are cycled back to fulfil rear-echelon positions, commonly taking roles as city watchmen. This system is far from perfect, of course; organising thousands upon thousands of soldiers is an all but impossible task, and many luckless Freeguild soldiers find themselves trapped at the front for years on end, until they inevitably meet a gruesome fate on the battlefield.

The Freeguilds are commanded by officers trained in the finest martial academies of the Sigmarite empire and tested in the fiery crucible of battle. Although it is true that many of these battlefield commanders are descended from Azyrite stock, and are fiercely proud of their heritage, the status of one's birth is not a prerequisite. Any hint of incompetence at the strategic level is quickly identified and excised by Sigmar's uncompromising agents, and the God-King has little time for those who prize the lottery of birth over skill and gritty resolve. The Freeguild Generals command not just massed ranks of frontline infantry and musket-wielding sharpshooters but also devastating artillery detachments from the Ironweld Arsenal – the God-King's master engineers and weaponsmiths. They can also field some of the finest cavalry in the realms in the form of the feared Demigryph Knights, whose half-avian mounts can deliver a punishing charge into the enemy across even the most rugged terrain.

**'If I should fall in hard-pitched battle
An orruk's axe betwixt mine eyes
Then sing for me, while I lie bleeding
And mourn for a career most fleeting
But heed ye well the Colonel's cry,
"March on lads, there's no retreating!"'**

– Marching song of the Golden Lions, Freeguild of Hammerhal Aqsha

It is not just humans who fight on behalf of the God-King. During the darkest days of the Age of Chaos, Sigmar offered sanctuary to countless tribes and kingdoms of duardin, aelves and other cultured races, and in return these landless souls pledged to aid him in battle. Armies of the Cities of Sigmar rarely enter battle without a bevy of auxiliary formations, whether they consist of aerial squadrons of duardin-designed steamcopters or small bands of aelven Wanderers, expert navigators of the deepest woodlands. These auxiliaries cover any weaknesses in the Sigmarite military doctrine, allowing Sigmar's commanders to adapt their order of battle and tactical approach for almost any theatre of war. This adaptability through cooperation is a testament to the strength of the God-King's vision of the realms united in purpose; though the Cities of Sigmar might be outnumbered and outpowered by the mighty hosts of their foes, few of their rivals can call upon such a vast array of specialised troops.





AN ERA OF EXPANSION

The Era of the Beast offers many lethal challenges to Sigmar's growing empire, as rampaging hordes of orruks hurl themselves upon the free cities, and the cursed emanations of Ghur revert humans into slaving beasts. Yet the God-King cannot afford to halt his momentum and has refused to slow the pace of his conquests. It is the armies of the Cities of Sigmar that provide the military core of the Dawnbringer Crusades, those great expeditions that march forth into the Chaos-ravaged wilderness to settle new lands in the God-King's name.

To embark upon a Dawnbringer Crusade is to dedicate oneself to a holy mission, assigned by the God-King himself. Borne at the fore of each crusade are relic braziers lit from the sacred flame kept at the temple in each parent city's heart, itself an ever-burning fire carried through a realmgate from Azyr long ago, at least according to the claims of Sigmar's Devoted priests. Those who willingly join – or are conscripted – into such a crusade are known colloquially as Dawnbringers or simply Dawners, for it is their role to bring their city's light into the long night of evil that typified the Age of Chaos. Although almost every crusade is accompanied by a mighty company of Stormcast Eternals to provide protection and obliterate threats as they emerge, the God-King's champions are few. Each Dawner must be prepared to give their life in service of a holy mission.

The lords of each free city are responsible for organising and supplying these immense expeditions, and the composition and temperament of each crusade varies depending on the culture of its home city. Those from Hammerhal Aqsha, for example, tend to consist of vast, armoured columns that smash a path through the wilds with a combination of engineering ingenuity and sheer firepower. Crusades out of the Ulguan shadow-port of Mithåvn, by contrast, must, by their very nature, be subtle and adaptable, for they are forced to navigate the treacherous, mist-shrouded coastal valleys of the Realm of Shadows. Such journeys require the aid of keen-minded seers and veteran pathfinders, natives well used to interpreting the mercurial patterns of Ulgu.

Dawnbringer Crusades are not idly dispatched, for even the populous strongholds of Sigmar cannot afford to throw away the lives of their citizens and soldiery on foolish endeavours. Exhaustive preparations must be made, both in assembling the mighty war machine of the crusade itself but also when it comes to choosing the location and path of its journey. All Dawnbringer Crusades are launched to seize a site of particular strategic value, whether that might be a key realmgate offering passage between vital locations, a source of potent magic, or deposits of priceless resources such as realmstone. Advance scouts – often, but not exclusively, comprised of swift-moving aelven Wanderers or other light infantry – are sent forth to plot a route through the tangled wilds, while battle-seers and augursmiths of the Collegiate are called upon to identify potential hazards before they can doom an expedition.

Even with such precautions, a vast proportion of Dawnbringer Crusades meet with disaster, ambushed en route to their location by hollering orruks or sadistic Chaos-worshippers to be surrounded and torn apart piecemeal. Others are swept off course by sudden, arcane storms, decimated by disease and pestilence, or simply swallowed up by the sheer immensity of their surroundings. In Ghur, the rampaging worshippers of Gorkamorka have overrun several crusades, the doomed Dawners forming makeshift barricades from steam wagons and the corpses of slain mount-beasts as they continue fighting until their supplies of smokepowder and bullets are emptied.

Those fortunate souls who manage to reach their destination find that their travails have only just begun. Construction begins on a Sigmarite strongpoint: a fortified frontier outpost that offers shelter and protection against the aura of Chaos corruption that suffuses those regions beyond the control of the God-King. Back-breaking labour begins as walls are erected and nexus syphons raised high, empowered by ley lines of geomantic power. Prefabricated structures are unloaded alongside sacred statues and magic-repelling nullstone defences. All this is often done while under near-constant attack, while exhausted gunners keep the foe at bay with rippling volleys of musketry. Many crusades falter at this critical moment; if the defenders can survive long enough, they will have laid the foundations of a proud and self-reliant settlement – and perhaps, in time, a true free city.





TRIUMPHS AND DISASTERS

Sigmar has ordered the commencement of a great many Dawnbringer Crusades over the recent decades, ranging in size from a few hundred individuals to tens of thousands. Some have met with glorious success, while others are only spoken of in hushed whispers – such is the aura of dark tragedy that their name conjures.

THE ARIDIAN VENTURES

The fiery region of Aridia is a natural focus point for the God-King's military endeavours, for it lies in the Great Parch – an area heavily settled by Sigmarites. The campaigns known as the Aridian Ventures in fact consist of multiple Dawnbringer Crusades launched in concert with the aim of driving the Chaos tribes that infest Aridia into the sea and cleansing and settling the newly conquered lands left behind. This grand campaign is overseen by the conclave of Hammerhal, and its notable successes have been lauded as a triumph. General Zherman's advance into the Sootstain Hills has led to the establishment of several promising strongpoints, while to the east, armoured columns of duardin combat-engineers have driven deep into the Reaver Wastes, pulverising a number of skinning-camps belonging to Korghos Khul's infamous Goretide before bringing forward mobile cogforts to establish new perimeters. These victories have done much to distract from several grievous defeats; the ill-fated Onyx Crusade was surrounded and slaughtered to the last by frenzied Khorne-worshippers, and the skulls of luckless Dawners still litter the barrens of Bitter Cinder.

THE CALAMITY OF GILDVINE

The great expedition known as the Gildvine Crusade was intended to drive deep into the southern woodlands of Erosia to seize territories rich in magic. At first, the crusaders made great gains, slaughtering tribes of Nurgle-worshippers along the Clogged Tributaries and pursuing the survivors deep into the forest. A number of Sigmarite strongpoints were constructed, and, for a while, the messages dispatched back to Hammerhal Ghyra were optimistic. Then, all communication ceased. A few half-mad survivors stumbled out of the trees and recounted an unnerving tale to their rescuers. The Dawners of the Gildvine Crusade had stumbled upon something impossibly ancient within the Erosian forest: a formless, gibbering mass of flesh and dark sorcery, worshipped as a deity by throngs of mildew-furred beastmen. Their armies were overwhelmed by mutant horrors, and those luckless few taken alive were sacrificed to the mutant god-thing.

THE COLD IRON LANDINGS

The freezing glaciers of Cold Iron Anvil contain many precious metals beneath their glistening surface – minerals and veins of Chamonic realmstone greatly desired by the God-King's alchemists and arcane engineers. Sensing an opportunity for profit – and eager to lay claim to the Anvil's precious aether-gold

streams – the Kharadron of Barak-Nar proposed a joint offensive. The Skyhammer Crusade combines the military might of the free city of Vindicarum with the phenomenal airpower of the sky-ports. Barrel-hulled Arkonaut landers soar above the jagged peaks of the Anvil before dipping their wings and descending into the ice-caverns beneath where the Tzeentchian lairs are located. They unload masses of zealous Vindicarian Freeguilders right into the heart of the enemy's stronghold while Stormcast warriors of the Celestial Vindicators slam to earth on pillars of lightning, striking into the enemies' flanks. Caught entirely unprepared by this rapid assault, thousands of Chaos-worshippers are slaughtered, and several Sigmarite strongpoints are founded atop sites of potent geomantic power.



A battletome update contains official new rules that are considered to be part of the battletome that is being updated. Treat them exactly as you would the rules that appear in the battletome itself.

BATTLETOME: CITIES OF SIGMAR UPDATE

Welcome to the *Battletome: Cities of Sigmar* update. Over the following pages, you will find a host of new and exciting rules to use alongside *Battletome: Cities of Sigmar* in open, narrative and matched play.

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

This section of this article has a set of mount traits enhancements you can use for **CITIES OF SIGMAR** **HEROES** that are riding **MONSTERS**.

• OPEN PLAY •

This section includes rules that can only be used by a Cities of Sigmar army.

• MATCHED PLAY •

This section includes grand strategies and battle tactics that can only be used by a Cities of Sigmar army.

• PATH TO GLORY •

This section contains rules for using your Cities of Sigmar collection in a Path to Glory campaign.

THE DEVOURING FOGS

The last section is a campaign arc for a player with a Cities of Sigmar army and one other player who has a Chaos, Destruction or Death army. The player commanding the Cities of Sigmar army has been dispatched to find a route through a terrifying region of Ulgu called the Devouring Fogs. The players will fight a series of five battles to decide if the Cities of Sigmar player is able to find a route, or if they will fail in this task as so many have done before.

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

Add the following enhancements to the Allegiance Abilities section in *Battletome: Cities of Sigmar*.

MOUNT TRAITS

You can pick 1 **HERO** with a Griffon or Black Dragon mount to have 1 of the following mount traits.

Soaring Guardian: *If the rider of this loyal mount is seriously injured, it soars away and carries them to safety.*

Model with Griffon mount only. The first time this model is slain, before removing it from the battlefield, roll a dice. On a 1, this model is slain. On a 2+, this model is not slain. If this model is not slain, remove it from the battlefield and set it up anywhere on the battlefield more than 9" from all enemy units. After this model is set up, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to it, and any wounds that remain to be allocated to them are negated.

Foetid Breath: *The clouds of noxious gas breathed out by this fearsome Black Dragon are especially deadly.*

Model with Black Dragon mount only. When this model attacks with its Noxious Breath, it inflicts 1 mortal wound for each roll of 5+ instead of for each 6.

OPEN PLAY

If you are using the Open War battlepack from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book*, you can use the following twists and ruses as well as those found in the battlepack.

CITIES OF SIGMAR TWIST

If the roll on the Twist table is a 1, roll again on the following Twist table instead of using No Twist. If both players have a Twist table that is used on a roll of 1, then both players roll on their Twists tables and both twists are used for the battle.

CITIES OF SIGMAR TWIST TABLE	
D6	Twist
1-3	Internal Strife: <i>The different peoples and races that inhabit each of the Cities of Sigmar do not always get along in total harmony.</i>
	This twist has no effect on the battle.
4-6	Maelstrom of Battle: <i>Each of the free cities safeguards a vital strategic location that is almost continuously being fought over. Both sides are willing to draw on all of their reserves to win any battles fought in this territory.</i>
	At the end of their movement phase, each player can pick 1 friendly Battleline unit that has been destroyed. A new replacement unit identical to the unit that was destroyed is added to their army. They must set up that unit wholly within 6" of the edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from all enemy units.

CITIES OF SIGMAR RUSE

When you generate your ruse, you can use the following ruse instead of the one you generate on the Ruse table (choose which to use after you have made your roll on the Ruse table).

Obliteration Strike: *When a founding site is chosen, the Stormcast Eternals strike from the heavens, obliterating every hostile being within a dozen leagues.*

During deployment, instead of setting up a **STORMCAST ETERNALS** unit on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up in the Celestial Realm as a reserve unit. At the end of your movement phase, you can set up 1 or more of the reserve units in the Celestial Realm on the battlefield, more than 9" from all enemy units.



MATCHED PLAY

If the battlepack you are using says that you must pick grand strategies and battle tactics for your army, you can pick from the following lists as well as those found in the battlepack you are using.

GRAND STRATEGIES

After you have picked your army, you can pick 1 of the grand strategies from the list below and record it on your army roster.

BASTIONS OF HOPE

Cities of Sigmar army only.

Mighty Beachhead: *The Cities of Sigmar form beachheads for Sigmar's crusades, centres of strength from which the God-King's armies can launch assaults to drive back his many foes.*

When the battle ends, you complete this grand strategy if you control more terrain features than your opponent. If your opponent has set up any faction terrain features, then they each count as 3 terrain features instead of 1 when determining if you have completed this grand strategy.

BATTLE TACTICS

At the start of your hero phase, you can pick 1 battle tactic from the list below. You must reveal your choice to your opponent, and if your battle tactic instructs you to pick something, you must tell your opponent what you pick. You have until the end of that turn to complete the battle tactic. You cannot pick the same battle tactic more than once per battle.

HONOUR AND GLORY

Cities of Sigmar army only.

Banners Held High: *When a Cities of Sigmar army advances, its standard bearers proudly hold up their banners, signifying the domination of the God-King over the Mortal Realms.*

Pick 2 objective markers on the battlefield that are not wholly within your territory and which are more than 12" apart. You complete this battle tactic if a friendly Standard Bearer model is within 1" of each objective marker at the end of this turn.

Sanctify: *In order to expand the territory controlled by the God-King, his most devoted followers must sanctify and cleanse the land.*

Pick 1 friendly **FLAGELLANTS** unit that is not within 6" of an objective wholly or partially within enemy territory. You complete this battle tactic if that unit is within 6" of an objective wholly or partially within enemy territory at the end of this turn.

PATH TO GLORY

This section contains rules for using a Cities of Sigmar army on a Path to Glory campaign. It includes additional rules, quests, veteran abilities and unique territories that can only be used by a Cities of Sigmar army.

HONOURED RETINUES AND GENERALS ADJUTANTS

You can decide if your Path to Glory army will include an honoured retinue and/or general's adjutant each time you pick the army. You can pick a different unit for each role each time you pick the army.

CITIES OF SIGMAR QUESTS

If your army is a Cities of Sigmar army, you can pick the following quest for your Path to Glory roster.

QUEST EXCEPTIONAL BEASTS

Some of the Griffons and Black Dragons ridden by the Cities of Sigmar heroes are amongst the most exceptional creatures of their type.

Pick 1 **HERO** with a Griffon or Black Dragon mount that does not already have a mount trait enhancement, and pick 1 mount trait they are allowed to take. Write down that mount trait in your quest log.

At the end of a Path to Glory battle, you complete this quest if that unit destroyed any enemy units during the battle.

When you complete this quest, you can add the mount trait you picked to your vault but it can only be given to the unit you picked when you embarked on this quest (note down the name of the unit next to the mount trait). If that unit is removed from your order of battle, then remove the mount trait from your vault too.

VETERAN ABILITIES

Each time a **CITIES OF SIGMAR** unit on your Path to Glory roster gains a veteran ability, you can pick 1 of the veteran abilities from the table below instead of the table found in the Core Book.

Cities of Sigmar Veteran Abilities

Elite Cavalry: *These elite riders charge across the battlefield, crushing foes beneath their thundering hooves.*

Mounted units only. This unit can use this veteran ability once per battle when it is picked to fight in the combat phase if it has made a charge move in the same turn. Add 1 to hit rolls and wound rolls for attacks made by that unit until the end of that phase.

A Resounding Welcome: *This elite artillery company introduces themselves with a prolonged and punishing bombardment upon the enemy battleline.*

Artillery only. In your shooting phase in the first battle round, this unit can shoot twice.

Masters of Ambush: *Striking from quarters unseen, these fleet-footed aelf warriors are amidst their foes with blades whirling before the enemy even realises their doom.*

AELF units only. This unit can use this veteran ability once per battle after you make a charge roll for it. If it does so, you can re-roll that charge roll.

Stoic Willpower: *These battle-hardened duardin warriors have become inured to the effects of magical spells.*

DUARDIN units only. This unit can use this veteran ability once per battle before it is affected by a spell. If it does so, ignore the effects of that spell on this unit.

Swift Like the Wind: *Whether mounted on horseback or in the seat of a flying engine, this fast-moving company uses their missile weapons with a swiftness that leaves their enemies reeling.*

Mounted units with missile weapons only. This unit can use this veteran ability once per battle in your shooting phase, if it ran in the same turn. It can shoot in that shooting phase.



TERRITORIES

When making an exploration roll, if the roll is 61-66, that roll will correspond to a territory on the table below. Alternatively, you can pick 1 result from the territories table in the Core Book that corresponds to a roll of 21-42.

Some of these territories allow you to send a unit to them. A unit cannot be sent to more than 1 territory in each aftermath sequence, and any such units cannot be picked for the 'Borderlands' territory in the core rules.

CITIES OF SIGMAR FACTION TERRITORIES (D66)

61-62 STORMVAULT

Your forces have secured one of the mysterious stormvaults revealed during the Necroquake.

You can never have more than 1 territory of this type. This territory has no effect until it is upgraded.

[Upgrade 15GP] Vault Opened: In step 3 of the aftermath sequence, you can pick 1 **HERO** on your order of battle to be sent to this territory to delve into the Stormvault. If you do so, roll a dice. Add 1 to the roll if you pick a **STORMCAST ETERNALS HERO**. On a 1-2, you must make an injury roll for that **HERO**. On a 3-4, nothing happens. On a 5, you must make an injury roll for that **HERO** and you can add an artefact of power to your vault. On a 6+, you can add an artefact of power to your vault.

63-64 ALLIED ENCLAVE

This territory is home to an enclave that is part of the Grand Alliance of Order. They agree to aid you in your war against your common enemies.

Pick an allied faction. You can add up to 3 allied units from that faction to your roster even if this would exceed your Allied Units limit.

[Upgrade 5GP] Trusted Comrades: When you pick an army, you can choose a **HERO** from this faction as the general of your army. If you do so, for that battle they gain the **CITIES OF SIGMAR** keyword and the City keyword for your army (if it has one).

65-66 SETTLEMENT SITE

Your forces have found the perfect location for the foundation of a new settlement.

This territory has no effect until it is upgraded.

[Upgrade 5GP] Bastion of Hope: Increase your unit limit by 3 to a maximum of 30.



HEROIC UPGRADES

During your Path to Glory campaign, you may be able to pick heroic upgrades for your **HEROES**. A heroic upgrade replaces the warscroll of a **HERO** with another, more powerful one and represents them becoming a mighty champion in your army.

You can pick a heroic upgrade in step 7 of the aftermath sequence. To do so, consult the table below and pick 1 of the eligible options. Each heroic upgrade lists the warscroll the **HERO** will be upgraded to, which warscroll is required, the amount of renown points that **HERO** must have and the amount of glory points you must spend. Once you have picked a heroic upgrade, replace your **HERO**'s warscroll on your order of battle with the new one chosen. You can pick only 1 heroic upgrade in each aftermath sequence.

If the new warscroll is a type that is limited on your order of battle – for example, if it is a **MONSTER** – you will need to have increased your order of battle limits to accommodate it before it can be upgraded.

CORE ENHANCEMENTS

When you pick a heroic upgrade for a **HERO**, they keep their renown points and any core enhancements that they are still eligible for. If your **HERO** had any core enhancements that they are no longer eligible for, they lose those core enhancements. If this enables you to pick a new core enhancement for your order of battle, you can do so.

Upgraded Warscroll	Required Warscroll	Required Renown Points	Glory Points Cost
Freeguild General on Griffon	Freeguild General	35	6
Battlemage on Griffon	Battlemage from Ghur	35	6
Luminark of Hysh with White Battlemage	Battlemage from Hysh	30	5
Celestial Hurricanum with Celestial Battlemage	Battlemage from Azyr	30	5
Sorceress on Black Dragon	Sorceress	35	6
Anointed on Frostheart Phoenix	Anointed	35	6
Anointed on Flamespyre Phoenix	Anointed	35	6



THE DEVOURING FOGS

The free city of Mithåvn is Sigmar's foremost settlement in Ulgu. Scores of Dawnbringer Crusades have been dispatched from this place, marching off into the Ulguan gloom in search of new lands to settle. Many are never heard from again.

No Dawnbringer Crusade is launched without thorough preparation, and especially not in the Realm of Shadows, where all is saturated with illusion and misdirection. A thousand armies have been swallowed up by the gloomy wilds of Ulgu, for the very land here delights in luring travellers into mortal peril, sending them over concealed precipices or dropping them without warning into sucking pits of pitch-black tar. To read the ever-shifting currents of the Realm of Shadows, one must rely upon senses other than sight, for one's eyes can be so easily fooled. Hearing, scent and other, less easily defined instincts must be deployed in order to separate deception from truth.

Few mortals are more attuned to Ulgu than the folk of Mithåvn, the great port city on the Shadrac Sea. These are people accustomed to a life spent in almost total darkness. They know when a path ahead is traversable, and when it is nothing more than a wispy mirage conjured to deceive the unwary into straying upon deadly ground. They can sense the subtle shifts in Shadrac's notoriously mercurial weather patterns, and they can forge a path through even the most maddeningly changeable terrain. It is the natives of Mithåvn who are called upon whenever a path through hostile Ulguan lands must be charted, and their skills have proven vital for many a crusading army.

It was for this very reason that pioneer detachments from the city were dispatched to seek passage through the Devouring Fogs, a swirling mass of illusory clouds that obscured the eastern coastline of the Ulguroth Spiral. This region had long been coveted by the God-King's folk, for it was rich in both magic and rare resources, including shadow-spinner silk and ghostwood. A city founded along these bleak shores might not only secure these treasures but could also dominate the narrow channel of the Emyjine Sea – and thereby strengthen Sigmar's grasp upon Ulgu. Yet all previous attempts to navigate the Devouring Fogs had failed. Scores of scouting parties had attempted to circumvent the great banks of thick, white vapour, only for the clouds to descend upon them as if possessed by some predatory sentience. Most of those swallowed up by the fogs were never seen again.

Those few ragged survivors who stumbled free weeks later were driven near to insanity by what they had experienced. According to these troubled souls, the Devouring Fogs had enveloped them entirely so that they could see nothing beyond the reach of their arm. When the mists finally

receded, they found themselves many leagues distant from their former location, often deposited right into some deadly hazard – a sucking, ice-cold bog or a copse of flesh-hungry strangler trees. No sooner had they escaped one nightmare than the fog would descend once more, and again they would be magically transported to some strange new place. Most who escaped put their good fortune down to a miracle granted by the God-King, but a rare few posited otherwise. They believed that there was a maddeningly complex but decipherable pattern to the shifting of the mists – a pattern that, if revealed, might allow a Dawnbringer Crusade force to pass through the Devouring Fogs to reach the fertile lands beyond.

Only through great sacrifice could such a path be found, for it was clear that the God-King's armies were not the only force hoping to claim dominion over this rich stretch of coastline. Bands of Kruleboyz lurked within the Devouring Fogs, perhaps trapped themselves but apparently enjoying the unpredictable challenges offered by the teleporting mists. Worshippers of Slaanesh had been sighted within the region, summoning sickly sweet gusts of incense and perfume in an attempt to bind the Devouring Fogs to their own sadistic will. So too could be heard the skittering footfalls of ratmen and the relentless tread of undead foot soldiers.

These threats and more faced the brave soldiers of Mithåvn, who took up the responsibility of navigating the Devouring Fogs. With nothing more than their Ulgu-honed instincts to guide them, and a handful of celestite augur-beacons to mark their progress, they plunged into the shifting mists, intent upon forging a path where no others could.



INTRODUCTION

On these pages, you will find a **campaign arc** for 2 players. One player takes the role of the leader of a Misthåvn Cities of Sigmar army, and the other commands a Chaos, Death or Destruction army that is trying to deny them passage through the Devouring Fogs. In the campaign, you will fight a series of 5 battles to decide if the player commanding the Misthåvn army is able to find a route to the eastern coastline or if they will fail in this task as so many have done before.

THE BATTLEPACK

This campaign arc can be played with either the Open War battlepack, the Path to Glory battlepack or the Contest of Generals battlepack. If you play through the campaign with Path to Glory armies, there are extra rewards to add to your Path to Glory roster at the end of the campaign.

GETTING READY

In order to fight this campaign, the players must first decide on the faction for their armies and on the points limit they will use for the battles in the campaign. One player must take a Misthåvn Cities of Sigmar army and the other a Chaos, Death or Destruction army (called the opposition army in the following rules). A points limit will be used in every battle but may be subject to modifiers brought about by the results of battles or hazards that are encountered during the campaign as described later.

WHAT’S A CAMPAIGN ARC?

A campaign arc is a self contained mini-campaign that can either be played as a standalone campaign in open or matched play or as part of a Path to Glory campaign.

FORGING A DIFFERENT NARRATIVE

If you do not have a Misthåvn army, you should feel free to use a different army to replace it. Ideally the replacement should be a Cities of Sigmar army, or failing that an Order army.

Once the points limit has been set, the player commanding the Misthåvn army must fill in their army roster. The army they pick must conform to the points limit chosen for the campaign and obey the restrictions on picking an army in the battlepack that is being used for the campaign. Their opponent will be allowed to pick their army before each battle but must always use the same faction for each game.

THE DEVOURING FOGS

The Misthåvn army is trying to find a route through the Devouring Fogs to the eastern coastline of the Ulguroth Spiral. Their journey through the Devouring Fogs is tracked using the Devouring Fogs Matrix shown over the page.

