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A STORMBLADE COMPANYLEADS AN ARMOURED SPEARHEAD



A SCREAMING BELL ADVANCES AT THE HEAD OF A SKAVEN ARMY

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WARHAMMER®

This month sees new releases for the Orc and Goblin, Skaven, Chaos Dwarf, High Elf and Dwarf armies!

GROM'S CHARIOT

First up is Grom the Paunch's chariot. Grom is a hugely obese and fierce Goblin Warlord. Full rules and stats for Grom appear in the Warhammer Armies Orcs and Goblins book so you can now include Grom as the leader of your own army.

GOBLIN SQUIG HOPPERS

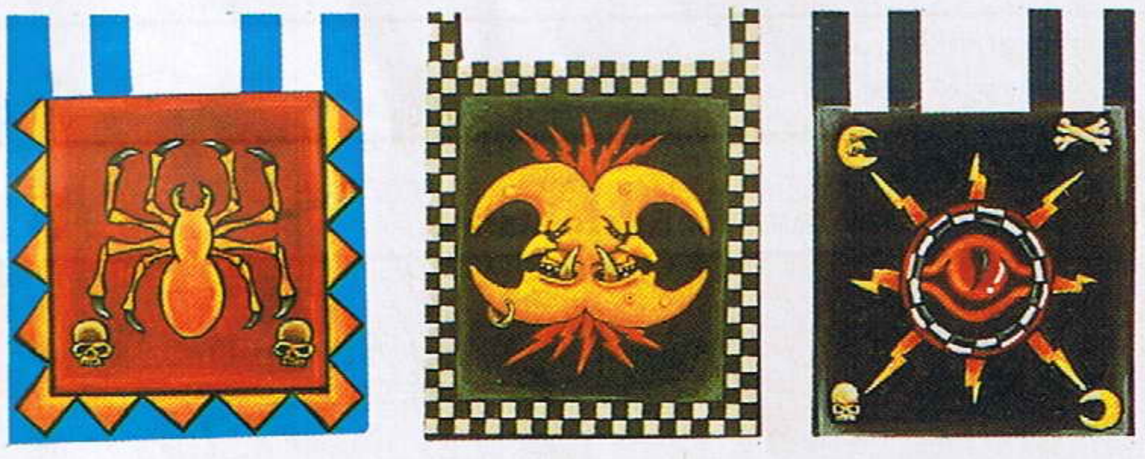
The Goblin Squig Hoppers are another essential addition to any self-respecting Orc and Goblin general's force. These insane Goblins ride into battle on ferocious Cave Squigs and career around the battlefiled to attack friend and foe alike. The Squig Hopper miniatures have been designed by Kevin 'Orc and Goblin' Adams and you can see these miniatures and Grom's Chariot in the 'Eavy Metal pages of this issue.

SKAVEN SCREAMING BELL

The Screaming Bell is the first in a brand new series of releases for the Skaven Army. Andy 'Rat Man' Chambers is currently hard at work on the Warhammer Armies – Skaven book, and this is scheduled for release in late Autumn. We managed to persuade Andy to give us a preview of the rules for the Screaming Bell, and these have been published in this issue so that all you Skaven generals can try them out. Andy was keen to point out that these still represent a 'work in progress', and would welcome any comments pro or con.

THIS MONTH'S WARHAMMER RELEASES

Grom's Chariot	£14.99
Goblin Squig Hoppers	£2.99
Chaos Dwarf Heroes	£2.50
Dwarf King Kazador	£4.99
Ungrim Ironfist	£4.99
Skaven Screaming Bell	£14.99
Dragon Prince Heroes	£3.99
Dwarf Banners	£2.99
Orc Banners	£2.99
Goblin Banners	£2.99



Goblin self-adhesive banners



Orc self-adhesive banners



Dwarf self-adhesive banners

CHAOS DWARF HEROES

From the talented hands of Alan and Michael Perry, come a set of brand new miniatures for your Dwarf and Chaos Dwarf armies. Alan has designed three new heroes for the Chaos Dwarfs and you can see these together with the Dwarf character models of Ungrim Ironfist and Dwarf King Kazador on an 'Eavy Metal page in this issue. The Dwarfs were designed by Michael Perry and all of these stunning character figures are available now.

DRAGON PRINCES

Jes Goodwin has produced two exciting new Dragon Princes – a hero and a standard bearer – for the High Elf army. These miniatures rank amongst some of the finest Jes has ever produced and must be the envy of every Warhammer general.

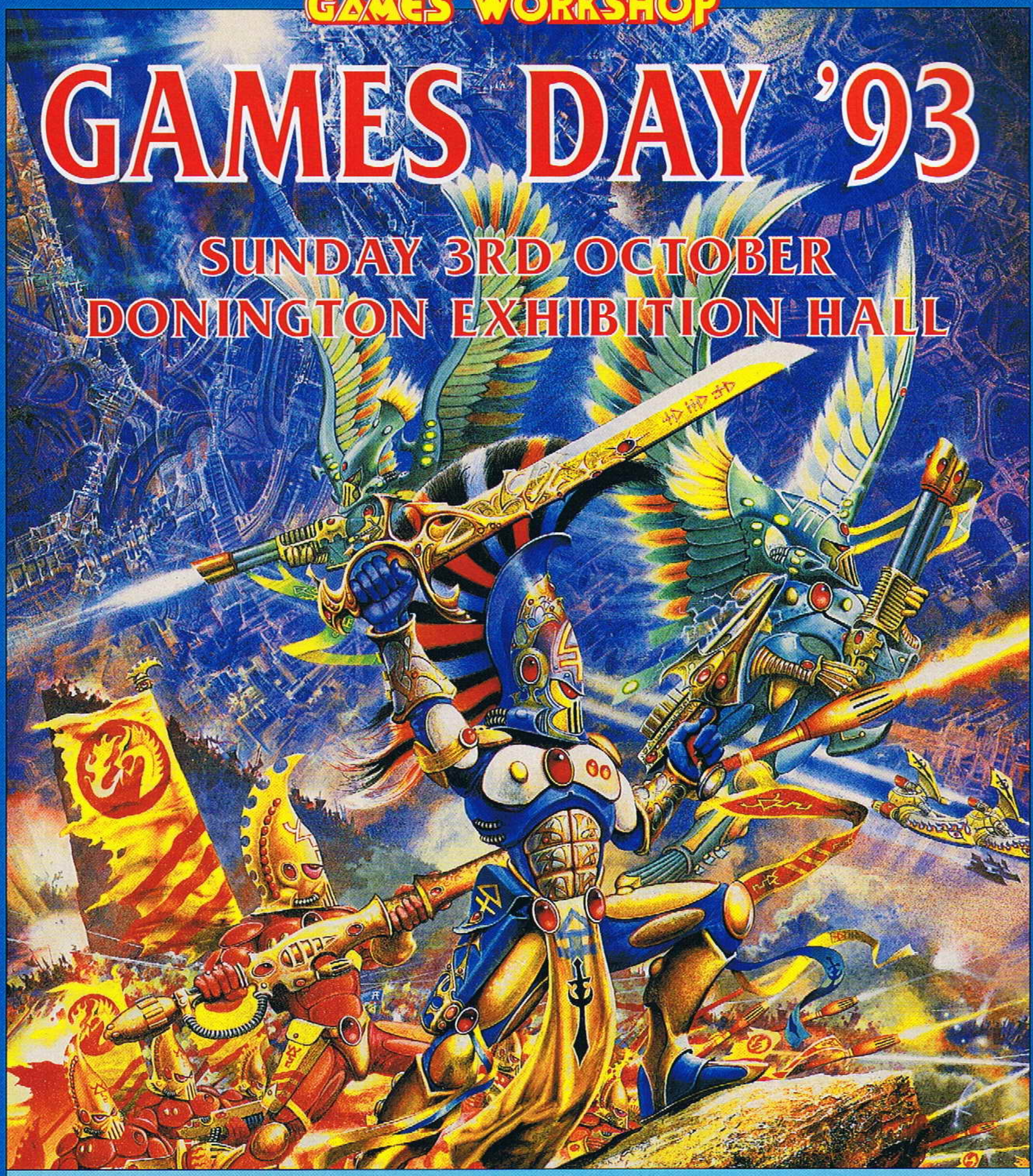
NEW BANNERS

Finally, the first designs in a brand new range of self-adhesive banners are now available. The full-colour banners have all been painted by the Studio 'Eavy Metal team, and are exactly the same as the ones you see in the pages of White Dwarf every month. The banners are all cut-out and ready to attach to your miniatures for a really good finish.

GAMES WORKSHOP

GAMES DAY '93

SUNDAY 3RD OCTOBER
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Games Day is Games Workshop's largest fantasy gaming event, and this year we'll have more exciting games for you to play then ever before.

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PLAY THE BRAND NEW

WARHAMMER 40,000

DONT MISS OUT BUY YOUR TICKET NOW! ONLY £5.00

WS NEWS NEWS NEW

SPACE MARINE®



NEW IMPERIAL TANK

In this issue, you'll find the full rules and army cards for the latest addition to the arsenal of the Imperium. The **Shadowblade** is a massive fire-support vehicle designed around the same hull as the Baneblade, and armed with a Plasma Blastgun, a Battlecannn, Hellion Missiles, Hunter Killer Missiles and eight Bolters!

SPACE MARINE BATTLES

The photograph above comes from the latest **Space Marine** battle that we played recently at the Studio. The game featured a massive Ork horde engaged in a bitter struggle against a Chaos army around the ruins of an Imperial city.

After publishing the rules in last month's issue, we wanted to try out the **Banelord Titan** and the new **Daemon Engines** against a really tough close-combat army and so Orks were perfect for the job.

Richard Helliwell and Grant Williams took up the challenge and the result was a really exciting and hard-fought battle between two experienced gamers. One of the high points of the battle was the clash between the towering Banelord Titan and a destructive Mekboy Gargant as they attempted to engage in close combat. We'll be featuring the full report in one of the next few issues of White Dwarf, so I won't spoil the suspense by giving away the result.

THIS MONTH'S SPACE MARINE RELEASE

Shadowblade **£11.99**
Super Heavy Tank
3 per boxed set

WARHAMMER 40,000

NEW BOXED EDITION

As you can see from Rick's article in this issue, next month sees the release of the completely revised and updated **Warhammer 40,000** game.

Over two years in the making, the new game is lavishly packaged in a large box and comes complete with 80 Citadel miniatures – 20 Space Marines, 20 Orks and 40 Gretchin armed with autoguns.

There are also a host of full-colour card templates and data sheets and even a complete ruined cityscape for your troops to fight across.

In the next issue of White Dwarf we'll be bringing you the report of an exciting Warhammer 40,000 battle between Jervis Johnson and Andy Chambers that will demonstrate the new system to the full.

At Games Day '93 You'll also be able to join in with battles using the brand new rules, just to see how much better it is. See you there.

GAMES WORKSHOP®

A WORLD OF FANTASY GAMING

The first thing you notice when entering a Games Workshop store is how different it is from nearly every other shop. Here you'll find not only everything you need for the gaming hobby, but much more besides. With friendly approachable staff and a vast range of Citadel and Marauder miniatures, you'll find everything you need to build up an army for Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000 or Space Marine.





Top: The gaming tables at the Peterborough store.

Right: Enthusiasts enjoying a game of Warhammer at the Leicester store.

NEW WARHAMMER DAYS

Throughout the summer, every Games Workshop Store in the UK will be running special Warhammer Days. There'll be competitions, prizes, quizzes, painting and modelling demonstrations, and of course loads of games of Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000 and Space Marine that you can join in with. Games Workshop's expert gamers, painters and modellers will all be there so come along and join in the fun.

21st Aug.	28th Aug.	4th Sept.	11th Sept.
HARROW and MAIDSTONE	PETERBOROUGH and SWINDON	CHELTENHAM	COVENTRY and WORCESTER





Top: A game of Space Marine at the Leicester store.

Left: Bob from the Nottingham store gives some tips on miniature painting.

Below: Some of the vast range of stock in a typical store.

Bottom: An exciting game of Warhammer 40,000 at the Peterborough store.





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WARHAMMER 40,000 ©

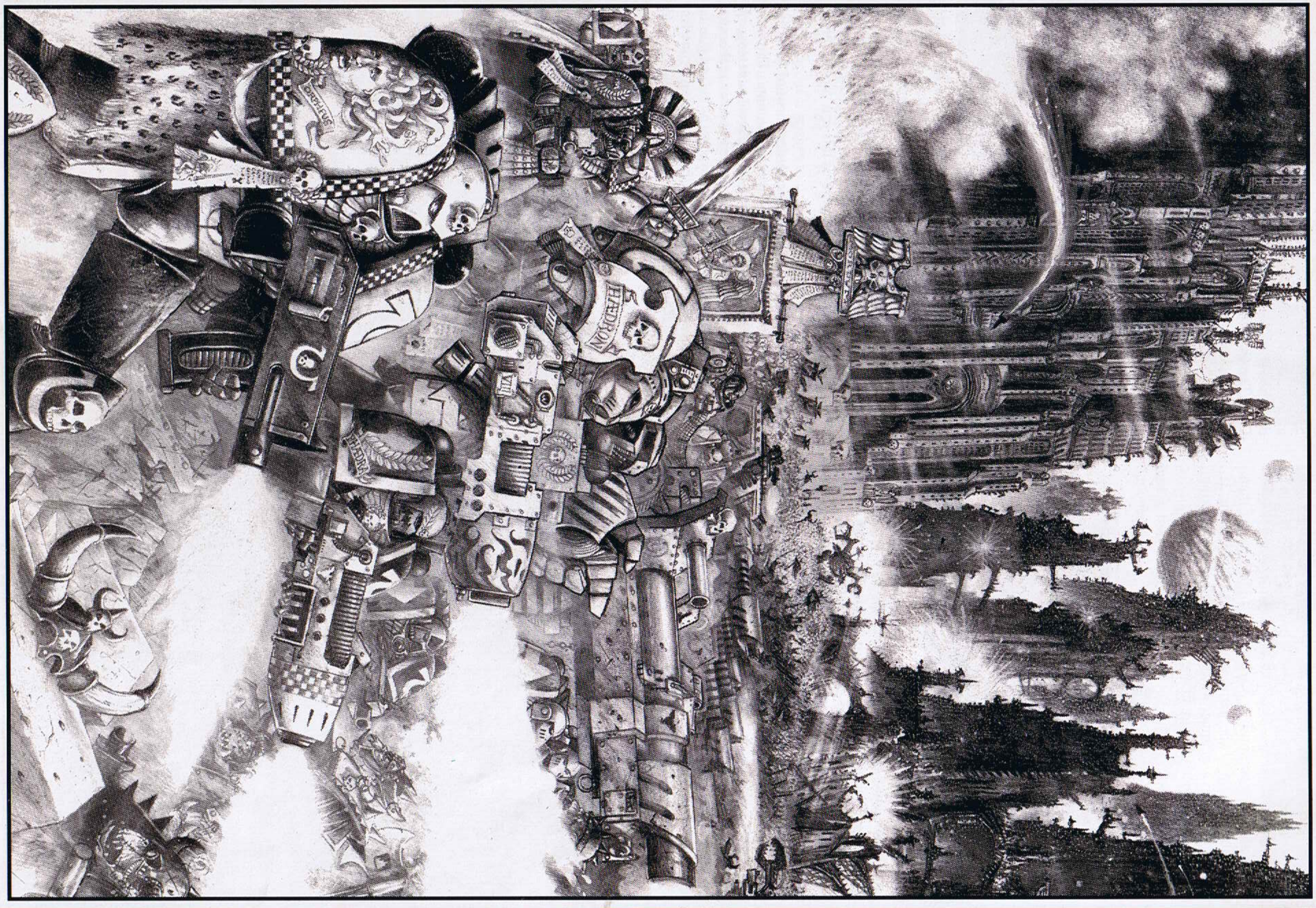
This October sees the releases of what must be the most eagerly awaited game ever… the completely new Warhammer 40,000. We asked Rick Priestley to tell us about the game's development and some of the future plans.

The original Warhammer 40,000 game – the book version – was published more than five years ago. At that time we could never have guessed that it would soon grow into our most popular game ever. Soon a fanatical legion of gamers were demanding more and more models and game supplements. Since then there have been a number of publications introducing new rules, or dealing with new background information and army lists. As the amount of extra material has accrued and the number of supplements piled higher and higher, many players have asked if it wasn't about time that the original book was replaced. After all, much of its content had been superseded by improved rules, background, and army lists.

For those who seek perfection there can be no rest this side of the grave.

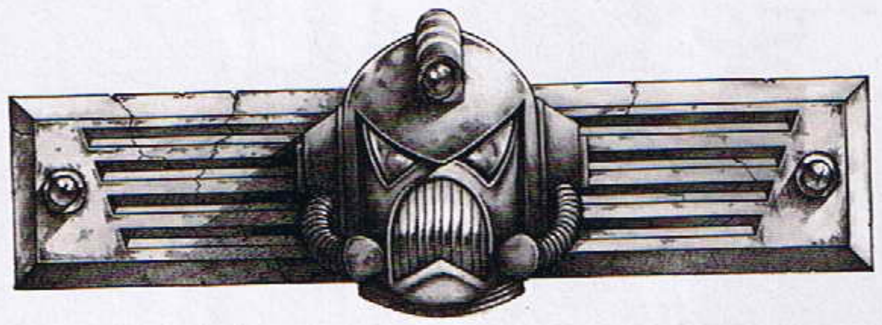
Well we've done it! This autumn will see the release of Warhammer 40,000 the boxed game, comprising not only a completely new rulebook, but also models, card templates, playsheets and even stand up scenery in the form of a ruined cityscape. In preparing the new Warhammer 40,000 we've not only improved the game, but we've taken a look at the whole Warhammer 40,000 model range and planned out many new releases over the coming year. In addition to the game itself, there will be more Citadel Miniatures, more plastic vehicles, a





JOHN BLANCHE

range of 'army list' books called the Codex series, at least one major boxed supplement provisionally called Dark Millennium, and a Warhammer 40,000 painting guide too. If you're already a committed Warhammer 40,000 gamer then this is the version of the game you've been waiting for. If you're new to Warhammer 40,000 then this is the starting point – all you need to begin in one big box.



THE NEW GAME

So what's different about the new Warhammer 40,000? The game now comes in a box and follows the same format as Space Marine and Warhammer. Inside the box are three rulebooks, card play-sheets and templates, dice and 80 new models. In fact, squeezing everything in gave us a few nervous moments when it looked as if the contents just wouldn't fit... very upsetting when you've just printed all the boxes, I can tell you! Anyway, suffice to say the box is bursting with stuff (although not too literally I hope). The plastic models comprise 20 Space Marines, 20 Goff Orks, and 40 Gretchin, which provides you with the basis for either an Imperial or Ork battleforce. The Space Marines form two squads of 10, each consisting of one Space Marine Sergeant, one Space Marine with flamer, one Space Marine with missile launcher, and 7 Space Marines with bolt guns – ie. a standard squad. The Orks are armed with bolt pistols and menacing axes, a combination designed for close quarter fighting as preferred by the Goff Clan. The Gretchin are armed with hefty autoguns.

All the plastic models have turned out very well. The Citadel designers and the plastic tool makers have done an excellent job. The Gretchin is moulded in one piece, but the Space Marines and Orks are two or three part kits. These have been designed to push together for convenience, but obviously it is intended that gamers will glue the models together properly before painting them. The detail is so good that the models look identical to metal Citadel miniatures, and needless to say we are all very pleased with the outcome.

RULES CHANGES

If you're a Warhammer 40,000 player already you'll know that the original game changed over the years as new rules were developed for hand-to-hand combat, vehicle combat, overwatch, and so on. At the same time the game details for many of the troops changed, and special rules were introduced for new weapons. The new Warhammer 40,000 game takes all of this into account, but also revises other aspects of the game play too. Compared to the original rules this is a very different game indeed!

On the other hand, it is a fairly natural step forward from the current version including its many supplements. The new Warhammer 40,000 does of course have the great advantage of all being in one place, rather than scattered over several books and magazine articles as was the case with the old game. Overall, the new box represents a fresh starting point for Warhammer 40,000, and it replaces in one sweep all the old material including the rulebook and supplements.



LEADERSHIP

The most immediately obvious change is to the stat line for troops as this loses three characteristics entirely – Intelligence, Will Power, and Cool. The remaining characteristic of Leadership is now used as the basis of all psychological tests as well as Break tests for casualties. This brings Warhammer 40,000 into line with Warhammer, which already uses Leadership as the basis for all psychology. This makes little difference in play, but is far more convenient all round as it makes the stat lines shorter and easier to remember. The basic mechanism for all Leadership tests remains the same – roll 2D6 and if you score equal to or less than your Leadership value, you have passed the test.

TURN SEQUENCE

The other big change is in the turn sequence, where the old reserve move has gone completely, to be replaced with a special 'run' move during the Movement phase. Again, this is already how movement works in Warhammer fantasy, and players of that game will be familiar with the concept. A squad normally moves a number of inches equal to its movement characteristic, (eg. 4" for a Space Marine) but can run at double pace if it wishes to do so (ie. 8" in the case of a Space Marine). Troops who run, cannot then shoot in the shooting phase: you can either move normally and shoot *or* run. Although this doesn't seriously affect the way the game plays compared to the old split reserve move, it does speed up play and makes the whole game flow better. The game includes markers to indicate running troops, and other markers for overwatch, weapon jams, etc, so it becomes very easy to keep track of what is going on.

SPACE MARINES

Players of the Imperial Space Marines will be pleased to hear that we have seriously upgraded the way they perform on the tabletop. After all, they are the Emperor's finest, and most existing players would agree that Space Marines have often had a hard time taking on Orks, Eldar and some other opponents.



Space Marines have now been upgraded in a number of ways, such as improving their Toughness 4, and by including special rules which make them perform better on the tabletop. For example, the new Space Marine Rapid Fire rule allows Space Marines armed with bolters to double their rate of fire so long as they don't move during their turn. Another special rule is the Space Marine Shaken rule, which allows them to virtually ignore their first Break test failure, simply restricting their ability to advance instead. This rule has already been in use in the form of rules published in White Dwarf, but now it is a part of the game itself. Perhaps most importantly, Space Marine power armour now has an improved saving throw of 3+ rather than 4+, which makes a real difference in combat.



OBJECTIVES AND VICTORY

A more general change to the way the game works is the introduction of a turn limitation on the length of the battle, a victory points system to establish who has won, and mission cards which give players specific objectives during the game. These features give each conflict a definite beginning, middle and end, and awards victory to the player who thinks about his objectives and evolves the best tactical approach. The victory points system is similar in concept to that used in Warhammer Fantasy and the Epic Space Marine game. As the game progresses each side is awarded points for damaging or destroying enemy vehicles, for reducing enemy squads to half strength, and for wiping out squads and characters. This certainly makes you think twice about throwing your badly shot up Space Marine squads into the battle, where one extra casualty can tip the balance of victory in favour of your enemy. The mission cards introduce the notion of specific objectives, giving you extra victory points for achieving the missions described on the cards. The concept of mission cards is one which will probably be expanded in the future, and which can be tailored quite easily to specific scenarios such as ambushes, convoys, blitzkriegs etc.

VEHICLES

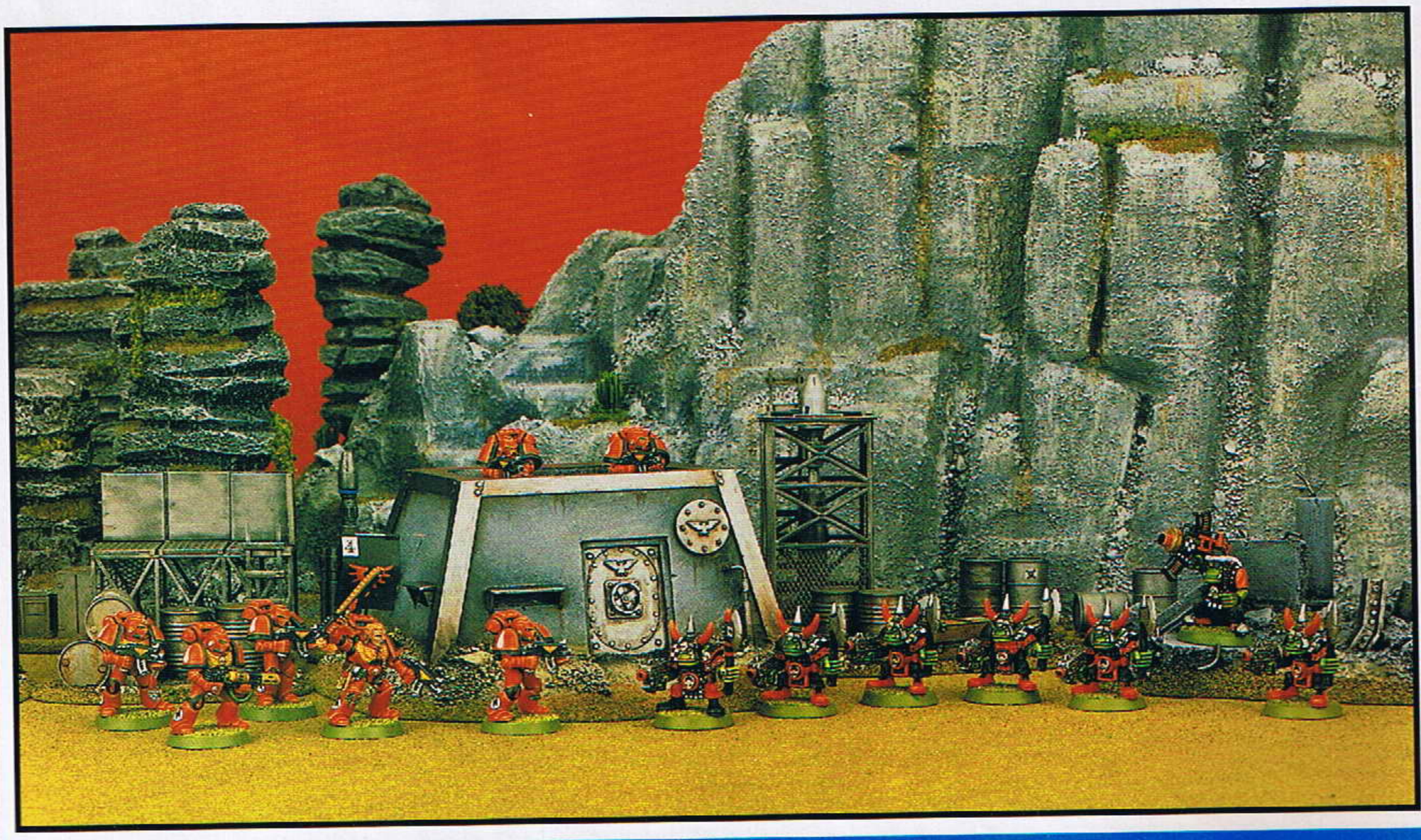
After extensive games testing and sifting of gamers' comments, the vehicle rules have been quite extensively overhauled. The targeting template from the old Vehicle Manual supplement has gone. This was never entirely popular with players as it tended to slow the game down a lot. The new rules are quicker to use and give just as good results. The idea is that when a vehicle is shot at the usual dice roll is made to score a hit. If the hit is successful another roll is made to see where it strikes the vehicle (ie. tracks, turret, hull etc.) then there is a penetration roll based upon the strength of the weapon and the amount of damage it causes. Every vehicle has different armour values for its various locations, and if the penetration roll is enough to get through the armour then damage is inflicted. Damage is established on a chart which is unique to each vehicle. The details for each vehicle are given

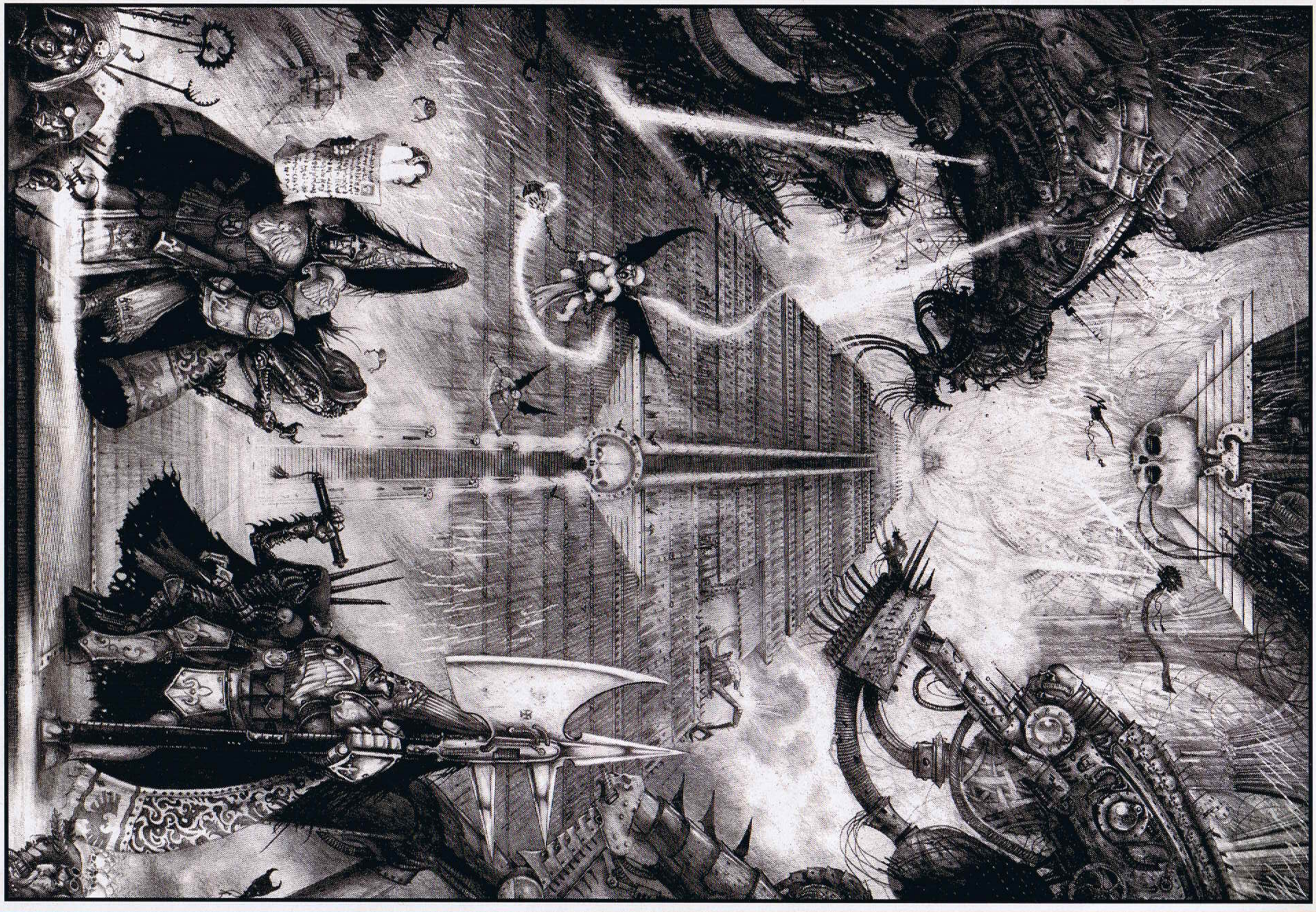


in the form of a card, in a similar way to the cards for Gargants and Titans in the Epic Space Marine game. The Warhammer 40,000 box includes sample cards for the commonest vehicles, but as there are too many vehicles to include them all, extra cards will be available soon.

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Established players will find detailed changes far too numerous to mention. Perhaps one of the most significant is the introduction of cards for some of the more exotic weapons. Certain rare and very valuable types of weapon, such as Vortex Grenades, are now available only to characters in the form of special equipment cards. As a character can carry only a limited number of special equipment cards, this places a natural limit on the amount of this kind of equipment. In effect this works very much like the system for magic weapons in Warhammer and helps to draw a firm line between ordinary weapons like bolters and lasguns, and weird alien or ancient technology weapons that are jealously guarded and used only by appropriately important characters such as Inquisitors.





JOHN BLANCHE

ARMY LISTS

Most players will want to know what happens to the existing army lists for their army. In due time all the old lists will be replaced by a new list in the form of a Warhammer 40,000 Codex book. Each book will be roughly 96 pages and will include background information, painting details, special rules for that army, and a detailed army list. We'd also like to include a battle report and as many colour photos of the army in action as we can cram in. If you're thinking this sounds very much like the Warhammer Armies series we have launched for Warhammer Fantasy then you're right! The first Codex will be Codex Space Wolves, followed by a Codex for Orks, Eldar and then the other major Space Marine Chapters. Obviously it will take us a while to publish a Codex for every army, especially as we'll also be continuing to release Warhammer Armies books too. Meanwhile, we've included a free Warhammer 40,000 Codex booklet of army lists in the boxed game. This is a temporary set of army lists which will enable players to continue to use their existing armies or to start to collect new armies if they wish. As the proper Codex books are released they will supersede the temporary lists, and eventually we will drop the free Warhammer 40,000 Codex booklet from the box altogether.

FUTURE PLANS

As well as the Codex series of army books we also have a major boxed supplement planned for release during 1994. This is provisionally called Dark Millennium and it is intended to expand the game by providing more vehicle cards, more special equipment cards, more mission cards, and an expanded psychic system. Although we'd have liked to have included vehicle cards for every vehicle in the Warhammer 40,000 box itself this was simply impossible without increasing the cost of the game substantially (we'd have needed a bigger box too!)



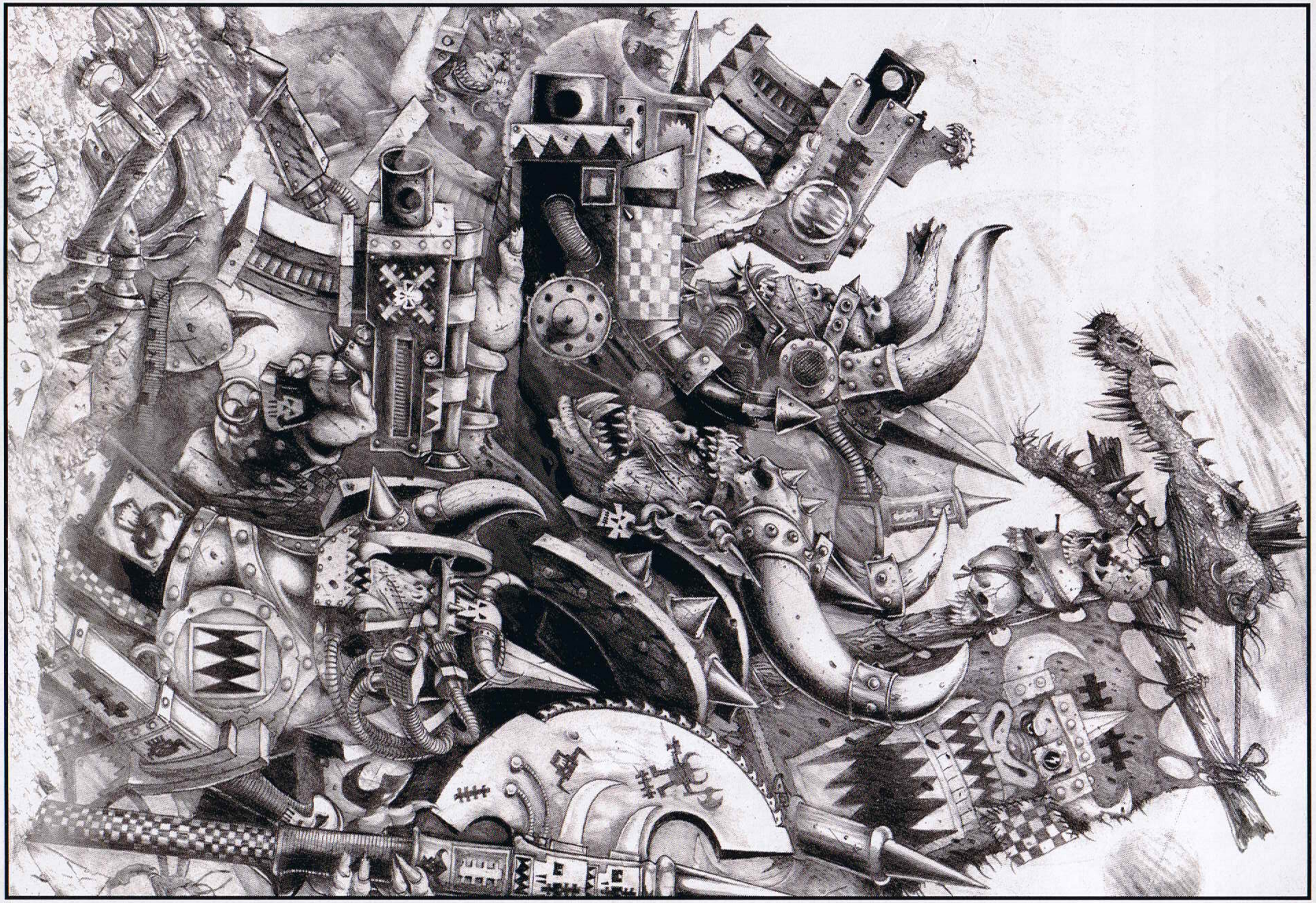
Who is to know what is possible, until you have attempted the impossible and succeeded.

Likewise, the game contains a minimal psychic system, and we're going to introduce a much more extensive card based system in Dark Millennium. We find that most players consider psychic rules much less important in Warhammer 40,000 than magic rules in Warhammer Fantasy, so the new psychic system won't be anywhere near as extensive as the Battle Magic fantasy system (which has 80 basic spells for ordinary human wizards alone!). Much of the Dark Millennium supplement will be devoted to vehicle cards, equipment cards, and more mission cards. Our favoured release date for Dark Millennium is February 1994, but a lot depends on how work proceeds at the Games Workshop Studio so keep an eye on the White Dwarf Newspages for more details.

NEW MINIATURES

Well we've lots of new models in the pipeline and naturally you'll be hearing about these as soon as they are ready. Dave Andrews is currently working on new Chaos Space Marines whilst Jes Goodwin has completed a monstrous new Imperial Dreadnought as well as more Space Wolves. There are more plastics on the way too, with a Leman Russ tank kit already modelled, and an Eldar Jet Bike under production. Kevin Adams has finished some new Gretchin and is working on Orks. After his stint on Man O' War ships, Norman Swales will be modelling new equipment for the Imperium and Orks. After that... well there's a new Eldar Aspect Warrior planned, a new Avatar, more Eldar, more Space Marine sets, new plastic boxed sets for the main races, and lots of stuff still at the planning stage. White Dwarf will reveal all in due course.

Finally, it wouldn't be right to sign off with mentioning the fantastic work which John Blanche has contributed to the new game. When we started to put the new Warhammer 40,000 together I was very concerned that the game shouldn't lose the dark, threatening gothic quality of the original rulebook. It was important to get across just how detailed and downright nasty the Warhammer 40,000 universe is, and the only sure way to do that would be with aggressive new art. John threw himself into the task, working late into the night and all weekend over a period of several months to produce his most exciting work to date. In doing so he has evolved a new style which admirably evokes the sombre half-crazed future and says more about the Imperium of the 41st Millennium than words alone ever could. Not that there is any shortage of words describing the Imperium either, as Bill King has contributed many sections of fiction, even disrupting his leave in America to write us new material. All in all it's been a great team effort by everyone concerned, and I'd like to extend my thanks to all the contributors from model makers, artists and writers, to the guys at the sharp pointy end who make it all happen. I for one am looking forward to the coming year and the many new releases for the Warhammer 40,000 game.



