

DEATHWING

RULES & MISSIONS



DEATHWING

SPACE HULK EXPANSION AND MISSION GENERATOR

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This rule book has been designed to allow easy storage in a Games Workshop ring binder. Remove the staples from the book and separate the pages, then cut down the centre fold line of each sheet and punch holes as marked.

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INTRODUCTION

Before using the new rules in *Deathwing*, take a quick look through the whole rulebook. Once you've got an idea what each rule is about and where in the book it is, you're ready to start using them in your *Space Hulk* games.

It's a good idea to introduce these rules over several games so you can see how to best use the new weapons, new Marine personalities and so on. For example, you could replace a Marine in the *Suicide Mission* from *Space Hulk*, with an Assault Cannon Marine. Or you could replay the mission, choosing the Marine force from the *Terminator Force List*. If you're familiar with the mission, this will give you a good idea of whether or not you've chosen a good force. There are extra Terminators and Genestealers in the box, so you've got more models for the larger forces you can create using the Force List. And all the new Marine weapons and personalities are available as metal Citadel Miniatures.

Once you're happy that you know how the new rules work, move on to the new missions. There are a series of six linked missions that form a campaign - *Broken Knife's Duty*. The first time you play these missions, it's best to play them through as individual games. Then have a go at playing all six as a campaign. Also, it's best to first try out the solo play rules on the solo mission *Cloud Runner's Last Stand*.

Deathwing also contains the *Space Hulk Mission Generator*. This allows you to quickly and simply create your own board layouts, using the geotiles provided. (The geotiles are the ten cards that show a small section of a board layout). Once you've used the generator a few times, you'll have plenty of ideas for your own missions and campaigns.

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DEATHWING

Cloud Runner gazed on the wreckage of his home and felt like weeping. He closed his eyes and took three breaths, but when he looked again, nothing had changed. He turned back towards the dropship *Deathwing*.

Weasel-Fierce had just descended from the ramp. He gazed round ferally at what once had been Cloud Runner's village and brought his storm Bolter into attack position. A grin split his skull-like face.

"Dark Angels, be wary. Death has walked here," he said. The sun glistened off Weasel-Fierce's black Terminator armour. With his white hair and y-shaped scar-tattoos, he looked like the Eater of Bones come back to claim the world.

Cloud Runner shook his head in disbelief. For two hundred years he had held the memory of this place in his mind. Although the Chapter was his home and the Battle Brothers were his family, he had always felt his spirit would return here when the Emperor granted him rest.

He glanced in the direction of the burial mounds. They had been broken open. He made his way to the entrance. He could see that the bones had been broken and mingled. It was a blasphemy that only the bitterest of foes would perform. It marked the ending of his clan.

"The ghosts of my ancestors wander homeless," he said. "They will become drinkers of blood and eaters of excrement. My clan is dishonoured."

He felt a heavy, gauntleted hand on his shoulder and turned to see Lame Bear gazing down on him. Two centuries ago, Cloud Runner and he had belonged to enemy clans. Now the clansmen who they had fought alongside were dead, and the old rivalry had long ago become fast friendship.

"The Dark Angels are your people now," said Lame Bear in his soft voice. "If necessary we will avenge this dishonour."

Cloud Runner shook his head. "That is not the Way. The Warriors From The Sky are above the squabblings of the clans. We choose only the bravest of the Plains People. We take no sides."

"Your words do honour to the Chapter, Brother Captain," said Lame Bear, stooping to pick up something that lay in the grass. Cloud Runner saw that it was a metal axe-head. Sorrow warred with curiosity and won.