The Devouring Fogs Matrix is divided into 5 rows and 5 columns. The Misthåvn army starts on the first row and is allowed to move to the next row down by fighting a battle (they will move on even if they lose the battle, but victories they win or defeats they suffer will have an impact on any future battles that are fought). The columns on the Devouring Fogs Matrix determine either the location of the battle or a hazard that the Misthåvn army must overcome. A dice roll (called the Devouring Fogs roll) is used to determine which column is used. If the army encounters a hazard, then it must be resolved by rolling 2D6 on the Hazard Table. After resolving the hazard, roll a dice again and look up the new roll on the Devouring Fogs Matrix and so on, until a column that requires a battle to be fought has been rolled.

After the battle is concluded, the Misthåvn army moves down one row on the Devouring Fogs Matrix, and the dice is rolled again to determine what they encounter. This carries on until the Misthåvn army reaches the fifth row. Once the fifth row is reached, the dice is rolled as before to determine what the army encounters, but this time at the conclusion of the battle the outcome of the campaign is decided.



SHADOW FRIGHT

As the Misthåvn army travels through the Devouring Fogs, it will encounter terrifying things that will test the mettle of the warriors in the army. These terrors are represented by **shadow fright points**. Some hazards will inflict shadow fright points on the Misthåvn army. The player commanding the army must record any shadow fright points that are inflicted upon it on their roster.

After deployment at the start of each battle, the opposing player can roll a number of dice equal to the number of shadow fright points that have been inflicted on the Misthåvn army. For each 4+ that they roll, they can pick 1 result from the list of shadow fright effects below and apply it to one unit of their choice in the Misthåvn army. A unit cannot be affected by more than 1 shadow fright effect. Shadow fright effects last until the end of the battle.

Shadow Fright Effects

Distracted: You must apply this effect to a **MISTHÅVN HERO**. Roll a dice after choosing that **HERO** to issue a command. On a 4+, the Misthåvn player must either spend an extra command point to issue the command or choose not to issue the command (in which case any command points already spent are wasted).

Despondent: You cannot issue commands to this unit in the shooting phase or combat phase.

Exhausted: You cannot issue commands to this unit in movement phase or charge phase.

Terrified: You cannot issue commands to this unit in the hero phase or battleshock phase.

MOBILISATION MODIFIER

As previously noted, the player commanding the army opposing the Misthåvn pathfinding force chooses their army at the start of each battle. They can choose to use different units in their army each time that they choose the army if they wish to do so. However, the number of points that they have to pick their army may vary from battle to battle depending on the mobilisation modifier that applies to their army. The modifier is stated as a percentage that is either added or subtracted to the points limit for the opposition army. For example, if the mobilisation modifier was -10% and the points limit had been set at 2,000, then 10% would be subtracted from the points limit for the opposition army, reducing it to 1,800 points.

The mobilisation modifier starts at -10%. It goes down by -5% each time the Misthåvn army wins a **major victory**; it goes up by 5% if the opposition army wins a **minor victory** and it goes up by 10% if the opposition wins a **major victory**. Nothing happens if the Misthåvn army wins a **minor victory** or the battle is a **draw**. The mobilisation modifier can never be lower than -10%, or be higher than +15% (ignore things that would cause it to be lowered or increased beyond these values).

DEVOURING FOGS MATRIX

Devouring Fogs Roll					
If the roll is a 6, roll off and the winner chooses which column to use.					
	1	2	3	4	5
Battle One	Fight Battle at Location A	Hazard	Fight Battle at Location B	Hazard	Fight Battle at Location C
Battle Two	Hazard	Fight Battle at Location D	Hazard	Fight Battle at Location E	Hazard
Battle Three	Fight Battle at Location F	Hazard	Fight Battle at Location G	Hazard	Fight Battle at Location H
Battle Four	Hazard	Fight Battle at Location I	Hazard	Fight Battle at Location J	Hazard
Battle Five	Fight Battle at Location K	Hazard	Fight Battle at Location K	Hazard	Fight Battle at Location K

HAZARD TABLE	
2D6	Hazard
2	Concealed Precipice: The Misthåvn player must pick 1 friendly unit. It is permanently removed from the Misthåvn army roster and will not take part in any future battles.
3	Sucking Tar Pits: The players roll off. The winner must pick 1 HERO from the Misthåvn army. The Misthåvn player must either pick 1 other friendly HERO or permanently remove the first HERO from the Misthåvn army roster (it will not take part in any future battles). If they pick another HERO , they must roll a dice. On a 1, both HEROES are permanently removed from the Misthåvn army roster and will not take part in any future battles. On a 2+, both HEROES survive unharmed.
4	Mercurial Weather: The player commanding the opposition army can choose to either inflict 1 shadow fright point on the Misthåvn army or add 5% to the mobilisation modifier for the opposition army.
5	Shifting Mists: The players roll off. The winner must pick 1 unit from the Misthåvn army. During deployment for the next battle, that unit is set up in reserve. It is set up at the end of the Misthåvn player's first movement phase, wholly within friendly territory, wholly within 6" of the edge of the battlefield, and more than 9" from all enemy units.
6	Illusory Clouds: Inflict 1 shadow fright point on the Misthåvn army.
7	Horrifying Visions: Inflict 1 shadow fright point on the Misthåvn army.
8	Intimidating Whispers: Inflict 1 shadow fright point on the Misthåvn army.
9	Maddeningly Changeable Terrain: Add 5% to the mobilisation modifier for the opposition army.
10	Predatory Fog: The players roll off. The winner must pick 1 unit from the Misthåvn army that is not a HERO . After that unit is set up in the next battle, it suffers D3 mortal wounds.
11	Strangler Trees: The players roll off. The winner must pick 1 HERO from the Misthåvn army. After that HERO is set up in the next battle, it suffers D6 mortal wounds. If that HERO is slain by these mortal wounds, they are permanently removed from the Misthåvn army roster and will not take part in any future battles.
12	Sucking Ice-cold Bog: The players roll off. The winner must pick 1 unit from the Misthåvn army that is not a HERO . After that unit is set up in the next battle, it suffers 2D6 mortal wounds. If that unit is destroyed by these mortal wounds, it is permanently removed from the Misthåvn army roster and will not take part in any future battles.



BATTLE LOCATIONS

If the roll on the Devouring Fogs Matrix states that a battle takes place, then fight a battle using the rules from the battlepack you are using with the addition of the following special rule that is determined by the location where the battle is taking place.

A - SHROUDED LANDS

A veil of gloom hangs over this region, but no dangers are apparent.

No battle location rules apply to this battle.

B - DARKLY SHADED

In this place shadows stretch preternaturally across the landscape, covering all in shade.

The maximum range of attacks and spells is 18".

C - MYSTIFYING MIASMA

Wizards in this region can cast spells that create a numbing fog that causes their foolish foes to listlessly stagger and stumble.

WIZARDS fighting a battle in this location know the following spell in addition to any other spells that they know.

Mystifying Miasma: Mystifying Miasma is a spell that has a casting value of 4 and a range of 18". If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within range and visible to the caster. That unit cannot run until your next hero phase. In addition, subtract 2 from charge rolls for that unit until your next hero phase.

D - UMBRAL LEAP

Wizards in this region can cast a spell that allows them to become one with the darkness, traversing the battlefield in a flicker of shadows.

WIZARDS fighting a battle in this location know the following spell in addition to any other spells that they know.

Umbral Leap: Umbral Leap is a spell that has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, remove the caster from the battlefield and then set them up again anywhere on the battlefield more than 9" from all enemy units. If this spell is successfully cast and not unbound, the caster cannot move in the next movement phase.

E - SHADOWLANDS

This region is a place of illusion and deception where nothing is as it seems.

One player must roll on the Mysterious Terrain table for a terrain feature, except for faction terrain features, the first time a unit is set up or finishes a move within 1" of that terrain feature.

F - SHADOWED BORDERLANDS

The edges of the battlefield are shrouded in shadow and lead to a strange nether-world.

At the start of your movement phase, pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 6" of any edge of the battlefield. Instead of moving that unit in that movement phase, you can remove it from the battlefield and then set it up wholly within 6" of a different edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from all enemy units. After you set up a unit in this way, roll a dice for each model in that unit. On a 1, that model is slain.

G - PERPETUAL DUSK

Many regions in this realm are places where half-light and half-truth are the best a traveller can wish for.

Models are not visible to each other if the distance between them is more than 12".

H - UNSEEN KILLERS

The terrain in this region is covered with cloying shadows that allow those standing nearby to strike from the darkness with deadly effect.

Models with a wounds characteristic of 6 or less that are within 1" of a terrain feature are not visible to an enemy model that is more than 6" from them.

I - REGION OF IMPENETRABLE GLOOM

The lands of Ulgu have neither night nor day but range from gloom to pitch black depending on region rather than time.

Models are not visible to each other if the distance between them is more than 6".

J - SHADOWED LANDSCAPE

This is the domain of secrets and lies, of twisted reason and mind-bending magic.

At the start of your movement phase, pick 1 friendly unit that is wholly within 1" of a terrain feature and more than 9" from any enemy units. Instead of moving that unit in that movement phase, you can remove it from the battlefield and then set it up wholly within 1" of a different terrain feature and more than 9" from all enemy units. After you set up a unit in this way, roll a dice for each model in that unit. On a 1, that model is slain.

K - OUT OF THE MIST

The boundary between the lands of the Devouring Mists and the eastern coastline of Ulguroth Spiral lie tantalisingly close. One final desperate push will allow a route through the mists to be established.

This battle is fought using the Out of the Mist battleplan over the page.



CAMPAIGN VICTORY

At the end of the fifth battle, cross-reference the fate of the scout in the Out of the Mist battleplan with the number of **major victories** won by the Misthåvn player. Two Misthåvn **minor victories** count as one **major victory** when working out the number of **major victories** won by the Misthåvn player.

Misthåvn Major Victories	Scout is Slain	Survived with 1 or more wounds allocated to model	Survived with no wounds allocated to model
0-1	Total Opposition Victory	Opposition Victory	Draw
2-3	Opposition Victory	Draw	Misthåvn Victory
4-5	Draw	Misthåvn Victory	Total Misthåvn Victory

Total Opposition Victory : The Misthåvn expedition is wiped out and never heard from again.

Opposition Victory: A handful of survivors make it back to Misthåvn to report that the mission was another failure.

Draw: The Misthåvn expedition has established a route through the Devouring Mists, but it will be too dangerous to use while the opposition army remains in the area.

Misthåvn Victory: The Misthåvn expedition has established a route through the Devouring Mists and driven away the opposition army so that it is safe to use.

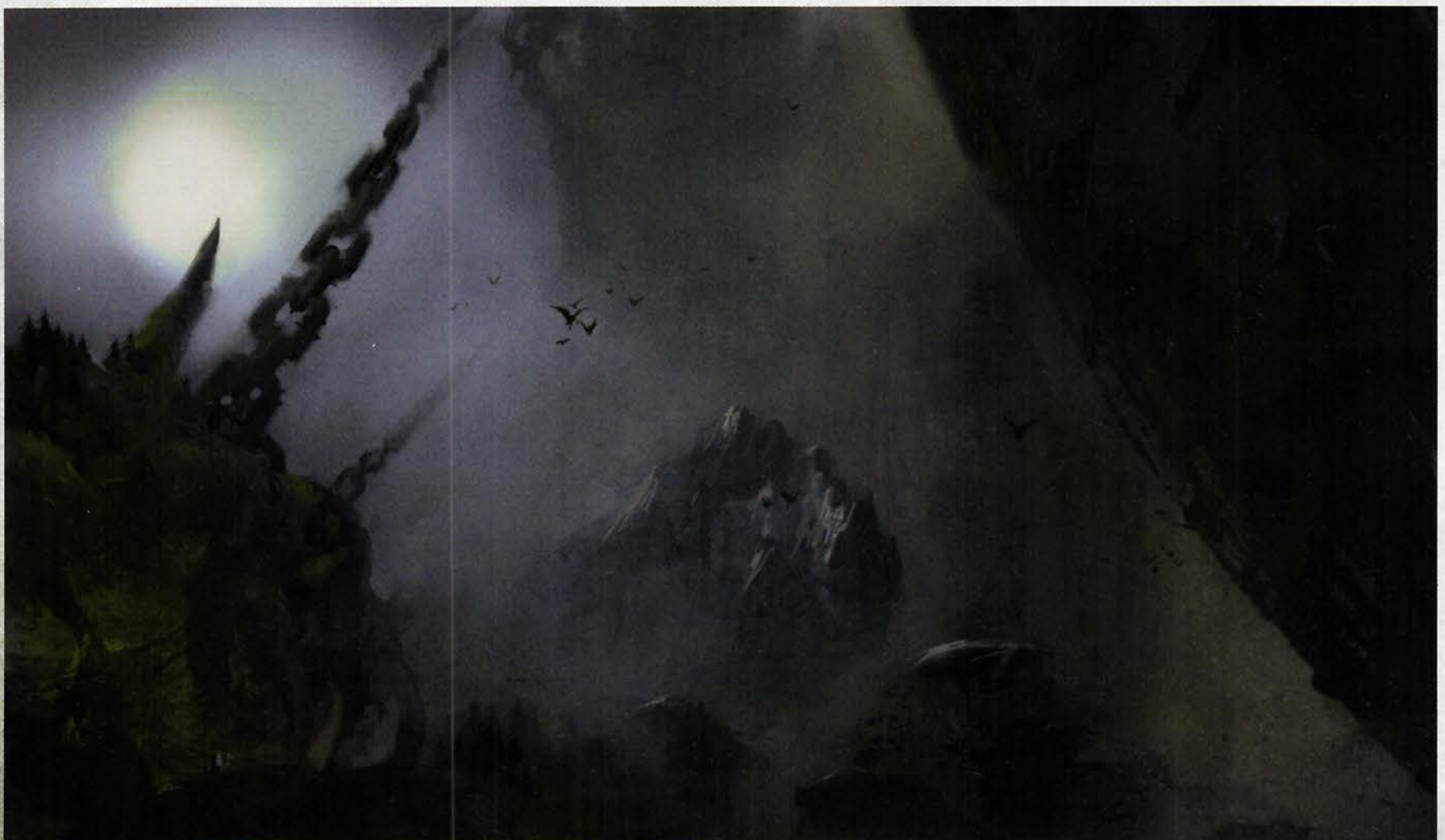
Total Misthåvn Victory: The Misthåvn expedition has established a route through the Devouring Mists, and the opposition army has been completely routed.

REWARDS FOR PATH TO GLORY ARMIES

For players using Path to Glory armies with this campaign arc, they gain the following benefits:

In step 3 of the aftermath sequence after each battle, units involved gain a bonus D3 renown points each.

The winner of the campaign can immediately add 1 artefact of power to their vault.





BATTLEPLAN OUT OF THE MIST

The vanguard of the Mithåvn army report they have spotted one of their most able scouts, long missing and presumed captured or dead. If the scout is rescued, the secrets they reveal may well explain how to escape this dread land of shadows and madness.

THE ARMIES

The player commanding the opposition army chooses their army following the instructions from the battlepack they are using, along with any of the special campaign rules that apply.

THE SCOUT

The player commanding the Mithåvn army must pick one model in their army with a Wounds characteristic of 6 or less to be the scout. The scout is removed from any unit it is part of and forms its own unit consisting of a single model. The scout is set up in reserve. The scout arrives at the end of the Mithåvn player's third movement phase. It must be set up within 6" of the edge of the battlefield or within 1" of a terrain feature, more than 3" from all enemy units, and more than 12" from all friendly units.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The players roll off. The winner sets up 2D6 terrain features. Each terrain feature must be set up more than 3" from the battlefield edge and more than 3" from all other terrain features. If it is impossible for a terrain feature to be set up, it is not used.

ELDRITCH MIST

A strange, obscuring mist clings to the trees and ruins of this region.

Before deployment, roll a dice for each terrain feature apart from faction terrain features. On a 4+, that terrain feature starts the battle covered in mist. Visibility between 2 models is blocked if a

line drawn between the closest points of the 2 models passes across more than 3" of a terrain feature covered in mist. Visibility to models with a Wounds characteristic of 10 or more is not blocked by terrain features covered in mist. In addition, the Deadly scenery rule from the Mysterious Terrain table applies to all terrain features covered in mist.

DEPLOYMENT

The players alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the player who did not set up the terrain features. Units can be set up anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 3" from all enemy units. The players continue to set up units until both armies have been set up. If one player finishes setting up their army first, their opponent must set up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

SHADOW MAGIC

WIZARDS in this battle know the Magical Gust and Mistcaller spells in addition to any other spells that they know.

Magical Gust: Magical Gust is a spell that has a casting value of 5 and a range of 16". If successfully cast, pick 1 terrain feature that is covered in mist and that is within range and visible to the caster. That terrain feature is no longer covered in mist.

Mistcaller: Mistcaller is a spell that has a casting value of 4 and a range of 16". If successfully cast, pick 1 terrain feature that is not covered in mist and that is within range and visible to the caster. That terrain feature is covered in mist.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 or more battle rounds (see Glorious Victory).

GLORIOUS VICTORY

At the end of the battle, each player scores 1 victory point for each terrain feature they control. If one player has at least 3 more victory points than their opponent, they win a **major victory**. If one player has 1 or 2 more victory points than their opponent, they win a **minor victory**. If both players have the same number of victory points, another battle round is played, and the game will continue until one player has more victory points at the end of a battle round.



GLORY POINTS



DAVE SANDERS

Dave Sanders is a senior games developer in the Age of Sigmar Studio. He has worked on many projects over the years, but he is best known as the lead rules writer for Warhammer Underworlds. Dave was last seen sitting on the edge of Direchasm, swinging his legs over the abyss. Is he waiting to be pushed off, or has he set some kind of cunning trap?

I am going to do something a bit different in this column and present you with a new way to play Warhammer Underworlds. I'm calling it 'Fatal Edge'.

FATAL EDGE

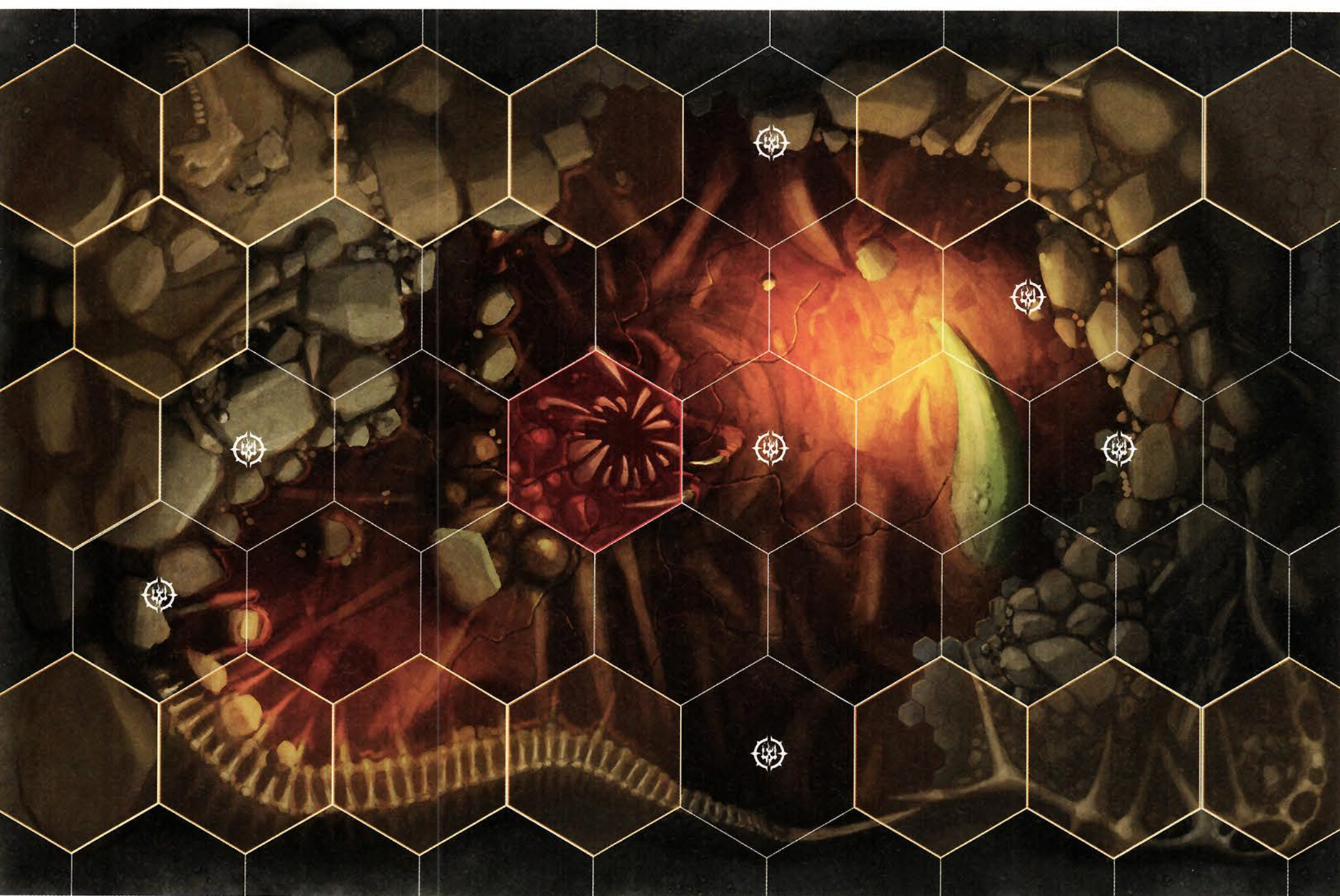
The underworlds of the Mortal Realms are many, each with its own lethal pitfalls and hazards to snare the unwary. From the coiling wrackvines of the Ur-caverns to

the hissing, acrid pools lying in the uttermost depths of Beastgrave, from the predatory stalactites of Fathom's Fastness to the bottomless, sentient shadows of Harrowdeep, there are countless horrifying ways for fighters to meet their ultimate fate. On battlefields such as these, one wrong step can doom a warrior, and every handhold and stable footing becomes more important than the rarest treasure.

Fatal Edge is a narrative way to play Warhammer Underworlds. This means that it is not bound by Championship rules, or indeed any rules that you and your opponent(s) don't want to use. The rules presented here are meant to evoke a particular setting in which your warbands can do battle, win glory and forge their legends!

HOW TO PLAY

To play a game of Fatal Edge, use all of the rules presented in your Warhammer Underworlds Core Set, with the following additional rules. Where a

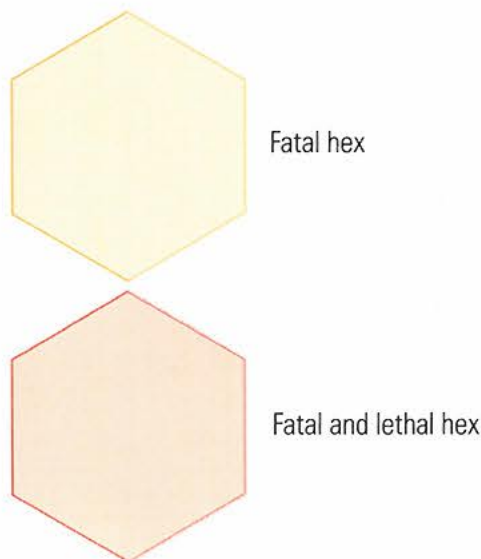


Glory Points is our column all about Warhammer Underworlds: Direchasm. Curated by the games developers of the Age of Sigmar Studio, this column delves into the development of the game, plus rules, tactics and gameplay. This month, we introduce Fatal Edge!

rule presented here contradicts a rule in your Warhammer Underworlds Core Set, use the rule presented here.

FATAL HEXES

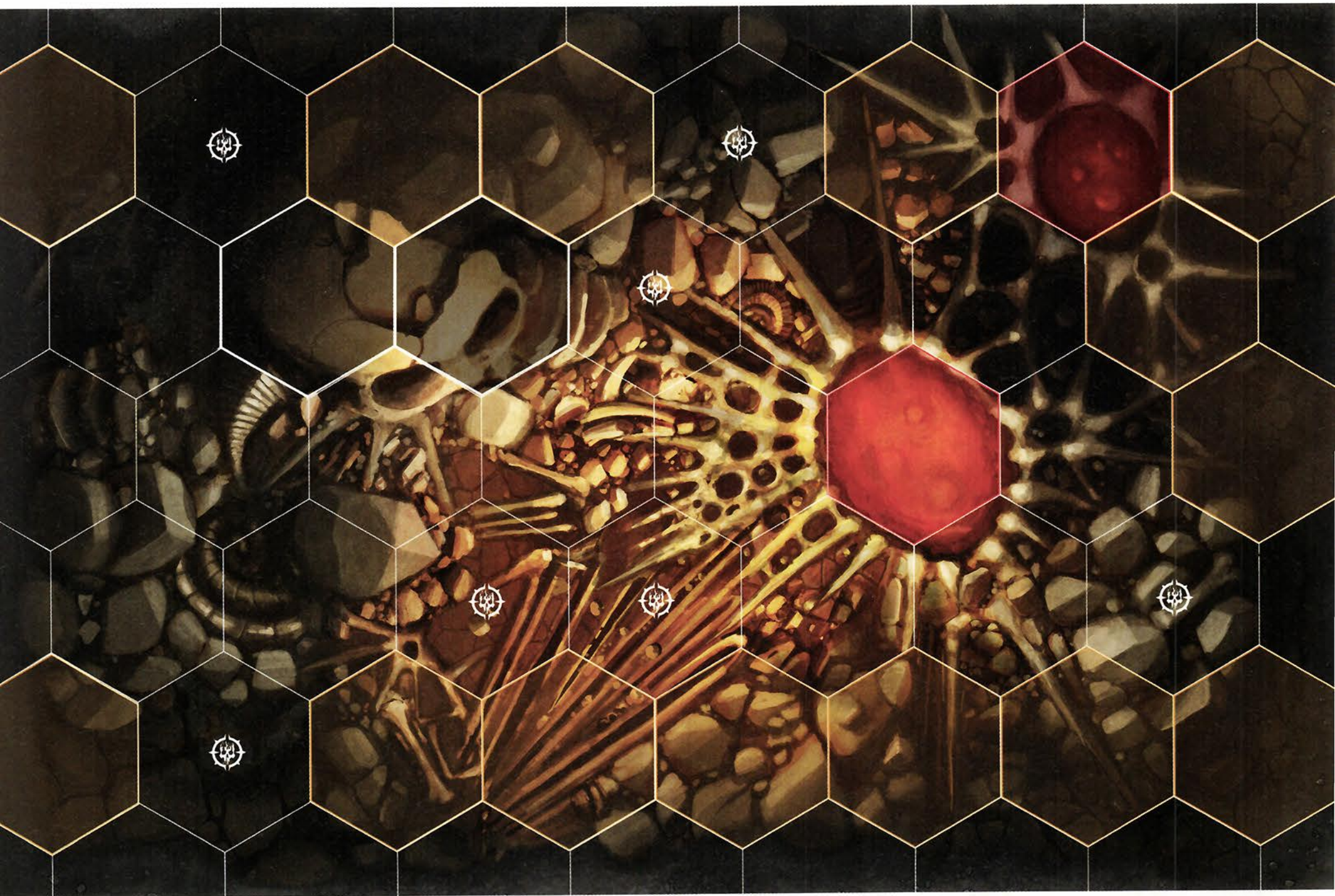
In a game of Fatal Edge, there is a new type of hex called a **fatal hex**. Each edge hex that is not a starting hex or a blocked hex is also a fatal hex, and each lethal hex is also a fatal hex.