JOHN BLANCHE

WARHAMMER® 40,000

SPACE WOLVES
BLOOD CLAWS



Blood Claws are the youngest and most ferocious Space Marine warriors of the Space Wolves Chapter. Their lust for battle and desire to get into close combat often overcomes their discipline as they surge forward against the enemy. Wolf Lords make good use of the Blood Claws ferocity by ensuring they are well-equipped with chainswords, grenades and other close-combat weapons.

This box contains a complete squad of ten Blood Claws Space Marine miniatures. These metal miniatures come with separate plastic arms, backpacks and bolters as well as a sprue of close-combat weapons. These sprues allow you to assemble your Blood Claws in an almost endless variety of poses. Also included in this box is a Space Wolves transfer sheet. Which provides all the markings you need to complete your Space Wolves Blood Claws squad, plus a number of honour badges and distinctions.

CITADEL® MINIATURES

Miniatures designed by Jes Goodwin

Miniatures supplied unpainted. Banners not included.

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MAN O'WAR™

HELLHAMMER & IRONFIST

By Andy Jones

Many nations employ specialist vessels to supplement their warships. Such vessels are initially designed for specific purposes such as rapidly getting more troops into contact with the enemy or bombarding the opposing fleet from long range. Often these specialist ships also prove their usefulness in other roles created by imaginative Admirals. Two good examples are the Hellhammer and the Ironfist.

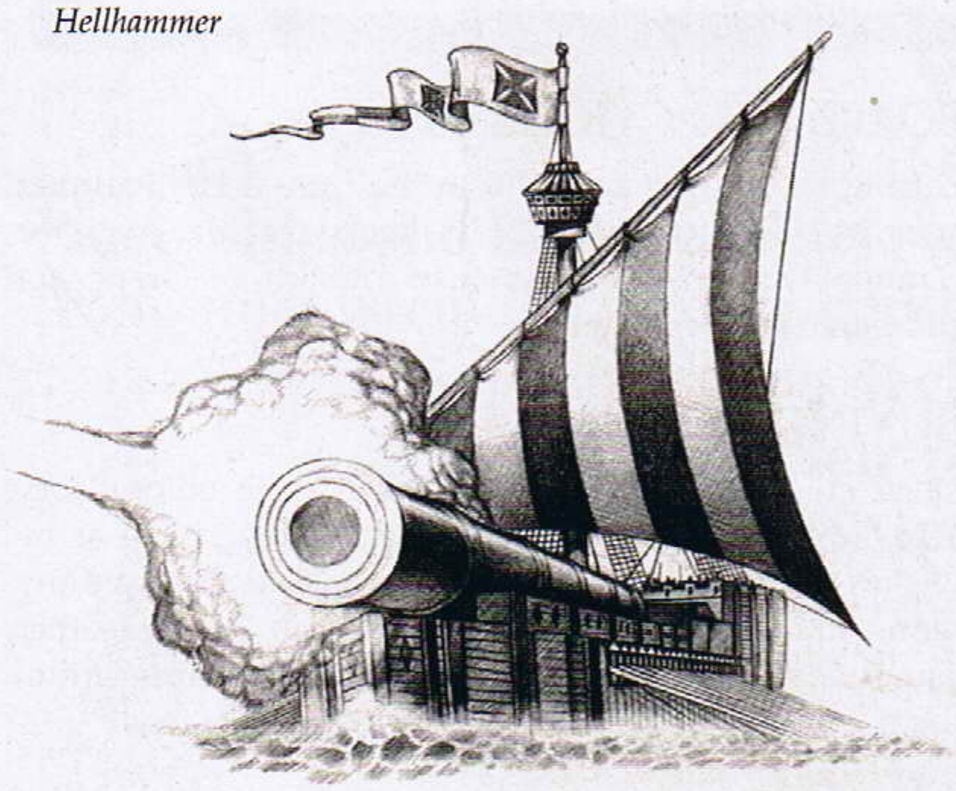
HELLHAMMER

The Hellhammer is a somewhat peculiar adaptation of the highly successful Imperial Wargalley. The Wargalley is one of the finest fighting ships afloat: sturdy enough to withstand a fair amount of damage, propelled by both oar and sail so it may manoeuvre quickly in any weather, holding a sizeable contingent of well-armed sailors, and mounting a formidable barrage of cannon on its foredeck. Although principally used by Imperial fleets, Wargalleys are often captured or built by pirates, and can thus be found prowling seas the world over.

The Hellhammer takes this sturdy, well-proven design and adds one important modification: an immense gun mounted on its main deck.

Sigismund the Mad, a grey-haired alchemist, scientist and explosives specialist reporting directly to Emperor Karl Franz himself, is reputed to have incepted the concept of the Hellhammer. It is said it came to him after a visit to the Sunken Vaults of the Dwarven Engineers, deep in the Worlds Edge Mountains.

Hellhammer



The massive cannon that the Hellhammer carries was designed for siege warfare, but not even the greatest war-horses of the Empire could pull the weight of the assembled gun-carriage; the cannon kept sinking into the ground and getting hopelessly bogged down. What's more, when fired the cannon shattered its carriage , sending shards of wood and iron flying for hundreds of yards. Understandably, the project was shelved.

Undeterred, Sigismund retired to the seclusion of his lofty tower on the outskirts of Middenheim to contemplate the problem. For many nights a dim light could be seen burning from the window in his topmost room. Many days later he emerged, looking very dishevelled, eagerly brandishing a scroll in his right hand. Without stopping to change into more suitable attire, the outlandish looking scholar set off immediately to present his revised plans to the Emperor.

Sigismund's new design was for the Hellhammer. Supported by the buoyancy of the sea, the huge cannon sits quite comfortably atop a sturdy Wargalley. The ship's mast is shifted backwards along the deck to accommodate the gun, and heavy iron bands hold it securely in place. Crammed around the massive barrel are ranks of labouring oarsmen, who manoeuvre the ship into position. When fired, the Hellhammer disappears in a fog of acrid gun smoke, and the almighty crash of the detonation echoes for miles around.

The only problem with the design seemed to be the recoil from the immense barrel – that runs the length of the ship – hurling the galley back in the water, snapping off any oars that hadn't been raised. In fact, during tests, three Hellhammers managed to run themselves aground by being thrown backwards onto nearby rocks.

But even with these teething troubles, the sheer power of the weapon impressed the Emperor enough to commission a dozen squadrons for the Empire's fleets.

The cannon is so large that its ammunition has to be loaded into the hull by special cranes in the military dockyards of the River Reik. The gun can only be fired a few times each battle, as the ship simply cannot hold many cannonballs of the required size or enough gunpowder to repeatedly fire the cannon. But by far their biggest drawback is the chance that the cannon may misfire – an event almost sure to sink the Hellhammer. A sobering thought for any Admiral.

On the plus side, even with these limitations, their destructive power at close range is truly awesome: they can easily rend great holes in enemy ships, and often sink the biggest of enemy vessels with a single shot. There is not a single Admiral in the Empire who would not eagerly have a squadron in his fleet.

Tactically, Hellhammers are often used to lead the fleet into battle and breakthrough the enemy line with a great roar of flame and steel. However, they are not as fast or manoeuvrable as other ships in the fleet, so an Admiral must be careful not to outpace them and leave them lagging at the rear of his formations.

HELLHAMMER RULES

The following rules apply to the Hellhammer. Unless specifically contradicted here, all the normal Man O' War rules also apply.

SETTING UP

Photocopy, stick to a piece of thin card, and cut out two 'Hellhammer Reloading' counters for each Hellhammer in your fleet. Place them on the ships' templates.

Squadron Formation

Hellhammers are organised into squadrons of 3 vessels.

MOVEMENT

The Hellhammer can move under oars or sail. You must state at the start of its move which it is moving under. All the rules for sailing and oared movement in the Man O' War game apply.

COMBAT

The Hellhammer's gun is loaded before the ship leaves port and can only fire 3 times during a game.

Range

The Hellhammer uses the Elf range ruler, and has the following saving throw modifiers for range:

Range	Distance	Modifier
Close range	0" to 6"	-2
Long range	6" to 12"	-1

Damage

The Hellhammer's cannonballs are so huge that each time it successfully hits the enemy ship it does 2 points of damage – if the target fails its saving throw, place two damage counters on the location that has been hit. This means that the target automatically takes a critical hit.

Misfires

If you roll a 1 to hit, the Hellhammer has misfired: roll on the Critical Hit Table and apply the result. Note that unless you roll a 2 on the Critical Hit Table, the cannon location itself is not damaged and may still fire.

Recoil

As soon as the Hellhammer fires, the massive recoil of its cannon hurls the ship backwards 3". If the Hellhammer collides with anything as it moves, both ships take a random low area hit (save as normal).

Reloading The Hellhammer

After the Hellhammer fires, place one of the 'Hellhammer Reloading' counters face-up next to the model. This counter stays on until the End Phase of the next turn. The turn after that, the Hellhammer is fully reloaded and may fire again.

The easiest way to keep track of when to remove a Hellhammer's counter is as follows: during the End Phase, turn any face-up reloading counters over so that they are face-down, and remove all face-down reloading counters from the table and discard them. This effectively means that each counter is in play for two turns. When a Hellhammer has no counters left, it is out of ammunition and may not fire again this game.

BOARDING ACTIONS

During a boarding action from the front a Hellhammer gets a +2 dice roll modifier in defence, as the Emperor Cannon lets loose an immense amount of Grapeshot compared to normal guns.

BUYING HELLHAMMERS

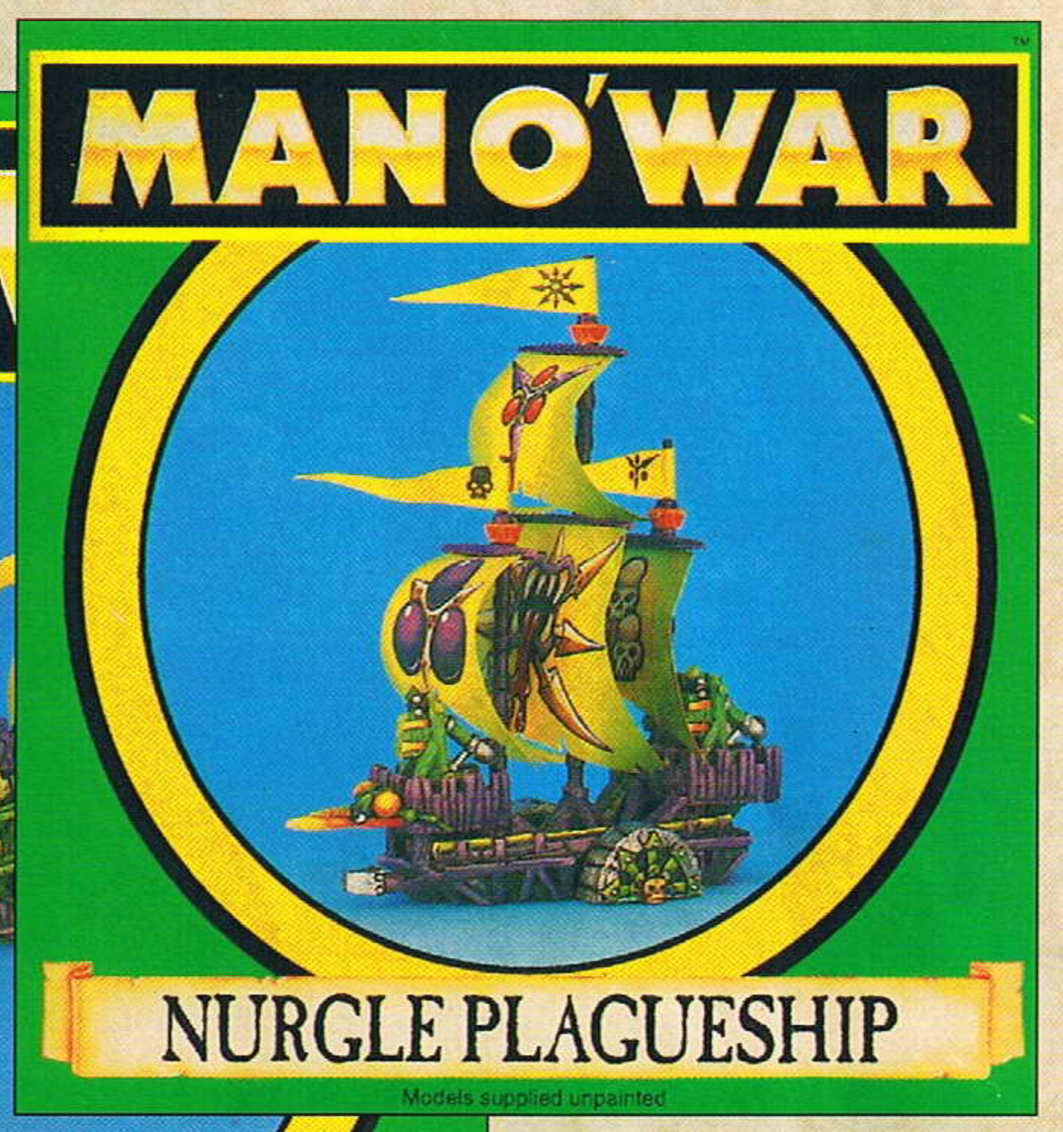
Once an Imperial player has chosen the compulsory ships for his fleet, he may spend as many points as he wishes on Hellhammers, so long as he does not have any more squadrons of Hellhammers than he has other squadrons of Ships of the Line, and he remains within the points limit agreed on for the battle.

PLAGUE FLEET™

NEW BOXED SETS



Box contains 3 Nurgle Plaguecrushers, a sprue of plastic masts and a sheet of full-colour sails and pennants.



Box contains 1 Nurgle Plagueship, a sprue of plastic masts and a sheet of full-colour sails and pennants.

Miniatures supplied unpainted.

Plagueships and Plaguecrushers are huge, hulking vessels lashed together from mildew-ridden, slimy planking. Chaos Warriors, Chaos Spawn and Nurglings cram the decks as these immense, slime encrusted vessels close with their prey, catapults ready to rain pestilence and disease upon their foes.

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PLAGUE FLEET

MAN O'WAR SUPPLEMENT

Chaos Warships in the Man O' War Game

GAMES WORKSHOP

PLAGUE FLEET CONTAINS RULES FOR THE WARFLEETS OF THE MOST DEADLY ADVERSARIES IN THE WARHAMMER WORLD INCLUDING:

Chaos Plaguefleets

The Champions of Khorne, Slaanesh, Nurgle and Tzeentch sail forth in Bloodships, Hellships, Plagueships and Great Winged Terrors, while their crazed minions follow in the dreaded Chaos Deathgalleys.

Chaos Dwarf Fleets

From the Ziggurat city of Mingol Zharr-Naggrund come the Chaos Dwarf Warfleets – immense Battlebarges armed with the largest, most destructive cannons and rocket launchers ever devised



Skaven Clanfleets

The infernal ringing of the Doombringers sounds across the fog-laden air as the arcane machineries of the Skaven Clanfleet churn the waves with their great spoked paddle wheels, bringing plague, fire and death to the ships of their enemies.

MAN O'WAR™ SUPPLEMENT

PLAGUE FLEET IS NOT A COMPLETE GAME. YOU WILL NEED A COPY OF THE MAN O' WAR GAME TO USE THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOX

GAMES WORKSHOP®

IRONFIST

The Ironfist is the second Imperial adaptation of the trusty Wargalley. Most of its hull is taken up with a huge mortar, whose squat muzzle points ominously skyward. Ironfists don't often venture far out to sea as their principal role is the demolition of enemy coastal towns.

Although invented by the scientists of the Empire, Ironfists are used both by and against many of the nations of the Old World, for wherever cities are built beside a river the Ironfist can bring immense firepower to bear from an otherwise inaccessible position.

On occasions, however, Ironfists have been used to great effect in a number of famous sea battles. In such confrontations the Men O' War and Ships of the Line advance towards their prey, while the Ironfists in the rear lay down a screen of heavy duty cannonballs.

As the mortars mounted in the hull of the Ironfists fire almost vertically upwards, and are powered by a great quantity of gunpowder, they are able to shoot over the masts and sails of the ships in front. With skilled gunnery, accurate targeting signals, and a lot of luck, the Ironfists can inflict a great deal of damage upon an enemy they cannot see, while protected by ships in front!

IRONFIST RULES

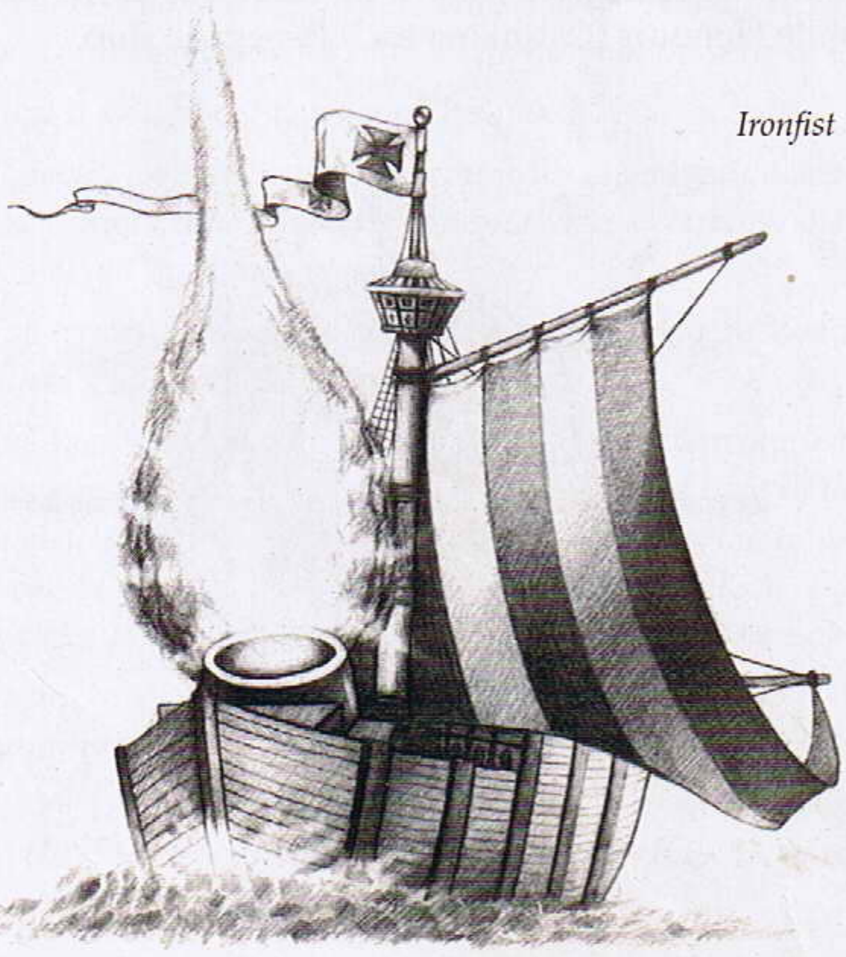
The following rules apply to the Ironfist. Unless specifically contradicted here, all the normal Man O' War rules also apply.

Squadron Formation

Ironfists are organised into squadrons of 3 vessels.

MOVEMENT

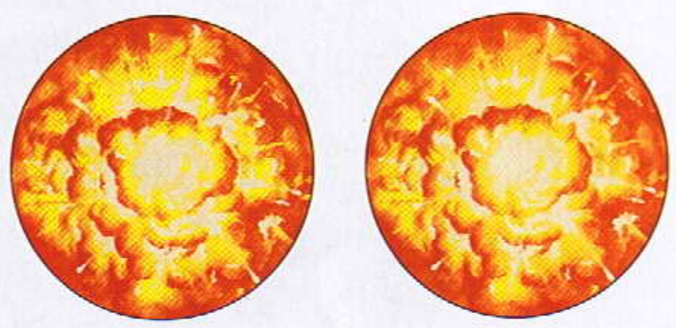
The Ironfist can move under oars or sail. You must state at the start of its move which it is moving under. All the normal rules for sailing and oared movement apply.



Ironfist

HELLHAMMER RELOADING	HELLHAMMER RELOADING	HELLHAMMER RELOADING	HELLHAMMER RELOADING
HELLHAMMER RELOADING	HELLHAMMER RELOADING	HELLHAMMER RELOADING	HELLHAMMER RELOADING

Ironfist Templates



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COMBAT

The Ironfist uses the following special rules for combat. In addition, unless specifically contradicted here, all the normal Man O' War combat rules also apply.

Range

The Ironfist uses the Elf range ruler. However, it may not fire at anything within the first 6" of the range ruler, as its angle of fire would hurl its cannonballs over such a target. To fire at a target, it must lie within the second half of the Elf range ruler (6" to 12" away). As usual, you may not measure the distance to your target before declaring that you are firing on it. If you have unobstructed line of sight to the target, roll to hit as normal.

Note that as cannonballs from an Ironfist descend from above, like catapult boulders, they may not be aimed at low locations.

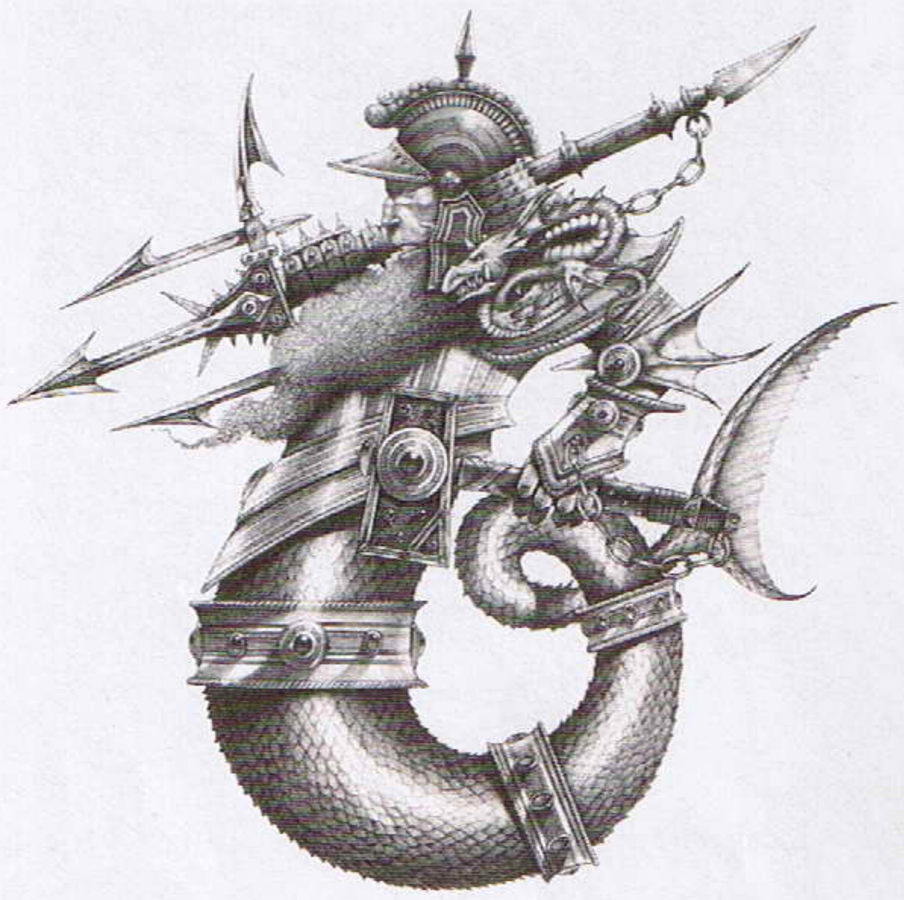
If you hit the ship, place the 1" Ironfist template over the centre of the target. Any ship that falls under the template, even if only partially, is eligible to take damage. Apply damage to each ship in turn using the special rules below, in the Shot on Target section.

Firing Over Other Ships

Because of its extreme angle of fire, the Ironfist may shoot over other ships and hit a hidden target behind them as long as it is within range. However, if there is another ship or object between the Ironfist and its target, there is a greater chance that the shot misses. For each shot made at such a target, roll a dice for deviation on the following table:

Roll	Result
1	The shot falls 1-6" short.
2-5	The shot is directly on target.
6	The shot falls 1-6" too far.

Notice that this means that the Ironfist can fire up to 18" by firing at a ship at the very edge of the range ruler, 12" away, and overshooting by 6".



Note that the target must be a ship, a shorefort or another valid target: it is definitely cheating to fire at an empty area of sea at the very edge of the range rule (12" away), hoping that the cannonball will overshoot and hit your intended target that lies beyond that distance.

Shot On Target

If you are on target, roll a dice to hit as normal.

If the targeted location fails its saving throw, it is destroyed and the cannonball crashes down to the location below. This location also gets a saving throw, adding +1 to the dice roll because of the diminished force of the shot. If this second location fails and is destroyed, the cannonball continues down to the next location. The cannonball only stops when a location makes its saving throw, or the shot hits a below the waterline location. Each time the cannonball plummets downward, the new location gets an additional +1 to its saving throw.

If there is a choice of two areas for the cannonball to enter, roll a dice to decide between them: on a 1-3 the shot enters the left area, while on a 5-6 it enters the right area. If the cannonball enters an area that is already destroyed, it is ignored and the shot passes straight through and onto the next area.

If the cannonball reaches the below the waterline area and the ship fails its below the waterline saving throw, the ship takes a point of damage to that location as the cannonball passes straight through the ship.

Shot Off Target

If you missed, measure, in a straight line, the number of inches the shot has landed long or short from the nominated target. If there is any part of another ship at the point where the shot landed, that ship is hit instead.

If the mortar deviates to a distance where two or more ships are potential targets, roll a dice for each: the one with the lowest number is hit. Resolve any hit as normal.

BOARDING ACTIONS

The mortar may not be loaded with grapeshot, and therefore has no effect on boarding actions.

BUYING IRONFISTS

You may include Ironfists in any Empire fleet.

Once a player has chosen the compulsory ships for his fleet, he may spend as many points as he wishes on Ironfists, so long as he does not have more squadrons of Ironfists than he has other squadrons of Ships of the Line, and he remains within the points limit agreed on for the battle.

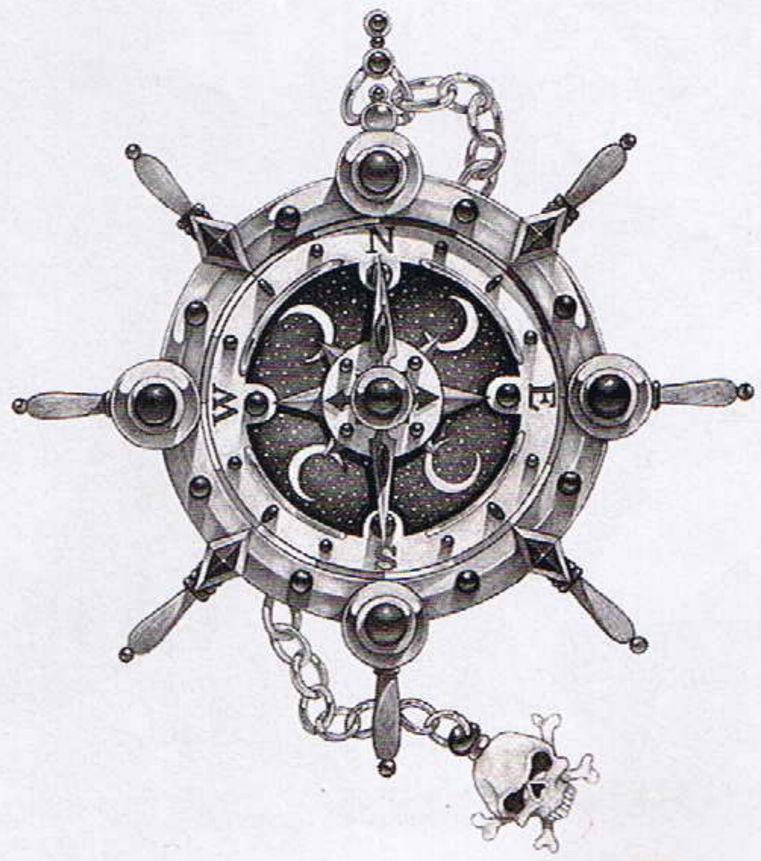
SCHMIDT'S RENEGADES

Commander Seigfried Schmidt, Imperial Ironfist Squadron Leader, vanished with his ships while on convoy duty bound for Araby. Since then, there have been unsubstantiated reports of Imperial Renegades wreaking havoc from the Sea of Claws to the Great Western Ocean. How many of these stories are true is unknown, but the prospects of Imperial turncoats fighting against their former comrades has greatly angered and embarrassed the Emperor Karl Franz. There is a reward of promotion, glory and gold for the man who brings the Emperor the head of Seigfried Schmidt!

Any fleet may buy 1 squadron of Ironfists that represent the renegade Imperial vessels. If a battle is fought between two or more non-empire fleets, and each wishes to field Schmidt's Renegades, each player must roll one dice; the highest score fields the renegades, while the loser or losers must spend the points on other vessels.

Schmidt's Renegades are exactly the same as other Ironfists, and all the rules for Ironfists apply to them.

If an Empire fleet fights a battle against a fleet including Schmidt's Renegades, the Empire player earns double Battle Honours for sinking each Renegade ship.



"Hell's teeth," cursed Admiral Helmut Van Dorf, dourly surveying the approaching Bretonnian fleet from the forecastle of the Altdorf. "What insane plan do you follow now, Le Fevre?"

Van Dorf's Wolfship squadrons sat in implacable lines to port and starboard, their huge batteries of cannon resolutely pointing at the oncoming Bretonnians. A stiff breeze blew in from ahead, whipping the fleet's pennants and flags against their masts. A thousand yards in front, Van Dorf had placed his Wargalleys, their aim to intercept and punch holes in the approaching formations.

Even with his years of experience, it was this moment that Van Dorf feared the most. He knew that the two fleets would clash within minutes, and that there was no turning back from this point. He had committed himself to the fight, and must now trust that the fates would see him through it alive.

The Bretonnian fleet, the wind in their favour, was moving apace towards the waiting Imperial warships. It struck Van Dorf that their formation seemed unconventional, if not suicidal. He had faced Le Fevre and the might of the Bretonnian sea power on a number of former occasions, often at the cost of a sizeable number of Imperial Warships, but hadn't seen a manoeuvre like this before.

Le Fevre had a fearsome reputation, and was the subject of much speculation. His contempt for Imperial seamanship was made plain by regular letters of insult and scorn which he sent to the Imperial Sea Lords, and it was rumoured that his life was charmed. Even aboard the Altdorf, Van Dorf had heard the mutterings about the 'invulnerable Sea-demon' who guarded Le Fevre; more than one man had been flogged soundly for such treasonous outbursts.

All Van Dorf could see of the enemy from his vantage point, high on the Altdorf's forecastle, was a wall of sail – undoubtedly Buccaneers, sailing in line abreast to shield the rest of the Bretonnian fleet from view. All Van Dorf could see of the other ships was the occasional topsail or pennant.

The Wargalleys sat patiently, their captains waiting until the Buccaneers were at point blank range before firing. At that range the iron cannonballs and steel shod rams of their ships would wreak most damage upon their foes. But it was these very Wargalleys that led to Admiral Van Dorf's present concerns. By now, they should be under fire from the catapults of the Buccaneers – an acceptable risk at this stage in the battle. If the Bretonnians left it much longer, the Wargalleys would be too close to be shot by catapult, and then what would the Bretonnians do? Surely Le Fevre, a notoriously cunning Admiral, would never make such a blunder?

Van Dorf winced as the enemy catapults suddenly opened fire, along with the roar of cannon from unseen ships. Heavy rocks and iron shot fell amongst the Wargalleys, smashing timbers, wrecking oars and sails, and drowning their decks under huge waterspouts.

The damage from the initial salvo was immense, far beyond that which could be inflicted by humble Buccaneers. Van Dorf couldn't understand it – most of the damage was being caused by cannon fire, although no cannon-bearing ships could be seen through the screen of smaller vessels. Even the Bretonnians (who seemed to have scant regard for the small ships they used as protective screens) were not mad enough to unleash cannon fire through their own ships? Yet the Buccaneers came on, undamaged, now almost upon the shell-shocked remnants of the Wargalley squadrons.

Van Dorf slammed his fist into the wooden railing in sudden, shocking realisation. "How could I be so stupid!?!" He screamed at his bemused officers.

"It's these damned renegade Ironfists he has, curse him, and we fell into his trap with never a thought!". Van Dorf grabbed one of his Lieutenants by the collar. "Signal the retreat. Get the Wargalleys away and let him come on."

"But they'll be cut down and destroyed."

"Exactly as I will cut you down if the signal is not swiftly sent," he growled, before turning on another of his officers. "You. Signal the Hellhammers into place. We must play our secret card sooner than I planned. And make haste man, you're not on parade now!"

The return fire signal-flags were already flying as Van Dorf turned back to view the battle. "See how you like my ship killers, Le Fevre. Laugh while you can…"

The Wargalleys were now in full retreat. The Bretonnians were hard upon them, breaking ranks and surging forwards as they sensed their victims' despair. For the first time in the battle the graceful Corsairs were in plain sight, wheeling their lines to port and starboard as they closed with the Imperial Wolfships, revealing the Ironfists nestling behind. Between them, in the centre of the fleet, stood the Cour de Lion. This was the flagship of the Bretonnian fleet, scourge of the Imperial trade routes and the ship upon which stood Admiral Le Fevre.

Then the Wolfships parted, and the hidden squadrons of Hellhammers surged forwards. Each had a huge iron cannon running the entire length of each ship, and every one of them pointed at the Cour de Lion.

"Now, Le Fevre!" shouted Van Dorf as the great cannons roared, obscuring everything in a flare of fire and clouds of black smoke. "Now your scheming, arrogant presumption of my ineptitude will finally be your undoing… and your death!"

EMPIRE

HELLHAMMER

SHIP OF THE LINE

CREW 2

4

MAST
Save 5 or 6
Mast lost. Cannot move under sail. Any further hits do not cause critical damage.

5

CANNON
Save 4, 5 or 6
Emperor Cannon destroyed. May not fire.

OAR DECK
Save 5 or 6
Oars lost. Cannot move under oars.

6

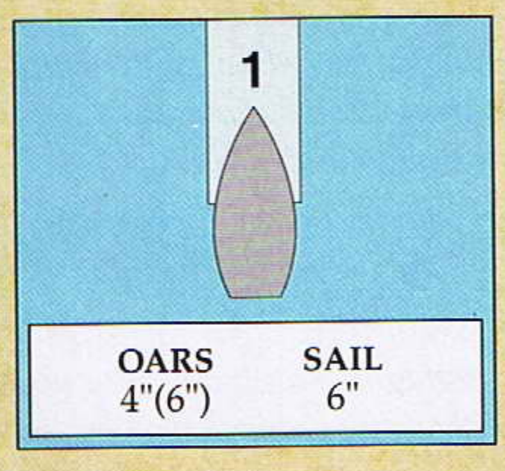
NO EFFECT

SINKS

BELOW WATERLINE
Save 5 or 6
First hit has no effect. Second hit sinks ship.

OARS: 4"(6") **SAIL: 6"** **BATTLE HONOURS: 2**

HELLHAMMER



Move

Oars: 4" (6" straight with no turns). May turn on the spot. Uses ½ move per 90° turn. May reverse up to 2".

Sail: 6"

Weapons

1 Emperor Cannon firing ahead.
Emperor Cannon may repel boarders.

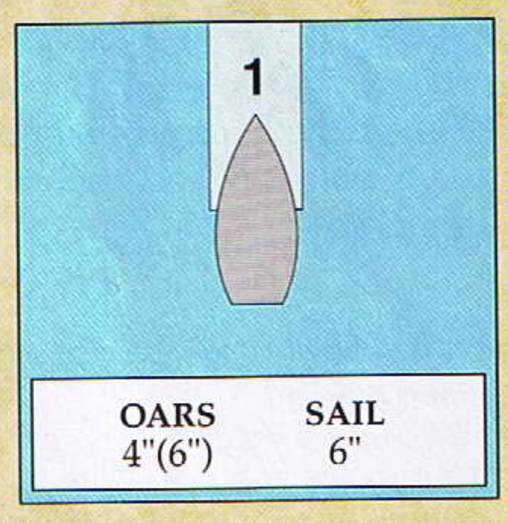
Special Rules

See text.

Points Cost

150 points per squadron of 3 Hell-hammers

IRONFIST



Move

Oars: 4" (6" straight with no turns). May turn on the spot. Uses ½ move per 90° turn. May reverse up to 2".

Sail: 6"

Weapons

1 mortar firing ahead.

Special Rules

Mortar fires as catapult; see text.

Points Cost

75 points per squadron of 3 Ironfists

EMPIRE

IRONFIST

SHIP OF THE LINE

CREW 1

4

MAST
Save 5 or 6
Mast lost. Cannot move under sail. Any further hits do not cause critical damage.

5

MORTAR
Save 4, 5 or 6
Mortar destroyed. May not fire.

OAR DECK
Save 5 or 6
Oars lost. Cannot move under oars.

6

NO EFFECT

SINKS

BELOW WATERLINE
Save 5 or 6
First hit has no effect. Second hit sinks ship.