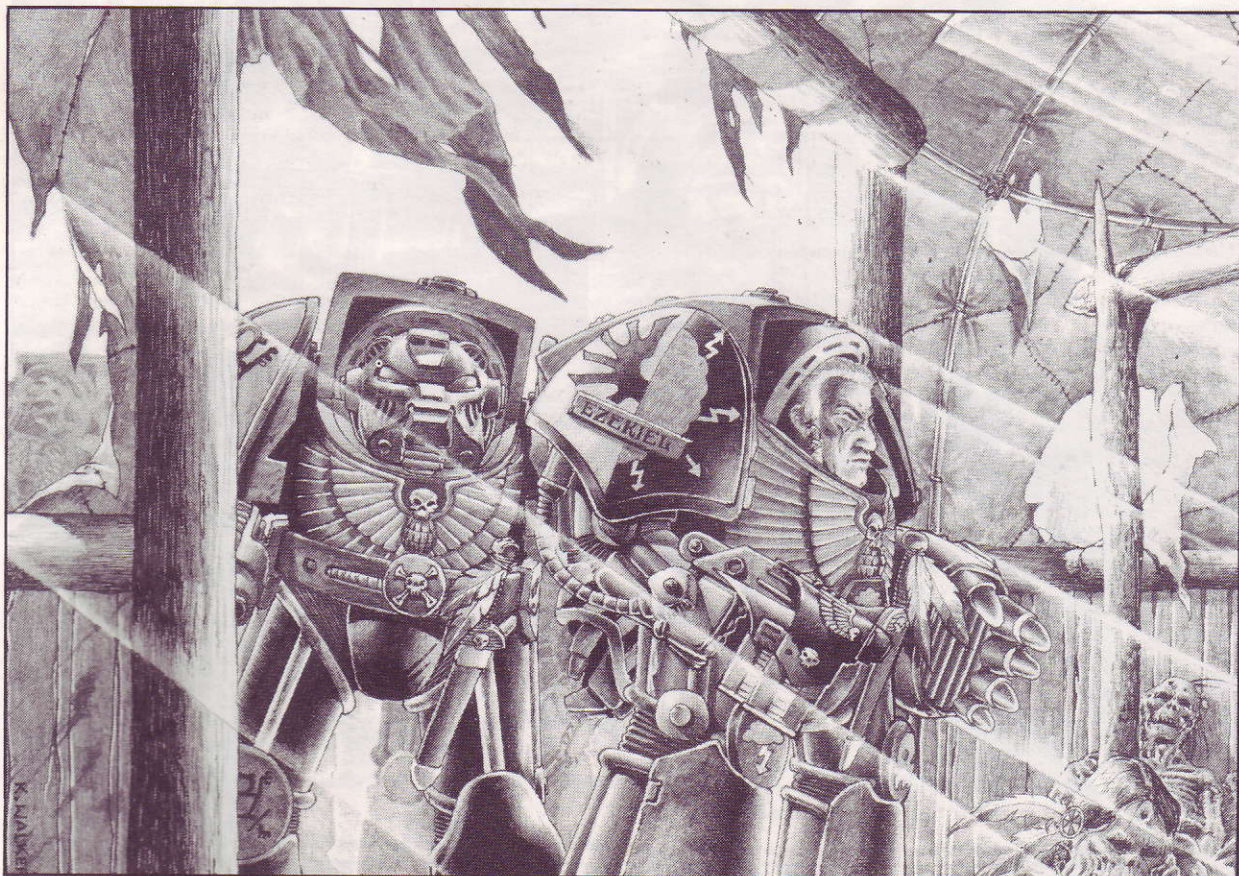
"This was not the homecoming I had imagined," Cloud Runner said softly. "Where are children gathering flowers for the Autumn Feast? Where are the young bucks racing out to count coup on our armour? Where are the spirit-talkers who wish to commune with us? Dead. All dead."

Lame Bear limped away, leaving Cloud Runner alone with his grief.

Two Heads Talking studied the desiccated bodies within the lodge. One had been an old warrior. His shrivelled hand still clutched a stone axe inscribed with the thunderbird rune. The other had been a squaw. Between her skeletal fingers was the neck of an infant.

"She strangled the child rather than let her fall into the hands of the enemy," said Bloody Moon. The Librarian noticed the undercurrent of horror in the Marine's voice. He took a deep breath, trying to ignore the musty stench that filled the long house.

"Something evil happened here, but it happened decades ago," Two Heads Talking replied, seeking to relieve Bloody Moon's



superstitious fear. He wanted time to consider, to probe the events of the past. The aura of old terror almost smothered him. Shadows lay over this lodge. Something was ominously familiar about the psychic aura of the area.

"Lord Shaman . . ." said Bloody Moon. The Librarian almost smiled, the habits of their ancient former lives had returned in strength now that they once more walked the soil of their homeland.

"Brother Librarian is my title, Bloody Moon. You are no longer my honour guard. We are both Marines."

"Lord - Brother Shaman," Bloody Moon continued. "No warriors of the Plains would have wrought such havoc. Do you think. . . ?"

"We shall have to investigate, old friend. We must visit the other lodgetowns and speak with their chieftains. If someone has returned to the customs of the Reaving Time, we will put an end to it."

It was rumoured that some of the Hill Clans still kept to the old daemon-worshipping practices from the time before the Emperor's people came. If that were true, it was up to the Marines to take action.

Somehow Two Heads Talking did not think it would come to that. This did not have the feel of daemon worshippers, although there was a taint in the air that was akin to it. An almost recognisable horror clawed at his mind. He fought it down and hoped that his suspicions were not true.

The city reared above the plain like a soot-grimed leviathan. Cloud Runner spotted it before the others and ordered Lame Bear to land the dropship in a valley, out of sight of its walls.

From the brow of the hill, he studied it through magnoculars. It was an ugly place that reminded him of the hiveworlds he had visited. It covered many miles and was enclosed by monolithic walls. Great smokestacks loomed in the distance, belching acrid chemical clouds into the greyish sky.

Outside the walls, the river ran black with poisons. As Cloud Runner watched, he saw herd elk being driven squealing from barges towards great abattoirs within the walls. From huge stone barracks, people swarmed through the streets towards enormous, brick factories. Smog drifted everywhere, occasionally obscuring the grimy city and its teeming inhabitants.

"That is where Lame Bear's metal axe came from," said Two Heads Talking, lowering himself to the ground beside Cloud Runner. "I wonder who built it?"

"It's a nightmare," murmured Cloud Runner. "We return home to find our lodges ravaged and this . . . abomination in its place."

"That city could hold all the clans of all the peoples of the Plains and ten times more besides. Could our folk have been enslaved and taken there, Brother Captain?"

Cloud Runner remained silent, considering. "If they have been, then we will go down with flamer and storm bolter and free them."

"We must know more before we act. We could be outnumbered and trapped," replied the Shaman.