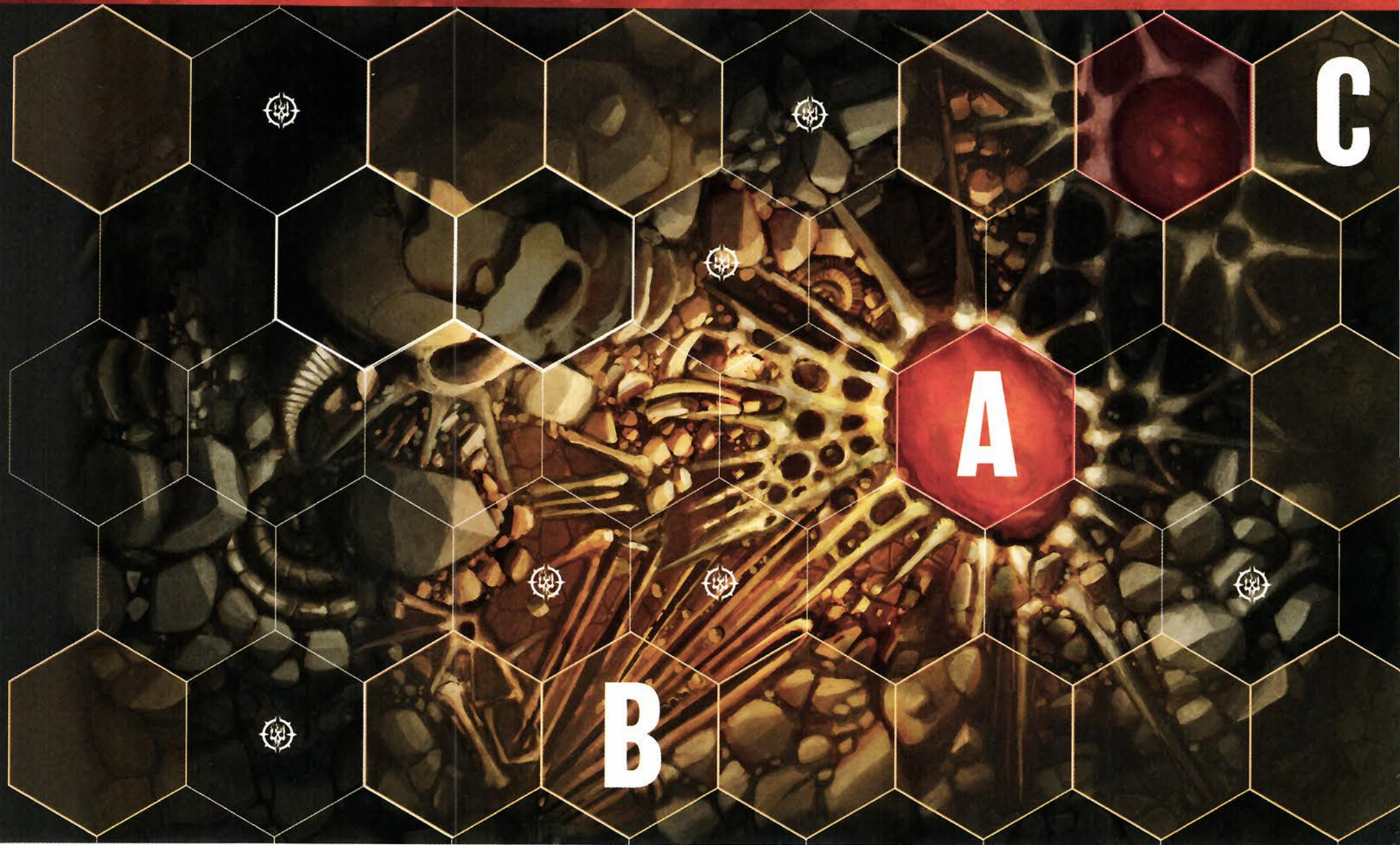


After a fighter's Move action and any reactions to that action, if that fighter is in a fatal hex, that fighter must make a **desperate lunge** (see over the page).



Similarly, after a fighter has been pushed or placed on the battlefield and after any reactions to that push or placement, if that fighter is in a fatal hex, that fighter must make a desperate lunge.

After an ability makes a hex a fatal hex and after any reactions to that ability, if a fighter is in that hex, that fighter must make a desperate lunge.





DESPERATE LUNGE

When a fighter makes a desperate lunge, that fighter's player rolls one defence dice. On a roll of  or , the lunge is successful – that fighter's player pushes that fighter one hex so that fighter is no longer in a fatal hex. If the fighter cannot be pushed in this way, or if the player rolled any other result, the lunge is unsuccessful – that fighter is taken out of action (see Horrific Demise).

In this example, a fighter who made a successful lunge from fatal hex A could be pushed into any of the hexes adjacent to that hex. A fighter who made a successful lunge from fatal hex B could be pushed into either of the non-fatal hexes adjacent to that hex. A fighter unlucky enough to be in fatal hex C cannot survive even with a successful lunge – if they were pushed one hex, they would still be in a fatal hex, so they are taken out of action.

HORRIFIC DEMISE

When a fighter is taken out of action by a fatal hex, the opponent of that fighter's player gains one additional glory point.

In a game with three or more players, if a fighter's Attack action changed the target's position so that the target was taken out of action by a fatal hex, that fighter's player gains two glory points (rather than no glory points, as would be the case if the fighter was taken out of action by a lethal hex). Otherwise, when a fighter is taken out of action by a fatal hex, no one gains a glory point for that fighter being taken out of action (in the same way as if they were taken out of action by a lethal hex).



A selection of Universal Cards ideal for games of Fatal Edge



DAUNTLESS ASPECT

What blow can hope to strike true against such sorceries?

Gambit Spell (A): If cast, choose one friendly fighter within 3 hexes of the caster. Give the chosen fighter one Guard token.

353/500



THE TRAP IS SPRUNG

You really should have seen that coming...

Reaction: Play this after you play a Trap gambit. Pick one: choose one friendly fighter adjacent to one or more enemy fighters and give the chosen fighter one Guard token, or choose one friendly fighter that is not within 2 hexes of an enemy fighter and push the chosen fighter up to 2 hexes.

416/500



COLOSSAL BLOW

'Would you stand against the avalanche, degenerate? You may try!' - Bahannar

The first Range 1 or Range 2 Attack action made by a friendly fighter in the next activation has Knockback 2. If an enemy fighter driven back by that Attack action cannot be driven back the full distance, deal 1 damage to that enemy fighter.

350/500



DOMINANT DEFENDER

Plant your feet, ready your weapons - none will move you from your chosen position.

If this fighter is holding an objective, this fighter is on Guard.

If this fighter's defence roll includes no successes, discard the Primacy token.

Reaction: After an Attack action in which this fighter's defence roll included one or more , gain the Primacy token.

434/500

DESIGNER'S NOTE

Fatal hexes do not deal damage to fighters, unless they are also lethal hexes, so there is no penalty for moving or being pushed through a fatal hex that is not a lethal hex as long as your fighter ends up in a non-fatal hex.

This also means that a fighter taken out of action by a fatal hex is not damaged by that hex, unless it is also a lethal hex. This is important for some cards.

Finally, fatal hexes affect every fighter, regardless of abilities that allow them to bypass or ignore blocked hexes, lethal hexes or the damage from lethal hexes, or being taken out of action. No one is safe in games of Fatal Edge!



PLAY FAIR

In games of Fatal Edge, a power card that pushes one or more fighters cannot push an enemy fighter into a fatal hex.

DESIGNER'S NOTE

This rule prevents the game from being about who draws the best 'push' cards first, and it ensures instead that you're most likely to achieve victory by the good, honest clobbering of enemy fighters.

END PHASE

We've had great fun testing this variant in the studio, with Knockback and Guard doing a great deal of work in our games. I hope you enjoy it too, and that this article shows you how you can play a very different version of the game with just a few amendments or additions to the rules.

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.



DESPERATE CAUTION

'I think we should... back away.'

Choose one friendly fighter. Give that fighter one Guard token. If that fighter is a Quarry, push that fighter up to 1 hex.

355/500



ROAR OF DEFIANCE

Better find your prey elsewhere.

Discard the Primacy token. If you do, give one friendly fighter one Guard token. In addition, friendly fighters cannot be a Quarry. This effect persists until the end of the round.

400/500



SILENT SHIELD

SILENT RELIC

This shield is laced with protective wards devised by the smiths of the Silent People. This fighter is a Quarry. If this fighter is a Quarry and in no one's territory, their Defence characteristic is  2. This fighter is on Guard if this fighter has three or more Silent Relics.

485/500



A GAME OF DIAMOND

A Drekki Flynt short story by Guy Haley

Some say he is a pirate and merciless profiteer. Others believe him to be a benevolent rogue who steals from the rich to give to the poor. He is Drekki Flynt, an adventurer whose tales of derring-do will surely make their mark on the Mortal Realms.

The Eyeward slum is a place honest folk rarely go. Clustered hovels cling to the cliffs like collections of barnacles, strapped in place with bands of iron and fraying cords, glued up with pitch, though in truth hope is the chief adhesive. It is not unknown for reality to intrude, and for iron, rope, pitch and hope all to fail and whole sections of the slum fall down into the sky.

To tread the boardwalks of Eyeward is to invite danger. Between the planks the air shines blue, an unfathomable drop through the Adromite Skyschoals. Footpads stalk the shanty warrens, and will push a man once he's robbed, just to see him fly. To fall from there is to fall forever, if the shoaling razorbeaks don't catch you first, though the death they offer is at least quick.

Many in Eyeward are condemned there by fate, the cast-offs of the great city of Bastion. The poor, the dispossessed, the mad. Paupers born and paupers made. But there are those who go there by choice, for the thrill, or the work. Crews can be found, drinks drunk, bargains struck and secrets bought. Eyeward is the kind of place where people who like to avoid attention gather, whatever their race or creed. Others go for the carousing, and most especially the gaming. Eyeward is on the edge, and it therefore has an edge. That is attractive to those of a certain mindset, fools though they may be.

At the fringes of the district, where the last piers give out to clear air and the falls of slops from Duke's Tor above are infrequent, the Eldershell sits. One of Eyeward's best-known bars, the Eldershell is housed in the ancient case of a brink clam, cemented tight to the rock by the creature while alive, and still set fast ages after its death. A boardwalk less rickety than most leads to a door cut into the shell's side. Within a pearly interior hazed by smoke, lit by light coloured by dirty stained glass set between the parted halves, secrets gather thick as the people.

People like Dundrin Srenriksson.

There was a break in Dundrin's current job. His target had arrived in Bastion the day before, so his sources told him. His fellows hunted him now. To kill the time before he killed the mark, he played diamond at the Eldershell. Dundrin was stocky and thick with muscle, even for a duardin, who are as solid as the rock so many of them delve. It was obvious he was a warrior. If you took away the lantern axe that leaned against the table, shaved off the orange crest of hair that added an extra foot to his height then dressed him in the softest robes of his Dispossessed kin, it would still be obvious what he was. Ur-gold runes gleamed in his swarthy skin. A

nose ring glinted heavy atop his moustache. An orange beard spread over his lap, broad as a napkin. He was a Fyreslayer, a common enough sight in the floating city, but what was not so apparent was the nature of his trade, for Dundrin Srenriksson was an assassin.

His game partner was a human, dark-skinned – an artisan from the steady lands to the far west, where rock did not float and you could travel thousands of leagues without seeing the sky beneath your feet. He was decked in gold of the more mundane sort, won through trade in lives. Dundrin did not know his name and did not care to learn it. All he was interested in were the man's pieces, and his purse.

'Three rubies, I think,' said the man confidently, as if he had already won. He took a triangle of theldrite from his hand and slotted it into an empty socket in the diamond – this referred to the game's shape, not the material it was crafted from. The diamond was a hollow frame of two six-sided cones stuck base to base to make a twelve-sided, regular polyhedron.

A little spark of magic cracked as the triangle went in. The rubies on the outer face of the theldrite piece glinted. The diamond wobbled. The man chuckled at the cleverness of his move.

'Your turn,' the artisan said.

Dundrin grunted irritably. He tried to shut out the noise of the patrons. At that hour, there weren't enough to crowd the place, though sufficient to fill it with a low, rapid hubbub. Conspiracies seemed to grow in every corner. Creatures of all kinds bent low to discuss their business. A pair of ogors near the bar ate noisily, methodically working their way through an entire boar from opposite ends of the table, engaged in some game of their own. They stared hard into each other's eyes as they gorged, their faces moving closer to each other with every bite. Bones crunched and fat ran down their chins.

Dundrin jangled his pieces in one huge hand and squinted at the diamond. It was a magical game, an expensive game, though that did little to limit its popularity. Anyone with six pieces could play. The aim was to fill the gaps in the shell, get the diamond in the air and set it spinning. The winner was the person who placed the final piece. Get the diamond up too early and you risked losing the game. Get it up too late, the same. Dundrin glanced up at his opponent. He had brilliant-white eyes and a face straight as an Adromite plummet, but the man was enjoying himself, he could tell. What did that mean for the game?

Dundrin hunched lower, stroked his beard, took a pull of beer and wiped away the suds from his moustache with thick, dextrous fingers. He peered into his hand. Two ruby, single sapphire, five garnet and a topaz solo. He had better in his bag. It was a poor first draw.

'Pass and draw or socket now? That's the trick to diamond,' said a cheerful voice close to his ear.

Dundrin straightened slowly and turned with menace. His narrowed eyes met those of another duardin, these ones bright and guileless. The stranger was tall for his race and a little rangy, but otherwise contemptible. A soft city duardin.

'Who interrupts a Fyreslayer at his time of leisure?'

The stranger actually smiled. That was not befitting their kind.

'I do. Can I join you, friend?' The stranger was already moving round the table and pulling back the chair as he asked. 'I see you have just begun.'

'It is fine by me,' said the human. 'The more to play, the more to win.' He looked a question at Dundrin.

'Looks like you already invited yourself, "friend",' said the Fyreslayer gruffly.

'Thank you, thank you,' said the newcomer. He sat down, rubbed hands together that clicked with large rings. He was perfumed, with a curled beard and hair. He wore fine, human-made clothes that were baggy and intended to make his good, duardin barrel shape looks more like *theirs*. A rough loincloth was good enough for a Fyreslayer. They weren't ashamed of their muscles! Dundrin's lip curled. Typical city *ufdi*. Dispossessed, effete, weakened by generations among the *umgi*. Hardly duardin at all.

'The name is Borrik,' said the newcomer with a surfeit of good cheer. He grasped the hand of the human and pumped it hard. Despite his soft appearance, his palm engulfed the artisan's fingers. 'Your names? It is rude to play without some acquaintance.'

'Chekensewayli Adaniadronsay,' said the human. 'But here, I go by Chek.'

'Oh no,' said Borrik. 'I will call you by your real name. Always make an effort, is my motto. It's good for custom, my dear Chekenswaliwal... Chekenwesalli... Chekense...' The duardin's tongue stumbled hopelessly over the unfamiliar sounds.

'This is why I use my trade name,' said Chek with a forbearing smile. He was rather pleasant, for a human. 'Chek will do, it is fine. If you were to come to my country, you too would have to choose something easier for my people to say. My name is difficult for the other humans here, never mind you duardin. Your words, no offence, are hard as rock and iron.'

'No offence taken, and my apologies also. Chek it is then! And you, my kinsman?' He extended his hand to Dundrin. It was powdered. Powdered!

Dundrin stared at the proffered grasp until it was withdrawn. Borrik sat there with his refused fingers dangling before his chest, so habituated to luxury he could not even hold his hand up straight. It flopped at the wrist like a dead fish.

'Your people and my people are not kin,' growled Dundrin. 'What are you, a Kharadron cloud plumper? I have no dealings with them – honourless dogs they are, floating about in the sky where no good duardin has any right to be.' Then he grinned hard, almost a snarl. 'Though I'll gladly take your pieces.'

'Oh no, not at all,' said Borrik. 'I'm no sky-lord. Get on one of those sky-ships? No, no! I agree with you entirely, my friend. Grungni and Grimnir had good, hard ground beneath their feet.' He tapped a finger on the table. 'I follow their example. I am of the city. Bastion born, bred and built. A merchant by trade.' He put up a hand to the side of his face and leaned forward. 'I'm quite rich, you know, but I do like to slum it a little down here,' he said in a ridiculous stage whisper. 'Best games of diamond in town.' He winked, made a little shrug and wiggled his fingers in a way that made him seem even more feeble.

Dundrin's mood turned for the better. If this duardin was rich, he would have good pieces. The pieces were the stake. That was how the game worked. You might play for years to build up a good collection, but the rich just bought their way to the top.

He stared hard at the other duardin and took a long drink of ale. Borrik probably supped on sweet mead or even wine, like some silk-weak aelf. Dundrin set his cup down. Maybe this was going to be good. He had no problem fleecing this privileged fool. The rich were often bad players. He might leave today with the winnings and a better pouch to boot, and then collect his other earnings later, along with his target's head.

'All right then,' said Dundrin with a trifle more warmth. 'I am Dundrin. Chek here has taken his turn. First move. You're sat to his right. Why don't you join now and take the next?'

There was, of course, an advantage to going last in the first round. Borrik gave a little smile, too stupid to realise he had already begun to lose.

'All right, all right! Thank you.' Even Borrik's manner of speech was offensive – a city dialect, lacking the hard, rough edges proper consonants should have. Dundrin's sneer only grew when Borrik brought out a diamond-pouch that looked more like the clutch-sack of a young *kvin*, made of brocade and with a pair of dipper wings in silver to make a clasp at the top. He opened it fussily, looked aside and fished about within, drawing his first four pieces blind. When done, he peeked at them, and his eyes widened like a beardling given a rock sweet.

'Oh ho ho!' he chuckled. 'Very lucky.' He beamed at the others, then pulled a face. 'Sorry! Supposed to look all serious, aren't I? I never did learn the trick. I should be like you, Chek.' He pursed his lips and daintily inserted his piece into the frame. 'Double carnelian. A lesser piece, but an effective riser.'

A smoke wisp rose at the contact. It smelled of lightning. The diamond quivered and lifted a little so that it was now only resting on its tip, though it was not yet entirely erect.

Dundrin grunted.

'You know, I wouldn't want to spoil the game, but an early rise is not to be recommended,' said Chek.

'Isn't it?' said Borrik with some dismay. 'Oh dear, I confess I'm not very good. I just play for fun, really. I don't even notice I'm losing, most of the time.'

Dundrin grinned. This was going to be a quick and lucrative game.

He put in his piece with a decisive click.

'Topaz solo,' he said. A hum rose from the iron frame and the diamond wobbled completely upright. 'You went for an early rise, well then, let's play it that way.' He smoothed his moustache down to hide his glee.

Chek was perturbed. 'I do not like this style of play, my pouch is not conformed for early floating. But as the game dictates, one must follow...'

He'd obviously made his choice, for he took his move quickly, following Dundrin's lead. Probably going for a quick spin too.

The diamond was now balanced on its lower point. So soon! With only four pieces in play. Unusual. Reckless, too.

Borrik grinned at them.

'Your turn,' Dundrin said with a scowl. Borrik took up a piece, but he was not to be rushed and grasped it tightly in his hand.

'Do you know,' he said, dropping his voice, 'they say that Captain Drekki Flynt himself comes in here.'

'Who?' asked Chek.

Borrik was taken aback. 'Drekki Flynt!'

'I'm sorry?' said Chek.

'You know, the adventurer! There are many ballads sung about him in Bastion. Do you not know of him? He's a mercenary, a rogue, a hero.'

'Pirate,' corrected Dundrin. 'He's a pirate. And the only ballads I know about that gutless ambusher concern the unhygienic state of his trousers.'

'Really? Well, I must disabuse you. The people love him.' Borrik moved his piece towards the diamond, but hesitated before seating it. 'I myself have heard great stories of his derring-do. He helps the needy. Saves the suffering. He even gives to the poor, so they say.'

'What kind of duardin gives his money away?' sneered Dundrin.

Borrik's smile grew broader.

'A merciful one? Maybe that's why unpleasant types are always trying to kill him.'

Dundrin's mind was not the fastest flow of lava, but it always got there in the end, and like lava, the results were invariably devastating for whatever it encountered.

Tall, showy and mildly infuriating... Those traits marked out his target.

'You're him,' Dundrin said. He pointed a huge finger thick with ur-gold rings. 'You're Drekki bloody Flynt.'

'You're not quite as thick-headed as I'd been led to believe,' Borrik said, his voice deepening and taking on a mocking edge. 'I am he!'

'Thick-headed? You'll be a head shorter!' Dundrin went for his axe, taking it up and swinging it as soon as his huge fist closed round the bindings. Borrik, or rather Drekki Flynt, pushed his piece home. As soon as it clicked into place, the diamond went into a fast spin and rushed up between the players, meeting Dundrin's axe. Runes flared, the fire-lantern built into the head of the axe ignited and the diamond exploded, sending theldrite triangles off like bullets. A low gasp of surprise went up from the room, followed by watchful silence. Flynt stepped back. Chek was agog, but not for long, tipping himself back off his chair, rolling onto his hands and knees. He snatched up what pieces he could, no matter whose they were, and rushed to the door, forcing his way past two Fyreslayers coming within.

'Here he is, my cousins!' Dundrin said through his grin. 'No need to look for him after all. Get round him, cut off his escape. It's double if we bring him in alive. Three of us should do.'

'Friends? You didn't say he had friends, Dolomar!' Drekki said, shooting an accusing look at the innkeeper, who shrugged apologetically in return.

'Let's get this over with,' said Dundrin. 'First, Throk Krontsson sends his regards. That bit was important, according to the guild broker.'

'Of course he does,' Drekki sighed. 'You steal one duardin's daughter...'

'You're a talker. I was told that. I hate talking. Talking's for aelves. Behave with a little dignity, you pirate, and fight me.'

'I'm not a pirate,' said Drekki Flynt.

The Fyreslayers paced slowly into position around Flynt. All were heavily armed. Dundrin had his two-handed lantern axe; the others carried paired fyresteel axes and a war-pick and shield respectively. Drekki appeared to be unarmed, though Dundrin knew he had weapons hidden away somewhere. Flynt watched them with an arched eyebrow, as if amused. By Grungni, Dundrin hated him even more.

'These are my kinsmen, Thothr and Kamarak,' said Dundrin. Thothr clashed his axes and grinned; Kamarak scowled over his razor-edged shield.

'It really needs three of you fire-lovers to take me down? I should be flattered.'

'No. It just takes me,' said Dundrin, and he launched himself into an attack, leaping high. Trailing fire, Dundrin's axe roared towards his target, but Flynt sidestepped nimbly. He just wasn't where he should have been, and had somehow sprung up onto a table. Dundrin landed, his considerable strength driving the blade into the floorboards of the inn. Around the weapon, wood began to smoulder.

'Oh, Drekki, oh no you don't! I didn't approve this! You said it would be quiet and quick,' Dolomar said, and yanked out a blunderbuss from behind the bar. 'Right, that's it. All of you, out!'

Thothr flung a throwing axe at the innkeeper, nearly taking his head off, smashing glass and quivering as it embedded itself in the shelves behind the bar.

Dolomar hit the floor.

'Stay out of this, umgi!' the Fyreslayer yelled.

Dundrin yanked his axe free of the floor, pulling up long splinters. The wood glowed. Now that he was angered, the flames rose in Dundrin. The runes embedded in his skin made the air shimmer with heat. The patrons were either running or gawping, in both cases getting in the way. All talk had ceased, though the ogors continued their contest as if nothing of note were occurring.

'Drekki! Drekki! Take this outside, please!' the innkeeper pleaded from his hiding place behind the bar, but his muffled voice went unheard.

'If I wanted a shave, I'd not ask one of you naked fire-lovers to style me,' said Flynt. 'I don't think I could carry off the hair.' He reached under his robes. 'I'd also add, never bring an axe to a gunfight!'

Flynt's triumphant grin turned sour as his hand tangled in his merchant's garb. His eyes widened. The three Fyreslayers went for him at once.

Drekki leapt up, grabbed the chandelier hanging from the apex of the domed shell and swung out of the way. Axes and the pick obliterated the table. The room filled with shouts and smoke. Flynt lifted his feet as Kamarak's pick hummed through the air, and passed over his assailants' heads. But he'd not leapt far, and the chandelier only swung a little, forcing him to let go before they cut him to pieces from below.

His landing was rather spoiled when the table he'd aimed for broke beneath his duardin heft, sending him sprawling. Drinks went everywhere. The table's occupants were sent flying, but shouted with delight along with many of the other patrons that remained. Bets were being taken round the edges of the room. Swords rasped from scabbards.

Disturbed in their eating contest, the ogors growled, but did not cease.

Dundrin advanced, shoving hardened criminals out of his path as if they were nothing. This wasn't how it was supposed to have gone down.

'Oh by Valaya, naked duardin and large axes. What can you do?' said Flynt from the floor.

'You are as annoying as they say. I think I prefer you dead,' said Dundrin in words wreathed in smoke. The floor hissed where he stepped.

'Fair enough,' said Flynt, then he glanced down to where a large, multi-barrelled pistol poked out of his robe. 'But first you should say hello to Karon.' He opened fire.

Dundrin had been warned of Flynt's weapon, an experimental, most un-duardin-like contraption. Kamarak put up his shield. Glowing blue bullets ricocheted everywhere. Now there was a rush for the door. Thothr rolled to one side, Flynt chasing him with his aim as he shrugged off the broken table and got to his feet.