SAIL: 6" **BATTLE HONOURS: 1**

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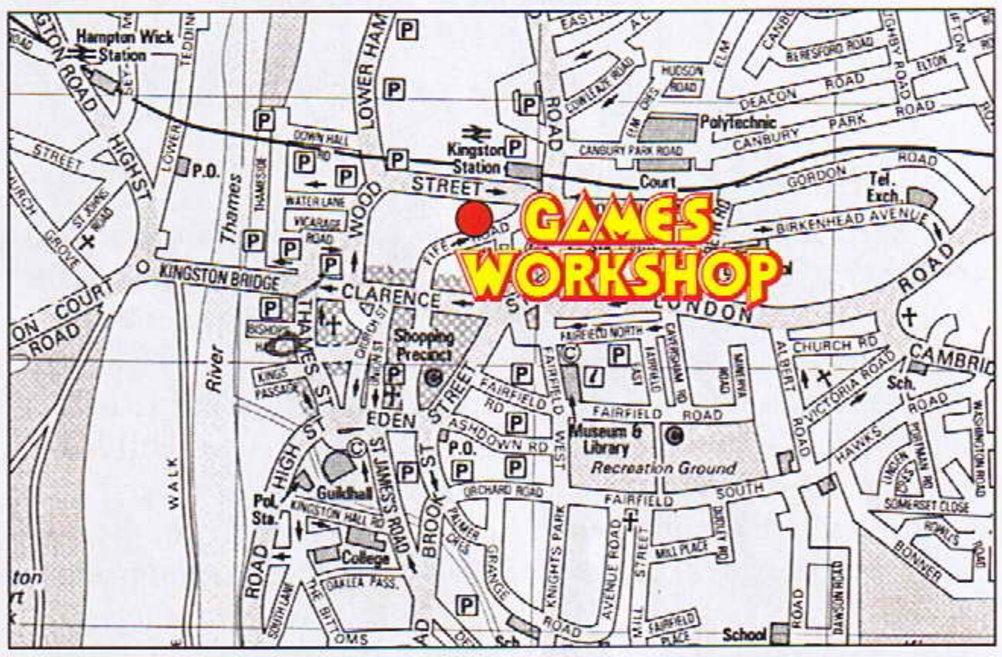
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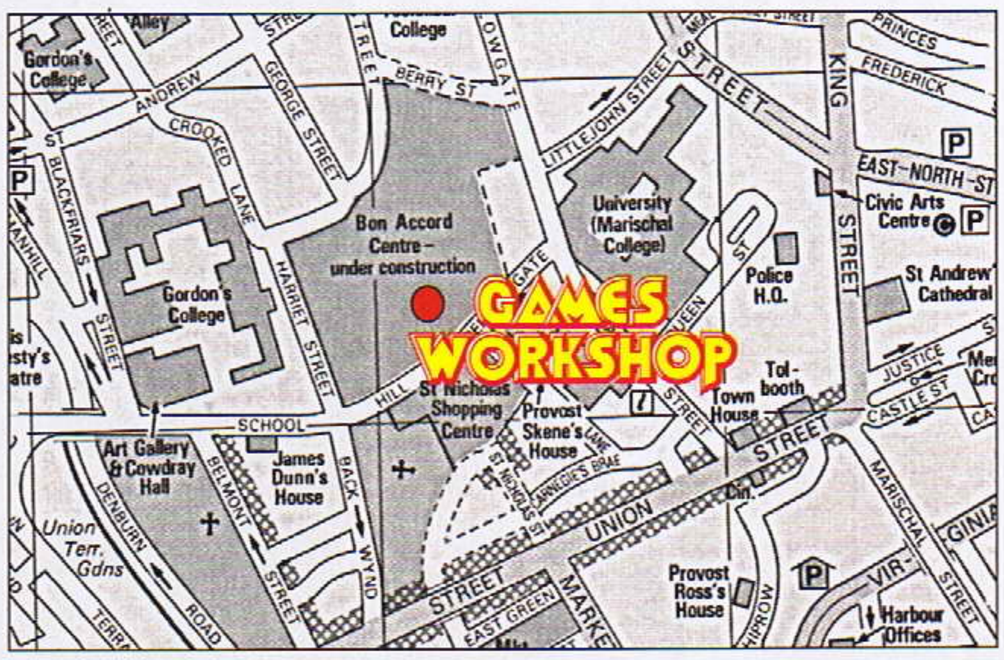
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WARHAMMER®

THE SKAVEN SCREAMING BELL

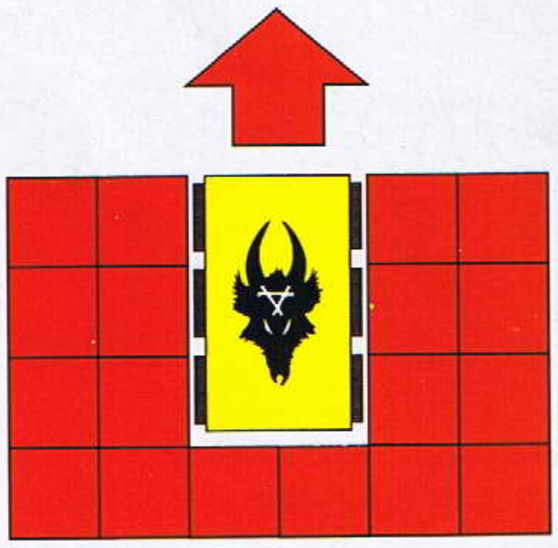
By Andy Chambers

The Screaming Bell is one of the most fearsome creations of the insane Warlock Engineers. These gigantic magical bells ring out a deadly peal of death over the whole battlefield, devastating armies and razing whole cities. A huge central bell cast from bronze mixed with warpstone forms the centre of the Screaming Bell. Above the rune-encrusted master bell hang lesser bells of varying shapes and sizes, some cracked and malformed, others little more than hollow tubes. The Bell is hung in a great wheeled carriage which is dragged and pushed along by the Skaven horde. A Grey Seer stands proudly at the front of the Bell, exhorting the teeming Clanrats to ever greater heights of ferocity. Chained at the back of the carriage is the Striker, a hooded slave-mutant, who wields a massive hammer with a lump of raw warpstone set into it.

When the Striker is prodded into action he swings the hammer and with a mighty blow strikes the master bell. A shower of fat green sparks explode from the warpstone as he does so and the master bell sounds with a deafening bass note which rolls like thunder ....BONNNNNNG! As the master bell starts to swing the other bells start to ring, each one out of key with the others. The master bell and each of the lesser bells is specially cast to ring a note which is completely discordant with the others, producing a clashing cacophony of sounds. This is caught and amplified by the Warlock Engineer's magic, booming out across the battlefield and reverberating back again. With each peal of the bells the din grows, rising to a crescendo of earsplitting sound until stone cracks and eardrums burst.

MOVEMENT

The Screaming Bell is pushed and dragged forward by the Skaven warriors around it, so at the start of the battle the Bell must be placed in a unit of at least ten Skaven models and counts as part of that unit for the rest of the battle.



The Screaming Bell is placed in the front rank of a regiment in the same way as a standard bearer. Any number of models is permitted in the regiment pushing the bell (the regiment shown here contains 18), although at least ten are necessary to move the Bell.

As long as at least ten Skaven models are around the Bells they can move it at up to their normal movement rate. The unit pushing the Bell moves like a chariot so it can wheel as normal but cannot march move, turn or cross obstacles like walls, ditches or hedges. The unit pushing the Bell can charge into combat at double rate as normal. If the number of Skaven around the Bell drops below ten the Bell is slowed by1" for every model below the minimum. So if there were only nine Skaven pushing the Bell it would move 4", eight could move it 3" and so on.

ATTACKING THE SCREAMING BELL

The Screaming Bell is fought in hand-to-hand combat exactly like a chariot. The enemy models fighting it compare their weapon skills to the highest weapon skill of its crew. If all the crew are slain the Bell carriage counts as having a WS of 0.

Because the Bell is so much larger than the unit surrounding it, it can be singled out as a target by troops firing missile weapons. Troops firing at the Screaming Bell also get the +1 to hit for shooting at a large target.

Hits from shooting and hand-to-hand combat are randomly allocated between the Bell and the crew as shown on the chart below. For each hit scored roll a separate dice and then resolve damage against the part that has been hit.

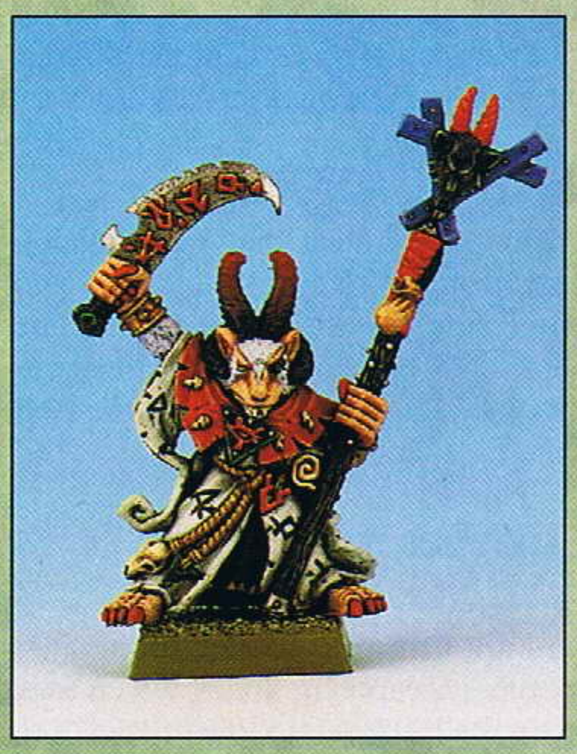
SHOOTING		HAND-TO-HAND	
1	Grey Seer	1-2	Grey Seer
2-3	Bell Carriage	3-4	Bell Carriage
4-5	Screaming Bell	5	Screaming Bell
6	Striker	6	Striker

The Bell carriage has its own Toughness, Wounds and other characteristics as shown below with the profiles for the crew.

The Grey Seer is a wizard of magic level four and may be equipped with up to four magic item cards. The Striker wears no armour and is equipped with a magic warpstone hammer. The hammer is a double-handed weapon so it adds +2 to the Striker's strength but the Striker always hits last, regardless of initiative and charging. The raw warpstone set into the hammer twists and mutates flesh so that the hammer inflicts a D3 wounds per hit.

EAVY METAL

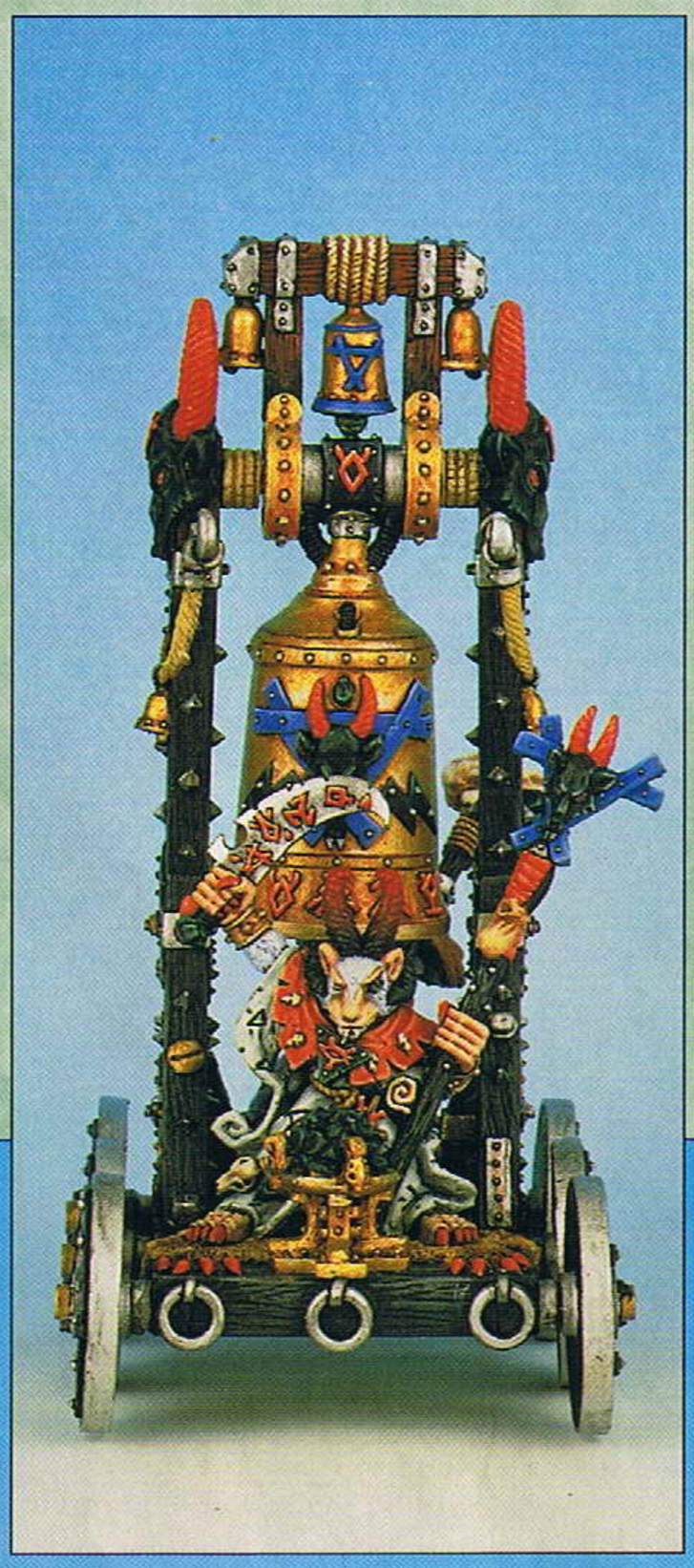
THE SKAVEN SCREAMING BELL

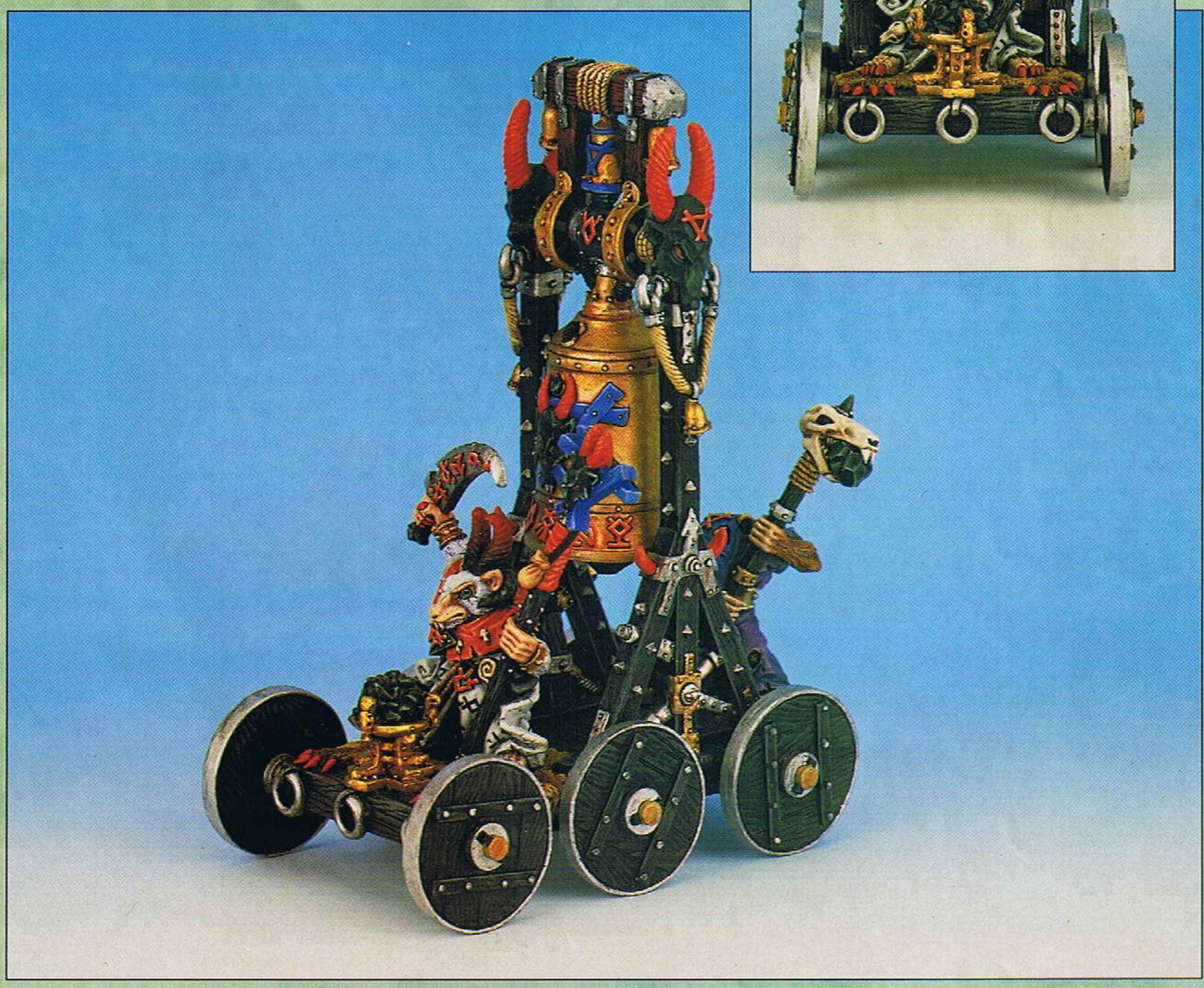


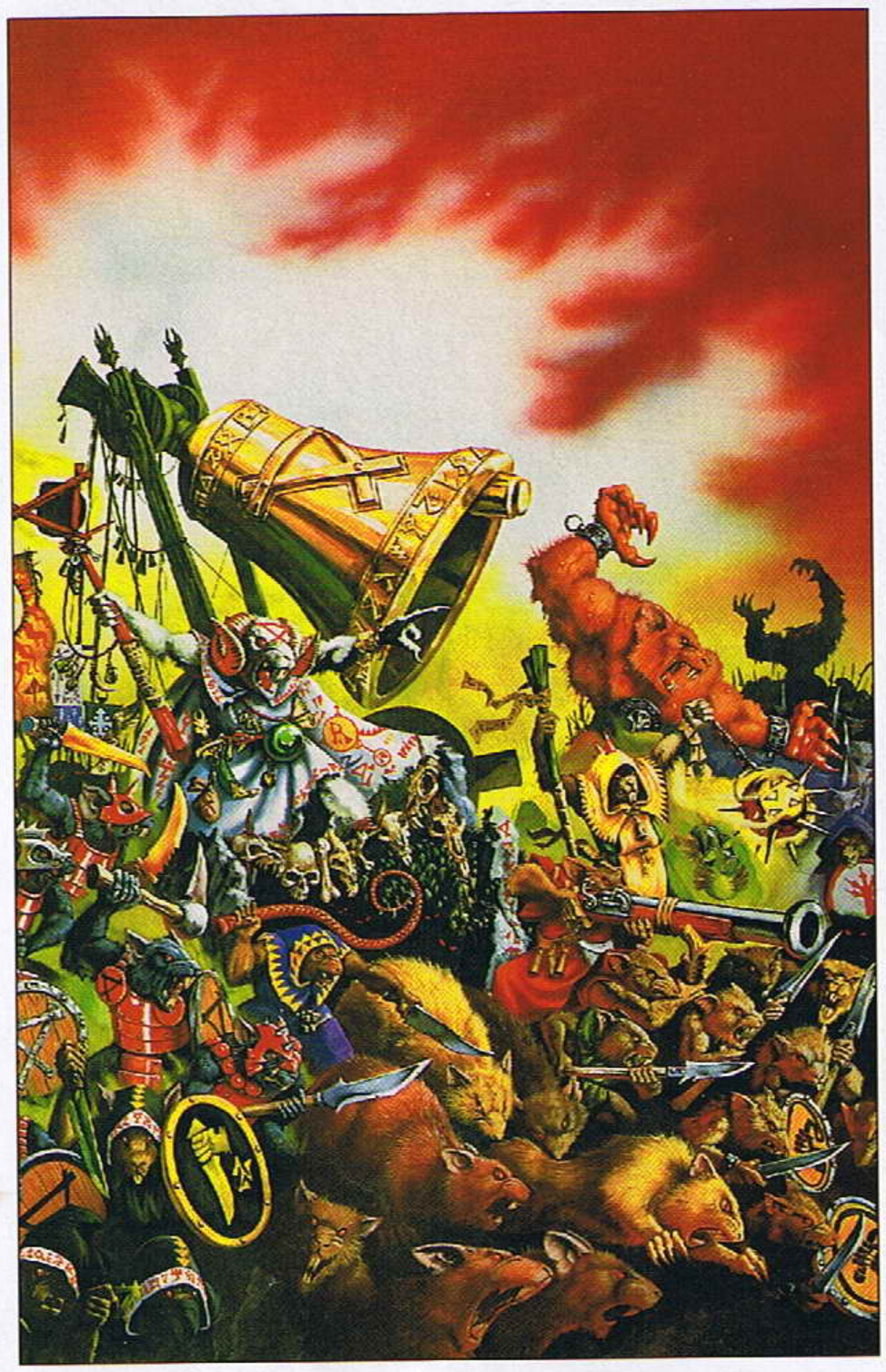
GREY SEER



STRIKER







The Screaming Bell may continue to fight so long as at least one member of the crew is still alive. Unlike other chariot-type machineries there is no chance of the Screaming Bell rampaging out of control if the crew are killed. The Bell carriage itself has toughness 7 as indicated, and can sustain up to 6 wounds before it is destroyed. It has more wounds than a chariot because of its larger size and magical construction. The Bell itself is protected by the Horned Rat and so cannot normally be harmed. If the Bell is struck by an enemy attack with a strength of 6 or more it will ring out of its normal sequence, see the special rules below for the effects of the Screaming Bell when it is rung.

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

If the unit pushing the Bell charges into combat, the carriage itself causes an automatic D6 strength 7 hits, representing it crushing the enemy beneath its wheels and knocking foes to the ground. On subsequent rounds of combat or if the Bell itself is charged it causes no further automatic hits. The Grey Seer and the Striker can always fight against any enemy in contact with the Bell, whether to the front, sides or rear of the platform. They fight in normal initiative order and attack first during a charge just like ordinary warriors (except the Striker, who's got a two-handed weapon so he always strikes last!).

FLEE AND PURSUIT

If the unit pushing the Screaming Bell flees, they will abandon the Bell altogether, leaving it immobile until they rally and return or another Skaven unit turns up to push the Bell. The Grey Seer and the Striker cannot be broken and will never leave the Bell (as explained below). The unit pushing the Bell pursues as normal, taking the Bell with it.

WAR MACHINES AND THE SCREAMING BELL

As with chariots, when you are firing at the Screaming Bell with a stone thrower or any other weapon or attack which uses a template, it is possible to hit the Bell and the crew depending on where the template is placed. Position the template normally, each part of the Bell – the Grey Seer/Bell/ carriage and Striker is treated as a separate target and may be hit if they are covered by the template, just like individual models in a larger unit. Weapons like cannon and bolt throwers will strike just one part of the Screaming Bell— roll for location as for other missile hits.

SPECIAL RULES

Warpstone Brazier

A Warpstone Brazier burns at the front of the Bell platform. The billowing clouds of fumes given off by the burning warpstone invigorate and intoxicate the Grey Seer and the Striker. This means the Grey Seer and the Striker are immune to psychology of all kinds, including break tests, and will not abandon the Bell under any circumstances. This rule only applies to the Grey Seer and the Striker, not to the unit pushing the Bell. The Grey Seer also draws magical energy from the burning warpstone, the mad tingling of power shivering through his nose and throat with every breath. Because of this the Grey Seer draws one extra magic card at the start of each magic phase.

SKAVEN SCREAMING BELL

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bell Carriage	–	–	–	7	7	6	1	–	–
Grey Seer	5	6	6	4	4	4	7	4	7
Striker	5	3	3	4	3	1	4	1	4

Points Value 200 (includes the cost of the Striker)

The Grey Seer is chosen and equipped from the Skaven army list. The Bell itself must be paid for out of the army character allowance. You may include more than one Screaming Bell in a Skaven army if you can afford it.

The Blessing of the Horned Rat

The Screaming Bell is blessed by the Horned Rat so that hostile magic is unlikely to affect it. Any spell directed against the Screaming Bell or its crew (but not the unit pushing it) will be dispelled on a roll of 4 or more on a D6.



The Screaming Bell

The power of the Screaming Bell is legendary, but like many other Skaven artifacts it is chaotic and hard to control. The effect of the Screaming Bell is rolled for at the beginning of each Skaven turn.

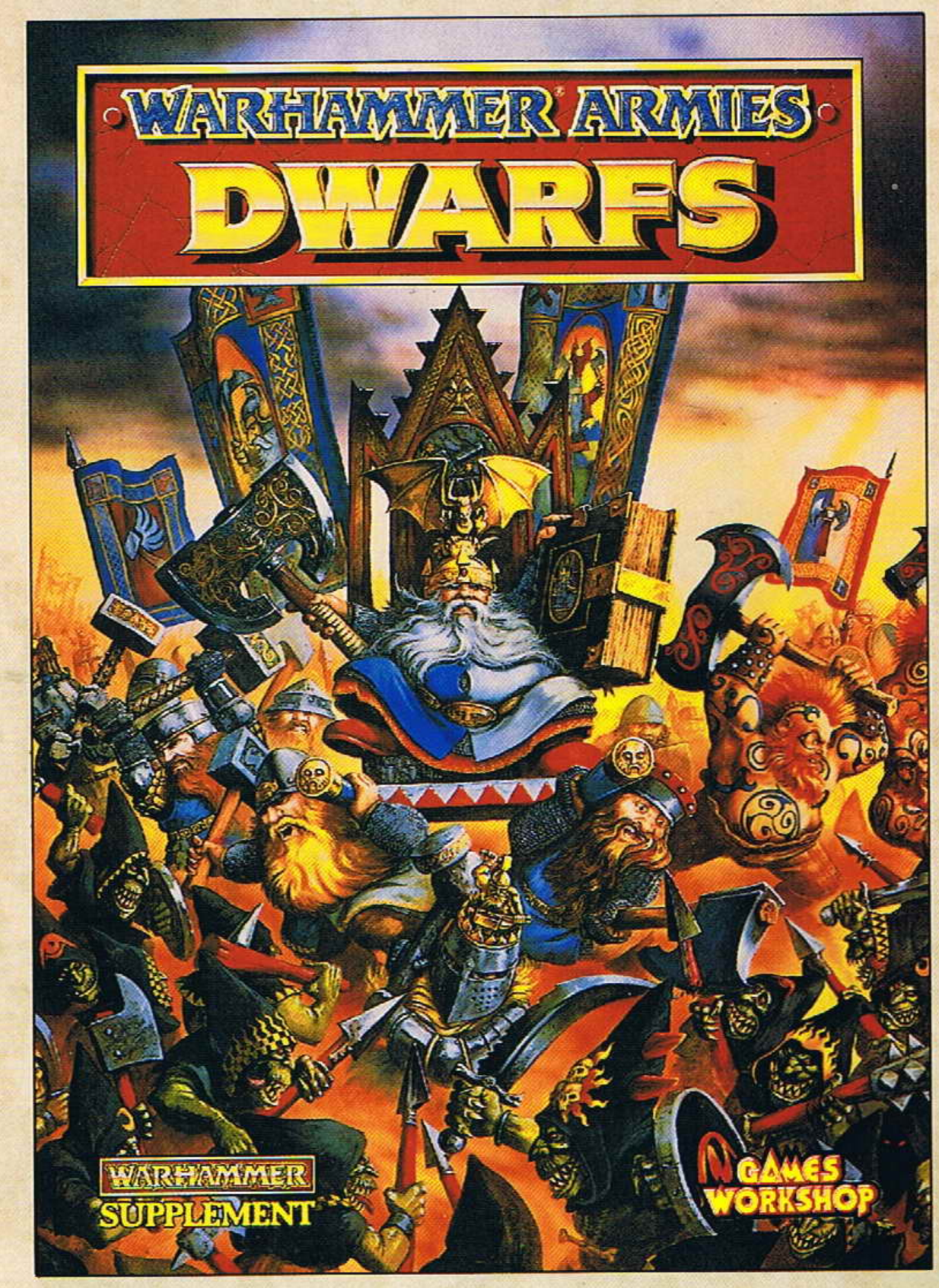
On the first turn that the Striker tolls the Bell 1D6 is rolled on the table below. On each subsequent turn add an extra D6 to the number of dice rolled, so you will roll 2D6 on the second turn, 3D6 on the third turn and so on. If the Striker is slain, reduce the number of dice rolled each turn by 1D6 – so if the Striker was killed on the second turn of the game you would roll 1D6 on the third turn and would make no roll at all on the fourth turn.

If the Bell is struck by an enemy attack with a strength of 6 or more it will ring again out of their normal sequence. Roll the number of dice the Bell used the last time they were rung and add any dice the attack would normally roll for causing more than one wound. So, for example, if the Bell had rolled 2D6 in the Skaven turn and then was hit by a cannon shot in the following turn, the Skaven player would roll 2D6 +1D4 and apply the result from the Screaming Bell table below.

THE SCREAMING BELL TABLE

Dice roll	Effect
1-2	*The Skaven pushing the bell are filled with strength as the shuddering tolls of the great bell roll out across the battlefield, they struggle and heave to roll the bell faster and faster towards the foe.* The Skaven pushing the bell move an extra D6" during the movement phase if they are not charging.
3-4	*The Skaven squeak with glee at the infernal racket, squealing in anticipation of victory.* Skaven regiments anywhere on the battlefield can reroll any Ld tests this turn if they wish.
5-6	*The noise grows louder, discomfitting the enemy with the clangour and drowning out commands.* All enemy units within 24" of the bells must pass a Ld test on 2D6 to charge or shoot missile weapons until the beginning of the next Skaven turn.
7	*The strident tolling of the bells sows fear and discord through the enemies ranks, cavalry shy and panic at the terrifying noise.* Each cavalry unit, friend or foe, within 36" of the bells must take a panic test immediately.
8-9	*The sounds momentarily meld together into a single thunderous crack, splitting stone and metal like rotten wood.* Roll a D6 for each building, wall and war machine (cannon, stone thrower chariot etc) within 24", on a roll of 6 it cracks apart and suffers D6 wounds.
10-11	*The ringing sends the Skaven into a berserk frenzy, frothing and biting at one another they swarm forward in a maddened attack.* All Skaven within 24" of the bell become **Frenzied** until the start of their next turn. Any Skaven regiments which have been driven into frenzy by the bell will suffer a D6-1 automatic S3 hits in each hand to hand combat phase if they are not in combat as the maddened Skaven rend each other.
12-13	*The ground starts to split apart under the barrage of discordant sound.* Roll a D6 for each building, wall and war machine (cannon, stone thrower chariot etc) within 30", on a roll of 5 or 6 it cracks apart and suffers D6 wounds.
14-15	*The grating tintabulations sound like millions of rats scrabbling and squeaking in the enemies ears.* All enemy units subject to psychology within 12" of the bells become subject to **fear** of Skaven until the start of the next Skaven turn.
16-17	*The deafening peals roll across the land like palpable waves of force.* Roll a D6 for each building, wall and war machine (cannon, stone thrower chariot etc) within 36", on a roll of 4, 5 or 6 it cracks apart and and suffers D6 wounds.
18+	*With a final, apocalyptic crack the great bell splits in two, crashing to the ground with a sound like ten thousand thunderclaps rolled into one.* The Screaming Bell is destroyed. All models within 3D6" of the bell suffer an automatic S3 hit as their eardrums burst.

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SPACE MARINE®

IMPERIAL STORMBLADE

By Andy Chambers

The Stormblade is a massive fire support vehicle designed around the same hull used by the highly successful Baneblade, Shadow Sword and Storm Hammer super-heavy battle tanks. The Stormblade veritably bristles with weaponry. Its main armament is a huge plasma blastgun, a devastating weapon normally only mounted on Titans. The plasma blastgun is surmounted by a Titan-killing Hellion missile. In addition to these deadly weapons the Stormblade mounts a heavy battlecannon in its left sponson and its right sponson is occupied by a rack of sleek Hunter-Killer missiles. To complete this awesome arsenal the Stormblade mounts a plethora of close-range bolters to stave off marauding infantry.

The Stormblade is specifically designed to give close support to Storm Hammer companies battling through hives and other urban areas. Battlefield experience has proven that Shadow Swords, though excellent for tank and Titan busting at long-range are at a distinct disadvantage in close terrain. This left Storm Hammers bereft of good tank-hunting support and vulnerable to opposing super heavy tanks such as the Ork Gibletgrinda and the Eldar Tempest. The Stormblade is designed to destroy super-heavy tanks and Titans at short and medium ranges, freeing the Storm Hammer to pursue its favoured role of obliterating enemy infantry and tanks.

The Stormblade replaces the deadly volcano cannon mounted on the Shadowsword with a plasma blastgun which, like the volcano cannon, is a modified Titan weapon. Though shorter-ranged the plasma blastgun vapourises armour and flesh as efficiently as the volcano cannon and boasts a higher rate of fire. In order to utilise the blastgun Stormblade are powered by a small plasma reactor. Small amounts of plasma are siphoned off from the reactor and stored in special cooling chambers until the blastgun is fired.



The Stormblade's plasma reactor will detonate if it is destroyed, scoring a hit with a 0 save modifier on everything within D6cm on a roll of 4 or more on a D6.

The plasma blastgun can store up to 2 attack dice worth of plasma and starts the game fully charged up. When the weapon is fired the plasma is used up and the reactor can only replenish one dice worth of plasma at the end of each turn. However, if the Stormblade is on first fire orders no energy is required for movement and the blastgun replenishes two dice worth of energy at the end of the turn.

Each Hunter Killer missile has a sophisticated guidance system which enables them to seek their targets independently. They are designed to be fired all at once to give the Stormblade a one-off salvo of instant firepower when confronted by a Titan or a large number of lighter enemy tanks. The rack may not be reloaded during the course of a battle, so each Stormblade may only use its Hunter Killer missiles once per game.

Likewise the Hellion missile is a one-shot weapon, specially designed to destroy Titans and other heavily armoured targets. It is armed with a relatively small plasma warhead encased within an adamantium penetrator sleeve. When the missile hits a target the penetrator sleeve ensures the plasma warhead is punched deep within it before detonating, releasing white-hot plasma into the heart of the target. Any damage rolls against Titans caused by the Hellion add a +2 modifier to the roll.

Like all super heavy tanks the Stormblade is almost impossible to stop in close combat. It can only be pinned in close combat by other super heavy vehicles, Titans and so on. If troops or lighter tanks try to engage it, the Stormblade can carry on moving on as normal, scattering its smaller assailants as it does so.

Troop Type	Move	Saving Throw	CAF	Weapons	Range	Attack Dice	Roll to Hit	Target's Save Mod.	Notes
Stormblade	10cm	1+	+6	Plasma Blastgun	50cm	2	3+	-4	
Super Heavy Tank				Battlecannon	50cm	1	5+	-2	
				Hellion Missile	50cm	1*	3+	-4	One use only
				Hunter/Killer Missiles	50cm	4*	3+	-1	One use only
				Bolters	15cm	8	6+	0	


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SPACE MARINE

UNIVERSE OF THE 41ST MILL

WARLORD TITAN

Move	Close Assault Factor
15cm	+14

Notes

The Warlord Titan has 6 Void Shields and capacity to mount 4 Weapons. Note down the details of mounted ...

SPACE MARINE SUMMARY SHEET

TROOP TYPE	MOVE	SAVING THROW	CLOSE ASSAULT FACTOR	WEAPONS	RANGE	ATTACK DICE	TO HIT ROLL	TARGET'S SAVE MODIFIER	NOTES
Space Marine HQ Unit	10cm	None	+4	Bolt Pistols	25cm	2	5+	0	Command unit. Imperial troops within 10cm add +1 to their Morale value.
Tactical Marines	10cm	None	+2	Bolters	50cm	1	5+	0	
Imperial Land Raider	20cm	2+	+3	Lascannon Bolters	75cm 25cm	2 3	5+ 6+	-2 0	May carry 2 troop stands.
Rhino troop carrier	15cm	4+	0	Bolters	15cm	1	6+	0	May carry 2 troop stands.
							5+	-2	Command unit. Orks may only be given orders if there is an Ork Command Unit within 10cm.

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IMPERIAL STORMBLADE COMPANY AND ARMY CARDS

IMPERIAL GUARD STORMBLADE COMPANY

An Imperial Guard Stormblade Company consists of 3 Stormblade. No 1 Stormblade is also the company HQ tank.



No 1
HQ Tank



No 2



No 3

POINTS VALUE 650

IMPERIAL GUARD STORMBLADE COMPANY

BREAK POINT 2: The company is broken once it has lost 2 Stormblade. When the company is broken the remaining Stormblade must take a morale check.

MORALE VALUE 4: Imperial Guard must roll 4 or more on a D6 to pass their morale check.

No.1 Stormblade is the company HQ and so does not need orders and does not need to test morale. Stormblade No's 2 and 3 are each treated as individual squadrons and so must remain within 25cm of No.1 to receive orders. If tanks are unable to receive orders they cannot move but may fire in the advance fire segment of the shooting phase in the same way as other troops with no orders.

The company HQ Stormblade is a command unit so it always fires in the first fire phase unless it charges into close combat, however it will only recharge 2 dice of plasma for its blastgun if it remains stationary for the turn. If additional support units are added to the company then they must remain within 25cm of the company HQ to receive orders.

VICTORY POINTS 7

Your opponent gains 7VPs when the company is broken.

STORMBLADE



POINTS VALUE 250

STORMBLADE

The Stormblade must remain within 25cm of its Company HQ unit to receive orders. Place this card with its company HQ card to show the chain of command.

BREAK POINT 1: As a single vehicle the Stormblade has no break point. Victory points are only awarded when the vehicle is destroyed.

MORALE VALUE 4: Imperial Guard must roll 4 or more on a D6 to pass their morale check.

VICTORY POINTS 3

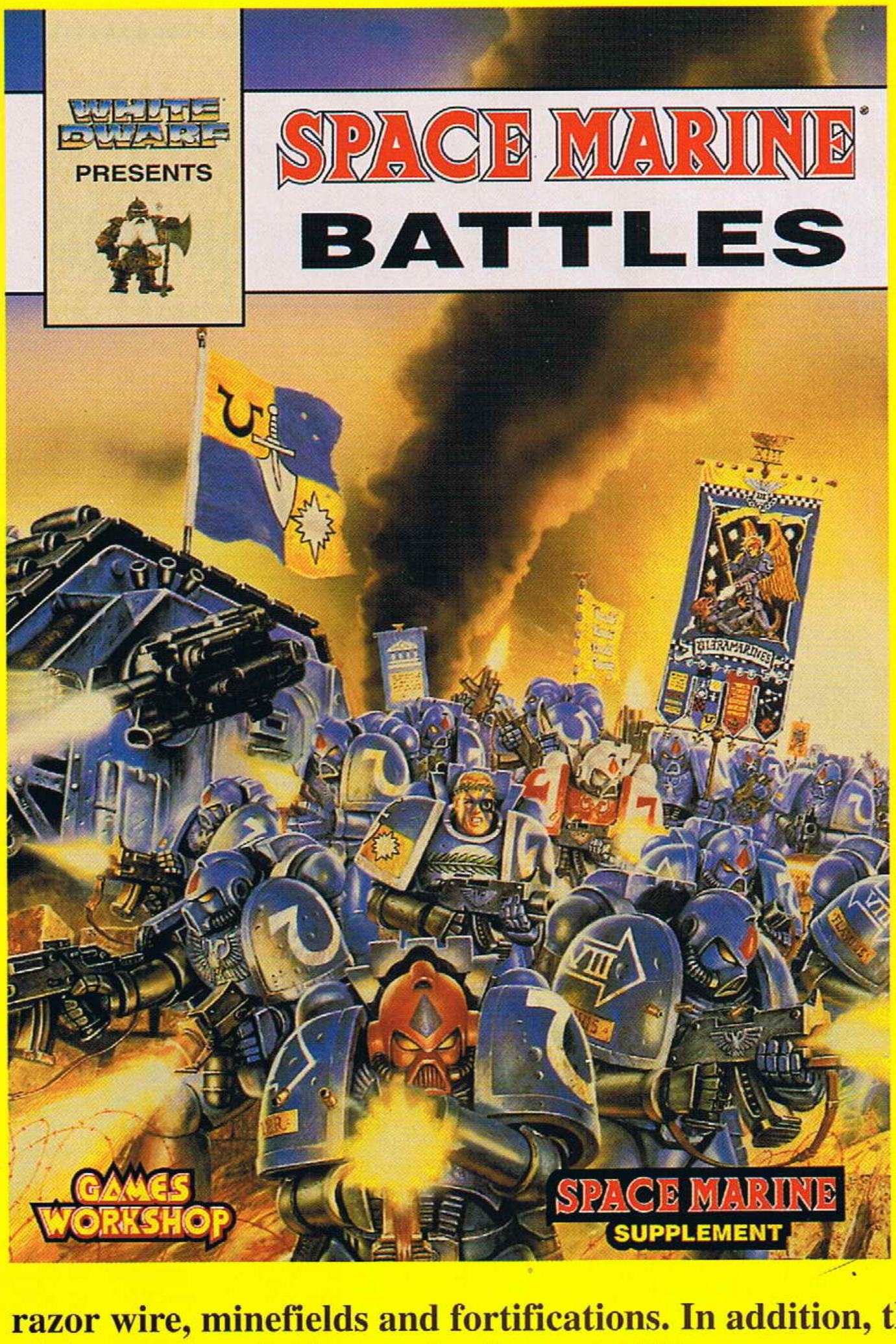
Your opponent gains 3VPs when the Stormblade is destroyed.

To assemble your Stormblade Company and Army cards, first carefully cut out or photocopy this page from White Dwarf. Cut out the cards, keeping the front and backs together and fold each card in half along the dotted lines. Spread some glue onto the back of your cards and stick the two halves firmly together. If you want to make your cards a bit more hard wearing, it's a good idea to insert a thin piece of card between the two halves (postcard is ideal).When the glue is dry, you can trim off any excess paper or card and the Company and Army cards are ready to use in your games.

