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CONTENTS

2 Games Workshop News
The latest happenings at Games Workshop.

8 New Releases This Issue
The latest miniatures, boxed sets and books released this month.

10 High Elves Warriors of Ulthuan (Warhammer)
Your first chance to see the Studio's new High Elf army in all its resplendent glory.

12 Arcane Lore (Warhammer)
Jake Thornton shares his thoughts on the creation of the new High Elves Warhammer Armies book.

16 Painting High Elves (Warhammer)
Mark Raynor explains how he went about painting his High Elf army.

20 Plain of Bone (Warhammer)
The High Elf Prince Tyrion confronts the evil Dark Elves in this story by William King.

24 'Eavy Metal Masterclass: Tyrion (Warhammer)
We explain how to paint the amazing new Prince Tyrion model.

26 Living in High Society (Warhammer)
Mike Radcliffe creates a High Elf mansion with some pointers for how you can create your own.

29 GW Mail Box - Ask Dirty Steve

30 Warhammer Chronicles (Warhammer)
Gav Thorpe presents experimental rules for three of the Lores of Magic: Beasts, Life and the ever-popular Heavens.

34 Warhammer Online (Warhammer)
Rick Priestley brings you an update on the upcoming Warhammer Online computer game.

36 Jeppe Danning's Lizardmen (Warhammer)
Jeppe won the Best Painted Army award at the 2001 Dannish Warhammer Grand Tournament.

40 The War of the Beard (Warhammer)
The first of two articles about the epic conflict between the High Elves and the Dwarfs, including rules and a variant High Elves army list, so you can recreate some of the ferocious battles.

48 Grand Tournaments 2001
Reviewing the last three U.S. and Canadian Grand Tournaments of the 2001 season.

62 Games Workshop Hobby Centers
Look for a Games Workshop Hobby Center near you!

64 Grandmaster Tournament

65 Rogue Trader Hall of Heroes
Meet the current Rogue Trader Champions for this year!

66 Rogue Trader Tournaments
Check for a Rogue Trader Tournament near you!

68 Index Astartes: The Lost and the Damned (Warhammer 40,000)
This month, Index Astartes looks at the Death Guard, the dreaded Plague Marines of Nurgle!

76 'Eavy Metal Showcase
A selection of Warhammer 40,000 Chaos miniatures.

78 Cardboard City
Learn how to build an entire cityscape by Nick Davis.

82 Chapter Approved
Includes Cityfight sub-plots, Tyranid Questions & Answers and a clarification of the Space Marines 'And they shall know no fear' rule.

88 Warhammer 40,000 Collectable Card Game
Sabretooth Games release their Warhammer 40,000 Collectable Card Game this month.

109 Mail Order
New deals and other handy bits from the Mail Order Trolls.

BATTLE REPORT

93 Fighting Fire With Fire
The Ethereal Aun'to and his bodyguard have been cut off from the rest of the Tau invasion force.

Seizing the opportunity to capture a member of the mysterious Tau ruling caste, Space Marines of the Salamanders Chapter have rushed to the area.

Aun'to has called for Crisis team reinforcements. Will they get there in time? Or, will the cleansing flame of the Salamanders win the day?

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HIGH ELVES

WARRIORS OF ULTHUAN

High Elf Spearmen engage a Dwarf patrol

Prince Tyrion and Malus Darkblade meet in epic conflict.

ARCANE LORE

The New High Elves Army Book

This month's big Warhammer release is the much anticipated High Elves army book. White Dwarf managed to corner Jake Thornton and got him to tell us his thoughts behind the new book.

Jake Thornton had a stint in Games Development on the Warhammer team, before joining the group which has been working on the Warhammer Online project (see the article elsewhere in this issue).

It's been a while since I appeared in these hallowed pages, but here I am again. The High Elves are upon us once more and that nice Mr. Sawyer has given me a few pages to explain myself. However, before we get into the details of how the High Elves have changed, I thought you might like to hear a little bit about the design process that got them there.

Whenever we start a new armies book, or revisit an old one like the High Elves, the first thing we need to do is agree on what they're all about. This first part is called the 'style guide' – a collection of words and pictures that define the imagery and 'feel' of the race. There is much discussion before these are started, and they are revised and discussed again and again (and again) until everyone is happy with them. We also look long and hard at all the stuff we've ever written about the High Elves (or whoever) in Warhammer. Once that's done we have a single page that we can give to anyone involved and say "That's what the High Elves are about". I've included the style guide page here.

As the project is being worked on, the style guide gives everyone involved a reference point to make sure that the final result fits together. It also means that anyone joining in the project half way through can see what it's all about. We can keep referring back to it as we go through the months of the project to make sure that we remain on course. It's all too easy to get six months into a project and drift away from the original idea.

HIGH ELF STYLE GUIDE

High Elves are a pure and noble race, their long and proud history stretching back to a time when Men were still fur-clad savages. In fact, the High Elves' disdainful view of humanity has changed little since that time. They live on the fabled isle of Ulthuan, set in the center of the Great Ocean away from the petty squabbles of lesser races. Here they practice their magics and their arts, perfecting them for no other reason than for the joy of it.

Elves are tall and slender, slight of build and graceful of movement. Their armies too move with fluid grace as do their warships and their steeds. All they touch is elegant and finely crafted, for they live many centuries and will not surround themselves with ugliness and discord. During their long lives they are able to perfect many skills and are known for their highly skilled artisans, their fine craftsmen, the beauty of their art and the melodious grace of their songs. All in all they are a race that loves beauty and treasures skill. But there is a darker side too.

They are verging on the decadent and their evil kin – the Dark Elves – are simply those of their number who went too far down the path of pleasure. Though they would never admit it, the High Elves know that they too are only a short distance from that path, and though they despise and fear it they cannot help themselves. In their hearts they also know that they are a dying race and that their golden age is past. They are still a power to be reckoned with though. The sleek vessels of their navy control the seas and their armies are a match for any that take to the field, but the prolific race of Man is taking over. Man and Chaos: the ultimate destiny of the world. This gives the High Elves a certain melancholy and desperate edge to their pleasures, and lends their battles an air of tragedy.

Tragic because their fallen cannot be replaced like those of the Orcs or Men can. And the losses are not just to professional soldiers, as the High Elves have but few of those. The majority of their armies is made up of a citizen levy, a militia in which all serve, every Elf providing his own battle gear in defense of his home and country.

However, it is perhaps for their control of the fickle powers of magic that the High Elves are best known. It is they who bound the screaming hordes of Chaos to their northern wastes and they who stooped to teach Men what feeble spells they know. Ulthuan itself is a magical place; the rocks themselves steeped in the force that powers all spells. For this reason the High Elves are more able than lesser races to weave the winds of magic into powerful spells.

So these are the proud High Elves: swift and frail, but skilled in both the art of battle and the mysteries of magic. A doomed race, but one that should never be underestimated.

SO WHAT'S NEW?

Let's look at the three salient points from the document. High Elves are:

Graceful but frail

Powerful mages

Highly skilled

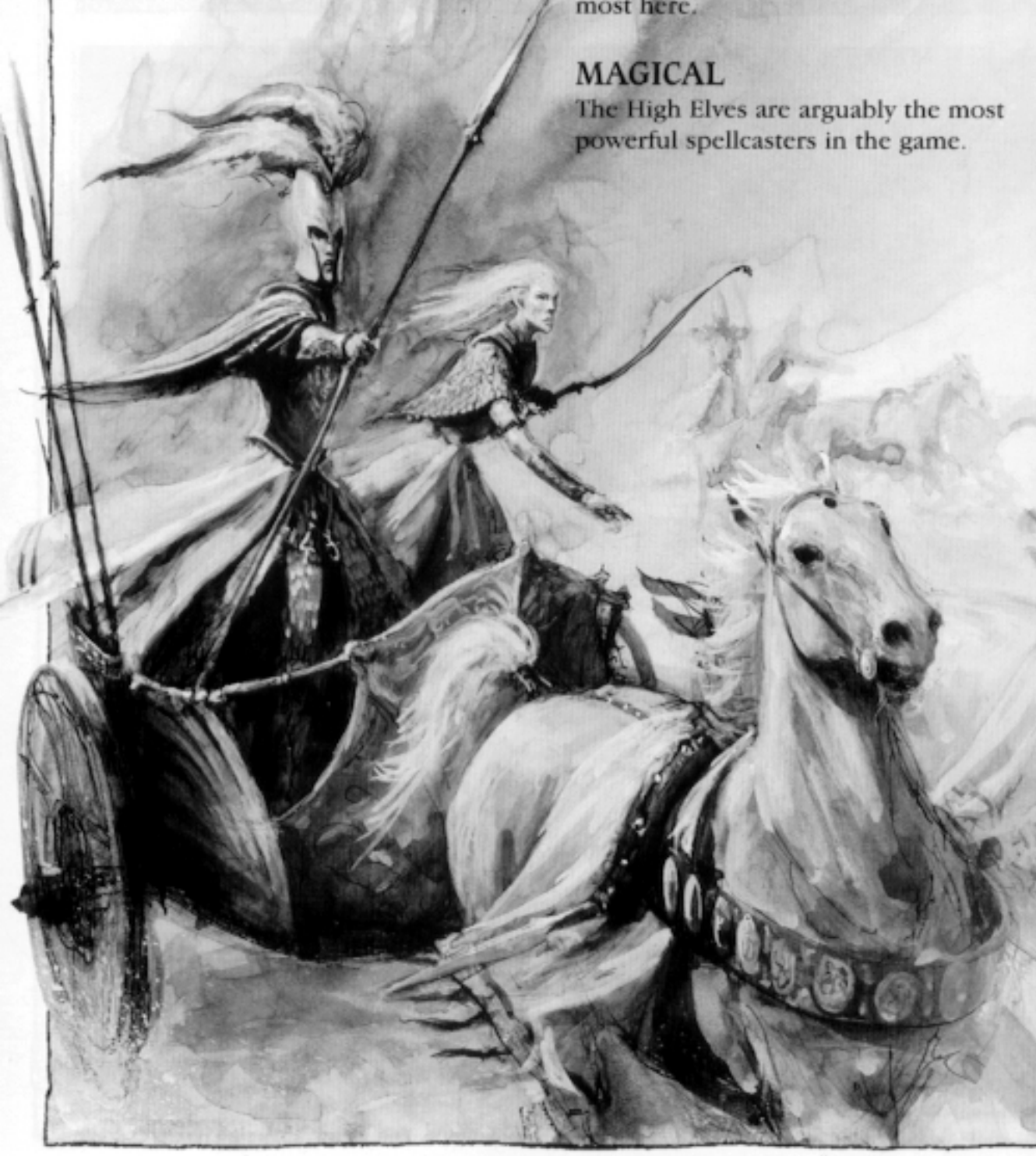
Actually this is not really new. In many ways this new version of the High Elves takes them back to their roots. You'll see more of this with 6th edition as we revisit more races. In fact, you may already have noticed that we've been trying to rediscover the most characterful aspects of each race and make sure they all stand out clearly.

TOUGH?

The High Elf profile covers much of this character, and the biggest difference is Toughness. No Elf has more than T3. "Aaaagh! How can I win a battle with a T3 general?" I hear you cry. That's generally the first reaction, and it happened when we released the Dark Elves as well. The answer is that you have to think differently with the High Elves. They aren't the same as Chaos or Orcs, and rightly so. In fact you should think differently with every army, which gets back to my point about characterization.

Try not to focus on this weakness. Instead, spotlight their strengths, and there are many of them. This lack of Toughness only matters if someone hits you. Of course that will happen eventually, but as you are probably faster than the enemy, you will get the charge. You will also strike first most of the time. Combine this with a high WS and you can kill many of the enemy before they can even try to exploit your low Toughness. And anyway, T3 isn't low for rank and file, it's average. It's only when you are dealing with characters that it's unusual.

With your nobles, it's a different proposition. Although all the above notes on charging and fighting first still hold true, it's the ability of the High Elves to have more magic than anyone else that may help them most here.



MAGICAL

The High Elves are arguably the most powerful spellcasters in the game. Certainly a magic heavy High Elf army is likely to control that phase. The secret here lies in balancing that strength with your weakness. You have no high Toughness characters, so protect them with spells and magical goodies. Which brings us to another of the new things in the High Elf book: cheap magic items.

As the makers of many of the world's best magic items they get a discount on all their item costs. Thus, even with the same number of points to spend they get more for their money. High Elf characters can be equipped with more magical goodies than other races and this helps to offset their natural weakness. Low Toughness? Have some magical armor, and as you're an Elf, you can still afford to have this protective talisman too! Particular favorites of mine are the *Armor of Stars* which teleports the character out of danger, or the *Talisman of Sapbery* which negates the effects of magic weapons carried by enemies in base contact.

Now you can afford to have all the protection you want as well as a magical sword to cut down your foes. This great flexibility makes for a lot of very nice item combinations. I'd tell you a few of the best ones, but you'll have much more fun finding them out for yourself by experimentation.

Oh, and did I mention that the champions of certain elite units (Phoenix Guard and White Lions, for example) can take up to 25 points of magic items?

SMART

The High Elves are also very smart. For this reason they have a few skills that other armies lack. Some of these are unit based, such as the careful training of their spearmen allowing them to fight in three ranks. One thing you'll notice is that we have trimmed out some of the special rules from previous editions. In particular, the High Elves suffered from some 'special rules creep' which meant that in order to restore the balance of power, when the army book was re-written for 5th edition we introduced special rules.

With 6th edition Warhammer we've been able to 'reset' all the army lists, allowing us to make much of the balancing of army strength based upon the profile and getting the

High Elf cavalry and chariots launch an all-out charge on the Dwarf battle line.

points values correct. For this reason, High Elf archers have lost their ability to fire in an extra rank. Longbows and BS4 is quite a considerable amount of firepower really, and we felt that in the long and the short of it, this was enough to make them highly effective missile troops.

Something else new to this book is the Honors. This is a short list of individual skills that can further enhance your characters, such as the Swordmaster and Loremaster abilities. Combined with the mass of (cheaper) magic items available, you'll find even more opportunity to tailor the characters in your army to bolster your style of play.

BALANCING TRICK

This balancing of strengths and weaknesses is the key to the High Elf army as a whole. Use your advantages in maneuverability (M) to place your troops in the best place to attack with your high skill (WS, BS) and speed (I). Use your potent Mages to enhance your shooting or protect your army from the enemy Wizards and allow your natural superiority in battle skills to come to the fore. Use the advantage of more magical items to protect your frail characters and allow their skills to defeat the foe.

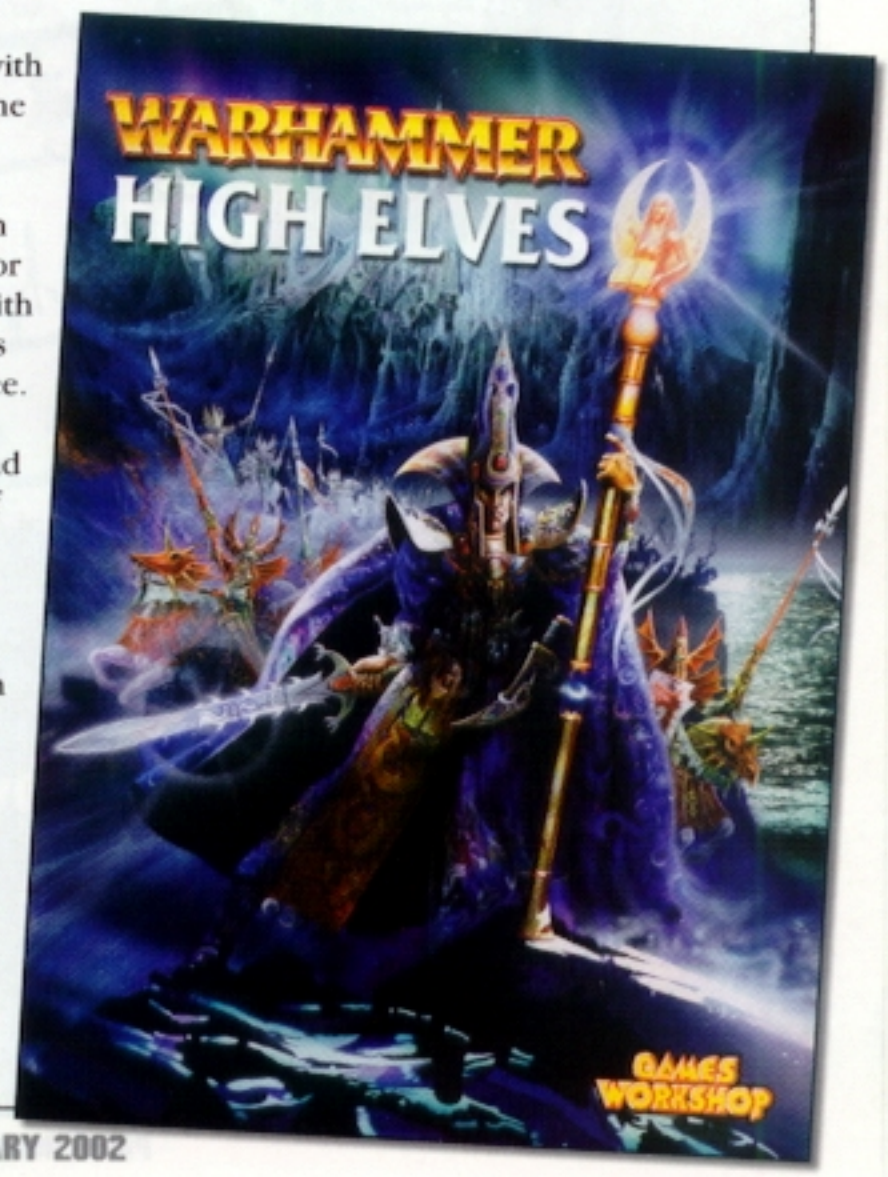
There's no doubt that the High Elves are a challenging army to command. They are subtler than many and some find that a tricky prospect to work with. Persevere. They are also an amazingly flexible army and one that greatly rewards experimentation. Quite what 'the best' High Elf army is I don't know. Even if I did I'd keep it quiet.

Try using your heavy cavalry and your Eagles to strike hard and fast. Take nothing else and fight a battle like that. Experiment with standing off and showering the foe with arrows, bolts and spells. That's your second battle. See if the steady march of Citizen Levy spearmen is for you, backing up their lines with elite regiments of White Lions or Phoenix Guard. Battle three. Try each of these and then you'll learn what strengths and what weaknesses each part of the army has. Then combine all of them in a single balanced force.

With a balanced force you can cover the weaknesses of each part of the army with the strengths of the other. Where one would fail the other will succeed. It is a difficult skill to master, but when you learn to balance your army in this way you will seldom be beaten.

GO GET 'EM

And that just about rounds up this whistle-stop tour. Hope you have fun with the Elves.



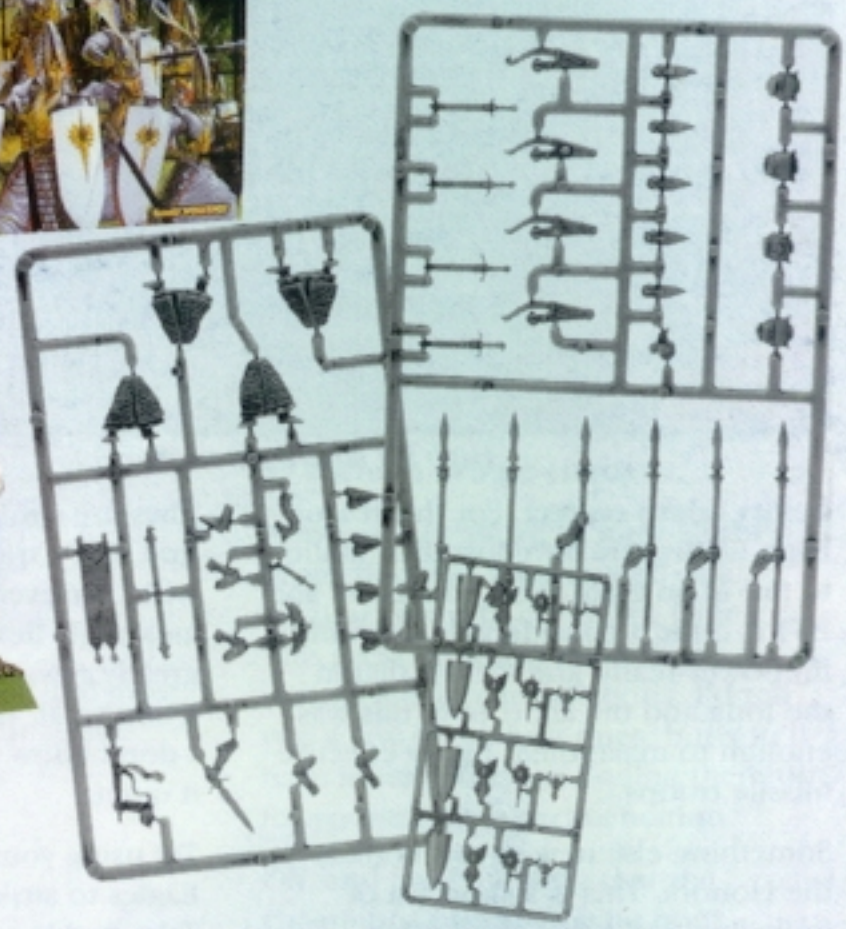
WARHAMMER®

PAINTING HIGH ELVES

How to get your High Elves army on the march

The new High Elf plastic regiment sets are released this month. To show you how to get the best from your High Elf regiments, Mark 'The Count' Raynor sets aside his beloved Undead and starts his very own High Elves army.

HIGH ELF SPEARMEN REGIMENT
Spearmen regiments are a Core choice, with 10+ models in a unit.



HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS REGIMENT
Silver Helms regiments are a Core choice, with 5+ models in a unit.

HIGH ELF ARCHERS REGIMENT
Archers regiments are a Core choice, with 10+ models in a unit.

Assembling High Elf Regiments

Before you can start painting your High Elf models they must be assembled, and it is important to make sure that your Spearmen and Bowmen fit together when ranked up. It is worthwhile spending some extra time thinking about how you would like your models to 'rank up'.

Models that fit well together within a unit will appear more organized as a regiment on the battlefield. You could use blu-tak to position your models, giving you the chance to see how they will look and rank up before finally gluing them together.

When you begin gluing your High Elves, it is a good idea to start from the front rank and work your way backwards through the unit, making sure that they all fit together as you go. Using the special regimental bases can make ranking up your unit easier.

The kneeling models from the Archers regiment look best in the front rank. To ensure that the models in the second rank can 'rank up', position them in between the models in the front.

To make your Spearmen look more dynamic, you might like to have the models in the front rank with their spears lowered (this also applies to a unit of cavalry), while those behind hold them vertically. Once all of your regiment has been 'ranked up', it is a good idea to number the bottom of the bases so that you can arrange them in the same order again afterwards.

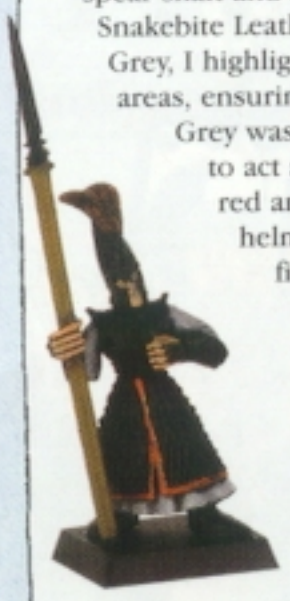
You can find everything you need to make a unit of Lothern Seaguard in the High Elf Spearmen regiment set. Simply glue the bow and quiver piece to the back of the model.

Painting your High Elf Regiments

By Mark Raynor

When painting a Warhammer regiment, I find that neatness is the key to creating a unit that looks great on the battlefield.

1 I started by spraying the models Chaos Black, as a Spearman is predominantly clad in metal, and metallic paint is better applied over a black undercoat than a white one. Next, I painted the flesh areas (hands and face) and spear shaft with Bestial Brown and any cloth areas with Codex Grey.



2 I highlighted the flesh areas with Dwarf Flesh, and the spear shaft and sword hilt with Snakebite Leather. Using Fortress Grey, I highlighted the cloth areas, ensuring that the Codex Grey was left in the recesses to act as shading. For the red armor trim and helmet decorations I find that Red Gore doesn't show up very well over a black undercoat, so I painted on Blood Red first, then Red Gore over the top.

3 Elf Flesh was my highlight color for the flesh areas, Bubonic Brown for the spear shaft and sword hilt, and Skull White for the cloth areas. I then drybrushed the mail shirt with Mithril Silver, remembering to be as neat as possible. All the other armor, the helmet and the spear tip I painted, rather than drybrushed, with Mithril Silver. I then repainted the trim with Red Gore, which allowed me to paint over any mistakes I had made whilst drybrushing the armor.

Mark's finished unit of High Elf Spearmen

4 I gave the areas of flesh a final highlight with Pallid Flesh and the spear shaft with Bleached Bone. Any small details, such as parts of the armor and sword decoration, I carefully painted with Shining Gold before basing the models and attaching their shields.

SHIELDS AND BANNERS

High Elf shields can be as simple or as elaborate as you like. A simple color with an attached icon painted in a contrasting color is a good way of making a simple but striking shield.

You might want to make the shields and banners of your elite regiments more intricate than those of your regular troops, for example, by painting an Elven rune on a flat colored background.

PAINTING GEMS

Painting all the gems on High Elves can be a laborious task (there are quite a lot!) so to minimize the time spent, I needed a quick and simple method. I began with a coat of Snot Green, which I then painted over with Green Ink and left it to dry. Finally I applied a coat of gloss varnish to give them a highly polished finish. I only painted the gems on the shields in the command group for the Spearmen as this would help to differentiate them within the unit. However, I painted all the gems on the Silver Helms emphasizing the fact that they are Elven nobles and of more importance.

Mark's finished unit of High Elf Silver Helms

I find it easier to paint riders and steeds separately. I stuck the riders to plastic flying stands while I painted them which allowed me to paint the areas which would otherwise be hidden or difficult to reach with a paintbrush. It also helps keep grubby fingers off the model!

Using the same stages that I used for the Spearmen I painted my unit of Silver Helm riders. All that was left now was to paint their steeds...

1 After spraying the horses Chaos Black, I painted their bodies with a 50/50 mix of Chaos Black and Codex Grey. For the barding, I used Boltgun Metal, painting each scale separately. I followed this by neatly drybrushing the scale mail with Mithril Silver. Although this needs patience, it does give a clean, neat appearance to the armor, which is a characteristic of High Elves.

2 Next, I painted the saddles and hooves with Scorched Brown. For the cloth robing under the barding, I painted the top side with Codex Grey and the underside with Blood Red. The edging around the bridle and harness was also painted with Blood Red.

3 The outside of the saddles were painted with Bestial Brown, which I also used to highlight the horses' hooves. For the cloth robing, I highlighted the top side with Fortress Grey and the underside was painted over with Red Gore.

4 To finish off the horses I used Shining Gold to carefully pick out all of the detailed decoration. I then highlighted the manes and tails with Codex Grey and the top side of the cloth robes with Skull White before basing the models and attaching the riders.

By the sun's wan light the Plain of Bones glittered. Preserved by strange magic, the old bones glinted white. Armor old as the Elf realms seemed new-forged. Weapons clutched in skeletal fingers showed an edge as keen as a sharpened knife. The dead lay in endless ranks. Foe lay entwined with foe, ribcage inter-penetrating ribcage. White mounds of skulls rose in vast hills above the plain. It was as if all the dead warriors of all the world's battles lay here.

As the Elf army moved forwards they marched through the rubble of ancient buildings. A city as large as Lothern must once have been sited here. Now every building had been cast down. No stone had been left upon stone. The vitrified wood of fallen roof timbers lay within the scorched remnants of the tumbled down walls.

Bones crunched beneath the hooves of the Elf steeds as they advanced. Obscene dust drifted upward and clogged Tyrion's nostrils. To his left was the immense skeleton of a serpent a hundred yards long. To his right was a heaped pyramid of skulls, ten times the height of an Elf. Tyrion wondered how long they had been there. Perhaps they had been heaped up yesterday, perhaps five millennia ago. Time flowed strangely here, he knew.

Tyrion gazed into the blank staring eyes of a huge stone head. The statue it had once belonged to must have been enormous before it was cast down. Each eye was the size of Malhandir, and Tyrion's mount was the largest Elf steed that had ever lived.

In the distance Tyrion's keen eyes made out the enormous black Altar of Khaine. It was as large as the Pyramid of Asuryan and down its side flowed streams of blood. It was rimmed round by huge statues. At the peak something glowed malevolent black, charging the air with ominous power. Tyrion felt a strange excitement build in the pit of his stomach, a foretaste of the weird battlelust the sword's presence inspired.

The two armies met on the open plain before the Shrine of Khaine. Proud pennons fluttering as the High Elves moved into position. Tyrion thought the sight of his army was something to stir the heart. The expedition to re-take the Blighted Isle was one of the mightiest forces assembled during this age of the world.

On the army's right flank Tyrion himself rode beside the massed ranks of the Silver Helms. He was proud to lead these armored knights, each a scion of the noblest Elf families, mounted on the finest mounts the island-continent could provide. To his right were a body of heroic charioteers from Tiranoc, speaking soft words of instruction to the horses that drew their chariots.

Beside them rode Antheus of Caledor and his brother Dragon Princes, mounted on their huge armored warhorses. Each horse was caparisoned with a headguard that echoed the winged helms of their riders. Antheus saluted Tyrion with his ancient rune-encrusted lance. Its tip glittered with the captured fire of a fallen star's heart.

To Tyrion's left, holding the center, were the massed ranks of the Elf archers, long bows strung and ready for battle. To their left were the deep formations of spearmen. There were Seaguards from Lothern resplendent in their ornate helms and fish scale mail, citizen-soldiers from the valleys of Yvresse and the coasts of Cothique. Beside the Seaguard, two bolt throwers were wheeled hastily into place.

There was the elaborately garbed bodyguard of the Sapherian Mage Prince Irion. The High Mage himself stood proudly beside his soldiers, exchanging bantering words with Hallar, captain of the Swordmasters of Hoeth. The mage and Ulthuan's most famous swordsman were old rivals. Tyrion smiled; he had studied under Hallar the Swordmaster and had a certain fondness for his sardonic humor.

The awesome silent legionaries of the Phoenix Guard stood shoulder to shoulder with the mighty White Lions of Chrace, each resplendent in the pelt of the great carnivore from which they took their name. This was a force to inspire terror in all but the boldest of foes.

Across from the High Elf army were the massed ranks of their enemy. On the steps of the Shrine itself stood N'kari. The greater daemon was a horrific sight. Half again as tall as an Elf and at least ten times the weight, a great mass of solid muscle. From its huge shoulder protruded two mighty pincer-clawed arms. Beneath them two slightly more human arms petted a strange daemonic creature. N'kari threw back his huge horned bull-head and let out a strange ululating cry which echoed out over the Dark Elf army and sent them into an ecstasy of terror and worship. Lying at his feet was a hideous daemonic fiend, part scorpion, part reptile, part beast. It licked the greater daemon's leg lasciviously. N'kari fondled its head with one huge human-like hand. He raised the other in a mocking wave to Tyrion.

In front of him stood rank upon rank of Dark Elf spearmen, their eyes glittering with undimmed hate. Between the great blocks of spearmen were units of crossbowmen. Tyrion had faced them before and knew how deadly they could be. All the Dark Elf infantry were driven by a festering hate that made them unwilling to give ground or concede defeat. The legions of the Witch King were among the High Elves' most terrible foes.

Beside the spearmen, opposite the Tiranoc charioteers, a crowd of Witch Elves stood howling and jeering murderously. Spittle frothed from the lips of the drugged females. They brandished poison dripping blades and danced lasciviously for the pleasure of their lord.

Directly before the massed ranks of High Elf cavalry were several formations of Dark Elves mounted on green-skinned, reptilian Cold Ones. Tyrion wondered whether the steeds of his troops would be able to bear charging the disgusting giant lizards. Well, he decided, it was too late to worry about that. He would have to trust in the courage of the High Elf warriors and the loyalty of their mounts.

Malhandir whinnied and reared, desperate to get to grips with the enemy. Seeing no reason to hold back, Tyrion gave the signal to advance. His plan was simple. The archers would keep up an unrelenting rain of death at the enemy as the knights and chariots closed with the foe. He himself would lead the charge.

After the doubts of the previous evening, Tyrion was glad. He might die in this battle but at least he would die as he had wanted to. Warfare was something he understood, had been bred to understand, and now was his chance to put his skill into practice. He fixed his gaze on N'kari. Yes, the daemon was a terrifying sight. Yes, the daemon was a creature of awesome power. But Tyrion knew that he had been beaten before. Once by his distant ancestor Aenarion, once by Tyrion's own brother, the magelord Teclis. It was the daemon's doom to plague the line of Aenarion. It seemed to be the destiny of the line of Aenarion to be N'kari's bane.

Tyrion was confident in the strength of his own sword arm. In his hand, the blade Sunfang pulsed with killing power. His body was sheathed by the dragon armor of Aenarion. From his neck the Heart of Avelorn dangled from a lock of the Everqueen's own hair. It was woven round by protective spells of tremendous power. Tyrion knew that no warrior save Aenarion

William King

PLAIN OF BONES

had ever gone to battle better equipped or protected. If any living creature had a fighting chance against a greater daemon it was he, and a fighting chance was all he had ever asked for.

He raised his gauntleted hand as the sign to attack. The silver notes of the Elf warhorns echoed over the field. In less than a heartbeat, clouds of Elf arrows arced towards the enemy. Malhandir needed no urging to advance. With effortless ease he accelerated. The wind whipped past Tyrion's cheeks as the great steed lengthened his stride. Bones crunched like brittle wood beneath his truesilver-shod hooves. In the distance a Cold One went down, pierced by a huge shaft from a bolt thrower. Tyrion saw its rider thrown from the saddle and crushed beneath the monster's falling bulk.

The hooves of the Elf cavalry shook the earth. Wheels thundered as the chariots slowly picked up speed. Tyrion saw one of the Tiranoc vehicles bounce on the uneven ground. The charioteers, intoxicated by speed, let out their terrifying warcries. The sound sent a shiver down Tyrion's spine. The call of the warriors of Tiranoc reverberated with ages of hatred and bitterness and loneliness. If he had been a Dark Elf hearing it, he would have been very afraid.