Calling upon the powers of his runes, Dundrin stamped hard, like a bull about to charge. The gold hammered into his flesh flared with orange heat, and a halo of flames erupted around him, turning his towering mohawk into a crest of fire and his beard into a roaring dragon's breath. His eyes glowed orange. His skin turned white-hot.

Flynt turned his gun on Dundrin and fired, but the bullets exploded around the Fyreslayer, splashing molten metal about the room. Where it touched the inn's fittings, more fire spread. The captain stepped back, spraying the room with aethermatic shot, though he was careful not to hit the patrons. The bullets pinged and whizzed off the iron-hard interior of the shell, shattering glasses and breaking windows. Dundrin waded into the gunfire. Some of the bullets stung him, but he paced doggedly on.

'Drekki! You promised me no damages! I'll take this out of your hide!' the innkeeper wailed.

The firing ceased. The barrels of Flynt's gun whirled around, empty, the clicking of the mechanism loud in the sudden silence.

'My turn,' said Dundrin, and he attacked, sure of victory. He did not, however, anticipate the rattling, whirring clockwork bird that speared out of hiding from the ceiling, tearing at his face. Nor, when he had batted the thing aside, did he expect the ogor fist he took right in the mouth.

Dundrin flew backwards, crashing through chairs, tables and stools. He was well muscled and covered in gold – heavy, in other words – and his progress as he hit the floor and continued ploughing through the inn turned the furniture into so much kindling. As his axe touched the shattered wood, it burst into flames.

Finally, Dundrin fetched up against a wall and came to a stop. Through the ringing in his ears and the blurring of his vision, Dundrin witnessed Flynt and one of the ogors come together and stand back to back. The ogor was fat and huge, the thick eyebrows and thin, drooping moustaches tipped with cast gold skulls the only hair on his head. He wore striped trousers and a greasy fleece jerkin turned wool side in.

'You're not the only one with friends here!' Flynt bellowed gleefully. His drillbill banked around his head and dived at the Fyreslayers. A few of the other patrons still remained, and they seemed friendly to Flynt, for they had hemmed Kamarak in.

The ogor swung his fists at Thothr. His only weapon was a domed punch guard on one hand that rang with sparks every time it contacted Thothr's axes, but that didn't seem to slow him. Flynt pulled a second weapon – an entirely conventional hand-axe, the sort of thing favoured by duardin since time immemorial. Runes gleamed in its steel. The other ogor sat, licking its fingers and watching, not bothered by the fire taking hold. Scared up by the flames, the last of those not involved in the scrap were pouring out the door, ignoring the innkeeper's pleas for help.

Dundrin got up, swaying. There was something hard in his mouth. He spat out a large molar.

'Running with ogors,' he snarled. His dimmed fires roared brighter as he recovered.

'Have done for years,' said Flynt. 'This is Gord, my first mate.' He turned to his companion. 'I don't think he's heard of you, Gord.'

'Don't care,' said the ogor, who had cornered Thothr and was methodically punching him in the head. Thothr had given up trying to fight back and had his arms wrapped around his face. Kamarak was going berserk, his axe blurring through the air. He flung his shield at a fat human with a gun, pinning him to the wooden panelling with its points either side of the man's neck, but Kamarak found himself hard-pressed from all sides.

'They should have warned you about Gord. I'd use another guild broker next time,' said Flynt.

Thothr slipped to the ground, unconscious. Kamarak was herded into a corner. He took off some unlucky fellow's arm at the elbow, but a side blow from a war maul stunned him.

'And you're running out of friends,' the captain added.

'Is that so?' said Dundrin. 'I have half my lodge here with me, combing the city for you.'

The inn was shaking, the thrum of engines rising from beyond the walls.

There was shouting outside. Fyreslayer oaths.

'There are more?' said Flynt. 'Krontsson's certainly upping his efforts. Three of you are no problem. Twenty, perhaps are. Time to leave. Gord, the exit if you please.'

'Right you are, captain,' the ogor said. He stood facing the large window at the edge of the shell where the gap between the two halves was as tall as a man. Gord wiped blood from his face on the sleeve of his jerkin, lowered his head and charged.

'No! No! Use the bloody door!' wailed Dolomar.

Gord hit the window with the force of a cannonball. It barely let him through, but he aimed himself well, kept his shoulders low and burst out into the air beyond in a shower of glass. Light flooded in. Wind followed, fanning the fires into a roaring blaze. Shouts rang from every side. Thothr and Kamarak staggered away. Traitors.

Flynt followed Gord to the edge. Dundrin had little time to react.

'Well met, Dundrin,' shouted Flynt. 'Take my advice and leave me alone. Whatever Krontsson's agents are paying you, it'll never be enough.'

He leapt, seemingly suicidally; then flashes of copper, silver and gold scintillated round the room, and Flynt's ship was climbing up outside, the windows set into its aether-globes blazing as it rose higher. Flynt waved from the deck.

'Give up, Dundrin!' he yelled.

'A Fyreslayer never gives up,' Dundrin growled.

He ran at the opening between the upper and lower shell halves. The ground rose there. Where wood gave way to mother-of-pearl, it became suddenly slick, and Dundrin lost precious momentum to an unplanned slip.

He pitched out of the broken window into the skies of the Adromite Skyschools. The metal hull of Flynt's ship rushed at him. His arms and legs wheeled to extend his leap, but he was a couple of feet short, and he hit the side, nearly jarring his axe from his grip. The fingers of his free hand grabbed on to a lip running around the hull.

'Give me your hand, Dundrin!' Drekki Flynt shouted. He waved behind him, a boathook appeared. 'Take the pole, we'll haul you up! I bear no grudge.'

Dundrin snarled. His fires were dimming. He was going to die. So be it. He would die well.

'I would never accept aid from a false duardin like you, sky-reaver,' he said.

Dundrin let go.

Drekki watched his would-be assassin fall through the sky. He fell trailing fire like a meteor. It was quite impressive, if a terrible waste.

'Huh,' said Gord.

Drekki turned to his first mate. 'Huh? Is that all you have to say? I don't like to kill people if I can help it, Gord. This is bad.'

Gord shrugged. 'Well, he tried to kill you, and he burned down my favourite pub. "Huh" is enough for him.'

Drekki shook his head. 'This is getting tiresome. When will Master Krontsson leave me be?'

'I dunno,' said Gord.

'It was a rhetorical question,' said Drekki tiredly. 'The actual answer is, he won't.'

'Right. So, you think they'll fix the pub?' Gord was looking at the blaze with what could have been a philosophical air. For an ogor, at any rate.

'The Eldershell has burned before, and it will burn again, my friend, but it always rises from the ashes.'

'Not much comfort for Dolomar, that.'

Something exploded inside the receding inn. Fire shot out of every window with the clear, unmistakeable sound of breaking glass. Drekki winced.

'Indeed not.' He thought a moment. 'Snorri!' he shouted to one of his men. 'Fetch up Purser Frendel. Let's see that Dolomar is paid for the information he gave us. Better we met those Slayers on our terms, rather than in some alley. We'll pay to fix the pub. We're only lucky brink clam shell is mostly fireproof.'

'Paying him?' said Gord. 'Are you sure? There was no contract for that. No notes in the code about accidental damages.'

It should be noted here that Gord was quite intelligent, for an ogor. He could actually read.

'Of course I am sure!' said Drekki. 'It's just right, isn't it? It's our fault. I've a reputation to uphold. Besides, where else are we going to drink? Thanks to you we're barred in every alehouse from here to the steady lands. Hey, Snorri, bring my helm and armour up while you're at it,' Drekki shouted after his sailor while removing his merchant's robes, showing an Overlord's flight suit beneath, covered with gleaming clips for his equipment and protective plates. He bundled up the cloth, glad to be rid of it. 'Now we've dealt with that little problem, let's get this ship underway – it's off to Bavardia for us, and glories untold. We'll have so much money when we return we could buy the bloody Eldershell!'

'Aye!' the crew shouted. There were over a dozen members: Kharadron Overlords for the most part, all of shady background, a few humans and a couple of others of a more exotic type. They were well equipped; even the non-Overlords wore Kharadron breathing tanks, though at those balmy altitudes they were not currently needed.

Their fervour varied. The longer they had served with Flynt, the less enthusiastic they were. They had heard his promises before.

'You heard the captain!' Gord said, setting his massive legs apart and hooking his thumbs into the broad belt beneath his belly plate. 'Hard-a-port, seventy-nine degrees. Take us up two hundred fathoms, Mr Guthrosson, hard turn on the tiller if you please!'

'Aye-aye, first mate!'

A bell rang. The rudder chain rattled as the guide wheel was spun. The great endrin spheres of the *Aelsling* thrummed. Blue light burned from their viewpanes and the ship nosed upwards.

Drekki made his way forward, leaving Gord to boss the crew into shape. At the prow, he took up position beside the figurehead of the ship – a duardin maiden in antique battle garb and a winged helm, a shield clasped tight to her side and a hammer held out ahead of her.

Aelsling hated that figurehead. She had told him the last time they'd met. Drekki didn't care. He loved it. It captured her spirit perfectly. She'd come around.

They sailed out from beneath Duke's Tor and into full daylight.

He lay his hand affectionately upon the statue's warming bronze. Hysh was rising towards noon, its radiant light shining through the air-canals of Bastion, sparking off its spires, showing every floating district of the archipelago city off to best effect. The *Aelsling* rose up over the Emperor's Isle, the spear cannons atop the fortifications tracking her as she flew by. They'd been fired before at duardin ships, ones that had come sniffing after Bastion's aether-gold. Drekki had no desire to experience that. He made a point of paying his taxes here. His opportunities lay elsewhere.

'I'll be rich soon, my love,' he whispered to the figurehead. 'I promise. Then maybe we can leave all that unpleasant business behind us.'

Maybe not right away, he thought, but she will come around. Eventually.



Dundrin fell for a very long time. So long he stopped screaming, and watched the many isles of Bastion racing away from him, becoming smaller, smaller, until they were swallowed by cloud and became motes of grit in the greater swirl of isles and islets that made up the shoals – as if they were hurtling away from him and not the other way around.

'Grimnir,' he muttered through clenched teeth, his hair and beard fluttering around him. 'Save me now and I swear I'll hunt down that good-for-nothing false duardin and shave his beard off for his effrontery!'

What else could he do? It was not in a duardin's nature to fly.

They said the sky beneath the Skyschoals went on forever. It seemed like he was about to find out.

Suddenly, his fall was arrested. He slammed into something soft, yet so great was his speed that his breath was knocked clean out of him. He tumbled over, instinctively still refusing to let go of his great axe. He grabbed at ropes slithering by, missing, then fell again, then stopped again. He was in a net, dozens of sharp pains in his skin. Only then did his fall halt for good.

Dundrin found himself dangling from a hooked net slung between two sky-ships of human make, held aloft by great silken bags filled with gas and tied up with rope. Air fish twitched around him in their multitudes, caught on the many hundreds of hooks stitched to the net, gaping mouths trying to suck enough air into their primitive lungs.

'Cut me down!' he roared. His flesh tore and stung. More than the pain, the indignity hurt.

Human faces of all kinds appeared at the wooden gunwales of the boats.

'Cut me down!' he yelled at them, hating the plea in his voice.

The crews rushed to save him.

'Well, Drekki Flynt,' said Dundrin through gritted teeth as men clambered towards him. 'It looks like I have Grimnir's blessing after all. This has just got personal.'

CHRONICLES OF THE HORUS HERESY

NIGHT FALLS ON THE GOLDEN AGE OF HUMANITY, AND THE IMPERIUM FACES ITS DARKEST HOUR.



ARCHIVAL RECORDS OF THE GREAT BETRAYAL & THE AGE OF DARKNESS

++ Compiled by manifold and diverse hands at the order of
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++ Istar-Apelf-IX Clearance required to view ++

++ Displaying Extract Sample Entries in chronological order ++

The Warmaster Horus unleashes bloody civil war upon the Imperium, seeking to replace the Emperor as Master of Mankind and forge his own dark empire. Fully half of the eighteen Space Marine Legions – immensely powerful military formations of genetically augmented warriors – follow him into rebellion and turn on their erstwhile brothers. The vast armies of the Imperium are sundered by the Warmaster's perfidy, and worlds burn as those loyal to the Emperor clash with the followers of Horus across the galaxy.

This calamitous conflict will rage on for many years, leaving ashes and broken ruins where once the glorious domain of Mankind had stood. Only at Terra itself, when the Warmaster and his treacherous armies finally reach the Imperium's Throneworld, will the final battle that shapes humanity's future be fought.

000.M31: THE GREAT TRIUMPH AT ULLANOR

At the turn of the millennium, after more than two centuries of war, the Great Crusade has pushed back the darkness of Old Night and united humanity's scattered worlds under the secular tenets of the Imperial Truth. At Ullanor, the last major xenos empire falls beneath the Emperor's sword, and a great Triumph is declared to honour the grandest victory of the Great Crusade to date. On the fields of Ullanor, before a massive gathering of Imperial Army regiments and representatives from fourteen Space Marine Legions, the Emperor announces his withdrawal from the Great Crusade and his intent to return to Terra. Horus Lupercal, beloved first son of the Emperor and illustrious Primarch of the XVIth Legion, is declared Warmaster and given command of all of the Imperium's armies. Amidst growing concern, even resentment, from his brother Primarchs, Horus is tasked with bringing illumination to the remaining dark frontiers of the galaxy in the Emperor's name.

004.M31: THE SERPENT LODGE OF DAVIN

Horus interrupts his planned prosecution of the Great Crusade when the XVIth Legion (Sons of Horus) is recalled to the planet Davin to quell a rebellion. During the fighting in the plague-ridden swamps of the planet's moon, Horus is mortally wounded by a tainted blade of unknown provenance. In desperation, his Legionaries carry their beloved Primarch to the ancient Serpent Lodge of Davin, where its priests save his life by means of an occult healing ritual. After emerging from the Davinite Lodge, Horus is subtly different, resentful of even those closest to him. The Warmaster's displeasure is made manifest in vindictive and often callous ways, and with bitterness blinding his reason, Horus sets new and ominous plans in motion.



004-005.M31: THE RAZING OF PROSPERO

The VIth Legion (Space Wolves), supported by the Legio Custodes, are dispatched to Prospero to censure the XVth Legion (Thousand Sons) for defying the Edict of Nikea through their continued use of psychic powers. Commanding a great Censure Host, the Primarch Leman Russ is charged with the apprehension of Magnus the Red, but he is manipulated by Horus to instead bring ruin to the Thousand Sons. The two Legions clash in the streets of Tizca, capital city of Prospero, under the shadow of its majestic pyramids. Though the sons of Magnus unleash their psychic might against the invaders, the grey-clad slayers of the Space Wolves, sublime warriors of the Legio Custodes and null maidens of the Silent Sisterhood inflict massive casualties on the Thousand Sons, drawing out Magnus the Red from his sanctum. Leman Russ confronts Magnus in personal combat as the cataclysmic battle around them rips open the very fabric of space and time. Magnus is defeated, but before he can be killed, he vanishes into the psychic maelstrom with the remnants of his Legion. Leman Russ' return to Terra is greeted with dismay as the Imperium is shaken by the first open act of bloodshed between the Legiones Astartes.



THE HORUS HERESY

004-006.M31: THE SIGNUS CAMPAIGN

Knowing the IXth Legion (Blood Angels) will never join his cause and fearing the effortless loyalty their Primarch Sanguinius commands within the Imperium, the Warmaster sets in motion one of his long-laid plans. He orders the main force of the IXth Legion be dispatched to the distant Signus Cluster, ostensibly to put down an uprising against Imperial rule. Instead, the Blood Angels find themselves trapped in a dead system, assailed by the daemonic legions of the Ruinous Powers. Upon the world of Signus Prime, the sons of Sanguinius fight for survival against a horde of Warp-born horrors seeking to taint the very soul of their Legion. As the apocalyptic battle reaches its climax, Sanguinius breaks the corrupting influence of the Warp when he defeats the Daemon Lord Ka'bandha in single combat.

005-006.M31: THE BETRAYAL AT ISSTVAN III

In the first overt act of betrayal, the Warmaster purges those among the XVIth Legion (Sons of Horus), IIIrd Legion (Emperor's Children), XIIth Legion (World Eaters) and XIVth Legion (Death Guard) who cannot be relied upon to swear loyalty to his cause. On the distant world of Isstvan III, the dread 'Life Eater' virus is unleashed upon the unsuspecting Loyalists, and though the planet's surface is scoured of life, enough warriors find shelter and survive to threaten Horus' plans. Space Marines within Horus' fleet still loyal to the Emperor capture the frigate *Eisenstein* and escape the system to carry word of the Warmaster's betrayal to the Imperium. Angron, Primarch of the XIIth Legion, leads an assault on the surface to exterminate the survivors under the leadership of Captain Saul Tarvitz of the Emperor's Children, who mount a desperate, doomed resistance. Among the blackened ruins of Isstvan III, the Loyalists fight bitterly against their former brothers for many months before a second orbital bombardment finally silences their defiance.

005-007.M31: THE BETRAYAL AT CALTH

The XIIIth Legion (Ultramarines), the single largest Legion at the time and a grave threat to Horus' plans, is called to muster at Calth alongside the XVIIth Legion (Word Bearers). The Ultramarines are utterly unprepared for betrayal when the Word Bearers' fleet opens fire and begins the systematic obliteration of their warships and Calth's orbital docks. On the mustering grounds below, the unsuspecting Legionaries of the XIIIth Legion suffer horrific losses when the Word Bearers and their cultist allies strike. Savage battles erupt when the gravely wounded but unbroken Ultramarines regroup and mount counter-attacks across Calth's ruined surface. The Word Bearers set in motion plans that lead to the death of the system's star, bathing the planet in deadly radiation. The death of Calth is a ritual sacrifice of immense cosmic resonance that brings forth the birth of the Ruinstorm, a warp tempest so large it severs the galaxy in half and ushers in the Age of Darkness. With the two Legions locked in a death struggle, the fighting moves to underground arcologies, where it will grind on for the next ten years.

005-014.M31: THE MARTIAN CIVIL WAR

Fabricator General Kelbor-Hal, political and spiritual leader of the Mechanicum, rejects the Emperor as Omnissiah and proclaims Mars' secession from the Imperium. Along with those of his followers loyal to Horus, he declares all Magi still loyal to Terra to be heretics and apostates to the faith that had been sacred on Mars for millennia. Traitor Magi break the ancient seals of forbidden vaults to unleash forgotten horrors from the Dark Age of Technology upon the forge-fanes of their rivals in an effort to completely eradicate them. Elements of the VIIth Legion (Imperial Fists) are dispatched by Rogal Dorn to extract key resources and carry the remaining Loyalist Mechanicum leadership to safety. With the Mechanicum rent asunder by the rebellion, fighting continues through the long years of the Horus Heresy, as Titans duel among the ruined factories of Mars and Imperial Fists detachments carry out sabotage operations to disrupt the Traitors' dark industry.





006.M31: THE DROPSITE MASSACRE

With Terra warned of the Warmaster's treachery, Rogal Dorn dispatches a Retribution Fleet of eight Legions to crush the rebellion. The Xth Legion (Iron Hands), XVIIIth Legion (Salamanders) and XIXth Legion (Raven Guard) comprise the first wave of the fleet to arrive at Isstvan V, where Horus had raised a great fortress to resist their onslaught. The entire arsenal of the Retribution Fleet is deployed, and mass formations of infantry and phalanxes of armoured vehicles advance into the Urgall Depression to engage the Traitors. After hours of gruelling battle, the second wave of the Retribution Fleet arrives with four more Legions – the IVth Legion (Iron Warriors), VIIIth Legion (Night Lords), XVIIth Legion (Word Bearers) and XXth Legion (Alpha Legion) – deploying directly from orbit. Unbeknownst to the embattled Loyalists, these reinforcements have secretly sworn allegiance to Horus, and they open fire on their unsuspecting allies as soon as they make planetfall. Suddenly attacked by Traitors on all sides, the three Loyalist Legions are almost entirely wiped out in three bloody hours of grinding slaughter. On the black sands of Isstvan V, the Primarch Ferrus Manus is slain by his brother Fulgrim, and Vulkan is lost, presumed dead. The World Eaters relentlessly harry the Primarch Corax and the Raven Guard, who carry out guerilla strikes against the Traitor forces until they can be extracted by warships of their Legion. Legionaries of the Salamanders and the Iron Hands also survive and escape the system upon the remaining vessels of their crippled fleets. The Loyalist cause is dealt a devastating blow on Isstvan V, leaving the way to Terra open for the Warmaster and his armies.

006.M31: THE TREACHERY AT ADVEX-MORS

The XVIth Legion (Sons of Horus) launches a surprise attack on a small Ist Legion (Dark Angels) garrison at Advex-Mors. The Dark Angels are taken by complete surprise, and they suffer massive casualties when they come under sudden orbital bombardment as the Sons of Horus land a chapter-strength invasion force. Within the pitch-black, labyrinthine corridors of the chapter house, the Cenobites of the Order of the Broken Claws meet the elite Justaerin

of Horus' Legion and reap a fearful tally of Traitor lives before succumbing to the dread weaponry of XVIth Legion Destroyers and superior numbers. As Dark Angels reinforcements enter the system, the Sons of Horus withdraw from the ruin of Advex-Mors and depart with proscribed xenos relics of terrible potency that could turn the tide of war in the Traitors' favour.

006.M31: THE FIRST BATTLE OF PARAMAR

The XXth Legion (Alpha Legion) and Traitor Mechanicum plan to seize the strategic Imperial world of Paramar V, only to find their assault compromised when a Loyalist fleet of the IVth Legion (Iron Warriors) arrives for resupply. A ferocious battle erupts on the surface of Paramar V, with the Alpha Legion deploying massed armoured formations and Titans of the allied Legio Fureans (Tiger Eyes) against the 77th Grand Company of the Iron Warriors, Loyalist Mechanicum and Titans of the Legio Gryphonicus (War Griffons). The entrenched Iron Warriors fight fiercely amongst the fortifications and defence networks, but the overwhelming numbers of the enemy eventually force them to withdraw from Paramar. The First Invasion of Paramar is a costly victory for the Traitors, but it brings the entire system under Horus' control, cutting off many of the most stable transit routes to the northern Imperium.

006.M31: THE SCOURING OF THE CYCLOPS CLUSTER

The XVIth Legion (Sons of Horus) and XIVth Legion (Death Guard) are charged by the Warmaster to carry out the subjugation of the Cyclops Cluster. The Loyalist defenders are offered a simple choice: bend the knee to Horus or perish. Despite the overwhelming numbers arrayed against them, many stubbornly loyal worlds refuse to surrender and prepare to defend against the onslaught of the Traitor host. Elements of the Xth Legion (Iron Hands) and XVIIIth Legion (Salamanders), fleeing the massacre of Isstvan V, bolster the resistance effort; the Loyalist defenders fight valiantly on many worlds but are eventually swept away. The Traitors capture the towering refineries and manufactoria of the region to provide Horus' forces with a resource base to fight what has now become a protracted and relentless war.

THE HORUS HERESY

006.M31: THE SIEGE OF MEZOA

Traitor Mechanicum forces blockade and besiege the fiercely loyal Forge World of Mezoa. Spearheaded by a force of the XXth Legion (Alpha Legion) and the IVth Legion (Iron Warriors), the armies of the Warmaster manage to secure landing zones at a great cost in lives. The remaining Imperial defence is anchored on the unbreakable VIIth Legion (Imperial Fists) and surviving elements of the XVIIIth Legion (Salamanders), barely holding the line against the Traitor onslaught. As a last, desperate effort to reverse the course of the conflict, the Magi of Mezoa turn their very world into a weapon, hurling molten slabs of its crust into space to destroy Traitor warships in orbit. Led by an ashen-black war machine called by some 'the Dragon', the Loyalist defenders hold out against the enemy, leaving Mezoa to stand alone in the darkness of what is now the enemy's domain.

007.M31: BATTLE IN THE ALAXXES NEBULA

The XXth Legion (Alpha Legion) ambush the VIth Legion (Space Wolves) fleet in the Alaxxes Nebula. Vicious boarding actions are launched by both fleets, and terrible destruction is unleashed in the close confines of corridors and enginarium decks as Legionaries seek to cripple or capture enemy vessels. The Alpha Legion ravage the Space Wolves and force them to retreat but are themselves forced to withdraw in turn by the sudden arrival of a Ist Legion (Dark Angels) force, escaping to continue their raiding operations against less formidable foes.

007-010.M31: THE THRAMAS CRUSADE

The Warmaster orders Konrad Curze to capture the three vital Forge Worlds of Triplex in the eastern Imperium. The Night Haunter leads the VIIIth Legion (Night Lords) in a campaign of terror that leaves a trail of murdered worlds in its wake, destroying two of the region's Forge Worlds and wounding the third grievously, thereby denying the Loyalists a major source of war machines and materiel. The vengeful Ist Legion (Dark Angels) is drawn to Thramas by word of the atrocities being perpetrated and leads a counter-invasion to retake the region for the Imperium. The two Legions engage in a bitterly contested conflict that drags on for more than three years and sees the ruin of dozens of worlds across four inhabited sectors. The stalemate is ended when the Dark Angels unleash their arsenal of forbidden weaponry upon the Night Lords, reducing them to a crippled and scattered Legion.

007-008.M31: THE SHADOW CRUSADE

The Primarchs Lorgar and Angron lead the combined XVIIth Legion (Word Bearers) and XIIth Legion (World Eaters) fleets in a crusade of extermination across the realm of Ultramar. The Traitor force burns every planet they come upon with the aim of utterly destroying the domain of the XIIIth Legion (Ultramarines) and drawing Loyalist forces away from the Warmaster's advance on Terra. Isolated Ultramarines forces mount desperate last stands among the ruins of broken cities and shattered fortresses across scores of worlds as the death toll rises to the billions. During the fighting, a critically wounded Angron is infused with the dark powers of the Warp and ascends to become a daemoniac avatar of slaughter and war. The Traitors are eventually forced out of Ultramar by the vengeful XIIIth Legion, leaving behind them a shattered realm.

008.M31: BLOOD AMONG THE PALE STARS

A previously unidentified Legiones Astartes group, calling itself the Dark Brotherhood, carves out its own corsair empire on the

edge of the Pale Stars. This is but one of an unknown number of so-called 'Blackshield' Legionary forces that invent new identities for themselves and fight their own private wars. They begin a long conflict against a XXth Legion (Alpha Legion) hunter-killer force tasked with crushing any resistance against the Warmaster. Such splinter Legionary reaver forces will cause great disruptions to Horus' war effort throughout the Age of Darkness, forcing the Warmaster to divert forces from the advance to Terra to pursue their destruction.