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SPACE MARINE®



The Space Marine Battles compilation features some of the most sought after Space Marine articles from White Dwarf magazine. The book contains four exciting epic battle reports featuring the forces of the Eldar, Orks, Squats, Chaos, Space Marines, and the Imperial Guard.

It also features brand new tactics articles for many of these armies, plus special rules for fighting attack and defence games in Epic scale including: bunkers, razor wire, minefields and fortifications. In addition, there are full rules for all of the awesomely destructive Imperial Titan weapons and full-colour card data sheets, rules and army cards for the Imperial Reaver and Warhound Titans, the Ork Great Gargant, Tzeentch Daemon Engines and epic heroes such as Ghazghkull Thraka, Commissar Yarrick and Ragnar Blackmane.

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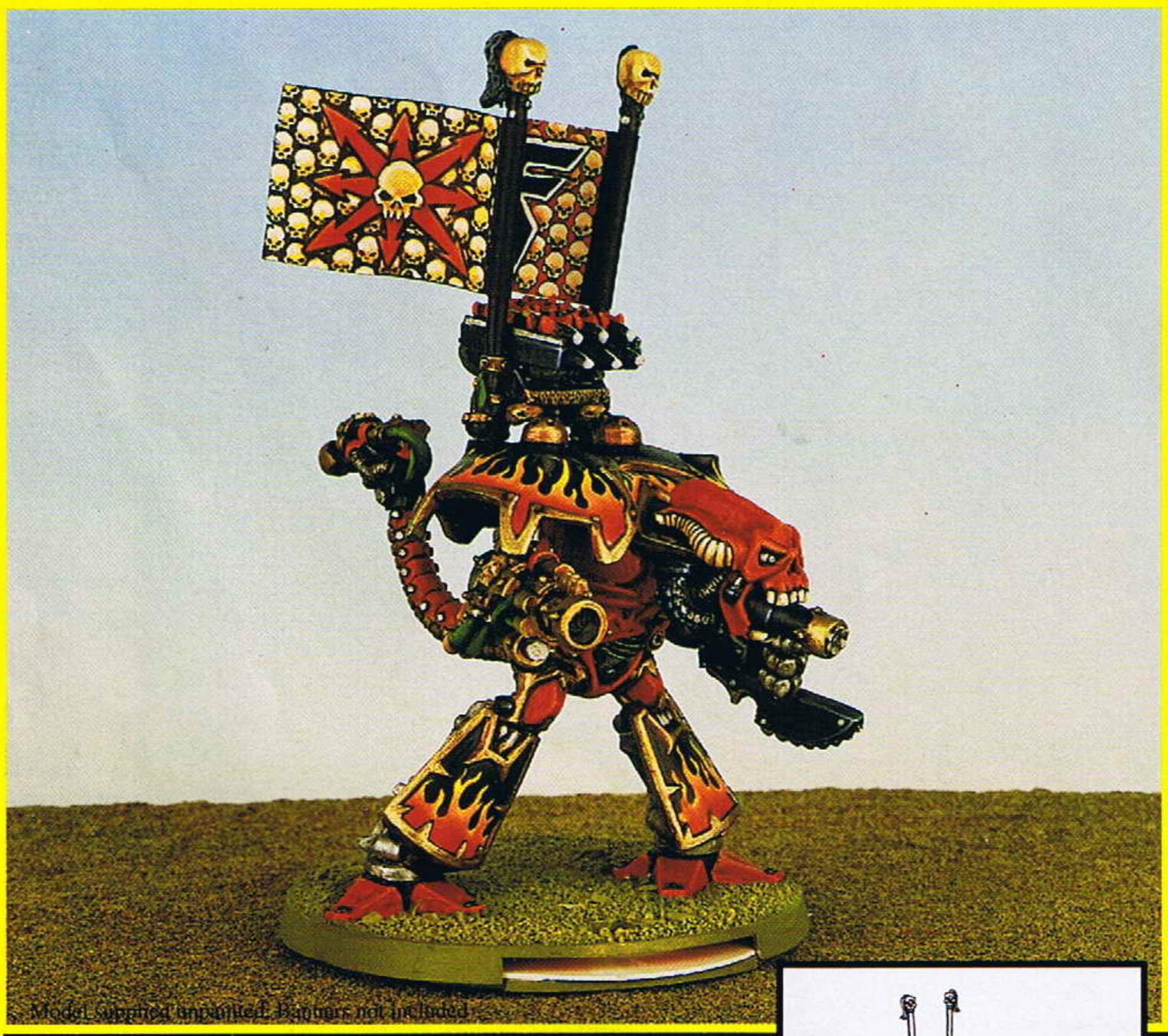
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SPACE MARINE®

THE BANELORD

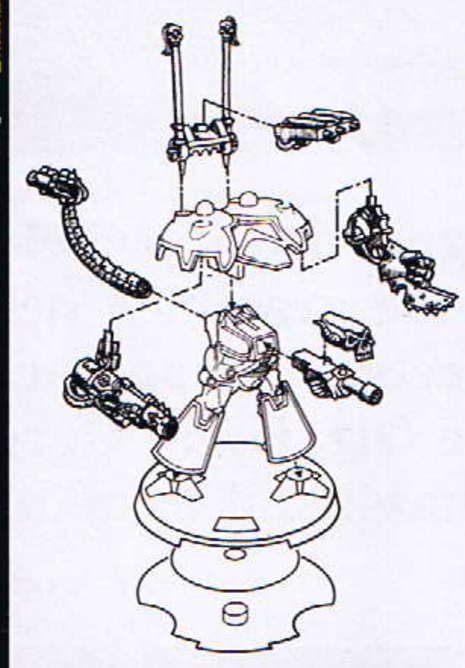
CHAOS TITAN OF KHORNE



Model supplied unpainted. Banners not included.

Designed by Dave Andrews

The dreaded Banelord is the most feared of all Chaos Titans. Dedicated to Khorne, the god of war, Banelord Titans close with the enemy in order to blast them with Havoc Missiles and Hellstrike Cannon or smash them with their Doomfists and crushing tails.



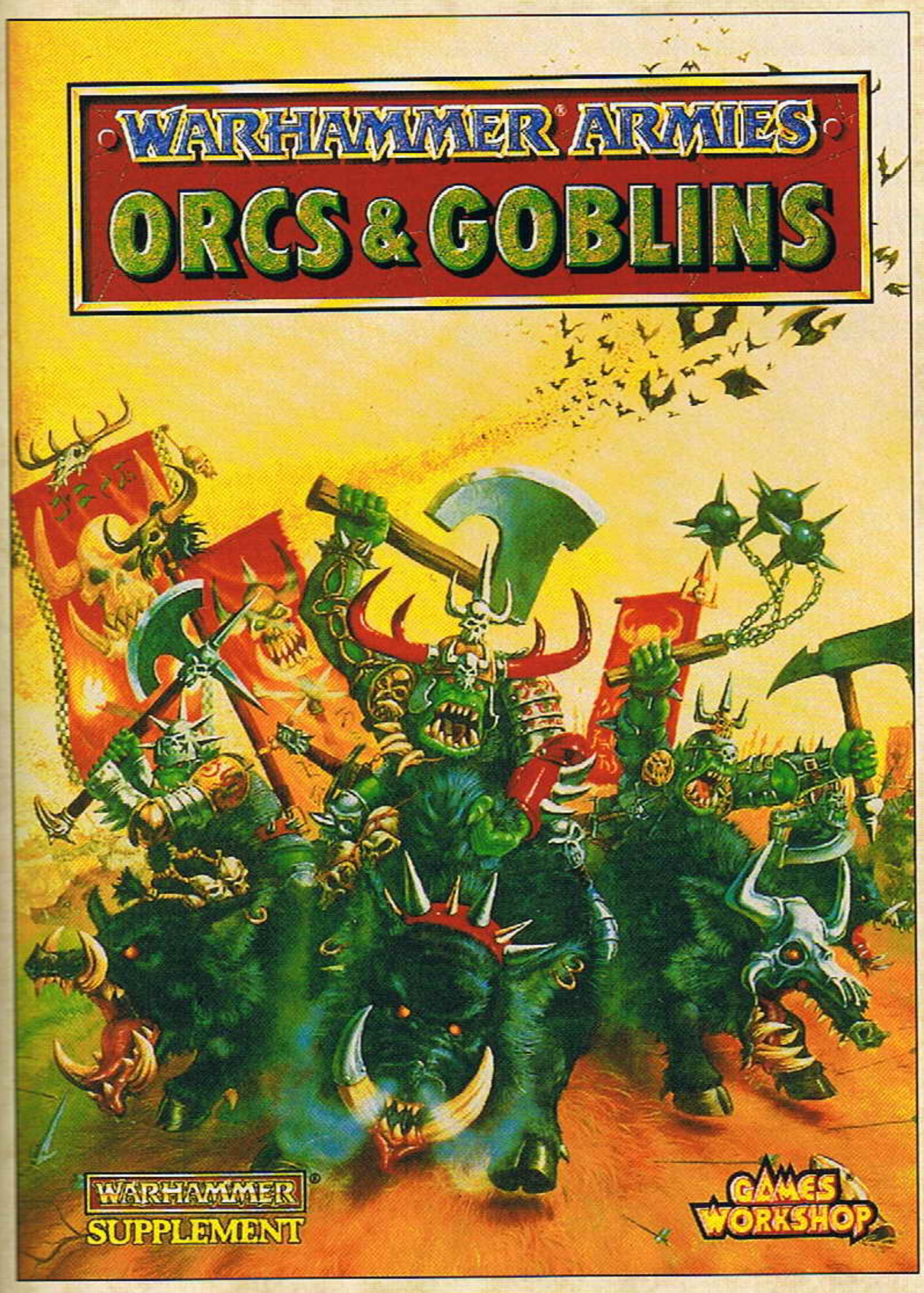
This model requires assembly. We recommend that parts are carefully cleaned and trimmed with a modelling knife before assembly, and that the models are undercoated before painting with Citadel paints.

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WARHAMMER ARMIES ORCS & GOBLINS

This book is an invaluable companion to the Warhammer game of fantasy battles. The history of the Orc and Goblin races is described at length and details the rise to prominence of some of the most fearsome Orc and Goblin Warlords and their voracious quests for power and glory.

Army List: The comprehensive army list for Orc and Goblin armies includes Big'uns, Goblin Wolf Chariots and Orc Boar Chariots, Goblin Wolf Riders, Orc Boar Boyz, Savage Orcs, Night Goblins, Forest Goblins, Trolls, and many more types of warriors. Fiendish war machines such as Rock Lobbers, Bolt Throwers, and Goblin Doom Diver Catapults are also covered.

A full list is provided for including heroes, shamans, and monsters into your army. A separate section describes some great Warlords of past and present, including Grom the Paunch of Misty Mountain, Gorbad Ironclaw and Azhag the Slaughterer.

Special Rules: Complete game details are included for all Orc and Goblin weapons, devices, and unusual warriors including Doom Divers, Squig Hunters, Big'Uns, Snotling Pump Wagons, Night Goblin Squig Hoppers, and many more.

In addition: a large and colourful selection of 'Eavy Metal photographs of the Orc and Goblin armies painted by the Games Workshop figure painters, and a complete battle report featuring Orcs and Goblins in battle against Dwarfs.

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Designed by Dave Andrews

SEA OF BLOOD™

Sea of Blood is the second supplement for the Man O' War game, and contains many new counters, templates and cards to expand your games, plus rules for Allies, Dwarf Dreadnoughts, Norse Raiders and Imperial Hell-hammers and Ironfists. Sea of Blood also explores two new exciting aspects of ocean battles – sea monsters and flying creatures and aircraft.

The rules contained in Sea of Blood are completely compatible with the Man O' War game and its first supplement, Plague Fleet, and add many new tactical and strategic options to explore as your fleets clash in titanic struggles for supremacy of the oceans.

SEA MONSTERS

The seas of the Warhammer World are populated by many fell beasts, from the dreaded Black Leviathan to the legendary Kraken. These great beasts sometimes rise from the blackest depths of the ocean to the surface, attracted by the churning waters of a sea battle. Often the size of the largest ships, these towering monstrosities come to join the carnage in an orgy of mindless destruction. Their razor sharp fangs slash and bite, and their great jaws cut through flesh, wood and steel with ease. Those sailors unlucky enough to fall overboard are consumed in an instant.

Such monsters pre-date even the Elves of Ulthuan, coming from an earlier age at the dawn of the world, when they were the only inhabitants. At this time the planet's surface was a vast primordial soup and the whole world was the hunting ground of these immense beasts. Then the first incursions of Chaos swept across the world. New mountains reared out of the sea as the skies turned black as death and searing bolts of lightning arched and twisted through the air.

Some of the sea monsters were turned to gibbering piles of twisted flesh, or sucked through the holes that were torn in the fabric of the world, vanishing into the void beyond. Others grew to monstrous proportions as the power of Chaos surged through their veins. The survivors fought continent-shattering battles, ripping each other asunder with talons and teeth, then descended to the deepest waters of the world, to brood and grow over the centuries. These black shadows on the depths of the ocean floor grew still stronger as they lay unknown to the emerging races of the world above.

These fell beasts, powerful beyond comprehension, can never be tamed or broken to the service of man. Such is their brute strength that they can instantly smash any shackle; not even the Elves of Ulthuan's magic can bind them. Their very existence is regarded by some as the stuff of myths and legends, nothing more than frightening stories to be told around the fire as the winter nights draw in.

But there are those who have seen the vast bulk of the Megaladon, seen its ripping teeth tear ships asunder in an instant, driven by a mindless fury. Some have witnessed Triton himself rising from the waves, his mighty trident held aloft and elemental energy flickering around his ancient bearded head. These people know that the sea contains greater secrets than can be guessed at. They know that there exist immensely powerful creatures whose strengths cannot be harnessed by the arrogant races who claim sovereignty of the waves.



Triton

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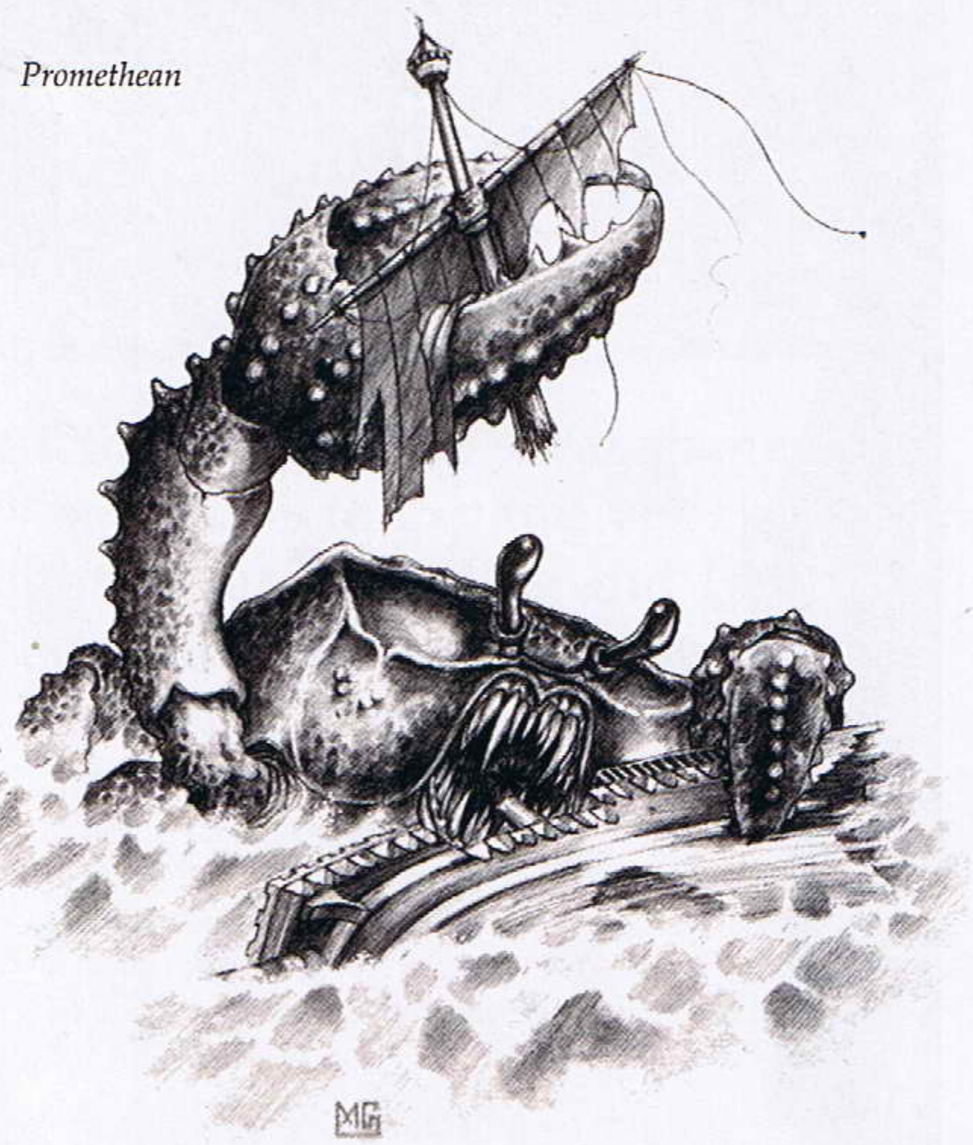
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Even so, there are some Wizards and Sorcerers who would try to command such beasts, using powerful magic to bind these fickle creatures for a short time, perhaps long enough to swing the balance in a battle. Even when summoned, these immense ocean denizens are just as likely to wreak havoc upon the Wizard's own vessels; only the most powerful and learned Sorcerers claim that they can summon such monsters from the black deeps of the sea with any sort of control.

The mere sight of one of these immense creatures surfacing to do battle, water streaming off its ancient black hide, its claws and tail threshing the water into foam, is often enough to send the enemy vessels fleeing in terror. It takes a brave captain and a valiant crew to stand firm in the face of these raging monsters and engage them in battle with cannon, sword and catapult. Those who do, and who triumph over these behemoths of the deep, are proclaimed as great heroes and mighty warriors, renowned for their bravery and unbreakable courage in battle.

Sea of Blood contains all the rules and templates needed for summoning, deploying and using these powerful sea monsters in your games of Man O' War.



Promethean

FLYING CREATURES

Dragons swoop over the decks of the enemy Men O' War, breathing all-consuming fire on their enemies. Gyrocopters and War Balloons leave smoky exhaust trails as they punch their way through the clouds, their gatling cannons spitting shells as they desperately fend off ravening War Wyverns and Manticores.



Dwarf Gyrocopter

The air fills with the sound of heavily beating wings, as the sun glints off the polished armour of the lance-wielding Pegasus Knights of Bretonnia, duelling with Imperial Griffon Riders for supremacy of the sky. Bolts of magical energy flash and roar, cutting the air with blazing bands of colour, striking the fragile aircraft from the sky before they can swoop down and devastate the targets below them.

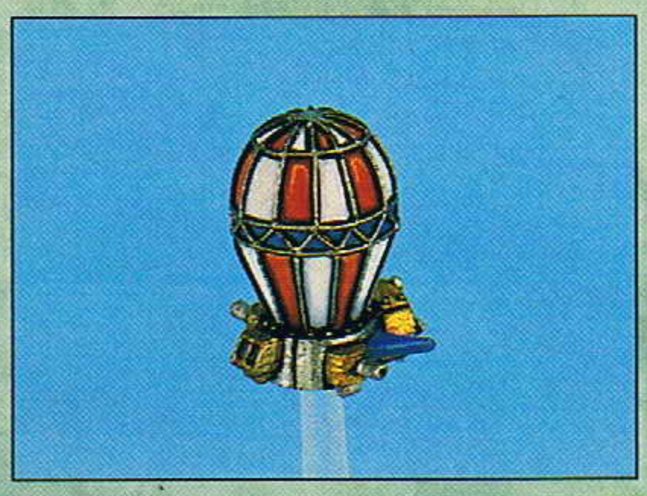
For these Flyers life is fast and dangerous, a knife edge between death or glory as their steeds twist and turn in the skies far above the glittering waves. They must brave a hail of missiles, the hazards of destructive magic and the ever present threat of attack from enemy Flyers in their attempts to break through and destroy the enemy ships. No matter what their nation, these individuals are universally recognised as courageous heroes – foolhardy and reckless, maybe even insane – but heroes nonetheless. They are willing to risk all for the chance of sinking the enemy fleet before it even comes within range of their own ships' cannons.

The thoughts of the men onboard the ships battling it out far below are never far from the swirling battle that is going on above them. If their own Flyers cannot stop the enemy, they will swoop down, wreaking terrible damage with tooth, claw, rocks, bombs, guns and fire.

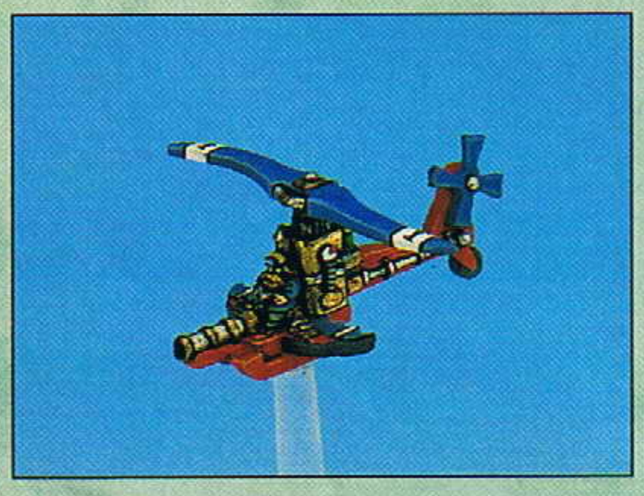
The Admiral who chooses to ignore the importance of flying creatures and

EAVY METAL

SEA OF BLOOD



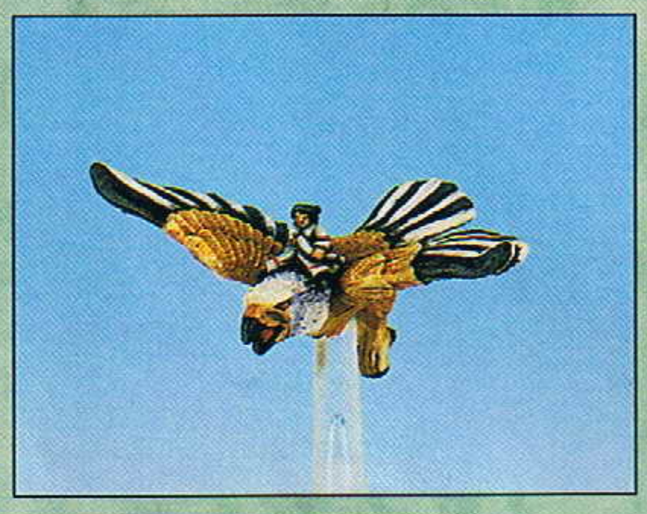
DWARF WAR BALLOON



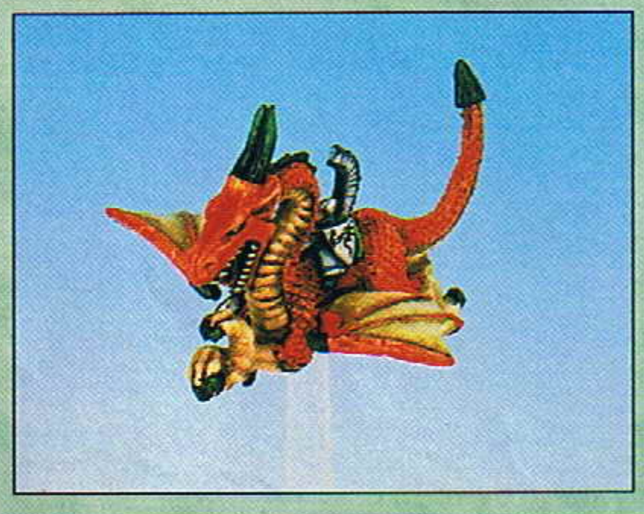
DWARF GYROCOPTER



EMPIRE HELLHAMMER



ELF WAR EAGLE



ELF DRAGON RIDER



BLACK LEVIATHAN



PROMETHEAN



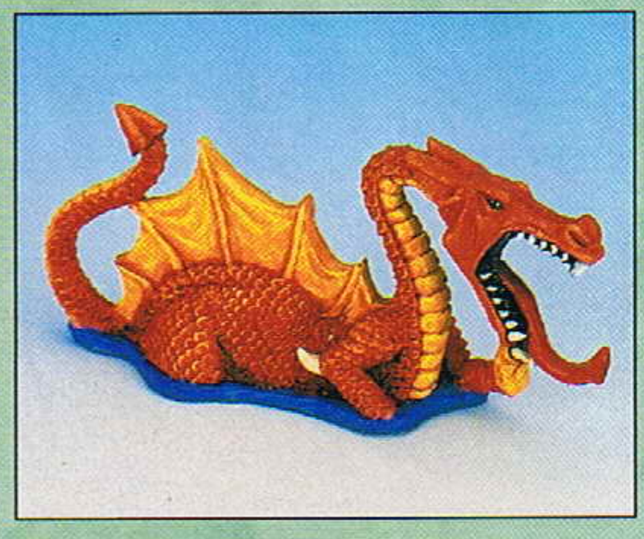
MEGALADON



SEA ELEMENTAL



GARGANTUAN



SEA DRAGON



KRAKEN



TRITON



BEHEMOTH

MAN O'WAR

MAN O'

Raging Sea Battles in the ld of

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MAN O' WAR

les in the ld of Warhammer®

HOW TO PLAY MAN O' WAR

EMPIRE FLEET

PIRATE

CRITICAL HIT TABLE

CAPTAIN'S CHART

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aircraft is a foolish leader, leaving his fleet exposed to attack from above. The crews of his ships must be vigilant, watching the skies with their crossbows and muskets close to hand. All too often they pay the heavy price for their leader's folly, as their ships are ripped asunder by explosives dropped from on high and heavy boulders crash through layer after layer of heavy decking.

Sea of Blood contains rules for many flying creatures and aircraft, including Dragons, Griffons, Pegasus, Wyverns, Manticores, Gyrocopters and War Eagles. Each type of flier has its own special attacks and powers. To ignore them is to place your crews, your vessels and the outcome of the battle in deadly jeopardy, so be vigilant and remember to watch the skies!

SEA OF BLOOD CONTENTS LIST

- 1 × Rulebook
- 9 × Sea Monster Templates
- 14 × Flying Creature Templates: 1 Dark Elf Manticore Lord, 1 Orc Wyvern Rider, 3 Elf War Eagles, 1 Lord of Change, 1 Chaos Dwarf Taurus Rider, 1 Elf Dragon Rider, 3 Bretonnian Pegasus Riders and 3 Imperial Griffon Riders.
- 6 × Aircraft Templates: 3 Dwarf Gyrocopters and 3 Dwarf War Balloons.
- 18 × Anti-flier Armament Cards: 2 Goblin Doomdivers, 2 Skaven Firethrowers, 2 Bretonnian Archer Regiments, 2 Dark Elf Sky Reavers, 2 Empire Organ Guns, 2 Elf Bolt Throwers, 2 Chaos Dwarf Rockets, 2 Chaos Icons of Power and 2 Dwarf Gatling Cannons.
- 33 × Norse Crew Counters
- 26 × Wound Counters
- 3 × Ironfist Templates
- 46 × Ship Templates: 10 Empire, 7 Bretonnian, 9 Dwarf, 6 Elf, 8 Orc, 4 Norse, 1 Dark Elf and 1 Shorefort.



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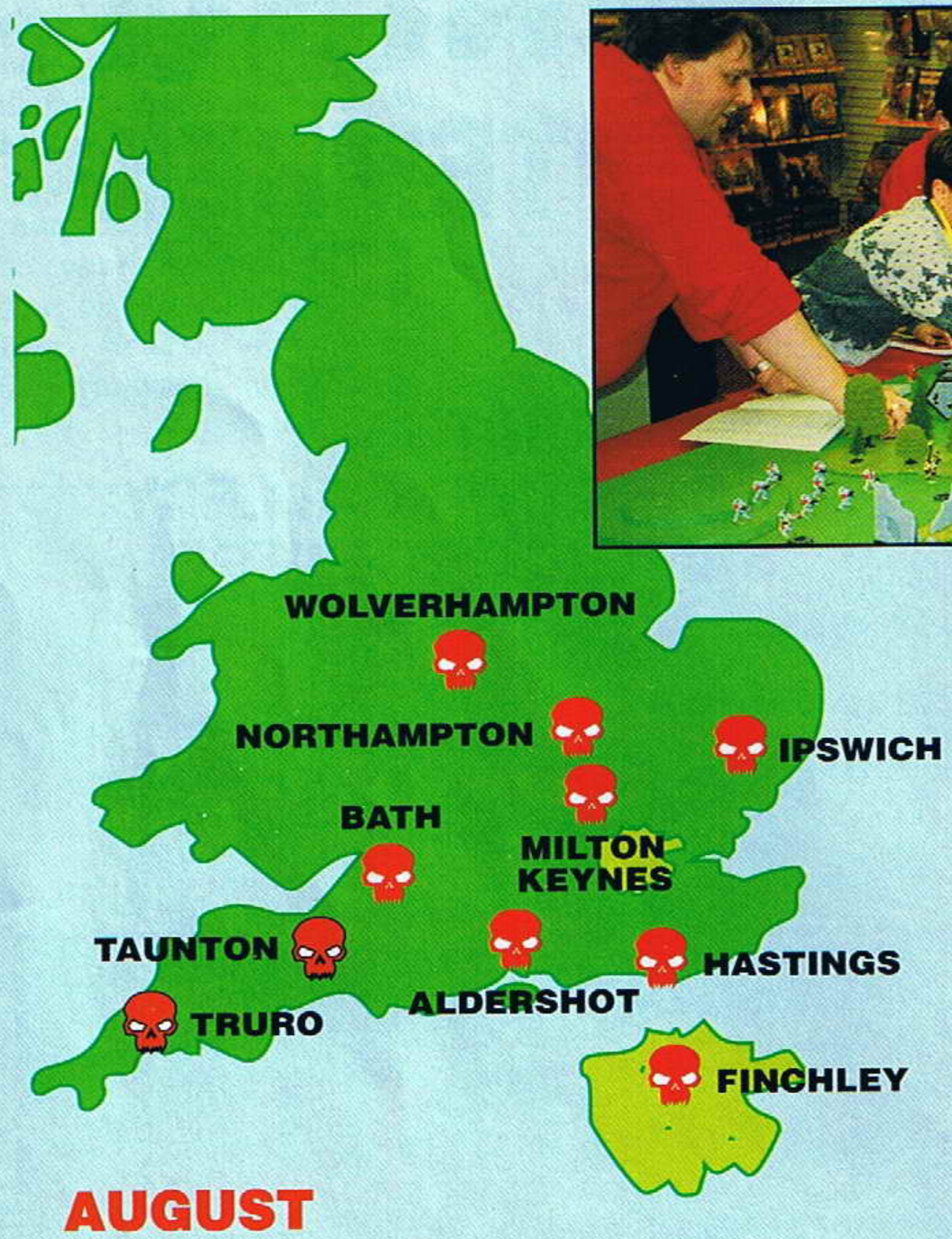
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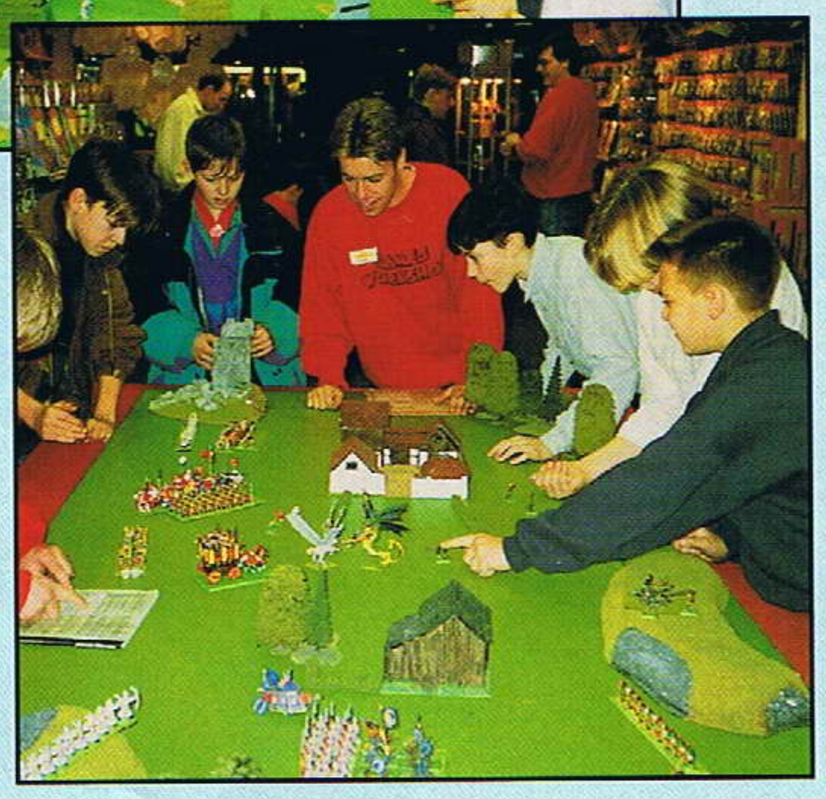
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BATTLE DAYS

This summer Games Workshop goes on the road with our special Warhammer Battle Days. We're coming to towns that currently don't have a Games Workshop store, to bring along our gaming tables, miniature painting experts and gamers for a whole day of competitions, prizes and special events.







AUGUST

23rd	TRURO	Corrick Sport and Recreation Centre, Crewe Rd. Hendra.
24th	TAUNTON	Albermarle Assembly Rooms, Albermarle Rd.
25th	BATH	Leisure Centre, New King St.
26th	ALDERSHOT	Octagon Area, The Arcade, Little Wellington St.
27th	MILTON KEYNES	The Argo Centre, Walverton.
30th	NORTHAMPTON	Danes Camp Leisure Centre, East Hunsbury.
31st	IPSWICH	Council Chambers, Town Hall, Corn Hill

SEPTEMBER

1st	FINCHLEY	Church Hall Christ Church, 620 High Road, North Finchley.
2nd	HASTINGS	The Carlisle, 24, Pelham St.
3rd	WOLVERHAMPTON	Lighthouse Media Centre, The Chubb Buildings, Friar St.

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WARHAMMER®

MIGHTY HEROES

Special rules for Goblin and Dwarf characters in Warhammer

GROM THE PAUNCH OF MISTY MOUNTAIN

Cost for Grom the Paunch 80 points

Niblit: +65 points with Battle Standard

Chariot: +62 points

Axe of Grom: +50 points

Your army may be led by Grom the Paunch of Misty Mountain. If you decide to do this, Grom is the Warlord of your army and therefore replaces the Warlord described in the main army list. Grom is accompanied by his Goblin assistant Niblit who also carries the army's battle banner. Niblit replaces the normal battle standard bearer option in the army list. Your army must include at least one unit of Goblins if it is led by Grom.

Grom is a hugely obese and extremely fierce Goblin Warlord. According to legend he once ate a plate of raw Troll meat which is regenerating within him all the time. As a result he is very fat and suffers from constant agony due to chronic indigestion, which may explain why he is so fierce. He rides a massive chariot pulled by three wolves, and swings his mighty axe Elf-Biter. He is accompanied by his assistant Niblit the Goblin who carries the army's battle standard. As a result of eating the troll flesh he has developed several troll-like traits and has an almost trollish resistance to injury.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grom	4	5	6	4	4	3	5	4	7
Niblit	4	3	4	4	3	1	3	2	5
Chariot	-	-	-	7	7	3	1	-	-
Giant Wolf	9	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	3

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Grom wears a suit of light armour, and is armed with the huge Axe of Grom. Grom rides a chariot pulled by three giant wolves and is accompanied by his Goblin attendant Niblit who carries the army's battle standard.

MAGIC ITEMS: Grom may carry up to three magic items including the mighty Axe of Grom. The magic item card for Grom's axe is included in the Warhammer game itself. Other magic items may be chosen from the cards in Warhammer Battle Magic as usual. Niblit may carry a single magic item chosen from Warhammer Battle Magic.



SPECIAL RULES

REGENERATE

Grom can regenerate wounds in the same way as a Troll. This works as follows. If Grom suffers one or more wounds from shooting, combat, or whatever, he can try to recover these wounds at the end of the phase in which they are inflicted. Roll a dice for each wound. If you roll a 4 or more that wound has regenerated. Any regenerated wounds are reinstated. If Grom is slain he may still try to regenerate wounds suffered, and if successful he is not killed after all. Like Trolls, Grom cannot regenerate wounds suffered from flames or burning. If he sustains one or more wounds from flames then he loses his ability to regenerate, and he won't even be able to regenerate wounds inflicted by ordinary weapons.

HEAVY METAL

GOBLIN SQUIG HOPPERS

Some of the most insane Goblin Squig Herders are driven to ride their Squigs into battle. These maniacs are known as Squig Hoppers, and the most skilled of them are actually able to direct their Squigs towards the enemy ranks. However, in the frenzy of battle many Squigs prove impossible to control and bounce about in an unpredictable manner, attacking friend and foe alike.



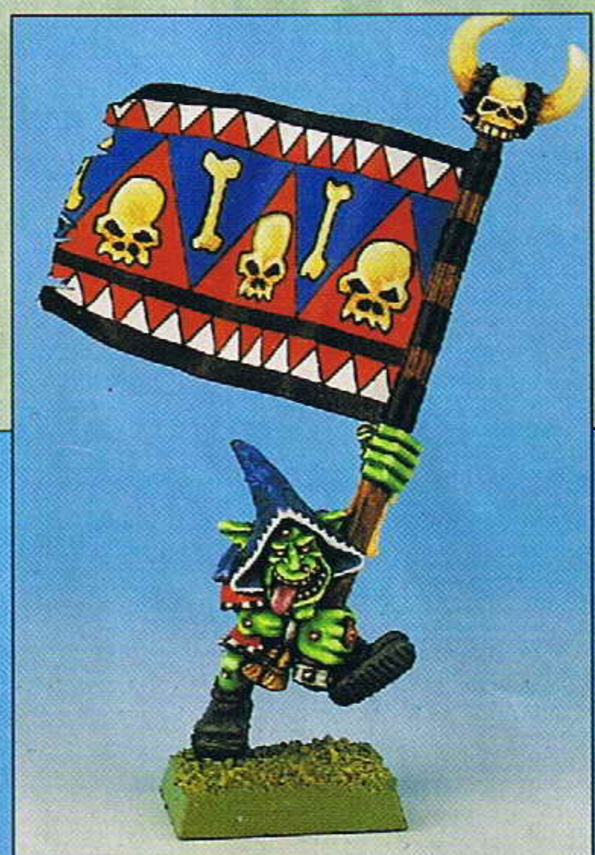


GROM THE PAUNCH OF MISTY MOUNTAIN



GROM THE PAUNCH

Grom the Paunch is a hugely obese and extremely fierce Goblin Warlord. As a result of devouring Troll-flesh Grom has developed a Troll-like resistance to injury and is able to regenerate wounds. Wielding his mighty axe Elf-Biter and accompanied by his faithful standard bearer Niblit, Grom rides into battle on a massive chariot pulled by three snarling wolves.