The Dark Elves held their ground despite the arrows scything through them. For all their evil, they were Elves and they had Elf discipline and courage. With a word Tyrion slowed Malhandir, letting the other cavalry catch up. He wanted to enter the battle with them. He would be the tip at the end of the spear of the Elf thrust.

Through the clouds of dust he could see the Dark Elves were closer now. They chanted frenzied cries in a bleak mockery of the tongue of Ulthuan. The words were similar enough to be understandable but the dialect of Naggaroth was a cold parody of the liquid Elf tongue, just as their bleak homeland was a grotesque echo of mystic Ulthuan.

Tyrion felt a surge of heat against his breast as a bolt of evil power surged from N'kari's claws. The dark energies coiled around him but were dissipated by the golden light of the Everqueen's charm. Tyrion breathed a prayer of thanks to the Mother Goddess. From behind him a bolt of Eldritch energy hurtled towards the daemon, only to be deflected by a sweep of those mighty claws.

A sinister hissing filled the air as the Dark Elf crossbowmen opened fire at the oncoming Elf cavalry. A bold warrior on Tyrion's right fell, a black-fletched missile protruding from his eye. With a horrible shriek, he toppled backwards from his saddle. His foot caught in the stirrup and he was dragged along behind his steed like a hideous plow churning the field of bones. Tyrion instinctively ducked his head. Bolts clattered off his armor. The ancient mail flexed under the impact. Pain flared where he was hit. Tyrion knew he was going to have some nasty bruises after the battle, if he survived. Still, the bolts had not penetrated his armor, which was just as well, for dark rumor had it that the spawn of Naggaroth often poisoned the barbs of their missiles.

Tyrion risked a glance around. Not too many High Elves had fallen. The range was long and the crossbow bolts had lost much power by the time they reached the cavalry. He saw one chariot hit a small ridge and flip, its drivers killed by enemy fire. Whinnying with terror, a horse tried to pull itself free from the wreckage.

Unable to contain themselves any longer the Witch Elves and the Naggarothi infantry advanced, cackling and gibbering. With great slow-seeming strides the Cold Ones loped along beside them. Hatred seared through Tyrion's veins. He was determined to bring death to his enemies. A small part of his mind felt the amplified battlelust and knew it was not simply his own. It came from the terrible weapon embedded in that ancient altar. He knew that the Sword of Khaine was feeding on all this death.

More spells leapt back and forth between the armies as mage and daemon duelled inconclusively. So far magic had had no great effect but Tyrion knew that soon one of the combatants would tire or exhaust his protective charms and then terrible things would begin to happen.

More and more High Elf arrows rained down on the Dark Elf ranks. With their own cavalry so close to the foe, they concentrated their fire on the far end of the Naggarothi line, rather than risk hitting their own warriors. Hideous screams cut the air as the Dark Elves died. On the altar the black aura flickering around the dark sword grew ever stronger.

With a crash the two forces met. Led by Tyrion, the High Elf cavalry was a tidal wave of steel rushing over their foes. Tyrion cut to the left and right of him and Witch Elves fell headless. Malhandir reared, crushing their still-twitching corpses beneath his hooves. Faster than a serpent's tongue, Tyrion's blade flickered out, killing

everything within its reach. The Elf Prince felt familiar bloodlust flow through him, amplified by the evil influence of the sword. He wanted to howl aloud, so great was his joy and lust for battle. He felt bone jar beneath the blade and the sensuous release of power as Sunfang's searing energies were unleashed.

Howling, more and more Witch Elves launched themselves at him. With their glazed eyes and blood-flecked lips they were no more crazed than Tyrion himself. He was a living engine of destruction, unstoppable by any mortal power. Hacking to the right and left he carved a bloody path through the Witch Elves and on into the Dark Elf infantry.

From the corner of his eye he caught sight of a poison-dripping blade, as it flickered towards him. At the last moment he twisted in his saddle but too late. The blade caught him beneath the ribs and would have driven on up into his heart had it not been for the resistant nature of his ancient armor. Silver stars flickered before his eyes from the force of the impact. The Dark Elf assassin spat at him. On his cheek Tyrion could see a small tattoo bearing the mark of Khaine.

"Die, assassin," he roared and lashed out. His blade took the elf's hand off at the wrist. The return swipe removed the assassin's head. In a frenzy of death-dealing Tyrion lashed out at all around him, transformed into a whirlwind of death. Soon no enemy lived within reach of his blade.

Tyrion had a moment's respite in which to study the battle. The High Elf cavalry had crashed into the main body of the Dark Elf force, inflicting terrible casualties. Tyrion would have thought that nothing that lived could have withstood that steel avalanche. Lances had pierced Dark Elf bodies. Scythe-wheeled chariots had mowed them down like stalks of wheat. Yet, improbably, driven by their ancient festering hatred, most of the Dark Elves had endured. They had managed to hold their line together and resist the sweep of the High Elf attack. They had not broken, despite the awful pressure put on them. Truly they were a most terrible foe.

Tyrion saw Antheus of Caledor, mounted on his horse, shouting instructions to his fellow Dragon Princes. They were surrounded by a knot of Dark Elf spearmen, trading hacks with their attackers. A single chariot had cut through the enemy line and was heading towards the Dark Elf rear. Near Tyrion the bulk of the Silver Helms were locked in frantic death struggles with their maniacal foes. Great white horses reared and plunged, crushing skulls with a flick of their hooves. Proud silver-mailed knights cut about them with great sweeps of their weapons.

Even as he watched one proud warrior was pulled from the saddle and gutted by Dark Elf spearmen. From this position it was hard to tell who had the advantage. Tyrion did not doubt that he would soon find out.

Spells seared the air. Near Tyrion a bolt of black power blasted through the Silver Helms, reducing one of them to a shrivelled corpse and causing the others to stand stunned with fear. Seeing the look of horror on his followers' faces and watching them waver in the fight. Tyrion bellowed for them to fear not and stand firm. Such was the authority in his voice that the High Elf knights held their ground. Tyrion looked for the source of the killing spell and saw it. N'kari had descended from the steps on the shrine and was making his way through the mêlée. Each great sweep of his claws left a bold Elf warrior lying a broken ruin on the ground at the daemon's feet.

From behind, High Elf warhorns sounded once more, calling the infantry to advance and join the battle. Once again arrows flickered overhead and fell in a rain of death on the foe. Howling aloud his battle cry, Tyrion urged Malhandir towards the greater daemon.

A strange stench filled the air near N'kari. The air smelled of sweet-scented and intoxicating incense. The daemon's overwhelming presence threatened the sanity of any who looked at him. There was something almost majestic in that hell-spawned form and something almost beautiful in the supernatural power and grace of his movements. Tyrion saw one Silver Helm stand transfixed as the daemon ripped him asunder. Even Malhandir's charge faltered slightly, forcing Tyrion to apply a touch of the spurs.

Like a thunderbolt he raced towards the daemon. As he did so the runes on his blade glowed ever brighter. He brought Sunfang round in a great arc and cleaved into the daemon. Wielded by Tyrion's mighty arm, and powered by Malhandir's irresistible charge any other creature would have gone down upon receiving such a blow. N'kari just let out a bellow of pain that gladdened Tyrion's heart. At least the thing could be hurt.

Tyrion lashed out again and again, unleashing a wave of mighty blows, driving N'kari back. Sweat poured down the hero's forehead and threatened to obscure his vision. His arm trembled from the shock of the impact of his sword on the daemon's iron-tough hide, yet he dared not stop. He feared that if he gave the thing one moment's respite then those mighty claws would tear him limb from limb. Molten ichor flowed from several long gashes and the daemon screamed with a strange mixture of agony and ecstasy.

The rest of the battle receded. There was only Tyrion and N'kari now. To both combatants nothing else was important. It seemed to them that they fought in a separate silent universe where only they and their hatred existed, and over all loomed the brooding presence of the Sword of Khaine.

Almost sobbing, now Tyrion continued to hack. Suddenly the daemon brought up its hand. Its human fingers flickered through a gesture of invocation and a searing bolt of black power enveloped the High Elf hero. Tyrion screamed. Pain flared in every nerve ending of his body. He wanted to retch and vomit. He felt as if a lightning bolt were passing through him. The smell of bile and sulphur filled his lungs. For a moment he stood paralyzed while the warmth from the amulet and the dread power of the daemon's spell warred through his body.

Now it was N'kari's turn to unleash a torrent of blows. Through a haze of pain Tyrion defended himself as best he could. Malhandir backed away as the snarling laughing daemon came on. Tyrion frantically blocked one of the thing's blows and ducked the sweep of a mighty claw. Another blow caught him on the helm. His ears rang from the deafening clamor. His head swam from the force of the impact. Another blow from a great fist caught him under the heart, in the area already bruised by the assassin's blade. He fought to hold back a scream as ribs broke and agony lanced his chest. Another blow buffeted his shoulder and almost dislocated it.

Insane joy bubbled in the daemon's voice. "You are mine Prince Tyrion. My vengeance is about to begin."

Tyrion felt beaten. His body was broken and every cell of his being hurt. The daemon was too strong for any mortal to overcome, no matter how well armed or well trained. He had been deluded to think otherwise. He almost bowed his head to accept the inevitable. Then from somewhere new strength flowed. Perhaps it was from the amulet at his breast, perhaps it was from the terrible sword upon the altar. He did not know and he did not care. He only knew that he had to fight on, that to admit defeat was to be already beaten. That, he would not do.

"No!" shrieked Tyrion. Though the sword felt heavy as a fallen tree he lifted it. Everything was happening with awful slowness, as in a nightmare. He saw the daemon look up, astonished. He brought the blade down with the awesome majestic power of a falling thunderbolt. The burning blade caught the daemon right in the center of its forehead, directly upon the mark of Slaanesh. The daemon's head fell apart under the force of the impact. The thing sank to its knees, molten fire bubbling from a gash that ran all the way to its neck.

As the ichor bubbled free it steamed and transformed into multi-colored vapor. As the vapor rose the daemon dwindled, like a balloon with all the air let out. The smoke itself glowed ever brighter and vanished with a long protesting wail. Now Tyrion was truly alone in the center of the battlefield. He felt like falling to his knees. He had used up all his strength. But once more he drew upon his inner reserves and forced himself to take Malhandir into the center of the fray and fight on, to victory.

* * * *

Slowly, wearily, Tyrion limped up the long stairway. Blood covered every step of the approach to the Sword of Khaine's resting place. The cloying scent of it filled his nostrils. The soles of his boots felt sticky. The last dying light of the setting sun turned the fluid black. Power vibrated in the very air, threatening the corruption of his soul.

He mounted the last step at the top of the shrine and turned to survey the field of his triumph. From here, atop this black ziggurat, it all looked empty. A thousand warriors had died this day and they had barely added a tiny increment to the number of bodies heaped upon the plain. Seen from this ancient vantage point, the futility of it all was clear. How many had died here during the long millennia, he wondered? And for what?

He stood now where Aenarion had stood, in the days of wrath, when he lifted the blade to fight against Chaos and tried to save the world. He stood now where Malekith, the Witch King of Naggaroth, had stood before attempting to draw the weapon and use its ultimate power for his own cruel ends. He stood now where brave Caledor and driven Tethlis, doomed Phoenix Kings both, had contemplated their own destinies and departed to meet their fates. He stood where countless kings and sorcerers and daemons had stood seeking terrible power.

None save Aenarion had drawn forth the blade and he had driven the cursed weapon so deeply back into the stone that none had ever drawn it forth again.

Tyrion turned to face the blade. Even against the dark of the sky it was visible, a deeper blackness obscuring the fearful stars. It rose from a great cistern of bubbling blood, its hilt a black crucifix in the deepening gloom. Along the blade red runes glowed sensuously. Blood condensed from the air about them, dripping down the channel in the center of the sword to fill the unemptying font.

Tyrion was surprised. It was a sword for him, as it had been for Aenarion. The weapon was supposed to look different to each viewer. It was said that for Malekith it had been a scepter, for Caledor a lance. No one knew what Tethlis had seen; he had not lived long enough to tell. The Sword of Khaine whispered to him, as he had feared it would. Its power called to him, almost overwhelming his senses.

Draw me, it said. *You can. You are worthy. You are my master. You are as great as Aenarion. Greater. You will succeed where he failed.* Tyrion shook his head weakly.

The world is dark. For the Elves it is growing darker. Long night and final extinction approach. Together we can save them. Together we can reforge their broken empire and reclaim their lost lands. Nothing can stand against us. Not Men. Not daemons. Not Dwarfs. Not your dark kindred. Naggaroth will fall. The Empire will fall. The kingdom of the Dwarfs will fall. The world will be ours. It is our destiny. You will be the last of the great Elf heroes and your name will live forever.

The grip seemed molded for his hand. The night was filled with forbidden promise. The truly terrible thing was that it was all true and it was all possible. Without the sword Ulthuan would eventually fall. With the sword he could rule the world. He need never fear any enemy. Daemons would tremble. He would be beyond the Witch King's vengeance. Almost he reached out for the forbidden thing.

Instead he touched the amulet at his breast. Its dimmed warmth tingled through his fingertips. He gripped it as if it were a rock and he was drowning, as if it could save his soul from peril.

He thought of the Plain of Bones, of the countless dead that fed the sword's power, of the countless deaths it would take to satisfy its eternal hunger. The blade knew no master. It had led Aenarion and his followers to their destruction. In the end Aenarion had lost everything. He had died alone in this dreadful place. Tyrion knew that if he took up the Sword of Khaine he would become like unto death, a destroyer of worlds, hollow, dark and mighty. Suddenly he knew that it was not what he wanted.

Slowly and with great reluctance, he turned and limped back down the stairs towards the other mortals. Behind him the sword kept up its perpetual siren call.

'EAVY METAL MASTERCLASS

Sculpted by Gary Morley, the new Tyrion model is released this month. We've really pushed the boat out to capture a dynamic heroic pose and this is the first of many such 'extra special' character models in the pipeline.

Tyrion painted by Martin Footitt

ASSEMBLING THE MODEL

The first stage was to glue the arm to the body before pinning the model of Tyrion onto a flying stand. This was so that he would be easier to hold during painting. The four pieces of the horse were then assembled, using green stuff to fill in any gaps. As the horse is positioned rearing up, some care was taken to fill the underside. Then the slain Dark Elf warrior was glued onto the base of the model, positioning him and the horse in a dry run assembly to make sure that both fitted before gluing into place. Each of these pieces were then sprayed with an undercoat of Chaos Black. Watered down Chaos Black was used to paint over any areas the spray had not caught.

PAINTING THE BASE

The base of the model was painted first, starting with the dead Elf's face. Using a basecoat of Dark Flesh, an equal quantity of Dwarf Flesh was then added for the first highlight stage. For further highlights, Pallid Flesh was added to the mix, finishing off by adding a small amount of Skull White. A small amount of Red Ink was used to add a bit of color to the bottom lip.

The Dark Elf's armor was painted with a basecoat of Boltgun Metal followed by highlights of Chainmail and then Mithril Silver. Once this had dried, these sections were given a wash with an equal parts mix of Blue, Brown and Black Inks.

A basecoat mix of equal quantities Chaos Black and Codex Grey was used to paint the Elf's clothes. Codex Grey was then added to the mix for the first highlight, with Fortress Grey added for the final highlights. To create the dirt effect, Scorched Brown followed by Dark Flesh was painted onto the hem of the robes. This was then given a final highlight of Bestial Brown.

The blood was painted with a mix of Red and Black Inks which, after the completed model had been spray varnished, was then painted over with gloss varnish.

Chaos Black and Codex Grey mixed together in equal quantities were used as a basecoat for the rock. This was highlighted with Codex Grey on its own then Fortress Grey and finally Skull White. The whole rock was then given a thin wash of an equal parts mix of Brown and Dark Green Ink.

The model was then based by gluing sand to the base with PVA. This was then painted with Bestial Brown and drybrushed with Bubonic Brown. It was then given a final drybrush with Bleached Bone and finally static grass was applied.

PAINTING THE HORSE

A touch of Dark Flesh was mixed in with Fortress Grey to paint the basecoat of the horse. For the next highlight stage,

an equal parts mix of Fortress Grey and Skull White was applied, adding more Skull White to this mix for each successive highlight.

The mane and tail were painted with a Codex Grey basecoat and then given a wash with an equal parts mix of Blue and Black Ink. After applying Codex Grey for a second time, these sections

were then highlighted with Fortress Grey adding an equal quantity of Skull White to this for the final highlight.

The muzzle of the horse was painted with a basecoat of Dwarf Flesh which was blended into the skin tone. An equal

quantity of Pallid Flesh was then mixed into the basecoat for the first highlight, adding Skull White to this to finish.

A basecoat mix of equal quantities Regal Blue and Chaos Black was used to paint the caparison. An equal quantity of Regal Blue was put into the mix before adding Enchanted Blue for each successive highlight. A final touch of Skull White was mixed in to complete the highlights.

PAINTING TYRION

The face was painted with a basecoat of Dark Flesh to which an equal quantity of Dwarf Flesh was added for the first highlight stage. Pallid Flesh followed by Skull White were mixed in for the latter highlight stages, finishing off the face with a touch of Red Ink on the bottom lip.

The gold armor and banding on Tyrion's horse were given a basecoat of Tin Bitz followed by Beaten Copper. The final highlights were first Shining Gold, with an equal quantity of Burnished Gold added for the next highlight coat. To finish the armor, a thinned down glaze of Flesh Wash was applied.

The winged helm, sword and the scalemail were painted with a basecoat of Boltgun Metal followed by a first highlight of Chainmail. The highlights were finished with Mithril Silver before giving these areas a wash with a thinned down mix of equal parts Blue and Black Ink.

A basecoat of Codex Grey was applied for the cloth, adding an equal quantity of Fortress Grey to this for the first highlight stage.

For the final highlights, increasing amounts of Skull White were added to the mix, finishing off with Skull White on its own.

The blue trim on the cloth was painted with a basecoat of Regal Blue, to which an equal quantity of Enchanted Blue was added for the first highlight stage. Ghostly Grey was then added to the mix in similar amounts for the final highlight.

Tyrion's cloak was painted with a basecoat mix of equal parts Shadow Grey and Chaos Black. Shadow Grey was added to this mix for the first highlight, finishing off the cloak with Ghostly Grey.

FINE DETAIL

Starting with a basecoat of Scorched Brown, an equal quantity of Dark Flesh was added to this for the first highlight stage of the saddle. Vermin Brown was then added to the mix, finishing off by adding a small amount of Ghostly Grey.

To paint the red dragon helm, the scalemail on the horse's head and the tassels, a basecoat mix of equal parts Chaos Black and Scab Red was used, adding Scab Red to this mix for the first highlights followed by Red Gore. To finish the highlights, an equal parts mix of Fiery Orange and Bronzed Flesh was painted onto the tips of the scales and dragon's ears before giving each of the sections a wash with Red Ink.

The model's hair was painted with a basecoat of Snakebite Leather. Golden Yellow and Vomit Brown were added to the basecoat in equal quantities for the first highlight stage, adding a touch of Skull White to finish.

FINISHING TOUCHES

A Scab Red basecoat was used to paint the red decorative strips on the armor, which was highlighted with Red Gore and then Fiery Orange. The white strips were painted with a basecoat of Fortress Grey followed by a highlight of Skull White on its own.

The runes on the sword were painted with the same colors used to paint the gold armor. The only difference was that the Flesh Wash stage was replaced with a wash of thinned down Blue Ink. The tips of the runes were then painted with a mix of Shining Gold and Mithril Silver.

Finally the horns on the dragon helm were given a basecoat of Bestial Brown and highlighted with Snakebite Leather. Bleached Bone was then added to Snakebite Leather, finishing off the highlights by adding Skull White to the mix.

PAINTING GEM STONES

From a Chaos Black undercoat, paint 75% of the underside of the gem with Red Gore.

Paint half of the Red Gore area with Blood Red.

Paint a crescent moon of Fiery Orange in the bottom corner of your gem stone.

Paint a small stripe of Skull White in the black area of the gem to create the illusion of light catching the gem.

The blue gemstones were painted with a basecoat of Ultramarines Blue to which Ghostly Grey was added in increasing amounts for each successive highlight. Once the completed model had been varnished a couple of coats of gloss varnish were applied to the stones.

Living in High Society

by Prince Mike Radcliffe

Another scenery class with Master Builder Mike Radcliffe, and this month he creates a High Elf mansion to go with the eagerly anticipated release of their new army book. So, with pencil and paper in hand and an idea in his head, we left him to perform his magic and record the steps taken to transform this scenery piece from concept sketch to magnificent building.

My favorite High Elf scenery piece was always the mansion from the "Tears of Isha" scenery pack. Since it was made to fit on card sheets, it was a little small. I decided to make a proper sized version.

First, I dug up my old White Dwarfs for some reference photos, then, after an initial sketch, I worked out some detailed plans.

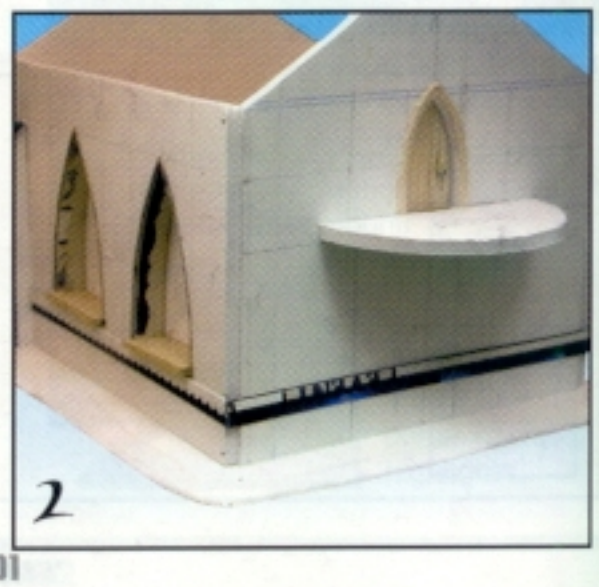
Using my plans as a guide, I drew the individual patterns onto a single sheet of foamcore board. Foamcore is a great, cheap building material you can pick up at any craft store.

The next step was to cut the initial foamcore patterns out and fit them together. I recommend a sharp hobby knife and a French curve (also available at craft stores) when cutting curvy shapes out of this stuff. A little patience wouldn't hurt, either. I fit the pieces together with PVA glue and held them in place with a couple of straight pins until the glue dried (Fig. 1).

1

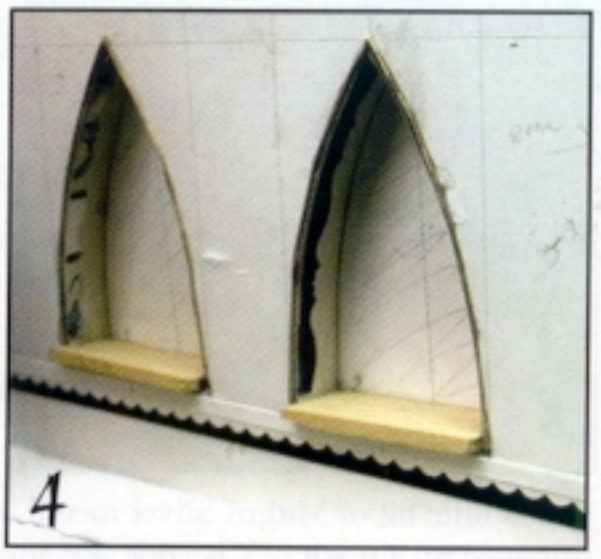
The decorative edging around the walls was made using scallop shaped paper edger (Fig. 2). You can can get a pair of these and some wildly shaped hole punches from a local craft store pretty cheaply, and the effects they create can look really professional. I cut the edging out of thin card and cut some more strips of it for a layered effect.

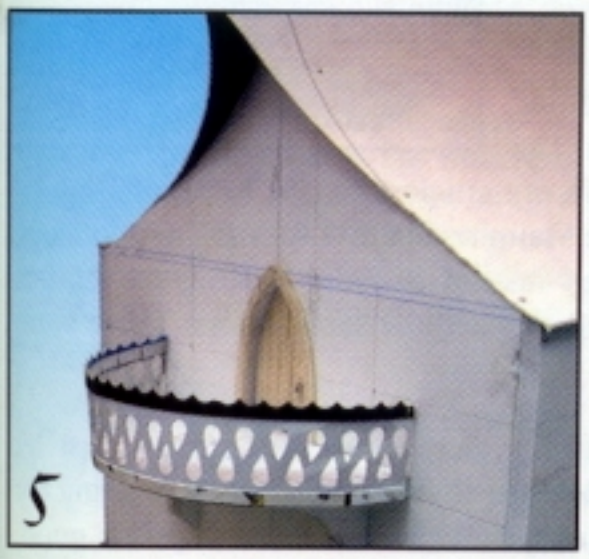
To save money, I used the card inserts from a few White Dwarf issues back. The cardstock is thin, so it's easy to cut. And, really, what am I gonna do with 2nd Edition Warhammer 40,000 wargear cards, anyway...?


2

The front doors were made from sheets of balsa wood scored with a hobby knife to resemble planks (Fig. 3). I used a teardrop-shaped hole punch for the door plates behind the rings, and I made the rings by wrapping a length of wire around the handle of a needle file and cutting straight down the length of the coil with clippers.

Then, for the statue alcoves on the sides, I cut out the arches and layered some more decoratively edged card around the insides of the openings to make them stand out more (Fig. 4). Then, a piece of balsa wood was used to create the jutting edge, and I grabbed some scrap foamcore to make the back walls of the alcoves. Furthermore, another smaller door was added at the back of the mansion, about halfway up the wall.

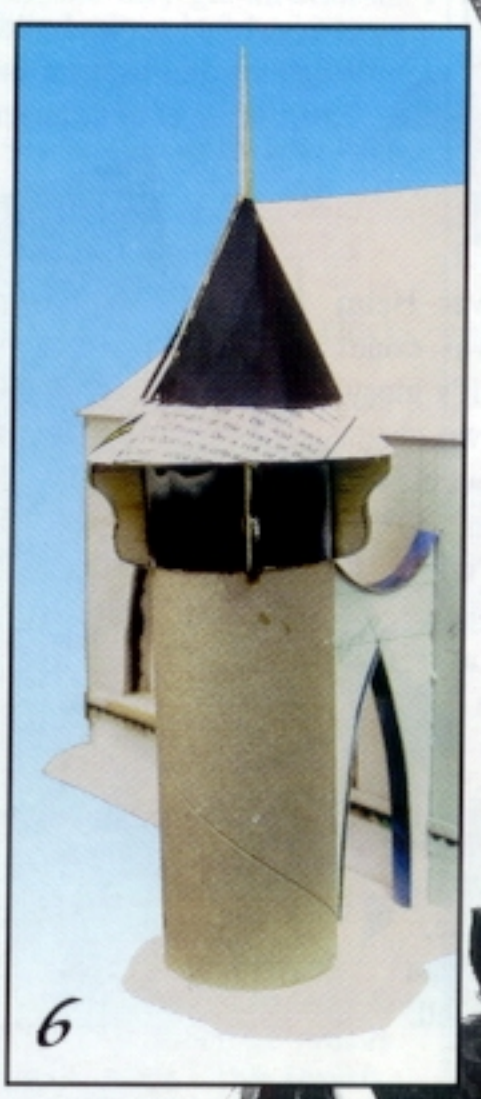




The floor of the balcony (Fig. 5) was created from some more scrap foamcore, and I used some more thin card to make the railing. I drew a grid on the back of the card and alternated which squares I cut into with the teardrop hole puncher. Then I used the scallop edging shears on a bit of more card for the top of the railing and a thin strip for the bottom. All of this was held together with a bit of PVA glue, and then I started to make the roof.

This was basically one large sheet of card cut so that the peak of the roof overhangs both the front and back of the mansion. I used more PVA glue and straight pins to attach and hold it to the slopes of the front and back walls while it dried.

To make the towers on either side of the mansion, I started with the best and cheapest tower-like material: a toilet tissue tube. I formed two cones out of card and stacked the thinner, taller one on top of the wider, shorter one for a more Elven feel (Fig. 6). Then I used a toothpick to both hold them together and serve as a banner pole later when I added the pennants. Then I cut some foamcore to match the bottom of the cones and glued it to the balsa wood supports I had edged with some card.



After the towers were done, the only things left to do were to add a few details, like runic relief sculptures (Fig. 7), and paint the mansion!

8

Now that the construction of the building was finished, I got to start on the painting! I first gave the whole building a coat of textured paint, then I painted all the walls with some Bubonic Brown. They were finally drybrushed Bleached Bone to give them a light stone look. For the roofs, I started with a nice coat of Enchanted Blue to keep with the High Elf motif and finished them off with a light drybrush of Lightning Blue and more with a little white mixed in (Fig. 8).

The doors (Fig. 9) were all given a wash of Chestnut and Brown Inks, then a drybrush of Bestial Brown.

9

All of the metal bits, like the balcony railing, door rings and pennant poles, I gave a basecoat of Chaos Black, since metal always looks best when it's painted over black. Then the silver metal parts received a nice drybrush of Chainmail. You could even highlight further with a little bit of Mithril Silver mixed in. The gold metal was first painted Shining Gold, followed by a wash of Chestnut ink and, finally, a drybrush of Shining Gold mixed with Mithril Silver.

10

The most detailed parts of the building, I think, are the statue alcoves (Fig. 10) on each side. The marbling effect was covered a while back in my article titled, "Chapel of Blood," where I built a Blood Dragon chapel for the Vampire Counts (WD 257). Of course, this time I used Shadow and Fortress Grey instead of reds. Making the figures appear like they were made of stone, as well, utilized the same colors. These were just drybrushed on rather roughly.

If you're stuck on which models to put in the alcoves as your statues, just let yourself go nuts. Heroes and character models are always good, if you're going for a more regal feel to the building, but regular spearmen and other troops are good, too. Whatever you want to use to accent the building's overall theme is perfectly fine. Even some cool monster types could be nice, if you feel so inclined.

After adding a couple of old Silver Helm banners I got from Mail Order I was done! Here's the High Elf Mansion in all it's glory. Now that it was finished, I sat it down on the table to admire it. Of course, it would need a really cool watchtower to accompany it. And if I had a really cool watchtower, a monolith would complete the whole Tears of Isha set. There's a really nice High Elven monolith piece from Forge World that would go really well. Then I would be able to repel those smarmy "Look at my new Cold Ones" Dark Elf players from the Land of Chill in style. Of course, there is the small matter of completing an entirely painted High Elf army...oh, well.

Mike

GW Mailbox

or..."Ask Dirty Steve!"

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

Dear Dirty Steve,

Are there any plans for the release of Guardian Storm Squads, or are Eldar players going to continually have to convert them? If the answer is no, will GW be selling the 2nd Edition Eldar plastic close combat weapon sprues to convert them? Also with the imminent release of the Necrons and C'tan, will we be seeing yet another VDR to incorporate them and the Tau? And finally, will there be Space Slaan to combat the C'tan, yet again....?

P.S. - Information is power, so give it to me, so I may guard it well.

-Captain Dresarius

Unfortunately, I haven't seen any plans for Guardian Storm Squads, but you can ask Mail Order if they have any of those close combat sprues left. Nor have I heard any plans for a new VDR to incorporate Necrons and Tau. Try coming up with some of your own ideas and sending them to Citadel Journal! They'd love it!

Um...Space Slaan...boy, I hope not....

Dear Dirty Steve,

When you made WH40K third edition, you took the Eldar's most powerful weapon away when you dropped the shuriken catapult range down to 12". The Eldar aren't great assault troops compared even to Imperial Guard. Their only equalizer was to shoot the enemy troops for a couple of turns to hopefully thin out their ranks so that you could maybe win an assault by weight of numbers. This was offset by the fact that they only had a BS of 3, so most of the time you still had a heck of a hand-to-hand phase ahead of you. You people insisted that this MUST be taken away to make the game more balanced (Making the Eldar...well ...SUCK against Tyranids, Space Marines, Orks, Sisters of Battle and even Imperial Guard because you can't get into range with more than one unit before you get swarmed). I guess maybe I could be spoiled by the Eldar's previous strength. I tried to reconfigure my first/second edition army with new models, not having much choice.

You know what's funny, though? You gave the Tau all those very same advantages that you took away from the Eldar. A 30" range means that they can conceivably shoot enemy troops for FOUR turns before they get hit with an assault. Plus, they get hard hitting tanks to boot. Oh, that keeps the game balanced right? (I guess you have to sell models now don't you...regardless of whose back your stabbing!)

P.S. Yes...I am still very bitter!!!

Vincent Headrick

Vincent, I'm not sure what kind of Eldar force you're using, but, in my humble opinion, Striking Scorpions are a bit better than Guardsmen. Howling Banshees, too. And the Eldar (plain Eldar, not Craftworld armies) have won more Rogue Trader Overall Champion awards than any other army in 40K. They hold the record at 99 Champions, while Space Wolves are in second at a distant 39.... I think there are a lot of people out there (at least 99) who feel that Eldar are doing just fine with the rules they have.

Dear Dirty Steve,

As a big fan of both Dwarfs and Orcs & Goblins, I am worried about the rumors that there will be no more Chaos Dwarfs. Are there any plans to redo them in the future?

Sincerely,

A worried gob slaver, Rachel

Fear not, Slavemistress Rachel, the Chaos Dwarfs live. How they will change for 6th Edition Warhammer I don't know yet. But we should see a bit more about them later this year.

Thanks to Julian Bishop of Folsom, CA, for sending in this great drawing of a High Elf Swordmaster!

See you next month!

Dirty.

Remember...rules questions are not for me, but for these guys:
roolzboyz@games-workshop.com
Don't make me send out Clan Eshin's finest to hunt you down.... So don't even try it, meester!

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

Warhammer chronicles

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

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

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

Any rules queries, etc., will be shredded for Skaven bedding, so send them to the Roolzboyz at Games Workshop Mail Order, and not to Warhammer Chronicles.

Presented by Gav Thorpe

Welcome, one and all, to this latest installment of Warhammer Chronicles. This month I've mostly been looking at the spell lores. There's been lots of comments on them, and now I'm doing something about it!