008.M31: THE ERELLIAN SUBJUGATION

A combined Xth Legion (Iron Hands) and XVIIIth Legion (Salamanders) battlegroup invades the Traitor mustering world of Erellia. Elements of the IIIrd Legion (Emperor's Children) and IVth Legion (Iron Warriors) rearming on the planet are eradicated on the mustering grounds by the invading Loyalists. The aftermath of the conflict sees the Iron Hands begin the brutal subjugation of the planet's human population, who they see as willing supporters of Horus' cause. The last astropathic message hurled in desperation from Erellia speaks of the Salamanders intervening to stop the massacres, and violence erupting between the Loyalist forces.



008-013.M31: THE SIEGE OF BAAL

Baal, home world of the IXth Legion (Blood Angels), is besieged by forces of the XVIth Legion (Sons of Horus), IIIrd Legion (Emperor's Children) and Taghmata from the Traitor Forge World of Cyclothrathe. The garrison is bolstered by Shattered Legion forces of survivors fleeing the massacre of Isstvan V, and scattered elements of the VIIth Legion (Imperial Fists). Isolated from the rest of the Imperium, the defenders resist two major attempts to capture Baal from the forces of the Warmaster and continue the resistance until the very last days of the Age of Darkness.

009.M31: THE DOOM OF MOLECH

Horus leads the XVIth Legion (Sons of Horus) and XIVth Legion (Death Guard) in the invasion of the vital fortress world of Molech. Against them stand elements of the IXth Legion (Blood Angels), XIIIth Legion (Ultramarines) and millions of Imperial Army troops. The defence is further bolstered by several maniples of Titan engines and many Loyalist Knight Households led by Knight House Devine, the rulers of Molech. In response to the assembled Loyalist defence, the Sons of Horus deploy the full might of their Legion in a massed armour and infantry assault, with the infamous Justaerin Terminators spearheading the attack. Stubborn resistance to the Traitor assault is overcome by Mortarion and the Death Guard, who unleash horrific

alchemical weapons upon the defenders of Molech and reduce all before them to poisoned sludge. The planet's fate is decided when Knight House Devine suddenly defects to Horus' banner in the midst of the final battle, decisively turning the tide against the hard-pressed Loyalists.

010.M31: THE BATTLE OF PLUTO

The XXth Legion (Alpha Legion) sows dismay and chaos within the Sol System as it carries out sabotage operations that it had planned years in advance. However, their true target is the fortress moon of Hydra, a major astropathic monitoring station orbiting Pluto, which they attack with overwhelming force. The VIIth Legion (Imperial Fists) launches a furious counter-attack to prevent the fall of Hydra, and battle is joined in the chambers of the space station. The Primarch Rogal Dorn and his Huscarl bodyguards lead the assault against Alpharius and his elite Lernaean Terminators, fighting with righteous fury against the Traitors. The two Primarchs join in an epic duel that seemingly sees Alpharius slain by Dorn, the dead bodies of their warriors piled high around them. Following the apparent loss of their Primarch, the Alpha Legion is forced to retreat, and their fleet withdraws from the Sol System. Despite their defeat, the Traitor probing attacks only increase in intensity over the years, testing the Loyalist defences and bleeding them of resources and warriors.



THE HORUS HERESY

010-012.M31: THE DEATH OF TALLARN

Tallarn, an Imperial muster world of unparalleled importance, comes under sudden attack by the IVth Legion (Iron Warriors). By order of the Primarch Perturabo, the Traitors unleash a viral bombardment that kills billions and turns the surface of the verdant world to poisoned slime. With the air rendered into an unbreathable fog of deadly toxins, the Loyalists emerge from their underground shelters sealed within the armoured shells of their tanks and super-heavy vehicles to engage the Traitor forces. The greatest tank battle in Imperial history erupts as massive formations of armoured vehicles and Titan maniples destroy each other over a wasteland coated in the thick sludge of decomposing matter. As the war grinds on under the most hellish conditions imaginable, it draws in Loyalist and Traitor forces from hundreds of nearby worlds. By the time the Iron Warriors and their allies are finally driven out of the system, millions of corpses and wrecks of war machines are left scattered on the lifeless surface of Tallarn.

010-013.M31: THE GREAT SLAUGHTER AT BETA-GARMON

Horus forces a path to the Beta-Garmon System, the most direct and stable warp channel to the Sol System and Terra. In response to the attack, Rogal Dorn sends out astropathic messages to recall all forces previously cut off in the northern Imperium to gather at Beta-Garmon. This Grand Imperial Muster arrays a massive concentration of Loyalist forces against the Warmaster's vast armies and leads to a series of devastating battles unfolding in the surrounding cluster of star systems over the next eight months. Billions of Imperial Army soldiers perish during a campaign that becomes known as the Great Slaughter, and thousands of Titans from both sides destroy each other, resulting in the infamous Titandeth. Ultimately, the bulk of the armies drawn into the grinding carnage of Beta-Garmon are all but destroyed, and as the tide of war swings in the Traitors' favour, the defensive cordon holding back the darkness begins to crack. The Warmaster's Legions finally break through the Loyalist lines and push on towards the final confrontation at Terra, with the Great Slaughter still raging at Beta-Garmon.



012.M31: THE WOLF CULL OF YARANT

At Yarant III, the VIth Legion (Space Wolves) make a desperate last stand against forces from all the Legions they have fought against over the years, now come to carry out their execution. Led by First Captain Abaddon, elements of the XVIth Legion (Sons of Horus), the XIIth Legion (World Eaters), the XXth Legion (Alpha Legion) and the resurgent XVth Legion (Thousand Sons) inflict heavy casualties on the Space Wolves. As the odds mount against the sons of Russ, they are suddenly reinforced by the arrival of Corvus Corax and the XIXth Legion (Raven Guard). Though the Loyalists manage to fight their way clear of the Traitor lines, the crippling losses suffered by the VIth Legion during this ill-fated campaign prevent them from reaching Terra before Horus' host does.

012.M31: THE AXANDRIAN INCIDENT

The XVth Legion (Thousand Sons) assaults the world of Axandria IV, located on the eastern fringes of the Solar Segmentum. This planet, formerly of the Prosperan realm of Magnus the Red, is now

heavily fortified and garrisoned by the VIIth Legion (Imperial Fists) and elements of the Legio Custodes. The Thousand Sons' psychic auguries allow them to bypass the outer defences and teleport their warriors directly into the heart of the single great pyramid structure on the planet's surface. Within the Great Pyramid, a savage fight erupts amongst the dark corridors and library vaults as warriors of the Thousand Sons, led by the elite Scarab Occult Terminators, clash with the Imperial Fists and Custodian Guard. The psychic onslaught of the Thousand Sons eventually forces the Loyalist defenders back to the surface, and before a counter assault can be mounted, the sorcerers of the XVth Legion vanish as suddenly as they appeared, teleporting away with plundered data-cores containing forbidden knowledge rescued from the destruction of Prospero.

012-014.M31: THE SIEGE OF CTHONIA

Cthonia, the home world of the XVIth Legion (Sons of Horus), has been under blockade by the VIIth Legion (Imperial Fists) since the very beginning of the Horus Heresy. It is too powerful to fully conquer without committing substantial strength needed elsewhere, and it remains a thorn in the Imperium's side. As the Warmaster approaches the Sol System, the Imperial Fists mount a desperate defence against Sons of Horus splinter fleets seeking to break the siege in order to reinforce the Warmaster's armies with thousands of newborn Inductii Legionaries for the final assault on Terra.

012-013.M31: THE PASSAGE OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH

The Primarch Lion El'Jonson and the Ist Legion (Dark Angels) embark upon a campaign of extermination across the southern fringe of the galaxy. Long-forbidden weapons from the dark days of Old Night are resurrected, and the Dark Angels unleash their Legion's fury upon Traitor strongholds on world after world, leaving behind them a trail of blackened, dead planets. Chemos and Barbarus, home worlds of the IIIrd Legion (Emperor's Children) and the XIVth Legion (Death Guard) respectively, are destroyed as part of the Lion's crusade of vengeance. This systematic annihilation of worlds rich in resources deprives the Warmaster of precious materiel needed to maintain a lengthy siege at Terra, and Horus is forced to hasten his planned invasion of the Sol System.

013.M31: THE BATTLE OF CARCHERA

Roboute Guilliman leads the XIIIth Legion (Ultramarines) in a desperate attempt to reach Terra before the Traitors begin their assault. He assembles every available military asset in his path into an immense fleet, a gathering of Imperial might unseen since the earliest days of the Horus Heresy. Knowing the Ultramarines have to pass through the Carchera System on their way to the Sol System, the Warmaster orders the IVth Legion (Iron Warriors) and Magi of the Traitor Mechanicum to fortify the system and delay Guilliman's advance. Drawn into a costly conflict with the Iron Warriors, the Ultramarines make extensive use of their Destroyer companies to overcome their entrenched foes. Though they emerge victorious, they are ultimately delayed long enough to be unable to reach Terra ahead of the Traitor hosts.

014.M31: THE SIEGE OF TERRA BEGINS

The Warmaster's fleets smash through the last defences of the Sol System to take Luna and, at last, reach Terra's orbit. Surrounded on all sides, the defenders of humanity's Throneworld look up to a sky darkened by Horus' vast armada.

On the 13th of Secundus, the first bombs fall on Terra.



TITANICA INFERNUS

During the Horus Heresy, the god-machines of the Collegia Titanica turned their guns upon one another as they took sides with either the Emperor or the Warmaster. Those who followed Horus soon found that their treachery led to diabolical rewards.



STEPHANIE BURTON AND MARTYN CASHMORE

As playtesters for Adeptus Titanicus, Stephanie and Martyn know how to get the most out of their Titans.

Stephanie: Greetings, Princes! With the release of the new Corrupted Titan rules in *Adeptus Titanicus: Traitor Legios* (Traitor players rejoice!), my fellow playtester Martyn Cashmore and I have risked life, limb and the wrath of the dark gods themselves to bring you all of the information on these awesome new rules.

For a while now, Loyalist players have had something of an edge with a Titan only they can use: the Warlord-Sinister Psi-Titan. Well, it's time for all of you Traitors to fight back, as you now have access to Corrupted Titans for your battlegroups. Finally, Titans that owe nothing to the Omnissiah and everything to Chaos!

Even better than that, these Corrupted Titans can simply be taken as part of your usual maniples. Unlike the Psi-Titan, which cannot benefit from

additional rules, these Titans get all the usual maniple bonuses and Legio traits on top of the benefits they gain from their mutations. You can even corrupt your Princeps Senoris' own Titan!

In this article, Martyn and I are going to talk about Corrupted Titans, their rules, and different ways to utilise them on the battlefield, followed by a short showcase of one of Martyn's converted Warlords. So, jump into your Command Throne, become one with the Primordial Truth, and prepare to embrace Chaos!

TITANIC APPEAL

I love Titans. For me, there's nothing as visually appealing as the image of a battlegroup of towering, bipedal robots advancing across a blasted landscape, the ground trembling under their heavy footsteps, each blaring their warhorns and daring the enemy to face them in battle.

They stride with the power and arrogance of gods for, wielding some of the largest and most destructive weapons in the Imperium's arsenal, they know that nothing the enemy has can match them. Enormous banners hang from their ancient carapaces and weapon mounts, each one a litany of battle honours won and powerful foes felled. With these god-engines at his command, the Emperor conquered the galaxy during the Great Crusade. A single Titan is a nigh-unstoppable weapon of war. When fielded as a maniple, they are capable of bringing whole worlds to their knees.

When the Horus Heresy broke out, however, all that changed. Horus managed to sway half of the Mechanicum to his side and, with them, half of the Imperium's Titan Legios. Suddenly, the unrivalled might of the Titans had met its match – other Titans.

Over the course of the war, the Loyalist and Traitor Titan Legios clashed again and again, unleashing enormous destruction each time. Personally, I really love the idea of the insidious touch of Chaos slowly working its way through the Traitor Titan Legios as the Heresy progressed. Most of these Titans' Princeps probably had no idea what the Dark Mechanicum was really doing to their engines, at least at first. By 'hollowing out' the Titan's machine spirits and summoning entities from the Immaterium to replace them, the Dark Mechanicum wrought terrible unseen changes upon these once-noble machines. As the war progressed, many of these Titans began to show their inner corruption outwardly, taking on more overt and drastic mutations as the touch of the daemon took hold.

The biggest (and my favourite) Titan battles occurred towards the end of the Horus Heresy. As the Warmaster neared Terra, both sides committed the majority of their Titans to one almighty battle in the Beta-Garmon System, an event which became known as the 'Titandeth'. Hundreds of Titans from dozens of Legios clashed over the system's worlds, and the losses were catastrophic for both sides. This conflict forever shattered the immense power of the Collegia Titanica, but eventually the Traitor armies broke through the Loyalist lines and conquered the devastated remains of the system, opening the way to Terra. The new rules for Corrupted Titans are ideal for depicting Traitor Titans prior to the Titandeth campaign, when the mutations were more subtle. However, there's nothing stopping you from modelling Titans in all their mutated glory — who knows what the future holds!

By the time of the Siege of Terra, many Titans among the Traitors' ranks had become warped beyond all recognition with great spiked tails and tentacles lashing to and fro, or spines and strange ossified growths bursting forth from armoured plates. Even the Titans' heads were transformed into terrifying visages of daemons, snarling and roaring in a manner more akin to possessed beasts than machines. Spearheaded by the Titans of the Legio Mortis, they stormed their way towards the Palace walls. Although many were destroyed by the Loyalists' furious defence, many of the Traitor Titans were protected by their otherworldly forces, allowing them to smash their way

through the defending Titan Legios (notably the Legio Ignatum, their sworn rivals) and break open the walls of the Emperor's Palace, paving the way for a flood of Traitors to enter the Palace's inner courtyards.

So, I hear you ask, how do you go about adding Corrupted Titans into your own maniples? Our resident Heretek Tech-Priest, Martyn, has several thoughts on the matter.

“In truth, a Titan has only three enemies: folly, hubris and another of its own kind.”

- Grand Master Volkus, Ordo Sinister of the Divisio Militaris

A PACT WITH THE DARK GODS

Martyn: When a Titan becomes corrupted, the daemonic entity inhabiting it begins to make changes. This can manifest in a number of ways, depending on the particular traits and allegiances of the daemon. Some are internal changes, impossible to see from the outside, while others are hideous mutations that are glaringly (often fatally) obvious. However, the daemon still needs to be controlled to some degree, for it replaces a lot of the vital duties previously performed by the machine spirit.

The number of mutations a Titan can take depends on its size. A larger Titan provides greater scope for mutation and is often considerably more powerful than a regular Titan of equal scale. For example, a Warlord class Titan with the Unholy Vigour mutation (more on this over the page) is far harder to kill than its Loyalist counterpart. Personally, I like the idea of having an entirely Corrupted Titan maniple with the maximum amount of mutations on every Titan. Playing this way creates a lot of variation in your games and really helps delve into the personalities of your Titans and the dark gods they serve. It's also worth remembering that the game is not just about smashing Imperial Titans into the ground (as fun as that may be). A lot of the game involves speed, manoeuvring and taking objectives, which a number of mutations can help with. Corruption is also available to Knight Households, who can take Corrupted Titans as allies. Corrupted Titans still benefit from Legio-specific Traits, wargear and stratagems, as well as any maniple rules for any maniples that they are a part of.

Of course, there is a price to pay for dealing with the dark gods. Power doesn't come cheaply, and a Warlord class Titan with the maximum number of mutations could easily cost you an additional 80 points, meaning you'll often be taking to the field with fewer Titans than your rivals. Some mutations don't allow specific actions like Power to Locomotors! to be performed, and, on the whole, Corrupted Titans are harder to control, resulting in a small penalty to their Command checks.

CORRUPTED TITAN PERSONAL TRAITS

These work in much the same way as the *Principis* Personal traits that are available to all Legios, selected either by choice or a random dice roll. There are some that are reminiscent of other Traitor Legio traits, such as the Shattered trait, which allows you to roll two dice on the Awakened Entity Table and pick the result, while others are great at depicting the twisting and deforming effects of the Warp upon your Titan.

AWAKENED ENTITY TABLE

For the Tech-Priests of the Dark Mechanicum (aided by a bit of techno-sorcery) it was an easy enough task to strip out Titans' machine spirits and replace them with exciting new entities that are free to exist in whatever form they feel necessary.

This table replaces the standard Awakened Machine Spirit table from the *Adeptus Titanicus* rulebook and is used to represent the daemon's efforts to break free from its prison (with suitably thematic results), such as lashing out at its foes with its guns, instantly repairing its weapons or charging headlong towards the enemy.

BASE MUTATIONS

Every Corrupted Titan must have one (and only one) base mutation. This mutation will form the basis for your Corrupted Titan and the beginning of its new personality. Once this is established, you can then add further mutations up to that Titan's maximum number. However, you may only ever have one Base Mutation on a Titan. Here's a few of them to whet your appetites:

Corrupting Presence: This mutation is a great one to start us off! Whenever a unit within 6" of a Titan with this mutation has to make Void Shield saves, it must make an additional D3 saves (Corrupted Titans are not affected by this mutation). This is an excellent rule for close-combat or fast-moving Titans who want to make sure their opponent's shields go down fast and stay down!

Aetheric Conduit: Good for affecting your opponent's ability to perform actions, this mutation means that enemy models must subtract 1 from the result of all Command checks made within 6" of this Titan. Again, other Corrupted Titans are not affected by this mutation, so you can still keep the Titans in your maniple close to one another. While this mutation might not seem like much on its own, it stacks extremely well with one of the Additional Mutations, Malicious Cacophony.

Frozen Soul: With this mutation, you receive two additional Repair dice, which can be used to help vent excess plasma from the reactors and cool your Titan faster. This could be a decisive factor in helping you to choose certain weapon loadouts (such as being able to run 'hotter' Titans with twin Belicosa Volcano Cannons, for example) or freely strip shields using the Shieldbane rule.

ADDITIONAL MUTATIONS

Depending on the scale of the Titan, the number of mutations they can have varies. Smaller Titans, such as

Warhounds, can have a maximum of two Additional Mutations, whereas a Warmaster can have up to four! The more mutations that you apply, the more unique that Titan becomes. This can give you the freedom to get creative not only with the rules but also when it comes to building and painting your model.

Daemonic Bile: While it's not common for a Titan to projectile-vomit acidic, burning sludge to melt its foes, you can certainly do that with this mutation! For me, this is a really thematic upgrade that absolutely screams Chaos. It is a Flame Template weapon with D3 attacks that also has the Firestorm and Fusion traits at strength 5. The Fusion trait in particular gives this extra weapon the potential to deal some critical damage.

Pestilence Cloud: This mutation is only available to Titans with the Unholy Vigour Base Mutation. An unnatural cloud surrounds the Titan, choking the foes' servitors and making it harder for them to do their tasks. Your opponent's Repair rolls suffer a -1 penalty, making their Titans less likely to repair when in close proximity.

Chitinous Carapace: Any Corrupted Titan may be upgraded with the Chitinous Carapace mutation for +20 points. When a Titan with this mutation is hit in the body or carapace weapon by an attack, subtract 2 from the Armour roll. This can make some Titans – Warlords and Warmasters in particular – extremely hard to kill unless you specifically target weaker areas. Be warned, though – a Titan with this mutation cannot declare Power to Locomotors! on account of its increased bulk.

Daemonic Ichor: Mmm, ick! Any Corrupted Titan may be upgraded with the Daemonic Ichor mutation for +10 points. When a Titan with this mutation suffers Catastrophic Damage, add 2 to its Scale when resolving a Magazine Detonation or Catastrophic Meltdown. Essentially, run it into the enemy lines when it's on its last legs and watch the fireworks show!

PERSONAL FAVOURITES

There are some really outstanding mutations (and combinations of mutations) that are available to Corrupted Titans, but there are a few that, for me, are exemplary. I will almost definitely be augmenting my own Traitor Legio with them. Here are my top choices:

Preternatural Grace: This mutation provides you with extra manoeuvrability that could well make the difference between a successful charge or a failed one. It can also help make sure your Titan is not exposed to a flank or rear attack. I feel that this versatile mutation can be used aggressively or defensively.

Writhing Carapace: This ability is a real winner – for just +15 points, you gain the ability to change your Titan's carapace weapon for any other in that Titan's armoury as long as it is cheaper in points than the original weapon. If you picked paired laser blasters for a Warlord Titan, for example, you could suddenly swap them in the Strategy Phase for Apocalypse missile launchers! Erm, yes please!

Not to mention, you can change your weapon even if the Strategy phase ends early, although using the mutation does prevent you issuing the Titan an Order.

Preternatural Regeneration: Personally, this one would scare the hell out of me if I were facing it. It gives you two additional Repair dice with no restrictions on how you have to spend them! Putting this mutation on a Warlord, or even a Warmaster class Titan, makes it incredibly difficult to bring down.

Stephanie: To best demonstrate these new rules, I have put together a few combinations that will allow you to theme a Corrupted Titan around each of the major Chaos powers. These are far from the only way to use these new rules, of course – the number of mutations you decide to give your Titans, and which combinations will best complement your maniples, is entirely up to you. Given that the number of Additional Mutations varies based on the scale of the Titan in question, I have based all of the following combinations on a Reaver Titan chassis (so a maximum of two Additional Mutations). If your Titan is of a larger class than this, there is nothing stopping you from piling on even more mutations and creating a truly profane engine of Chaos!

✖ CORRUPTED TITAN OF RAGE

Dedicated to the Lord of Slaughter, this is a machine that lives for murder. It roars out its bestial hatred for humanity with every crushing footstep, a hymn to the Lord of Blood and Skulls. Every shot and shell fired is a sermon delivered for its Dark Master, every foe slain an offering to the powers that dwell within the Warp. The terrified screams of its targets are a chorus of fear fit for its dark patron's attention. Its very appearance altered by the daemon infesting its systems, its head has become a bestial visage of rage and hatred, with numerous bony horns, spikes and spines sprouting from its body. This machine is a living avatar of destruction that cares little for strategy and tactical planning, for its sole purpose upon the material realm is to reap more skulls to place before its master's blood-soaked throne. Woe betide anyone foolish enough to stand against it.

Base Mutation: *Overwhelming Rage*

Additional Mutations: *Aura of Fury, Organic Protrusions*

With this combination of mutations, I have focused on taking those that get the most out of your Titan from a

close-combat perspective. With *Overwhelming Rage*, the Titan can charge for free – there's no Command check needed – and it gains +1 to its dice value whenever it makes close-combat attacks (including Smash Attacks). Combined with *Organic Protrusions*, which changes its Smash Attack value to 3 and provides an extended 2" range, this gives you 4 Smash Attacks at twice the range. This means that enemy Titans are not going to want to get too close to this monster whether it has close-combat weapons or not. This is where *Aura of Fury* comes in. *Aura of Fury* is a great mutation that forces enemy units within 12" to take Command checks if they are issued any Order other than a Charge order, and if they fail, their reactor gets hotter by one stage, whereas Knight Banners are immediately Shaken! This makes it harder for your opponent to effectively target your Corrupted Titan or get out of its way once it gets close. If this Titan has the *Malicious Cacophony* mutation as well, those Command checks will be taken with negative modifiers!

✖ CORRUPTED TITAN OF PESTILENCE

This festering, suppurating, plague-ridden Titan is a truly loathsome engine of war. Bloated and swollen by the dark powers of the Lord of Decay, this bulky, monstrous machine lumbers into battle, its noisome stench enough to cause the nose to wrinkle and the eyes to weep, no matter what breathing filters its enemies might be using. This pustulant Titan is swollen with plague; boils and sores cover its surfaces, pus-filled blisters swell and pop and vast clouds of fat, black flies swarm around it. It is not sacred oil and hydraulic fluid that is pumped through this machine but a mixture of infected blood and pus, seeping out from cracks in its surface. Its every step leaves an ooze-filled footprint behind it, teeming with maggots and the very worst plagues and contagions ever to beset humanity. To face this nightmare in battle is to risk both health and sanity.

Base Mutation: *Unholy Vigour*

Additional Mutations: *Daemonic Bile, Pestilence Cloud*

To create a plague-themed Titan, I have started with the *Unholy Vigour* Base Mutation. A Titan with *Unholy Vigour* counts as having suffered one fewer point of Critical Damage on each location when determining Critical Damage effects, and it repairs Critical Damage on a 4+, meaning your opponent must work harder and do more damage than they would normally have to before it can be destroyed. I feel this is a great way to represent the



STRIDING DOOM OF THE LEGIO VULPA

Martyn: This is my Corrupted Warlord Titan of the Legio Vulpa, *Striding Doom*. The mutations on a Corrupted Titan are usually quite subtle or invisible and don't have to be converted, but I am quite adventurous when it comes to representing change, and I love converting my models, so this seemed like the perfect opportunity to experiment like a Heretek! As with every conversion I undertake, I came up with a plan for what I wanted to achieve by the end of the project. Sometimes the plan comes together quite naturally and the kits go together like a dream – this Warlord was definitely one of those times!

Using spare parts from a Forgefiend and a Bloodcrusher, I began turning a once-proud Imperial Warlord Titan into a living, breathing Corrupted Titan of the Warp. With my Tech-Priest tools and modelling putty, I began to reform the base structure of the model. As with many creatures of the Warp, skulls were involved. Lots and lots of skulls – mostly for their variety of horns. The most obvious are the Bloodletter skulls on either side of the Titan's head and the huge skull from the Citadel Skulls pack mounted above it. The Forgefiend ectoplasma

cannons made great casings for the Apocalypse missile array and the body and mouth of a Sunfury annihilator, while the Forgefiend's exhausts were used as ... exhausts! I also added a tail as they are frequently featured in depictions of Corrupted Titans. Or, rather, I added several tails! The bio-mechanical tendrils from the Forgefiend kit were ideal for this and fitted the scale of the model perfectly. I used the Warhammer 40,000-scale Chaos Reaver and Chaos Warhound as inspiration for the bone-like protrusions that I sculpted onto the armour.

For the Titan's base, I wanted to reflect the hellish landscape that this creature inhabits, so I found some jagged slate and made a volcanic scene for it to stride defiantly through.

The end result is a truly terrifying Titan that dominates its surroundings and destroys anything it sees!