NIBLIT



GROM'S BATTLE CHARIOT

NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG HOPPERS

Night Goblin Squig Hunters have a carefree attitude to the dangers posed by huge and hungry Cave Squigs. Most have impressive scars which they cheerfully exhibit to anyone foolhardy enough to express an interest. Drunken Squig Hunters often compete with each other to show off their most horrific injuries and tell (grossly exaggerated) tales of how they were earned. The most reckless Squig Hunters even ride Squigs into battle, grabbing hold of the Squig's tiny horns or ears, and bouncing along as the Squig leaps about. These bravados are called Squig Hoppers. Squig Hoppers don't fight in Mobs because individual Squigs move in an unpredictable manner while their riders hang on as best they can. A skilled Goblin can direct his Squig vaguely towards the enemy, but some Squigs prove almost impossibe to control and end up bouncing around on top of everybody.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hunter	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5
Bouncing Squig	2D6"	4	0	5	3	1	5	2	2



SPECIAL RULES

MOVEMENT

Each Squig Hopper is moved randomly along with other compulsory movement at the start of the movement phase. Like Goblin Fanatics, Squig Hoppers are moved as individual models and do not fight in units. Begin by nominating the direction you wish the Squig Hopper to move in and then bounce it 2D6" in that direction. On the roll of a double the Squig moves the distance indicated but in an entirely random direction. Use the Scatter dice to establish the direction moved in the same way as for Goblin Fanatics.

Squigs bounce over intervening troops and scenery and land where indicated. They can therefore land directly on top of models, in the middle of a unit, etc. If a Squig lands on top of any other model it will attack as described below and then bounce off again! Nominate a direction once more and move the Squig Hopper again in the same way. Continue to bounce the Squig Hopper and continue to attack until it fails to land on a model.



If Squig Hoppers land in a river or lake the squig sinks like a stone, drowning both squig and rider! If a Squig Hopper bounces off the table it does not return.

PSYCHOLOGY

The Squig is literally hopping mad and certainly far too angry to take any psychology or other leadership tests. It cannot be broken in hand-to-hand combat and is immune to the effects of psychology. The Night Goblin just hangs on and has no effect upon the Squig's determination.

FIGHTING

When a Squig Hopper lands on any model the Squig will bite it. The Goblin may also strike a blow if you want, but does not have to (if you land on one of your own units, for example). The Squig and Goblin hit automatically – no roll to hit is necessary. Work out damage as normal. The enemy models may not fight back as they are too surprised to react in time to return blows.

CHARGING A SQUIG HOPPER

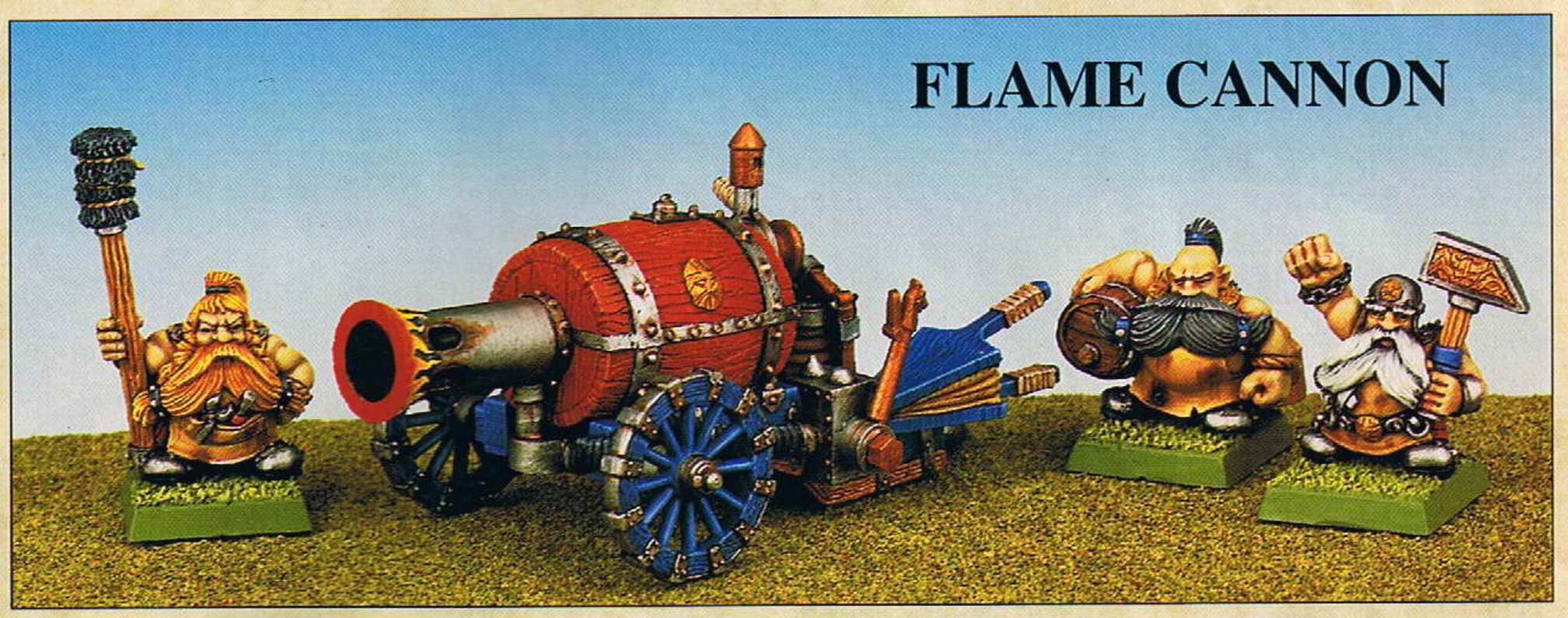
An enemy unit may charge a Squig Hopper and fight it in hand-to-hand combat exactly as if it were a normal cavalry model. Once engaged in hand-to-hand combat in this way the Squig Hopper is pinioned to the ground and does not move away. This means it fights exactly like any other model in hand-to-hand combat except that it is immune to psychology and does not take a break test. Should its enemies be destroyed or forced to flee the Squig is free to start bouncing again.

SHOOTING

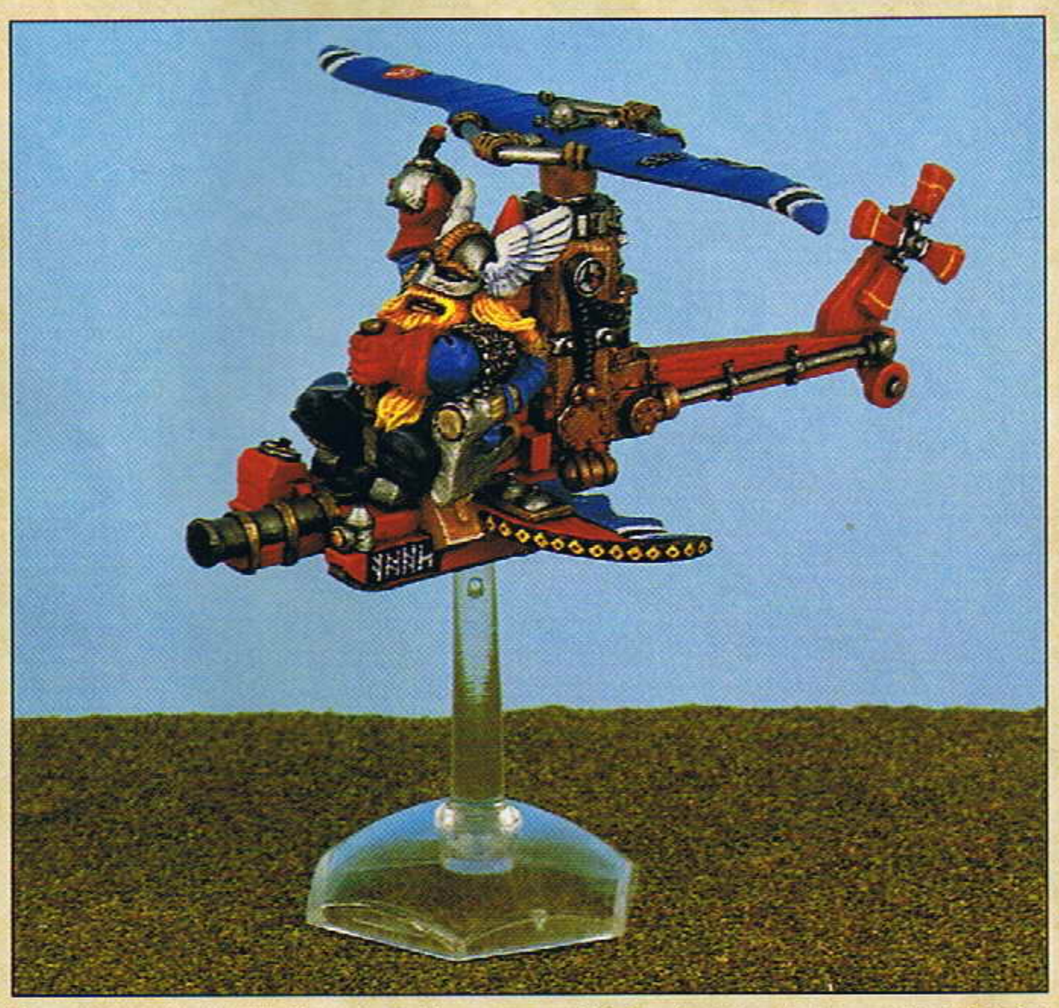
Squig Hoppers are treated like any other cavalry when hit by missile fire. Work out the shot against the rider and remove the entire model if the rider is slain. A saving throw of 6 is permitted to take account of the Squig.

WARHAMMER®

DWARF WAR MACHINES



The Flame Cannon strikes fear into the hearts of even the Dwarfs' staunchest foes. A highly volatile concoction of hot oil and molten tar is stored in the barrel, and when this is ignited it blasts out a searing jet of flaming liquid which incinerates anything in its path.



GYROCOPTER

Gyrocopters are deadly flying machines that swoop down from mountain crags to blast the enemy with bombs and burn them with scalding jets of superhot steam. Gyrocopters can soar above the battlefield and strike at the heart of the enemy's army.

Models designed by Michael Perry
and Normal Swales
Miniatures supplied unpainted.

These models requires assembly. We recommend that parts are carefully cleaned and trimmed with a modelling knife before assembly, and that the model is undercoated before painting with Citadel paints.

Warning! These products contains lead which may be harmful if chewed or swallowed. Citadel Miniatures are not recommended for children under 14 years of age.

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JOHN BLANCHE

DWARF CHARACTERS

KING KAZADOR OF KARAK AZUL

Cost for King Kazador 174 points

+ 170 points Weapon Runes

+100 points Armour Runes

Kazador is the aged King of Karak Azul. He is a massive Dwarf, and incredibly strong even by the extraordinary standards of Dwarf kings. He is said to have once lifted a fully-laden ore pony which had stumbled and become trapped in a crevasse. In his younger days he would cheerfully repeat the performance when challenged. It is said that he could (and frequently did) out drink all the Dwarfs in his kingdom. His younger days were full of feasting and fighting, bawdy songs and raucous humour, and, of course, battles. Lots of battles, so that the Orcs soon started to avoid the area altogether. Ruling over a kingdom surrounded by greenskins gave Kazador few worries. In fact he found it rather convenient, and spent the summer months hunting Goblins in the mountains.

Sadly those days are long gone. Today nothing gives King Kazador joy. He no longer has any appetite and food always displeases him. Ale is always weak and is unable to lift his spirits. He no longer hunts Goblins in the mountains or bellows with laughter at some casual jest. Today he sits in the darkness of Karak Azul and broods. His subjects trace his decline to the Orc attack when Gorfang the Warlord of Black Crag infiltrated the stronghold, pillaging and looting. Although the Orcs were driven out they took captives, including many of Kazador's own kin. Even today Kazador knows that his own people are rotting in the dungeons of Black Crag, and so far he has been unable to recover them or to avenge their deaths (if dead they be).

Kazrik, the king's son, suffered a fate nearly as bad. Captured along with his kin folk in the king's own throne room, the young Dwarf Lord was not taken captive but shaved and nailed firmly to Kazador's throne as a gesture of contempt. The king has promised half his hoard to the Dwarf who brings his kinsfolk back alive; a quarter of it to anyone who brings their dead bodies back to rest in Karak Azul. To anyone who kills Gorfang he has promised the pick of his treasures. Since Kazador is wealthy as only a Dwarf king can be this offer has caused a lot of excitement in the Dwarf realms.

The only thing that lightens Lord Kazador's gloom is being able to settle old scores and to this end he has led armies all over the Dwarf realms. He has become a dark and brooding avenger, a pursuer of his people's enemies, and callous destroyer of evil wherever he finds it. As he leads his armies into battle he sounds the great Thunderhorn to proclaim that King Kazador has come to take his revenge once more. Perhaps he hopes that one day he will meet Gorfang in battle, so that at last he can avenge himself on his enemy and lift the burden of responsibility that lies upon his heart.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kazador	3	7	6	5	5	3	5	4	10
Rune Bonus		+1							

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Kazador is armed with the great Hammer of Karak Azul and the Armour of the King of Karak Azul. He carries an ancient horn of immense proportions called the Thunderhorn.

THE HAMMER OF KARAK AZUL

The great Hammer of Karak Azul has been borne by the royal line of Azul since the time of Grungni, and it can only be lifted by a member of Kazador's clan. This mighty two-handed warhammer is forged from gromril, and it bears an unusually potent combination of runes: the Master Rune of Death (all wounds kill), the Rune of Striking (+1 Weapon Skill) and the Rune of Might (double Strength against creatures tougher than Kazador).

THE ARMOUR OF THE KING OF KARAK AZUL

This armour was forged in ancient days and is worn by the King of Karak Azul whenever he marches to war. It is forged from the finest gromril. The armour bears the master Rune of Adamant (+2 save) and the Rune of Resistance (re-roll save on 4+).

THE THUNDERHORN

The Thunderhorn is carved from an ancient tusk said to have been brought by the Dwarfs from the distant south in ages past. It has been carried into battle by every Lord of Azul since Karak Azul was founded. It bears the Master Rune of Dismay (enemy must test against Ld to move).

UNGRIM IRONFIST THE SLAYER KING OF KARAK KADRIN

Cost for Ungrim Ironfist 210 points

+ 90 points Weapon Runes

+55 points Armour Runes

+70 points Talismanic Runes

Many years ago Ungrim's five times great grandsire, King Baragor, suffered a great and terrible loss which drove him to take the oath of the Slayers. What caused him to make such a sudden and drastic decision is not recorded in the Book of Grudges of Karak Kadrin, nor in the Records of the Kings, nor even the stronghold's Book of Days. It is commonly assumed that the cause was the death of his daughter at the claws of the great dragon Skaladrak on her way to marry the son of the High King at Karaz-a-Karak. In any case, Baragor became the first Slayer King of Karak Kadrin.

Torn between his two conflicting vows, the oath of a Slayer to seek out death and the oath of a king to watch over and protect his people, Baragor was unable to fulfil either properly. In the end, good Dwarf sense prevailed, and he found a way to honour both his vows after a fashion. He founded the shrine of Grimnir, the Shrine of Slayers in Karak Kadrin, and with generous donations to the cult he established a haven for Slayers from all over the Dwarf realms. Soon Karak Kadrin was acknowledged as the home of the Slayer Cult, hitherto a scattered group of individuals wandering amongst the mountains.

Although Baragor could not fulfil his own vows while his people needed him, he could help others to do so, and as such he upheld his honour and was considered a wise and

EAVY METAL

CHAOS DWARF HEROES



SORCEROR



HERO



LORD

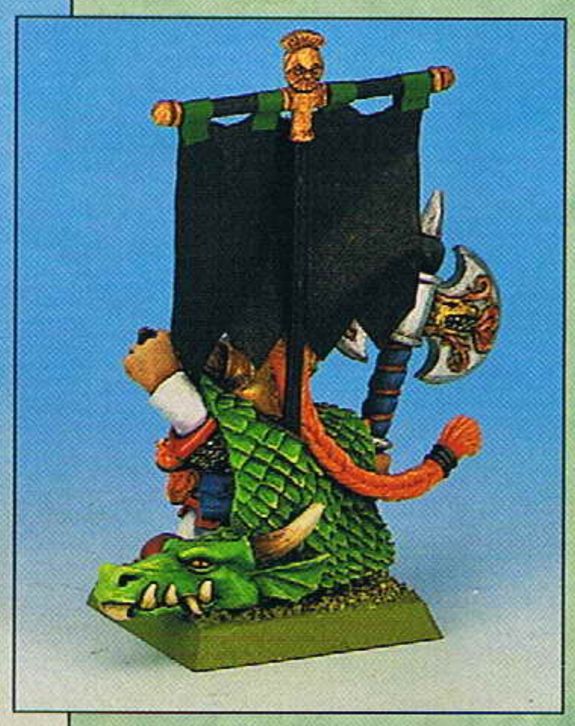
DWARF CHARACTERS



KING KAZADOR OF KARAK AZUL



UNGRIM IRONFIST, SLAYER KING OF KARAK KADRIN



DETAIL OF UNGRIM IRONFIST'S DRAGON CLOAK

reasonable Dwarf by all concerned. Baragor died in a tunnel cave-in deep below Karak Kadrin, his Slayer's vow still unfulfilled. His son, Dargo, inherited not only the kingdom, but his father's vow as well, and became the second of a line of Slayer Kings. His living descendant is King Ungrim Ironfist, the current Slayer King of Karak Kadrin.

Ungrim bears the burden of his forebear's vow. His very name, Ungrim, means oath-bound or oath-breaker, and is a reminder of his dual responsibilities. Like Baragor before him, he is possessed of sound Dwarf sense, a strong arm, and the complete loyalty to Dwarfkind which perhaps only a Dwarf king can understand. He is a great warrior and is acknowledged by even the High King as the best living battle leader and the most accomplished of generals. It was Ungrim Ironfist and the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin that finally defeated and captured the Orc Warlord Gnashrak at the Battle of Broken Leg Gulley. This ended Gnashrak's threat to Karaz-a-Karak and undoubtedly saved the Dwarf High King's realm and earned Ungrim the eternal gratitude of his people. The High King, Thorgrim Grudgebearer, gave Ungrim a mighty heirloom in recognition of his deeds. This was the dragon cloak made by the Runesmith Heganbor for High King Finn Sourscowl from the skin of the dragon Fyrskar.

The Slayer Crown sits atop Ungrim's head. This is a sturdy horned helmet with golden crown, on top of which is a huge bright orange crest like a Slayer's hair. The king's beard is also vivid orange, dyed brightly as is the tradition of Slayers, and carefully bound with golden rings and brightly coloured ribbons. His appearance is every inch a king and a Slayer! He is armed with a mighty two-handed axe of monstrous size and enscribed with many potent runes. This is the Axe of Dargo, reforged from Baragor's own axe, and enscribed in Khazalid with the oath of a Slayer.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ungrim	3	7	6	4	5	3	5	4	10
Rune Bonus					+1				

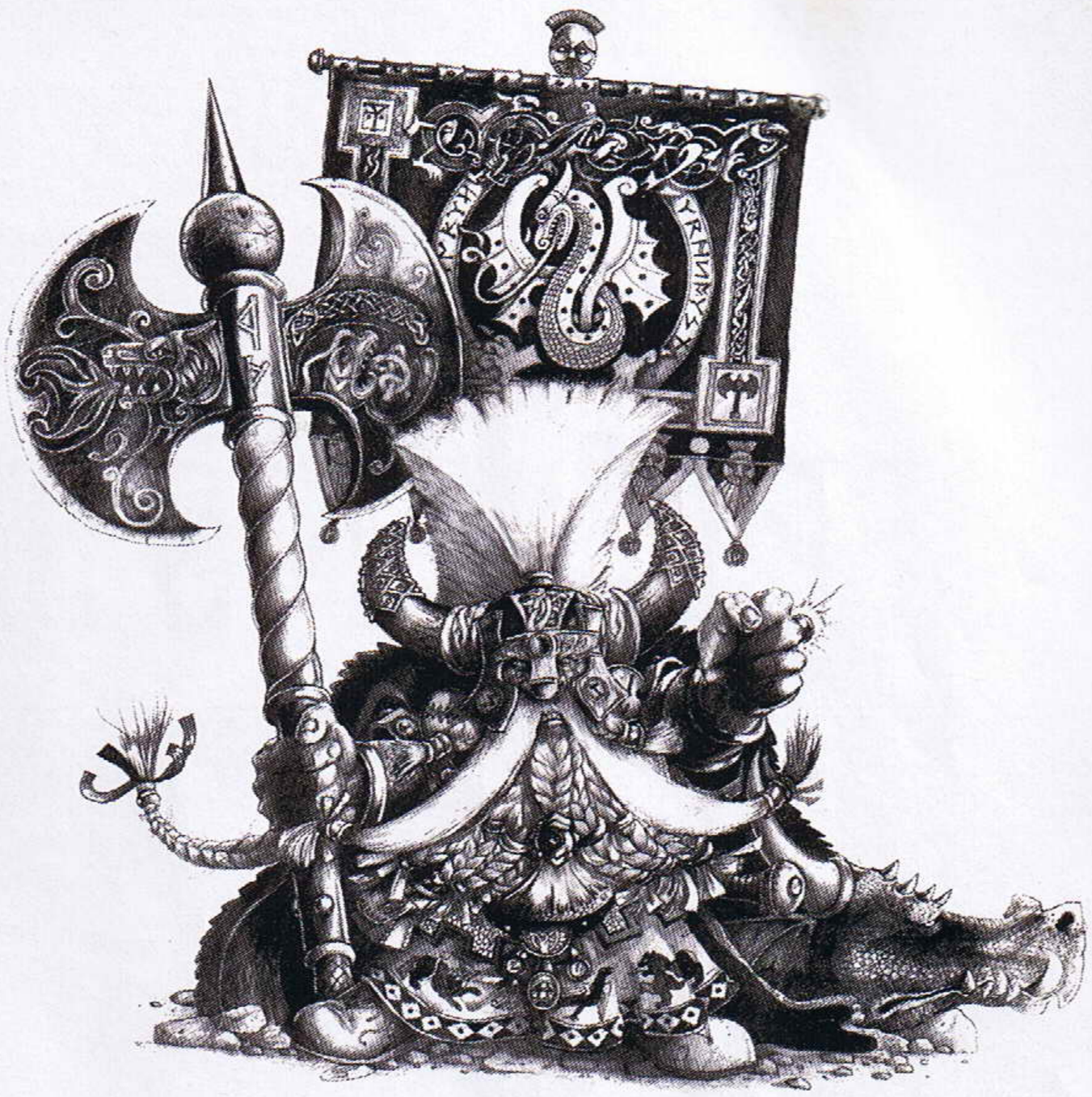
WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Ungrim wears heavy armour over which hangs his heavy Dragon Cloak. He carries the mighty Axe of Dargo, and upon his head he wears the Slayer Crown.

AXE OF DARGO

The double-handed Axe of Dargo is a mighty weapon inscribed with a Rune of Smiting (causes D6 wounds) and Rune of Parrying (-1 enemy Attack).

THE SLAYER CROWN

This majestic helmet is part of the king's armour and has two armour runes inscribed on it. These are a Rune of Iron (+1 Toughness) and Rune of Stone (+1 armour save – ie save of 4+).



DRAGON CLOAK

The Dragon Cloak bears the Master Rune of Spite (rebounds wounds on a 4+), Rune of the Furnace (immune to fire), and the Rune of Luck (one re-roll during game).

SPECIAL RULES

As the Slayer King Ungrim Ironfist is affected by some (though not all) the special Slayer Rules as follows.

1. He is unaffected by psychology rules (fear, terror, panic etc) except for *hatred* of Orcs and Goblins. Note that if leading a unit which flees due to fear or panic, Ungrim is also forced to flee even though immune himself – see the Warhammer rulebook Heroes and Wizards section for details about how psychology affects characters with units.

2. Ungrim cannot be broken in hand-to-hand combat. His Leadership value of 10 is still used by any unit he is leading to test for psychology, rally tests or breaking as normal. As with psychology, Ungrim will be forced to flee if the unit he is fighting with breaks even though he is immune himself – see the Warhammer rulebook Heroes and Wizards section for details.

3. Slayer Skill. When fighting opponents with a Toughness greater than his own Strength, Ungrim's Strength is counted as equal to the enemy's Toughness. Hits will therefore always wound on a score of at least 4+. In this respect Ungrim counts as a Daemon Slayer – see the Slayer rules in the Warhammer Armies – Dwarfs book for details.

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DWARF REGIMENT OF RENOWN

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Miniatures designed by Michael Perry

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DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR



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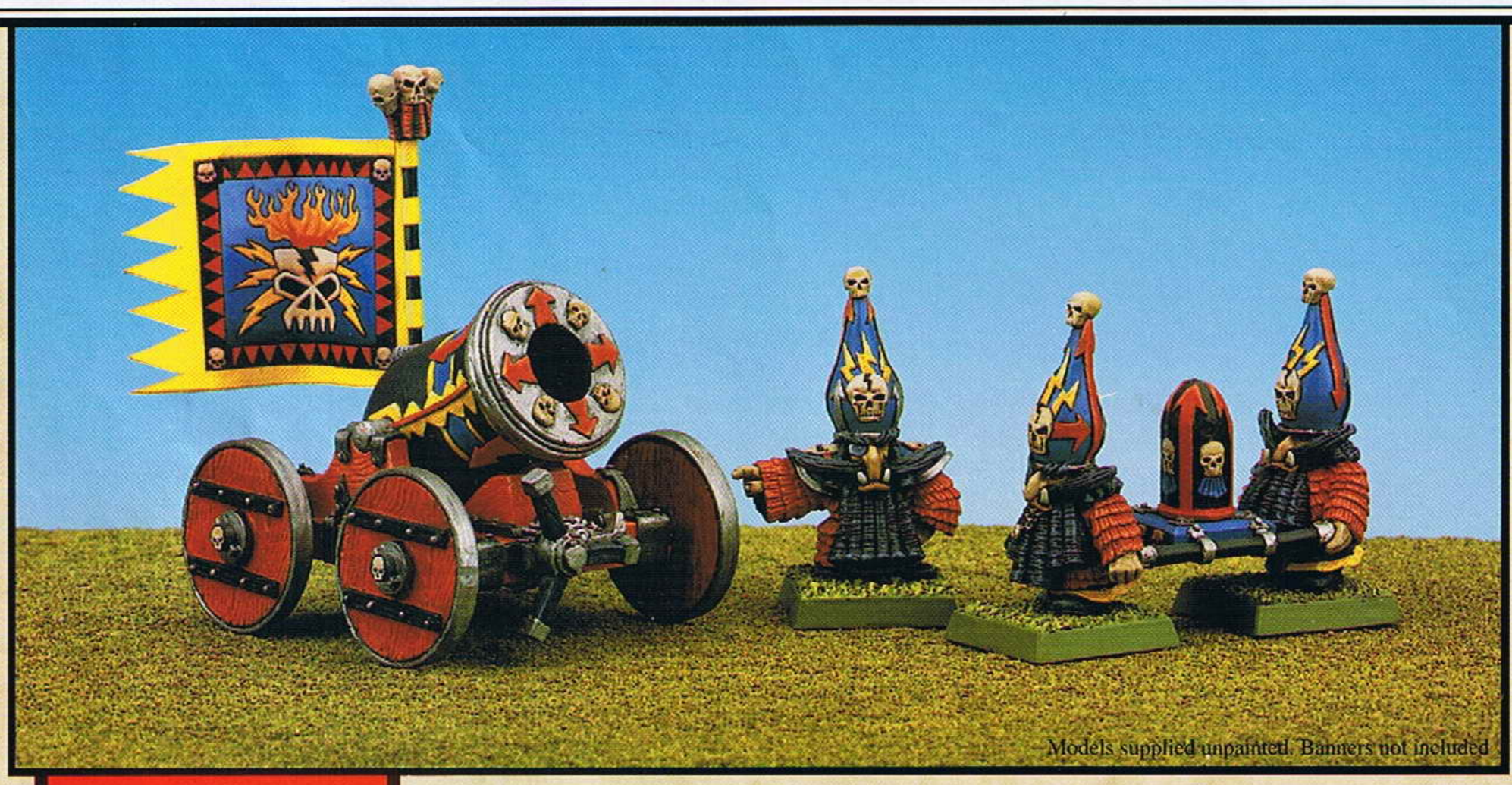


DRAGON PRINCES LEAD SILVER HELMS AND REAVER KNIGHTS TO BATTLE

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CHAOS DWARF

EARTHSHAKER



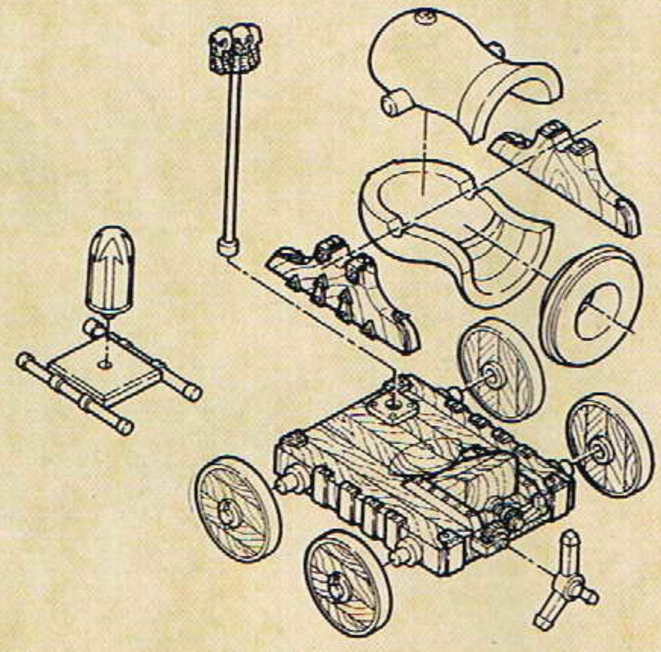
Miniatures designed by Alan Perry and Norman Swales

Models supplied unpainted. Banners not included

MIGHTY CANNON OF DESTRUCTION

The Earthshaker Cannon is a deadly engine of destruction and one of the most feared weapons in the arsenal of the Chaos Dwarfs. It fires a heavy shell which blasts enemy units to pieces as it smashes into the ground.

The shockwaves from the explosion are so strong that nearby troops can be thrown to the ground and will often be too stunned to fight, or even move.





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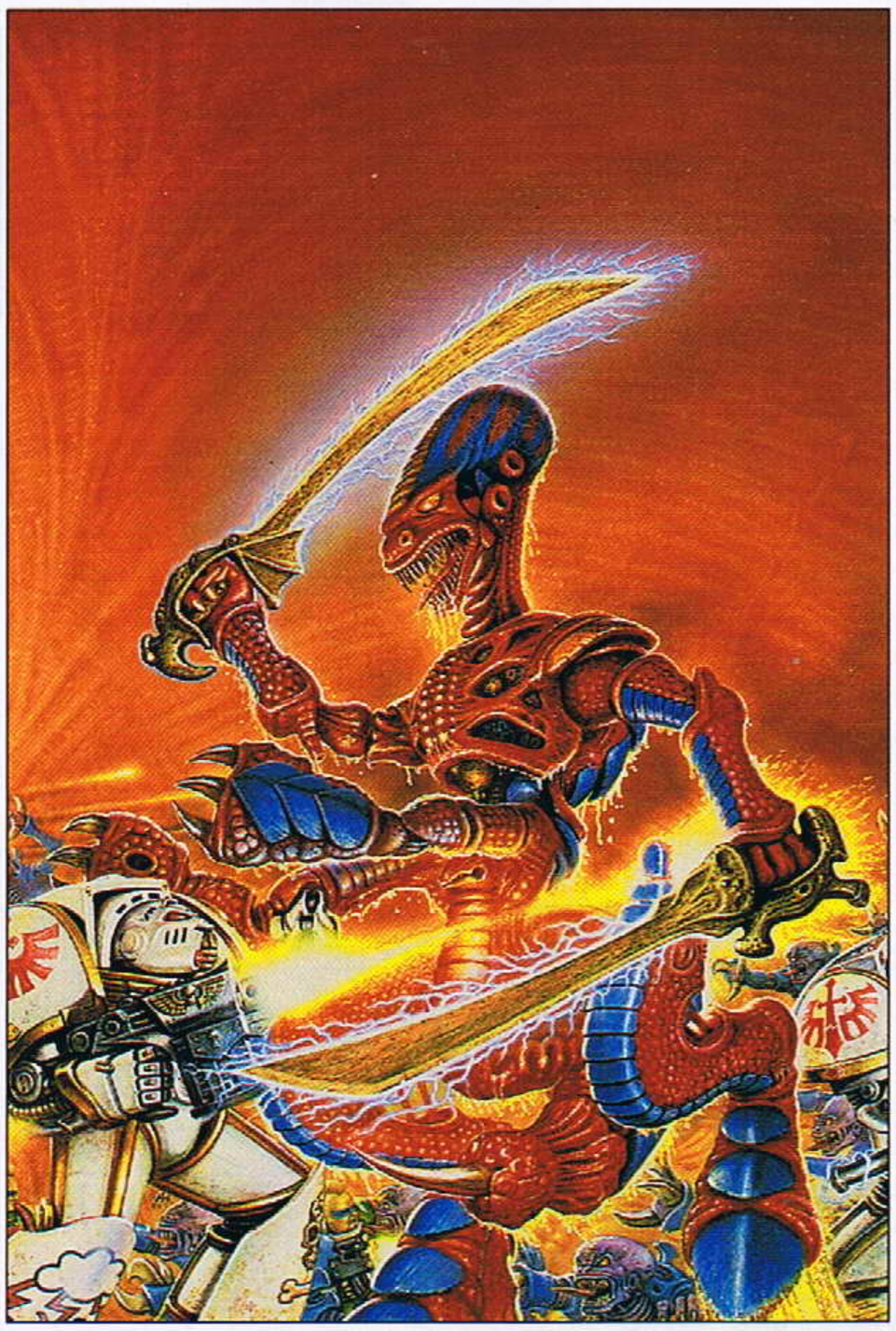
WARHAMMER® 40,000

SPACE MARINE

By Ian Watson

Last month saw the release of Deathwing, the third volume in the new series of Warhammer 40,000 fiction. In this special extract from Space Marine by Ian Watson, one of the first two releases, we follow the adventures of three young boys recruited from the hive world of Necromunda as they are inducted into the Imperial Fists chapter of the Space Marines. Lexandro d'Arquebus had been born to a life of privilege in the upper levels of the Oberon Spire of Trazior Hive. His comrades Yeremi Valance and Biff Tundrish had not been so lucky. Yeremi was the son of technicians domiciled on the lower hab levels of Trazior. His boyhood had been spent in Tech gangs defending the family holding. Biff Tundrish was a scumnik, a piece of human debris from the polluted, lawless undercity.

As we join the story, the three young men are now fully-fledged Space Marines and are on a mission to penetrate and explore the interior of a Tyranid ship…



GERRY GRACE

A coccyx of bleached bone jutted into space, bearing the sphincter at its tip like a quartet of triangular haemorrhoids clutched within bands of livid muscle. Where the heads of these scarlet protuberances touched, a tiny hole still puffed acidic discharge.

The nose of the torpedo impacted rupturingly in that meatus, wrenching its tissue open, burrowing deeper, convulsively with thrusts of its jets as the Fists clung to stanchions.

The torpedo rocked as a shaped charge on the nose-cone erupted, blasting a passageway ahead. Swiftly the spring-loaded cone itself petalled open, becoming a fourfold hatch pressing fiercely against the inner anal walls in the manner of a surgical dilator.

"Out, out, out!"

This rectum of the alien ship curved rightward, a-slosh with steaming cloacal fluids, banded with slowly pulsing purple peristaltic sinew. The high shriek of escaping atmosphere had already diminished to a whistle as the injured anus cramped tighter, reflexively, around the girth of the plasteel troop-carrier which had penetrated it.

The colon itself soon branched into multiple oozing tubes too small to enter. But the side wall had been lacerated into thick gristly ribbons. Captain Helstrom and Lieutenant Vonreuter sliced at a mass of blast-dissected cartilage with their power swords, carving a crude wide doorway that bled gluey snottish threads.

Beyond, a hooped oval chamber leprously aglow with a skin of white algae, and ankle-deep in glutinous dank sludge. A trio of tall deltoid doors stood open upon ribbed corridors. Tubes looped along one corridor like glossy intestines strung on crutches of varnished bone. Swollen varicose veins webbed

areas of tissue between the ribs. The curved jambs of those doorways trembled, holding back a pulsing curtain of puckered flesh.

Each door was some kind of mindless slave-creature, anchored by tentacles, whose only role was to open and shut. As more Marines crowded into the chamber, Yeri was thrust towards a door and poked one of several softly glowing green nodules on its muscular rim with the barrel of his bolt gun, prying experimentally — as an ex-tech well might. The stiff fleshy curtain relaxed with a sigh, shutting itself tight but for a long dimpled crack.

"We're being shut in!" exclaimed someone.

"No — " Yeri probed again. The door dilated open once more. "Pressure of the blast must have activated the doors..."

"It got all those buttons to push at different heights," Biff observed. "Must be critters of lots of different sizes on board and the tallest must be at least twice a man's height..."

Lex rubbed condensation from the outside of his visor. The air was so humid. However, a silver ikon of nostrils winked upon his field of vision. So the atmosphere was breathable enough.

Captain Helstrom was calling for the two Marine Scout squads to vacate the torpedo and join their armoured seniors, further packing the chamber. They, of course, wore no helmets, and swore at the full impact of the foetid odours which the Marines' suits merely brought a diagnostic whiff of, to the wearers' olfactory lobes.

The alien ship wheezed and rumbled, droned and gurgled — from afar off, nearby, who could tell? Vibrations propagated through the flesh and bone. Echoes haunted the corridors. Algae on the walls of the chamber was sliding — clumping into bizarre blotches. Were those recording the nature of the damage to the orifice by which the Fists had entered?

"Dumb design, those doors," sneered Biff. "If your arse craps out, you don't want half your guts flying outa the hole. You want your inner bulkheads shut!"

"They would have closed," said Yeri. "But then the shaped blast ripped through and pushed with just the right pressure to open them —"

A whirring of wings...

From along one corridor flapped a cloud of scaly, violet, batlike creatures. Claws serrated their wings. The rushing cloud thickened rapidly, purpling then blackening the corridor. Biff hit at a control nodule on the door jamb — but that door must be heeding some ultrasonic signal broadcast by the cloud. It stayed open.

Hand flamers brought down dozens, hundreds of the creatures. Blazing clusters, fused together by the ignited jellified oil, sizzled in the sludge. The door also blazed, its muscles and rooted tentacles writhing as if agonised. Still more bats thronged, squealing, into the chamber, clotting the air. Marines clawed down fistfuls, crushing the flying vermin. A Scout shrieked...

"Stand still! Do nothing!" bellowed Helstrom.

He was right. He was right. The bat-things weren't intent on the Marines at all.

Mindlessly they were attaching themselves to that opening which power swords had carved in the tattered wall of the colon. Reaching out, they hooked together. Thus they created a protective patching membrane made of themselves. More bats dived upon this, thickening it. Claws pierced neighbouring bodies. Hot sulphurous juices squirted, vulcanizing the rubbery anatomies, stiffening and fixing them in place. Presently the gaping hole was sealed.



Most of the rest of the horde quenched the burning door with their bodies. At last the flow of bat-things ceased. Late comers settled upon the colour-coded blotches of algae and began to feed, digesting whatever information those contained, or perhaps erasing it as obsolete.