EXPERIMENTAL RULES

This is the first Warhammer Chronicles to do something a little bit different, and is a glimpse of things to come. In the past we've printed 'work-in-progress' army lists for the Bretonnians and Lizardmen, and the feedback we've received (both complaints and praise!) has proved most useful.

So it was that, a little while back, Warhammer creator Rick Priestley (or Mr. P. as I like to call him) sat me down for a chat. We'd just finished completing the Warhammer Annual 2002, and Mr. P. was saying how great it was that finally we had one place to put all those niggling rules corrections and Q&As. "So, young fella me lad," he said, "how are we going to make the best use of this?", or words to that effect. "Use the Annual to fix other broken bits?", I hesitantly suggested. "That's the fella," exclaimed Mr. P, rewarding my intuition with a cup of tea.

Well, to cut the rambling (I think I've filled enough space to stop Paul Sawyer nagging me to fill my page quota), we'd like to use Warhammer Chronicles to trial run changes to the Warhammer games system itself. This may be fairly specific, like this issue's revised spell lores, or more wide ranging. Then, you lot, the unwashed Warhammer masses, if you excuse the term, can let us know how you get on with them, either via good old snail mail, through our playtest e-mail address, or just by discussing them on our Games Development message board on the website (details opposite). Now, I can't promise we'll reply individually or contribute to any web discussions, but it does get read and fed into the rat-blender that goes to make up our collective brain. Later on, if the feedback proves positive one way or another, we'll make an official amendment to the Warhammer rules in the Annual. Once the official amendments start getting out of hand, it's time to stick them all back into the rulebook and produce a new edition of Warhammer. Sounds almost like a plan, doesn't it!

Anyway, this month I present revised versions of three of the Spell Lores: Beasts, Heavens and Life. Beasts and Life don't seem to be used that much (though they look pretty useful to me), whilst we've all had the sneaking suspicion that Heavens is just a little too popular to be entirely balanced with the other lists.

The important bit – the ideas presented under any banner of 'Experimental Rules' are just that – experimental! Some of these we'll have tried out ourselves, others may be so hot off the presses we haven't even had a game with them. This means that both opponents must agree that they're okay with using these amended rules beforehand. Organizers of tournaments, clubs, etc. must decide which rules they are using. As far as we're concerned the rulebook and Annual contain the 'official' rules, while these are merely our informed suggestions for improvement.

Design Studio,
Games Workshop,
Willow Road,
Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

Playtest@games-workshop.co.uk

www.games-workshop.com/community/devforum.htm

THE LORE OF BEASTS

The Lore of Beasts is the magic of shamans and animal spirits. It is the sorcery of wild and primitive races, of creatures that shun the cities of Men, and of men who have turned their backs upon the ways of their own kind.

To randomly generate a spell, roll a D6 and consult the chart below. If you roll the same spell twice for the same Wizard, roll again.

D6	Spell	Casting Value
1	**Buccos the Oxen Stands**	5+
2	**Adlos the Eagle's Cry**	6+
3	**Ursos the Bear's Anger**	6+
4	**Corvos the Crow's Feast**	7+
5	**Kinos the Beast Cowers**	7+
6	**Lupens the Wolf Hunts**	9+

THE OXEN STANDS **Cast on 5+**

This spell can be cast on any friendly fleeing unit on the tabletop. If successful, the unit rallies immediately.

THE EAGLE'S CRY **Cast on 6+**

This spell can be cast on an unengaged enemy cavalry unit, swarm, chariot or a single ridden or unridden monster which is within 24" of the caster. If successful, the creature/s become momentarily wild and uncontrollable.

The affected unit must take an immediate Leadership test. If passed, the unit only suffers a -1" Movement penalty during their next Movement phase (-2" if it marches or charges). The Movement of flyers is reduced to 12". If failed, the unit/monster immediately makes a compulsory move of 2D6" directly towards its own side's table edge, but halts if this move brings it into contact with a friendly unit, impassable terrain, or within 1" of any enemy. If the unit moves off the tabletop, it counts as having fled the battle.

THE BEAR'S ANGER

Remains in play **Cast on 6+**

This spell can be cast by the Wizard on himself or another roughly man-sized model on foot in the same unit while he is in close combat. The target becomes as wild and powerful as a mighty bear. He adds +3 Attacks, +2 Strength and +1 Toughness to his characteristics. He cannot wield a weapon nor use a shield whilst using this spell.

Once cast, the spell lasts until it is dispelled, until the Wizard chooses to end it (which he can do at any time), attempts to cast another spell or the affected model is slain.

THE CROW'S FEAST **Cast on 7+**

Corvos the Crow's Feast is a *magic missile* with a range of up to 24". If successfully cast, a flock of crows mobs the spell's target and causes 2D6 Strength 3 hits.

THE BEAST COWERS **Cast on 7+**

This spell can be cast on any enemy unit of cavalry, a chariot, a ridden monster, a lone monster such as a Great Eagle, or a swarm. The target of the spell must be on the tabletop and must be engaged in close combat.

If successfully cast, any creatures in the unit (but not their riders) will cower and therefore require 6s to hit in that turn's Close Combat phase. If 6s are required anyway, the creatures may not attack.

THE WOLF HUNTS **Cast on 9+**

This spell can be cast on any friendly unit of cavalry, a chariot, a ridden monster, a monster on its own, or a swarm. The target must be within 24" of the caster and must not be engaged in close combat.

If the spell is cast successfully, the unit moves 2D6" towards the Wizard or an enemy unit that it can see. If no enemy are visible then it will not move. If the distance is sufficient to reach the enemy, the unit is deemed to have charged and all the normal charging rules apply, except that the enemy can only stand their ground – no other charge response is possible due to the speed of the spell.

THE LORE OF THE HEAVENS

In the cities of Men, the Lore of the Heavens is called Astromancy. It is the magic of the sky and stars, of portents, fate and the movement of heavenly bodies.

To randomly generate a spell, roll a D6 and consult the chart below. If you roll the same spell twice for the same Wizard, roll again.

D6	Spell	Casting Value
1	Second Sign of Amul	6+
2	Portent of Far	6+
3	Forked Lightning	7+
4	Uranon's Thunder Bolt	9+
5	Storm of Cronos	9+
6	Comet of Casandora	11+

SECOND SIGN OF AMUL **Cast on 6+**

This spell can be cast by a Wizard and gives the player a chance of re-rolling dice during the remainder of his own turn.

If successfully cast, roll a D3 to determine the number of re-rolls the player can make. Each re-roll entitles the player to take any single D6 dice (including one of the dice rolled on a 2D6, 3D6, etc.) he has rolled and roll it again. Any dice can be re-rolled but the player cannot re-roll a re-rolled dice... he only gets one chance to overcome a duff roll! Any re-rolls not used by the end of the turn are wasted.

PORTENT OF FAR **Cast on 6+**

This spell can be cast on a friendly unit that is within 12" and which is engaged in close combat.

If successfully cast, all subsequent dice rolls of a 1 made either to hit or to wound by that unit can be re-rolled that turn. Re-rolled scores of 1 stand – you can never re-roll a re-rolled dice.

FORKED LIGHTNING **Cast on 7+**

This spell can be cast on any unengaged enemy unit within 24" of the caster. If successfully cast, the unit is struck by lightning causing D6 Strength 4 hits. These hits are distributed exactly like hits from shooting.

URANON'S THUNDER BOLT **Cast on 9+**

This spell can be cast on any unengaged enemy unit within 24" of the caster. If successfully cast, the unit is struck by a thunder bolt causing D6 Strength 4 hits with no armor save possible. These hits are distributed exactly like hits from shooting.

STORM OF CRONOS **Cast on 9+**

This spell can be cast on all enemy units which are visible to and within 12" of the caster. If successfully cast, all enemy units within range and sight are affected. Each unit takes D6 Strength 4 hits, distributed exactly like shooting.

THE COMET OF CASANDORA **Cast on 11+**

This spell can be cast upon any fixed point on the tabletop. If successfully cast, place a suitable marker over the exact spot affected – a small coin is ideal for this.

Once cast, the player rolls a D6 at the start of each player's turn (i.e., at the start of his turn and at the start of his opponent's turn). On a score of 1-3 nothing happens, but place another marker on the first. On the score of a 4-6 the spot is struck by the comet. All units from either side which are within D6" multiplied by the number of markers already placed are struck by the comet. Each unit struck by the comet takes 2D6 Strength 4 hits. For example, if there are two markers in place and the D6 roll is a 4, all units within 4 x 2 = 8" are struck. The Comet is not a *remains in play* spell as such, although the spell can be dispelled while in play, (remove all markers), and a Wizard cannot have more than one Comet in play at one time.

THE LORE OF LIFE

The Lore of Life is the magical lore of the growing earth and as such is bound to the changing seasons. Few creatures of any race understand the nature of growing things as do these wizards. It is a form of magic that exists in all water and vegetation and which is strongest when it is close to places where rivers run and where woods and forests grow most abundantly.

To randomly generate a spell, roll a D6 and consult the chart below. If you roll the same spell twice for the same Wizard, roll again.

D6	Spell	Casting Value
1	**Siodh Silverhyl, Mistress of the Marsh**	6+
2	**Bheortaine Briartangle, Father of Thorn**	7+
3	**Olannan Rattledor, the Howler Wind**	7+
4	**Keirnu Oakenclub, Master of the Wood**	7+
5	**Rulainn Boulderfist, Master of Stone**	8+
6	**Mhadh Gathersquall, the Rain Lord**	10+

MISTRESS OF THE MARSH **Cast on 6+**

This spell can be cast upon any unit that is within 12" of a river, stream, bog, or any other water feature on the tabletop which has been identified as such before the game. If there are no such features on the table, it can be cast on any enemy unit within 12" of the caster. It cannot be used against a unit that is engaged in close combat. If successfully cast, the ground beneath the unit is turned to swamp and the unit moves at half speed until the start of the wizard's next Magic phase. If fleeing, for whatever reason, the unit flees at half speed (normally 2D6 halved). This spell has no effect on flyers or ethereal creatures.

FATHER OF THE THORN **Cast on 7+**

The Father of the Thorn can be cast on an unengaged enemy unit within 24" of the caster. If successfully cast, thorns and briars shoot from the earth entangling limbs and tearing at flesh.

The spell causes 2D6 Strength 3 hits.

THE HOWLER WIND

Remains in Play **Cast on 7+**

This spell can be cast upon the Wizard himself. If successfully cast, no shooting with Strength 4 or less can be targeted at units within 12" of the Wizard – even if some models in the unit are more than 12" away. This doesn't prevent units from firing through or out of the affected area at targets beyond. In addition, all enemy units within 12" of the Wizard move at half speed due to the effect of the howling wind. Note that this move penalty only applies when actually within the affected area – enemy treat the entire zone as if it were difficult ground. Once cast, the spell lasts until dispelled, the Wizard chooses to end it (which he can do at any time), attempts to cast another spell or is slain.

MASTER OF THE WOOD **Cast on 7+**

This spell can be cast upon an enemy unit that is within 12" of a wood, copse or any other wooded feature on the tabletop which has been identified as such before the game. If there are no such features on the table, it can be cast on any enemy unit within 12" of the caster. It cannot be used against a unit that is engaged in close combat. If successfully cast, the unit is battered by the branches of trees if near a wood, or lashed at by roots which erupt from the ground if there is no wood nearby.

This causes D6 Strength 5 hits on the unit, plus a further D6 Strength 5 hits if it is partially or wholly within the wood. This spell does not affect Dryads or Treemen.

MASTER OF STONE **Cast on 8+**

This spell can be cast upon an enemy unit that is within 12" of a hill, rocky outcrop, ruins or any area which has been identified as high ground, rocky or ruinous before the game. If there are no such features on the table, it can be cast on any enemy unit within 12" of the caster. It cannot be used against a unit that is engaged in close combat. If successfully cast, shards of stone fly against the unit.

The spell causes 2D6 Strength 4 hits on the unit, plus a further D6 Strength 4 hits if the unit is partially or wholly within the feature.

THE RAIN LORD **Cast on 10+**

This spell can be cast on an unengaged enemy unit within 30". If successfully cast, the target unit is enveloped in rain and gets a soaking.

A soaked unit suffers a further -1 modifier on its shooting to hit rolls. If the unit does not fire using BS (a cannon, for example), then it may only fire if the player can first roll a 4+ on a D6 each turn.

This is not a *remains in play* spell as such, but units that have been soaked suffer the effects for the rest of the battle. There is no additional effect for being soaked more than once.

Jeppe Danning's

LIZARDMEN

DANISH WARHAMMER GRAND TOURNAMENT 2001 BEST ARMY

Jeppe Danning's Lizardmen Army was voted the Best Painted Army at this year's Danish Warhammer Grand Tournament, and it's one of the most heavily converted armies we've ever seen!

Jeppe Danning's fully converted Lizardmen army took eight months in total to build and paint. Considering the amount of work that has gone into the army, that is no small achievement. He built the army to play in the Danish Grand Tournament. The theme behind the creation of the mutated Lizardmen is the plagues which the Skaven unleashed in their incursions into Lustria and the after-effects on its inhabitants.

Jeppe used bits from the Orc and Goblin regiment sets, Skaven and even Pink Horrors in the conversions, and a great

Skink Shaman

Da dum, da dum, da dum...

A Skink unit advances through a swamp.

Kroxigors. Check out the Skink drummer and the dismembered Orc!

deal of green stuff. The biggest conversion is the Slann-Mage Priest, where Jeppe used the wings of the Chaos Dwarf Lammasu to create the back piece to the throne. He pinned the wings to the palanquin and bent them before positioning swarms of Skinks clambering over them. He also really likes the converted Kroxigor models, which he says performed rather well on the day of the tournament too. The Skink drummer on top of the Kroxigor's head is his particular favorite.

Once Jeppe had started converting the force he found that he was unable to stop, and the end result was that every model in the force, even down to each individual Skink, has been converted in some manner.

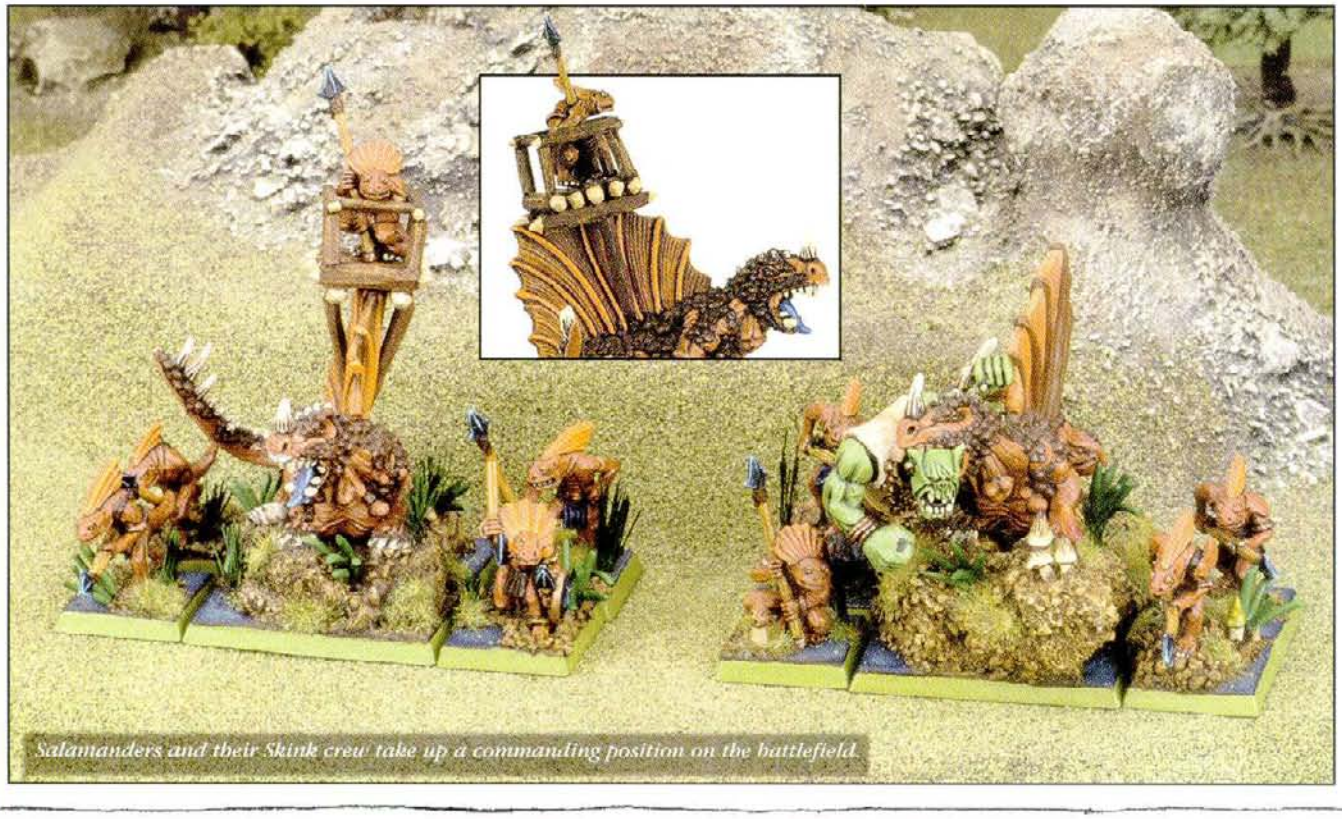
His color scheme was consistent throughout the army and started with a basecoat of Vermin Brown, followed by mixing in Fiery Orange and Bestial Brown for the highlights. The Albino Slann-Mage Priest was painted with a basecoat mix of Skull White and Bestial Brown, adding Bleached Bone for each successive highlight stage. All of the weapons were painted using the same color scheme of Regal Blue, with Skull White and Bleached Bone added to this for the highlight stages. Jeppe has also paid a great deal of care and attention to the bases of his models, theming them to the background of the tropical swamps of Lustria. The overall effect is a color scheme that unites and ties the army together.

If you want to see more of this awesome army then you can see every single model in on our website:

www.games-workshop.com/jeppedanning

Jeppe's second Kroxigor unit, featuring some very unhappy looking Skaven!

Chameleon Skinks



Salamanders and their Skink crew take up a commanding position on the battlefield.

A Saurus regiment

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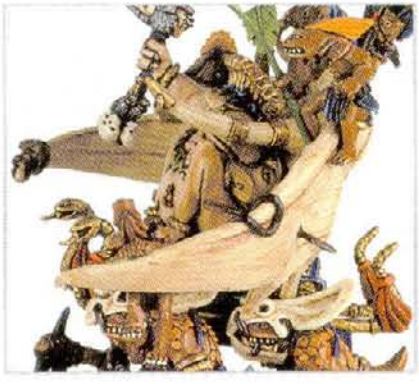


Lord Xalutec

THE WAR OF THE BEARD

Dwarf versus High Elf in bitter conflict

This is the first article in a two part series detailing the epic War of the Beard. This was fought in the mists of time before the rise of Man. Anthony Reynolds tells us of this dire age.

In an era long past, more than 2,000 years before the birth of Sigmar, the renowned Phoenix King Caledor I steered Ulthuan through its time of turbulence, the vicious civil war that tore the Elven nation apart. As brother fought brother for control of the isle and the Phoenix Crown itself, Caledor led those loyal to his cause against the traitorous Malekith, eventually driving him from Ulthuan. Despite the troubles that had befallen the Elves, they were still a mighty nation, their magic at its pinnacle and dragon-riders soaring through the skies above Ulthuan.

The streets of Ulthuan were filled with the sounds of despair and much lamentation when the time came for Caledor to pass away. Caledor had left his successor, his son Caledor II, with a strong army and the most powerful navy in the world, but the folly of hereditary kingship was soon to be learned.

Caledor II, though sharing the blood of his father, had none of his good sense and wisdom. The young Phoenix King was rash and impetuous, vain and pompous. He was a mighty warrior, but with Ulthuan desperate for stability, far more was needed in a leader than he could provide.

Early in his reign, trade routes with the Dwarfs which had been closed during the times of Elven civil war were reopened. The Dwarfs were at the peak of their power, and their runesmiths had a far greater knowledge of their art than is present today. Dwarf-forged steel was the finest in the world, and their intricate clockwork toys were the delight of Elven children. Great underground roads linked the flourishing Dwarf strongholds, and the Dwarfs knew little of the strife the Elves had suffered, believing themselves to be far removed from any danger.

As the Elves of Ulthuan forged friendships with the Dwarfs, Malekith the Witch King continued to plot against the Phoenix King. Garbed as warriors of Ulthuan, Dark Elves began to strike brutally against the trade routes, slaughtering countless Dwarfs and seizing their wares. Suspicion naturally fell on the High Elves of Ulthuan.

King Gotrek demanded recompense from the Elves. When word of this demand reached the Phoenix King his reply was immediate and undiplomatic. He sent a message saying that the Phoenix King did not

answer demands but granted pleas. Dwarfs are a touchy, proud race and to suggest to a Dwarf King that he should beg for anything was almost as bad as suggesting he shave off his beard. King Gotrek sent a blunt reply to Caledor saying he made pleas to neither Elf nor god and demanded twice the recompense originally asked because of the implied insult. Caledor sent the Dwarf ambassador back with his beard shaved off and said that if Gotrek wanted compensation, he should come to Ulthuan and collect it himself. While all this was going on, agents of Naggaroth were abroad throughout the Old World stirring up trouble. Now it was a matter of honor, and there could now be only one outcome: war.

Dwarf armies marched down on the trading city of Tor Alessi (present day L'Anguille in Bretonnia) and laid siege to it. King Gotrek swore an oath that he would have his money or its weregeld price in Elf blood, or he would shave his head. It was a mighty oath. His ambassador had already become a Trollslayer from the shame of having his beard shaved, and the Dwarfs were determined that their king should not endure a similar fate.

Upon hearing of the Dwarf attack Caledor was outraged. He instantly dispatched an expedition to relieve Tor Alessi. It was a mighty fleet and a great army. As they watched the towering ships sail forth, his advisors were dismayed because they feared that the dispatch of such a force would leave Ulthuan almost defenseless. Caledor flew into a towering rage and dismissed their fears as groundless.

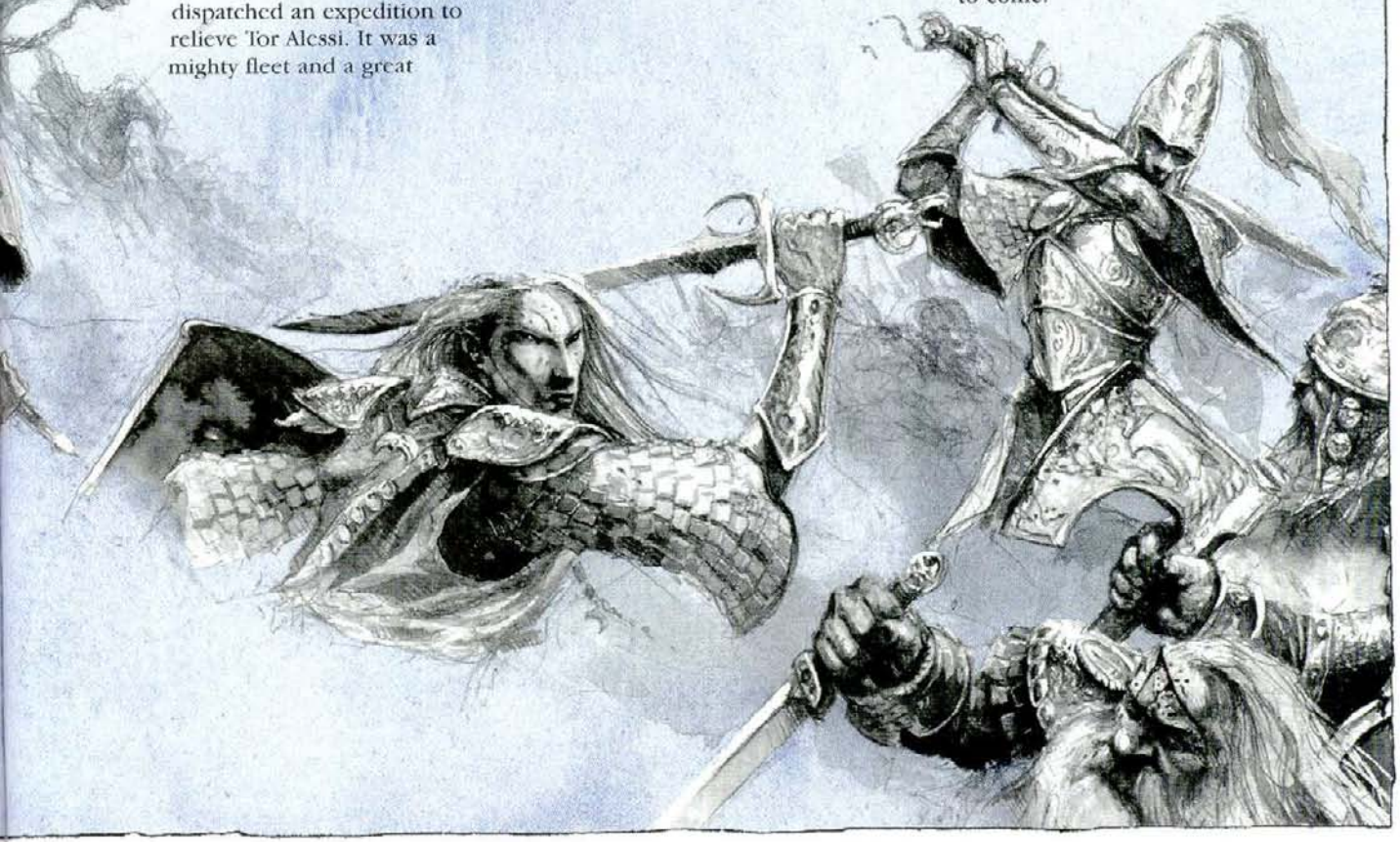
In the Old World the war dragged on. Neither side was strong enough to overcome the other. The fortress cities of the Dwarfs were virtually impregnable. The dour, stalwart Dwarf troops were quite unlike any foe the Elves had faced before and they simply refused to give up or admit defeat, even when hopelessly outnumbered. This was not the berserker fury of the Chaos Hordes; this incredible tenacity was allied to tactical cunning and consummate military skill. For their part, the Dwarfs were astonished by the power of the Elf forces. They had judged the strength of Ulthuan by that of the least of its provinces. The huge armies of mailed knights and disciplined infantry was not what they had expected. Still, in true Dwarf fashion, they were not about to admit to a mistake.

The war engendered a legacy of hatred and bitterness that was to last for thousands of years. In response to the beard-shaving incident, the Dwarfs chopped down entire virgin forests to spite the Elves. Both sides fought until almost their entire military strength was spent. Tired of their lack of success, Caledor II dismissed his generals and took command personally. It was his last great mistake. At the fourteenth siege of Tor Alessi he charged right into the heart of the Dwarf infantry and was cut down by King Gotrek who snatched the Phoenix Crown from his corpse and took it in payment for the Elves' insolence.

The Dwarfs retreated from the field claiming that honor was satisfied and refused to answer any Elf petitions for the return of the crown. Gotrek claimed that if they wished, they could come to Karaz-a-Karak with an army and plead for its return.

Even as the Elves mustered a suicidal expedition to besiege Karaz-a-Karak, the world's most unassailable fortress, word came that the Dark Elves had invaded Ulthuan once more. The Witch King's plan had come to fruition.

The first Phoenix crown remains in the great vault of the Everpeak to the present day, a source of festering hatred and recrimination between the two peoples. The Dwarfs refer to the Elves as oathbreakers and beardclippers, while the Elves call the Dwarfs thieves. It was a petty, spiteful and pointless war and worse was yet to come.



WAR OF THE BEARD HIGH ELVES ARMY LIST

This army has been designed so that you can recreate the War of the Beard, a tragic time of epic battle between the proud races of the High Elves and the Dwarfs at the height of their power. This army list may only be used when fighting an army chosen from the Dwarf War of the Beard army list, featured in next month's White Dwarf – these armies would be far too lethal to play against a regular army! The magical items here may ONLY be used in War of the Beard armies, as they have been lost in time and cannot be used in 'modern' battles.

CHOOSING CHARACTERS

Army Value	Maximum Characters	Maximum Lords
< 2,000	0-4	1
2,000-2,999	0-5	up to 2
3,000-3,999	0-7	up to 3
4,000-4,999	0-9	up to 4
each +1000	+2	+1

CHOOSING TROOPS

Army Value	Core	Special	Rare
< 2,000	1+	0-4	0-2
2,000-2,999	2+	0-5	0-3
3,000-3,999	2+	0-6	0-4
4,000-4,999	4+	0-7	0-5
each +1000	+1	+0-1	+0-1

HIGH ELF WAR OF THE BEARD SPECIAL RULES

- There is a +1 to all casting attempts made using High Magic.
- Lord choices may take up to 150 points of magical items.
- Hero choices may take up to 75 points of magical items.
- Spearmen, Lothern Sea Guard and Silver Helms may take a magical banner worth up to 50 points.
- Swordmasters, Phoenix Guard and White Lions may take a magical banner worth up to 100 points.
- No Dogs of War units are to be used.
- Champions of Spearmen, Lothern Sea Guard and Silver Helms may take magical items worth up to 25 points.
- Swordmasters, Phoenix Guard and White Lions are 0-2 choices.
- A Dragon ridden by a Lord (so NOT a Drake ridden by a Dragon Prince) may be upgraded to a Lvl 1 Wizard for 50 points. The Dragon may only use Fire Magic.
- Dragon Princes as they are in the High Elf armies book cannot be taken at all but are replaced by the following new unit.

DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

Points/Model: 270

Rare Unit 0-1 choice (takes up two Rare choices)*

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dragon Prince	5	5	5	4	3	3	6	2	9
Drake	6	5	0	5	5	5	3	4	7

*You may take 1-3 Dragon Princes as a single choice.

Unit Size: Each Dragon Prince is a single unit.

Weapons & Armor: Hand weapon, lance, dragon armor and shield.

Options:
- Each Dragon Prince may be equipped with magical items worth up to 25 pts.

Special Rules:
- *Dragon Prince:* Dragon Armor
- *Drake:* Fly, Cause *terror*, Large Target, Breathe Fire (S3), Scaly Skin (4+ save).

Chapter IV. Caledor II

The Vanquishing of Snorri Halfhand

The year 224 of Caledor II

So it is recorded that this day the mighty Phoenix King Caledor II did slay the treacherous Dwarf prince Snorri Halfhand, son of High King Gotrek Starbreaker, in noble combat. With blazing sword and brilliant armor, Caledor challenged the prince to an honorable duel, sick to see the loss of so many lives on the field of battle that day. Reluctant, the cowardly Dwarf prince was, stepping forwards to face our Lord's wrath, his stony heart heavy with fear. The sun sank over the mountainous horizon as the two warriors fought. Caledor's speed and skill astounded the Dwarfs who stood agape at such blade-mastery. The prince appeared slow and cumbersome, as such he was, wielding an axe festooned with rune-scratchings. Where he struck, the Phoenix King stood not, our noble Lord moving with swiftness away from the Dwarf's clumsy blows. Crude, sorcerous carvings protected Prince Snorri from harm, King Caledor's blazing sword striking blows that should have been fatal time and time again, only to have them turned aside by runic magic. Our noble Lord did fight with great honor, allowing the Dwarf to rise to his feet when knocked to the ground, and allowing him to retrieve his weapon when it flew from his hands. Merciful our Phoenix King also proved to be, for his killing blow was clean and sure. The Dwarfs tore at their beards in woe, calling out to their gods in despair. Caledor allowed them to carry their fallen prince from the field of battle, and bade them give him a proper burial, proclaiming that no more battle would be fought that day, for the Elves would mourn the Dwarfs' loss and foolishness with them. Foolish, the Dwarfs are, and they slunk away from the battlefield, swearing oaths of vengeance against our most benevolent and tolerant Lord. Long may he prosper.

His horse stamping its hooves impatiently, commander Fierann of Ulthuan gazed over the open field towards the tight ranks of Dwarfs arrayed before his army. Today their treacheries would be repaid, he vowed, as he raised his finely wrought blade high into the air, its tip crackling with barely contained magic. He swept his blade down in a chopping motion, and the Elves of Ulthuan let out a great roar, surging across the grass towards their hated enemy. Fierann kicked his mount into a gallop, his proud unit of Silver Helms a step behind him.

A trio of great blue-scaled dragons leapt from the ground, weaving gracefully into the air. The Dragon Princes of Caledor borne on the backs of the drakes hefted their ornate lances. Resplendent armor gleaming brightly in the sun, they soared overhead as the Silver Helms thundered over the hard, sun-baked field. As Fierann approached the Dwarf line, he picked his target; an impressive figure with an exceptionally long beard, wielding a large axe bedecked with runes. The Dwarfs stood unflinching before the Silver Helms, their faces grim and resolute. Lances were lowered as the Elves closed on their foe, and the ranks of bearded warriors let out a deep-throated war cry of defiance.

The Silver Helms crashed into the tightly packed Dwarfs with brutal force, their lances punching through sturdy armor, horses kicking out with flashing hooves. Keeping his eye on his opponent, Fierann slashed downwards with his crackling blade. His foe raised his ornate battle-axe before him, and the two weapons clashed in a great burst of light and sparks. Letting fury wash over him, Fierann struck out repeatedly with his flashing sword. Barely able to follow the blurring movements of the Elven commander, the Dwarf nevertheless managed to fend off most of the blows. Those attacks that slipped past his defense rebounded forcefully off his gleaming armor, leaving faint smoking traces where they struck.

Hatred was etched on the faces of the combatants, Elf and Dwarf battling murderously. The resolute Dwarfs struck out savagely with axe and hammer, felling the steeds of the Silver Helms, and dragging them from their saddles. The Elves fought with great finesse, their elegant blades weaving deadly patterns through the air, slicing through armor and flesh. Sorcerous blasts of energy ripped through the ranks of Dwarfs, tossing them into the air like dolls, and Fierann smiled grimly. His brother Danalon had shown great magical prowess even when they were children.

Feinting to the left, Fierann turned his blade in mid air to sweep the weapon towards his enemy's exposed neck. Satisfaction burned in the Elven commander's ice-blue eyes as his blade sliced into Dwarf flesh, cutting through bone and tendon with ease. The sickly smell of charred meat rose into the air as sparks danced over the Dwarf's nearly decapitated body.