Base Mutation: *Preternatural Grace*

Additional Mutations: *Writhing Carapace, Organic Protrusions, Preternatural Regeneration*

PAINTING THE LEGIO VULPA

Martyn: Legio Vulpa Titans have armour the colour of bruised flesh surrounded by a bone trim. I applied Flesh Tearers Red and Shyish Purple Contrast paints over a Wraithbone undercoat to achieve the base colours. To create the mottled effect, I used a sponge to stipple Mephiston Red and Wild Rider Red onto the red areas, followed by Xereus Purple and Genestealer Purple on the purple areas. I used Drakenhof Nightshade and Druchii Violet to tie all the colours together.

I painted the trim and all of the sculpted details with Dryad Bark, followed by Steel Legion Drab and Pallid Wych Flesh, with washes of Seraphim Sepia between the layers. I used Nihilakh Oxide for the corrosion on the chassis to help it stand out. Traditional orange rust would have blended in to the red tones too much.



unnatural resilience of a Plague Titan. I have also equipped it with Pestilence Cloud to show its corrupting influence on the world around it. This mutation makes it harder for nearby Titans to repair their own damage, as they must subtract 1 from their Repair rolls! Lastly, I have given this Titan Daemonic Bile. As mentioned earlier, this is effectively an extra weapon to use in the combat phase that's perfect for clearing away those annoying little Knights that might be bothering your Titan. It totally suits the theme, too, because who doesn't love the idea of a Plague Titan vomiting foul daemonic ichor all over its foes!

☠ CORRUPTED TITAN OF SUBVERSION

This sinuous, graceful Titan lopes into battle in great strides, its lithe and fluid movements demonstrating a speed and agility unnatural for such a large machine. Huge amplifiers mounted on its carapace blast out a cacophony of noise and unholy prayer, the Titan screaming out its devotion to the Lord of Excess as it slaughters its way across the battlefield. A powerful daemon is bound within the core of this machine, and as it advances, it quietly whispers false promises in the minds of those who oppose it, their every private thought and secret laid bare before the daemon. Shrouding the truth with falsehoods, the daemon promises its foes their every whim and desire, if only they would but lay down their weapons and devote themselves to the Dark Prince of Chaos. Only the strongest willed are able to stand against these insidious corruptors, and those who do often find the battle is not just a physical one fought on the material plane but also a spiritual one fought within their very soul.

Base Mutation: *Preternatural Grace*

Additional Mutations: *Malicious Cacophony, Immaterial Shield*

To best represent the unholy speed of this Titan, I have taken the Preternatural Grace Base Mutation. Once per round, a Titan with this mutation can declare Power to Locomotors! or Power to Stabilisers! without pushing its reactor, perfectly fitting the theme. It's worth pointing out that another great Base Mutation for this Titan would be Aetheric Conduit, as this would stack perfectly with the first Additional Mutation, Malicious Cacophony. With Malicious Cacophony, you subtract 1 from the result of any Command check made by a unit within 12" of the Corrupted Titan (and if that Command check was for issuing Orders, it is at -2).

This stacks with Aetheric Conduit, which also forces your opponent to deduct 1 from Command checks when within 6" of the Corrupted Titan, meaning your opponent could be looking at a -3 to their Command rolls to issue Orders near this Titan! This can really disrupt the enemy's battle plans. To make matters worse, the final mutation I've chosen for this combination is Immaterial Shield. This excellent mutation gives your opponent a -1 to hit on all their attacks against this Titan provided it has active void shields, and even a 5+ save against attacks that ignore void shields, making this Titan a very nasty one for your foes to face!

☠ CORRUPTED TITAN OF CHANGE

The twisted influence of Chaos has utterly corrupted this once-blessed god-machine, turning it into something else entirely. At this Titan's passing the very air begins to wither, the trees thrash and scream their rage at the uncaring sky, and the ground writhes and mutates into strange and hideous forms. Shooting great goutts of burning warpfire as it advances, the daemon's flaming touch washes outwards from this metal monster, transforming the world around the machine into forms and shapes more to its liking. The Titan itself proves just as mutable, its silhouette twisting and bending far from its original configuration, its form taking on a leering, avian aspect in a mockery of the Titan's original design.

Base Mutation: *Warp Conduit*

Additional Mutations: *Empyrean Shroud, Writhing Carapace*

For this Corrupted Titan, I wanted to create a truly twisted machine constantly wracked by change, hurling warp energy at its foes. To that end, I chose Warp Conduit for the Base Mutation. Warp Conduit allows you to conjure an 'Aetheric Tempest' attack once per game. This has a 12" range and inflicts a single strength 10 hit against a location of the Traitor player's choice that ignores both void shields and ion shields. Nasty! As if this wasn't enough, its second mutation, Writhing Carapace, is a fantastic ability that enables it to keep swapping its carapace weapons as Martyn mentioned earlier. Need the killing power of a turbo-laser? No problem. Next turn, perhaps you want some mega-bolters. Writhing Carapace has got you covered. This is a great mutation and very representative of the constantly changing nature of the daemons of the Warp. Lastly, Empyrean Shroud helps to protect this Titan from enemy ranged attacks by giving your opponent a -1 on all their Hit rolls against this Titan. Mess with this monster at your peril!

CONCLUSION

What Martyn and I have been able to bring you in this article is only a brief guide to Corrupted Titans in Adeptus Titanicus, covering their first appearances during the Horus Heresy through to the rules themselves and some examples of how you can use them in your own games. There is a fantastic amount of flexibility with these rules, and innumerable different combinations exist within the scope of the available mutations for you to discover. Some very powerful combinations for your Corrupted Titans can be made by alloying certain mutations with certain Legio traits, Titan upgrades, maniple rules or Princeps Senoris traits. Exactly how powerful they get, and what combinations there are, is entirely up to you to discover!

Now come, Princeps, gather round the ritual fire. Chant the words of true power and allow the shadows to gather. Embrace the entities that dwell within the Warp and open up your minds and your souls. Speak the words of the Primordial Annihilator and live forever in the glory of Chaos!

Death to the False Emperor!

QUEST OF THE RINGBEARER

The One Ring – Isildur's Bane – has been found. The forces of good must see the Ring of power destroyed, but to do so they must navigate the treacherous lands of Middle-earth. And the servants of the Dark Lord Sauron are abroad ...

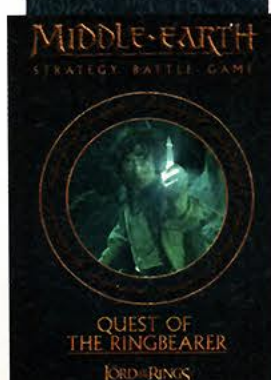


It has been twenty years. Two whole decades since *The Fellowship of the Ring* hit the big screen in what can only be described as one of the cinematic events of the millennium (which, in 2001, had only just begun!). Like the best-selling novel that preceded it, the movie captured the imaginations of countless people around the globe, many of whom took up paints and brushes, tape measures and dice to paint the miniatures and re-create the journey of the Fellowship on the tabletop. For many hobbyists still active today, *The Fellowship of the Ring* box set was their gateway into our hobby.

And that's why we want to celebrate its legacy with a trio of Battle Reports. Over the next few pages, we'll be following Frodo and the other members of the Fellowship through three of the most memorable battle scenes from the first movie of the trilogy.

QUEST OF THE RINGBEARER

This excellent supplement, available from forgeworld.co.uk contains twenty-eight scenarios that follow the journey of the One Ring from Hobbiton to Mount Doom. The scenarios in this Battle Report come from this expansion.



THE QUEST BEGINS!

Taking part in this sort of mission ... quest ... thing ... are Middle-earth fans Ashley Hamstead-Reid and Lewis Collins, who have been playing the game since they were Hobbit-sized (though not so hairy of foot).

As a fan of nice crispy bacon, second breakfasts and all things good in this world, Ash will be commanding the Fellowship of the Ring in these three scenarios. He will take the Hobbits from the heights of Weathertop to the depths of Moria and finally to the Seat of Seeing at Amon Hen where the Fellowship is finally broken. Lewis, having collected Goblins and other unwholesome creatures for many years, will be playing as the Forces of Evil. He'll be doing everything he can to stop Ash completing his quest using Ringwraiths, Goblins and, finally, Uruk-hai. Let's meet the players before we dive into the action!



Ash: I'm absolutely delighted and excited to be part of this issue's *White Dwarf* Battle Report. I'm proud that I get to share my passion for all things Middle-earth with you over these next few pages.

I've been a hobbyist for many years, but it wasn't until recently that I rekindled my love for the Strategy Battle Game when I met a most unlikely creature: Lewis (sorry, mate). Lewis and I learned that we both shared the same joy and enthusiasm for Middle-earth, and we soon decided to embark upon the Quest of the Ringbearer together. I would take up the brave, triumphant Good side, and Lewis would play as the side of Evil.

I work at the Warhammer World Store (*nice plug, Ash – Ed*), and I love talking with people about Middle-earth and the hobby, so, if you're planning a visit, be sure to find me and chat!

Lewis: My hobby fate was sealed when I walked out of the cinema having just watched *The Fellowship of the Ring*. As a seven-year-old, I had never seen anything like it, and I wanted more! As we walked back to the car we passed a Games Workshop store, and in the window I saw a Moria Goblin with a bow. The rest, as they say, is history! Since then, I've been addicted to painting, sculpting and almost anything artistically creative. I was always more into the creative side of the hobby, and though I had occasionally dabbled in the game, it wasn't until a couple of years ago that I really got into the gaming side of the Middle-earth Strategy Battle Game when I was 'volunteered' by fellow Middle-earth enthusiast Edd Barfield as a spare player for a Throne of Skulls event. Since then I've been devising horrible tactics – mostly with my Moria Goblin force – but I also have a Serpent Horde army made up almost entirely of Hâsharin!



ASHLEY HAMSTEAD-REID & LEWIS COLLINS

Ash works in the Warhammer World store, while Lewis works behind the scenes as a member of Warhammer World's exhibition team.



WEATHERTOP

Amon Sûl, the highest of the Weather Hills, dominates the landscape of Eriador for miles around. On its summit is an ancient watch tower. It is here that the Ringwraiths finally catch up with the Hobbits.

WEATHERTOP

The Weather Top scenario played by Ash and Lewis can be found on page 22 of the *Quest of the Ringbearer*. With just ten models on the table, it makes for a great introduction to the game.



Ash: In our first battle, I must lead four very nervous and rightly terrified Hobbits against five of the most deadly servants of Sauron – the Ringwraiths.

This scenario looks daunting for the Good side. I have four Hobbits, and brave as they may be, they are not fighters. Also, there is nowhere to run! I must make sure I keep Frodo alive, so I'm going to surround him at much as possible, hopefully preventing any charges from the Ringwraiths. However, I have a feeling Lewis will be casting as much magic as he can before committing to combat, which I'm worried could be fatal to some Hobbits. Once Strider arrives, I want him to do what he does best. I hope I get a chance to throw a flaming brand at the Witch-king.

Lewis: I've always found the Weather Top scene to be amongst the scariest in the movie trilogy, especially when you consider that it's the first time the Hobbits properly encounter something truly evil. Even worse, they're facing off against five of the most feared of Sauron's servants in Middle-earth led by the Witch-king of Angmar! Trying to instil that fear the Hobbits felt was my main goal – I really want Ash to feel helpless until Aragorn arrives. My plan is to drain the main contenders of their Will so that later in the game they don't have any extra dice to resist crucial Magical Powers that I need to go off. Repositioning the Hobbits using Compel is going to be important if I want to get to Frodo. I would love to get the Witch-king into a position where he can use his Morgul blade on him.



Huddling close together, the four Hobbits drew their blades as the Ringwraiths entered the ruins of the Weathertop fortress. Almost immediately, one of the Nazgûl pointed his armoured finger at Sam and sapped his Will, leaving him susceptible to their Magical Powers. The other Ringwraiths beckoned Merry and Pippin towards their shadowy forms. Pippin stumbled away from the group while Merry bravely held his ground.

Now thoroughly surrounded, the Hobbits tried throwing rocks at their assailants, but to no avail – they simply glanced off their thick black robes. In return, the Black Riders used their fell magic once more. Having been unable to Compel Merry, one of the Ringwraiths instead cast a Black Dart at him. Though Hobbits are naturally resistant to magic, the foul sorcery hit Merry but miraculously failed to hurt him! Pippin was not so fortunate. He was knocked aside by another of the Nazgûl and taken out of the fight.



It was much to the Hobbits' relief that Strider joined the fray, sword drawn and torch blazing. He immediately entered combat with one of the Ringwraiths while Merry and Sam huddled Frodo into a corner to protect him. The unengaged Nazgûl used Transfix to try to prevent Aragorn fighting. None of them succeeded, but they significantly reduced his Will and Might. One of the Ringwraiths was banished, but the one fighting Aragorn somehow survived his attack.

Realising their time was limited, one of the Ringwraiths rooted Aragorn to the spot with dark magic before disappearing. Another cast a Black Dart at Merry, but once again the Hobbit resisted it. Unable to reach his quarry, a Ringwraith stepped in to fight Sam but, after trading a few blows, was dispatched by the plucky young gardener. The Witch-king, taking advantage of the distraction, Compelled Frodo towards him and stabbed him with his Morgul blade before Strider intervened and banished him, ending the battle.



Lewis uses Compel to great effect, drawing Pippin away from the group and onto the blade of a waiting Ringwraith (1).

With their Will running out, Lewis resorts to moving the Ringwraiths into combat (2). He is surprised when the one fighting Aragorn survives the Ranger's attacks. His happiness is short-lived, however, when Ash calls a Heroic Strike with Sam that enables him to win his fight (3). The Hobbit has little chance of wounding a Ringwraith, but Ash rolls two 6s in a row, banishing the fell creature.

With the lesser Ringwraiths all low on Will, Lewis uses the Witch-king to Compel Frodo out of his hiding place (4). With Aragorn Transfixed and Sam and Merry in combat, Frodo fights the Witch-king alone and is stabbed with the Morgul blade. Ash passes his Fate roll, providing enough time for Aragorn to join the fight.



4



WEATHERTOP: THE AFTERMATH

Ash: What a compelling game (pun very much intended)! The beginning was terrifying, with the five Ringwraiths surrounding my Hobbits from all sides. What could they do but throw stones at the Nazgûl and hope that it would be enough to shoo them off? Sadly, that plan didn't work!

With the Ringwraiths coming in from all sides, I stuck to my plan and moved the Hobbits towards one of them and away from all the others. I was delighted to see Aragorn wasn't wasting any time when he showed up to save the day on Turn 3. Aragorn wasn't the only Hero to watch, though. Samwise the Brave defiantly earned his name that day. Wielding a sword (probably for the first time), he struck down one of the Nazgûl in single combat. This was without question my favourite moment of the game. My saddest moment was poor Pippin being Compelled to his doom.

It was a tense game, but towards the end I was feeling very much in the driver's seat until Lewis used the Witch-king to Compel Frodo into combat. He stabbed Frodo with the Morgul blade, but fortunately Fate intervened!

Lewis: I think that was the most magic I've ever used in one battle! I tend to take one or two Orc Shamans at most, and that's usually to cast Fury, which I can then forget about. This was on a whole new level. When we set up the board I felt pretty confident. After all, five Nazgûl versus four Hobbits should be a doddle! I spent my first turn positioning the Ringwraiths ready to Compel the Hobbits, but when Aragorn arrived in the third turn, that really threw me off.

I tried to forge a clear path to Frodo using the other Nazgûl, leaving the route open for the Witch-king to step in and claim the kill with his Morgul blade. But Ash positioned the Hobbits really well and, with the arrival of Aragorn, I found myself hesitating whether or not to get into combat. Once a Ringwraith's fighting, you have to slay the foe quickly, otherwise they can't cast spells and lose Will very quickly. It wasn't a total loss for the Nazgûl, though. They did manage to take down Pippin, and the Witch-king did stab Frodo, just like in the novel. While these were minor victories, I do feel a sad emptiness that used to be filled with nice crispy bacon.



BALIN'S TOMB

Deep beneath the Misty Mountains lies the Chamber of Mazarbul. Once a record chamber, it is now the tomb of Balin, son of Fundin. It is here that the Fellowship of the Ring face their sternest test so far ...

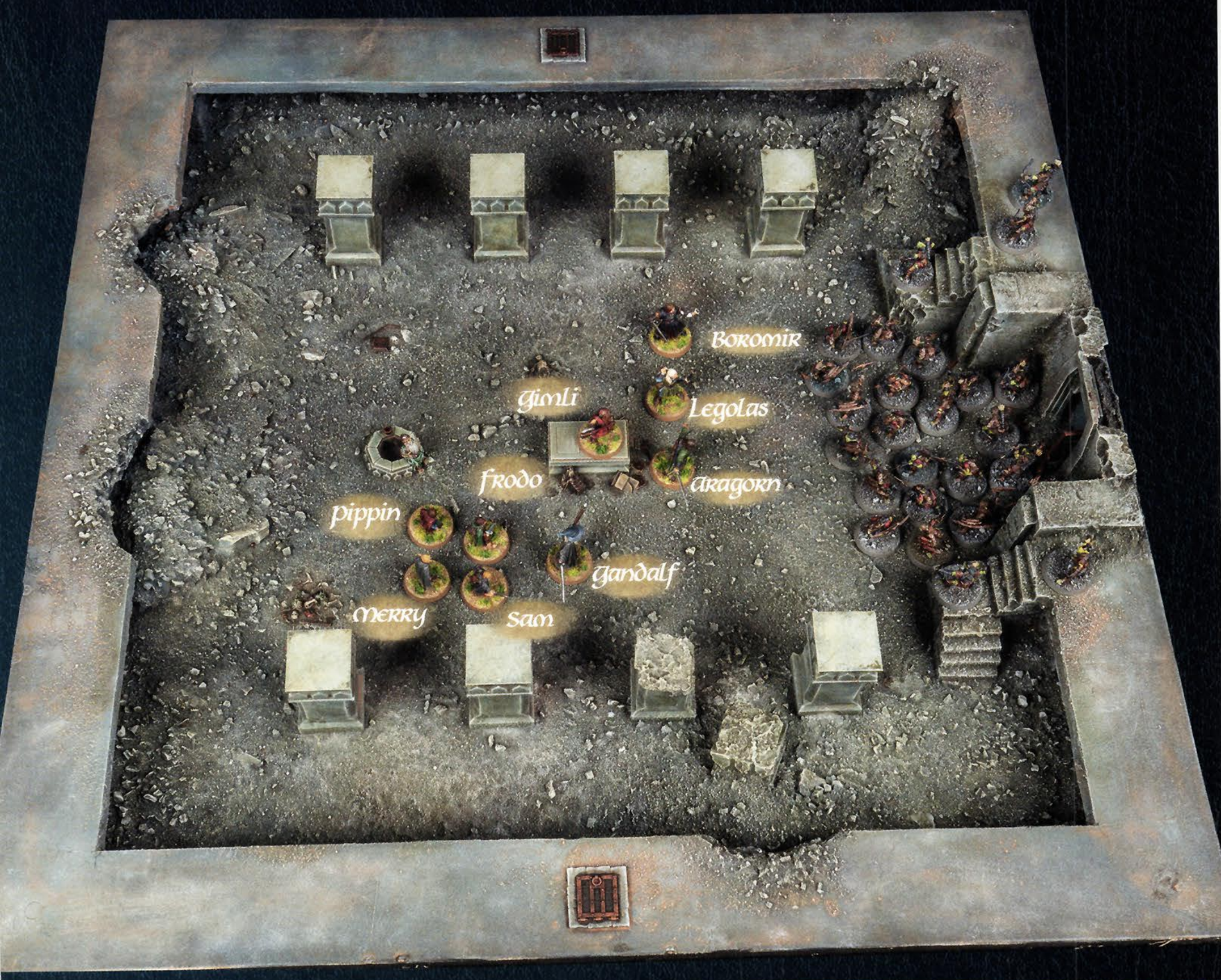
BALIN'S TOMB

Arguably one of the most memorable action scenes from *The Fellowship of the Ring*, Balin's Tomb is the first time the Fellowship fights as a group. The scenario is on page 32 of the Quest supplement.



Lewis: Balin's Tomb is my favourite fight sequence in *The Fellowship of the Ring*, and Moria has always been my favourite army, so I am in my element here. I need to take five members of the Fellowship out of action to win, so my plan is to swarm them and force Ash to use as much of his Might as possible before the Cave Troll arrives. It's my best fighter, so I want to give it every chance of survival. I also want a couple of Goblins to die each turn so that I can bring reinforcements up from the well where they can attack the Hobbits. Aragorn is my biggest concern, as he receives a free point of Might each turn, and that could make the difference between winning the fight against my Troll and killing it. I'll be focusing on him and the Might-heavy Boromir as much as I can.

Ash: Anyone is a fool of a Took if they think this scenario is going to be easy. I genuinely feel nervous about this game, but I'm ready for the challenge. I know I have to keep myself from getting combat-drunk and charging the Fellowship straight into the Goblins, as they would swarm my Heroes, trap them, and drag them to their doom. To do this, I want to position the stronger members of the Fellowship in such a way that they won't get Trapped but close enough to each other so that the Goblins can't sneak past them to get at the Hobbits. I must also keep Gandalf out of combat if I can, as he is a crucial magic user. Blinding Light will definitely hinder the Goblin bowmen, while Immobilise will give Aragorn, Gimli and Boromir a better chance of bringing down the Cave Troll quickly.



Caught out by the swiftness of the Goblins, the Fellowship of the Ring quickly regrouped as the foul creatures swarmed into the Chamber of Mazarbul. As Goblin archers took aim, Gandalf raised his staff into the air, the crystal embedded in the tip glowing briefly before guttering out entirely, pitching the tomb into near-darkness. A lucky arrow found Legolas in the dark, drawing blood. The Elf returned fire but failed to kill anything, unlike Sam, who threw a rock at a Goblin and killed it outright.

Goblins hurled themselves hungrily at Aragorn, Boromir and Gimli, who stood ready and waiting to fight them off. Boromir blew the Horn of Gondor, forcing the Goblins around him to cower in fear, but he failed to follow up on his success and didn't kill a single one of them. Next to him, Gimli was pushed back against Balin's Tomb and almost Trapped, but he managed to survive the encounter unscathed. Aragorn slew one measly Goblin in his first fight.



The Fellowship retreated in an effort to put some distance between themselves and the Goblins, but the denizens of Moria were relentless in their pursuit. Boromir, Gimli and Aragorn found themselves once more under attack, as did Merry and Pippin when a pair of Goblins emerged from the nearby well. The Goblins were fought off but not slain, Sam's frying pan denting their armour but leaving no lasting damage.

The Fellowship took heart as Gandalf ignited his staff, a Blinding Light bathing the room and blinding the Goblins. The light also seemed to throw off Legolas' aim, as he failed to shoot any Goblins in the vicinity with his bow. But Aragorn, Boromir and Gimli all won their fights, leaving broken bodies in their wake. Their victories were short-lived, however, when a Cave Troll barged through the entrance to the tomb and lumbered towards Aragorn, its iron hammer raised. The Ranger of the North raised his sword to parry the blow, but he was knocked to the ground by the huge creature and badly wounded. The Fellowship redoubled their efforts to save him.



In the second turn of the game, Ash moves the Fellowship closer together so they can benefit from each other's Heroic Moves (1). In this way, he can use Frodo's or Sam's Might to move the other characters at a critical moment, thereby saving their Might for the combat phase.

Faced with a tide of Goblins, Ash completely forgets that those he has killed come back as reinforcements. They arrive through the trap doors at the edge of the tomb, the front door or, most importantly, through the well (2). Two Goblins clamber up from its inky depths to attack Merry and Pippin, but luckily for Ash, neither are taken out of the fight.

In the fourth turn, the Cave Troll smashes its way through the front entrance (3), but with so many Goblins in the way, it is unable to reach Aragorn. For now!





The Fellowship continue to slay Goblins here and there, but their progress is slow with most of the Heroes killing just a single opponent in each fight (4). Safe from the combat, Gandalf uses his magical abilities to Collapse Rocks on the Cave Troll, wounding it.

In a moment of ironically bad luck, Ash rolls well for Aragorn and kills two of the Goblins fighting him. This leaves space for Lewis to move the Cave Troll into combat with Aragorn (5) while tying up the other Heroes so they can't come to his aid. The Cave Troll wins the fight by three (Ash rolls a 3 compared to Lewis's 6). Not only does Aragorn lose the fight, he loses all three Fate and two of his Wounds!

With the Cave Troll looming over Aragorn, the Fellowship rallied to his aid. Gimli smashed aside a pair of Goblins before charging into the lumbering brute but found the beast a much harder foe than he expected. Legolas ran forward to push the horde of Goblins away from Aragorn, who recovered quickly and rejoined the fight. Man and Dwarf charged the Cave Troll together and finally ended its rampage.

Behind them, Gandalf found himself under attack, preventing him from helping Merry and Pippin, who were dragged away by the Goblins. Sam brandished his frying pan bravely, but against four opponents, even he began to struggle. He soon disappeared beneath a tide of stinking Goblin bodies.

On the other side of Balin's Tomb, Boromir found himself Trapped, but the rallying call of the Horn of Gondor cowed many of the Goblins into submission, enabling him to cut several of them down before making his escape over the tomb to protect Frodo. He reached the Hobbit just a little too late, and the Goblins dragged the Ringbearer to the ground. The Fellowship fought bravely on, but Balin's Tomb was a terrible defeat for them.