In three separate groups, Marines and Scouts began to move out cautiously along the trio of diverging corridors. Whenever they returned — if ever they returned — they would cut or blast their way through that stiff membrane of a thousand dead beasts to reach the torpedo...

A curdled light suffused the broad bone-braced passageway that Yeri trod along, dogging Lex's heels. Biff trailed a little way behind. He was keeping an eye on the half dozen raw Scouts. So was Sergeant Juron.

Juron and he weren't worried that those mighty rumbustious striplings might rampage away impulsively down some side branch. They were conscious of what full Marines sometimes murmured of as the "can-airy factor".

Legend had it that long ago in the foul toxic depths of Necromunda, scavvy gangs used to carry a twittering yellow birdy in a box on expeditions into unknown chambers. That birdy was sensitive to levels of pollution. The melodies it tweeted were a litmus of the air quality. If it shut up, or keeled over, better slap on a respirator quickly or else die in spasms.

'Course, any such morsels of captive live protein had long since vanished down guys' and gals' gobs on Necro' — 'cept up in the high towers maybe. Nowadays you had reactive patches to show up poisons, 'suming you could find or trade or steal some; and most Scavvies couldn't... Yet the saying lingered on. "Can you breath the airy? Send in a can-airy!"

Sure, the Scouts had respirators in their kit, but they didn't have full armour because their carapaces weren't meshed in to their nerves yet. Thus they were a kind of litmus, a kind of can-airy. And by now the full Marines had their visors open so as to conserve their air tanks. So Biff kept a wary eye on the can-airy Scouts.

Normally, he guessed that Lord Pugh wouldn't have sent Scouts on a first foray into such an environment. However, the whole chapter was in on this mission to penetrate a trio of the alien vessels. The other cousinly chapters were targeting similar groups of ships — while imperial battleships stood by to blast as many more as possible apart. If possible.

Willy-nilly, it was can-airy time for Scouts, who couldn't seal themselves up tight.

If Lord Pugh lost too many of his Scouts, would he find some other part of his own sensory system or his anatomy that was disposable, as a penance? After taste buds, what else? Perhaps his eyes? Perhaps he would have those replaced with harsh schematic cyberlenses which would eradicate any softness from his perceptions?

Pushy Lex paced ahead with Vonreuter as though he was the

Lieutenant's special aide. Vonreuter was an almost albino blond, with washed-out limpid eyes and duelling scars that seemed like little teeth set in his cheeks. The party numbered thirty — their stretched boarding torpedo had been capacity-packed with ninety men.

So far, so good.

Or bad.

Walls in this region were a mass of mauve jelly-blobs oozing thin strings of blue exudate on to a disconcertingly glowing spongy floor. Each bootstep printed a temporary luminous puddle in that sponge. Iridescent beetles dropped into these from the ceiling where they had seemed like glittery scales. They spun in a frenzy of drinking — and died, floating belly up.

As the spongy material resumed its former contours, arachnids darted from fleshy puce vents low down the walls to chew the beetles and vomit the cud into those same vents. These arachnids were little more than oversized jaws and a digestive sac mounted on six flexible spidery legs.

Jointed arches, which ribbed the walls, flexed occasionally. Sometimes a questing tentacle wavered out from a hole in the bone. Vents sighed gases, adding an ammoniacal reek to the hot wet cocktail of sweaty vapours, tart pheromones, sour xenohormones, mildew, spice of attar, and a pervasive odour of not-quite-nutmeg. Oh for Lord Vladimir Pugh's inability to savour.

"This whole ship seems biological," Vonreuter was saying, as he cut down one such tentacle. The appendage flopped about and grew hexagonal ruby eyes on stalks. Snakelike, it tried to slither away into a purulent yellow depression. The Lieutenant sliced it up with his sword. "So I'd say we'll find controlling organs somewhere deep in it. Like a heart, and a kidneys..."

Organs.

Deep.

The passageway branched. The saturated sponge continued for only a few metres along the leftward fork before withering into a scrofulous mat where carmine slugs were grazing. Clusters of polyps were melted glutinously down the walls, releasing larvae which wriggled into vents. The tunnel was shedding its lining, revealing ridgy cartilage, plates of grey gristle.

Across the base of the rightward passage there swelled a large pink cyst. It was suggestive of some giant mutant female ape's bum presented for fertilisation. A low labial crater wall surrounded a semblance of a mouth with floppy lips pressed shut. The cyst was two metres across.

Marine Dolf Harlan was the first to try to cross the obstacle. He shut his visor before treading tentatively upon the side of the cyst prior to leaping. The surface was slimy. This would not have mattered, except that just then a larger relative of the patching bats came flapping at Harlan. It wrapped hooked wings around his helmet. As Harlan tore it loose, he took an inadvertent step forward.

He began to slip.

The cyst pulsed, dilated.

Harlan fell through its open lips.

Fell? He almost seemed pulled, so swiftly did he disappear through the floor.

The lips clamped shut again.

Vonreuter radioed to Harlan in vain. In vain he consulted the disposition readout on his faceplate. Dolf Harlan had vanished utterly from anywhere in the vicinity.

"Either he was disintegrated immediately," rasped Sergeant Stossen's voice-box, "or else he travelled elsewhere doublequick. In which case — "

"Lower a sensor down," the Lieutenant ordered.

The rune-painted sensor dangled on a fine strong chain like a thurible for burning incense to Rogal Dorn.

Chain ran through Stossen's gauntlet as sensor then tether were sucked down through the inner labia of the cyst — fiercely, till almost all of the chain had paid out. When Stossen



clenched his power fist and pulled, he drew up only a metre's length of tether. The rest, and the sensor, had disappeared, severed. Stossen and the Lieutenant consulted the small veneered telemetry screen clipped to the Sergeant's arm.

"Warp echo here, Sir. This thing's a teleporter — "

"There's no sign of reality-reentry — "

"Sensor must still be in the warp..."

"Harlan too?"

"Where's the sense in a teleporter that doesn't take you to any real destination?"

"Garbage disposal?"

"This thing's bigger than human size. Got to be for transport."

"No controls for co-ordinates."

"Maybe depends where you stand on the rim. Maybe you *stamp* out a signal. Harlan could be right at the heart of the vessel by now."

Yes, the cyst was an organic teleporter through warpspace — but to where?

Lex spoke up, brandishing his bolt gun. "Permission to follow Brother Harlan, Sirs!"

Yeri clamped tight on Lex's arm. "No you figging well don't. You're only saying that to get out of my sight, away from me."

Lex's reply was brief and withering. "Away from you?" Before either officer could respond to Lex's offer, the cyst in the floor convulsed...

Marines and Scouts drew back just as the great cyst ejected an armoured form.

No, it wasn't Harlan's. Nor was it any Marine's!

Before anyone could even dream of firing at this possible attacker, the suit slumped on to the floor — a dead weight.

The armour was tarnished, mottled, and blotched as if its very molecules were diseased. The figure possessed two arms and two legs yet crooked, crab-like ones. The suit was made all of ring segments, a flexible carapace of narrow jointed hoops unlike any style that Biff remembered studying in the scriptory... The helmet was a flattened domelet, featureless but for discolourations.

While one Battle Brother held the strange suit's annulate shoulders, another strove to unfasten that helmet smoothly.

It wouldn't budge.

With a twist of power the Brother wrenched that helmet free...

...releasing a dusty memory of long-bygone decay — and exposing a broad low knobby head resembling that of a turtle, parchmented with withered brown leathery skin. Quite mummified, in the sarcophagus of the suit. The eyes had dried to tiny buttons on threads. Long since.

The Lieutenant tested a skin sample with the antiquariometer from his tool pouch.

"The Carbon XIV reading gives an estimate of fourteen thousand years, plus or minus two thousand."

Aeons since...

In another galaxy, way back before the molluscoid vessel must have even commenced its crossing of the deeps...

A sense of awe stole over the Fists.

The alien's banded gauntlet still clutched, clawlike, a handgun of convoluted design made of some ceramic material.

As in this galaxy, so in others far away... death was the currency, so it seemed.

Vonreuter retrieved the defunct gun for future study. "This thing must have boarded the ship just as we're boarding it now," he surmised to Stossen. "I guess it stepped into this transporter cyst..." He scrutinised the acidic blemishes upon the armour. "And the transporter dumped it in... a solution of acid. Not a powerful acid. Its suit wasn't eaten away... More like a..." His voice wavered into disgust. "A stomach acid. And there our alien version of a Marine stayed for the next fourteen thousand years..."

"Till we gave the transporter crittur hiccups by sliding a chain down its gullet," murmured Biff. "Can we get Harlan back by making this figging thing puke? How 'bout dropping some choke grenades down its gob?"

Stossen nodded slowly.

"If this teleporter beast's instinct is to throw intruders into some digestive bit of it, we can't use it ourselves... How does it tell intruders... from residents? How do those residents tell it where they'd like to go — whoever they are?"

"Use choke," said Vonreuter. "But give the grenades some ballast. They're too light as they are. Use the alien's body."

Two Scouts held the turtle-creature up in its suit, over the lips of the cyst. Biff tore the skull loose and tossed it away. In rapid succession he thumbed three of the self-priming, coin-size grenades from the dispenser on his plasteel sleeve, and dropped these hastily down the vacated neck of the banded suit. The Scouts hurled the suit down through the cyst whence it had come. It vanished.

They waited.

Down in the unseen guts of the teleporter creature, where a gagging gas spewed from a headless suit, the dead alien soldier would be enacting a minor, long-delayed revenge against the creature which had choked it inside its own armour, stifling it on its own foul alien breath...

The surface of the cyst vibrated.

A groaning throb issued from the pursed lips.

Presently a bilious miasma drifted out — but no Harlan. No Battle Brother.

The Lieutenant was receiving a crackly signal on the command band; after which, he addressed his men.

"Terminator Librarian Captain Steinmuller advises all squads to thrust blast grenades into any floor cysts they come across. The Captain's Warp-sensitive. He says this creature is a worm-tangle. Most of its body exists in the Warp — he senses dozens of these feeler openings. The worm's tuned to every native of this ship — because they're all keyed in to some strange composite mind. That mind's vaster than this ship, he says. It makes him sick to think how big. All the ships are part of it. The transporter worm's been bio-engineered...

"By Dorn, we've simply been wasting time, trying to recover Harlan! I shall scourge myself in a pain machine for the sentimentality that masks timorousness — a reluctance to advance, an excuse to linger!"

The Lieutenant crooked his power glove so as to eject the tiny disc of a grenade directly at the lips of the cyst. The blast, at close proximity, rocked the Lieutenant in his shielding armour though it was of no other consequence to him.

The cyst erupted.

Its pink lips tore apart, shredded, revealing a hairy grey well — misty and indefinite. Its throat dissolved into a grainy nothingness, smearing out of ordinary existence.

Darting to the rim, Vonreuter fired another grenade.

But the worm's throat was already crimping tight reflexively, folding in upon itself, amputating the ravaged mouth. The grenade travelled hardly any distance down before seeming to implode rather than explode. From the rim of the cyst flesh was flowing, bunching to seal the hole with bulging tumorous tissue — as the Lieutenant leapt back.

Wrong way to do that, reckoned Biff. Stickin' the grennies in a suit was subtler. That way, the worm gulped the bait right down its gob into its guts...

His totem spider was haunting his vision again, waving innumerable long sinuous legs. Legs that faded in and out of existence, leading to locales far and near...

There were *invisible* tunnels in this ship, living tunnels through the Warp, which no Marine could use. And the denizens of this vessel were all linked by spidery mental legs...

The Lieutenant sucked in his breath as he harkened to the com-band. "Squads are under attack," he relayed to his men. "*Genestealers* — and something worse... a claw and spike creature that bounces along... Genestealers! Can this be where they come from?"

Stossen shuddered. "Do you reckon they've been *bred* — like that worm, and the patch-bats?"

"Genestealers don't have any tech of their own, do they? We find them adrift in hulks, but they don't seem to comprehend machines."

"Not our sort of machines. Maybe that's because they're only used to a living machine."

"I swear this ship's been created by something. It didn't create itself."

"Whatever sort of critter could create Genestealers?". The humid atmosphere was tetchy, oppressive. Vonreuter swore.

"Why haven't we been attacked yet?" He seemed to take this as a personal affront. Or as though an attack might relieve the tension.

Plainly the Lieutenant's feelings communicated themselves to Lexandro, who power-leapt over the tumouring cyst, to range ahead on point. Of course, Yeri followed him, alert to peril.

"Wait," called Vonreuter. "Beware the brash boldness that masks lack of foresight!" Though how could there be foresight, where all was whelmed in mystery?

Has to be a body that co-ordinates, reasoned Biff. *Something that houses the overmind. Something physical in this ship. An organ. And it'll commune with similar bodies in all the other ships — telepathically through the Warp — like so many different brain cells, to add up to the Shadow Mind...*

The lootenant said as much regarding a heart and kidneys. Find that mind-organ, and skrag it, and the local denizens might experience a spot of difficulty...

Vonreuter decided to divide his men into two sub-units. Sergeant Ruhr would accompany one group along the leftward, cartiliginous passageway. Sergeant Juron and he would lead thirteen others in a quest along the passage of the cyst.

Thus the three brothers of Trazior, together with seven Battle Brothers and three of the canary Scouts, were soon proceeding in the company of that same Sergeant who had led them so tellingly and boldly when they seized Sagramoso's Emperor Titan.

Subdivided deployment made sense in such passageways where at most three Marines could fight side by side. Dividing, and spreading, the Fists were like lethal bacteria invading the body of a behemoth.

Lex grinned at the Sergeant, plainly exhilerated by the opportunities this new disposition of forces might offer. Stossen had somewhat belittled the achievements of the





Trazior trio on Karkason, had he not? But Juron was no slouch. And Vonreuter could probably be encouraged to wild deeds.

Yeri noted Lex's grin — and Biff registered Yeri's trepidation. Very much on the alert on behalf of his loathed brother, Yeri was feeling ominous qualms as to Lex's degree of self-control...

How thin is the line, mused Biff, *between loathing and love... Between animosity and admiration! Or even... adulation, adoration. Ardour!*

Ach, Yeri pursued some grand abstract dream of "justice" — but he didn't savvy the spider-patterns in his very own soul. He failed to comprend his own inner tangle.The focus of Yeri's faith, at his tech mother's knee, had been the Emp. Add to that later, the blessed Rogal Dorn. But then Yeri developed this twisted fixation upon Lex... as a way of expressing Marine valour and piety.

Which meant that his piety was in fact some way from being as pure as he imagined. It dawned on Biff that paradoxically Lex must, for Yeri, be standing in for the remote Emperor in some strange dreamlike regard. Lex had become a substitute personage close at hand who represented aristocratic supremacy and ruthless disdain. Disdain — and therefore apparent injustice — was what the Emperor must needs exercise towards all mere individual human beings — for the sake of the whole human race and its future. Injustice, within a vaster tapestry of eventual triumphant virtue...

In no way could Yeri rebel against the harsh God on Earth. Nor could he even allow himself to contemplate the slightest doubt or anger. Indeed, resentment would be as futile as for a flea to feel offended at the conduct of a cudbear in whose pelt it dwelled.

Yeri surely did feel a streak of bitter antipathy towards Him-on-Earth whom he must serve and adore. Lex was the repository for this dark, unadmitted rancour which must coexist with worship deep in Yeri's soul. Which meant that, should Lex be killed, Yeri might start to question his whole faith. It would seem as though his own focus of fervour had betrayed fatal frailty. He might lapse into heresy.

Huh, thought Biff, convinced nonetheless of the truth of his analysis. He patted his bolt gun with his power glove.

Megabossgod's namenz is Death..., he reminded himself. No need to confide his suspicions as to this kink in Yeri's faith to a chaplain. None whatever.

He ought to. But he wouldn't.

Thus Biff would in turn act as protector to Yeri. This twist amused Biff richly. Only he, the ex-scumnik, had the sophistication to understand Yeri's heart. And oh no, he wouldn't pull the rug out from under Brother Valence. His would be a secret sort of protection, knowable only to Rogal Dorn in a private prayer. How much more honourable this was than Yeri's vulgar bodyguardianship of pretty Lexandro; than the ex-tech's ambivalent, hate-streaked fawning.

Biff realized, then, the extent to which he himself was also meshed in this sticky web of brotherhood...Suppose one brother died. All three were so intimately bound up in one another's destiny. Therefore perhaps all three would be doomed to die. Maybe there was a sickening inevitability about this.

The namenz is Death, spake the Spider, clearly, inside Biff's head. *Death is the namenz.*

Biff heard those very words. They weren't voiced by Rogal Dorn, but by something deep and atavistic. Maybe that was the very voice of Necromunda, world of death, from which he thought he had escaped, now reaching out across the years and across the light years to reclaim him.

A terrifying wave of superstition swept over Biff, rocking the superstructure of rational *thunks* which he had painstakingly erected within himself. He sketched a hex sign with his power glove, and whispered a confused, hopeless prayer.

"Spider spirit, don't betray me. Rogal Dorn, array me in your light."

He had sinned in thought. He had thunked too far. His nimble mind had performed a deconstruction job upon Yeri's motives. In so doing, Biff had almost cast impertinent doubt on the supremacy of the Emperor and the Primarch, had he not? At one remove... using Yeri Valence as his mental model... Biff's facial tattoo itched fiercely, as though its outlines were being renewed, re-etched with knife-point and caustic acid and dye.

Deconstruct, he thought giddily. *Destruct. Destroy.*

Seek and learn, by all means — but most of all, destroy, to appease the hungry Spider... which no longer seemed to be an avatar of wisdom guiding Biff to intuitions of hidden patterns, but an instinctual power ravenous to survive through the spilling of alien blood and ichor.

Fists must be clever.Yet cleverness was finally a self-deceit.

Biff slapped Yeri's shoulder pauldron.

"Have faith, Brother," he urged.

Yeri, who could not see Biff's crazy grin, misunderstood. Of course he would misunderstand.

"Lex won't get away from us into the embrace of death," replied Yeri. He spoke as though he had actually seduced Biff

into his own endeavour, as a secondary bodyguard for lordly Lexandro d'Arquebus.

Yet perhaps it was an appropriate reply, after all. Perhaps Yeri did now have a true partner in the preservation of that impetuous, disdainful brother.

"We'll embrace death together, all three," muttered Biff, as if cursed.

Three bodies, bound together. Three corpses-to-be — and keeping invisible company with them, the powerful courtesan of the cosmos who was neither male nor that other sex either, but who was neuter — as exactly befitted... Extinction.

Many of the Marines must have been suffering similar soul-riving pangs inside that eerie living ship. Many Battle Brothers might well have been praying that their faith would supercharge them...

The passageway was now hooped with traceries of cartilage dripping ichor. Clumps of sickly luminous cyanotic fungi protruded like bunches of hernias, nibbled by iridescent insects with gauzy wings. Stagnant sludge coated the chitin plates of the floor. Long tapeworms of silvery hue slithered in this shallow, sticky morass, sucking the slimy bilge in and shedding body segments resembling soft flat ingots. Crabby creatures with coppery carapaces carried these off in their pincers. The air reeked of a heady tart vinegar and fruity rot.

A bloated beaked belly on crooked bony legs was gorging blindly upon a pulsing fibrous tumour that thrust out from one wall. As they came upon it, the surgeon-creature reached capacity and ruptured. It released shredded, dissolving cancerous tissue into the sludge.



A replacement scavenger-belly, initially as slim as a collapsed lung, reared up on its stick limbs in turn and began compulsively plumping out. Several other flat bellies stood waiting in line to feast on this distortion of the passageway until they burst...

Hitherto burpings of gas, gurglings of juices, swishings, throbbings, and rumblings had serenaded the Fists' advance. Now these noises hushed ominously — in time for those Marines with heavy weapons to unsling missile launcher and plasma gun.

From a floor-cyst some way ahead, erupted a creature of greenish hue — composed entirely of huge hooked claws and spikes, or so it seemed at first glance. It bound across the sludgy floor towards the Fists, propelling itself with flicks of a spike-tipped tail. And already a second such creature had emerged from the cyst...

The tail was a fat spring of banded muscles. A powerful thruster-leg with twin claws resembling sharpened hooves aided its rapid forward motion. From its horny loins a long fierce knife-like organ protruded, quivering. Overhead the creature brandished a single leathery hand of huge grasp, ridged with vertebrae. Two knotty fingers ended in curved talons; one in a scimitar-claw; and the thumb in a cruel gouging hook. Midway down the body — that spring-loaded body of massive hooked blades — a distorted face bulged. The fanged mouth snarled, agape. Crazed eyes staring fixedly, close set above a tiny nose.

An almost humanoid face...

Bolts tore into that body, shattering the leering face. Yet tail and foot still propelled the clutch of claws and thrust of knife with remorselessly mighty hops. Plasma gushed, melting and fusing the giant reaching hand. Nevertheless the loin-organ jerked forward, impacting with a Brother's groin-guard. The spike actually penetrated a weld in the armoured pouch before snapping off, twanging.

The Brother cried out and staggered.

The twisted, melting residue of the hand descended around his helmet. His visor was still open. The burning remainder of the hook-thumb ripped out an eye before the grabber's death throes entirely disabled it; before its wrecked, ripped, charred corpse collapsed.

Its headlong assault had shielded the rush by its partner. Even as bolts ripped into that second creature, it reached a Scout. His head vanished entirely within its leathern palm. Its claws sunk into his back and chest. As it dragged him up against it, its disemboweling spike slashed upward. The second creature soon died too. The Scout would take longer about dying — maybe even long enough to be evacuated...

His Brothers dragged him against a wall, tethering him to spurs in the cartilage so that he wouldn't slip down into the sludge.

The now-one-eyed Brother, power fist clamped across his groin, protested at being assigned to guard the Scout.

"I can carry on, Sir."

Juron shook his head.

Lex had loped to lob grenades into the transporter cyst, dogged by Yeri. Biff watched Juron turn the homicidal assassin-creature over with his boot. With growing revulsion the Sergeant scrutinised that brutish viridian humanoid face, its toothy mouth locked open in a rictus of death. So vastly disproportionate was that overhead grabbing arm that the face had seemed to be located in the creature's chest.

"Its face looks like... images of Orks I've seen," murmured Biff. "Though as for the rest of it..."



FANGORN

Vonreuter swore to himself in anguish of soul. "By Him on Earth, the blasphemy of it! I swear this thing is made from Ork seed— "

"Didn't know as we much liked Orks, Sir," said Juron.

Nor did they. Nor did they. Orks were an anarchic, quarrelsome, piratical race.

It was Orks who had seized those three hives out in the ash wastes of Necromunda, compelling the long march culminating in much slaughter and destruction. The Imperial Fists felt a prejudice against Orks — though equally, without the provocation offered by those green-skinned brutes, would the Fists have been moved to establish a base on Necromunda which was to prove so fertile a source of future recruits?

Thus many Fists also felt a kind of twisted bond with Orks — who were only noisy homicidal trash, and posed no ultimate radical threat to the Imperium. Such as this vast fleet of gastropoidal living ships seemed increasingly to pose...

"Don't you see, Zed?" asked the Lieutenant, lapsing into intimacy. "This... assassin-creature... has been made from Ork seed. Look at its green face! Ork genes have been perverted into this foul, lethal shape..."

"Pretty good weapon," grunted Biff.

"Yes, pretty good." Vonreuter's tone was bitter. "These... beings... on board this ship — these things from another galaxy! — must have gathered Orks from some frontier star on their way into our galaxy, and done this with them."

He was incensed. "Oh I reserve the right to kill all Orks I come across. Oh yes I do indeed. But they remain our own galaxy's Orks — the human galaxy's, our Emperor's galaxy. How dare extragalactic creatures come here to harvest and pervert our natives!" The Lieutenant kicked the corpse. His voice hushed. "I don't believe we could accomplish this trick... No, I don't. Or else we would have..."

"Seems as how they made Genestealers," said Juron. "Made 'em from something else, I guess. Now this... And what else besides? What other species might they have their eyes set on?"

"Could it be... any species whatever they come across? Including... us? We mustn't leave any dead Fists behind! I must communicate this thought to the Terminator Librarians. Imagine if the creatures that can transform an Ork into this self-propelled weapon could lay their claws on our Progenoid glands! If they could capture the code of our blessed Primarch!" Vonreuter almost gagged.

"So where are the alien filth?" asked Juron.

Lex had ranged quite some way beyond the destroyed teleporter cyst, accompanied by Yeri. Now he shouted out from beside a muscular door he had teased open:

"Pay-dirt, Sir!"

In a ribbed vault huger than the Fists' Assimularum Hall, hundreds of vile creatures thrust from nooks in the walls — an array of angular gargoyles.

Coated in an integument of translucent resin, these motionless creatures seemed hewn of porous coral of amber, russet, and golden hue. Long fang-jawed heads reared upon vertebral

wind-pipes from a humpbacked thorax — heads whose greatly elongated occipital region suggested that a substantial brain greater than human size was contained within the elliptical skull.

The creatures all possessed six armoured limbs. The two upper arms were dextrous, with clever-looking hands. The two lower arms had claw-tipped spades as secondary hands. The legs were jointed, and horny-hoofed. Between rump and thorax was a wasp-waisted girdle. The upper body perched flexibly upon the lower armoured haunches. These erect hexapeds were twice the stature of a man.

Slime from orifices that honeycombed the walls oozed slowly over the embalmed creatures, lending them a lustrous glaze in the light cast by.....by several slab-footed stumpy humanoids with foetally large bald heads. Their arms had been abolished, becoming mere vestigial nubs poking back from the shoulders, as though otherwise they might attempt to tear off the parasitical organic machines that infested their faces. Tubes plunged into their mouths, their nostrils, and their eye sockets. A clawed foot held tight to the dome of their skulls. A single large eyeball, cinctured within a bony cup, rose above that foot-fixture... and beamed out leprous light... now bathing the intruding Marines.

"Blasphemy!" lamented Vonreuter, as those silent humanoid searchlights shuffled through the slime which drained across the pitted floor. One of the Scouts vomited; and Lex rounded on him.

"Moron! You're putting your juices into this ship — to taste."

The Scout apologized as if Lex was an officer. Yeri stared at the armless searchlight dwarfs in a fascination of disgust — and of rage at the limited destiny so tyrannically engineered for these purpose-bred cripples.

"Human stock," he muttered. "They come from human stock..."

"We breed cyborgs," Biff reminded him quietly.

"Ah, but in the Emperor's service," Yeri retorted tightly.

"That's very different, isn't it? That's sacramental labour. Isn't it? Isn't it?" he demanded, his voice giddily trembling on an edge of hysteria.

"Of course it's different," Biff agreed. He hated the impious thunk which had prompted him to compare two such very different situations. He must stop thunking. In this terrible alien ship the subtleties and equivocations of thunking might prove both damnable and lethal. Yet another thunk did promptly intrude — a more Fist-like thunk, which he might be wise to voice quickly... Before Biff could utter his thunk, Yeri jerked a power thumb at the giant gargoyles.

"We could take a trophy," he snarled at Lex. "We could cut one of these loose while it's still hibernating. Take it back for experiment. To squeeze info."

"Yesss," said Lex softly. "A trophy..." A trophy of fame... After surgical interrogation, one of those great dire skulls might excellently well be mounted in a chapel...

Whatever was in Yeri's mind? wondered Biff.

Ah... Biff comprended. Furnished with the most impeccable of excuses, namely a paralysed prisoner, their team would be obliged to withdraw. Precious Lexandro would be honourably removed from a location which seemed all too likely to kill all of them, and him, before too long...

How Yeremi's obsessive fixation was twisting his reason, and almost perverting the call of duty — oh so justifiably and piously!

"Sarge," Biff said to Juron, voicing his thunk, "these gargoyle beasts mightn't have been roosting too long. They mightn't be too deep in their Sus-an state."

"Mightn't they? Why?"

"Well, if this ship has already raided some solar systems in our galaxy so as to take Orks and humans and... manipulate their genes... to create living weapons and torches... these beasts must have been up and active within recent years. They haven't been sleeping for aeons. We should kill 'em all quickly. They're just... snoozing... in between stars."

"Unless — " Lex threw this word solitary and naked into the debate.

"Unless what?" demanded Juron.

"Unless," continued Lex, "other parts of the ship have been active — but not this one. Maybe this lot haven't batted an eyelid since they left Andromeda before Rogal Dorn was born! Scared to touch them, aren't you, Biffy? That's the truth of it."

Oh, Lex was most seduced by the notion of carrying back such an important souvenir. Yeri looked pleased at his own guile.

Lexandro smiled unpleasantly at Biff. "Easier to *skrag 'em* all where they're hanging — that's what you think eh? Skrag is the correct scumnik parlance, isn't it?"

One of the searchlight dwarfs focused upon Lex, but the creature seemed otherwise mindless so he paid it no heed.

Lex sneered. "*I'm* not scared of touching horrors, Biffy-boy... Permission to cut one loose with a laser, Sir?" he requested of the Lieutenant.

"You're right, d'Arquebus" agreed Vonreuter. "We're here for knowledge as much as to exterminate. Knowledge precedes extermination. Knowledge perfects extermination."

The Lieutenant snapped a lasgun loose from a thigh-holster on his plasteel cuisse. Silver runes embossed the barrel. After adjusting setting and focus deftly with his power glove, he handed the weapon to Lex to do the honours.

Lex stepped up to petrified monster looming from the oozing wall.

"Yes," whispered Yeri.

A searing needle of coherent light lanced from the gun.

Resin cracked. Resin burst. Slime sprayed. Steam billowed, assaulting nostrils with a sour vinegary whiff.

A long golden eye clicked open. A spade-claw jerked.The dragon-creature which loomed over Lex twitched. Lubricants began filtering from its pores. The periscopic eyeballs of the searchlight dwarfs swivelled. They beamed that ashen radiance more brightly at the ranks of gargoyle-dragons poised in their slime-coated brittle sheaths. A crackling as of a frozen lake being trampled by mastodons propagated around that foul organic cathedral den.

Everywhere, resin was cracking.

Great dragon bodies were shifting fractionally — or, to the alarmed eye, seeming to shift — as though fossils were softening back into flesh inwardly.

"Blast 'em all!" howled Vonreuter, swiftly changing his mind as to the merits of transporting a supposedly paralytic monster.

"Back off, d'Arquebus! All fire at will!" bellowed Juron, entirely in accord.

The chamber dinned cacophonously like some giant drum being beaten from within by frantic percussionists as the Fists sprayed exploding bolts around the walls into every slimy niche occupied by those towering six-limbed alien nightmare-knights...

As those segmented, horny, hunchbacked bodies jerked... As slime and sluggish purple blood suppurated...

Biff fired *skraggingly,* sensing a great Spider-God of Death suffusing his limbs, a God who was this galaxy's totem.

This God eyed as anathema such creatures from another island-universe who would devour his children. His myriad festering offspring — human beings and feral humans, abhumans and unhumans the like of Orks — were rightly the Spider-God's to devour!

The human galaxy — its starry spiral arms winding around a blazing core which concealed a black eater of stars, a pit of ultimate night — was web and spider at once... spinning slowly, greedily feasting on the life that it bred so fecundly...

These creatures from beyond the Dark Deep were of a foreigness so utter that the Spider-God awoke, and, beholding them through Biff's eyes, twitched with a flux of nauseated antipathy... Or so it seemed to Biff. And Biff knew that the Spider would very likely also consume him too, as a bloody gobbet to sooth its dyspepsia.

Yeri shot the searchlight dwarfs first, blowing away their periscope eyes, blasting their blasphemed humanoid tissue apart. Lex, who had leapt back cursing in frustration, fumbled with the setting on the lasgun to restore its pristine lance of deathlight.

At last the Fists ceased fire. Did any of the aliens, savaged in their embalment, remain alive? The ribbed, spattered walls were hung with hundreds of wrecked cadavers which might still twitch, but which surely posed no further threat...

Yeri's gaze darted all about the chamber, alert for any wounded dragon which might nevertheless launch itself, stumbling, at Lexandro.

Thus Yeri was the first to see a sphincter door pulse open and three fully alert kin of the slaughtered rush through, hissing enragedly.

Two carried long devices resembling great golden drumsticks of tissue and cartilage torn loose from the shoulders of some flightless alien bird. Spurred contoured bone, with a menacing hole in the end, protruded.

The third waved two shimmering swords of yellow horn, one in each upper hand. A spike jutted from the pommels, the sting-tail of some mutated armoured worm which formed the hand-guard, stubby parodies of mouth-fingers clinging tight to the base of the blade.

Blazing gobbets erupted from the holes in the fronts of the drumstick-guns, streaking like conflagrating phosphorus, screaming through the air. One gobbet ploughed into a corpse hanging from the wall, bursting, spattering sizzling acids. The second struck Vonreuter on his thigh-armour, and began corroding, eating through plasteel, as the Lieutenant swiped at the clinging volatile smear.

A hideous crackling noise issued from the swollen butts of those guns as the wielders, hands plunged deep within, cranked some trigger. Already Yeri was returning fire.

Biff too. And Juron, and the others. Those eerie drumstick-guns did not fire again immediately. They crunched, within, and shuddered — in which short span of time bolts tore into the snarling nightmare-knights... so that when the guns did emit new flaming projectiles, the guns were already tumbling from the dying creatures' grasp.

No bolts reached the sword-wielder, though. Those razor-sharp horns swished through the air, aglow, in frenzied circuits, as the warrior advanced. Bolts were simply batted aside by the scintillating aura of force conjured in mid-air.

Juron and limping Vonreuter both converged, waving their power-swords. Each attacked one horn-blade. As the humming monomolecular edges of their swords met those force-field-spinning razor-horns in shuddering collision, rainbow energy cascaded.

One horn split, its worm-handle shrieking. The other locked with Vonreuter's blade, bearing down upon him from his alien assailant's greater height. The creature lashed out with a hoof. This impacted on the acid-weakened zone of his thigh, buckling the fast-corroding armour. From between the towering alien's legs its spiked tail jerked upward into the crumpled cuisse, piercing through into the Lieutenant's muscle and carapace.

But its blades no longer wove that cordon of energy. Lex had circled at speed. Firing upward, Lex shattered that great-brained head. The creature collapsed over Vonreuter, bearing him staggering backward to the ground, impaling his thigh even further.

Juron and Lex wrestled the monster off the Lieutenant, wrenching out the dripping tail-spike. Vonreuter moaned, then smiled as the pain caught up with him... before his suit's opiates quenched the distracting pangs. Juron hauled the officer upright. Vonreuter tottered, then stood firm, though momentarily grey-faced. Some poison had perhaps entered his blood, and his blood was neutralising it, manufacturing anti-toxins at speed.

Yeri was trampling upon one of the bone-guns, breaking it open. Cautiously he peered at the organic, steaming innards... discovering a brood chamber of tiny chitinous ammunition-creatures... a large curled-up beastie with tough mandibles... for stripping that casing of chitin?... a vomitory firing chamber...

Giddy with the death he had brought to the sword-wielder, Lex made to stamp his boot down upon the guts of that gun which Yeri had just exposed. Lex would show him how to erase it from existence. Yeri thrust against him — "Don't!" — but Lex's boot crushed one of the spilled ammunition-creatures.

Immediately that its shell was cracked, the vile green softness within gushed acrid fire, wreathing Lex's boot... which he plunged into a pool of ooze to extinguish it.

"The gun's made of different creatures joined together, using each other," Yeri said to Juron, who nodded but seemed indifferent.

"Well killed," the Sergeant said to Lex.

Then they all headed through the open door, along a great passageway that dripped turquoise mucous. Cocoons bulged from niches. Lex broke one open with his power-fist.

Within, draped in slime, hunched a paralysed tattooed human woman with braided ropes of brown hair, her breasts and belly alike swollen with a slow pulsing commotion of what might well have been larvae...

"No time for this right now," gasped Vonreuter.

You can read the complete story in Space Marine by Ian Watson. The book is published by Boxtree and is available in all Games Workshop stores and bookshops everywhere.