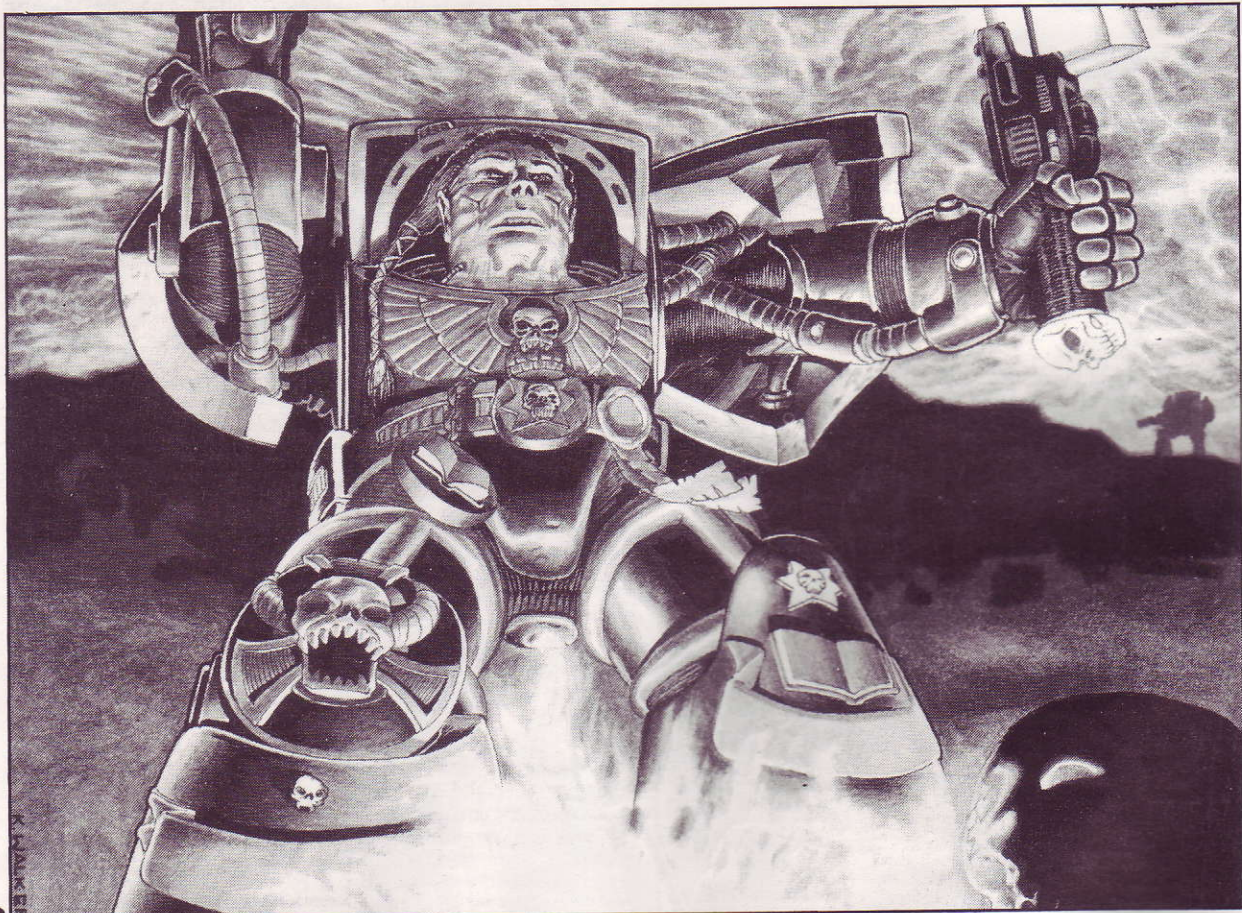
"I say we go in with weapons armed," said Weasel-Fierce from behind them. "If we find foes, we burn them."

"Suppose they think the same? The soot and filth give the place an Orkish look," said Lame Bear. He had been scouting further along the crest.

"No Ork ever put stone on stone like that," countered Two Heads Talking. "That is human workmanship."

"It is not the work of the People," said Cloud Runner. "Those barracks are a hundred times the size of a lodgehouse and built of brick."

"There is only one way to find out anything," said Two Heads Talking. "One of us must visit the city."



The warriors nodded assent. Each tapped a scar-tattoo to indicate that he volunteered.

Two Heads Talking shook his head. "I must go. The spirits will shield me."

Cloud Runner saw the rest of the warriors look at him to see what his decision would be. As Captain, he could overrule the Librarian. He looked at the city, then at the Shaman standing quiet and proud before him. A sensation of emptiness, of futility came over him. His people, his village had gone.

"As you wish, Lord Shaman. Speak to the spirits and seek their aid," he said, giving the ancient ritual answer. "Bloody Moon's squad will remain here to watch over you. The rest of us will take *Deathwing* and seek out any surviving lodgetowns."

Night fell as Two Heads Talking completed his preparations. He laid the four rune-etched skulls of his predecessors on the ground about him. Each faced one of the cardinal points of the compass and watched over an approach from the spirit realm.