With a tremendous roar that made Fierann's ears ache, one of the drakes landed in the midst of the battle. A Dwarf was impaled on the lance of the Dragon Prince, crying out in pain as he was hefted high into the air, his struggling form sliding slowly down the shaft. The drake lashed out with an immense clawed hand, swatting a number of foes to the ground, and roared again. Fierann raised his blade in salute to the Dragon Knight. As he turned back to the fierce battle, the Elven commander smiled grimly.

Today, Elven pride would be restored.

Two regiments of Archers defend their temple from attack.

New Magical Items

MAGICAL WEAPONS

Sword of Ages: 80 Points
This ancient and powerful blade is said to have been forged by the crippled god Vaul the Maker. It guides the arm of its wielder, striking at the enemy with unerring skill and power.

Confers a +1 to hit, +1 A and +2 S to all attacks made by the wielder in Close Combat.

Blade of the Phoenix: 60 Points
This sacred blade is housed within the Shrine of Asuryan. In times of particular strife, the keepers of the Shrine will present the blade to a warrior of purity and honor, to wield in the name of the great god Asuryan.

No armor saves are allowed against hits made by the Blade of the Phoenix. Once per battle, at the start of any Close Combat phase the wielder will attack first and will fight with an additional D6 Attacks. This effect only lasts for the one Close Combat phase. The blade can only be used by a character who has the Pure of Heart honor.

TALISMANS

Cloak of Stars: 60 Points
The Cloak of Stars is thickly woven with enchantments, sapping the power of blows struck against it.

All shooting and hand-to-hand attacks struck against the bearer are resolved at -2 Strength.

Stone of Midnight: 45 Points
Stolen from the Dark Elf Hag Sorceress Morathi by Alith Anar, the enigmatic Shadow King of Nagarythe, the Stone of Midnight exudes a cloying mist of darkness, disorienting the bearers foes and filling their minds with terrifying visions and waking dreams.

In hand to hand combat any successful rolls to hit and to wound targeted at the bearer must be re-rolled. The second roll stands.

ENCHANTED ITEMS

The Crown of the Phoenix King: 150 Points
The Crown of the Phoenix King was worn by Aenarion himself, and is one of the most revered symbols of the High Elves.

The model wearing the Crown of the Phoenix King and the unit it is with is Unbreakable. In addition, all friendly models within 6" of the model become *stubborn*.

Horn of Isha: 35 Points
Made from a pearl-colored sea shell, the Horn of Isha summons the blessing of the Elven Mother Goddess.

Once per battle the horn may be used, at the beginning of any Close Combat or Shooting phase. The bearer and the unit he is with may make an additional Attack in close combat, or may shoot twice in the shooting phase.

Dragonheart Pendant: 20 Points
The Dragonheart Pendant symbolizes the spiritual bond that the bearer shares with his mount.

If the character wearing the Dragonheart Pendant is slain whilst riding a monstrous creature, the monster will automatically pass its Leadership test and can fight on as normal. In addition, the creature will suffer *hatred* towards the enemy model or unit that killed the character. In the same manner, if the creature itself is slain, the rider will suffer *hatred* towards the enemy model or unit that killed it.

MAGIC BANNERS

Sacred Banner of Avelorn: 30 Points
Woven from living leaves and the hair of the fairest Elven maidens, the Sacred Banner of Avelorn is a stunningly beautiful creation that inspires awe in all who see it.

Any enemy wishing to charge the unit must first pass a Leadership test. If failed, the unit does not move, transfixed by the beauty of the banner. The unit holding the banner must make their charge reaction before the Leadership test is taken.

GRAND TOURNAMENTS 2001

We're back for the second half of the 2001 Grand Tournament circuit. This time we'll be looking at the winners from the Canadian Grand Tournament in Toronto, the largest Grand Tournament in history hosted in downtown Los Angeles, and the first-ever Grand Tournament in the down-home town of Dallas!

Tournament Summary:

Toronto
July 28th & 29th

Los Angeles
September 29th & 30th

Dallas
October 20th & 21st

Here we are, back again, taking another look at this year's North American Grand Tournaments. When last we left our heroes, they were coming from Seattle, Chicago and, of course, Baltimore with some of the best armies ever seen on the Grand Tournament circuit. Well, the last half of the season is no exception with loads of fantastic new armies and tons of new faces at each and every event. So jump on your jetbikes, pull on those powerfists and get ready to take a fast, furious and fun look at the second half of the **2001 Grand Tournament season**!

Chris Hanrahan's Legion of the Damned Dreadnought from Los Angeles is a spectacular example of how painting, converting and imagination can REALLY come together to make a visually stunning centerpiece for any army.

Just one of Eric Roof's incredibly painted Scouts from his Space Marine army entered in the Los Angeles Tournament.

In Dallas, Kai Kelley's Salamanders brought along with them some of the very highly revered firedrakes for which the chapter named itself. It is said that these reptiles were paramount in helping their Primarch Vulkan know to whom his allegiance belonged.

This beautifully painted Space Wolf Lord and his Wolf Guard Bodyguard by Brice Beale earned him Second Place in the Warhammer 40,000 Best Appearance judging in Dallas, only ONE POINT behind the winner!!!

WARHAMMER 40K WINNERS: TORONTO

SHAUN KEMP
Overall Winner

Well, it's impressive what air travel does to pictures when the film makes it back to home base. Apparently, the pictures of Shaun's awesome collection of Speed Freeks that we took at this year's GT didn't want to be shown in these pages. That's not to say that we don't still want to show off these incredible models (look for a possible showcase feature in an upcoming issue of White Dwarf). Shaun, if you're reading this, know that it's nothing personal, we promise, and we'd love to give our readers a glimpse of your army if you're willing to give us a chance to shoot it.

MILES HOLMES - Best Appearance

Miles Holmes, a London, Ontario native, has earned quite a reputation in the Great White North for being one of the best painters around. And he certainly lived up to it with the beautifully painted Imperial Guard force he had at this year's tournament! We can only imagine what he'll be bringing next year, and we can't wait to see it!

This Sentinel is but a taste of the unbelievable detail throughout Miles' entire army.

Each of the troops in this army has an emblem on its left shoulder signifying the platoon and squad in which it belongs. Even the troop transports, like this Chimera (left), has one to identify its contents!

DAVID GRAHAM
Best Sportsman

This crazy guy isn't normal, obviously. But a little insanity never hurt anyone, did it? Especially when you're crazy about Games Workshop Grand Tournaments! Besides being voted by his opponents as the most fun to play against, his Sisters of Battle are an exceptionally painted force on the tabletop. Well themed and visually stunning, David's army was not only a joy to play against, they looked good while dispensing the Emperor's Justice!

These photos (courtesy of David Graham) really show off how well David can paint! These blonde bombshells purged their opponents with flame all weekend long to bring fame and glory to both the Emperor and David, too!

OTHER WARHAMMER 40,000 AWARD WINNERS

MIKE MUTSCHELLER
Best General

Ork Speed Freeks

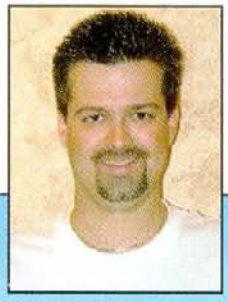
TRACEY SNOW
Murphy's Luck

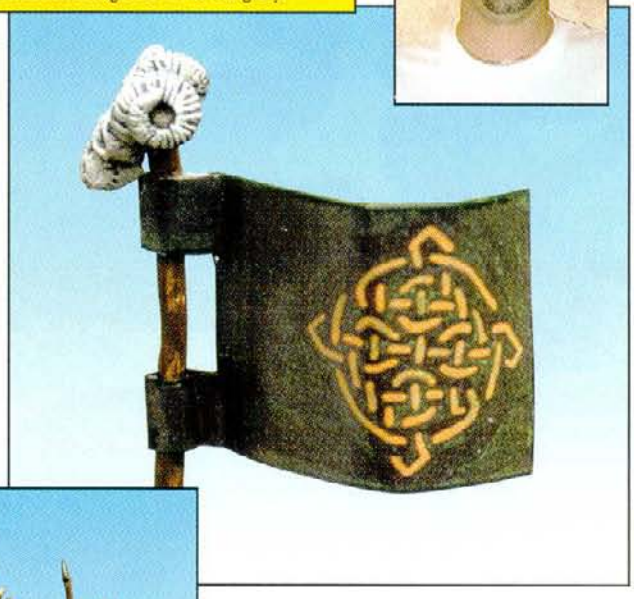
Space Marines

WARHAMMER WINNERS: TORONTO

MARC ROBSON
Overall Winner

Left: Again, a shot of the beautiful Sorceress Lord on her Faerie Dragon; *below:* The Celtic knot banner for Marc's Glade Guard; *below left:* The Glade Guard unit, comprised of Satyrs converted from Ungor Beastmen; *far below:* a shot of Marc's Faerie Army of Albion, all assembled together in its full glory.





Marc's Faerie Army of Albion has certainly made it's mark on the Grand Tournament circuit this year! Best Appearance in Seattle, Best Overall in Baltimore and now another Best Overall in Toronto! Normally, the same army cannot win the same award in two different Grand Tournaments. But since Canada is a different country, all bets are off! Be on the lookout next year for a nasty army of Dark Elves that Marc already has in progress!

TIM KOHLMETZ
Best Appearance

Don't be fooled by Tim Kohlmetz's mild-mannered appearance...he is truly a slave to the Dark Gods of Chaos! How else would he be brainwashed to spend months putting such a beautiful army together? Well, wouldn't you, if you were just as talented?!

MATTHEW YORK
Best Sportsmanship

Matthew York is one of the cheesiest players we've ever seen...but in this case, that's a GOOD thing! Matthew's Skaven horde has been terrorizing a couple of Grand Tournaments this year, including the Fantasy tournament in Baltimore. A complete blast to play against, Matthew is often seen playing with a glass of wine, relaxed and confident in his plans, and sharing with his opponents -- you guessed it -- a wedge of cheese.

OTHER AWARD WINNERS

PHILIP LOVE
Best General

Empire Averland Army

TONY LEUNG
Murphy's Luck Award

Dogs of War

WARHAMMER 40K WINNERS: LOS ANGELES

PAUL PRATT
Overall Champion

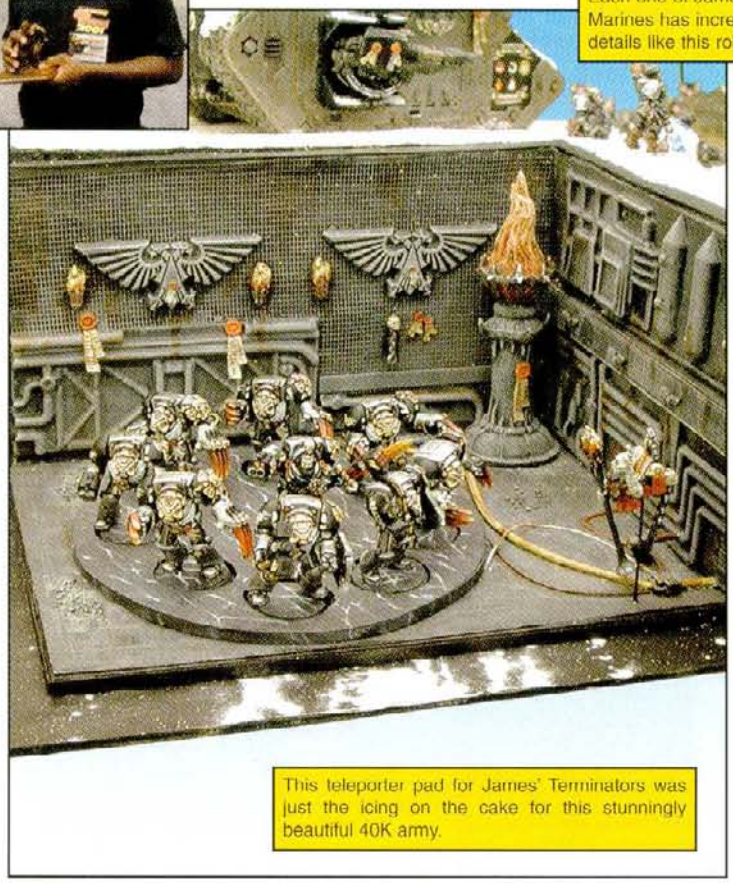
Paul drove all the way from Fullerton, CA (okay...it's pretty close), to play in the first ever Los Angeles Grand Tournament, winning the whole kit and kaboodle!

But Paul is no newcomer to the world of Games Workshop Grand Tournaments. This was his sixth attended tournament, and we're sure to see him at plenty more of them in the future!

Paul's Space Wolves made all the players drool with envy when they saw how well his army was painted. Of course, this was after his Space Wolves mercilessly crushed each of his opponents round after round....

JAMES BELL
Best Appearance

Each one of James' cool Marines has incredible details like this robe!



This teleporter pad for James' Terminators was just the icing on the cake for this stunningly beautiful 40K army.

The Iron Gauntlets chapter of Space Marines won James Bell the prestigious Best Appearance award at the 2001 Los Angeles Grand Tournament. Each tournament brings an astounding array of gorgeous and creative display bases, but this one took exceptional notice. Check out the REALLY cool teleportation pad on the back of it, about to deep strike some Terminators onto the battlefield! What a cool idea and excellent job!

BRYAN SHAW
Best Army

Bryan Shaw is never long out of the GW spotlight. After winning a plethora of Demon trophies at this year's Golden Demon competition at Games Day, he comes to his first Grand Tournament and wins the award for both the Best Painted (big surprise there) AND Best Selection of his army, known commonly as the Best Army award.

Bryan's Biel-Tann Swordwind Eldar army was both beautiful and ruthless on the tabletop. Creating an Aspect Warrior army that is well balanced is not an easy task!

Who would've thought that one of the most notorious U.S. Golden Demon competitors would arrive in Los Angeles with a visually stunning army? With lots of envious threats of having his thumbs broken, Bryan set out to try his hand at winning more than a Slayer Sword this year. His very first Grand Tournament experience seemed to be a good one, as he says he'll definitely be back next year to have another go at taking the Overall trophy. Trekking in from Phoenix, AZ, Bryan had one thing to say about getting ready for a Grand Tournament: "Start earlier." We hear ya, man! Be sure to come by Games Day 2002 where we are looking forward to seeing what Bryan's gonna be serving up for the next Golden Demon Painting Competition!

OTHER AWARD WINNERS

BRYAN SHAW
Player's Choice

Biel-Tann Swordwind

JEFF BURCHAM
Best Sportsman

Tyranids

MIKE DANNA
Best Army Selection

Eldar

WARHAMMER WINNERS: LOS ANGELES

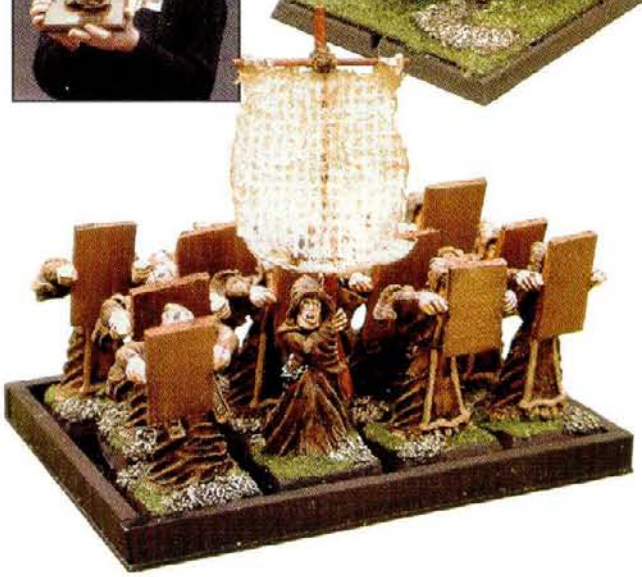
ALEXANDER BOND
Overall Champion

Just in case you had any doubt as to which Chaos power Alexander favors.... Alexander is a member of the Southern California Games Workshop League and encourages campaign and tournament play heavily. More importantly, though, he encourages everybody to have a great time gaming!

Alexander Boyd's Chaos Warrior army was one of the most visually themed armies in the Grand Tournament circuit. His use of reds and blacks really tie the warriors together, as well as tie each unit to the greater whole of the army. Not to mention that they cut a red swathe through some armies in their way....

SHELLY McKITTRICK
Best Appearance

And where would the Knights of the Round Table be without Tim the Enchanter and the Black Knight?



Shelly McKittrick has been a long time Grand Tournament favorite, especially since she first unveiled her greatest creation to date, the "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" Army. These guys took the Player's Choice award last year in her hometown of Seattle (where she also won Best Sportsman this year!) and now bring home the Best Appearance award for her imaginative use of conversions with an overall theme.

Some units to note that are new since last year, the 'Bring Out Yer Dead' cart and the unit of monks who walk around spouting Latin and smacking themselves in the foreheads with boards.

TONY ORDONA
Best Army Award

Right: Tony's menacing Strigoi Vampire Lord

Below: A pack of Dire Wolves led by a cool Doom Wolf conversion

Left: Tony sometimes incorporates four Skeletons on one 40mm base inside his units to make casualty removal easier.

Below: Tony sent in his army list as an ancient, rotting tome describing each of his units in detail.

Tony Ordona is probably the most renowned Grand Tournament Veteran player's on the circuit, as he has played in every single American GT we've ever had, as well as most of the Canadian ones! A fantastic player and a great guy to play against, lots of Grand Tournament players can't wait for the chance to face off against his nigh-unstoppable Undead Horde.

Tony is currently working on some new projects for next year's upcoming Grand Tournaments, including an Empire army and a new Undead force. We're sure that they will be just as fantastic as this one!

OTHER AWARD WINNERS

SHELLY McKITTRICK
Players' Choice

Bretonnians

SCOTT WALKER
Best Sportsman

Dwarfs

ADAM CLARK
Best Selection

Chaos Warriors of Tzeentch

WARHAMMER 40K WINNERS: DALLAS

MARC PARKER
Overall Champion

Florida native Marc Parker came to Dallas, Texas, with one thing on his agenda: to have a great time gaming all weekend long. And he accomplished that task with flying colors! And to top it all off, he won the Overall Warhammer 40,000 trophy!

Combining careful army selection with solid tactics, a great looking army and excellent sportsmanship (he scored the highest overall in the entire tournament!) Marc embodies everything an Overall Grand Tournament Champion should be. He proudly left Dallas with his head held high and a cool bronze plaque in his carry-on bag. Congratulations, Marc!

(Above): The evil, methodical Talos under Marc's command was paramount in helping him obliterate his enemies before they even had a chance to strike back.

(Right): Marc's Archon, both on foot and riding in style across the galaxy

JOE ORTEZA
Best Appearance

Here are two fine examples of Joe's outstanding work. Every model shares its base with lots of putty and has been extensively converted while still remaining true to the troop type which it represents on the tabletop.

This guy...jeez....Who would've thought that this humble art teacher could possible put together an incredibly stunning army for a Games Workshop Grand Tournament? EVERYONE, of course! Joe's sculpting work is the stuff of legend across the GT grapevine, as is his name throughout the annals of the U.S. Golden Demon competition. For guys who look to win the coveted Best Appearance trophy at a Grand Tournament, Joe is certainly the man to fear. His unique painting and sculpting styles are easily recognized, and each model in his army, from the lowliest Scout to the Highest Commander, is truly a work of art.

WARHAMMER WINNERS: DALLAS

DON RIDDICK
Overall Champion

On the Grand Tournament tour the name Don Riddick is always synonymous with good sportsmanship, a great game and a wacky army! A small excerpt from his Halfling army appeared in the last GT article (WD #259), but he revamped it, changing out ALL the Halfling models and incorporated Goblin figures, since he uses the Goblin rules for his army. A daunting task, no doubt, but Don accomplished this in record time and in true sportsmanlike fashion. As the games began, he donned his humongous blue foam rubber cowboy hat and climbed into the gaming saddle to blaze a trail to victory!!

Don's custom made objective markers for the Dallas GT would have made any rancher proud with his free range chickens, a cow and vicious fluffy bunnies!

Here we see one of Don's Dude Ranch Sheep Chariots, prepared to assault someone with an entire cooked chicken!

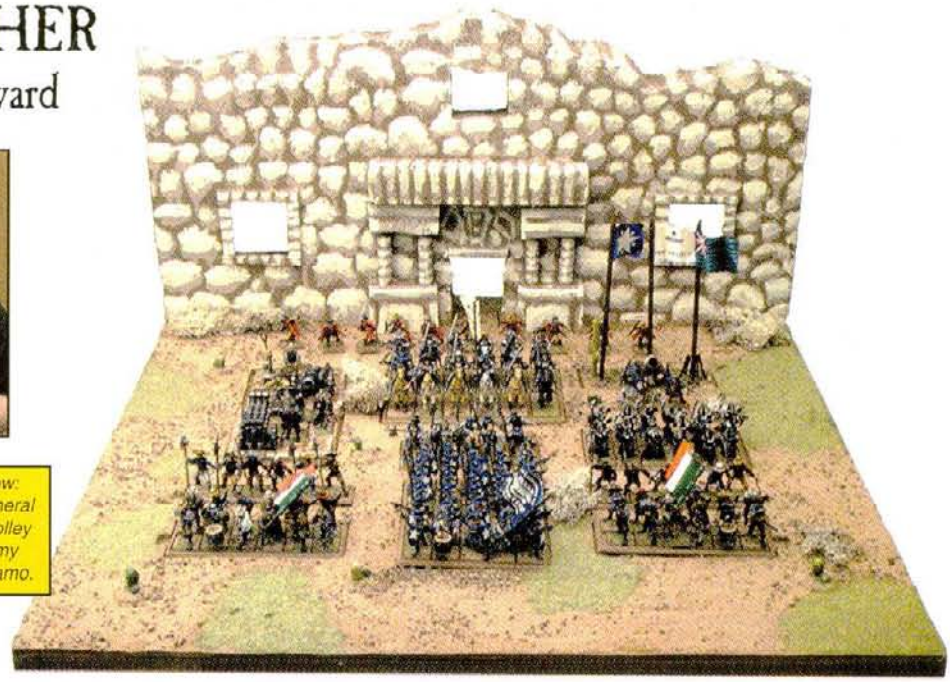
ADAM CLARK
Best Appearance

Adam's fantastically converted Dragon Ogres are terrifying to face on the battlefield but are painted too well to be ignored!

An easily recognized U.S. Grand Tournament regular, Adam Clark is more often seen at these events than anywhere else in the world! There is some debate whether or not his mail should be forwarded to the Games Workshop Hobby Promotions Department...

Adam's Chaos Warriors of Tzeentch army, which took the Co-Overall Winner trophy plaque in the Seattle Tournament, rages across Texas to take the Best Appearance award in Dallas. And who is surprised? His painting style and color scheme lend themselves beautifully to this stunning army.

JAMES FISHER
Best Army Award

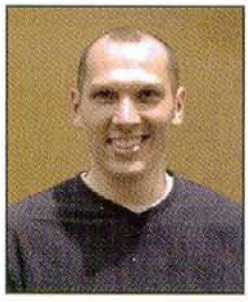


Counter-clockwise from below: James' Texas Volunteer General and padre; the Helblaster Volley Gun and crew; the entire army assembled in front of the Alamo.

James Fisher just had to do it - a Grand Tournament in Texas, what better place to bring the Alamo? This magnificent Empire army really sums up a lot of the atmosphere of the Dallas Grand Tournament. Lots of hats, lots of intricately painted details and a heapin' helpin' of fun! These models were certainly the talk of the town throughout the entire weekend, as droves of fans, players and spectators alike, came close to "ooh" and "aah" over the spectacular painting and conversions James featured within his army. And if that weren't enough, his army was a perfect example of what a balanced army list should be. Together, these two factors led to our judges awarding him with the Best Army award for the Dallas 2001 Grand Tournament. James Fisher certainly remembered the Alamo, and how could anyone forget his army???

OTHER AWARD WINNERS

ADAM CLARK
Players' Choice



Chaos Warriors

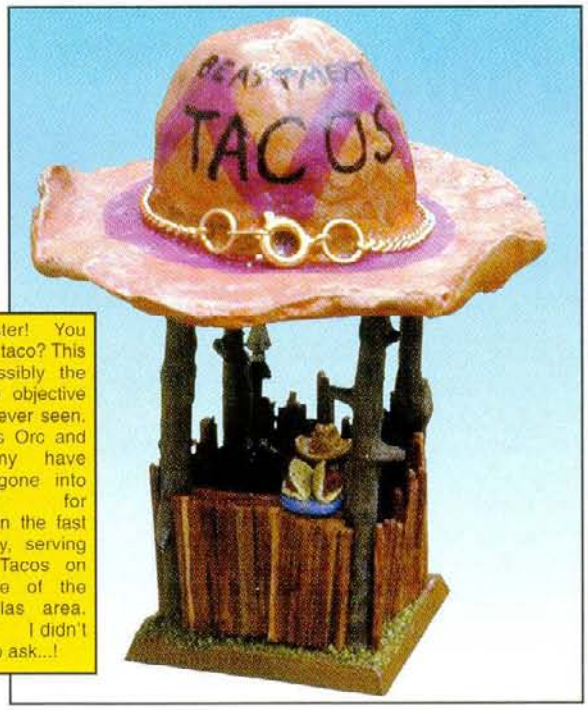
BILL EDWARDS
Best Sportsman

Lizardmen

STEVE WALLACE
Best Selection

Chaos Beastmen

John Miller's Tyranid Army from the Los Angeles Grand Tournament really turned a lot of heads! It was conversions like this creepy floating Zoanthrope that made this army a crowd favorite.



Hey, Meester! You wanna buy a taco? This is quite possibly the most bizarre objective counter I've ever seen. Eric McKee's Orc and Goblin army have apparently gone into business for themselves in the fast food industry, serving Beastmeat Tacos on the roadside of the greater Dallas area. Beastmeat? I didn't really want to ask...!

Seen bringing plague and pestilence to a number of Grand Tournaments this year, Tom Van Dyke's Greater Daemon of Nurgle really stands out as one of the nicest conversions on the circuit.

Finally, after the smoke clears, the 2001 Grand Tournament season comes to end. I can't possibly put into words how many cool armies, how many great games, and how many great people I've seen along the way. Seeing everyone across North America playing our games and having a blast is a wonderful feeling, indeed. And the 2002 season starts in just a mere couple more months! Get those paintbrushes in gear!

Thanks to everyone who helped make this truly a GRAND Tournament season this year, certainly not excluding the Outriders, the hotel staffs, the GW staff both on the road and in the Studio, and, most importantly, the players. And let's not forget those people who helped ME out, sending in their armies or photos of them, when the Machine Gods of Photography seemed to have left us high and dry...!

Good luck, all of you, in the 2002 Grand Tournament Season!

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

Tom Moskalik, insane Space Ork converter from WD 253's "Spotlight on the Great White North," returns with an equally creative Dwarf Dogs of War army. And I bet Dwarfs would probably make Giants look like this, too!

Index Astartes
First Founding

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

THE LOST AND THE DAMNED

The Death Guard Space Marine Legion

by Christopher Allen

The Death Guard Legion, the dread Plague Marines of Nurgle, has become a relentless and terrifying scourge upon the Imperium of Man. But it was not always so. Ten millennia ago, the Death Guard was one of the original twenty Space Marine Legions, united in the defense of Mankind under the command of the Emperor and their fearsome Primarch, Mortarion.

Origins

When the Emperor's twenty nascent Primarchs were scattered across the galaxy, the Stygian Scrolls tell of one who came to rest on a bleak moor, strewn with dead and scattered with the carnage of battle for leagues in every direction. The planet was Barbarus, perpetually shrouded in poisonous fog, whose mountainous crags were ruled by warlords with fantastic powers and horrific appetites, and whose human settlers, stranded there millennia before, were crowded into the lowest valleys, beneath the choking mists. They lived lives of unrelenting terror, eking out a peasant's existence by day beneath a dim sun which never burned completely through the fog, and cowering by firelight after dark from the terrible beings which moved unseen above.

The greatest of these overlords stood in triumph on the battlefield, reveling in his massacre until the silence was shattered by a child's cry. Legend tells that the warlord walked the sea of corpses for a day and a night in his creaking battle armor, drawn by the wail of the infant. For an instant, he considered ending its young life; but no mere human ought to be able to breathe the poisonous miasma of the heights of Barbarus, much less cry out as this child did. For long moments he contemplated the thing which appeared human but was clearly more; then he gathered up the infant and carried it from the carnage. For all his dark power, until that moment he had not had what this child now promised: a son and heir. Born of death, upon a field of death, the warlord christened the infant Mortarion: child of death.

His master tested the infant's limits. When he had determined precisely how high into the toxic clouds of Barbarus's peaks the child could survive, he erected a stony keep and fenced it behind black iron. Then he moved his own manse beyond, to the highest crag, where the atmosphere was deadly even to the nascent Primarch. Mortarion grew to adolescence in such a world, of citadels of weeping grey stone and cast-iron fences, where the very air was death, and the sun never more than a distant smudge. It was a world of constant war, against opposing lords who came with golem armies of stitched-together dead one day, then tormented shapeshifters, more monsters than men, the next. To survive, Mortarion learned at the foot of his overmaster, and learned voraciously, everything his master would teach him. Mortarion devoured it all: from battle doctrine to arcane secrets, from artifice to stratagem. He learned and he grew, shaped by his grim environs, but a child of the Emperor for all that – superhumanly resilient to the poisonous air around him and superhumanly strong even in the absence of sufficient sunlight or nourishment. Mortarion possessed an intellect which was highly keen and which asked questions his lord was not wont to answer.

Increasingly, the questions centered around the fragile things in the valleys below, which the warlords preyed upon for their corpses to reanimate, or victims to accurse. His master kept Mortarion as distant from the human settlements as he could, but his very act of denial fed the maturing Primarch's obsession. The day finally came when Mortarion would be denied no longer. Mortarion slipped through the dungeons from his keep. The last thing he heard was the voice of the overlord, the only father he had known, roaring in the miasmic darkness from the high battlements as Mortarion descended from the mountain, renouncing the Primarch for his betrayal, warning Mortarion that to return would mean death.

Descending beneath the mists was a revelation to Mortarion; his lungs were filled with air free of poisons for the first time. He smelled aromas of food being prepared, of crops freshly harvested, heard voices unmuffled by fog and, for the first time, heard laughter. The young Primarch realized that he was among his own kind, that the 'fragile prey' of the warlords were his own people. And with the realization came rage. He determined to bring them the justice denied them by the dark powers which moved above.

Mortarion's acceptance amongst the human settlers of Barbarus was no simple thing. However like them he felt

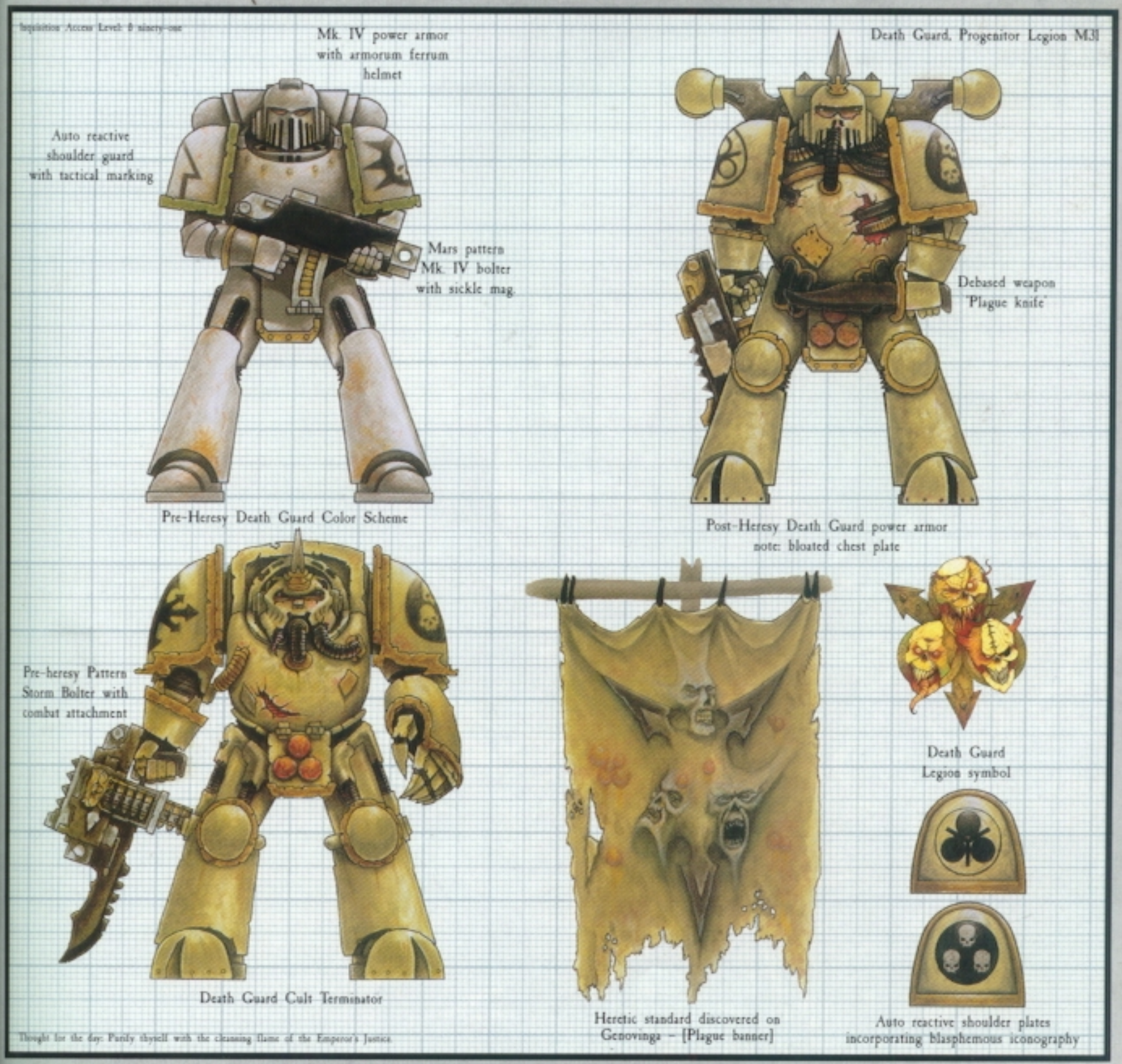
himself to be, to them he was little different from the monsters above. Towering over even the tallest of them, gaunt and pallid, with hollow, haunted eyes which betrayed the horrors he had seen, Mortarion terrified most of the settlers. They looked upon him with suspicion and fear. It stung the young Primarch, but he bided his time, using his great strength to work the fields for their meager harvest, knowing that his opportunity to prove himself would come. When it did in the twilight hours, he was ready.