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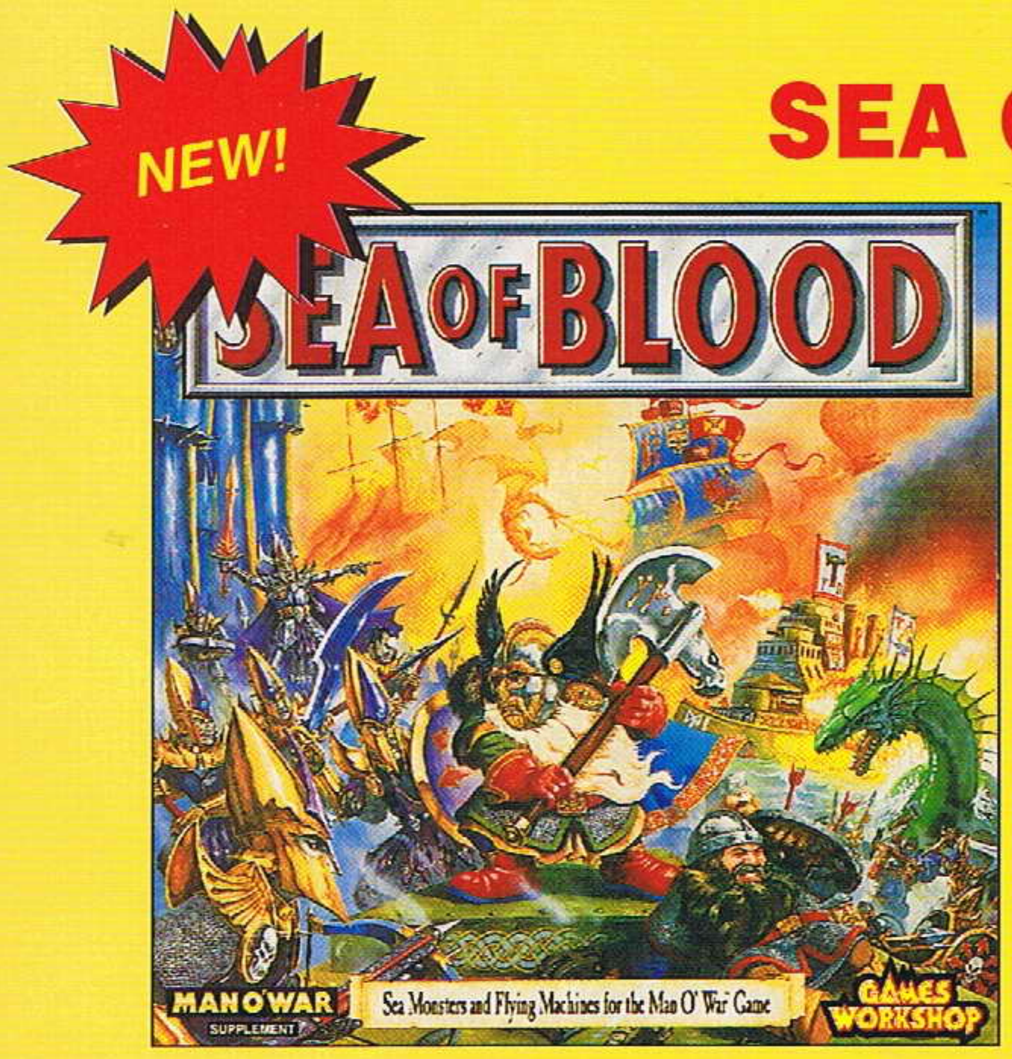
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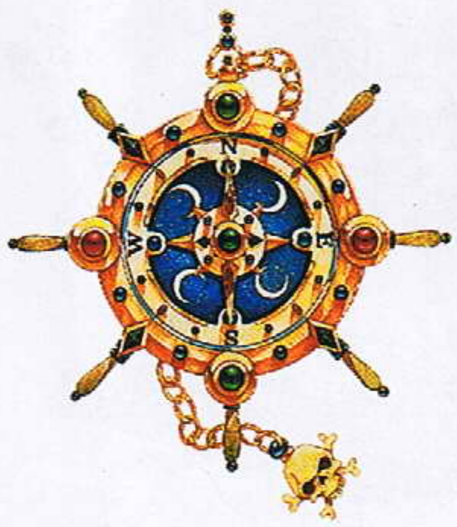
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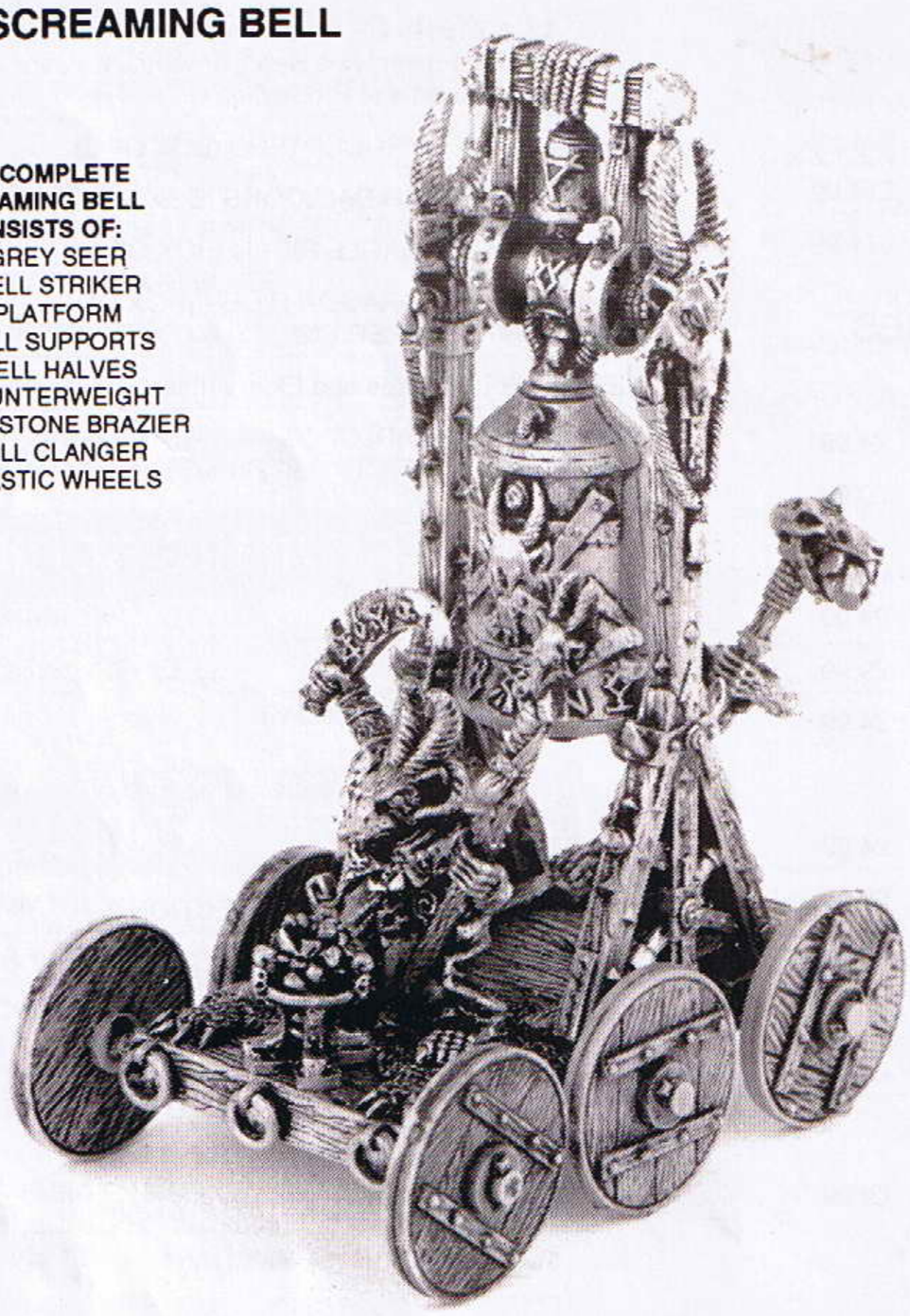
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SKAVEN SCREAMING BELL

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1 x BELL STRIKER
1 x PLATFORM
2 x BELL SUPPORTS
2 x BELL HALVES
1 x COUNTERWEIGHT
1 x WARPSTONE BRAZIER
1 x BELL CLANGER
6 x PLASTIC WHEELS



EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED SKAVEN SCREAMING BELL



GREY SEER
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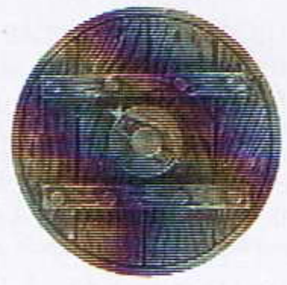
BELL STRIKER
0839/2



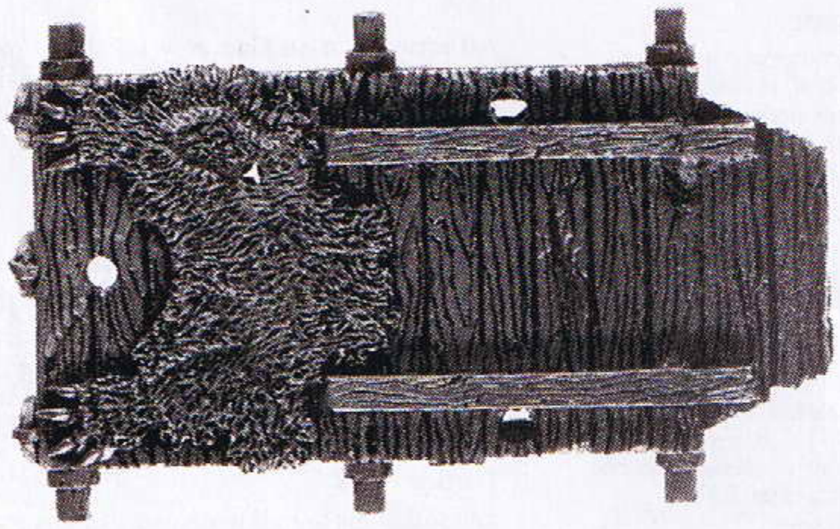
WARPSTONE BRAZIER
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BELL CLANGER
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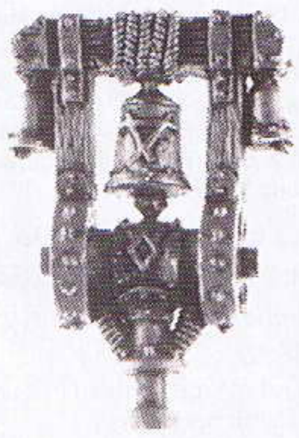
PLASTIC WHEEL
100558



PLATFORM
0839/3



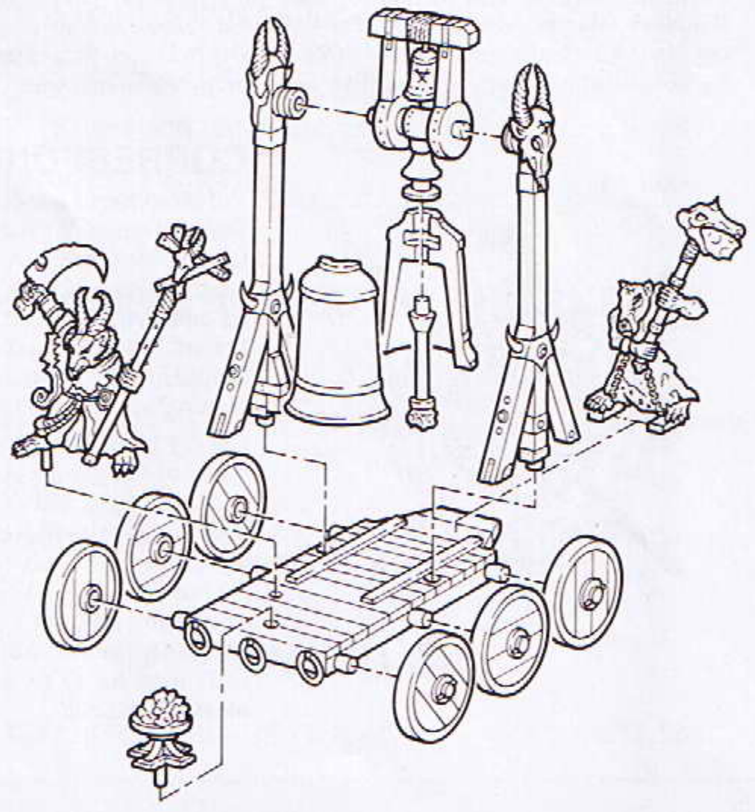
BELL SUPPORT
0839/4



COUNTERWEIGHT
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BELL HALF
0839/5



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HIGH ELVES

DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR



DRAGON PRINCE 1
0841/4

STANDARD BEARER
75675/4

HERO WITH SWORD
75675/5

DRAGON PRINCE 2
0841/5

DRAGON PRINCE 3
0841/6



DRAGON PRINCE HORSE HEAD 1
0841/2

DRAGON PRINCE HORSE HEAD 2
0841/3

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0841/1



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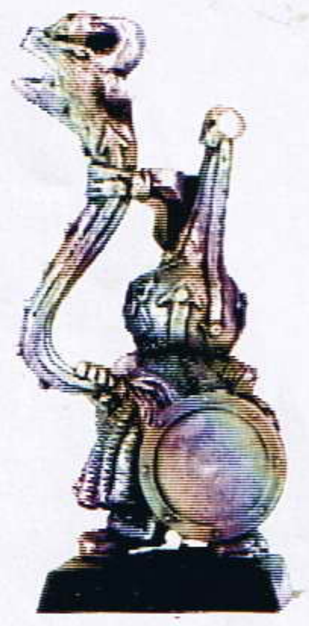
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CHAOS DWARFS

COMMAND FIGURES



LEADER WITH SWORD 1
75805/1



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75805/4



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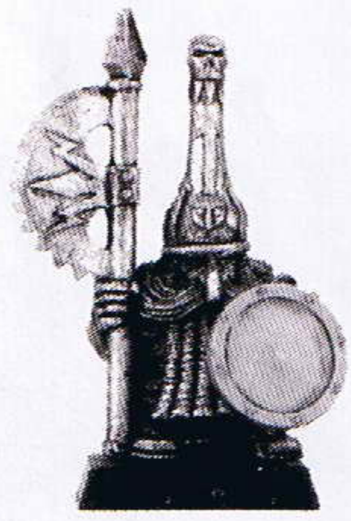
STANDARD BEARER 2
75805/6

AXEMEN

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WITH AXE 1
75800/1



WITH AXE 2
75800/2



WITH AXE 3
75800/3



WITH AXE 4
75800/4

BLUNDERBUSSES



WITH BLUNDERBUSS 1
75810/1



WITH BLUNDERBUSS 2
75810/2



WITH BLUNDERBUSS 3
75810/3



WITH BLUNDERBUSS 4
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CHAOS DWARFS

CHAOS DWARF HEROES



CHAOS DWARF BANNER
75880/1



HERO WITH AXE 1
75880/2



HERO WITH AXE 2
75880/4



SORCERER 1
75880/3

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A COMPLETE CHAOS DWARF HERO CONSISTS OF:
1 x HERO/SORCERER
1 x CHAOS DWARF BANNER



EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED CHAOS DWARF HEROES

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DWARFS

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HAMMERER 4
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HAMMERER 5
88095/43



HAMMERER 6
88095/44



HAMMERER 7
88095/45



HAMMERER 8
88095/46

LONG BEARDS



LONG BEARD 1
88094/15



LONG BEARD 2
88094/16



LONG BEARD 3
88094/17



LONG BEARD 4
88094/18



LONG BEARD 5
88094/31



LONG BEARD 6
88094/32



LONG BEARD 7
88094/33



LONG BEARD 8
88094/34

IRON BREAKERS



IRON BREAKER 1
88093/19



IRON BREAKER 2
88093/20



IRON BREAKER 3
88093/21



IRON BREAKER 4
88093/22



IRON BREAKER 7
88093/49



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IRON BREAKER 5
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IRON BREAKER 8
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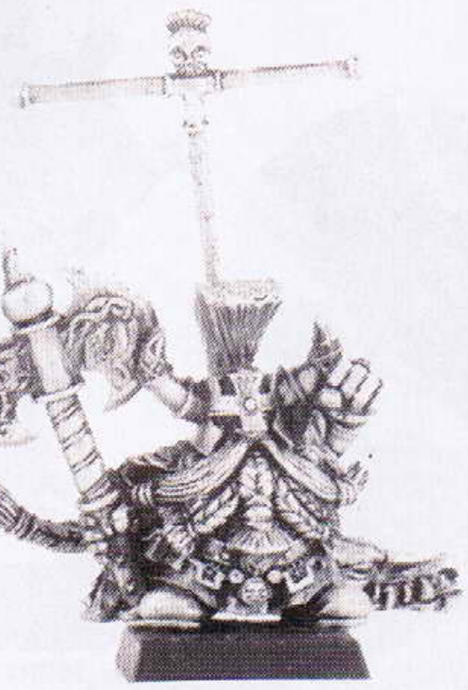
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DWARFS

UNGRIM IRONFIST
THE SLAYER KING



EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED UNGRIM IRONFIST

THE COMPLETE UNGRIM IRONFIST CONSISTS OF:
1 x UNGRIM IRONFIST
1 x IRONFIST'S BANNER



IRONFIST'S BANNER
74382/2



UNGRIM IRONFIST
74382/1

DWARF KING KAZADOR

THE COMPLETE KING KAZADOR CONSISTS OF:
1 x KING KAZADOR
1 x KAZADOR'S BANNER
1 x THUNDER HORN



KAZADOR'S BANNER
74381/3



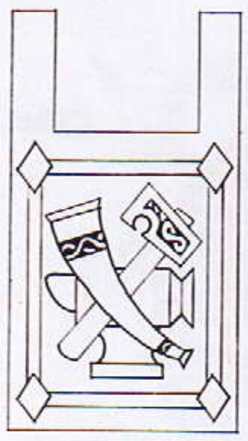
THUNDER HORN
74381/2



KING KAZADOR
74381/1



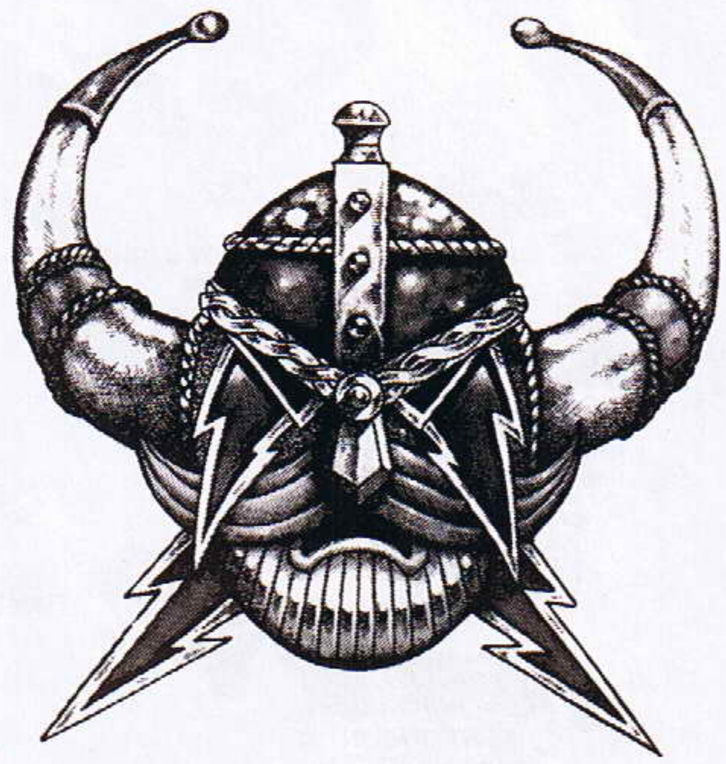
EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED KING KAZADOR



KING KAZADOR'S
BACK BANNER



UNGRIM IRONFIST'S
BACK BANNER



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NIGHT GOBLINS

NET TEAMS



NIGHT GOBLIN
CLUBBER 1
075457/3



NIGHT GOBLIN
CLUBBER 2
075457/4



NIGHT GOBLIN
NET CHUKKA 1
075457/1



NIGHT GOBLIN
NET CHUKKA 2
075457/2

CAVE SQUIGS



CAVE SQUIG 3
075469/4



CAVE SQUIG 2
075469/3



CAVE SQUIG 1
075469/2



NIGHT GOBLIN
SQUIG HUNTERS 1
075469/1



CAVE SQUIG 6
075469/8



CAVE SQUIG 5
075469/7



CAVE SQUIG 4
075469/6

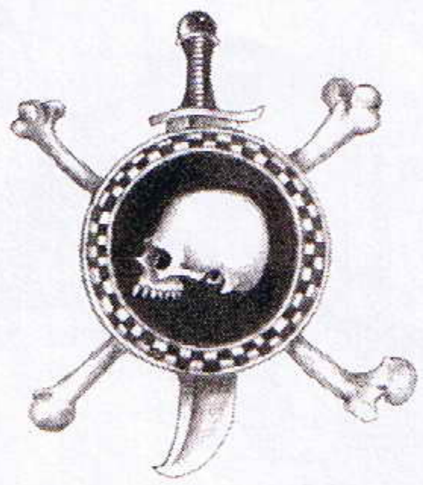


NIGHT GOBLIN
SQUIG HUNTERS 2
075469/5

SQUIG HOPPERS



NIGHT GOBLIN
SQUIG HOPPER 1
75440/1





NIGHT GOBLIN
SQUIG HOPPER 2
75440/2

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GOBLINS

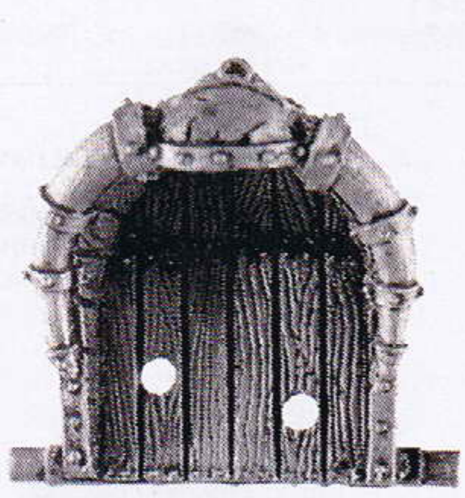
CHIEFTAIN GROM'S GOBLIN WAR CHARIOT



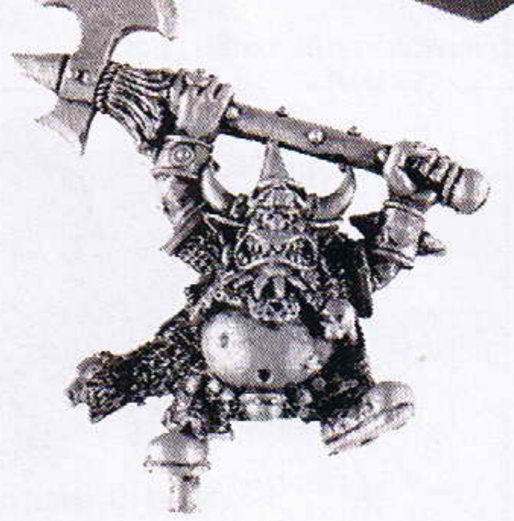
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THE COMPLETE CHIEFTAIN GROM'S WAR CHARIOT CONSISTS OF:

1 x NIBLET
1 x CHARIOT BASE
1 x CHARIOT HAFT
2 x CHARIOT YOKES
1 x SKULL YOKE HEAD
1 x GROM THE PAUNCH
2 x PLASTIC WHEELS
3 x PLASTIC WOLVES



CHARIOT BASE
0844/6



GROM THE PAUNCH
0844/1



NIBLET
0844/2



CHARIOT YOKE
0844/4



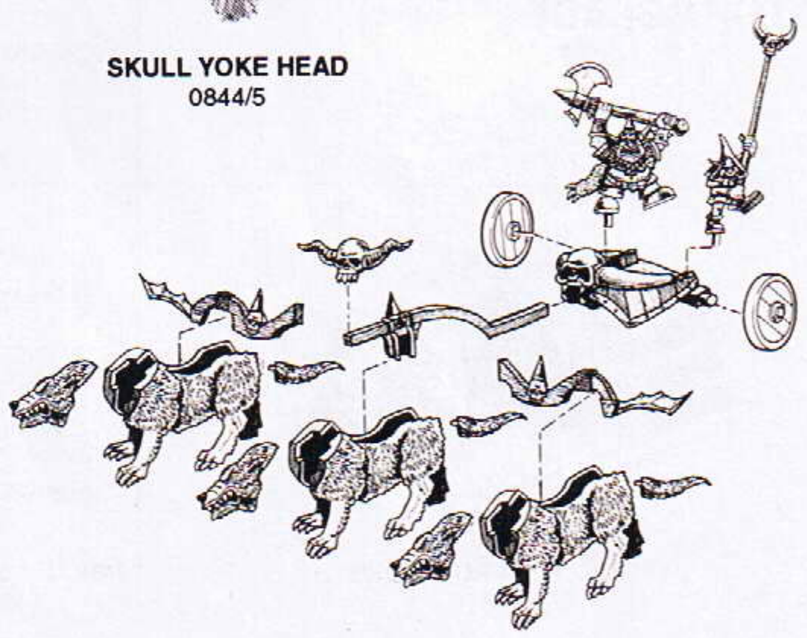
PLASTIC WHEEL
100558



SKULL YOKE HEAD
0844/5



CHARIOT HAFT
0844/3



Designed by Kev Adams and Norman Swales

CITADEL MINIATURES

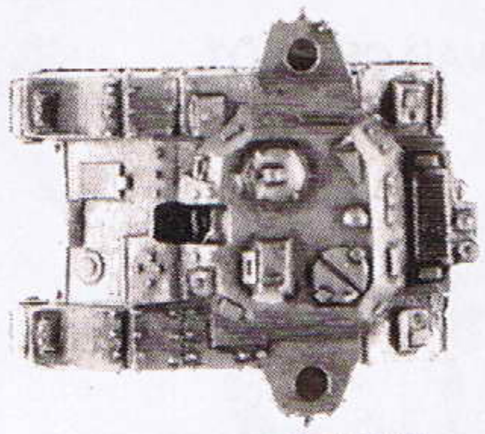
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IMPERIAL TANKS

SHADOWSWORD





SHADOWSWORD CHASSIS
076054/4

THE COMPLETE SHADOWSWORD CONSISTS OF:
1 x SHADOWSWORD CHASSIS
1 x VOLCANO CANNON
1 x SPONSON TURRETS 2



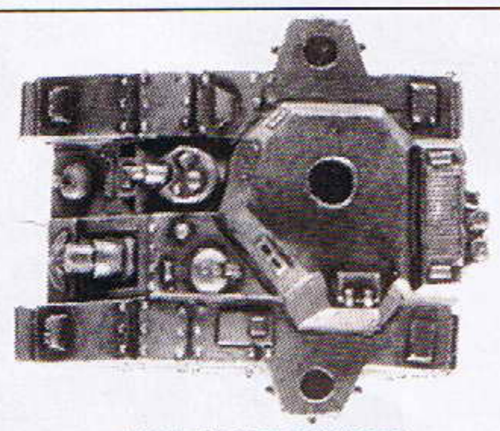
VOLCANO CANNON
076054/5



SPONSON TURRETS 2
076054/6

BANEBLADE





BANEBLADE CHASSIS
076054/1

THE COMPLETE BANEBLADE CONSISTS OF:
1 X BANE BLADE CHASSIS
1 x BANEBLADE TURRET
1 x SPONSON TURRETS 1



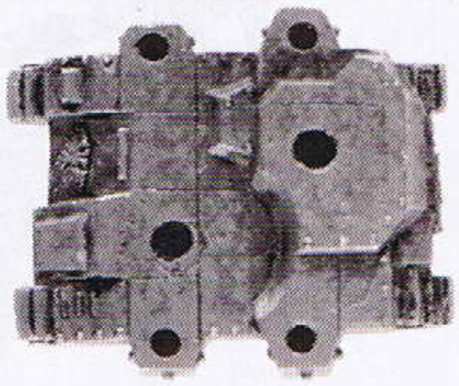
BANEBLADE TURRET
076054/3



SPONSON TURRETS 1
076054/2

STORMHAMMER





STORM HAMMER CHASSIS
076054/7

THE COMPLETE STORM HAMMER CONSISTS OF:
1 x STORM HAMMER CHASSIS
2 x STORM HAMMER TURRETS
2 x SPONSON TURRETS 2

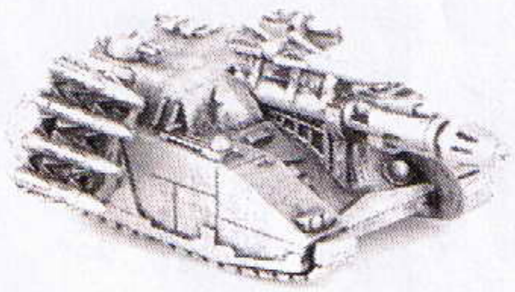


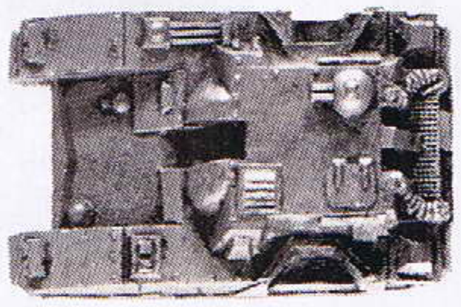
STORM HAMMER TURRET
076054/8



SPONSON TURRETS 2
076054/6

STORMBLADE





STORMBLADE BODY
0845/1

THE COMPLETE STORMBLADE CONSISTS OF:
1 x STORMBLADE BODY
1 x PLASMA BLASTGUN
1 x HUNTER / KILLER MISSILES
1 x BATTLE CANNON



PLASMA BLASTGUN
0845/2



HUNTER / KILLER MISSILES
0845/3



BATTLE CANNON
0845/4

Designed by Norman Swales

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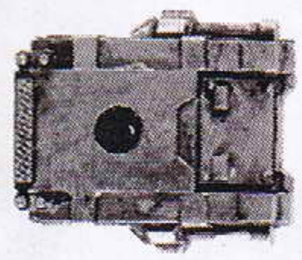
CITADEL MINIATURES

IMPERIAL WAR MACHINES

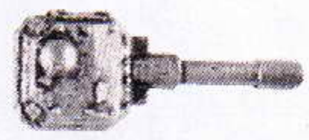
PREDATOR Mk II



THE COMPLETE PREDATOR Mk II
CONSISTS OF:
1 x PREDATOR Mk II CHASSIS
1 x PREDATOR Mk II TURRET

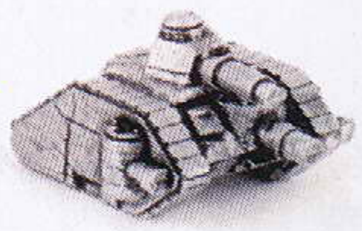


PREDATOR Mk II CHASSIS
076041/18

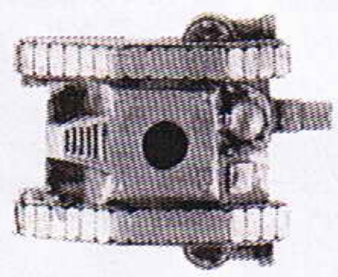


PREDATOR Mk II TURRET
076041/19

LEMAN RUSS BATTLE TANK Mk II



THE COMPLETE LEMAN RUSS BATTLE TANK Mk II
CONSISTS OF:
1 x LEMAN RUSS Mk II CHASSIS
1 x LEMAN RUSS Mk II TURRET



LEMAN RUSS Mk II CHASSIS
076041/20

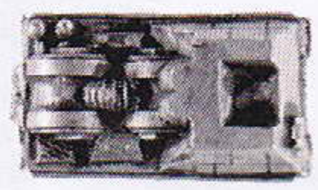


LEMAN RUSS Mk II TURRET
076041/21

HELLHOUND FIRETHROWER



THE COMPLETE HELLHOUND FIRETHROWER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x HELLHOUND CHASSIS
1 x HELLHOUND TURRET

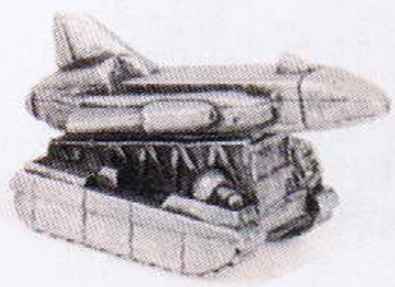


HELLHOUND FIRETHROWER CHASSIS
076041/22



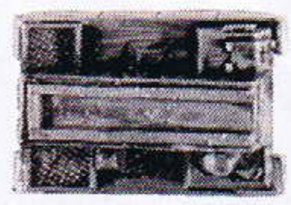
HELLHOUND FIRETHROWER TURRET
076041/23

DEATHSTRIKE MISSILE LAUNCHER





DEATHSTRIKE MISSILE 1
076066/13



DEATHSTRIKE MISSILE CARRIER
076066/12





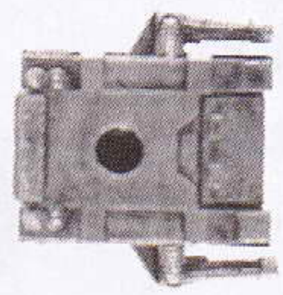
DEATHSTRIKE MISSILE 2
076066/14

THE COMPLETE
DEATHSTRIKE MISSILE LAUNCHER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x DEATHSTRIKE MISSILE CARRIER
1 x DEATHSTRIKE MISSILE

PREDATOR Mk III



THE COMPLETE PREDATOR
CONSISTS OF:
1 x PREDATOR Mk III CHASSIS
1 x PREDATOR Mk III TURRET



PREDATOR Mk III CHASSIS
076041/24



PREDATOR Mk III TURRET
076041/25

Designed by Norman Swales

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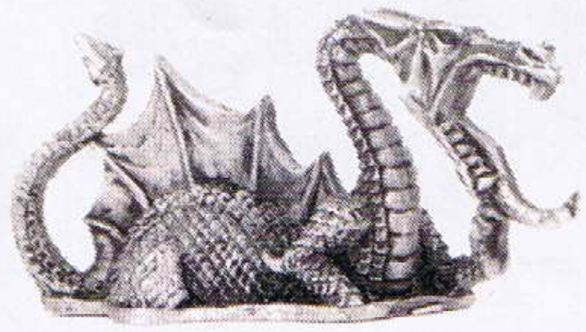
CITADEL MINIATURES

MAN O' WAR

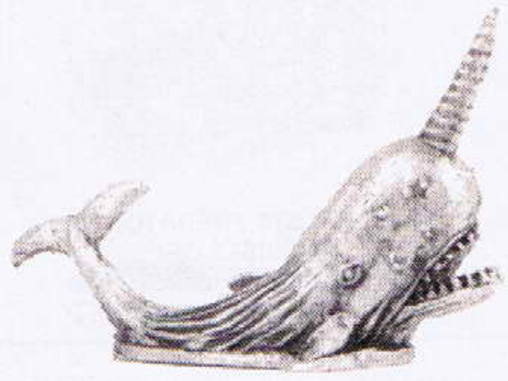
BEASTS OF THE DEEP



TRITON
78061/9



SEA DRAGON
78061/1



BEHEMOTH
78061/5

BLACK LEVIATHAN



THE COMPLETE BLACK LEVIATHAN CONSISTS OF:
1 x BLACK LEVIATHAN HEAD
1 x BLACK LEVIATHAN LOWER JAW



BLACK LEVIATHAN HEAD
78061/7



BLACK LEVIATHAN LOWER JAW
78061/8

MONSTERS OF THE SEA



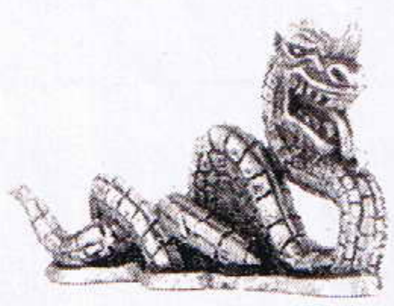
SEA ELEMENTAL
78061/10



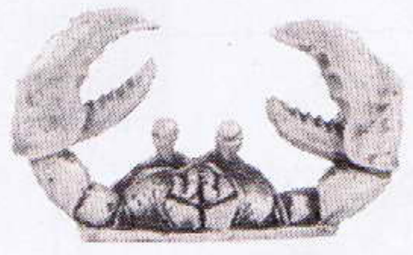
KRAKEN
78061/3



MEGALADON
78061/6



GARGANTUAN
78061/2



PROMETHEAN
78061/4

Designed by Michael Perry

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CITADEL MINIATURES

MAN O' WAR

HIGH ELF EAGLE RIDER





EAGLE BODY
78004/2



EAGLE WINGS
78004/1

THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF EAGLE RIDER CONSISTS OF:
1 x EAGLE BODY
1 x EAGLE WINGS

HIGH ELF DRAGON RIDER





DRAGON BODY
78005/2



DRAGON WINGS
78005/1

THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF DRAGON RIDER CONSISTS OF:
1 x DRAGON BODY
1 x DRAGON WINGS

DWARF GYROCOPTER





GYROCOPTER WINGS
78063/2



GYROCOPTER BODY
78063/1

THE COMPLETE DWARF GYROCOPTER CONSISTS OF:
1 x GYROCOPTER BODY
1 x GYROCOPTER WINGS

DWARF WAR BALLOON





BALLOON
78065/1



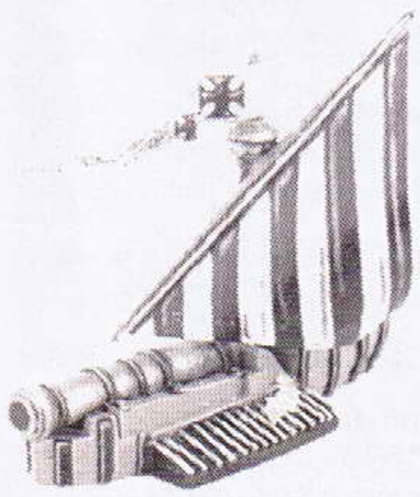
GONDOLA
78065/2

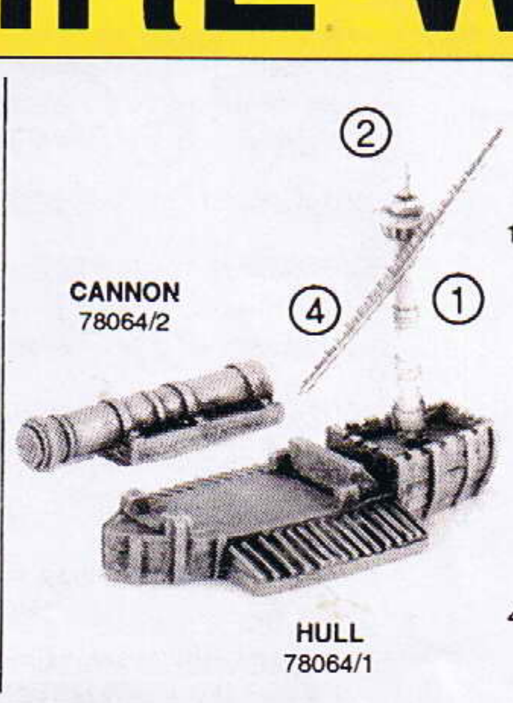
THE COMPLETE DWARF WAR BALLOON CONSISTS OF:
1 x BALLOON
1 x ARMOURED GONDOLA

Designed by Michael Perry and Norman Swales

EMPIRE WARSHIPS

HELLHAMMER

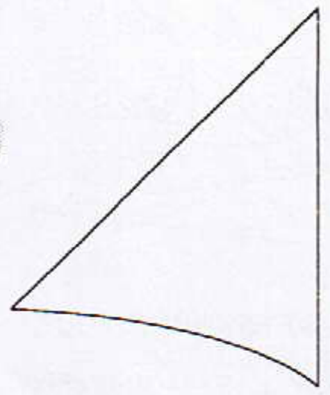


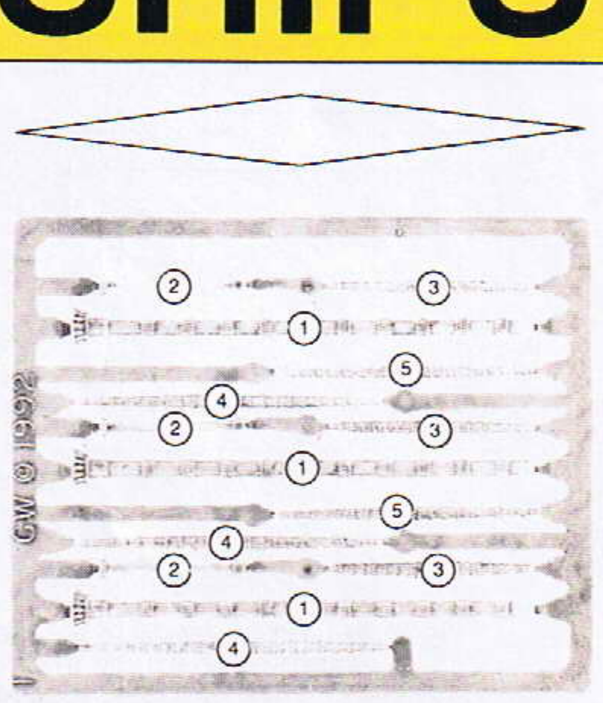


CANNON
78064/2

HULL
78064/1

THE COMPLETE HELLHAMMER CONSISTS OF:
1 x HELLHAMMER HULL
1 x HELLHAMMER CANNON





Designed by Norman Swales

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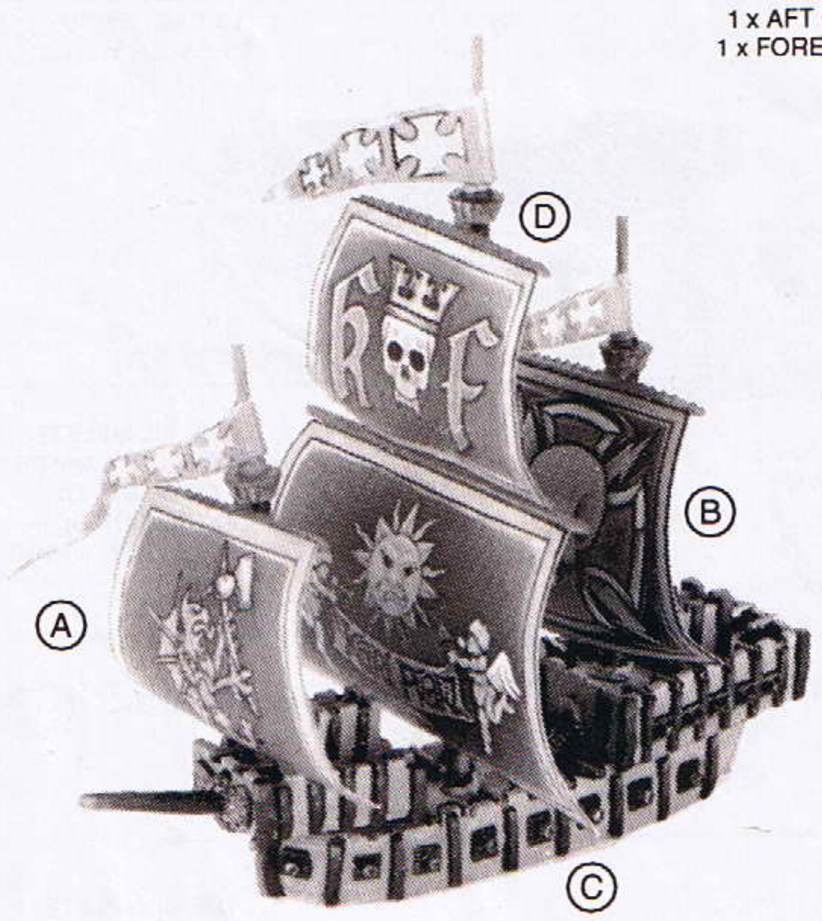
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CITADEL MINIATURES