He lit a small bonfire in the deep hollow, cast a handful of herbs on the fire and breathed in deeply. He touched the ceremonial winged skull on his chest-piece and then the death's head inlaid on his belt. Lastly, he prayed to the Emperor, tamer of thunderbirds and beacon of the soul path, to watch over him as he made magic. Then he began to chant.

The fumes from the herbs filled his lungs. He seemed to rise above his body and look down upon it. The other Terminators backed away from the spirit circle. A chill stole over him, and life leached away until he was close to the edge of death. Great sobs wracked his body, but he mastered himself and continued with the ritual.

He stood in a cold shadowy place. He sensed chill white presences at the edge of his perception, clammy as mist and cold as the gravemound. Above him he could hear the beating of mighty pinions from where *Deathwing*, the Emperor's steed and bearer of the souls of the slain, hovered.

The Shaman talked with the presences, made pacts that bound them to his service and rewarded them with a portion of his strength. He sensed the hungry spirits surge around him, ready to shield him from sight, to cloud the eyes of any who might look upon him, causing them to see only a friendly being.

He walked from the circle, past the watching Marines. As he crested the brow of the hill, he saw the distant city. Even at night, its fires burned, lighting the sky and turning the metropolis into a giant shadow cast upon the land.

Above them, through the gloom, loomed the Mountains of Storm. Cloud Runner wondered how *Lame Bear* was taking it. The big man's face was a blank mask. He was not allowing himself to think about what might have happened to his people.

The Hunting Bear village was the last they had visited: the most remote, built in caves beneath *Cloud-Girt Peak*. *Lame Bear* limped up the narrow pathway in the cliff-face.

Cloud Runner tried not to think of the other lodgetowns they had seen. They had found nothing but desolation and desecrated graves. No living soul except the Marines walked among the fallen totems. They had buried the bodies they had found and offered prayers to the Emperor for the safety of their slain kin.

Cloud Runner could see *Weasel-Fierce* pause. The gaunt man's hand played with the feathered hilt of his ceremonial dagger. He studied the ledges above the paths and seemed to sniff the air.

"No sentries," he said. "As a buck, I raided these mountains. The Hunting Bears always had the keenest watchers. If anyone was alive, we would have been challenged by now."

"No!" *Lame Bear* shouted and ran across the lodgetown's threshold and into the caverns.

"Squad Paulo, overwatch!" Cloud Runner ordered. Five Terminators froze in position, guarding the entrance.



"The rest of you, follow me. Helmets on. Keep your eyes peeled. *Weasel-Fierce*, establish a fix on *Lame Bear*. Don't lose him."

Night-lights cut in as they entered the cave mouth. Dozens of tunnels led from the place. Chittering things flapped away from their lights. For a moment, Cloud Runner allowed himself to feel hopeful. If they were to find any survivors of the Plains People, it would be here. In this huge night-black maze *Lame Bear's* people could have hidden out for years, dodging any pursuit.


As they followed *Lame Bear's* locator signal through the warren of tunnels, despair filled Cloud Runner. They passed hallways where the dead lay. Sometimes the bodies were marred by the mark of spear and axe; sometimes they were crushed and mangled by inhuman force. Some had been ripped asunder. Cloud Runner had seen bodies butchered like that before but told himself that it was not possible here. Such a thing could not happen on his homeworld - in vast hulks that lay cold in space, perhaps, but not here.

They found *Lame Bear* standing in the largest cave of all. Bones littered the floor. Scuttlers fled from their lights. *Lame Bear* sobbed and pointed to the walls. Paintings dating from the earliest times covered the caveside, but it was the last and highest-situated representation that drew Cloud Runner's attention. There was no mistaking the four-armed, malevolent form. Hatred and fear chased each other through his mind.

"Genestealers," he spat. Behind him, *Lame Bear* moaned. *Weasel-Fierce* gave his short, barking laugh. The sound chilled Cloud Runner to the bone.

Two Heads Talking stalked past the city's open gates. The stench assailed his nostrils. His concentration faltered, and he could feel the spirits struggling to escape. He exerted his iron will, and the spell of protection fell into place.

Studying his surroundings, he realised that he had no need to worry. There were no guards, only a toll-house where a pasty faced clerk sat,



ticking off accounts. In its own way this was ominous: the city's builders obviously did not feel threatened enough to post sentries.

Two Heads Talking studied the scribe. He sat at a little window, poring over a ledger. In his hand was a quill pen. He was writing by the light of a small lantern. Momentarily, he seemed to sense the Librarian's presence and looked up. He had the high cheek-bones and ruddy skin of the Plains People, but there the resemblance ended.

His limbs seemed stunted and weak. His features had an unhealthy pallor. He gave a hacking cough and returned to his work. His face showed no sign of manhood scars. His clothes were made of some coarse-woven cloth, not elk leather. No weapon sat near at hand, and he showed no resentment at being cooped up in the tiny office rather than being under the open sky. Two Heads Talking found it hard to believe that this was a descendant of his warrior culture.

He pushed on into the city, picking his way fastidiously through the narrow, dirty streets that ran between the enormous buildings. The place was laid out with no rhyme or reason. Vast squares lay between the great factories, but there was no apparent plan. The city had grown uncontrolled, like a cancer.

There were no sewers, and the roads were full of filth. The smell of human waste mingled with the odour of frying food and the sharp tang of cheap alcohol. Low shadowy doors of inns and food booths rimmed each square.