From the darkness came shambling dark things. A lesser lord led his corpse-like thralls into the settlement, taking with silent, remorseless strength those they could carry off for their master's dark purpose. The peasants fought back as best they could, with torches and farmer's tools rendered into makeshift weapons. It was all they could do not to run, much less offer a meaningful fight. They had played out the futility of this scene their whole lives, and they knew how it would end. Until, that is, Mortarion strode into their midst. Towering over them with an enormous two-handed harvesting scythe, he charged into the ranks of the enemy with all his rage-born might, and drove them from the village. Their dark lord smiled at him as he neared, and withdrew into the poisonous heights where this rebellious human could never reach him. He was still wearing his contemptuous smile when Mortarion caught up with him on the mountainside and exacted his vengeance for the 'fragile prey' below.

After that night, Mortarion's place among the settlers was never in doubt.

As he matured, Mortarion taught the settlers of Barbarus what he knew of warfare. Word of his exploits spread, and many others made the perilous journey to learn. Slowly, villages became strongpoints, and the villagers more effective defenders. Eventually, Mortarion went amongst the people, travelling from settlement to settlement, teaching, building and, when occasion demanded, defending them. Always, however, his ultimate justice was denied; the dark powers could always retreat into the impregnable bulwark of their poisonous mists. His people could only fight in defense. That had to change.

Mortarion recruited the toughest, most



resilient of Barbarus' population, forming them into small units which he drilled himself, teaching them not only defense but also attack. He turned blacksmiths from toolworking to weaponsmaking when time allowed, and crafters to the shaping of armor. And, with the best artificers he could find, he bent his formidable intellect to the problem of the poisonous air.

Inquisitor Mendikoff's monograph, *Cataphract of Death,* relates the now-famous result. When next a warlord descended from above, and the villagers mounted a defense successful enough to drive his unholy army back, Mortarion and his retinue of warriors, masked with crude filtering hoses and breathing gear, advanced into the fog after them. For the first time in living memory the prey brought death into the realm of death, killing the warlord and massacring his army. Mortarion continually improved his warrior's breathing apparatus, and he and his Death Guard, as his retinue came to be known, campaigned ever higher into the dark powers' domain, encountering ever more virulent pestilence. The constant exposure to ever higher doses of toxins toughened his Death Guard, traits which proved transferable to each new iteration of the Death Guard, growing tougher as though emulating their champion himself.

Only the most toxic peaks were denied Mortarion and the Death Guard and they warred for months across the poisonous spine of Barbarus, until only one grim manse stood against them, one which Mortarion knew well. The concentration of death about it overcame his force, threatening even Mortarion himself, and so he withdrew. Upon his return, however, his world was destined to once again spin out of his control.

Mortarion and his brethren arrived to find the village alive unlike he had ever known it. On everyone's lips was word of the arrival of a stranger, a great benefactor who brought promise of salvation. The Primarch's mood darkened; this day of deliverance was one he had worked for all his life, and he found himself altogether unhappy to see it co-opted by the arrival of some newcomer of uncertain agenda.

Taletellers say Mortarion flattened the massive wooden door of the hall upon his entrance. Seated at banquet, he found the elders and a stranger who was their opposite in every imaginable way. Where they were gaunt and pale, he was robust, his flesh bronzed, his physique utterly perfect. The people greeted Mortarion's arrival expectantly. Despite the affect wrought upon him by Barbarus's poisons, the connection between the new benefactor and their defender was nevertheless plain to them all. As plain as father and son. However, Mortarion was oblivious to any connection. He greeted the stranger with barely masked hostility, which quickly turned to outright anger at the stranger's utter unflappability. The elders spoke of the new arrival's promise to unite the people of Barbarus within a great expanding brotherhood of humanity which could help them be rid of their persecution from above. Mortarion felt his moment of triumph slipping from him. Twisting the haft of his ever-present scythe until his knuckles whitened, he declared that he and his Death Guard needed no help to finish their quest for justice.

It is said that the benefactor quietly challenged the stormy young Primarch's assertion, pointing out the Death Guard's failure to reach the last high citadel, and then threw down a gauntlet. If Mortarion could defeat the high overlord alone, he would withdraw and leave Barbarus to its own means. But if he failed, they would join his Imperium of Man and Mortarion would swear total fealty and allegiance to him.

Over the protests of his Death Guard, he spun on his heel and struck out alone for the last manse standing against him, the keep of the overlord he had called father. If some part of him knew that even he could not survive the highest reaches of Barbarus, he did not acknowledge it. Mortarion climbed ever higher, driven by the inevitability of the imminent conflict with his once master, driven by his desire to bring final justice for the people of his world. However he was mostly motivated by a compulsion to prove himself to the stranger below.

The confrontation, when it finally came, was mercilessly brief. Mortarion, choking in air so toxic that the hoses of his protective breathing gear began to rot away, struggled to the very gates of the overlord's citadel, calling out his defiance. The last thing he saw as he fell to his knees, the world turning grey as he was overcome, was the Overlord of Barbarus coming for him, to fulfill the promise he had made generations

Corpses bloated with noxious gases spewed excremental fluids as the filth encrusted Land Raider crushed them beneath its rusted iron tracks, grinding their jellied bones to pulp. Explosions burst around the massive vehicle, filling the air with lethal fragments and scoring the necrotic surface of its armored hide. Hulking and deformed warriors kept pace with the plague tank, firing mucus covered bolters through the yellow fog as they advanced. The Imperial Fists defensive line was less than fifty meters away, the ground before it littered with the twisted, plague ridden carcasses of those unfortunate enough to have been touched by the dark powers.

The fog coiled about the Land Raider like a living thing, as though it moved on some vile business of its own. The white heat of lascannon fire speared through the sickly haze and struck the hull of the tank, blasting a deep wound in its fleshy exterior. The massive vehicle slewed around, but kept moving, spinning tracks churning scraps of rotten flesh and decayed limbs as it rumbled over the pathetic barricade their foes had erected. The ground shook as the vehicle crashed back to earth. The front ramp dropped and pestilential fumes gusted from within, like the breath of some vast, infected beast. Vomited from the belly of the armored beast, warriors spawned in a festering nightmare charged from the Land Raider, a foul miasma of contagion wreathing their helmets in smoky darkness. Almost three meters tall, the huge figures wore filth-ridden suits of Terminator armor, splashed with clusters of weeping boils and sores. Diseased lesions and foul organic matter oozed from cracks in the armor.

Brother Colathrax stalked through the fog of sweet corruption and hail of bolter shells, his plague sword licking out left and right. He cut and stabbed, slicing skin and pricking organs, but never killing outright, no, never that. For who was he to deprive his foes of the agonizing bliss of Father Nurgle's Rot? How sweet it was to watch those whom the false Emperor had made mighty descend into madness and decay, their once powerful bodies turning on them as plague reduced them to mindless, gibbering horrors of mutated flesh. They had set themselves up as gods and would now pay the price for that arrogance. A Space Marine Captain in blazing yellow armor stood before him, his sword raised in challenge and Colathrax smiled.

Colathrax batted aside the sword with his power fist, stabbing his suppurating weapon through his opponent's belly. The blade of the plague sword skewered the Space Marine in an upward arc, lifting him from his feet and hammering through the building behind. Blood pooled beneath the Space Marine's twitching body. The wound refused to close and he coughed bloody phlegm as he felt the meat of his body rotting at a terrifying rate, internal organs flooding with dead fluids and the flesh of his limbs sloughing from his bones inside his armor. His breath rasped as his lungs dissolved and his vision faded as his eyeballs liquefied, sliding down his face like glutinous tears. He tried to curse his killer, but his throat had ruptured and seconds later his brain was a fetid grey ooze dribbling from his sagging head.

Brother Colathrax inhaled the intoxicating aroma of his master's putrescent benediction and offered a short prayer to Father Nurgle. He wrenched his sword from the wall, allowing the sloshing suit of power armor to topple to the stinking ground. The disintegration of this world was almost complete and Colathrax could taste their victory on the foul wind that swept the battlefield. He pictured oceans of decaying flesh, infection rampant and plagues unnumbered. That would be their gift to the denizens of this mortal realm. Colathrax laughed at the thought as the fog closed in.

before. Then the mighty stranger stepped between them, defying the death-fog, and felling the overlord with a single blow of his gleaming sword.

Mortarion was true to his oath. When he recovered, he bent his knee to the stranger and swore himself and the Death Guard to his service. Only then did the Emperor of Man reveal himself as the young Primarch's true father, and the destiny such service would bring: command of the fourteenth Legion of the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines.

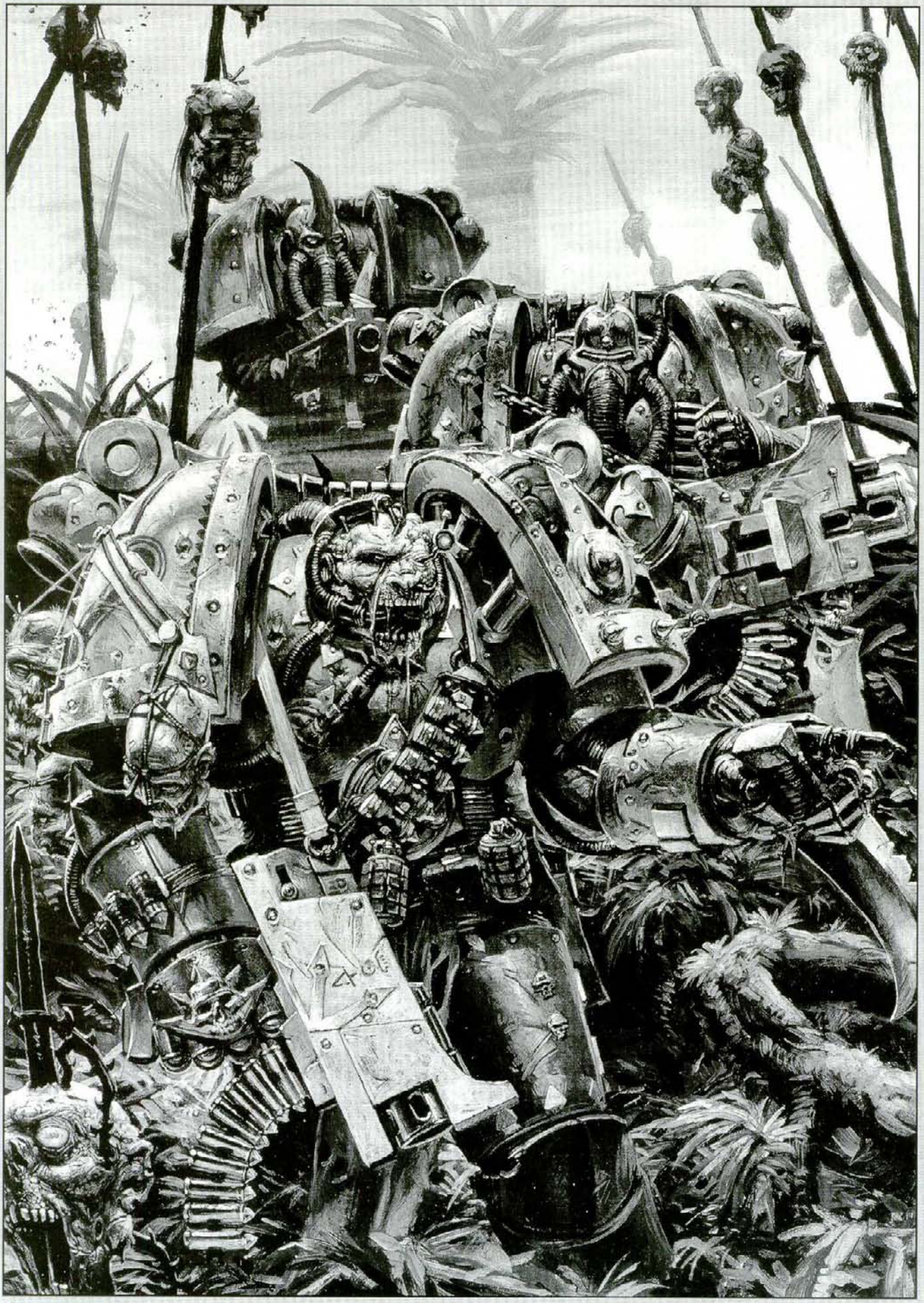
The Libram Primaris, or *Book of Primarchs*, tells how Mortarion brought the relentlessness, remorselessness and resilience of his personal Death Guard to the Legion built of his own genetic material, and how in turn they adopted his retinue's title as their own. The resulting prowess of the Death Guard was recognized from the moment Mortarion took command, but the young Primarch never settled in Imperial society outside of battle. Mortarion was a grim, driven Primarch, fixated on reckoning with the oppressors of the galaxy. The easy camaraderie of the other Primarchs was alien to him. The Shadow Journal of Bellerophan, Dark Angels Librarian, confides that, of them all, he found kindred spirits in only two: Night Haunter, the dread master of the Night Lords, and Horus, the Warmaster of the Imperium, the right hand of the Emperor. Horus above all others recognized the value of the Death Guard. He would often place Mortarion and his Legion in the center of his battleline, counting on the enemy's inability to oust them so that he could either lever his advance from the rock of Mortarion's immovable position, or use it as the anvil upon which the Imperial hammer, in the form of his Luna Wolves, or the Haunter's Night Lords, would break the foe. It was a mercilessly effective combination.

In the charismatic Warmaster, Mortarion found a mentor who seemed to understand his goals and appreciate his methods. So close did Mortarion appear to be to Horus, in fact, it is believed that at least two of the other Primarchs, Roboute Guilliman of the Ultramarines and the ever watchful, ever taciturn Corax of the Raven Guard, approached the Emperor with concerns about where the master of the Death Guard's loyalties lay. The story of his allegiance to the Emperor won through his own failure was by then well-known, and anyone with even a passing familiarity with Mortarion knew that the pallid Primarch chafed at it. The Emperor is said to have dismissed their concerns with a wave; loyalty to Horus was de facto loyalty to the Emperor.

On that matter, the Emperor could not have been more wrong...

The Betrayal

On the feral planet Davin, the Warmaster and his Legion, now named the Sons of Horus in his honor, had fallen to Chaos. Before they would leave, Horus would be utterly possessed, foreswearing allegiance to the Emperor for the cause of Chaos and his own advancement, and would draw the Primarchs and Battle Brothers of half the Imperium's Legions to his cause. Transcripts of the Council of Charon, convened after the Heresy to ascribe responsibility, suggest that, unlike some of the other Primarchs, Horus did not need to resort to ritual possession to win the Death Guard to his side. Horus promised that under his rule the old order would fall, and a new age would dawn, a just age with right



ensured by the mighty. Mortarion turned on the Imperium as he had turned on the overlords of Barbarus, and joined the rebellion which would forever sunder the Imperium – the Horus Heresy. What he did not know then was the price he would be called upon to pay.

Horus was a brilliant strategist; he knew that the heart of the Imperium was Terra, and from the very moment of his rebellion, Terra was his objective. In short order he had gathered sufficient strength to shatter the defenses of the Imperium and lay siege to the Imperial Palace itself. Mortarion was determined that the Death Guard would be there with him. With his entire fleet, he crossed into the Warp and straight into nightmare.

The Death Guard fleet was becalmed by an impenetrable warpstorm, its navigators neither able to guide them through it nor find safe passage into realspace. The fleet was reduced to drifting through the Immaterium, and while they were stilled the Destroyer came.

For Mortarion and the Space Marines of the Death Guard there was nothing so terrifying as the plague which made their legendary resilience meaningless. These were the warriors who the Imperium had sent to conquer worlds no other man could set foot upon, much less fight on and win. Pestilence, contagion, toxin and pollution; there was no environment so hostile which Mortarion and the Death Guard could not overcome, until the plague which raced through their fleet. It roiled in their guts, bloating and distending their once superhuman bodies, transforming them into horrible, pustulent grotesques. They were made corrupt within and sickening to behold without and they grew sicker and sicker, yet could not die, their own constitution becoming their worst enemy. What they endured was unimaginable yet none suffered more than Mortarion. For the Primarch, it was as though he were upon the mountaintop of Barbarus once more, surrendering to the poison, without the mercy of unconsciousness to claim him or the Emperor to come to his salvation.

Whether he perceived, in those terrible hours, the loss of what he had once stood for, and the damnation he had wrought upon himself and his Legion, only Mortarion will ever know. Unable to endure the suffering any longer, Mortarion offered into the Immaterium himself, his Legion and his very soul in exchange for deliverance. A presence in the Immaterium answered, as though it had been waiting all along. In the depths of the warp, the Great God Nurgle, Lord of Decay and Father of Disease, called that debt and accepted Mortarion and the Death Guard Legion as his own.

What emerged from the warp when the Death Guard fleet broke out bore little resemblance to what had entered. The gleaming white and grey armor of Imperial champions was no more, burst and shattered from the horrific bloating of infected bodies, scabbed with boils, putrescence and the filth of corruption. Their weapons and machinery of war were now powered by the sickly sorcery of Chaos, glowing with lambent green luminescence and oozing gangrenous pus. The name Death Guard itself would pass into secondary use, as the walking pestilence-carriers became a terrifying sight across the Imperium. To their victims, to their erstwhile allies, even to themselves, they had become the Plague Marines.

Horus was eventually defeated by the Emperor and Chaos was driven back across space, finding refuge in the weeping sore known as the Eye of Terror. Mortarion and his Death Guard retreated there as well, but not in disarray, as many of the other Legions did.

Even in damnation, the resilience of the Death Guard remained, and under the direction of their Master they withdrew into the Eye intact, Loyalist Space Marines and Imperial Guard regiments breaking upon them time and again.

Within, Mortarion claimed the world which would become known as the Plague Planet as his own; its location near the fabric of reality was ideal for launching new strikes into the Imperium and across the galaxy. He shaped it so satisfactorily and defended it with his Plague Marines so well that his patron, Nurgle the Unclean, elevated the Primarch to daemonhood and gave Mortarion what the Emperor had denied him, and what Horus had not been able to provide: a world of his own. Mortarion became the overlord of a world of poison, horror, and misery. He had come home.

Home World

Barbarus was a feral world which orbited near its dim yellow sun, creating a thick, miasmic atmosphere of toxic chemicals. The most virulent gases rose through Barbarus's perpetual cloud towards the heat of its star, making the world beneath a dismal place of night, unbroken by starlight and with short, shadowy days. An atmosphere breathable by humans existed only in the lowest elevations, on flat moors and in the valley basins of the jagged, stony mountains which spined the world. Beings immune to the toxic soup of the planet's higher atmospheres once existed on Barbarus, building great grey keeps in the mountain fastnesses. When humans came to Barbarus, the horrific conditions from which they had to eke out survival quickly reduced them to a pre-feudal state. The higher beings' incomprehensible powers, their ability to survive where men could not, and above all their hunger to prey upon, experiment with and accurse Humankind caused the settlers to ascribe to those beings a medieval supernaturalism. What manner of creatures these dark overlords were will never be known.

Since his elevation to daemonhood, Mortarion has, consciously or not, remade the Plague Planet very much in Barbarus's image. Its citizens cower in festering villages on the planet's surface, serving their supreme masters, Mortarion's champions and other daemonic chosen of Nurgle who reside in mighty fortress-citadels high above them. Diseased things which should be dead, yet are not, roam the landscape, and skeletal Mortarion rules over all, enthroned upon the highest peak of the world.

Combat Doctrine

Mortarion was well-educated, if narrowly. Matters of culture, history, philosophy were often alien to him, but on the subject of dealing death, he was a prodigy. Mortarion believed that victory came through sheer relentlessness, and communicated that ethic throughout the Death Guard. Their weapons and armor were rarely the most expertly artificed, certainly not the most beautifully-ornamented, but functioned without flaw. The Death Guard did not manoeuvre fancifully, or confound their opponents; they picked the best ground upon which to fight, then smashed their foes after they had broken themselves against the Death Guard line. There was no environment which Mortarion and the Death Guard feared. What Mortarion and his adepts could not devise means to compensate for, the Death Guard overcame through sheer resilience.

Mortarion learned battle in a theatre of rocky mountainous terrain, without benefit of machinery. Though his considerable intellect allowed him to grasp the value of such support when his elevation to Primarch of a Space Marine Legion made such things as tanks and transport available, the primacy of the foot soldier remained ever the trademark of the Death Guard. Mortarion preferred to utilize huge waves of infantry, well-equipped and highly-trained on an individual level. He demanded that they be able to function and fight in almost any kind of atmosphere, and gave little emphasis on specialized units using jump packs or bikes. In fact, the Death Guard did not have dedicated Assault and Tactical squads as such; all his Space Marines were expected by Mortarion to be equally adept with bolter, pistol and close combat weapon, to fight with whatever weapon circumstance dictated. Such doctrine lent itself well to the use of Tactical Dreadnought armor, and the Death Guard regularly used Terminators before the Heresy. The Death Guard were particularly renowned for their success at such high-risk missions as space hulk clearance and the Plague Marines continue that success, using hulks to spread disease, infection and the cult of Nurgle throughout the body of the Imperium. The combat doctrine which served the Death Guard so well in life now suits the damned character of the Plague Marines to perfection.

Organization

Mortarion was an infantryman, and the Death Guard were organized around the principle of equipping the individual Space Marine as well as possible. Obedience was extended through every rank: sergeants were extensions of their captains, who were extensions of Mortarion himself. If there were any of the original Legions that could be said to be of one body, it was the Death Guard. As a consequence, the Death Guard were organized into fewer companies than any of the other First Founding Legions. There were never more than seven companies at any time in its history, but each was of considerably greater size, and heavy with Space Marine infantry, including Terminator squads.

With Mortarion elevated to daemonhood, his hand upon the Legion became more remote and the Death Guard became broken up through space and time into smaller units. Warriors of the Death Guard are most often seen afoot, or at best accompanied by mad, plague-infested Dreadnoughts. Few of the tanks and transports of the Legion still function, their upkeep and maintenance being no priority to Space Marines dedicated to the Incarnation of Rot and Decay. Some such constructs do soldier on, possessed by minor daemonic entities or infested and animated by Nurgling hordes, the swarming worker drones of the Lord of the Unclean. These forces are often found organized in squads of seven banded together into cohorts of seven squads. An echo of their Legion's organizational model at its height, seven is also the sacred number of the Death Guard's patron power, and they believe that by forming themselves in multiples of that number, they carry the favor of the daemon lord Nurgle and create a kabalistic strength. Whether their 'Rule of Seven' draws the attention and sorcerous blessing of the Death Guard's deity or not, the manner in which the Plague Marines carry themselves to war still reflects the hand of the Primarch which forged them, shaped them, then led them to their damnation. The daemon prince Mortarion remains master of the Death Guard even after their fall, orchestrating their movements unseen from his bubonic throne.

CAPTAIN GARRO, HERO OF THE DEATH GUARD

When Horus's rebellion was finally understood, seventy Space Marines, alone of five Legions, remained steadfast in their loyalty to the Emperor. These men seized the Imperial cruiser Eisenstein and broke the Traitors' blockade of the Istvaan system to carry word of the treachery to Terra. Their warning may have saved the Imperium. Commanding the Death Guard contingent was a great battle-captain, Garro.

There are conflicting testimonies regarding the fate of Captain Garro and his men. There are those who say that in the turmoil accompanying Horus's assault on the Imperial Palace no one knew what to do with the handful of loyal Marines whose entire Legions had turned traitor. The captain, indeed all of the Eisenstein seventy who survived the gauntlet to reach Terra, were placed in custody pending deposition by the Emperor himself, a deposition which, after his fall and enshrinement in the Golden Throne, never came. Garro and the other 'Heroes of the Imperium' never saw the light of day and died prisoners. Others maintain that Garro himself fought in the palace defense, and when he saw what his brother Legionnaires had become, he renounced arms and served devotedly at the Master Apothecariate, where Space Marine Apothecaries receive their training, futilely seeking a cure for the plague which had taken his entire Legion of brothers, until his own death.

More fanciful taletellers link Garro and his band to secret societies moving behind the public face of the Imperium, and claim that Garro and his original Space Marines still live, an elite force committed to thwarting the aims of Nurgle, Mortarion and the Death Guard, who appear in battle clad in the colors and flying the banners of the pre-Heresy Death Guard, then vanish, like grey ghosts from the warp.

Still others report that Garro was unable to resist the same lure to damnation which claimed his Primarch. In the aftermath of the Heresy, Garro turned to Nurgle and became a champion of the Death Guard. As the Lord of Flies, he still leads Plague fleets from the Eye, clad in black iridescent armor and a power claw like a great skeletal hand, accompanied by the maddening buzz of insectoid wings.

Beliefs

The beliefs of the Death Guard echoed those of Mortarion, beginning as one thing and ending as the corrupt opposite. A resolute determination that individuals should be free of oppression and terror became a conviction that individuals were not suited to decide what was just for them. A faith in inner strength, iron will and unshakable resolution in the face of hardship led to pride, arrogance and an utter contempt for those they deemed inferior.

When Nurgle's Rot came to the stranded Death Guard, their pride and arrogance was revealed, and their contempt for weakness turned upon themselves. Their surrender to Nurgle left them with only one seething, burning outlet, stoked white-hot by the depth of their self-loathing: to infect the strong, slay the weak and rot the foundations of everything in their paths until it collapses. Their debasement would no longer seem so shameful, if

the pestilence of their Unclean Lord eventually brought everything to ruin.

Gene-seed

The Space Marines of the Death Guard always reflected the gaunt, shadow-eyed, quality of their Primarch, that gave the lie to the hardiness with which they were made. The contagion which led to their damnation corrupted them physically, as well. As Plague Marines, the once-gaunt Death Guard are now bloated and seeping like an infected abscess, covered in boils, sores and weeping wounds crusted with the brown and green filth of the unclean. Nurgle does not accompany this repulsive aspect with gifts of mutation as freely as other powers (such capricious change is the province of his antithesis, Tzeentch), but on occasion will alter the countenance of a Death Guard aspirant with a tentacle, facet-eyed head of an insect or some other hideously repulsive form.

Battlecry

The Death Guard have no rallying cry as such. As Plague Marines, they are the incarnation of silent death, the virulent epidemic, the wasting disease and the remorselessness of decay. They are pestilence and pox, famine and blight, contagion and cancer, and like all of these things, are most terrifying when they come without word or warning.

USING A DEATH GUARD ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

The Death Guard use the following units from Codex Chaos Space Marines:

HQ	0-1 Chaos Lord or Daemon Prince, Sorcerer, Great Unclean One.
Elites	Plague Marine Cult Terminators, Plague Marines, Possessed Chaos Space Marines.
Troops	Plague Marines, Nurglings, Plaguebearers.
Fast Attack	Daemonic cavalry (Plaguebearers on Beasts of Nurgle.)
Heavy Support	Plague Marine Havocs, Chaos Dreadnoughts, Chaos Predators, Chaos Land Raiders.

A Death Guard army is chosen using the lists in Codex Chaos Space Marines with the following exceptions and special rules. This represents a force drawn entirely from the Death Guard Legion.

The Chaos Lord of a Death Guard army may only have a retinue of Plague Marines, unless he is wearing Terminator armor in which case he may have a retinue of Plague Marine Terminators.

Special Rules

• Plague Marine Cult Terminators cost 46 points for a basic Terminator with twin bolter and power weapon and have +1 Toughness. They may select any of the usual Chaos Terminator weapon upgrades at the normal cost. As with all Cult Terminators they are fearless and will never fall back and cannot be pinned. They are assumed to automatically pass any Morale check. If a Death Guard Chaos Lord is in Terminator armor and is accompanied by a retinue of Death Guard Cult Terminators, then the number of the retinue may be from four to nine models instead of the usual five to nine. If the retinue, including the Chaos Lord, is only five models strong then it may be mounted in a Chaos Land Raider.

• Plague Marine Havoc squads are the Death Guard's version of conventional Havoc squads. Ever since the Heresy, the Death Guard have shown little regard for heavy weaponry and this attitude is reflected in their Havoc Squads.

Death Guard Havocs are exactly the same as normal Plague Marine squads except that, instead of being allowed a single model with plasma gun, flamer, melta gun or plasma pistol, they may have up to three Plague Marines each armed with either a plasma gun at +15 pts or a meltagun at +12 pts. The remainder will have bolters. All carry plague knives. All other options are the same as those available to normal Plague Marine squads.

• Seven is the sacred number of Nurgle. Any squad of Plague Marines (including Terminators, retinues and Havocs) that numbers exactly seven models (including the Lord if a retinue) may upgrade one of its members to an Aspiring Champion at no points cost.

• For Possessed Chaos Space Marines in a Death Guard army, their first roll on the Possessed table is always assumed to be 2 (Fearsome) as they are wracked with pestilence and corruption.

• All Independent characters must take the Mark of Nurgle. Death Guard Chaos Lords and Sorcerers are Fearless so will never fall back and cannot be pinned. They are assumed to automatically pass any Morale check they are required to take. Aspiring Champions may take the Mark of Nurgle and cannot take any other Mark. The only gifts and vehicle gifts that can be chosen are those associated with Nurgle (the one exception is Daemonic Possession, which can be used as normal).

Clarifications

1. Plague Marine Aspiring Champions who take the Mark of Nurgle do not gain a further +1 Toughness as this would in theory take them to Toughness 6 which is the preserve of monstrous creatures. They receive no benefit from taking the Mark of Nurgle other than the ability to take Chaos gifts requiring the Mark of Nurgle. Similarly models bearing the Mark of Nurgle who take the Chaos Space Marine Bike wargear item never increase their Toughness beyond 5. In all cases models always use their original Toughness of 4 for instant death purposes.

2. A Beast of Nurgle occupies a single space in a transport vehicle as a Plague Marine would.

'EAVY METAL SHOWCASE

This month 'Eavy Metal brings you a selection of Warhammer 40,000 Chaos miniatures. Neil Hodgson's disturbing Death Guard models are a fitting accompaniment to the Index Astartes article also in this issue.

Death Guard Lord in Terminator armor, by Neil Hodgson

Death Guard Sorcerer, by Neil Hodgson

Death Guard Lord, by Neil Hodgson

Death Guard Terminators, by Neil Hodgson

Death Guard Dreadnought, by Neil Hodgson

Chaos Terminator

Nurgle Lord, by Richard Baker

Nurgle Champion in Terminator armor, by Jacques-Alexandre Gillois. This model won the French Slayer Sword 2001.

Khorne Lord on Juggernaut, by Tammy Haye

Chaos Terminator, by Benoit Ménard. This miniature won a silver at the French Golden

TYRANIDS QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q. Pertaining to Old One Eye and the Red Terror, the Codex never refers to them as special characters, or even characters for that matter.
A. *Nope, they're Tyranid monstrous creatures. You don't need your opponent's permission to take them.*

Q. On page 9 of the Codex it says that the victim of a bio-plasma attack gets a normal save. Does this also allow a save when used by a monstrous creature?
A. *Bio-plasma always permits a save, regardless of what kind of beastie is using it – it's an enhancement/bonus spit before the creature can bring its strength to bear.*

Q. How do rending claws work with monstrous creatures?
A. *The benefits of rending claws are added to the benefits of being a monstrous creature. Such a creature ignores armor saves, and on a To Hit roll of 6 it will wound automatically. It rolls 2D6 to penetrate vehicles and if either dice is a 6, roll a third D6 and add the result to the total.*

Q. Using the rules from Codex Tyranids can Spore Mines still crossfire enemy units falling back into them? Since you can shoot at Spore Mines, will a Spore Mine within 6" prevent a unit from regrouping?
A. *With the revised rules in the Codex I'd say no, they cannot crossfire, and so I don't see that they should prevent regrouping either.*

Q. Do multiple Lictors/Biovores/Zoanthropes count as a single brood when determining if one (or more, in rare cases) may be a mutant? For example, if a hive fleet has nine different species in it, and the Tyranid player takes three Lictors, may one be a mutant? With 3 Wounds apiece, they do have enough if they're all counted together.
A. *They count as individuals for the purposes of mutation (they're kind of like specialist mutations anyway).*

Q. Can Tyranid Warriors which take a venom cannon or barbed strangler, take any biomorphs from the upper list (the list with scything talons, rending claws etc...) or can they only have the venom cannon/barbed strangler and no other bio-weapons?
A. *No, its not terribly clear but the idea is that the 'heavy weapon' 'Nid can take one pick from the lower list but must still choose one from the upper list.*

Q. This might be a silly question but what do these different plastic close combat biomorphs from the Tyranid plastic frames represent?
A. *The small blade-like arms for the warrior are scything talons, the large mantis-like claws are scything talons too, and the 'hands' from the Tyranid frame are rending claws (read the description and you'll see what I mean).*

Q. If I create a new Hive Tyrant species using the rules in the back, can that creature take a Tyrant Guard brood?
A. *Assuming you've chosen Tyrant Guard as one of your species, yes.*

Q. A Space Marine with a power fist is hit four times by the Red Terror. His S and T are 4, but the power fist makes him fight with a S of 8. Can the Terror make a lunch of him? He may not swallow anyone with a S and/or T of 5 or more.
A. *Count S and T after any modifications for Marks, power fists, frost blades etc, so no.*

The Tyrant Guard stand close, protecting the Hive Tyrant.