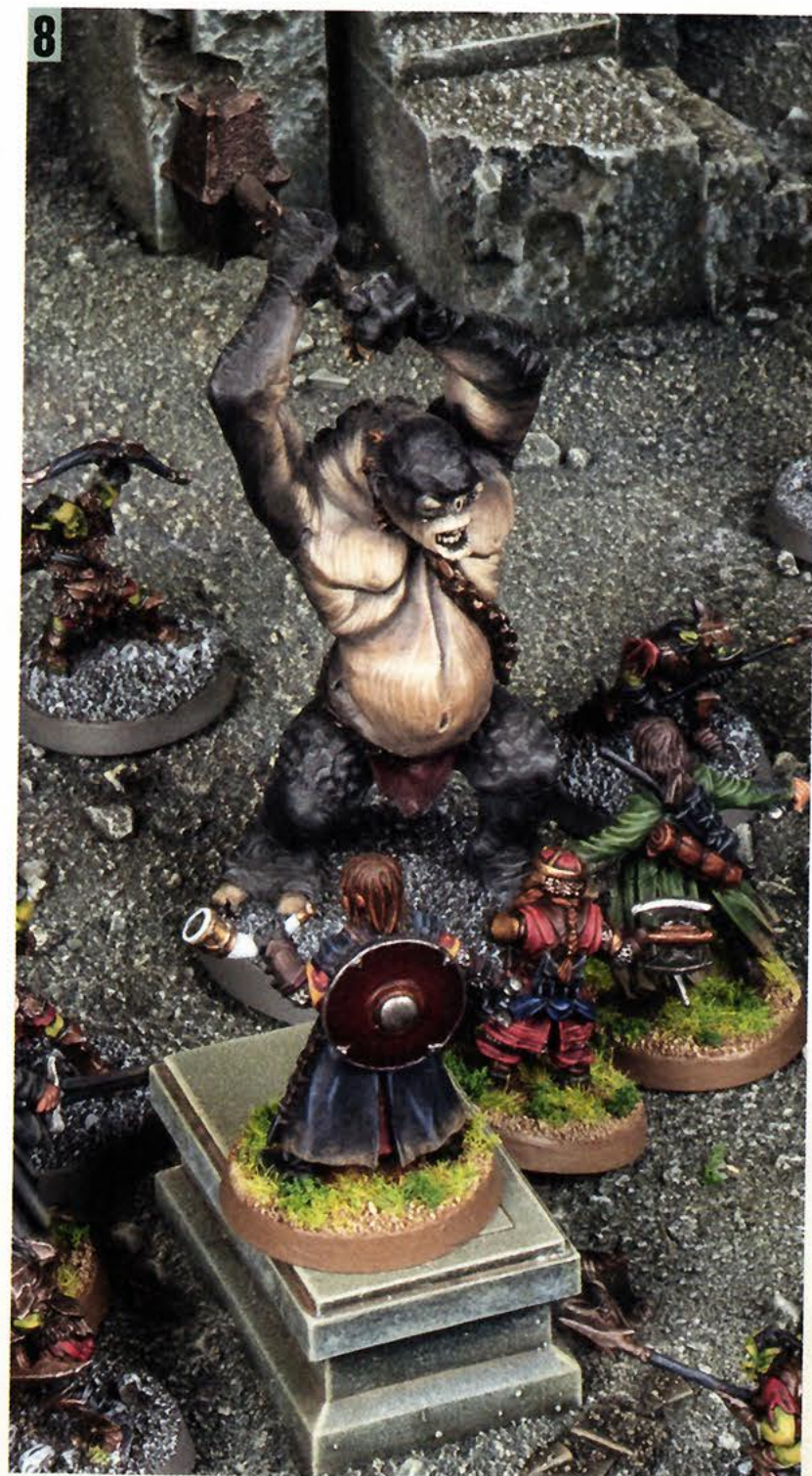
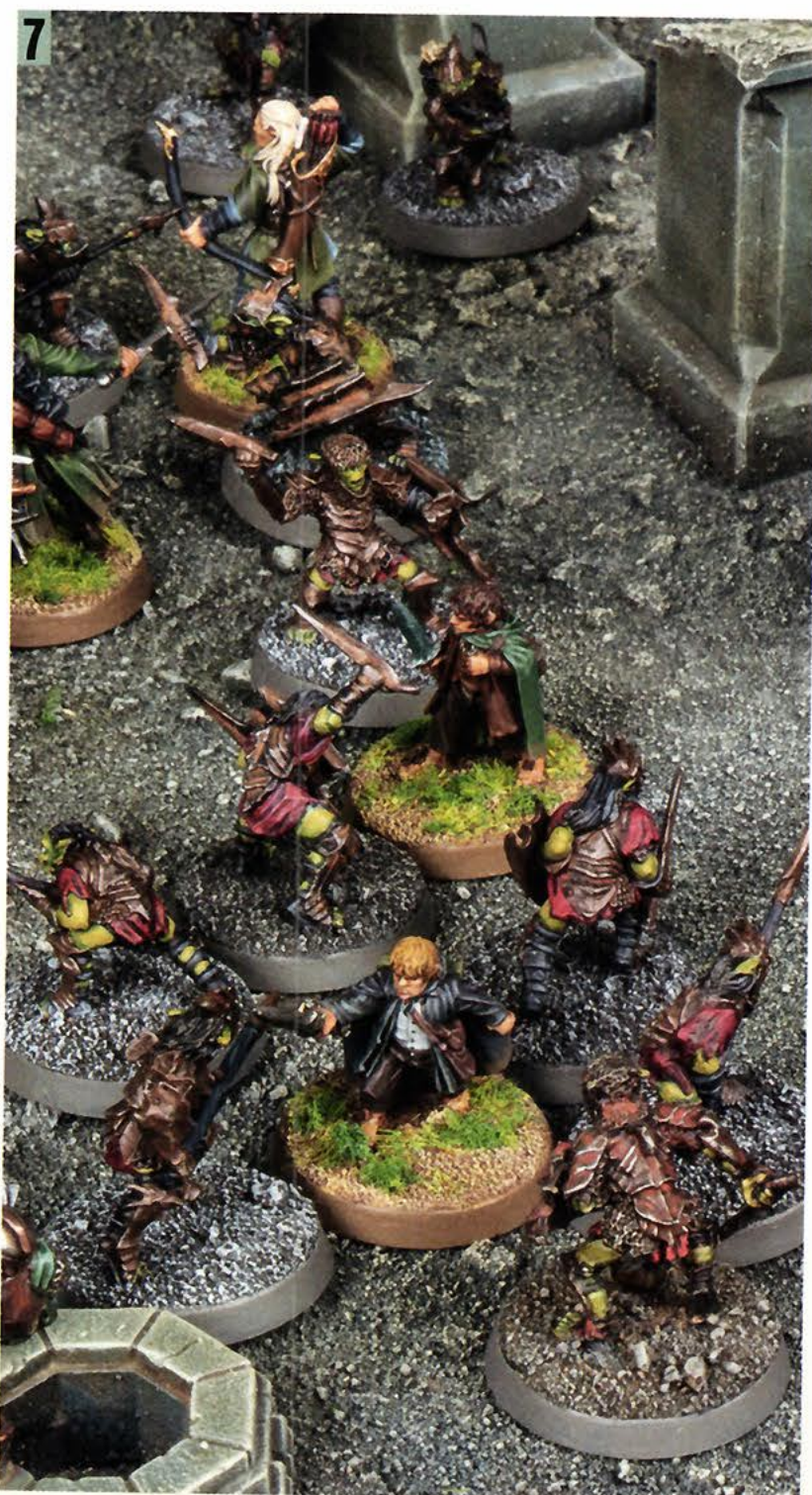


Lewis wins the majority of the Priority rolls in the second half of the game. As a result, Ash has to call several Heroic Moves to ensure his characters are in the best (or at least not terrible!) positions. Boromir, however, is cornered by Goblins and spends three turns fighting his way out (6).

The Goblins pouring out of the well take Merry and Pippin out of the fight and set their sights on Sam and Frodo (7).

Gandalf casts Immobilise on the Cave Troll, enabling Aragorn and Gimli to slay the beast (8).

Boromir fails to protect Frodo from being surrounded and taken out of action (9), while Aragorn is also cut off and taken down by the Goblins. Legolas is the sixth member of the Fellowship to fall, scoring Lewis a solid victory!





BALIN'S TOMB: THE AFTERMATH

Lewis: Now that's more like it – an Evil victory! And with six Fellowship casualties, too – even better! However, I've started to ask myself some serious questions about my prejudice towards Pippin, who has been the first Fellowship casualty in both battles so far ...

I think my plan worked pretty well overall. The Goblins made the most of trapping the Fellowship and slowly emerging from the well to surround them. By the time the Cave Troll arrived, I had achieved my goal of whittling down the Might and Fate of several of the stronger fighters, which meant Ash had to be careful who he picked to fight it. Taking two wounds, all the Fate and a point of Might off of Aragorn in one fight with the Cave Troll definitely gave me the upper hand. Ash had to play more cautiously to keep Aragorn alive, and things just got worse for the Fellowship as I pulled them down with weight of numbers. If I had to choose a player of the match, it would be the Goblin that beat the three Hobbits and subsequently took Pippin out of the fight. That Goblin needs to put himself forward for a promotion!

Ash: That game was a blast. At the start it was really intimidating to see so many Goblins running at the Fellowship, but I stuck to my plan and slowly moved back to form a living cage around the Hobbits. Aragorn covered my right flank and Boromir my left.

The game progressed well. There were a few hiccups along the way with Gandalf failing to cast Blinding Light (enabling the Goblins to cause a wound on Legolas) and the embarrassing moment when Frodo, Sam and Merry failed to kill a Trapped Goblin between them. But there were plenty of fantastic moments, too. Gandalf dropped a load of rocks on the Cave Troll, Gimli proved himself as the ultimate Goblin destroyer, and Samwise got the hang of using a frying pan for Goblin-bashing.

In the end, the constant swarm of Goblins took their toll. They broke through the circle from the front and infiltrated through the well at the back to take down the Hobbits. Next time I would keep Legolas further back to support them. His high Fight value would have made a huge difference.



AMBUSH AT AMON HEN

Having fled from Boromir, Frodo finds himself lost amongst the ruins at the crest of Amon Hen. He decides to continue his quest alone just as the monstrous Uruk-hai catch up with the Fellowship.

AMON HEN

The events at Amon Hen can be fought two ways – either as three individual games or as one intense battle. Ash and Lewis used the scenario from page 46 of the *Quest of the Ringbearer* for this game.



Ash: This is one of my favourite scenarios from *Quest of the Ringbearer* – a mad dash by the Fellowship to save the Hobbits while Frodo escapes to the boats. And it isn't going to be easy. Aragorn and Frodo are surrounded by Uruk-hai, Gimli and Legolas are miles away, and Boromir must protect Merry and Pippin and face down Lurtz.

My plan is to keep Aragorn and Frodo moving with Heroic Moves and Combats while running Sam, Legolas and Gimli as fast as I can to meet them. Boromir will just have to hold his own until help arrives! I have a real fear of him falling, and I do worry that Lewis will copy the film and riddle him with arrows before he can blow his horn for aid. I hope he makes Gondor proud!

Lewis: So, how am I planning to capture Ash's Hobbits? I think the key is softening up the Heroes with my normal troops while I hang back for a while with my big hitters. If I go up against any of the serious combat Heroes while they've still got plenty of Might and Fate, Lurtz and the Captain will really struggle. I reckon after a few turns Lurtz should be able to take down Boromir, enabling me to capture Merry and Pippin and guarantee me a draw at the very least. Slowing down the three hunters, Frodo and Sam is going to be my main goal for the rest of the Uruk-hai. The longer the game runs on, the tougher it will get for Ash, so I've no doubt he'll be moving his Heroes as fast as their hairy feet can go. I'll watch him closely to see where he runs Frodo so that I can counter his escape with my reinforcements.



Running down the stairs from the Seat of Seeing, Aragorn and Frodo found themselves immediately confronted by a large force of Uruk-hai Scouts. Racing north into the trees, Aragorn pushed Frodo before him as he fought off the first combatants, leaving their bodies lying on the forest floor. An Uruk-hai Captain wielding a huge axe began to follow them but turned aside, racing back through the trees towards the river. In the distance, the Horn of Gondor sounded.

Facing a dozen Uruk-hai, Boromir bade Merry and Pippin retreat into the trees as he hacked through a pair of assailants, all the while blowing the Horn of Gondor for aid. Retreating from the bridge, the trio were followed by Lurtz, who had already knocked an arrow to the string of his bow. Taking a moment to aim, Lurtz's black-fletched arrow hit Boromir but failed to hurt him. As the Uruk-hai Scouts resumed their assault, more of them fell to the Hero of Gondor.



Aragorn and Frodo were soon joined by an out-of-breath Sam, who immediately dived into combat with the Uruk-hai. Keeping himself between the enemy and Frodo, Aragorn was clearly distracted because two of the foul creatures snuck their blades past his guard to inflict terrible wounds. Nevertheless, the Ranger continued to fight bravely on. To the north, Legolas moved to intercept the Uruk-hai racing towards the fighting, while Gimli slowly hacked his way through the enemy fighters near the Seat of Seeing.

Once again, the Horn of Gondor could be heard through the trees. Now confronted by an Uruk-hai Captain as well as Lurtz, Boromir continued to push the Hobbits towards the trees. Another arrow flew past his head as Lurtz fired at him. Losing confidence in his shooting, the Uruk-hai leader leapt from the bridge before stumbling clumsily into the ravine beneath it. Boromir fought off another two Uruk-hai but could not stop one of them racing past him to knock Pippin to the ground. Merry killed the Scout before helping his friend back to his feet.



Ash calls a Heroic Move with Aragorn in the second turn to keep Frodo moving as fast as possible. Both Heroes fight and kill the Uruk-hai attacking them (1).

Sam joins the fight in a bid to protect Frodo (2). Ash loses a fight with Aragorn and declines to use any Might to win it. Aragorn loses three Fate and a Might point to stay alive!

Ash moves Boromir north with Merry and Pippin behind him (3). Lewis moves Lurtz onto the bridge for a suitably cinematic bow shot (4) but fails to wound Boromir. Lurtz then fails his Jump test off the bridge!

The Uruk-hai continue to hound the trio (5).

At the end of the fourth turn (6), Boromir continues to protect Merry and Pippin while Aragorn escorts Frodo and Sam north. Legolas and Gimli are still playing catch-up.





With more Uruk-hai arriving from the north, Aragorn urged Frodo and Sam on, the Hobbits having to fight their way through several Scouts in their desperate flight. Despite cleaving his way through several Uruk-hai, Gimli found himself held up by the Uruk-hai the trio had left in their wake, while Legolas was left fighting for his life, having become surrounded by the enemy.

Further west, Boromir and his young charges were finally cornered. Pippin fought bravely, but Merry could not hope to prevail against the Uruk-hai Captain looming over him. In a desperate attempt to slay Lurtz, Boromir leapt into combat but was knocked aside and hacked at repeatedly by the Uruk-hai leader. With their protector lying dead on the floor, the two Hobbits were quickly overwhelmed by their foul foes. Not trusting their minions to the job, Lurtz and the Captain picked up Merry and Pippin and raced north, intent on taking their prizes to Isengard. As they ran, they ordered the rest of their Scouts to intercept the other members of the Fellowship.

With Uruk-hai closing in from every side, Aragorn pushed Frodo and Sam onwards. Legolas and Gimli were too far from them to help, leaving the Ranger to protect the Hobbits alone. A volley of arrows whistled through the trees, two of them striking Aragorn and one of them killing an Uruk-hai he was fighting. Finishing off another attacker, Aragorn hurled himself at the Scout fighting Frodo and killed him, too. With a yell, the Ranger told the Ringbearer to make for the boats as he raced back to rescue Sam. Frodo made his escape, but Boromir was dead, two of his friends had been captured, and the Fellowship was broken.



At the start of the fifth turn, Ash calls another Heroic Move with Aragorn to keep Frodo moving (7). They cross the halfway point of the battlefield and are set upon by more Uruk-hai. Sam and Aragorn just hold them at bay.

Legolas is less fortunate (8). After using all of his Might to win a fight (and kill two Uruk-hai), Legolas is Trapped and taken out of the game in the sixth turn.

Ash uses Aragorn's free Might point to call yet another Heroic Move (9). The Uruk-hai are still close behind.





Lurtz's warband finally encircles Boromir, Merry and Pippin (10). Pippin not only wins his fight against the Scout who tries to grab him but kills him, too. Merry is not so lucky and is easily knocked unconscious by the Uruk-hai Captain. Meanwhile, Lewis calls a Heroic Strike with Lurtz. Ash does the same with Boromir. They roll the same results on their combat dice, but Lewis wins due to having a higher Fight value. Lurtz's three attacks cause three wounds on Boromir, taking him out of the game.

In the subsequent turn, Lurtz punches Pippin to the ground. He picks up the prone Hobbit, and the Uruk-hai Captain picks up Merry. They begin to make good their escape (11).

As Aragorn, Frodo and Sam approach the north-west corner of the battlefield, Lewis fires every arrow he can at Aragorn, wounding him twice (12).

Ash calls a Heroic Move with Frodo to run him to the western edge of the battlefield (13).

14



The final moments of the battle are a desperate affair (14). Burdened by the Hobbits, Lurtz and the Captain can only move at half speed, so Lewis calls Heroic Marches to help them cover the distance to the board edge.

Meanwhile, Ash calls Heroic Moves with Aragorn and Frodo to edge them towards the western board edge. In the end, it comes down to the Priority roll on the twelfth turn. Lewis wins Priority and, with no Might left for either player to call a Heroic Move, races the Uruk-hai characters off the board with their prizes. Frodo exits the battlefield moments later.

AMBUSH AT AMON HEN: THE AFTERMATH

Ash: Well that was a roller coaster of a game! At the start Aragorn was struggling to win fights and was taking a battering, Legolas couldn't hit for toffee, Gimli was slow and Boromir got walked through by Lurtz. It looked like all hope was lost, then it finished with a heroic ending – perfect!

However, before Boromir's departure he definitely pulled his weight and carved down many Uruk-hai before his stand-off with Lurtz. In hindsight, I probably should have used Heroic Defence instead of Heroic Strike when Boromir was fighting him, because if Lurtz won the fight he would need to roll 6s to wound Boromir instead of his usual 4+. Alas, I went all-in with a Heroic Strike to match Lurtz's, hoping to wipe him out. Instead, what happened was the opposite.

Although Aragorn wasn't performing to begin with, boy did he pick up his game. He managed to cut his way through endless Uruk-hai, despite being out of both Might and Fate and down to a single Wound after being hit by a volley of arrows. Like a true hero of legend, Aragorn made sure Frodo made it off the board.

Lewis: What a fantastic game! Those last few turns were truly intense, and I really wasn't sure if Lurtz and the Captain would get away with Merry and Pippin before Frodo escaped. It couldn't have been closer! Again, I'd like to apologise to Pippin for being the first victim once more!

The start of the game looked a little ropery on my part, especially after Lurtz failed his Jump test to pursue Boromir. I had a looming sense of dread that it wasn't going to go well for me, but after a couple of turns of Boromir killing Uruk-hai and them reappearing on the board edge near Frodo, I started to feel the tide turning. It was after cutting down Legolas that I really felt the game taking shape and the tension building. Ash and I were both heavily concentrating on the progress of Frodo, Sam and Aragorn, and the cinematic quality of the escape was incredible. By the last couple of turns of the game, Aragorn was down to his last Wound, and Sam was knocked out. It really felt like the Fellowship had stayed true to their characters and given their all to protect Frodo and make his escape possible. I feel a draw was a fitting result!

THE BREAKING OF THE FELLOWSHIP

With a win, a loss and a draw apiece, Ash and Lewis talk about their three battles, their favourite moments and their plans for the future. Where will the Quest of the Ringbearer take them next?

'We even put on the music from the films in the background so that the scenes felt just right at the crucial moments.' - Ash

'If you have a like-minded gaming group, I would highly recommend taking this hobby journey, too.' - Lewis



Ash: What a privilege it's been to have worked on such a fun project. A big thank you to Lewis for asking me to embark on this hobby project, and thanks to the *White Dwarf* team for making this article possible. It can be hard getting all your miniatures, terrain and a board built and painted, but it is worth it when it all comes together.

It's very difficult for me to pick the best part of this project, as I genuinely have loved every minute of it. Building the terrain to shape the scenarios was awesome, and playing the games was an absolute blast – the culmination of all our hard work. It was so much fun pitting our wits against each other on the battlefield, revelling in the moments that reflected what happened in the film. We even put on the music from the films in the background so that the scenes felt just right at the crucial moments. The Weathertop piece from the soundtrack was, of course, perfect for the moment the Witch-king stabbed poor Frodo with his Morgul blade. Fortunately, in my version of events, he escaped unharmed, but then he had a very bad experience in Balin's Tomb with all those Goblins. On the flip side, Aragorn acted exactly as he does in the movies, putting himself in harm's way in every scenario to ensure the success of the quest.

This may seem like the end, but this really is just the beginning, as Lewis and I are already talking about what scenarios we should work on next. I'm currently playing with the idea of making the Dead Marshes or perhaps Osgiliath under siege from the Orcs. I hope you've enjoyed our quest so far and that it has inspired you to build your own terrain or to grab a copy of the *Quest of the Ringbearer* and go on this epic journey yourself.

Lewis: Well, that has been an incredible day of gaming! Each game had its tense moments, and all of them could have gone either way at the crucial moments. That's what makes for great narrative gaming in my opinion – when the story hangs in the balance. What if Aragorn had turned up a little later at Weathertop? What if the Cave Troll hadn't given the Fellowship such a beating in Moria? What if Boromir had held out just a little longer at Amon Hen? The results could all have been very different!

Overall, the three games were the celebration and culmination of a year's worth of work – it's been an incredible journey for both me and Ash, getting all of the scenery and models built and painted and planning our quest of the Ringbearer. It's been an absolute privilege seeing it all come together and sharing this passion with another hobbyist. We both relish the narrative side of gaming in Middle-earth, and I think that really shows in all of the bespoke terrain (especially Ash's) that we created for the games. If you have a like-minded gaming group, I would highly recommend taking this hobby journey, too, whether it's with just one other friend or maybe even a group of nine of you! Dividing up the project between you, seeing what your friends are working on and having a running hobby chat about it all was, for me, very stimulating. I find it leads to ideas you wouldn't arrive at purely on your own, and I'm already looking forward to tackling our next project together. Ash and I have already decided to play through all the missions again, swapping roles as Good and Evil. After we've completed that, it's onto *The Two Towers*, and there has been talk of a large Osgiliath board and possibly even Helm's Deep or Isengard!

HERO OF THE MATCH

Ash: Surely it has to be Aragorn, right? He saved the Hobbits at Weathertop, killed the Cave Troll in Moria and then fought like an absolute beast to protect Frodo, despite being badly wounded at Amon Hen. What a hero!



VILLAIN OF THE MATCH

Lewis: The Goblin in Balin's Tomb who fought off three Hobbits then bagged Pippin definitely deserves some kind of reward. However, Lurtz taking down Boromir in a single round of combat has to be the star of the show for me.



BATTLEFIELDS OF MIDDLE-EARTH

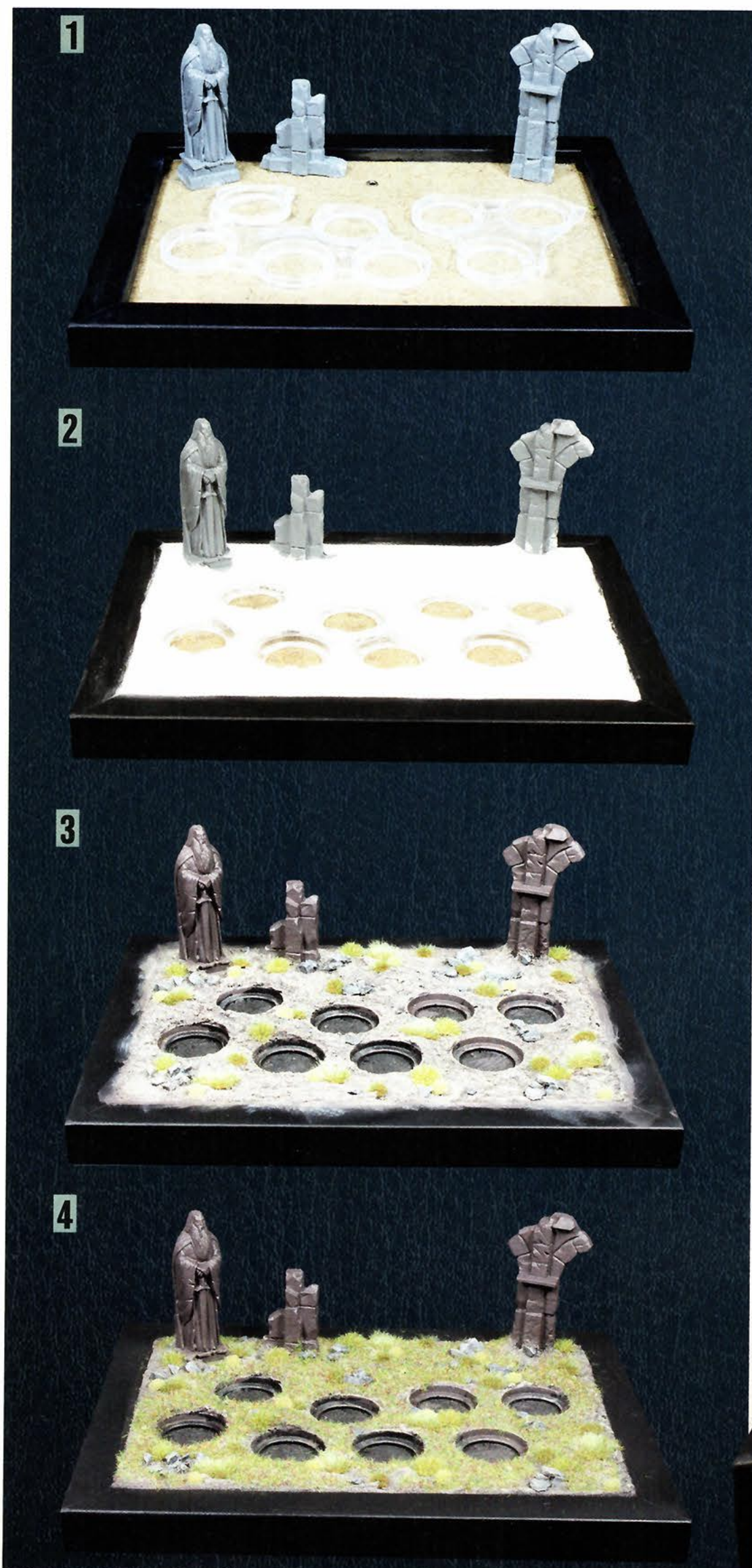
The incredible terrain used in the Amon Hen scenario in this issue's Battle Report was built and painted by Warhammer World staff member Ashley Hamstead-Reid. Here, Ash explains how he created it, along with a display base for the Fellowship of the Ring.

Ash: Lewis and I have been planning the series of games we fought in the Battle Report for some time now. While a fair chunk of time was spent painting the miniatures, we also wanted to create evocative battlefields for them to fight over. Lewis built Balin's Tomb, and I painted Weathertop, Amon Hen and a load of scatter terrain to go around it. It was during this time that I also decided to create a display base for the Breaking of the Fellowship. Partly it was for transportation reasons, but the more I worked on it, the more I decided to turn it into a display piece. The end result is what you see here.