Unwashed children scuttled everywhere. Now and again, huge, well-fed men in long, blue coats pushed their way through the throng. They had facial scar-tattoos and they walked with an air of swaggering pride. If anyone got in their way, they lashed out at them with wooden batons. To Two Heads Talking's surprise, no-one hit back. They seemed too weak-spirited to fight.

As he wandered, the Librarian noticed something even more horrible. All the members of the crowd, except the urchins and the bluecoats, were maimed. Men and women both had mangled limbs or scorched faces. Some hobbled on wooden crutches, swinging the stumps of legs before them. Others were blind and were led about by children. A dwarf with no legs waddled past, using his arms for motion, walking on the palms of his hands. They all seemed to be the accidental victims of some huge, industrial process.

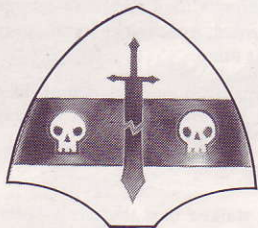
In the darkness, by the light dancing from the hellish chimneys, they moved like shadows, scrabbling about crying for alms, for succour, for deliverance. They called on the Heavenly Father, the four-armed Emperor, to save them. They cursed and raved and pleaded under a polluted sky. Two Heads Talking watched the poor steal from the poor and wondered how his people had come to be laid so low.

He remembered the tall, strong warriors who had dwelled in the lodgetowns and asked nothing of any man. What malign magic could have transformed the People of the Plains into these pathetic creatures?

He felt a shock as a child tugged at his arm. "Tokens, Elder. Tokens for food."

Two Heads Talking sighed with relief. His spell still held. The child saw only a safe, unobtrusive figure. He could feel the strain of binding the spirits gnawing away at him subconsciously, but they had not yet slipped his grasp.

"I have nothing for you, boy," he said. The urchin ran off mouthing obscenities.



Depressed and angry, the Marines left the cave village. Cloud Runner noticed that Lame Bear's face was white. He gestured for the big man and Weasel-Fierce to follow him. The two squad leaders fell in beside him. They marched up to a great spur of rock and looked down into a long valley.

"Stealers," he said. "We must inform the Imperium."

Weasel-fierce spat over the edge of the cliff.

"The dark city is theirs," said Lame Bear. There was a depth of hatred in his quiet voice that Cloud Runner understood. "They must have conquered the People and herded them within."

"Some clans resisted," Cloud Runner said. He was proud of that. The fact that his clan had chosen to continue a hopeless struggle rather than surrender gave him some comfort.

"Our world is ended; our time is done," said Weasel-Fierce. His words tolled like great, sad bells within Cloud Runner's skull. Weasel-Fierce was right. Their entire culture had been exterminated.

The only ones who could remember the world of the Plains People were the Marines of the Dark Angels. When they died the clans would live only in the Chapter Fleet's records. Unless the Dark Angels broke with tradition and recruited from other worlds, the Chapter would end with the death of the present generation of Marines.

Cloud Runner felt hollow. He had returned home with such high hopes. He was going to walk once more among his people, see again his village before old age took him. Now he found his world was dead, had been for a long time.

"And we never knew," he said softly. "Our clans have been dead for years, and we never knew. It was a cursed day when we rode the *Deathwing* back to our homeworld."

The squad leaders stood silent. The moon broke through the clouds. Below them, in the valley, they saw the faded outline of a giant winged skull cut into the earth.

"What is that?" asked Weasel-Fierce. "It was not here when last I stalked in the valley."

Lame Bear gave him an odd look. Cloud Runner knew that his old friend had never pictured the brave of an enemy clan walking in his people's sacred valley. Even after a century, the taciturn, skeletal man could still surprise them.

"It was where our spirit talkers made magic," answered Lame Bear. "They must have tried to summon *Deathwing*, the bearer of the Warriors from the Sky. They must have been desperate to attempt such a summons. They trusted us to protect them. We never came."

Cloud Runner heard Weasel-Fierce growl. "We will avenge them," he said.

Lame Bear nodded agreement. "We will go in and scour the city."

"We number only thirty, against possibly an entire city of Stealers. The Codex is quite clear on situations like this. We should virus-bomb the planet from orbit," Cloud Runner said, listening to the silence settle. Lame Bear and Weasel-Fierce looked at him, appalled.

"But what of our people? They may still survive," Lame Bear said, like a man without much hope. "We must at least consider that possibility before we cleanse our homeworld of life."

Weasel-Fierce had gone pale. Cloud Runner had never seen him look so dismayed.


"I cannot do it," he said softly. "Can you, Brother Captain? Can you give the order that will destroy our world - and our people - forever?"

Cloud Runner felt the weight of terrible responsibility settle on him. His duty was clear. Here on this world was a great threat to the Imperium. His word would condemn his entire people to oblivion. He tried not to consider that Lame Bear might be right, that the People might not yet be totally enslaved by the Genestealers. But the thought nagged at him most of all because he hoped it was true. He stood frozen for a moment, paralysed by the enormity of the decision.

"The choice is not yours alone, Cloud Runner," said Weasel-Fierce. "It is a matter for all the warriors of the People."