Q. Rending claws that hit on a 6 and monstrous creatures ignore armor saves, but the implant attack only causes a second wound if the target fails its save. The problem is that there is no save taken, so no save is failed. Should the implant attack cause a second wound, even though the armor save is not failed because it is ignored in the first place?
A. *The save is ignored in these cases – which I would interpret as being failed automatically.*

Q. How do you determine how many mutations a unit of a Hive Tyrant and several Tyrant Guards may have?
A. *They are two separate broods, so you do not add their wounds together for the purposes of working out mutations.*

Q. May the Tyrant Guards 'guard' a Carnifex? The Codex says that Tyranid monstrous creatures don't get the benefits of joining other units, except Tyrant Guards.
A. *Yep, that's a perfectly legitimate use of Tyrant Guard. Carnifexes can be guarded too.*

Q. Is there any reason that a Hive Tyrant couldn't leave his Tyrant Guard? All other bodyguard/retinue types from the other Codexes state that the commander ceases to be independent when joined by them (and all that that implies), but the Tyrant Guard bodyguard has no similar statement. Is this a correct assessment?
A. *Gah! That is correct, not what was intended but hey, you want to buy Tyrant Guard and then leave them, it's your choice I guess.*

Q. Spinefists in the Codex are Assault X. In White Dwarf they are listed as Assault 2X. Which is correct? (I assume the Codex, but it is always best to check.)
A. *Assault X.*

Q. Do any of the Tyranid weapons which have an Ordinance template (spore mines, barbed strangler etc.) count as 'real' Ordinance, getting 2 dice against vehicle armor or using the Ordinance damage tables?
A. *Nope, they just use the large blast marker.*

Q. Can I take Tyrant Guard as an HQ choice without taking a Hive Tyrant?
A. *No.*

Q. Can a psychic hood nullify for a turn any of the Tyranid constant powers, like Synapse Creature, Psychic Scream, etc.?
A. *Tsk tsk, you should read page 9. The Hive Mind powers intro paragraph states*

'Only those powers which require a psychic test to use may be cancelled by enemy psykers' – so the hood can only be used on Catalyst and an over-charged Warp Blast.

Q. It is my understanding that the preliminary barrage affects all units, except for vehicles and independent characters. Thus, if the bugs have no vehicles or independent characters it would seem that all of the bugs are at risk.
A. *That's what it means.*

Q. Can I really have a brood of Tyrant Guard protecting 3 Carnifexes and 2 Hive Tyrants at once?
A. *A nasty oversight has become apparent in Codex Tyranids, as a brood of Tyrant Guard can only protect a single Tyranid monstrous creature at a time, not six or more as has been suggested by some unscrupulous Hive Minds. And for those of you wondering, Tyranid monstrosities created using Pete Haines' guide to spawning cannot be protected by Tyrant Guard at all – they're just too big.*

Q. Is the bonus Toughness a mutant gets from the Exceptional Size mutation taken into account for Instant Death?
A. *Yes.*

Q. Folks around here are wondering how to treat mutants in squads for shooting. Assuming identical statlines, I would imagine that they count as heavy weapons troopers, in that they aren't going to die until you kill the whole squad/kill everything under the template. Others want a hit assigned to him which is rolled separately, in hopes of nailing him with a simple bolter round. Which way should this be played?
A. *The mutant should be treated like a heavy weapon trooper.*

Q. If a unit is in hand-to-hand, is forced to make an Instinctive Behavior roll, and rolls either 'Lurk' or 'Fall back', does this take the unit out of hand-to-hand? If so, and if their opponent will no longer be in hand-to-hand, can they pursue or consolidate?
A. *Yes, the Tyranids fall back from combat and normal options for the winners apply.*

Q. Tyranid creatures must make an 'All On Your Own' test each turn when outside the influence of the Hive Mind. If they fail the test or fail a Pinning/Morale check they use the Instinctive Behavior table instead of 'normal' falling back. At the beginning of the next turn (after behaving instinctively), do the Tyranids need to test to regroup and then make the 'All On Your Own' test again? Do they continue to behave in the same manner if they fail or have to re-roll for a different possible result?Can you make this a bit more clear for us?

A. *OK let's try to get this straight:*
1. Test at the start of the turn if the unit is eligible for an 'All On Your Own' test.

2. Apply whatever applicable result you roll on the Instinctive Behavior table if you fail the test.

3. Next turn, the 'All On Your Own' test happens at the start of the turn and so it is ignored as instinctive behavior is already in force. The regroup test happens at the start of the movement phase. Therefore, whatever instinctive behavior the 'Nids may be suffering from applies again unless they manage to regroup.

4. The brood instinctively behaving will be affected twice (once when they fail their test, and again at the start of the next turn) with the same effect. Then at the start of the Movement phase they can test to regroup. If they fail, they would do the same Instinctive Behavior again in the next turn (but not again that turn, since they failed a test to regroup, not a Morale test).

5. Remember the behavior won't actually take effect until they move; the regroup attempt happens first.

6. If they don't fulfill all three of the regrouping criteria on Page 73 of the rulebook, they cannot test at all and will behave instinctively again in the next turn.

7. If at the start of Movement phase they are close enough to a Synapse creature, they automatically regroup.

CREATING YOUR OWN HIVE FLEET Q & A

Q. As I understand it when you 'create your own hive fleet' you are making a list of broods to replace the ones printed in the Codex (the thirteen detailed in the army list section of the book) entirely. The new army list must have between 4 and 12 brood types that you may then choose an army from. This (the hive fleet you create) REPLACES the army list in the book, and is from where you choose your broods for the army list that you take to a game.
A. *Right on both counts.*

Q. Pages 38 and 39 of the Codex seem to contradict each other with respect to Warriors with heavy weapon bio-modifications. On page 38 it says that warriors with heavy weapons are HQ or Heavy Support, and on page 39 it says that more than one heavy weapon makes them Heavy Support. What is the correct way to interpret this?
A. *Page 39 has the mistake, they should be HQ or Heavy Support in either case.*

Q. When creating your own hive fleet, does simply giving the broods different weapons constitute a new species, even if all the biomorphs and biomorph enhancements are exactly the same? It seems to say that any changes in the brood would make it a different species, but I just want to make sure.
A. *In the case of Warriors where the weapon can be changed within the brood, a species would have to have different biomorphs to be a new species (so the examples are wrong in that respect). However, in the case of something which can't have different weapons as standard, a weapon change will create a new species. For example, Gaunts must have identical weapons or they count as different species, but Warriors can vary their weapons.*

Q. In Codex Tyranids army list (page 13) it has Ripper Swarms listed as 3-10 in a brood. The Ripper Swarm Biomorph Table (page 40) it has the brood listed as 5-10. Which is correct?
A. *The army list.*

Q. In Codex Tyranids the Hive Tyrant psychic power 'Warp Blast' has a different cost depending on whether you use the army list one vs a genomorphed one. All of the other powers are the same cost. Is this a typo or is it correct?
A. *Again use the army list as the guide here, making it 20 pts.*

Q. Are Hive Mind powers counted in the overall number of biomorphs for design-your-own bugs which can have them?
A. *Hive mind powers don't count towards biomorphs.*

WHAT'S CHAPTER APPROVED ALL ABOUT?

Each month, Chapter Approved takes a look at the Warhammer 40,000 game and its rules, introducing new scenarios, weapons, rules and army list entries of all types, frequently stolen from Codexes in progress here at the Studio. It also acts as a forum for dedicated players of Warhammer 40,000 who have produced inspired, well thought out and just plain brilliant additions to the game (as reviewed and arbitrated by that well-known model of fairness and balance – me). If you've got something good for Chapter Approved then write to me at the address given here.

Note: Please don't include rules queries etc. with your letters, as the volume of mail means that in most cases I won't be able to send individual replies.

Andy Chambers
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Games Workshop,
Willow Lane, Lenton,
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FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE

This month's battle report is something a little different: a new race slugging it out in a new setting. Phil Kelly takes the Studio Tau army into the urban warzones of Cityfight, but Andy Hoare's Salamanders have something to say about it!

We all know by now that the Tau are a very shooty army, and we've been introduced to the nasty environs of the Cityfight system. Well, we reasoned, wouldn't it be interesting to see how the two go together? Will the limited fields of fire and generous cover saves of the big city stymie the Tau's firepower – their main strength? Will the Salamanders find the cover they need to close, or will the Tau whittle their numbers down enough to survive the brutal and short struggle that is Cityfight close combat?

Having been on the receiving end of Tau firepower in WD263, Phil was only too pleased to be taking the noble Tau into battle. Andy is an Iron Warriors Chaos Space Marine player and therefore has a predilection for blowing things up from a distance, but all the same, he was willing to field the loyalist Salamanders Space Marines and do the footwork just this once.

We decided that the scenario would be Relief Force, which is one of the scenarios written especially for Cityfight. The Tau were to defend, starting with a small force led by an Ethereal, and were praying that the Crisis team reserves reacted in time to stop the big boys picking on him. Seizing the opportunity to capture a member of the mysterious Tau ruling caste, the Salamanders attacked, arriving in full force on the first turn.

With the fantastic Studio Cityfight terrain set up, and two beautifully painted armies to play with, Phil and Andy put aside all thoughts of mutual cooperation and prepared to commit bloody murder amongst the dense urban ruins of Sy'l'kell Minoris City.

Commander Shas'o T'au Or'es M'yen Mesme stood resplendent in his battlesuit in the midst of the skirmish, arms spread wide as his plasma rifle tore through a Gue'la walker and his missile pod sent screaming destruction into the side of an enemy battle tank to his right. The Hammerhead above him whined as its railgun pivoted and fired, causing a tremendous explosion in the midst of the retreating Gue'la. Smart missiles from its secondary weapon systems zipped through the windows of ruined buildings, detonating in contact with those humans that took shelter there. Once the threat had been completely neutralized, O'mesme and his loyal bodyguard strode back through the ruins of the manufactorum, their battlesuits dwarfing the Fire warriors and Kroot around them. The shattered building had served them well as a defensive outpost; most of the Tau force was intact and three of the six Broadsides had survived a direct hit from a volley of battle cannon shells. Now that the incessant bombardment had stopped, O'mesme was determined to get his Ethereal ward to the safety of the Manta Missile Destroyer a mere two decs away. But everything in his military training told him that the ominous silence presaged a ground assault. The Gue'la wanted to take the Ethereal, Aun'to, prisoner, to rob him of his dignity and freedom – he could feel it in his heart. That could not be allowed to happen. They must weather the storm.

Over the last few hours, the Tau had repulsed an armored force that would have been impossible to counter had the attack been unified and cohesive. However, O'mesme had taken care to dispatch his most experienced Pathfinders and Crisis Battlesuit teams to engage the Gue'la armor, and they had enjoyed unparalleled success among the shattered streets of this broken, ancient city. With a gesture, he commanded the Fire warrior teams to consolidate their position within the building, barking orders at the Kroot as he opened a communications channel to the tank.

"Team Shas'la Kais, accompany the learned and revered Aun'to to the second floor. Team Shas'la J'kaara, take point in the outbuilding. I want a Kroot squad on both the first and ground floor, and the Hammerhead above the ruins with maximum field of fire." As he spoke, the Tau flowed efficiently and silently around him into their allotted stations.

Any ground-based assault would have to get through him, his well-trained warriors and some of the best marksmen his cadre could field before they could lay a finger on Ethereal Aun'to. He turned towards the Ethereal on the second floor, bowing his head.

"Revered One, our forces are in position and every eventuality can be met with absolute force. I personally guarantee your safety."

As he concluded his report, O'mesme saw a glimpse of green in the ruins a couple of streets away. Puzzled, he willed the image intensifier to magnify, bringing forth an image of a white dragon's head upon a dark green vehicle. His peripheral screen was flashing up an image of green-armored figures ghosting through the rubble. His breath caught for a moment before he opened his comms-channel once more, his voice strained and urgent. The Space Marines were coming for them.

"All Crisis teams, come in! This is O'mesme! We require reinforcements at once! In the name of the Tau'va, converge on our position immediately!"

INTO THE FIRES OF BATTLE

Andy Hoare

Andy: So what do Salamanders have going for them that's going to come in handy against the Tau in Cityfight? Firstly; durability: they're Space Marines so they already have a good Toughness statistic and power armor, but they also have access to some seriously useful wargear. The Tau are able to field some frighteningly high strength weaponry, so any help will come in handy.

The main difference between Salamanders and their more orthodox cousins in other Chapters is the fact that, due to the high gravity on their home world of Nocturne, they have an Initiative value of 3, compared to the Space Marine average of 4. This doesn't even come in to play when fighting against the average Tau, as the majority of Fire caste warriors have an Initiative value of only 2. The main problem I could see was the Kroot. These guys can be a big pain when faced in large groups, as they're relatively cheap and have two Strength 4 attacks each. This, combined with the fact that in Cityfight every model within 6" of an enemy gets to fight with its full number of attacks, meant that I was expecting to face a fair few of them. Oh yeah, they would also be getting a 4+ cover save from the building they would be defending.

The Salamanders have an unhealthy predilection for burning things. Rather than using the Flamer template, in Cityfight a flamer hits D6 targets, and of course, it gives no cover save – very useful for clearing those pesky Kroot out of buildings. Salamanders also like melting things, and as such multi-meltas are a characterful choice, and will prove useful against broadside suits and hammerhead tanks.

One thing I was going to need was a couple of squads that were particularly good in close combat, as I was expecting to have to crack a tough outer layer of Kroot before getting at the soft chewy center of Fire warriors. These squads had to be fast, as even though I was to set up only 18" from the Tau, a few inconvenient Difficult Terrain tests would mean they wouldn't make it into close combat straight away, and that meant facing Tau firepower longer than necessary. With this in mind I chose a Command squad in a Rhino and an Assault squad as my primary assault units. To back these up I chose three tactical squads, a Terminator squad and two Dreadnoughts. A Devastator squad would provide fire support, and target Phil's own heavy support units (or at the very least distract their attention from my advancing troops). With luck I could hope to get the two Rhino mounted squads into close combat in the first turn, followed by the Assault squad in the second, and the Dreadnoughts, Terminator and Tactical squads in the third. Of course, this was all assuming a whole lot of luck, and in reality I knew Phil would probably take a Broadside battlesuit team, and that it would wreak havoc amongst my advance.

So that was my plan. Not big, and not particularly clever. I needed to make a headlong dash, using the available cover as much as possible, hopefully without being slowed down too much by it, and I needed to coordinate my assaults to deny Phil the opportunity to fire on straggling squads.

If I could just clear the objective building for one turn I'd have the game, regardless of how many Space Marines I lost in the process. Fortunately, of all the Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes, the Salamanders are the force most noted for their self-reliance and refusal to give up.

DON'T PANIC!

Phil Kelly

Phil: If I were to choose the terrain for taking the Studio Tau army to battle I would opt for something very similar to a football pitch with my nice long ranged weaponry at one end and the enemy at the other. As a result, my usual optimistic appraisal of the situation took a bit of a back seat when I read through the Relief Force scenario. The enemy starts with their troops a mere 18" away from mine on a battlefield cluttered with so much rubble and ruins that cat-swinging is frankly out of the question. The majority of Andy's mobile forces would be inside the objective building by Turn two. I would have my most versatile forces in reserve, he would have all of his on the table from Turn one. Cause for concern? I thought so.

I knew full well that Andy intended to close into assault as quickly as he could. Given his army composition, when we did get to close combat the Tau were going to get their flat grey faces pushed in. So what did I need? Yep, you guessed it. Kroot. Lots of Kroot!

The defending player gets to field all of his HQ, Heavy Support and Troops choices from the start, and I was pleased to find that a good deal of the units I wanted to take fell into this category.

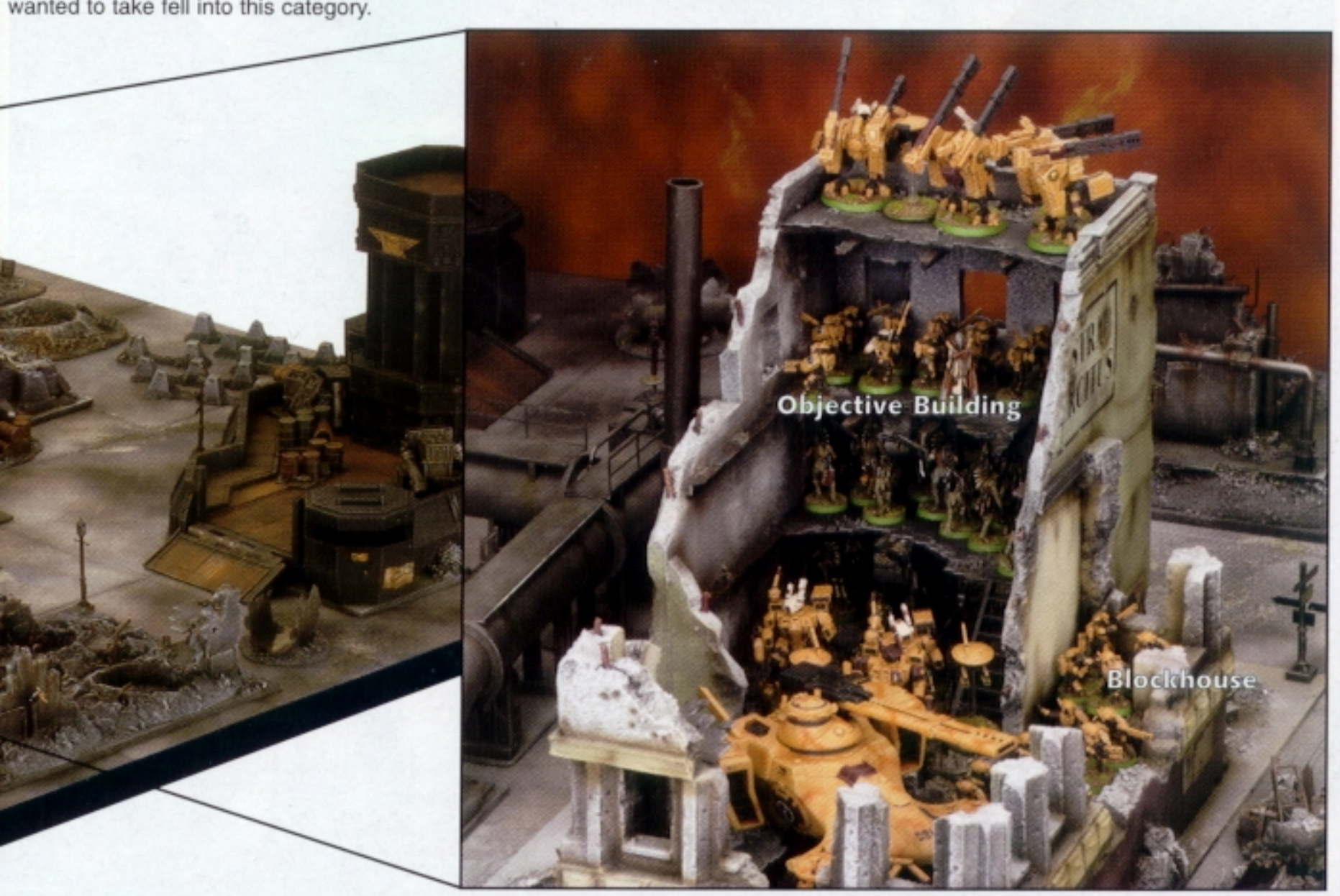
Firstly, the Ethereal that the Salamanders were attempting to capture would allow me re-rolls on my Morale checks even if he was hiding in the airing cupboard. I just had to make sure he was deployed nice and high or my army might find itself running from the objective like it was on fire. To back him up I took a kitted out Shas'o Commander and his Crisis suit bodyguard, as this three-man team was more than capable of blowing Terminators away whilst using their mobility to stay away from retribution.

A team of Broadsides on the top floor of the building could really spoil Andy's day with twin-linked railguns. Target locks would ensure that they could cause maximum havoc by engaging up to three separate targets per turn. Backed up by the lethal firepower of a Hammerhead gunship with a railgun and smart missiles, the cream of the Tau weaponry could make itself felt from the off.

I decided to equip both of the Battlesuit teams with gun drones; these add considerably to a unit's survivability. Besides, if I succeeded in pinning even one Salamanders unit with the gun drones' pulse carbines I would stagger Andy's advance, giving me a chance to take on the enemy wave by wave. With this in mind, I took two ten-man squads of Fire warriors with three pulse carbines in each. Photon grenades ensured they would at least have a chance against any Salamanders that got into my defenses. To do that, however, they would have to carve their way through two large squads of Kroot. My plan was that if any Salamanders managed to get inside, I could hit them with a counter attack so ferocious that I would drive them off, only to consolidate into my defensive position.

The 'cavalry', hopefully arriving nice and early, comprised of Crisis battlesuits. This was a crisis, after all, so who else are you going to call? The first team was a Ta'ro'cha of three Sha'sui equipped with plasma guns, burst cannon and multi-trackers. Accompanying the Ta'ro'cha was a Monat (one-man Crisis team) accompanied by two gun drones. I just hoped these guys would arrive in time to haul my fat out of the fire that Salamanders specialize in laying down.

I had some points left over and, reasoning that their Initiative of 4 could prove very useful, spent them on three Kroot Hounds to accompany each of the lean mean combat squads that would be lying in wait at the base of the building. With my plan firmly in place and my fingers firmly crossed, I prepared to meet the might of the Imperium head on.



INTERDICTION FORCE ELIGIUS

HQ

Command HQ .....176 pts
Commander Eligius with storm bolter, master-crafted power weapon, frag grenades
5 Bodyguard with boltguns, frag grenades

Rhino Transport.....68 pts
Storm bolter, additional pintle-mounted storm bolter, extra armor and smoke launchers

Elites

Terminator Squad Eloi .....185 pts
Sergeant with storm bolter and power weapon, 2 Terminators with thunder hammers and storm shields, 2 Terminators with storm bolters and power fists

Dreadnought Ustil .....115 pts
Assault cannon, dreadnought close combat weapon and a heavy flamer

Dreadnought A'duro.....128 pts
Multi-melta, dreadnought close combat weapon, heavy flamer and smoke launchers

Troops

Squad Suppono .....112 pts
6 Tactical Space Marines – 1 Sergeant with bolt pistol and close combat weapon, 2 with flamers, 3 with boltguns; all with frag grenades

Rhino Transport.....58pts
Storm bolter, dozer blade and smoke launchers

Squad Ta'bes .....105 pts
7 Tactical Space Marines with boltguns

Squad Perrus .....101 pts
6 Tactical Space Marines – 1 Sergeant with bolt pistol and close combat weapon, 1 with heavy bolter, 1 with plasma gun, 3 with boltguns

Fast Attack

Squad Ferves.....212 pts
8 Assault Space Marines – 7 with bolt pistols, close combat weapons and frag grenades, and 1 with flamer and frag grenades

Heavy Support

Squad Fu'ndo .....240 pts
9 Devastator Space Marines – 1 with a lascannon, 2 with multi-melta and 6 with boltguns

1,500 pts

AUN'TO PHOENIX DELEGATION

HQ

Shas'o T'au Or'es M'yen Mesme .....139 pts
Missile pod, plasma rifle, multi-tracker, hard-wired target lock and hard-wired drone controller with 2 gun drones

Bodyguard Team .....150 pts
2 Shas'vre with plasma rifles, missile pods and multi-trackers

Ethereal Aun'to .....50 pts
Symbols of office

Elites

Crisis Battlesuit Team Ta'ro'cha .....183 pts
3 Shas'ui with plasma rifles, burst cannons and multi-trackers

Crisis Battlesuit Team Monat .....68 pts
1 Shas'ui with flamer, fusion blaster, drone controller with 2 gun drones

Troops

Fire Warrior Team .....132 pts
12 Shas'la, 9 with pulse rifles, 3 with pulse carbines, photon grenades

Fire Warrior Team .....132 pts
12 Shas'la, 9 with pulse rifles, 3 with pulse carbines, photon grenades

Kroot Carnivore Squad .....102 pts
12 Kroot with kroot rifles, 3 Kroot Hounds

Kroot Carnivore Squad .....102 pts
12 Kroot with kroot rifles, 3 Kroot Hounds

Heavy Support

XV-88 Broadside Battlesuit Team .....267 pts
2 Shas'ui with twin-linked railguns, smart missile systems and target locks.
1 Shas'vre with a twin-linked railgun, twin-linked plasma rifles and a multi-tracker and hardwired drone controller with 2 gun drones

1 Hammerhead Gunship .....175 pts
with a turret-mounted railgun, smart missiles, multi-tracker and decoy launchers

1,500 pts

TAU TURN 1

Phil: After a sigh of relief from winning the roll-off for first turn (the crossed fingers came through!), I proceeded to put my plan into motion. My Movement phase was characteristically short, having deployed everything pretty much where I wanted it. I just spun the Hammerhead on the spot, safe in the knowledge that there were no Salamanders able to shoot its vulnerable rear armor with its new facing.

My first priority was to get rid of those Assault Marines eager to get to grips with the Tau troops in the objective. The Fire warriors in the blockhouse opened the festivities, although the wounded Salamanders made their saving throws. The Kroot on the ground floor had little more success, the five hits they scored failing to even wound. Their brethren on the first floor, evidently aided by their elevation, felled two of the Assault Marines with slugs from their long rifles. The Fire warriors on the second floor, under the watchful eye of the Ethereal, opened fire, dispatching another Salamander with a plasma bolt. The Assault Marines fell back, stopping at the table edge, the threat they posed to the Tau neutralized for the moment.

Under the punishing firepower of the Tau, the Assault Marines fall back.

The Broadside team, confident in their commanding overview of the battlefield, sent a volley of hypervelocity shells into the Rhino next to the Assault Marines, causing a penetrating hit but only stunning it. Unfortunately, the thing had extra armor, and so it was able to move next turn. I had a little more luck with the other Rhino to the east of the building, immobilizing it. I hoped that this would force Andy's assault to proceed piecemeal as the Rhino's passengers took the long march instead of the mechanized sprint which I feared would hit home.

Commander O'Mesme deftly negotiated the rubble as he strode forward, getting a bead on the Devastators with his plasma rifle. A pulse of blinding light killed one of the bolter-armed Salamanders and a missile from the Commander's shoulder smashed another from his vantage point. His Crisis suit bodyguard team sent a salvo of plasma and missile warheads into their position, killing another. Not a bad start I thought, lining up the Hammerhead's railgun with the Devastators; I wanted to get rid of those lascannons and multi-meltas before they could take their toll on the Broadsides. The tank's submunitions went wide, although its smart missiles slewed through the windows in tight formation, impacting with three Salamanders and killing one more of the green-armored Space Marines. They passed their Morale check, however, and stood their ground.

SALAMANDERS TURN 1

The Salamanders roll out, filtering through the rubble in a disciplined line to surround the objective building.

Andy: Well, that was actually pretty painless for a first turn of shooting by the Tau. The biggest problem was that my best close combat squads had been stopped from closing with their targets. The Assault squad took a pounding, but still I hadn't expected them to fall back. Tactical squad Suppono had their Rhino immobilized; I could still repair it by rolling a 6 in the Shooting phase next turn (as explained in the expanded Chapter Approved transport vehicles rules from White Dwarf 253) but for the time being the squad would get out and walk. In my experience, these Repair rolls rarely work when you need them, so the squad disembarked. Both Rhinos being halted meant that the first turn assault I had hoped for was now not an option.

The best I could do in the Movement phase was to press onwards, making use of what cover I could in preparation for the second turn of Tau shooting. I kept to the cover of the ruined buildings where I could, gambling on favorable Difficult Terrain tests rather than exposing my troops to the Broadsides and Hammerhead. The tests proved above average and my advance got moving.

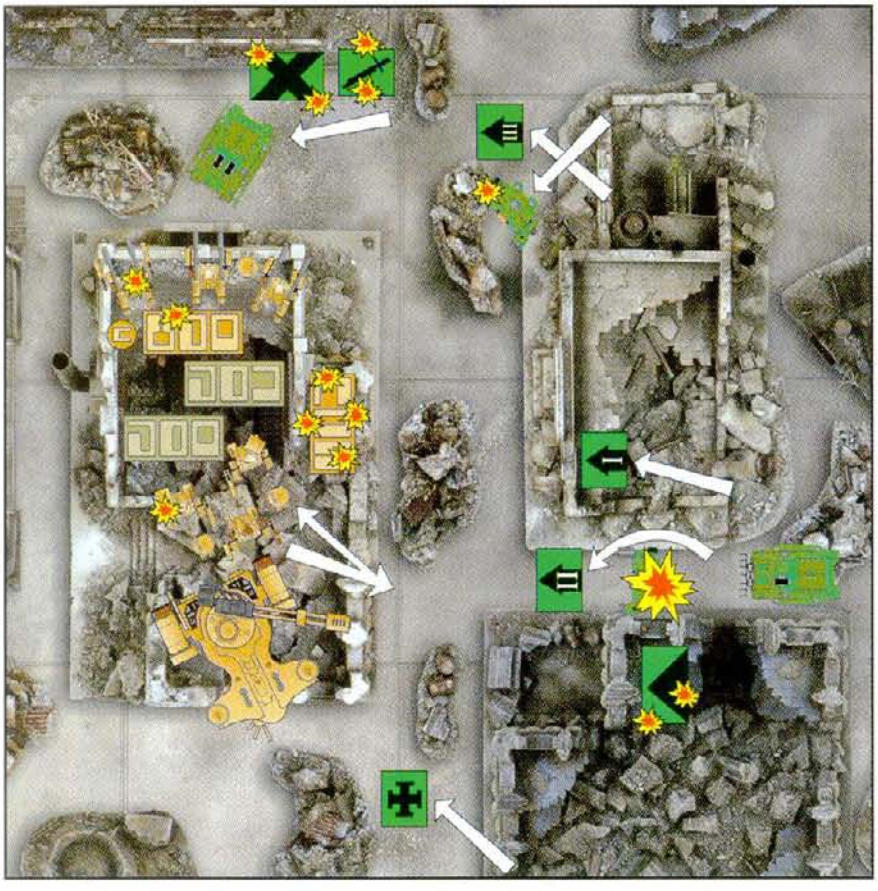
The Shooting phase, always a joyous time for me, proved reasonably successful. My initial efforts were focused on the Broadside battlesuit team. The Broadsides had a couple of Drones accompanying them and Phil would be allocating the brunt of my shots against them. Devastator squad Fu'ndo unleashed a torrent of melta, lascannon and bolter fire at the Broadsides, killing a single Gun Drone as the remaining shots were all saved by the 4+ cover save.

The remainder of my shooting was directed at the Fire warriors accompanying the Ethereal. The main reasons for targeting these squads were that they harbored pulse carbines, which could inflict pinning tests, and that I wanted to thin the area down ready for my Assault squad to make an entrance.

I ignored the Kroot on the lower levels as I needed my infantry to assault something as soon as possible in order to get out of the crosshairs of those Broadsides.

This turn had seen two important features of the Cityfight core rules come into play. The first was the constant Difficult Terrain tests, which so far had not gone seriously against me, and the second was the cover saves. In a normal game, Devastator squad Fu'ndo's shooting would have all but destroyed the Broadside team. All I could do was sit back and hope that those cover saves worked as well for me in the next turn...

TAU TURN 2



Phil: The casualties sustained so far were well within acceptable parameters, but the dreaded Salamanders assault looked imminent and there were still way too many green Space Marines on the table for my liking, plus my reserves failed to show. I have to hand it to Andy, he really did pick a nicely balanced force, meaning that he had plenty of men to encircle my base with. Needless to say, I set about doing my best to remedy this.

The first three floors of the building all opened fire at the Command squad in a storm of pulse rifle and long rifle fire, a good 64 shots, but this tremendous fusillade was only able to get past Andy's formidable saving throws twice. However, one of those was caused by a pulse carbine, and hence the Salamanders had a Pinning test to make. The dice came up 6s, and the Commander and his squad hit the street – understandable giving the sheer volume of shots fired. Even Space Marines dive for cover occasionally!

My spirits were raised further when the pulse carbine-armed Fire warriors in the outhouse pulled much the same trick on the Assault squad: two casualties, one Pinning test, one Assault Marine squad diving for cover. Pulse carbines are great!

Having taken care of the threat posed by this wing of the Salamanders' attack, it was down to the big guns. The tank missed the Devastators with its big gun yet again, and this time it failed to fell one even with its guided missiles. The Commander made up for his retinue's lamentable behavior by targeting and killing a Devastator with each of his weapons. A Ballistic Skill of 5 and two heavy weapons a turn was proving as useful as I had anticipated.

The Broadsides, which I had decided to save until last, tracked their targets independently. One sent a railgun shell slamming into the adamantium hull of a Dreadnought, shaking it and preventing it from firing next turn. His companion focused upon the other Dreadnought at the back of the Salamanders' line; its railguns detonating the Dreadnought's power plant in a deafening explosion that took one of the nearby Salamanders with it.

In the Assault phase I put a dent in a great situation by flunking a Difficult Terrain test with one of my bodyguard team – his jetpack move into difficult terrain meant that he was removed as a casualty. Nice one, I thought, looking at the remaining Salamanders who were practically on the doorstop!

From their high vantage point, the Broadside team targets the advancing Dreadnought Ustil.

SALAMANDERS TURN 2

ndy: Seeing Phil's Commander's dyguard roll a 1 for his Difficult rrain test and coming a cropper nongst the rubble almost made up my two best squads failing their nning tests and being left looking etty stupid out in the open.

sualties amongst the Salamanders re starting to mount up a bit, but s is something you have to come to ms with when facing Tau. It's easy get demoralized early in the game; u must always think a couple of ns ahead to what you're going to do that Ethereal when you get your nds on him.

e Movement phase saw more of same as last turn. The Difficult rrain tests were still coming out tter than average (I always worry en that happens) and the advance continued. Several of my squads found themselves without the benefit of cover at the end of their moves, so I tried to order them so that whichever squad Phil targeted, there would be another an equal distance from his lines. I don't regularly play with loyalist Space Marines, the Traitor Legions are more to my tastes, and the spectacle of the Command squad and Assault squad both failing their Pinning tests directly in front of the Tau line reminded me why. The best I could do was to send the Rhino in to shield them from the storm of Tau fire that would be coming their way any moment.

My Shooting phase started well with the multi-meltas from squad Fu'ndo reducing a Broadside battlesuit and a Gun Drone to a pool of bubbling liquid metal. That paid for the loss of Dreadnought Ustil and took the pressure slightly off the squads pinned out in the open.

Most of my squads were now within 12" of the enemy, and potentially able to assault. Most of my fire was concentrated on the Fire Warriors holding the blockhouse, as they were the only viable targets. The massed bolt fire caused five casualties, reducing the squad to half strength.

As an afterthought of the Shooting phase I rolled to see if the Rhino could repair itself. To my great hilarity, it did. Well, at least the Salamanders wouldn't have to walk home. I had of course hoped to be in close combat by now, but these things happen, so I braced myself for another round of shooting from Phil.