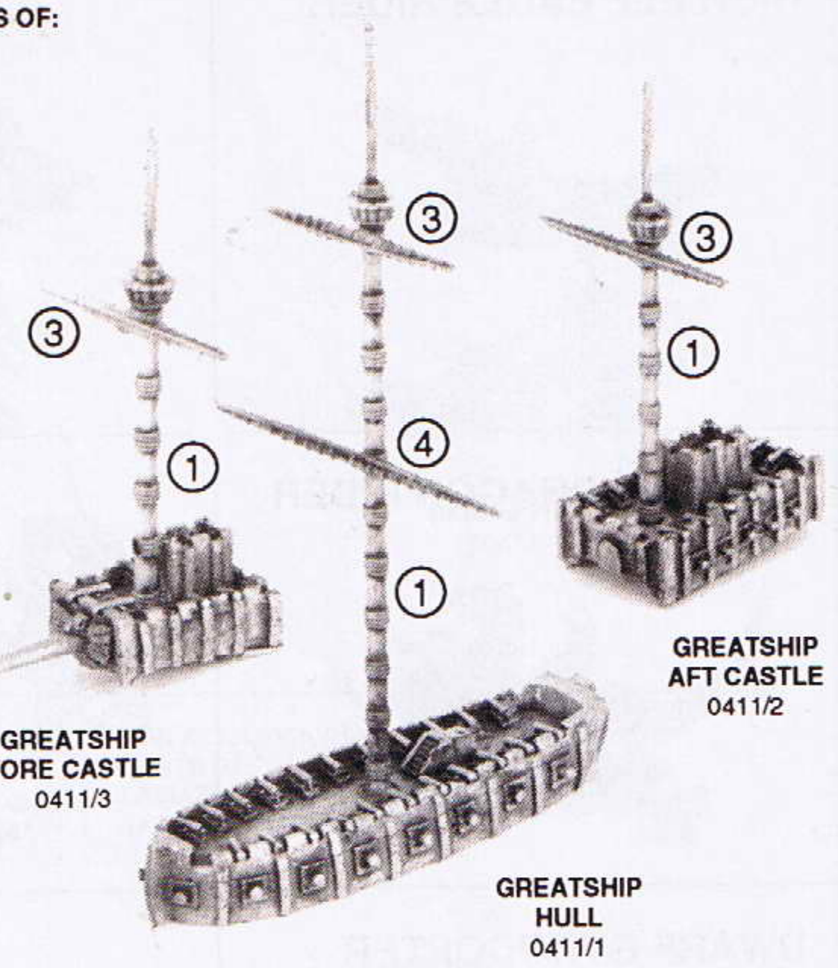
EMPIRE WARSHIPS

IMPERIAL GREATSHIP

AN IMPERIAL GREATSHIP CONSISTS OF:
1 x HULL
1 x AFT CASTLE
1 x FORE CASTLE



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED AND FULLY PAINTED GREATSHIP



GREATSHIP AFT CASTLE
0411/2

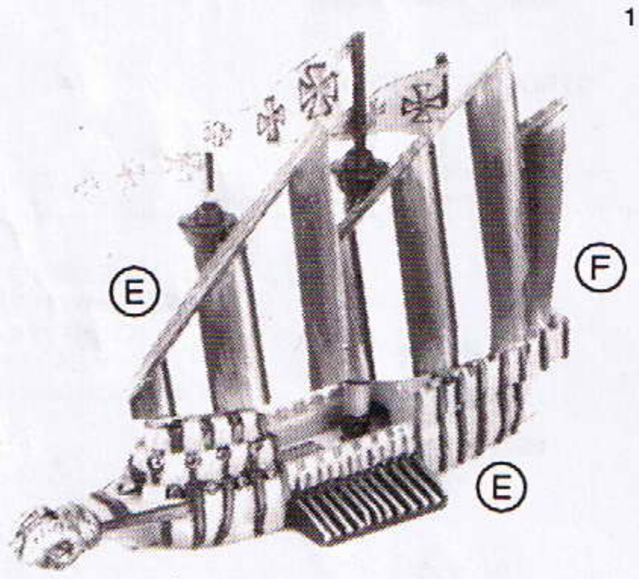
GREATSHIP FORE CASTLE
0411/3

GREATSHIP HULL
0411/1

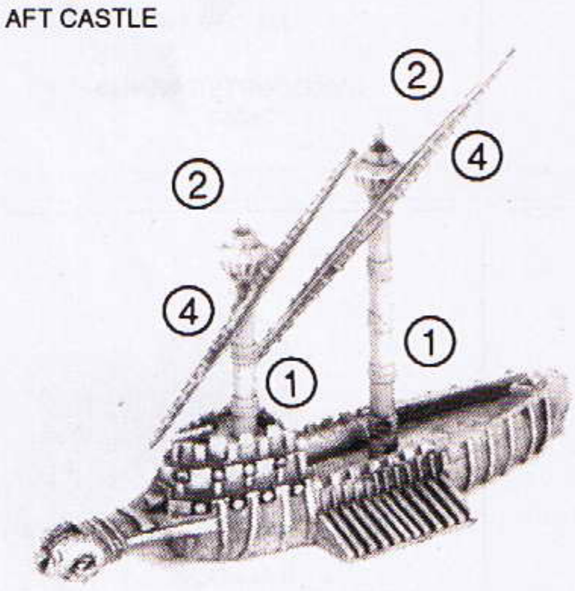
NOTE THAT SOME OF THESE SHIPS' MASTS HAVE BEEN SHORTENED TO MAKE THEM THE CORRECT LENGTH FOR EACH TYPE OF SHIP; REFER TO THE MAN O' WAR PAINTING GUIDE FOR MORE DETAILS ON HOW TO DO THIS.

IMPERIAL WOLFSHIP

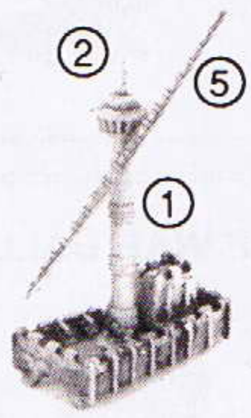
AN IMPERIAL WOLFSHIP CONSISTS OF:
1 x HULL
1 x AFT CASTLE



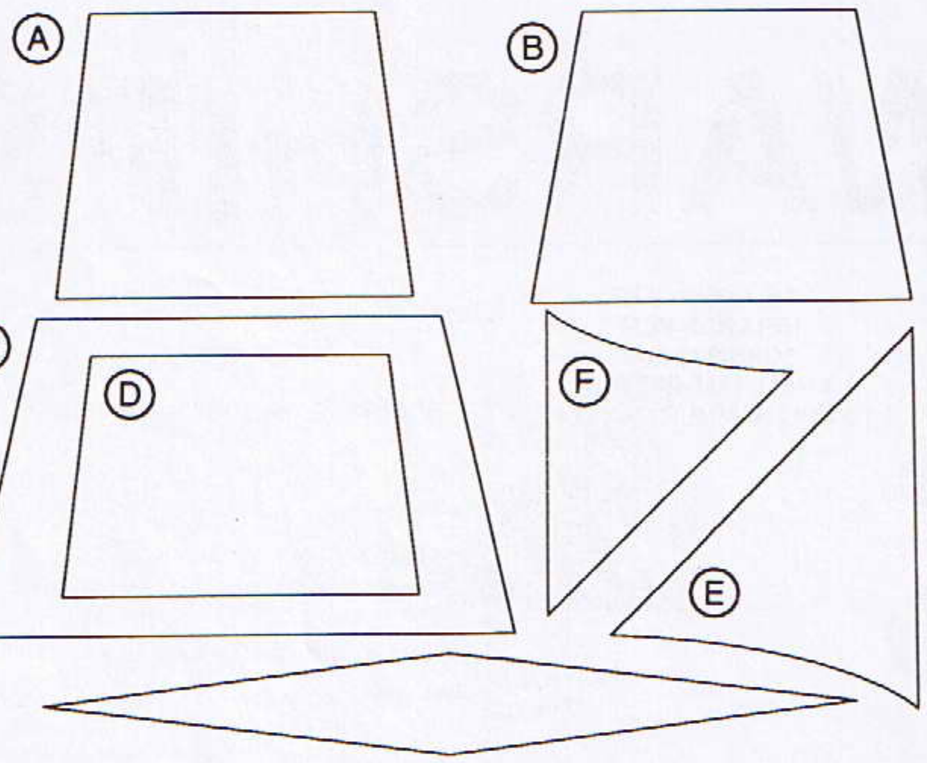
EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED AND FULLY PAINTED WOLFSHIP



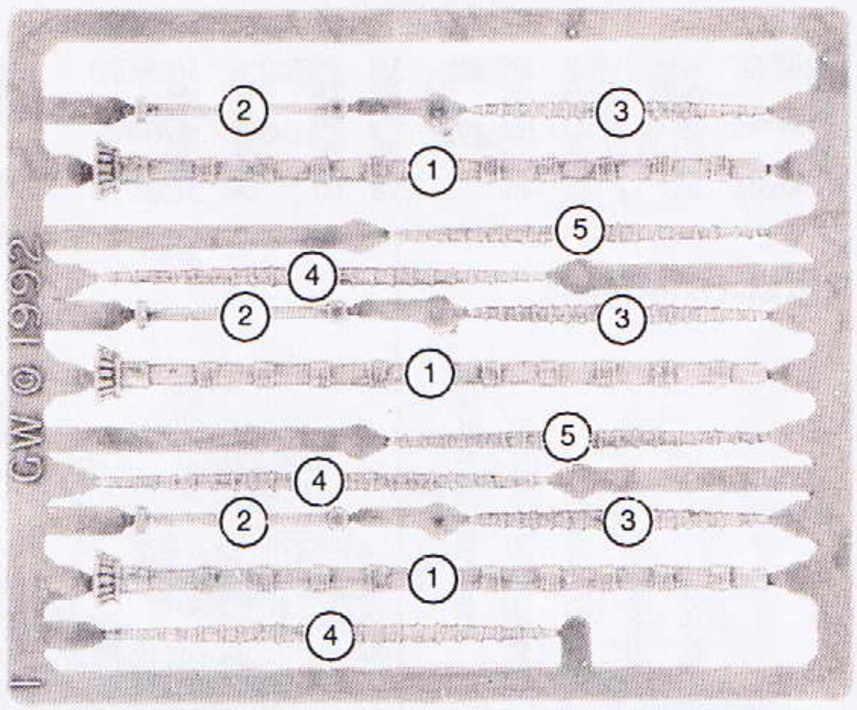
WOLFSHIP HULL
0413/5



WOLFSHIP AFT CASTLE
0413/6



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PERMISSION GRANTED TO PHOTOCOPY FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY.



MAN O' WAR PLASTIC MAST SPRUE
MOWPLA/2

THESE MODELS ARE SUPPLIED WITH ONE OR MORE MAST SPRUES WHERE NECESSARY.

Designed by Norman Swales

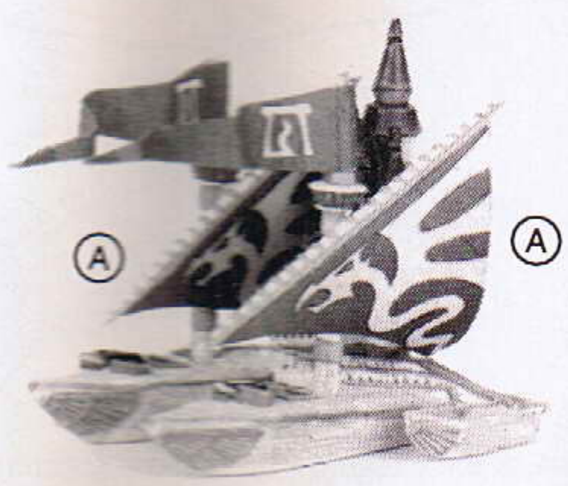
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CITADEL MINIATURES

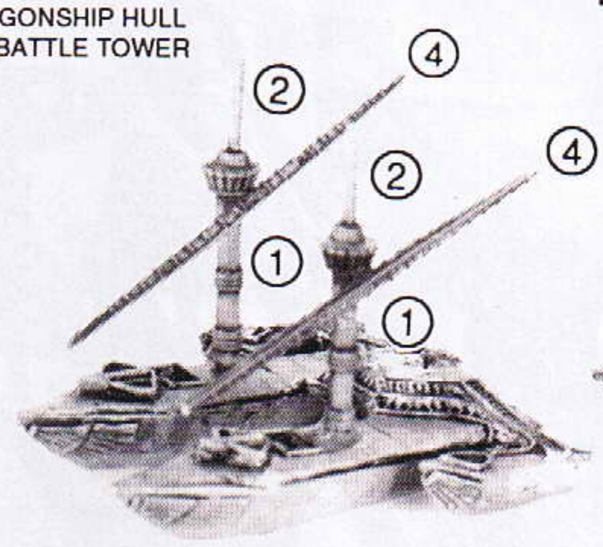
ELF WARSHIPS

ELF DRAGONSHIP



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED AND FULLY PAINTED ELF DRAGONSHIP

AN ELF DRAGONSHIP CONSISTS OF
1 x DRAGONSHIP HULL
1 x ELF BATTLE TOWER

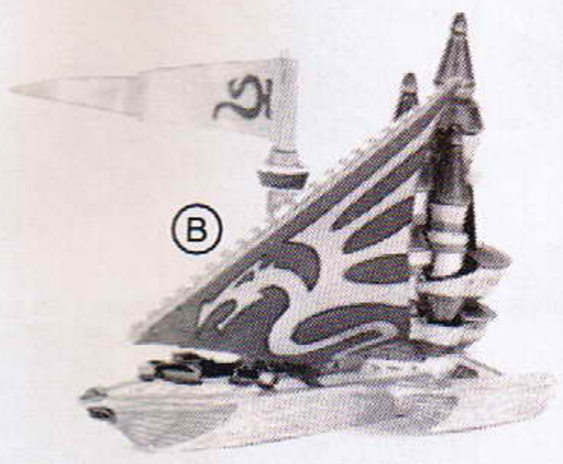


DRAGONSHIP HULL
78003/1

ELF BATTLE TOWER
78001/2

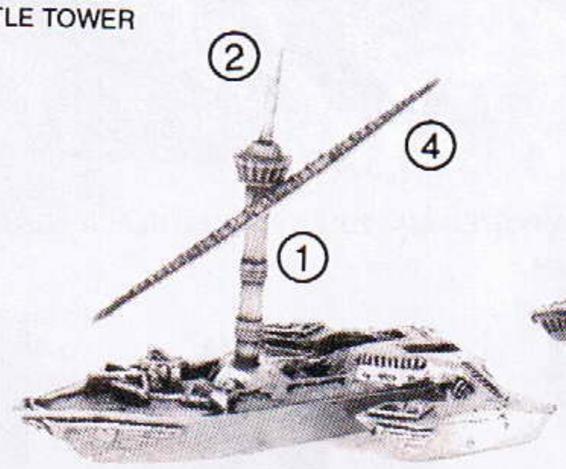


ELF EAGLESHIP



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED AND FULLY PAINTED ELF EAGLESHIP

AN ELF EAGLESHIP CONSISTS OF
1 x EAGLESHIP HULL
1 x ELF BATTLE TOWER



EAGLESHIP HULL
78001/1

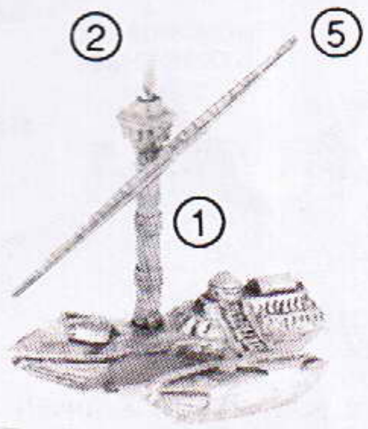
ELF BATTLE TOWER
78001/2



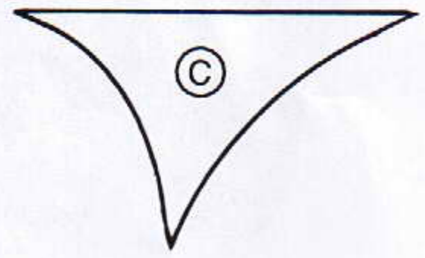
ELF HAWKSHIP



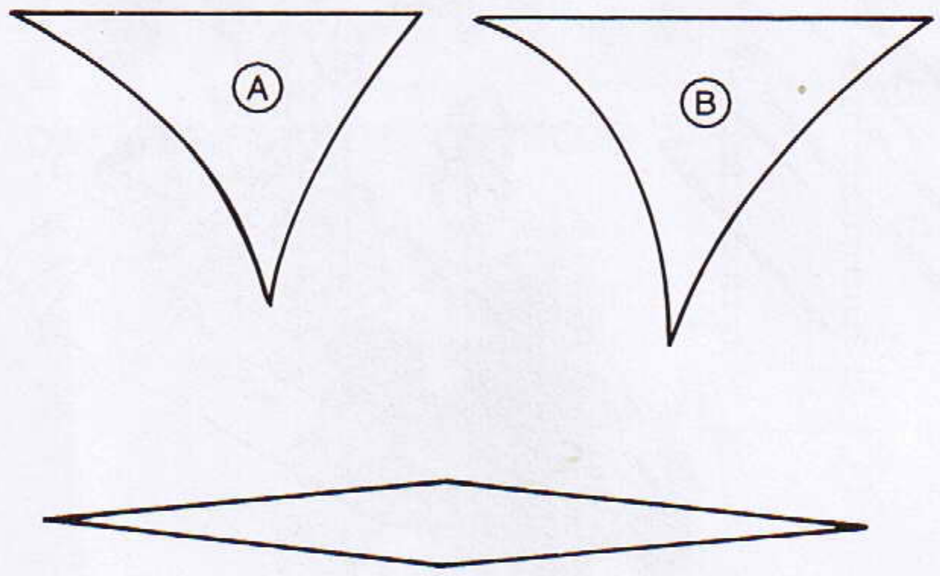
EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED AND FULLY PAINTED ELF HAWKSHIP



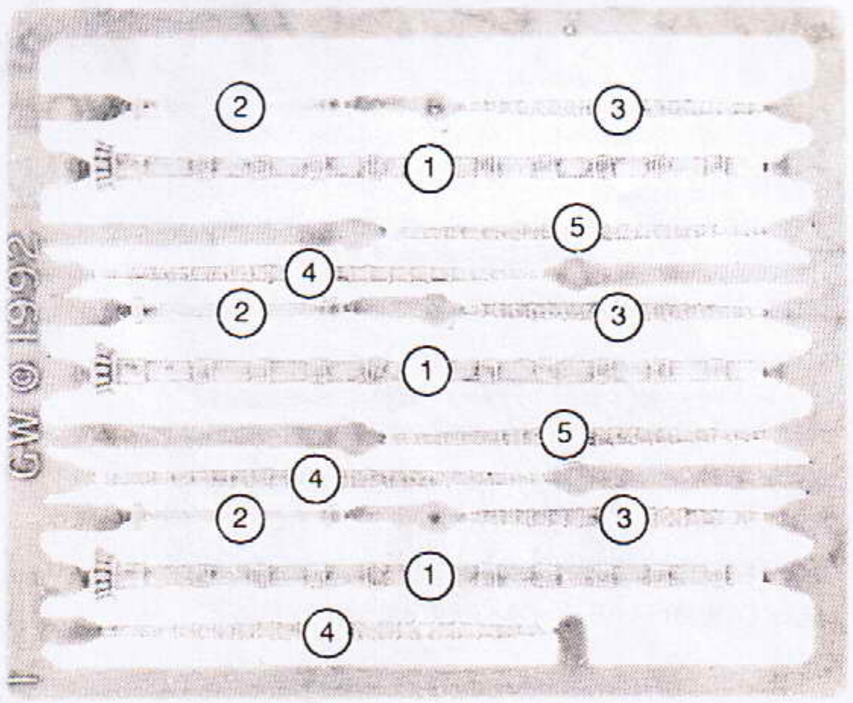
ELF HAWKSHIP
78002/1



MASTS MAY NEED CUTTING TO THE CORRECT LENGTH FOR EACH SHIP. FULL DETAILS INCLUDED ON THE SAILS SHEET IN EACH BOX SET.



THESE SAILS AND PENNANTS MAY BE PHOTOCOPIED, CUT OUT, PAINTED AND STUCK ONTO YOUR MINIATURES.
PERMISSION GRANTED TO PHOTOCOPY FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY.



MAN O' WAR PLASTIC MAST SPRUE MOW PLA/2

THESE MODELS ARE SUPPLIED WITH ONE OR MORE MAST SPRUES WHERE NECESSARY

Designed by Norman Swales

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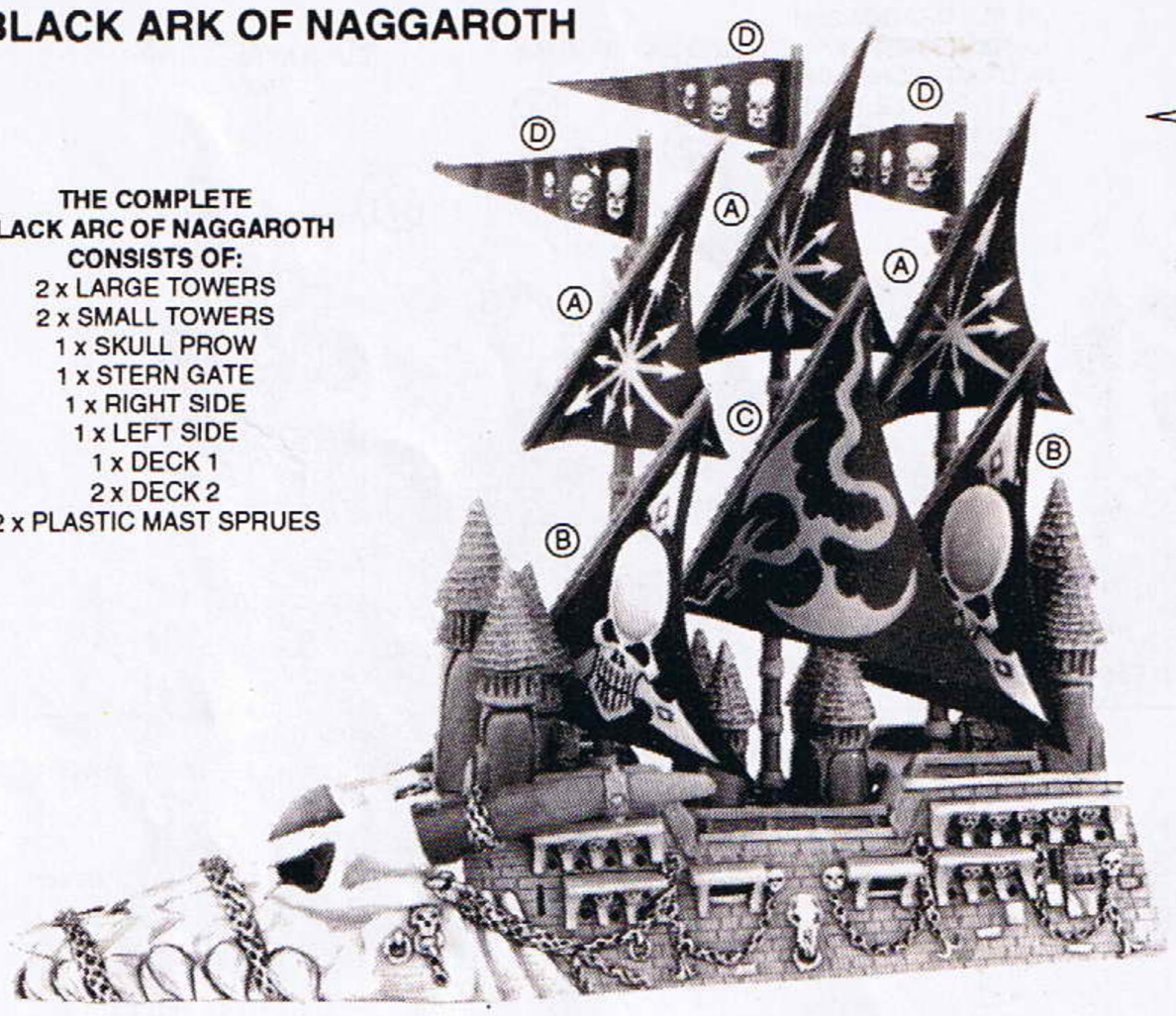
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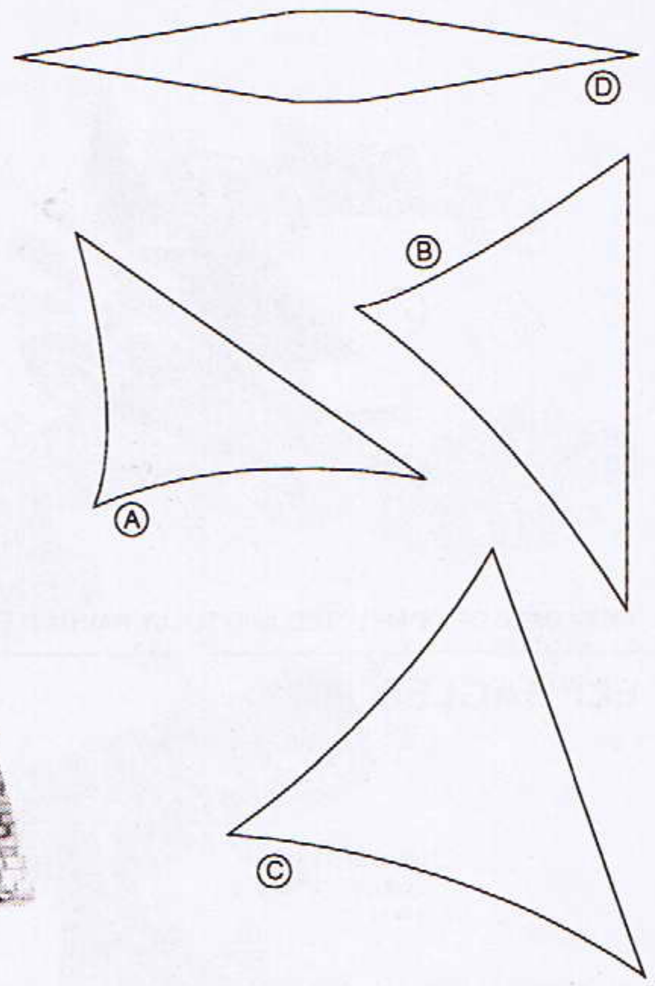
DARK ELF WARSHIPS

BLACK ARK OF NAGGAROTH

THE COMPLETE
BLACK ARC OF NAGGAROTH
CONSISTS OF:
2 x LARGE TOWERS
2 x SMALL TOWERS
1 x SKULL PROW
1 x STERN GATE
1 x RIGHT SIDE
1 x LEFT SIDE
1 x DECK 1
2 x DECK 2
2 x PLASTIC MAST SPRUES



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED AND FULLY PAINTED BLACK ARK OF NAGGAROTH





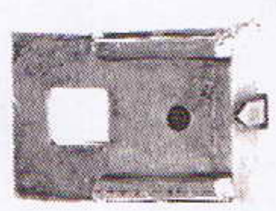
SKULL PROW
78021/1



BLACK ARK SMALL TOWER
78021/5



BLACK ARK LARGE TOWER
78021/4



BLACK ARK DECK 2
78021/8



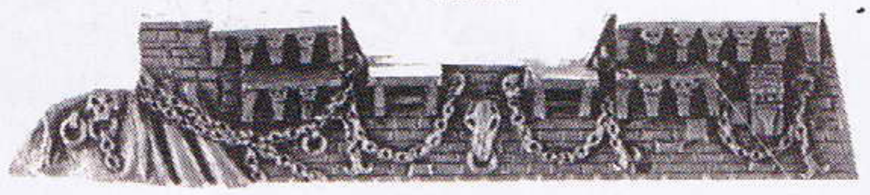
BLACK ARK DECK 1
78021/7



BLACK ARK STERN GATE
78021/6

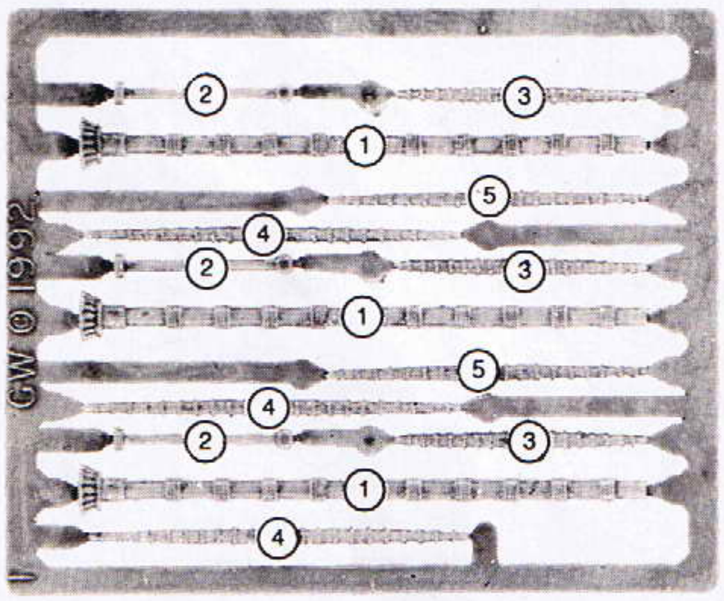


BLACK ARK RIGHT SIDE
78021/3

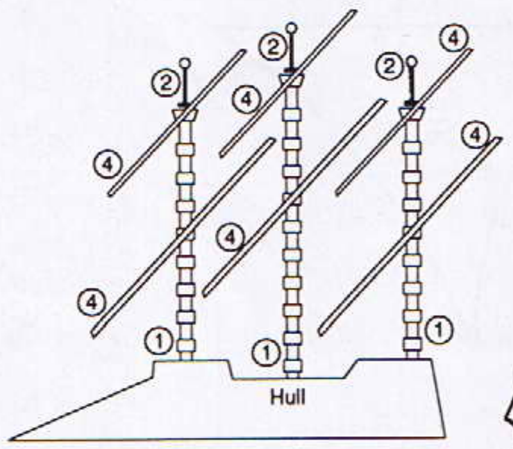


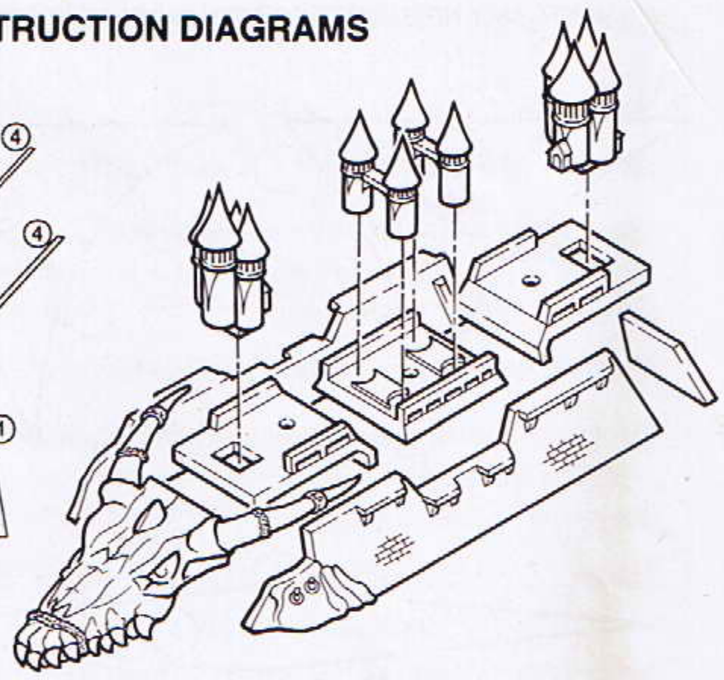
BLACK ARK LEFT SIDE
78021/2

SHIP CONSTRUCTION DIAGRAMS



MAN O' WAR PLASTIC MAST SPRUE MOW PLA/2





THE DIAGRAM ABOVE ILLUSTRATES THE CORRECT LENGTH FOR EACH MAST AND THE TYPE AND NUMBER OF YARD ARMS.

THE SAILS AND PENNANTS ABOVE MAY BE PHOTOCOPIED, CUT OUT, PAINTED AND STUCK ONTO YOUR MINIATURES.
PERMISSION GRANTED TO PHOTOCOPY FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY.

Designed by Norman Swayles and Michael Perry

CITADEL MINIATURES

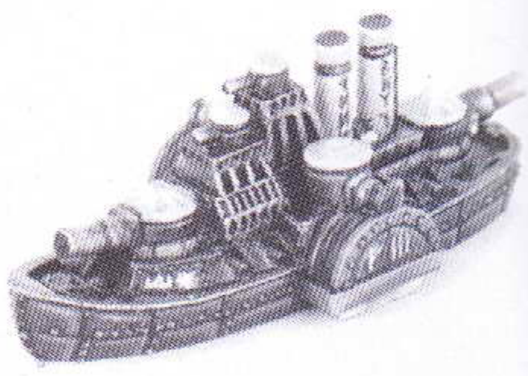
Miniatures supplied unpainted. **WARNING.** This product contains lead which may be harmful if chewed or swallowed. Citadel Miniatures are not recommended for children under 14 years of age.

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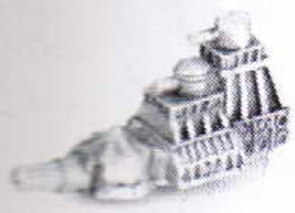
DWARF WARSHIPS

DWARF IRONCLAD

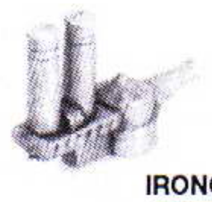
A DWARF IRONCLAD CONSISTS OF:
1 x HULL
1 x BRIDGE
1x FUNNELS



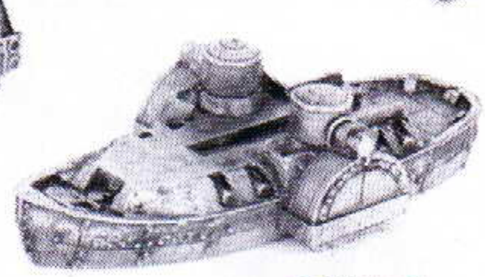
EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED AND FULLY PAINTED IRONCLAD



IRONCLAD BRIDGE
0414/3



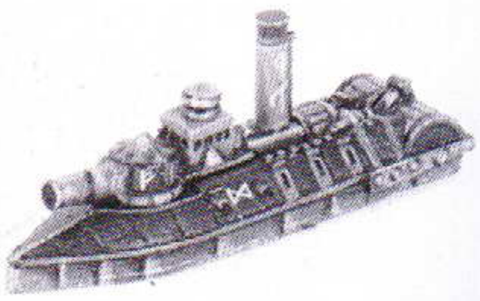
IRONCLAD FUNNELS
0414/2



IRONCLAD HULL
0414/1

DWARF MONITOR

A DWARF MONITOR CONSISTS OF:
1 x HULL
1 x BRIDGE



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED AND FULLY PAINTED MONITOR

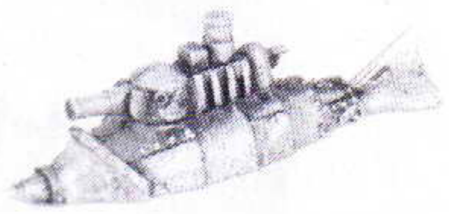


MONITOR BRIDGE
0416/5



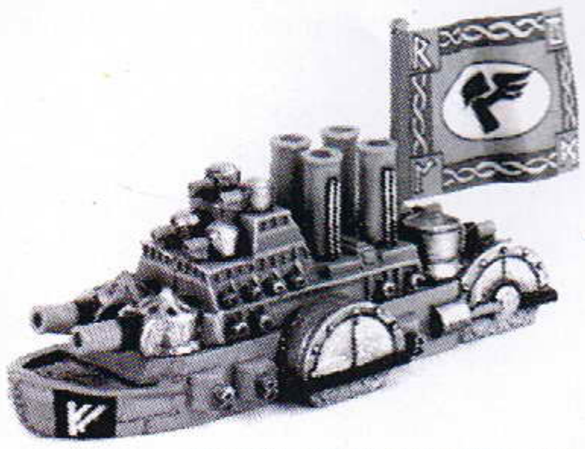
MONITOR HULL
0416/4

DWARF NAUTILUS



DWARF NAUTILUS
0415/6

DWARF DREADNOUGHT



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED AND FULLY PAINTED DWARF DREADNOUGHT

THE COMPLETE DWARF DREADNOUGHT CONSISTS OF:
1 x LEFT BRIDGE
1 x RIGHT BRIDGE
1 x HULL



DREADNOUGHT RIGHT BRIDGE
0417/3



DREADNOUGHT LEFT BRIDGE
0417/2

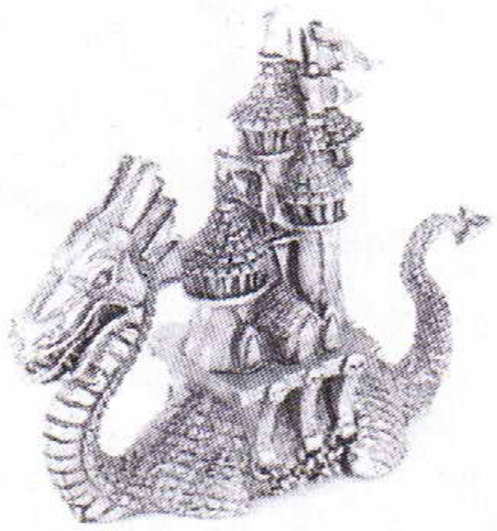


DREADNOUGHT HULL
0417/1

Designed by Norman Swales

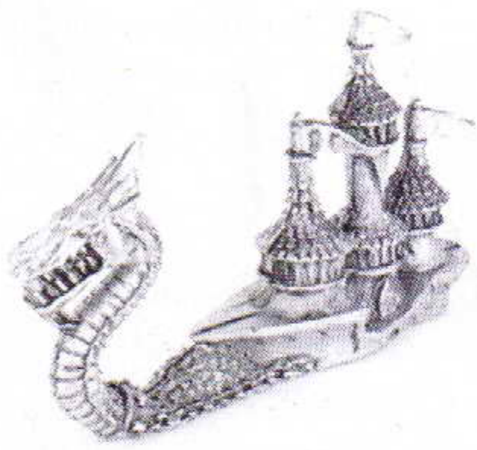
DWARF WARSHIPS

DARK ELF DEATH FORTRESS



DEATH FORTRESS
78022

DARK ELF DOOM REAVER



DOOMREAVER
78023

Designed by Norman Swales and Michael Perry

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SPACE MARINES OF THE BLOOD ANGELS CHAPTER BRAVELY REPEL A GOFF ORK ASSAULT