Cloud Runner looked into his burning eyes. Weasel-Fierce had invoked the ancient ritual; by rights, it should be answered. The Terminator Captain looked at Lame Bear. The giant's face was grim.

Cloud Runner nodded. "There must be a Gathering," he said.



NEW PERSONNEL

MARINE CAPTAIN

Armed with power sword (see *New Weapons*), storm bolter and power glove with built-in grenade launcher (see *New Weapons*), Marine Captains make far more formidable opponents for a Genestealer than a standard Marine. More important, they are skilled leaders, able to extract the utmost effort from troops under their command.

Marine Captains and the Timer

For each Marine Captain in play, the Marine player receives an additional thirty seconds in which to complete his move. Therefore, if a Marine Captain is accompanying two full squads, each with a Sergeant, the Marine player would have three minutes and thirty seconds to complete his move. If the Captain is on his own, the Marine player would have two minutes and thirty seconds in which to complete his move.

Marine Captains and Command Points

For each Captain in play, the Marine player receives two additional Command Points. If this gives him seven or eight CPs, he keeps track of the additional points with an extra command dice: for example, when he spends his seventh CP, he turns one command dice to 6, and the other to 1.

If a Captain is removed from play, the Marine player gets to spend any remaining extra CPs during that turn. In subsequent turns, however, the Marine player no longer enjoys the benefits of that Captain's CP bonus.

Marine Captains and Combat

The Marine Captain is a skilled fighter and receives a bonus of +2 to his close assault dice roll. In addition, his power sword allows him to *parry* (see *New Weapons*) a Genestealer's attack. The Captain is also armed with a storm bolter and has a grenade launcher built into his power glove.



MARINE LIBRARIAN

Librarians are powerful psykers, able to channel the force of their minds into their weapons.

The Librarian is equipped with a storm bolter and a force axe (see *New Weapons*) and receives a +1 close assault bonus. In addition, he may spend psi points to further increase his close assault roll with his force axe as described below.

Psychic Mastery and Psi Points

Librarians are ranked according to mastery level. There are four different levels of mastery - the higher the level, the stronger the Librarian. Any mission which uses Librarians will specify their mastery levels in the *Forces* section. If you

are using the army lists (see *Terminator Force List*), all Librarians start off at 1st level, but can be upgraded to higher levels.

At the start of the game, the Librarian has a certain number of psi points, a numerical representation of his psychic strength. This number is dependent upon the Librarian's mastery level and is shown on the chart below. During the game, the Marine player keeps a running total of the Librarian's expenditure of psi points on a piece of scrap paper or on the roster sheet at the back of this book. When the Librarian has spent all of his points, he cannot spend any more during that mission.

PSYCHIC MASTERY LEVEL TABLE

Level of Mastery	Title	Psi Point
1st	Lexicanian	10
2nd	Codicier	20
3rd	Epistolary	30
4th	Chief Librarian	40

Librarians and Close Assault

Librarians are armed with force axes, special weapons which allow them to channel the power of their minds into their blows. For further information, see *New Weapons*.



NEW WEAPONS

ASSAULT CANNON

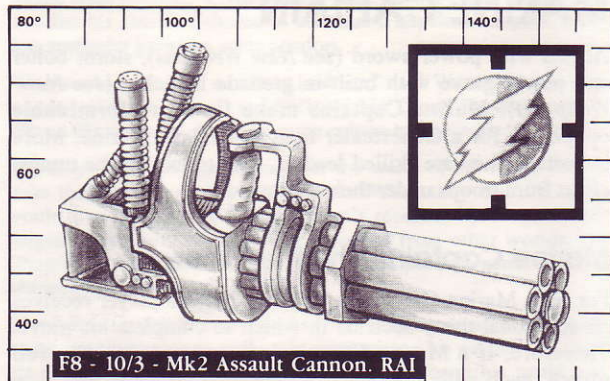
Assault cannon can be fired in two modes: burst or full auto. The Marine player must declare which type of fire is being used before he makes the attack.

Firing Bursts

Bursts are fired under the same circumstances, and for the same AP cost, as storm bolters. On each burst from an assault cannon, roll three dice. The basic roll required on any one of the dice is 5. Bursts receive a sustained fire bonus of +1 per turn in the same way as storm bolters. A roll of three ones is always a miss.