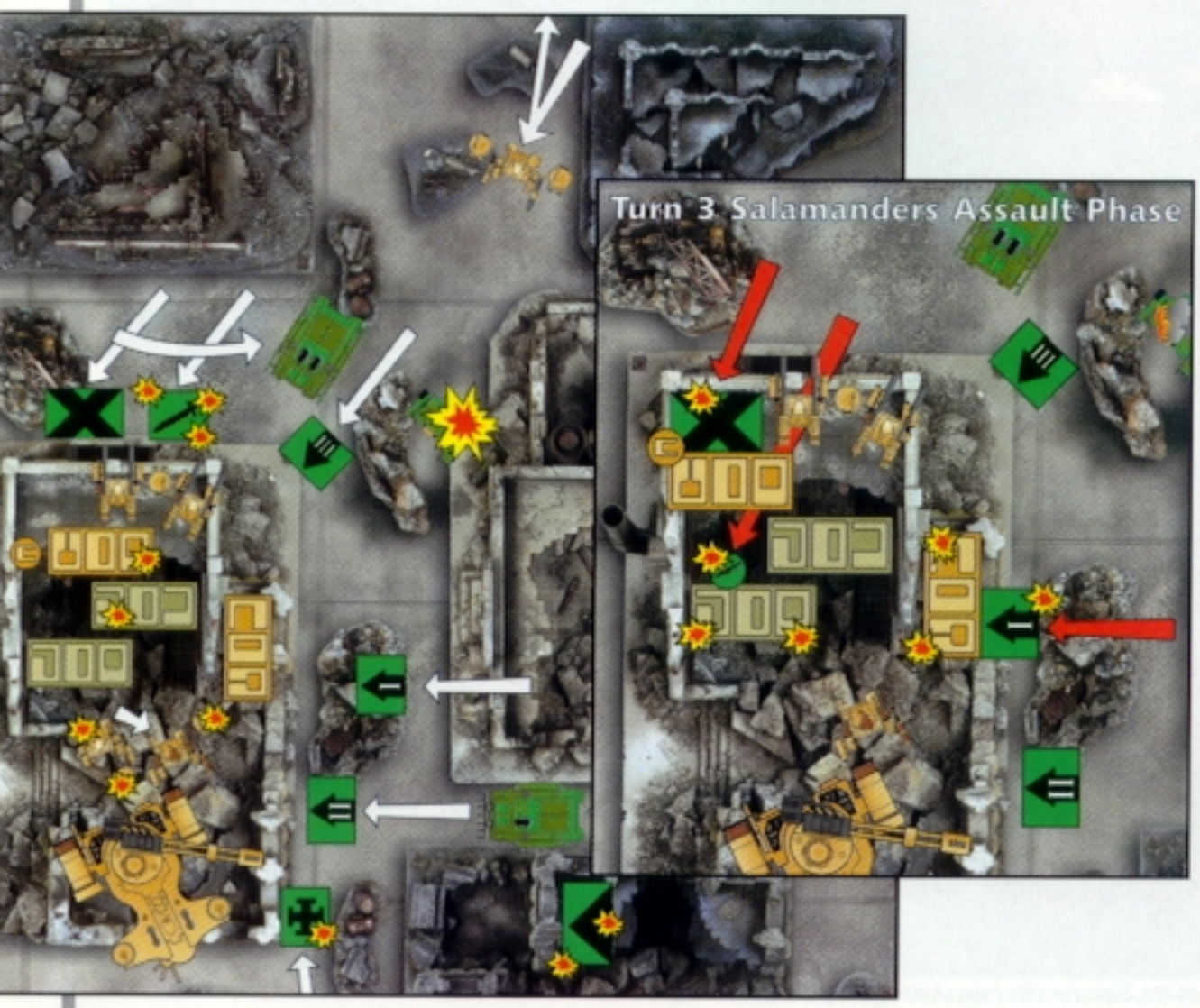
The jaws of the Salamander trap close quickly on the beleaguered Tau.

TAU TURN 3

Phil: Well, yet more Fire Warriors had bitten the dust and I'd lost a Broadside, but my Kroot were still intact and it was looking like I might need them pretty quickly. Also in my favor was the fact that my reinforcements had started to turn up, with the Monat Crisis suit and his drones coming on behind the Salamanders' lines. Many of the enemy squads were drawing near to my own lines; even if I concentrated enough firepower into one particular squad there would still be three more waiting to pounce. However, my contingency plan was still in place, and I was ready for an assault if it came to it. I resolved to rob the Salamanders of their fire support so that even if they captured the first floor I could still give them hell as they tried to get through the building.

My first shot of the turn was a Broadside volley into the Dreadnought, hoping to hold it up at the very least and stop it bolstering the now inevitable assault. I got lucky on the Damage chart given that the Dreadnought had used its smoke launchers, rolling a 6 and destroying the lumbering walker. The other railguns targeted the Terminators; they had been unopposed up until now and I really needed to thin their numbers before they paid me a visit with their thunder hammers. One was blown apart, even Terminator armor insufficient protection against the horrific force of the railguns.

The Shas'ui Monat, flanked by his drones, moves on from behind the Space Marines' line.



The Kroot, after a signal of whistles and clicks from their leader, opened fire upon the Command squad just ahead of them, their rapid firing long rifles cutting down three of the Salamanders and leaving the Space Marine Commander himself surrounded by the bleeding bodies of his comrades. The pulse rifles of the Fire warriors also found their mark, but were unable to match the Kroot's efforts, the Space Marine Commander striding through their fire as if it was of no consequence. The Monat turned his fusion blaster on the Commander but the shot went wide, although the Gun Drones wounded him as their artificial intelligence picked out the weak spots in his armor. The squad in the outhouse were also unable to fell the three Assault Marines preparing for the final jump.

It's around this time in a battle that I give myself a mental slap and try to keep the mission objectives foremost in my mind. It's all too easy to get carried away killing stuff, only to realize that you have left yourself wide open to a cunning manoeuvre that costs you the game. The way I saw it, Andy was attempting to clear the top of the building with gunfire and the bottom with close assault. Pretty much what I would have done in this situation, and a very formidable tactic. I knew the Broadsides, my last line of defense would be very difficult to shift, especially as Andy would have to carve his way through three floors of well dug-in troops to even get to them. The biggest threat posed to them were the Devastators hiding in the far corner with a big sign saying 'please don't notice us'. I took one out with the Commander's pulse rifle and another with the Hammerhead's smart missile system, but Andy's saving throws prevented the majority of fire. Although there were only a handful left, they were the ones with the biggest guns, and they still weren't running. It was time to batten down the hatches and weather the storm of the Salamanders' charge.

SALAMANDERS TURN 3

Andy: Hopefully this would be the turn in which I would get into close combat. If not, things would be getting hairy. Commander Eligius found himself alone after the furious round of shooting from the building ahead, and therefore an Independent Character, but Tactical squad Perrus was moving up to support him. I also had Phil's reserves to worry about, as a Crisis battlesuit had just appeared behind my lines. I had no intention of engaging it, however. I just had to keep the objective in mind and continue towards the building.

My Movement phase consisted of Terminator squad Eloi and Tactical squads Suppono and Ta'bes slogging it across open ground in the hope of getting within assault range of the Fire warriors and Commander. All of my squads got within 6" of an enemy unit.

Powering up their jump packs, the three surviving members of Assault squad Ferves leapt up to the second floor of the target building in readiness to assault the Ethereal and his Fire warrior guard. The Assault Marines gambled on crashing through the weakened plaster of the ruined building. One of the three Salamanders failed his Difficult Terrain test and perished. This is a common occurrence in Cityfight, as there is an awful lot of difficult terrain. Jump pack troops are extremely useful in this environment, but you should definitely ask yourself whether you can afford to lose many in this way.

With the overdue assault now looking imminent, my shooting was aimed mainly at softening up those squads I hoped to assault. A hail of bolter, flamer, plasma and lascannon fire killed two Drones and a bodyguard from the Tau Commander's entourage, and a small rivulet of blood seeping through the joints of his armor indicated that the Fire caste Commander himself had been wounded. The remainder of the Salamanders' shooting accounted for a Kroot and two Fire warriors in the main building.

On then to the Assault phase. This turn I hoped to get Commander Eligius, Terminator squad Eloi, Assault squad Ferves and Tactical squads Ta'bes, Perrus and Suppono into close combat, assuming that the Difficult Terrain tests went my way.

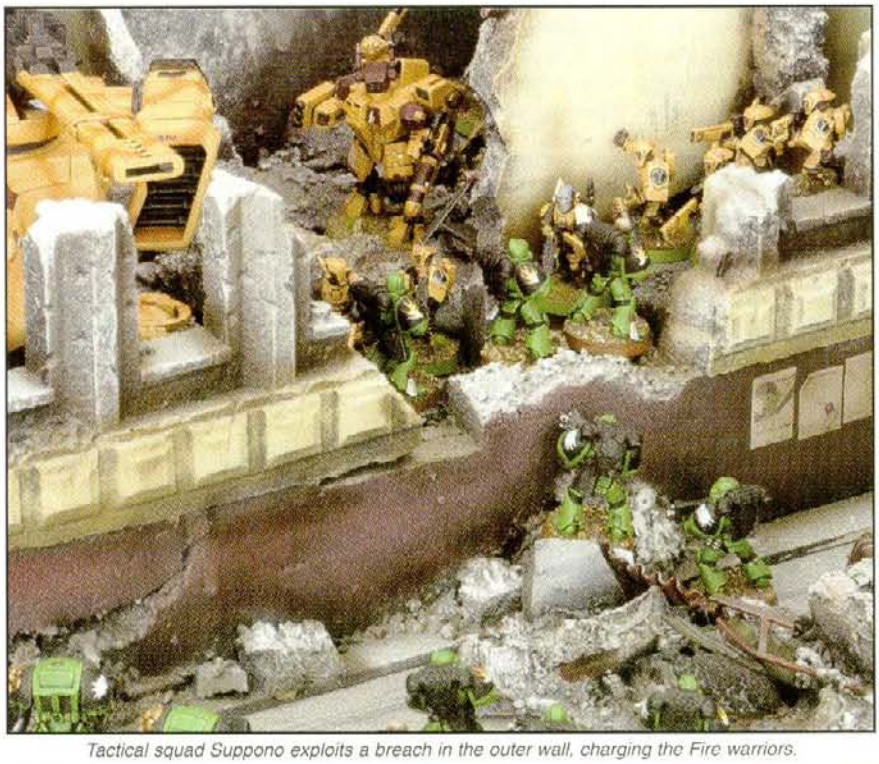
Commander Eligius charged the Kroot on the ground floor of the building, cleaving apart two of the mercenaries with his power sword in a valiant last stand before being dragged beneath a sea of the hungry carnivores. Even he could not stand up to the sheer number of aliens.

Commander Eligius storms into the Kroot.

Assault squad Ferves, having burst through the ruined frame of the second floor window, leapt at the Tau Ethereal in a berserk frenzy. The Sergeant's chainsword caused a biting wound across the Ethereal's chest and he thought for a moment the blow would carve through the alien, but the Fire warriors leapt forward to shield the Ethereal before his life was taken.

Tactical squad Suppono managed to assault the Fire warriors holding the outbuilding, and fought their way up through the breach to get to the Tau defenders. The Fire warriors waited until the Space Marines were almost upon them before setting off their photon grenades in blinding bursts of light. The Salamanders lost their charge bonus due to the photon grenades, but still smashed two Fire warriors to the ruined floor of the building. The defenders struck back, and one Space Marine toppled from the wall, his motionless form left lying in the street below. The Space Marines had won the assault, and the Fire warriors failed their Morale check. But the presence of the nearby Ethereal allowed the Fire warriors to re-roll their test, and they were successful the second time.

The remainder of my squads all rolled Difficult Terrain tests too low to make it into close combat and failed to contact the enemy, exposing them to another round of Tau firepower.



Tactical squad Suppono exploits a breach in the outer wall, charging the Fire warriors.

TAU TURN 4

The Crisis team join the battle, catching the Tactical squad in the open. It's going to be messy...

Phil: This turn could make or break my battle plan. The Assault Marines had smashed directly onto the second floor and even wounded the Ethereal. Another round of combat and the venerable old Tau could well end up dead, forcing a Morale check for all of my Tau and maybe even clearing several floors of the building. It was time for the counter-charge before my goose became well and truly cooked.

The casualties wreaked upon my army last turn left me with greatly reduced firepower, but I was fine with this as the cavalry had turned up in the shape of the Crisis team, the concrete cracking beneath their massive battlesuits as they touched down. Three of Andy's assaults had hit home last turn, and if I didn't neutralize them quickly, the three that had rolled bad Difficult Terrain tests would be in next turn. Luckily, the fact that they were attacking in two waves gave me a chance, and I intended to take it, moving the Kroot on the first floor to support the beleaguered Ethereal and the Kroot on the ground floor to reinforce the Fire warriors.

The Shooting phase kicked off with my reserve battlesuits pouring fire into the straggling Tactical squad. The Monat's flamer wounded two but failed to kill anything. The Crisis team, however, had a lot more luck. The burst cannon laid down such a withering hail of fire that two Salamanders fell dead, and the team's plasma rifles added three more to the tally. The Kroot, on the move and so unable to rapid fire, added another five wounds, but they were all saved. Nevertheless, the lone Salamander left alive felt the pinch and fell back. The two Broadsides left intact targeted the Terminators closing in on the building, blasting one apart with railgun fire. The Hammerhead's smart missiles sneaked through the rubble and reduced the Terminator squad to two.

The Commander, bloodied and bereft of both bodyguard and Drones, continued his duel with the Devastator. Despite causing two wounds with his missile pod, Andy's saves proved up to the task once more and the Devastators shrugged it off. Having exhausted my firepower, I set about the all important counter-assault.

The Kroot on the first floor charged up the stairs, the Kroot Hounds at the front, eager to vent their aggression. And vent it they did! Before the two remaining Assault Marines could strike down the Ethereal, the Hounds closed their powerful jaws around the enemy and ripped them limb from limb. The Kroot consolidated down a floor into their original position.

The Kroot on the ground floor charged, and being only 1" from the enemy a bad Difficult Terrain test wasn't an issue. Again, the Kroot Hounds struck first, pulling down one Space Marine before he could attack. The Salamanders fought with berserk strength, killing a Fire warrior and dispatching two of the unarmored Kroot. In return, the horde of shrieking atavistic savages caused no less then ten wounds on the Salamanders, killing the remaining four. The Fire warriors and Kroot consolidated further into the building, dragging the corpses of the Tactical squad with them to feast on inside. The Commander, attempting to put some distance between himself and the thunder hammer-armed Terminators, used his jetpack to move back 6", promptly rolling a 1 on his Difficult Terrain test and dying. Just like that! Magnificent! Nevertheless, the counter-attack had met with total success, and the building was free of Salamanders, at least for now.

The Kroot Hounds leap to intercept the Assault Marines attempting to assassinate the Ethereal.

SALAMANDERS TURN 4

Andy: With little movement this turn my Shooting phase started with both Rhinos and the lone lascannon armed Devastator opening up on the Broadsides. I didn't want to hurt any of the squads I was going to assault, as Phil would remove the models closest to mine, thus potentially putting me out of assault range. This resulted in the Broadside's team's last Gun Drone falling from the sky. Tactical squad Ta'bes loosed their bolters on the Kroot squad before them, felling one of the gangly mercenaries.

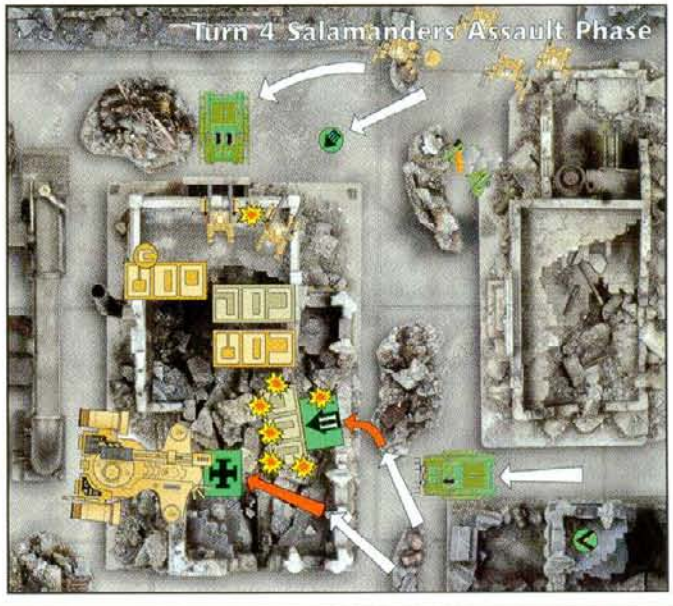
The Assault phase commenced with Squad Suppono getting their ankles severely mauled by the higher Initiative Kroot Hounds before killing four Kroot warriors. A total of fourteen attacks rained back at them, and one Salamanders Space Marine fell. The Kroot failed their Morale check and fell back 6" through the ruined building. This was what I had come here to do; I just hoped I could make enough of an impact to clear the objective.

The Terminators of squad Eloi rolled high enough on their Difficult Terrain test to assault the Hammerhead gunship, and did so with thunder hammers arcing through the air above them, attempting to strike the weaker underside of the vehicle. Unfortunately as the Hammerhead is a skimmer I needed 6s to hit it in close combat, and none were forthcoming.

The lone Sergeant of squad Perrus failed his Difficult Terrain test and so played no part in the Assault phase. This turn had finally seen my assault

Another wave of Salamanders, led by the Terminators, assaults the ground floor.

hit home. The numbers of Space Marines left on the table was going to make clearing the building a challenge. Luckily, although the Relief Force scenario uses the Variable Game Length scenario rules, in Cityfight you don't start rolling to see if the game ends until the end of Turn six. Also, the Salamanders' Never Give Up special rule means that you can choose to fight an extra game turn after the last. I wasn't worried about running out of time, just Space Marines. Assuming that my Terminators and power armored troops could slug it out in close combat and force a few Morale checks, I might just do enough damage to clear the building for one vital turn.



TAU TURN 5

The Tau Crisis team concentrate their fire, annihilating the Tactical Marines as they move toward the stairs.

Phil: The Kroot on the bottom floor had finally succumbed to the assault of the remaining Salamanders, and failed to rally, running further out of the building and straight into the path of an unengaged unit, the Terminators, who ripped them to pieces in a messy crossfire. I must admit that it's the first time this has happened to me and it's not pleasant when a unit just disappears, but hey, their sacrifice was for the Greater Good, and it had bought me time.

My Movement phase was fairly critical, the Kroot squad on the first floor had to do their thing or I would be facing a lot of angry Salamanders next turn. Moving down the stairs, they prepared to assault the Tactical Marines that had got inside the building. The Crisis Battlesuits that had come on in reserve moved down the road in formation, ready to pour firepower into the Salamanders that had broken through my defensive line. The Fire warriors in the rubble, mere feet away from the Tactical squad, unleashed a point-blank volley but failed to make their mark. Their brothers on the second floor also failed to kill any of the Salamanders. However, the Kroot made their presence felt once more, causing four wounds and killing two Space Marines. I backed this up with a storm of accurate fire from the Ta'ro'cha Crisis team, a healthy eight out of nine burst cannon hits felling the remainder of the squad before they had even brought their plasma rifles to bear.

The railguns of the Broadside and Hammerhead failed to wound the pair of Terminators that had assaulted the tank, the point blank smart missiles also failing to get past the Tactical Dreadnought armor's daunting saving throw.

At the back of the Salamanders' line, the lone survivor of the Tactical squad heading for the front of the building was targeted by the Monat, whose fire was still proving disappointingly ineffective. I resolved to go over there and kick him to death, reasoning that a charging Battlesuit and his drones would be more than a match for a single Space Marine. I was right, as it turned out, effectively neutralizing any real threat from that side of the board.

The Assault phase also saw the Kroot robbed of their original targets due to the accurate fire of the Crisis teams. Attempting to charge the Terminators instead, they rolled badly on their Difficult Terrain test, and were high and dry as the stoic Salamanders turned their attention to the remaining Kroot.

SALAMANDERS TURN 5

Andy: Tau Turn five wasn't pretty; I could see the writing on the (rather charred and bullet holed) wall. But Salamanders don't give up, so neither would I. The only ranged weapons I had available to me were the storm bolters on the Rhinos, and these continued with the effective fire support they'd been providing all game, felling two more Fire warriors.

The lone Devastator proved how useful the Salamanders' Self-Reliant rule is. Having stood his ground stubbornly, despite witnessing his squad wiped out around him, the lascannon-armed Space Marine did not have to take any All On Your Own Tests thanks to the Salamanders' special rule. Lining his sights, the Devastator Space Marine fired an incandescent laser beam at the aliens who had been responsible for the deaths of so many of his brothers, vaporizing a Broadside battlesuit. The Broadside team was now reduced to just one member. This was a small victory, but a welcome one nonetheless.

The Assault phase was upon us, and we could see it was all over bar the shouting. The remnants of Terminator squad Eloi threw themselves at the Kroot squad, a single Terminator falling to the Kroot Hounds before his brother avenged him by pulping one of the vile alien creatures with a splintering strike from his thunder hammer. The close combat was a draw so we rolled for the moral high ground. Phil won and a tide of Kroot surged forward to swamp the lone Terminator.

THE FINAL TURN

The lone surviving Terminator fights a desperate last stand as the Kroot move to encircle their prey.

Andy: The last turn of the game was pretty much a formality; with the surviving Broadside destroying the Command squad's Rhino and the other Rhino being crippled by combined Fire warrior and Crisis battlesuit shooting.

A missile from the Hammerhead tank streaked across the ruined cityscape, homing in on the lone Devastator. A distant explosion amidst the ruins marked the Devastator's death, leaving the last member of Terminator Squad Eloi the only Salamander on the field.

The Assault phase was mercifully short. The Kroot Hounds leapt at the Terminator, finding and mauling the few weak points of his ancient Tactical Dreadnought armor. The rest of the Kroot warriors leapt forward for their share of the kill, and the last Salamander was torn to pieces by the carnivorous aliens before his massive form had hit the ground.

The Kroot would feast well that night!

The Ethereal Aun'to limped down the ruins of the building's stairs, blood oozing from the jagged gash in his chest, his face spattered with the blood of his Fire warrior escort. Under his mask of composure, he was furious, and in considerable pain. His presence in this city, rather than inspiring and guiding his soldiers for the Greater Good, was costing their lives. It had become obvious what the Gue'la were attempting to do. They wished to capture him, living or not, and dissect him with their crude instruments. They would conduct vile experiments, open his brain to see which of his organs inspired such loyalty and devotion in the other castes. No doubt they sought to replicate what they found, allowing them to glimpse true discipline and self-sacrifice. But, as was usual for the Gue'la, they were missing the point entirely. It was the nature of the Tau.

The Space Marines, allegedly the Imperium's best, had no concept of real honor or duty. Aside from their half-hearted devotion to their sham god, no more than a corpse held in stasis as far as he could tell, they had no real moral structure. The constant slaughter imposed upon them by the humans was a terrible loss to their race.

For now, they must make good the time they had bought and affect their escape. But the expansion of the Tau empire was inevitable. The Gue'la must be made to learn.

RELEASE THE HOUNDS!

Phil Kelly

Phil: Well how about that, a battle plan that actually worked pretty much from start to finish. Everything fulfilled its niche admirably, the Tau war machine fending off the Space Marines even at close quarters. As with most games, there were several moments that really influenced the outcome of the game, the ramifications shaping what happened for the ensuing turns.

The first of these was the dice roll to see who would go first. Plain and simple, because I won it I got one turn firing at full strength before Andy's Salamanders were even off the starting blocks. I was able to stymie the advance and stagger the Space Marine's battleline, meaning it was very difficult for Andy to coordinate an attack. Hats off to the Broadsides, equipped with target locks they have more stopping power when it comes to armored support than any other unit I have played with. As a result the slow moving Dreadnoughts posed virtually no threat whatsoever. The Broadsides were really able to flex their muscles given their vantage point and I am truly glad I took some Drones to soak up Andy's return firepower.

The second moment was when the Assault Marines made it onto the second floor. It was quite likely that they would take down the unarmored, Toughness 3 Ethereal, potentially causing all of my Tau to flee the building. They wounded him, but luckily the Kroot Hounds came to the rescue before they could finish the wounded Ethereal off and turn the tide. It was clumsy to let him get into close combat at all, but I wasn't expecting them to come in through the bathroom window!

The third turning point was when the rubble I was sheltering in prevented half of Andy's units from getting into assault, allowing me to stage a very effective counter-attack. The Kroot were marvellous, efficient in the Shooting phase and lethal in close assault (God bless the rule that allows everything within 6" to attack in Cityfight!). The Kroot Hounds, which I took along mainly because I felt like trying them out, were very effective, saving the Ethereal and taking down several Salamanders and even a Terminator.

Other notable moments were the Tau Commander and one of his bodyguard falling prey not to lascannons but to rubble-strewn difficult terrain, a healthy 214 points down the drain without the Salamanders lifting a finger (and you thought you had it bad Andy!). Far more amusing for me was the point where after firing salvo after salvo at a single Tactical Space Marine to no avail, my Monat Crisis suit ended up kicking him to death in close combat.

Overall, I had a tremendous time over the course of the game. It was great to be dishing out the Tau firepower rather than being on the receiving end; it really is the most satisfying experience, and this coming from an Eldar player. Rapid fire weapons and high vantage points that allow you to attack the weak spots of enemy tanks really made up for the up close and personal style of warfare. So take the Tau to the city by all means, you'll have a blast. Just remember to bring your Kroot!

BURNIN' DOWN THE HOUSE

Andy Hoare

Andy: Well, that was brutal. One thing I've learned playing Cityfight is that as the attacker, you can expect to suffer an obscene amount of casualties taking your objective. Snatching that objective from a well dug-in bunch of Tau? That would take some planning.

There were several highlights in the game that made it really worth it. One was when the Assault squad leapt up to the second floor of the objective building in preparation for assaulting the Ethereal and his bodyguard. Phil genuinely didn't expect it, and for a moment the three Space Marines held the key to the battle. If they could have killed the Ethereal then the morale of the surrounding defenders would have been seriously compromised. The image of the three Space Marines smashing through the ruined wall, and one falling to his death in the act, was really appealing, and the sort of event that makes Cityfight, and Warhammer 40,000 as a whole, such fun.

The other highlight was Squad Suppono assaulting the Fire warriors through the breach in the outer building. Again, this was a really heroic scene, and one which was particularly suited to the stoic Salamanders.

As far as gameplay went, Phil's tactic of putting his Broadside battlesuit team at the top of the objective building caused me a big headache. I was expecting trouble from these guys, and I wasn't let down. It took all game to seriously hurt them, thanks to the Gun Drones soaking up the hits, a 2+ Armour save or a 4+ cover save. This unit caused the most significant casualties amongst my force.

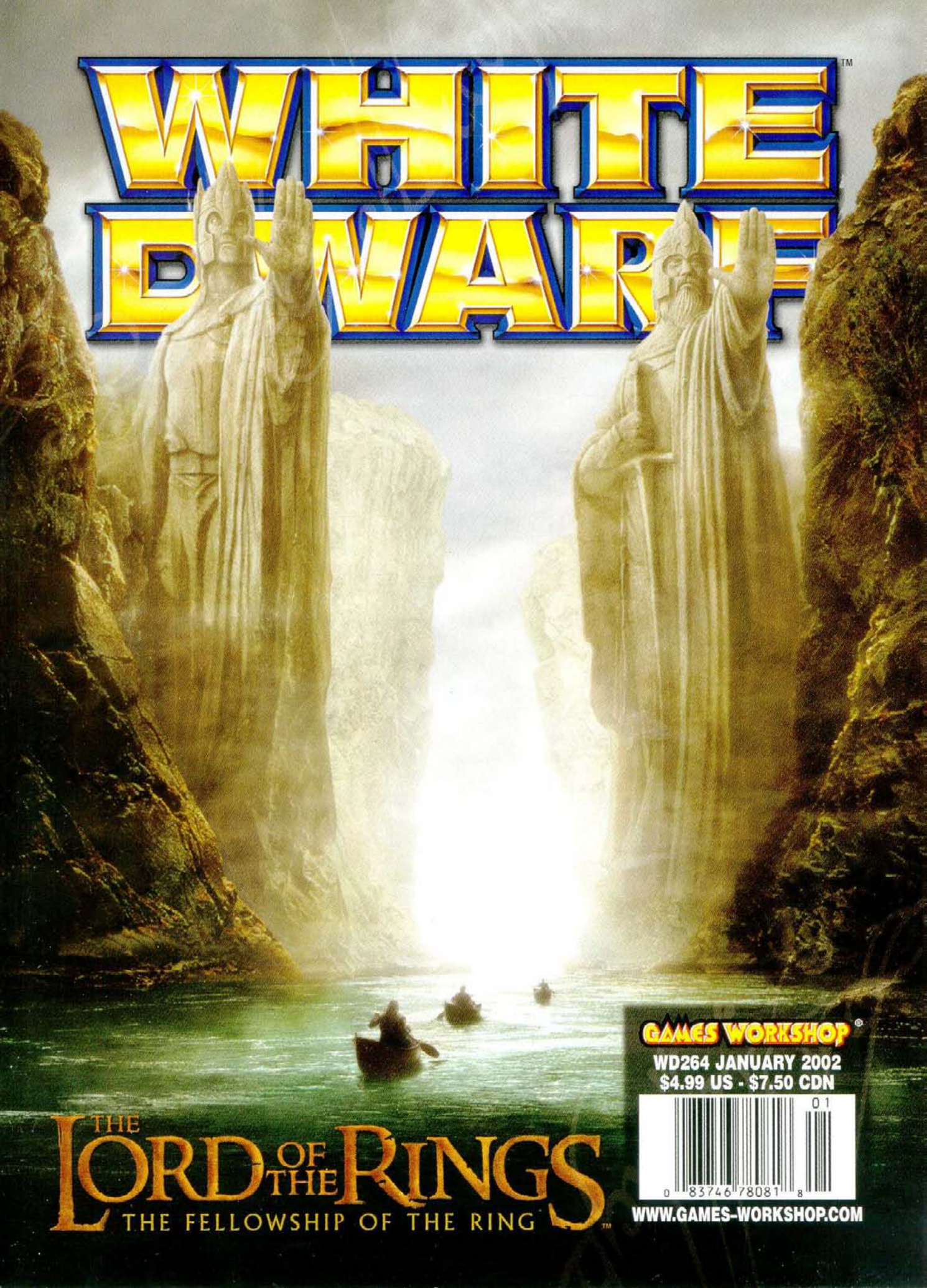
The other difficulty Phil gave me was by fielding the large numbers of Kroot at the bottom of the objective building. This meant that I not only had to slog it through the open killing ground under intense Tau firepower, I then had to face these multiple Attack, Strength 4 nasties when I got there. Not a pleasant thought!

For me, the point where things went downhill was when only half of my units rolled high enough on their Difficult Terrain tests to assault the enemy. This left them swinging in the breeze for another round of Tau shooting and, as happened when the Rhinos were crippled in the first turn, and the close combat squads were pinned in the second, my troops were exposed to fire when they should have been getting stuck into close combat.

This shows two things; the importance of planning a coordinated assault, and that no matter how thoroughly you prepare that assault, if something can go wrong, it will.

The game was immensely enjoyable, and was genuinely in the balance for most of turns three and four. This is my favorite type of game, fun, tense and challenging.

Andy hopes Phil doesn't share the Kroot's carnivorous appetite.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THE LORD OF THE RINGS
THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

Editorial

Paul Sawyer

As I write this, the first movie in the Lord of the Rings trilogy is yet to be released. Is there no end to this torture? With the movie trailer giving an even more graphic realization of the atmosphere of the new film, I'm champing at the bit to take my place in the cinema and immerse myself in the sights and sounds of Middle-earth. December 19th can't come soon enough…

While I'm waiting, I have plenty of time to paint up some of the superbly sculpted miniatures for the new game. The problem is, which ones? The noble High Elves led by Elrond and Gil-Galad are amongst the front runners, as are the foul Goblins, Orcs and Uruk-hai. And then there is the host of models yet to be unleashed upon the world – models that I'm lucky enough to know about already but which don't make my choice any easier. Luckily, the Fellowship is a foregone conclusion – everyone will collect and paint them!

Anyway, enough of my bleating – what's in this month's White Dwarf?

This issue will hopefully see an influx of new Games Workshop enthusiasts who, having seen the movie, will be eager to replay the scenes from the silver screen on the tabletop. To aid these newcomers to our hobby, we have included a brief explanation of how to play the Fellowship of the Ring game, along with advice on painting Orcs.

For our regular readership we have a painting masterclass on those furry-footed heroes – the Hobbits! Add to that another Lord of the Rings battle report and there's no doubt that everyone will find this issue exhilarating!

Paul

Contents

1. **New Releases**
All of this month's Lord of the Rings new releases.

2. **Getting Started**
How to play the Lord of the Rings battle game.

4. **Painting Workshop**
A beginner's guide to painting Mordor Orcs.

8. **Painting Masterclass**
How our 'Eavy Metal team painted the Hobbits of the Fellowship and Bilbo Baggins.

11. **The Lord of the Rings National Painting. Competition**
Learn how you can participate.

27. **The Lord of the Rings Rogue Trader Tournaments**

13. **Escape from Balin's Tomb? Battle Report**
Can the Fellowship survive or will the forces of Evil cut off their escape in this epic refight of the thrilling scene from the movie.

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THE LORD OF THE RINGS
THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

GETTING STARTED

If you've yet to play the Lord of the Rings battle game, the best way to learn is by setting up your models and starting to play. Here you can find an encounter we have created which is a simple example of the game's mechanics and should help

SCENARIO 3 – BALIN'S TOMB

DESCRIPTION

As the Fellowship races through Moria in an attempt to cross beneath the Misty Mountains, they come across the ruin of a battle fought many years before by Dwarfs and Goblins. To their horror they discover the tomb of the Dwarf Lord Balin surrounded by the broken bodies of the last Dwarf defenders of his underground kingdom. As if that were not bad enough, the current rulers of Moria have found them out. Suddenly they are surrounded by ferocious Goblins and must fight a running battle to escape.

PARTICIPANTS

On the Good side there are Gandalf, Aragorn, Boromir, Legolas, Gimli, Frodo, Sam, Merry and Pippin – ie, the complete Fellowship.