The base of the display is an old picture frame. I took out the glass and glued the back and frame together to create the shell of my display. I then started composing the scene itself. There are eight models to go on the board (Gandalf has fallen into shadow and flame by this point), and I marked out where they would stand with Apocalypse 25mm Movement Trays (1). To add a bit of height to the back of the board, I also stuck down some pieces from the Osgiliath Ruins set.

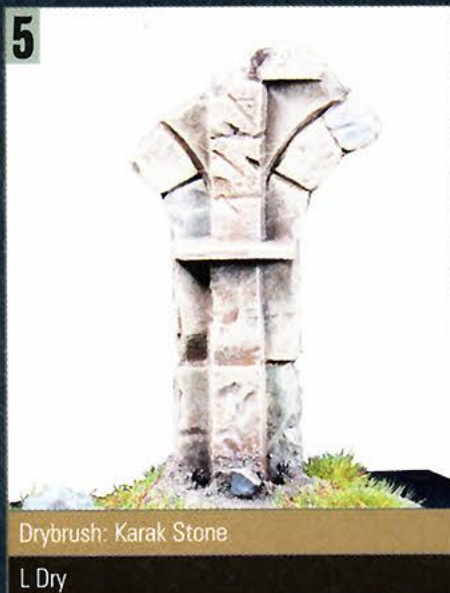
Next, I covered the board with ready-mixed wall filler (2). This adds texture to the base and helps blend the movement trays and scenery into the board. I placed 25mm bases into the holes during this stage to prevent filler going in them. Once dry, the filler was covered with PVA glue followed by sand and small rocks. This creates the earth texture. Once that was dry, I tapped off the excess sand and sprayed the board Chaos Black. The earth was painted Dryad Bark followed by drybrushes of Steel Legion Drab and Karak Stone. The grass tufts are Middenland Tufts (3). The ruins were painted as shown opposite.

The fourth stage was adding static grass, which you can pick up from most model railway and hobby stores (4). I stuck it down with a 1:1 mix of PVA glue and water. Again, once it was dry, I gently tapped the excess back into the pot. The final stage was covering the display base with leaves, mixed herbs, ground cork and fine forest bark. I use a pipette filled with heavily watered-down PVA glue to stick everything down. I finished the display off with clump foliage and used hairspray to seal everything to the board. Finally, I repainted the rim of the display with Abaddon Black.



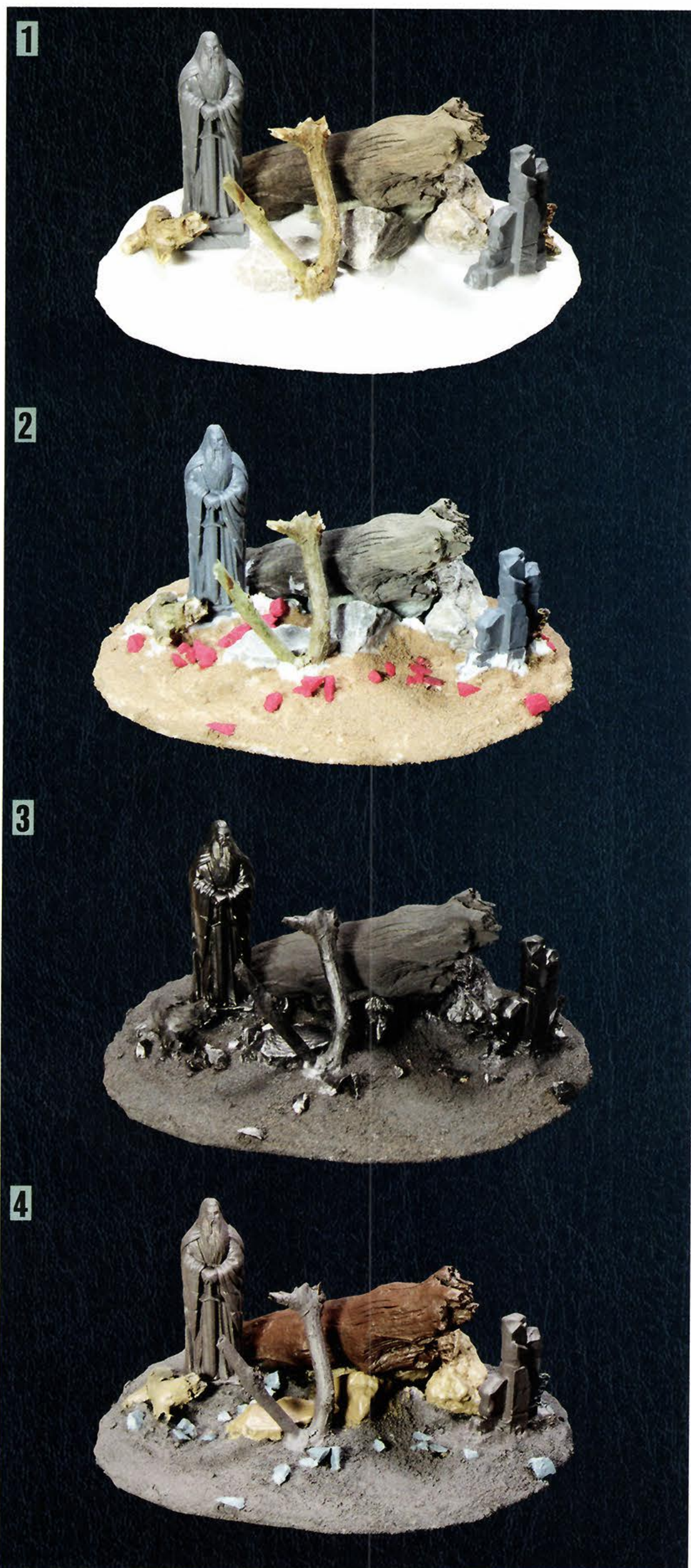
PAINTING RUINS

Here you will find the paints and brushes that Ash used to paint Amon Hen, the ruins on his display board (shown below) and his scatter terrain.



CREATING SCATTER TERRAIN

Ash's Amon Hen board features a lot of scatter terrain – small pieces of scenery that can be placed anywhere on a board to add interest and provide cover. Here's how he made it.



Ash: Amon Hen is a large, rocky hill covered in trees, heavy foliage and ancient ruins, so it felt only right that the battlefield for that scenario looked suitably dense and well forested.

I started by cutting a rough oval out of XPVC (expanded PVC). This stuff is a great resource – it's light and durable, easy to cut and nowhere near as messy as MDF. No need for power tools, just a good hobby knife (and a careful hand or parental supervision)! After cutting out the shape, I carved a 45° angle around the edge to create a slope. This helps the scenery blend into the board and makes it easier to stand miniatures on. I then positioned some ruins on it, plus natural materials such as twigs, branches and rocks (1). Make sure everything you stick down is dried out and that there's nothing living in it! Once I'd picked my materials, I stuck them down with a hot glue gun. On this piece, I decided it would be cool to make a fallen tree resting on a pile of rocks.

I covered the base with ready-mixed filler, then used sand and small stones stuck down with PVA glue to texture it (2). The strangely coloured red stones are actually for an aquarium.

The next step was to spray the scenery Chaos Black (3). I then basecoated all the different areas of the scenery to get a feel for the colours I wanted to achieve (4). The fallen tree was basecoated with Mourfang Brown, while the big stones beneath it (and the chunk of tree in front of the statue) are Steel Legion Drab. The smaller rocks were painted with Mechanicus Standard Grey. The statue and buildings were basecoated with Dryad Bark and painted just like those on the previous page.

Now on to the drybrushing (5). The log was drybrushed Tallarn Sand, while the base and stones were drybrushed Skavenblight Dunge. The twig in the middle received a drybrush of Gorthor Brown, while the one on the left received a wash of Snakebite Leather to mix up the colours a bit. Then came another drybrush! This time it was Baneblade Brown on all the wooden areas, followed by Karak Stone and Ushabti Bone. The rocks and base were drybrushed Dawnstone, then Karak Stone. A wash of Castellan Green in a few spots created the impression of wet moss (6).

The foliage stages (7-8) are the same as on the previous page, but I did add a couple of extra details to this piece. The reeds were made from the bristles of a heavy duty brush, while the dead vines and scrub were made from coconut hair.

5



6



7



8





MORE SCATTER!

A battlefield requires lots of scatter terrain, so Ash made plenty of it! Here's another example with a few more useful construction and painting tips.

Ash: This piece was made using the same techniques as the piece on the previous page, but with the addition of vertical trees and the addition of a new material: cork bark. Weirdly, this organic material looks great when painted up as rock, which is how I used it on this piece. You can see it on the left of the piece (1). The remaining stages (2-6) follow the same process as before.

The finishing touches on this piece were a few reeds (again taken from a rapidly balding brush), some grass flock (from a model railway shop) to represent moss, and clump foliage glued onto the vertical branches with PVA glue to show new growth on saplings. I used the same technique to make the trees on the Amon Hen battlefield, I just used bigger twigs and more clump foliage! Different colours and textures help create different-looking trees.



THE BRIDGE

As Frodo makes for the Anduin, Merry and Pippin run in the opposite direction to draw the Uruk-hai away. Their foes catch up with them as they attempt to cross a small bridge.

1



2



3



4



5



6



Ash: When Lewis and I started this project, I decided to build Amon Hen. Then I found out it was being released as a kit, so I directed my attention elsewhere! I watched the film a few times to see what else I could build for the scenarios and spotted the bridge that Merry and Pippin run across just before Boromir joins them and fights back the Uruk-hai.

The bridge sits in a ravine over a tiny dried riverbed, but for it to become a piece of scatter terrain, I had to effectively build it in reverse, creating ramps up towards it out of high density foam, then placing a section of Osgiliath Ruins in between them. I used the flooring that comes in the set as the walkway for the bridge and hid the joins with filler, sand, static grass and leaf litter. I find that scenery making tends to be half imagination and half covering up mistakes with foliage, but it works out most of the time!



THE PAINTING QUEST

Over the last year, Lewis Collins and Ashley Hamstead-Reid have been hard at work painting all the models they need to play through the Quest of the Ringbearer. Here we present a gallery of their work along with a few useful tips from the brush-masters.

Over the previous twenty-plus pages of the magazine, you'll have witnessed an awesome Middle-earth Strategy Battle Game Battle Report, followed closely by a stunning terrain building and painting guide. So what better way to round things off than with some painting advice for the miniatures shown throughout the magazine? Lewis and Ash join us once again to talk about the models they painted.

Lewis: The past year has been quite a journey for Ash and me, what with building and painting all the models and scenery for these scenarios. Like a two-man Fellowship, we worked together to build and paint everything for the story, sharing the workload between us for mutual benefit. It's not like painting your own army, then you're done; it's more collaborative. Here we share a few of our painting tips and tricks for the key heroes and villains of *The Fellowship of the Ring*.

PAINTING VIDEOS

The painting tips and advice shown in this article are just the tip of the painting iceberg for the Middle-earth Strategy Battle Game. Head over to our Warhammer YouTube channel to find videos for painting Éomer, Marshall of the Riddermark; Gandalf the White; Rohan houses; Treebeard and even the Fellowship of the Ring in just nine colours. We suspect some kind of magic was used on that last one!

RINGWRAITHS

Lewis: The Ringwraiths are the iconic bad guys from *The Fellowship of the Ring*, so it was inevitable they would appear in our series of games. I painted the five Ringwraiths required for the Weathertop scenario, including the Witch-king.

I primarily painted the models using drybrushing. It's a simple technique that, when applied softly and with only a small amount of paint on the brush, creates a brilliant texture on rough robes such as those worn by the Nazgûl. To make them look weathered and well travelled, I glazed Dryad Bark, then Steel Legion Drab, onto the bottoms of their robes to give the impression of mud. Their swords are just two colours with no weathering. The Warplock Bronze creates a bit of a patina in the recesses, but otherwise the blades are painted to look sharp and well honed.

BLACK ROBES

Basecoat: Chaos Black

Drybrush: Eshin Grey

Drybrush: Dawnstone

Glaze: Dryad Bark

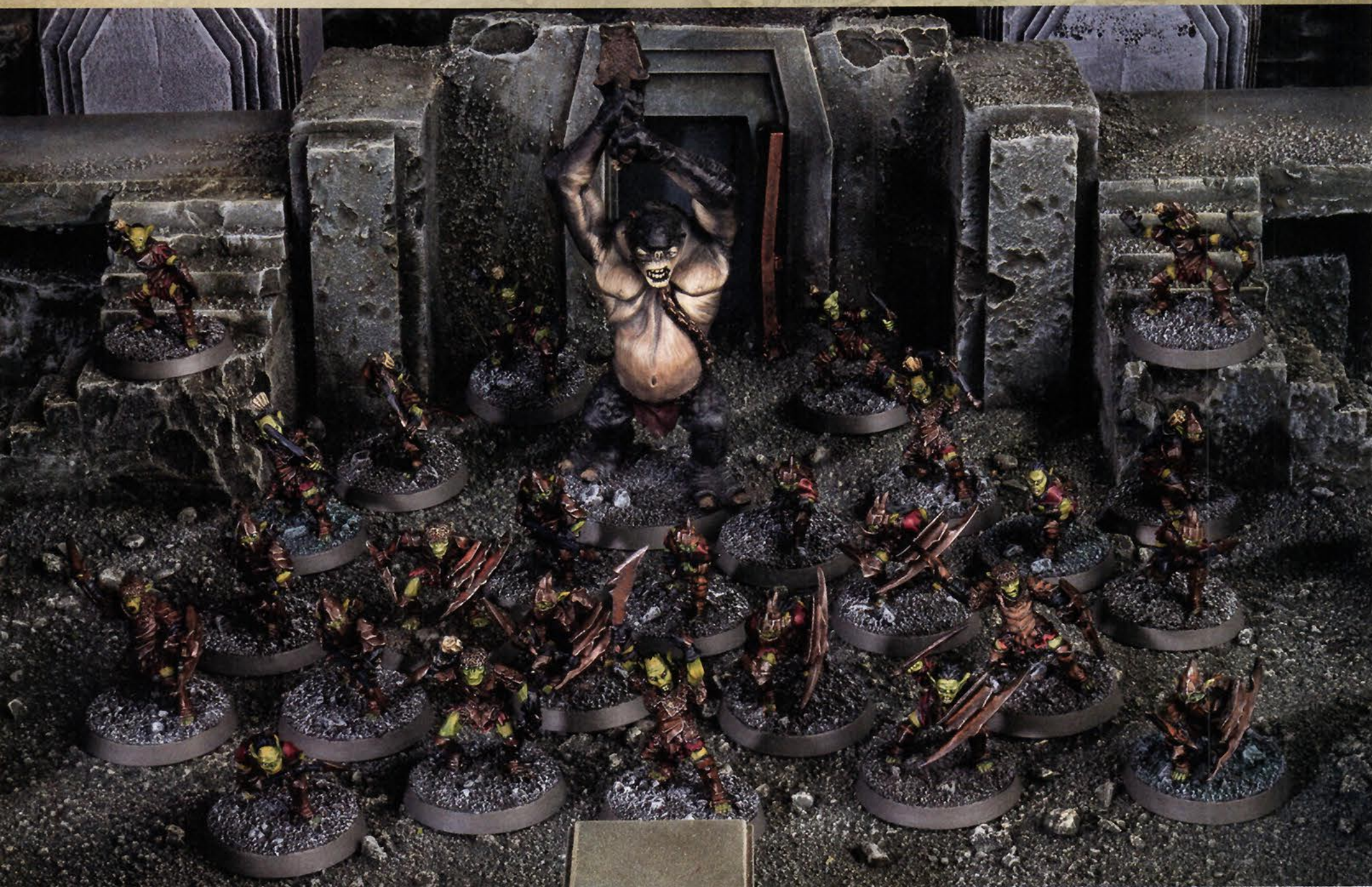
Glaze: Steel Legion Drab

METALWORK

Basecoat: Warplock Bronze

Highlight: Iron Hands Steel





MORIA GOBLINS

Lewis: Moria Goblins are both really small and really quick to paint, and there are some neat little tricks you can use to achieve great results on them really quickly. To give their armour a weathered appearance, I heavily drybrushed all their armour with Warplack Bronze. This provides a dark metallic base over which lighter metals can then be applied. The final stages are two washes. For the first, I use Mournfang Brown Air. I use the Air paint version because you can paint with it straight out of the pot without watering it down. When it dries, it gives you a

nice, soft blend with the majority of the pigment focused in the recesses. The second wash is Deathclaw Brown, but heavily watered down so as not to overpower the metal.

Another useful tip comes when painting the red cloth. I used a recess wash of Abaddon Black mixed with Khorne Red, but you could wash the red with Coelia Greenshade at the same time as the skin for quickness. I do this on some of my Goblins to create different finishes and textures, providing subtle variations across my collection.

METALWORK

Basecoat: Chaos Black

Drybrush: Warplack Bronze

Drybrush: Iron Hands Steel

Recess Wash: Mournfang Brown Air

Recess Wash: Deathclaw Brown

SKIN

Basecoat: Ogryn Camo

Wash: Coelia Greenshade

Highlight: Krieg Khaki

RED CLOTH

Basecoat: Khorne Red

Recess Wash: Khorne Red & Abaddon Black

Highlight: Kislev Flesh

HAIR AND LEATHER

Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Drybrush: Dawnstone



DARK BROWN LEATHER ARMOUR

Basecoat: Rhinox Hide

Layer: Doombull Brown

Highlight: Skrag Brown

SKIN

Basecoat: Gal Vorbak Red

Recess Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Highlight: Word Bearers Red

Highlight: Tuskgor Fur

METALWORK

Basecoat: Leadbelcher & Abaddon Black 1:1

Wash: Nuln Oil

Highlight: Leadbelcher

LIGHT BROWN LEATHER ARMOUR

Basecoat: Dryad Bark

Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Layer: Dryad Bark

Highlight: Gorthor Brown

Highlight: Slaanesh Grey

BLACK LEATHER ARMOUR

Basecoat: Corax Black

Highlight: Dark Reaper

Highlight: Thunderhawk Blue



URUK-HAI SCOUTS

Lewis: At first glance, the Uruk-hai in the movies appear to be just one colour – black. Black leather clothing, dark skin, oiled weapons, black armour. But actually, when you take a closer look (and watch the making-of features), you can see that there are lots of other hues in there, including greys, browns, reds and purples.

Like many painters, I decided to paint my Uruk-hai with slightly redder skin to help differentiate it from their clothing. I then picked three colours to use on the leather – a light brown, a dark brown and a slightly blue-black – and applied them randomly across the models. So some

might have brown gloves and black hoods, others may have black boots and dark brown clothes. An important thing to note is that most Uruk-hai Scouts also wear leather hoods, not metal helms. Watch out for that when you're painting yours!

Smaller details include a daubed white hand on Lurtz's face and a few of the Uruk-hai's shields, plus yellow eyes that were painted using Balor Brown followed by a dot of Abaddon Black for the pupils. The final touch is a smattering of Steel Legion Drab around the lower hems of their clothing to simulate dirt.





THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

Ash: I've found that reference pictures are really useful when painting the Fellowship of the Ring. There are plenty of film stills online, and the DVD appendices feature loads of pictures of the characters' costumes. I realised that while the Fellowship appear to be quite colourful, their clothes actually feature lots of earthy tones that I wanted to capture in my painting.

Pippin is one of the best examples of me putting this into practice. I used deep burgundy reds like Khorne Red and Gal Vorbak Red for his cloak to give it an earthy tone, then highlighted with Tuskgor Fur and Cadian Fleshtone to

keep it more warm and natural. His blue jacket is shaded with browns and purples. Similarly, Merry's yellow jacket is more mustard than yellow, using Balor Brown and Zamesi Desert instead of more saturated colours.

Gandalf is mostly drybrushed with progressively lighter greys to create the texture on his robes, then glazed with Basilicanum Grey to tie the colours together. Legolas features four different greens and blues – if you look closely at him in the film, you'll notice his undershirt, trousers, jacket and surcoat are all different colours. I mostly used washes to help differentiate between them.



INSIDE THE STUDIO

As we come to the end of the magazine, we take a look at the games the studio staff have been playing and the models they've been painting. This month, undead minions, holy heroes, armoured vehicles and a big Space Marine. Also, things are hotting up in the hobby bingo!

After what seems like an eternity lost in the Warp, some of us have finally managed to play some games! Jonathan has been getting some more battles in with his Necrons for A Tale of Four Warlords, while Dan ventured out into the wild to play his first Crusade game with his Astra Militarum tank company. As it turns out, World Eaters are not keen on Leman Russ Battle Tanks – too much armour, not enough skulls!

Meanwhile, on the painting front, both Sophie and Dan completed their first hobby bingo sheet before racing off to start a second one. We're not saying it's a competition, but it is definitely a competition! But which of them will come second in the team stakes behind Matt? Perhaps Lyle or Jonathan will pip them at the post. Maybe Ben will press the big red turbo button and overtake them all. He'll have to paint the button first, though ...

BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!

Translator Dirk painted a Corpse Cart for the Legion of Blood that he's working on as part of the German translation team's A Tale of Eight Warlords challenge. He's using the Tesseract Glow Technical paint throughout the whole army to show where necromantic energies animate the corpses. To achieve the glowing effect, he basecoats the area with Ceramite White and then glazes it with Tesseract Glow. He's now working on a horde of Deadwalker Zombies.



DAEMONIFUGE

Dirk also painted Ephrael Stern and Kyganil of the Bloody Tears. He painted them as close to the studio colour scheme as possible, using the models as a way to step out of his painting comfort zone and try some new techniques. Apparently Kyganil's diamond leggings were a bit of a brainteaser!

HOBBY BINGO

In December, we introduced our White Dwarf Hobby Bingo resolutions. Here's how we're getting on. Let us know how you are doing at team@whitedwarf.co.uk!

A1 HERO OR CHARACTER	B1 ANY MODEL	C1 UNIT OF 2+ MODELS	D1 KITBASHED MODEL	E1 HERO OR CHARACTER
A2 ANY MODEL	B2 FORTIFICATION OR SCENERY	C2 VEHICLE OR MONSTER	D2 UNIT OF 2+ MODELS	E2 UNIT OF 10+ MODELS
A3 UNIT OF 10+ MODELS	B3 KITBASHED MODEL	C3 ANY MODEL	D3 VEHICLE OR MONSTER	E3 FORTIFICATION OR SCENERY
A4 UNIT OF 2+ MODELS	B4 VEHICLE OR MONSTER	C4 HERO OR CHARACTER	D4 UNIT OF 10+ MODELS	E4 ANY MODEL
A5 HERO OR CHARACTER	B5 UNIT OF 10+ MODELS	C5 LORD OF WAR OR BEHEMOTH	D5 ANY MODEL	E5 HERO OR CHARACTER

IN BRIEF

SCORING TABLE
Box: 10
Line: 50
Entire grid: 400



JONATHAN STAPLETON

- 400

As you will have seen in A Tale of Four Warlords, Jonathan has painted two units of Ophydian Destroyers, taking his sheet close to completion.



BEN HUMBER

- 80

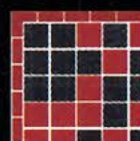
Ben painted a Kelermorph, having been drawn towards the Genestealer Cults. To complete a line, he only needs to paint one more model!



DAN HARDEN

- 1250

Dan was the second Dwarf to complete his bingo sheet. He's now started painting Imperial Guardsmen to serve in his first Crusade army.



MATT HUTSON

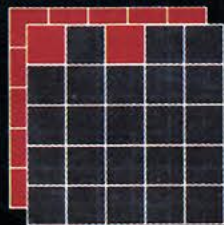
- 1410

Having lapped Ben on the hobby bingo, Matt has his sights set on Lyle next. Matt's currently painting his Indomitux set as Imperial Fists.

SOPHIE BOSTOCK

- 1270

Sophie also finished her bingo sheet this month. Her final square was a ten-strong unit of Sisters of Battle that she painted to match her Moon Eaters Space Marines. Their armour is Blue Horror, while their robes are Gal Vorbak Red shaded with Nuln Oil and highlighted Wazdakka Red.



B5
UNIT OF 10+ MODELS

LYLE LOWERY

- 340

Lyle has been expanding his Nighthaunt army again. This time, he added some more Chainrasps and a Lord Executioner to his growing procession. The twenty-strong unit of Chainrasps features a bunch of minor weapon swaps, so no two models look exactly the same.



A1
HERO OR CHARACTER

E2
UNIT OF 10+ MODELS

INFANTRY ASSISTANCE

Having played his first Crusade game with his Astra Militarum armoured company, Dan decided he needed some transport vehicles for his infantry. He has a Chimera planned for his lone standard infantry squad, but he painted this Taurox for his flamer-wielding Special Weapons Squad. Dan painted his Taurox in the dusty grey-khaki of his regiment, using Skavenblight Dingo as a basecoat followed by drybrushes of Steel Legion Drab, Baneblade Brown and Screaming Skull. The squad markings are a white stripe on a red field. Like all of Dan's vehicles, the Taurox displays its forge world of origin (Stygies) and name: *Hot Box*.

B4
VEHICLE OR MONSTER



GLADIATOR, READY!

Matt recently finished this Gladiator Lancer for his Imperial Fists. It's airbrushed Zamesi Desert, recess shaded with Seraphim Sepia, then highlighted with Yriel Yellow, Phalanx Yellow and Dorn Yellow. The dirt and scratches are stippled on with Mourfang Brown and Phalanx yellow. He painted the sponsons and repulsor plates separately. The red stripe is a new addition that Matt has started adding to his vehicles to show the 3rd Company colours.

Matt reckons the Gladiator is his all-time favourite Space Marine tank, and its completion means his Imperial Fists army has more than doubled in size since the start of last year.

B4
VEHICLE OR MONSTER



SILVER TEMPLAR – ACTION SIZED!

Paul Foulkes recently painted this impressive McFarlane Toys Intercessor in the colours of the Silver Templars. Paul wanted his Intercessor to look battle worn – like he'd been involved in heavy fighting – so he used a drill, hobby knife and engraving tool to cover the model in scratches, dents and bullet holes. Before painting, however, Paul took the

kit to pieces so that he could paint it in sub-assemblies. He stippled on a basecoat of Leadbelcher to achieve a gritty effect, using a sponge and short-haired brushes to stipple on further shades and highlights. The last stage was applying all the icons and markings, which Paul painted on (very carefully!) by hand.



NEXT ISSUE

TWENTY YEARS IN MIDDLE-EARTH

**NEXT ISSUE
ON SALE 17
DECEMBER**