Firing on Full Auto

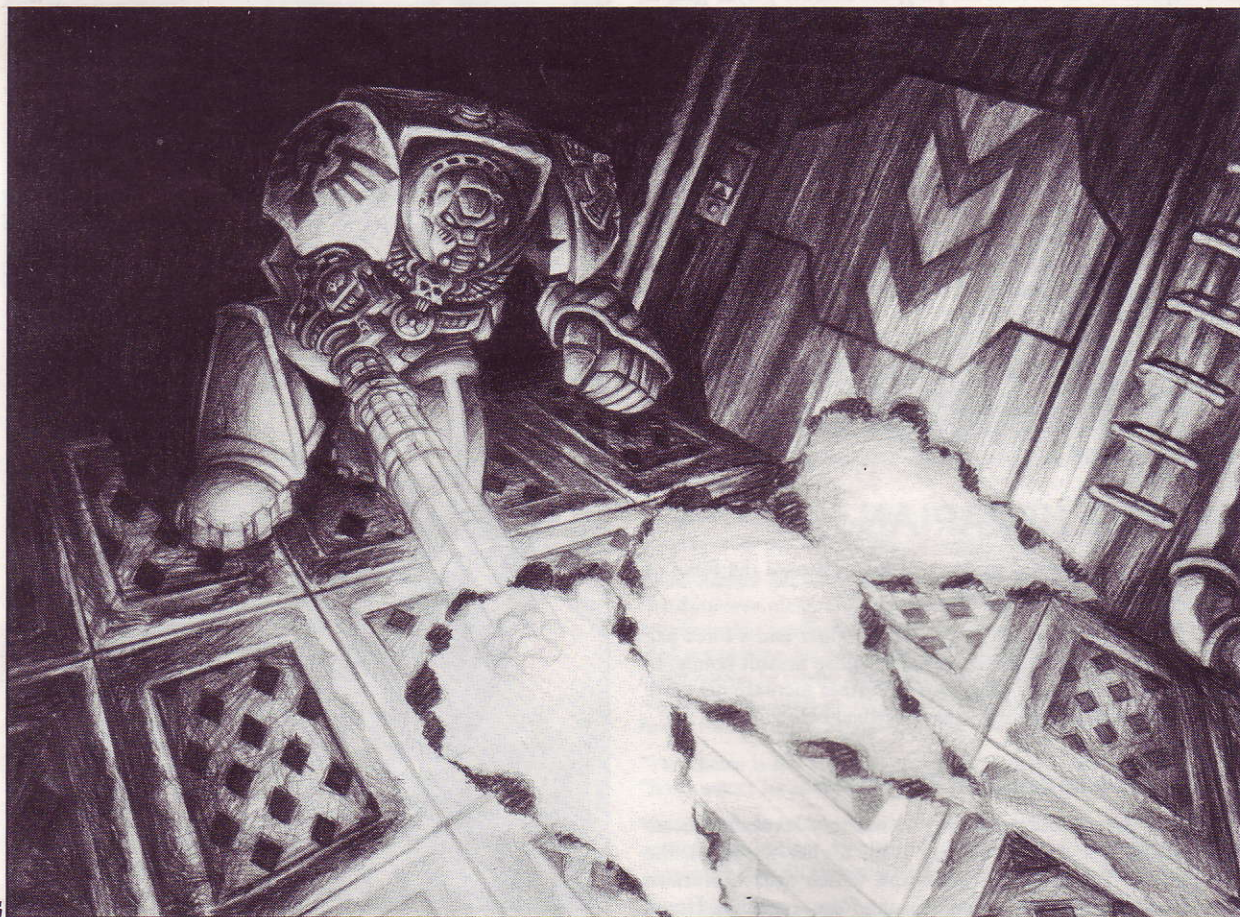
Assault cannon can be set to fire on full auto, releasing a deadly hail of fire in one continuous burst. It costs 2 AP to do so. When firing on full auto, roll three dice for each damageable target (Stealer, Marine or door) in the Marine's LOS and arc of fire; if any of the dice score 4 or more, the target is destroyed. If the LOS to a target is blocked by a model or a door, but the blocking object is destroyed by the assault cannon, then the newly-revealed target can be affected by this attack, and so on until a blocking object survives.



Assault Cannon Ammunition

Assault cannon ammunition is held in a slide-in magazine mounted at the rear of the weapon. An assault cannon magazine carries five hundred rounds, enough for 10 bursts.

The Marine player must keep track of his ammunition on a piece of paper or on the roster sheet provided at the back of this book. Once an assault cannon has fired all 10 bursts from one magazine, it may not be used again until it has been reloaded.



MG

If the assault cannon is fired on full auto, it uses up the equivalent of 5 bursts of ammunition. An assault cannon cannot be fired on full auto if it has less than 5 bursts left.

Reloading the Assault Cannon

The Assault Cannon Marine begins the game with one magazine of ammunition in his weapon and one reload carried in a compartment built into the back of his Terminator suit. Additionally, if you are using the *Terminator Force List*, you may purchase another two magazines when building your forces. Each magazine contains enough ammunition for the Marine to fire the equivalent of another 10 bursts.

It's extremely difficult to reload an assault cannon on the battlefield. The Assault Cannon Marine may do so at a cost of 4 AP, which must be paid all at once. He cannot partially reload an assault cannon and then complete the action later. The AP cost can also be paid with CPs, of course. Thus, the weapon can be reloaded during the Genestealers' turn.

The Assault Cannon Marine can reload his weapon at any time. He does not have to wait until it is completely empty. However, any unused rounds which are unloaded are lost and cannot be saved and used for future reloads.

Assault Cannon and Overwatch

An assault cannon can be put into overwatch mode for the same AP cost as a storm bolter, entitling the assault cannon to fire a burst (not full auto) at any eligible targets. As usual, the Marine player must remember to keep track of any ammunition he uses. Assault cannon cannot jam (they were built for rapid fire); however, they are subject to catastrophic malfunction (see below).

Assault Cannon Malfunction

Although made of a special alloy, the weapon's barrels still reach temperatures of over 300°C. Because of their high rate of wear, assault cannon barrels are regarded as disposable and are usually discarded after each battle. If an assault cannon is used to fire more than 10 bursts (or the equivalent on full auto), there's a chance the weapon will malfunction. Violently.