On the Evil side there are 36 Moria Goblins, 3 Moria Goblin Captains and a Cave Troll. These are divided into three groups of 12 Goblins led by a Captain with the Cave Troll as part of any group. 12 Goblins have spears, 12 have swords and 12 have bows, but these can be divided into the groups in any proportion.

LAYOUT

You will need an area that is at least 48"/112cm square. The whole area represents a vast underground chamber with four entrances, one per side. If you don't have an area quite this wide you can compensate by adding one or more turns before the Goblins appear at the side entrances to the chamber.

Balin's tomb occupies the center of the chamber and is placed on a raised platform approximately 10"/24cm by 6"/14cm and about 1"/2cm high. The floor of the chamber is littered with fallen masonry, rubble and piles of old bones, producing a maze of low obstacles and occasional impassable barriers. These are set up to make pathways and provide cover – see the map for an example of how you might do this.

STARTING POSITIONS

The Good side sets up first at one entrance as shown on the map.

Once the Good side has set up, the Evil side sets up one group at each of the three remaining entrances. Each group comprises one third of the number of models available to the Evil side. Each group must include a Hero.

OBJECTIVES

The Good side must attempt to reach the entrance on the opposite side and leave the chamber with as many models as possible. The Evil side must try to slay as many of their enemies as possible before they can escape.

The Good side wins if more Good models escape from the chamber than are killed. If you are playing with the actual participants, one of the escapees must include Frodo.

The Evil side wins if more models are killed than escape. If you are playing with the actual participants, then the Evil side wins immediately if Frodo is killed.

In the event of equal numbers escaping and being slain (not possible with nine of course!) the result is a draw.

The game is played until one side or the other has either escaped with sufficient models or slain sufficient models to meet its objective.

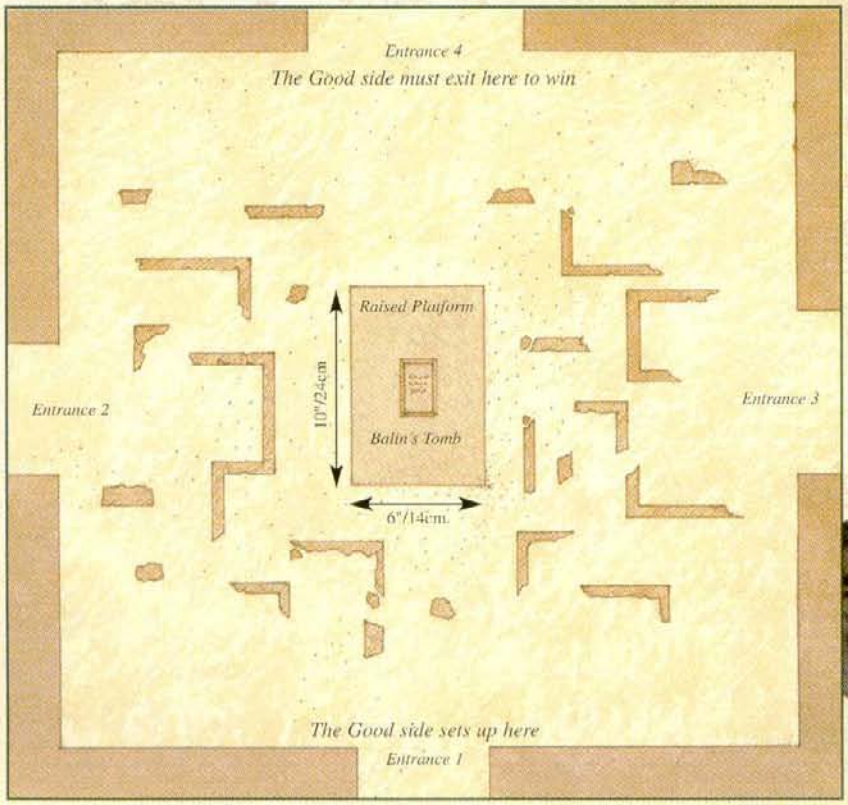
SPECIAL RULES

In the first turn the Evil side is only allowed to act with one of its groups – the Evil player can decide which group to activate. As the Good player gets priority (standard rule), the Evil player will be able to see which way his enemies move before activating his force. In the second turn the Evil player can activate one of his two remaining groups. In the third turn the last group is activated. Note that because the Evil forces are divided in this way, this makes an ideal game for an Evil team of three players.

As this battle takes place before the Fellowship's encounter with Galadriel in Lothlorien, none of the company can have Elven cloaks.

Note that the low walls and obstacles that litter the chamber are no barrier to the movement of Moria Goblins, enabling them to cut corners and leap over walls whilst the Good models are weaving about trying to get away. This makes the Moria Goblins seem a great deal faster than you might expect.

For full rules on how to play this scenario with different forces turn to page 68 of the rules manual.



PROTECT THE RING BEARER

Rowland: I would be facing 39 Goblins and a Cave Troll. The good news was, I had the Fellowship to fight with. I knew from previous experience that numbers really do count, and hand weapon armed Goblins supported by Goblins with spears could be very nasty indeed. Add to that the Goblin Captains, who could add their Might to combat results, and I could see some tricky moments ahead. Oh yes, and the Cave Troll. He's only Strength 6, with a Fight Value of 6 and 3 Attacks. Ouch.

I had to ensure the safety of Frodo, so I would keep Aragorn near him as a bodyguard, along with his other Hobbit friends. This would leave the rest of the Fellowship to act proactively to any threats. My greatest chance of escape and victory would be to destroy the Goblin groups one at a time. If the Goblins managed to regroup at the exit and attack with numbers then the Fellowship would suffer badly. In order to whittle their numbers down I would advance down one side of Balin's tomb and engage the nearest Goblins with shooting and spells, before finishing them off in hand-to-hand combat. I would move as quickly as possible to keep the pressure on Matt. Then it would come down to what Matt had done to block my exit with the rest of his forces. I was expecting him to hold back as long as possible and shoot the Fellowship with his Goblin archers. Typical Goblin cowardice.

Using the Fellowship in a characterful way would be a great challenge. Cutting a swathe through the Goblins would be easy enough, but ensuring the safety of Frodo was essential.

After all, the Ring bearer must live!

Rowland and Matt discuss the scenario before the game.

AN EVIL PLAN

Matt: One on one, a Moria Goblin doesn't stand a chance against a character such as Aragorn or Gimli. Even if it did manage to win a round of combat, I would still need to roll a 6 followed by a 4 just to wound Gimli. Against ten Goblins, however, the odds start to look a bit more favorable.

My plan would be simple. To win the game I would have to take full advantage of my main strength: numbers. Instead of charging in piecemeal, each of my groups would hold off and create a ring around the Fellowship. Then, as the Fellowship move across the board I would slowly tighten this ring until the opportunity arose where I could charge in with everyone at once. If Rowland wised up to this plan and tried to escape the trap, I could simply throw in a few Goblins to slow him down.

For this plan to work I would need to get around the back of the Fellowship. To accomplish this I chose bow armed Goblins which I would deploy on the flanks. Hopefully, Rowland wouldn't see them as too much of a threat and would ignore them. All of my really hard stuff, such as the Cave Troll, would start opposite the Fellowship making it impossible for Rowland to avoid them. To keep myself amused while I tightened the trap, I planned to pepper the Fellowship with arrows. There's not much point shooting at characters like Frodo or Gimli as their Defense values are just too high so I would concentrate these shots on the Hobbits (because I thought it would be very entertaining).

Combat would be where the game would be won or lost. This is where the Fellowship really excels as they can combine all their special skills, high Fight values and Might making them extremely deadly. To beat them I would have to split them up and surround them. You just can't afford to give them too many attacks because if they roll a 6 you've had it due to their high Fight values. Therefore, I would need to take full advantage of my numbers and, hopefully, what little Might I had would nullify theirs.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

MORIA GOBLIN AMBUSH

The Fellowship cautiously enter Balin's tomb, wary of the Goblin hordes.

TURN ONE

Rowland moved the Fellowship off to the right, keeping the group together in a tight formation. Before Rowland could perform any other actions, Matt completed the Move phase by moving his own models. In this scenario Matt was able to initiate one group each turn. He chose to move the Goblins on the right in an attempt to intercept Rowland's force. With both sides unable to see each other for shooting purposes, and nobody engaged, they moved swiftly on to the next turn.

TURN TWO

From this point on in the game the turn sequence changes. Both players must roll a die and the player with the highest score, gets to act first in each phase. This is known as Priority (in the case of a draw Priority changes from one side to another). This turn it stayed with the good guys and Rowland continued to move the Fellowship towards the right hand side of Balin's tomb. Matt could now initiate a second group and so he brought the Goblins on the left entrance in towards the Fellowship.

Now the turn moved on to the Shoot phase. Rowland had priority so got to shoot first. A model may move up to half its normal move distance and still shoot. Legolas and Aragorn had both only moved 3" and so fired at the Goblins. In order to shoot, Aragorn had to equal or better his Shooting value of 3+. Aragorn missed with his one shot, but Legolas has a special rule called Deadly Shot which allows him to fire three times instead of the normal one. Although Legolas could see the Goblins, they were partially hidden by a ruined wall, which counted as an obstacle. Rowland rolled to hit – Legolas also has a Shooting value of 3+ – and all three shots found their mark. Now Rowland had to roll to see if any arrows hit obstacles. On a roll of 1, 2 or 3 they would miss the Goblins and hit the wall instead – and only one shot managed to find its target. Now Rowland rolled to see if his arrow, with a Strength value of 3, would get past the Goblin's Defense value of 4. Rolling a 5, Rowland cross-referenced the values on the chart and let out a triumphant cry – first blood had gone to the Fellowship!

Now it was Matt's turn to see if any of the Goblins could avenge their loss. Matt measured the range beforehand (The Lord of the Rings game allows players to measure distances before deciding to fire). Three of the five remaining Goblins had clear shots at Pippin. Goblins have a Shooting value of 5+ and all three missed the mark. Their comrades obscured the other two Goblins' shots but Matt was still able to fire. One of the rules for shooting is that the forces of evil may shoot through their own side. They must roll to hit as normal but if they do they must make a second roll. If they roll a 1, 2 or 3 then they have hit their comrade and must resolve the effects as normal. Unfortunately Matt missed with both of these shots, so both Legolas and the Goblins in front were safe from harm.

Rowland: From previous games I had learned that missile fire from heroes can often prove to be very effective. With this in mind I made sure that I used the Move phase to place the heroes armed with bows in positions where they would be able to maximize their shooting. The downside of having priority in such a situation was that Matt was able to trace the lines of sight and move his Goblins into cover.

Heroes have characteristic profiles just like ordinary warriors. In addition they have three heroic characteristics, namely Might, Fate and Will. Unlike other characteristics these are represented by a store of points that are used up during the game. Players must decide for themselves the best time to use their rare and precious Might, Fate and Will.

Goblins take pot shots at the Hobbits from behind the cover of a ruined wall.

TURN THREE

Once again the Priority remained with the Fellowship. In the Move phase Rowland split apart the Fellowship. Boromir and Gimli moved towards Matt's Goblins whilst the Hobbits took cover behind a pillar. Rowland positioned Gandalf behind a second pillar where he could get a clear line of sight to the Goblin warriors. Rowland now elected to use a point of Gandalf's Will to cast a spell. Gandalf's staff gives him the ability to generate an extra point of Will each turn, so Rowland chose to use this. He cast the spell Sorcerous Blast at the Goblin Captain. If successful, this spell would send a bolt of magical energy careering into his foe. Each spell on the list has a value attributed to it, which must be rolled before the spell can be cast. Rowland needed a 5 or more on either of his dice, but failed, rolling two ones.

Matt: In my Move phase I had to think carefully about where to place my models. My plan was simple; I would attempt to encircle the Fellowship, using my Moria Goblins armed with bows to take as many pot shots at the Hobbits at the back. Hopefully this would whittle down the Fellowship's numbers so that I wouldn't have to kill all of the rock hard characters in close combat. Sticking to the plan, I broke the Goblins armed with bows off from both of the main groups and moved them towards the rear of the Fellowship's formation. From here they would be able to target the Hobbits and surround the Fellowship to complete my trap.

The remaining Goblins circled around in a position to intercept the escaping group. The second group of Goblins with bows jumped over the ruinous terrain at full speed towards the Hobbits. Normally when a player tries to cross any obstacle over half the width or height of the model, he must make a test. On a roll of 1 the character stumbles and cannot move for the remainder of that turn. Goblins have a special rule allowing them to ignore these tests.

Gandalf and the warriors of the Fellowship form a defensive circle around the hobbits to protect the Ringbearer.

The rest of the second group moved around the top of the tomb. Matt could now activate his final group containing the Cave Troll, which he moved directly towards the Fellowship's position.

In the Shoot phase Rowland was unable to hit a single Goblin with any of Legolas or Aragorn's shots. In return all the Goblins targeted Gandalf. One arrow found its mark and even scored a wound. Rowland elected to use one of Gandalf's Fate points. This would give Gandalf the ability to avoid the wound. He rolled a die and needed a 4,5 or 6. Unfortunately he rolled a 1 and so the turn ended dramatically with Gandalf pierced by a Goblin arrow.

Matt watches as Rowland's abysmal dice roll fails to save Gandalf from harm.

The Goblins, having surrounded the Fellowship, prepare to close in and seal the trap.

TURN FOUR

For the first time in the game Matt managed to win priority. He moved his Goblins out of charge range of the Fellowship, whilst the two other groups closed in.

> **Matt:** I knew that the Fellowship would easily be able to beat my Goblins in combat. I needed my attack to be planned with coordinated precision, as massed numbers of Goblins would give me the vital advantage needed to beat the skills of the heroes. Therefore I had to keep my Goblins out of combat until I had enough gathered together to launch a mass assault.

Both groups of archers positioned themselves so they would be able to release a hail of arrows towards the general direction of the enemy.

In response Rowland huddled the four Hobbits into as much cover as he could get from the imposing tomb. Aragorn and Legolas moved up to join Gandalf at the front whilst Boromir and Gimli walked slowly forwards, preparing to meet the massed ranks of the Goblins.

Gandalf cast Sorcerous Blast once more, but again failed to get the spell off. The Shoot phase was very ineffectual. Out of the two hits that Matt managed to score on Frodo, neither wounded. As Legolas had gone his full movement distance he was unable to fire.

TURN FIVE

Matt managed to retain Priority and, wanting to commit a massed attack with his full contingent of Goblins, moved the small group of spearmen and warriors back from the advancing warriors of the Fellowship. The group containing the Cave Troll advanced with the group from the far side, finally catching up with their comrades. The Goblin archers continued to advance to get better positions.

Now it was Rowland's turn to act. Seeing the looming presence of the Cave Troll advancing towards to the group, he moved Gimli, Aragorn, Legolas and Boromir to their right, towards the smaller of the Goblin units. The Hobbits stayed behind, whilst Gandalf accompanied the warriors and got into position to cast a spell. Using only one point of Will, this time Rowland managed to roll a 5 and the Sorcerous Blast struck a Goblin. Rowland failed the dice roll to wound, but the blast sent the Goblin hurtling back 1D6". Rowland rolled a 6 and the Goblin flew straight into the Goblin Captain whose model lay directly behind the figure who had been struck. The rules for the spell state that any model caught in the path of the original must suffer a Strength 3 hit. Rowland rolled a 6, which would have taken one wound off the Captain. Unfortunately for Rowland, Goblin Captains are heroes and have Might, Will and Fate. Matt spent a Fate point to try to save the Captain from harm, succeeding with a roll of 5.

Rowland: I knew that the Fellowship could best the attacks of the Goblins, but the Cave Troll was a different matter. That creature could easily take down any one of my heroes so I had to keep it away at all costs. With Gandalf I had the perfect spell to do such a trick. Command would allow me to move the Cave Troll away from my group and so stall the imminent danger for a while.

Rowland successfully cast Command with a roll of 4, just enough to cast the spell, and Rowland could now move the Cave Troll up to half its movement value. Unsurprisingly, Rowland moved the Cave Troll 3" back away from the Fellowship.

With all the Goblin archers using their full movement distance to get better positions, Matt could not fire during the Shoot phase. Both Aragorn and Legolas again failed to do any damage with their shots.

The Cave Troll looms uncomfortably close.

TURN SIX

With both Matt and Rowland rolling equal numbers, Priority changed to the Fellowship. Rowland took out the measuring tape and smiled as he realized that both Gandalf and Boromir were in charging range. Aragorn, Gimli and Legolas all moved to the right, away from the large unit of Goblins, whilst the Hobbits tried to make the most of the cover of a ruined wall. Once again Gandalf cast Command and forced the Cave Troll to back away.

Matt moved all of his Goblin archers closer to get good shots at the Hobbits, whilst the large unit whose numbers had now been bolstered by the addition of the second group again closed in on the Fellowship. Three of his Goblins were in range of Gimli and so charged in, the Goblin with the spear positioning himself behind the two with hand weapons. The rules for spears allow the warrior to attack from behind a model in front. The rest of the group charged into combat with Boromir and Aragorn.

Legolas was more successful in this Shoot phase, killing a Goblin with one of his three shots, whilst Aragorn hit but failed to wound.

In return, Matt managed to loose a total of eleven shots at the Hobbits crouching in cover, two of which hit Merry. Matt rolled to see if he had wounded and one shot was good. Rowland used Merry's single Fate point to try to save the wound but failed. Matt took great pleasure in informing all those close by that he had killed a Hobbit!

The remaining two shots were targeted at Frodo and both hit. Unfortunately a Goblin was placed in front of the archers and Matt rolled to see if he hit his own man. One shot hit a Goblin but failed to wound. The other wounded Frodo, but Rowland again used a Fate point, this time managing to succeed on the roll to save Frodo from harm.

Goblin archers pick on poor Merry.

Gandalf and Boromir join forces to fend off a Goblin attack.

As Rowland had Priority he could decide how to split the close combats and the order in which he wanted to fight them. With three Attacks on his characteristic profile, Boromir is able to roll three dice to determine who would win the combat. In return, Matt had three Goblins attacking and so too was able to roll three dice. The highest score wins and as Rowland rolled 6 he automatically won as Boromir's fight value is higher than that of a Goblin. Matt now had to move his Goblins 1" back from the combat whilst Rowland rolled three dice again to see if he wounded with his attacks. Boromir has a Strength of 4 versus the Goblin's defense value of 5. Rowland needed 5 or more to kill but, as he was unable to roll anything higher than a 4, he failed to kill a single Goblin.

Next Gandalf fought the remaining three Goblins. Unfortunately for the wizard he lost the combat and was pushed back 1". Needing a 5 to score a wound, one Goblin succeeded and Rowland used his second Fate point to save the wound. This time he succeeded.

The last combat to be resolved was Gimli against another three Goblins. He easily won the combat with a roll of 6, pushing the Goblins back, but his roll to wound was far less successful and he failed to kill anything.

TURN SEVEN

The roll for Priority was very important this round, with all the Goblins close to the Fellowship. Rowland needed to gain Priority so that he could maneuver his heroes into the best position. Unfortunately the Goblins got Priority forcing Rowland to declare heroic actions.

A heroic action allows a hero either to fight, shoot or move out of sequence. To do this they must expend a Might point from their characteristics.

Matt: This is one of those occasions where having Priority really pays off. As Rowland declared his heroic action I spied his plan. If he attacked he would be able to pick off my Goblins in small groups. But as I had Priority, I could also chose to perform a heroic move and still get to act first. A second rule related to heroic movement is aptly called "With Me!" This rule allows all friends within 6" to move with the hero as long as they remain within 6" at the end of the move. So by expending a single point of Might I would be able to bring my Goblins into attack and cancel out the heroic action that Rowland had just expended his own valuable Might points on.

Using his own heroic action, the Goblin Captain and his comrades charged into Gandalf, Gimli and Boromir. As Gandalf was now in combat he was unable to complete his heroic move and so he had wasted a valuable Might point, even worse he would have to fend off the attacks of two Goblins.

Matt could now complete his normal movement and moved two Goblins up to attack Legolas and three to attack Pippin. In Rowland's turn he moved Sam and Frodo out of harm's way. Aragorn joined Legolas to aid the Elf warrior.

In the Fight phase Rowland declared that he would be using more Might points to initiate heroic combat. This allows a hero to fight out of sequence before the rest of the Fight phase takes place. Both Legolas and Boromir expended Might points in this manner. Rowland resolved Boromir first, but unfortunately Boromir lost the combat and had to spend a Might point to secure a win. A hero can use a might point to alter the result of a die roll by one. He rolled to wound needing a 5 on three dice, but only rolled a 4. The combat between Aragorn, Legolas and the two Goblins would be decided next. Legolas killed the two Goblins before Aragorn had a chance to fight, and could now sweep up to 6" into a second combat, along with anyone near him. As Gandalf was within the 6" range, Rowland decided to help in the defense of the wizard. Calling "With Me!" he was able to move both Aragorn and Legolas into combat.

During normal combat Matt attacked Pippin with three Goblins. The Goblins won the combat and scored one wound on Pippin, who even with a Fate point was unable to save the wound and died.

Next Matt chose to resolve the combat against Gimli. Rowland won the combat, killing a Goblin and used one of Gimli's Might points to ensure the death of a second. The combat between Aragorn, Legolas and Gandalf against two Goblins was a forgone conclusion and the two Goblins perished at the hands of the Elf.

TURN EIGHT

Rowland managed to get Priority and was about to move his miniatures when Matt asked him if was declaring any heroic actions.

Rowland: Now it was my turn to use the combination of Might and Priority to my advantage. Looking around the table, I spied a trap that Matt was planning. If I didn't call a heroic move then the Goblin Captain and a whole host of Goblins could swamp the Fellowship. My only response was to declare a heroic move from Aragorn and charge Boromir, Gimli and Aragorn into combat using "With Me" as Matt had done with his Goblins in the previous round.

Gandalf in the meantime moved around to protect the Hobbits, once again failing to cast Sorcerous Blast.

Now Matt moved all the Goblins he could into combat. Only another two

The Fellowship become locked in brutal combat against large numbers of Goblins.

could join the fight but the remainder of the Goblins all closed in ready for the next turn.

The shooting was ineffectual with both Goblins targeting Gandalf missing the mark. This time, as Rowland had won Priority, he could chose which combats to start first. Rowland declared heroic combat from Legolas who was facing a single Goblin. As Aragorn was involved in the same combat, this counted as a multiple combat and Aragorn could benefit from Legolas' heroic combat. Aragorn needed a 5 off three attacks to wound the Goblin Captain he and Legolas were fighting. Unfortunately he only managed to score a 4, but Rowland elected to spend another Might point to kill the creature. Having already spent his Fate point, the first Goblin hero fell.

Now Matt could initiate his heroic combat against the Dwarf hero. Gimli is able to use either a two-handed axe or a small axe, but when using the two-handed axe he suffers a minus one penalty on the dice to decide who wins the combat. After the point had been taken off for using the two-handed axe, the Goblins won the combat, but again Rowland used a Might point to bring the combat to a draw. As Gimli's Fight value was higher, Rowland automatically won. Now Rowland could add 1 to the scores to wound, the advantageous side of using a two-handed weapon. This resulted in the death of two more Goblins. All that was left to resolve was the combat between Boromir and four Goblins. Having forgotten to use it in previous rounds, Rowland remembered that Boromir could use his horn when outnumbered in combat. When Boromir's horn is blown, the opponent must take a Courage test. To do this Matt had to roll two dice and add his warrior's Courage value. If the result is 10 or more then the Courage test has been passed. Matt rolled a 4 and a 2, adding the Goblin's low Courage of 2 he had failed with only an 8. Boromir had automatically won the combat and used a Might point to kill a Goblin. Aragorn, who had joined Boromir after his heroic combat, killed another making it five Goblins killed in just one turn.

Boromir blows upon his horn and the Goblins flee in fear.

TURN NINE

With this many Goblins in charge range of the Fellowship, the roll for Priority was all-important. Matt managed to win and immediately declared a heroic move. In response Rowland declared a heroic move with Aragorn. It was Matt's turn to declare any more heroic moves and he chose to spend his last Might point to initiate a heroic move with his remaining Captain. Once more Rowland replied with a heroic move from Frodo.

In a cunning ploy, Matt used his first out of sequence move to bring two Goblins into combat with Aragorn. Now Rowland had wasted a valuable Might point, as Aragorn could no longer move. To make matters worse he repeated the trick on Frodo too.

In the normal Movement phase, Matt moved his Goblins forward so that every one of the Fellowship was now locked in combat. The Troll, unimpeded by magic, now loomed ever closer to the fight.

Things looked pretty desperate for the Fellowship so Rowland declared he was using another Might point from Aragorn to initiate heroic combat.

> **Rowland:** The biggest advantage of heroic combat is that you are if you are able to kill all of the enemy then you can move into a second combat. Whenever possible I tried to arrange my combats so I would be able to use the superior fighting prowess of my heroes in such a manner twice in every combat round.

Unfortunately for Rowland, although he won the combat, Aragorn only killed a single Goblin, leaving one survivor. This meant that he could not get his free move from heroic combat.

Legolas used another point of Might and in the ensuing heroic combat killed another Goblin. He could move 6" to a second combat, so with his free move Rowland brought the Elf to Gandalf's aid.

Now the normal combat could be resolved and Matt decided to finish the combat with Gimli first. As he was using his two-handed axe Gimli failed to win the Combat. Matt's Goblins needed a 6 followed by a 4 to beat Gimli's high Defensive value of 8. Against the odds one of Matt's Goblins scored a wound

Boromir fends off the Cave Troll, unable to save Gimli from death at the hands of overwhelming numbers.

and Rowland once again failed to save it with a Fate point. As Gimli has two Wounds he survived but was still pushed back 1".

Boromir once again blew his horn to win the combat as Matt's Goblins failed yet another Courage test. Again, though, Rowland's dice rolling was fairly substandard and he only killed a single Goblin.

In the combat on the far side a single Goblin managed to survive, losing the combat against Sam and Frodo. The three Goblins attacking Gandalf and Legolas won their combat. Gandalf was hit twice and using his last Fate point managed to prevent one of the wounds, leaving him with just one Wound left.

TURN TEN

At first things looked very grim for the Fellowship, but a quick number count of the board revealed that Rowland would only have to kill another five Goblins to force Matt to have to take a Courage test for each of his warriors. If half of a player's force is destroyed then those remaining must take a test to stay and fight. With Goblins' low Courage this would mean a number of them fleeing, making the mission far easier for the Fellowship.

Matt had won Priority though and moved the Cave Troll and the Goblins back into combat.

Legolas used his last Might point to fight out of sequence, killing a Goblin and once again coming to the aid of Gandalf.

Although Aragorn had used up all his Might points he is a mighty hero and so gains one free Might point each turn. He used this to initiate heroic combat but failed to win. Two Goblins attacked with one scoring a wound, but, using a Fate point, Rowland saved it.

Matt had surrounded Sam during his Move phase. Any figure that is unable to retreat 1" if he should lose the combat suffers twice the amount of attacks. Matt rolled eight dice scoring four wounds. There was no way Sam could survive and so another Hobbit died at the hands of the Goblins.

Frodo succeeded in killing a single Goblin in return as did Legolas, but now Matt chose to fight against Gimli. He too had been surrounded and suffered eight Attacks. With that many dice Matt was bound to score at least 1 wound and as Gimli had used up all his Fate points the noble Dwarf hero was also felled.

All Matt had to do was kill Boromir with the Troll. The Troll survived his courage test as Boromir blew his horn, but failed to win the combat. Killing one Goblin, Boromir won the combat and forced the Troll back 1".

TURN ELEVEN

For the third time running Matt retained Priority but found that he was unable to initiate much combat with only four Goblins in range. He consolidated the rest of his force into positions ready for the next round.

Although Rowland had suffered a grievous blow last round with the death of Gimli and Sam he was now in a good position to make an impact on the game. Aragorn and Boromir would surely win their combats and force Matt to make a Courage test. He moved the Fellowship in a tight defensive formation to protect Gandalf and Frodo.

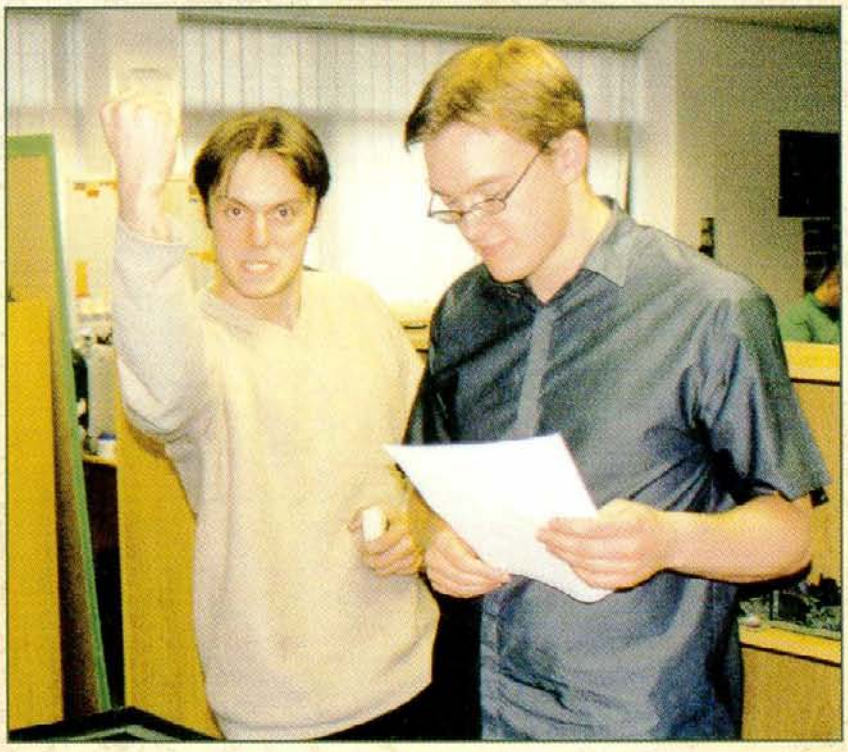
Matt's Goblin archers now released a volley of arrows aimed towards Legolas. Rowland was shocked to see two of them hit and then both arrows wound Legolas. With two Fate points left Rowland seemed fairly confident of rolling a 4 or more on one of his rolls. As both dice landed Matt let out a triumphant yell. Rowland had failed to make either roll, and, having killed five of the nine members of the Fellowship victory fell to Matt. Both players shook hands and looked at the survivors on the battleboard. It had come down to a very close finish and had Legolas survived, the end result would most likely have been very different. For now, though, the forces of Evil prevailed.

YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE MORIA!

Matt: My plan worked! I managed to encircle the Fellowship of the Ring and, remarkably, even took a few of them out with shooting. My plan of separating the Fellowship and surrounding them in combat worked particularly well against Gimli (Rowland did help by rolling very badly though). It just goes to show that even Gimli can be taken out by weight of numbers. You should never underestimate Goblins armed with spears as potentially they allow you to attack one model with ten of your own.

The Cave Troll didn't cause the destruction he is capable of; Gandalf's Command spell was very effective and I just couldn't get him into combat when I wanted to. When he did get to fight it was against Boromir, who is more than a match for a Cave Troll. I was particularly pleased with my Goblin archers – the way they killed Legolas was truly inspired (if not a bit lucky).

In the end, the game got quite close as, even though all I needed to do was kill a couple more Fellowship characters, I was getting near my own break point. With a Courage value of 2 I didn't want to be taking too many Courage tests. At this point, who won Priority became crucial and could have swung the game either way. Even though the game ended on a lucky note, I was quite confident of winning as I still had my Goblin Captains and Cave Troll, and I significantly outnumbered the Fellowship.



Matt humbly acknowledges his victory.

The best part of fighting against the Fellowship is that their player does get quite attached to his characters. This makes it all the more fun when you finally nail one – make sure you rub it in when you do!

It's always fun playing the bad guys as you can be as underhand and sneaky as you want and still argue that you are playing in character. Who says the bad guys never win?

OH DEAR...

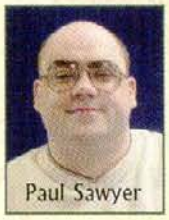
Rowland: Who would have thought it, outshot by Goblins! With victory so close, I couldn't believe it when Legolas fell to Goblin shooting – oh, the ignominity of it! Even the mighty Gimli was felled, although that was probably my biggest mistake – leaving him alone to be surrounded by Moria Goblins. A rare sight indeed, as he's as tough as old boots.

I was feeling confident that I had dealt with the worst that the Goblins could throw at me; their Captains were depleted of Might and I was in a good position to scatter the remaining Evil forces before me. Sadly it was not to be. It just goes to show that even the Fellowship is not invincible.

What I didn't count on was how ineffective my shooting and magic were in the early part of the game. I just didn't seem able to kill anything, what with Gandalf's Sorcerous Blast being more of a Sorcerous Whimper. Matt cunningly (or rather deviously) backed off to the Fellowship's rear. He had placed his archers on opposite sides to each other, allowing them to pepper the Fellowship with arrows as they escaped. This tactic accounted for several dead Hobbits and, crucially, one dead Legolas.

Being in charge of the Fellowship and losing the Escape from Balin's Tomb scenario has led to some pretty intense ribbing here in the Studio. Once Matt has finished gloating there'll be a rematch, of that you can be certain. The Fellowship won't lose the next battle *(or will they? – Ed)*.

Well done to Matt who played a great game, and really took far too much pleasure in picking on the Hobbits in particular.



Paul Sawyer

LAST WORDS

"Easy to learn, difficult to master" is how I described our Fellowship of the Ring game and so it turned out in this battle.

Rowland was looking good for victory until he left Gimli high and dry in turn eleven. This, coupled with bad dice rolls, led to his demise and an unexpected victory for the forces of the Dark Lord Sauron.

Having said that, Matt knows how to get the most out of his evil rabble and Rowland needed to avoid any costly mistakes – unfortunately Gimli wandering off at the last was to prove the Fellowship's undoing.

Rowland has had to take a lot of light-hearted jibes over his loss and has already challenged Matt to a rematch. Keep your eyes on our website to see how he gets on...

The Fellowship of the Ring game is obviously based on the characters and events of the movie, but it is a game where either side can achieve victory. That's the beauty of the game – you can command the forces of evil or good and see if you can do better than your silver screen counterparts!