If, while firing the assault cannon after having already fired the equivalent of 10 bursts, the Marine player rolls a triple - all three dice come up the same number - the assault cannon malfunctions. The Marine firing the cannon is killed automatically. In addition, the Marine player rolls a dice for each adjacent model, bulkhead and door: a Genestealer or door is removed on a roll of 4 or higher, a bulkhead (see *New Features*) or Marine on a 5 or better. The assault cannon can malfunction in overwatch or normal fire and when firing bursts or on full auto.

GRENADE LAUNCHER

Each Captain is equipped with a special power glove incorporating a small, rapid-firing grenade launcher. Grenade launchers can fire a grenade at a cost of 1 AP at any square in the Captain's LOS and arc of fire, up to a range of 8 squares.

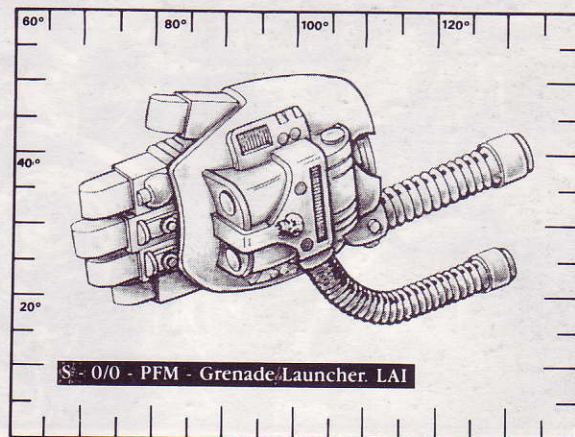
They fire only plasma grenades, which affect an entire board section in much the same way as a heavy flamer, except that the effect is instantaneous. The Marine player rolls one dice for each model in the section with the target square. The scores required for a kill are listed below.



GRENADE KILL SCORE TABLE	
Target	Score Required
Genestealer	4
Door	5
Marine	6

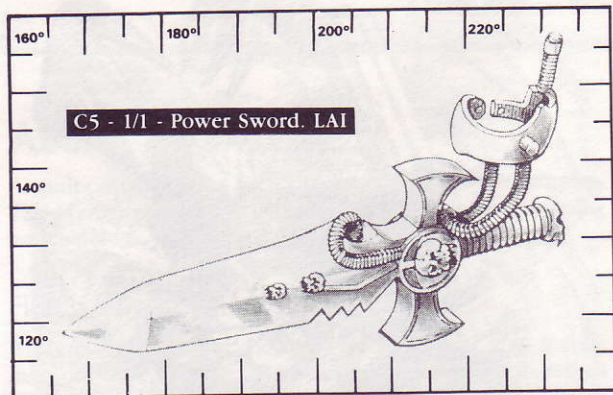
Grenade Launcher Ammunition

Grenade launchers carry enough ammunition for 10 shots. The Marine player must keep track of the number of grenades he fires on either a piece of scrap paper or the roster sheet provided at the back of this book. Once a grenade launcher has fired 10 shots, it may not be used again for the duration of the mission.



S: 0/0 - PFM - Grenade Launcher. LAI

POWER SWORD



Power swords extremely effective weapons awarded to only the battle-proven best. Usually only Marine Captains possess them, although Marine Sergeants who have shown extreme bravery are sometimes awarded one.

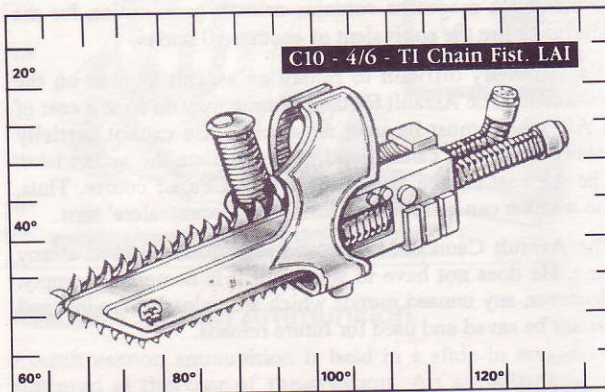
They give no pluses to the Marine's close assault roll. However, the Marine is able to *parry* one of the Genestealer's attacks. After both sides roll, the Marine player can force the Genestealer player to reroll one of the three dice he rolled. The new roll stands - even if better than the original roll.

The Marine can parry only when he is facing his opponent. He cannot parry attacks from the side or rear. The Marine is never forced to parry - if he is satisfied with the Genestealer's rolls, he can always let them stand.

Example of Parrying

A Captain attacks a Stealer. He rolls a 3; this, with his +2 close assault skill, gives him a final score of 5. The Stealer rolls 2, 3 and 5. At this moment, the combat is tied. The Marine player decides to parry, forcing the Genestealer player to reroll his highest dice - the 5. Unfortunately, the Stealer rolls a 6, killing the Captain.

CHAIN FIST



Chain fists are used for slicing through bulkheads and closed doors. Though they do more damage in battle than a power glove, they are somewhat more unwieldy. As these two characteristics cancel each other out, Marines with chain fists receive no close assault bonus or penalty.



Chain Fists and Bulkheads

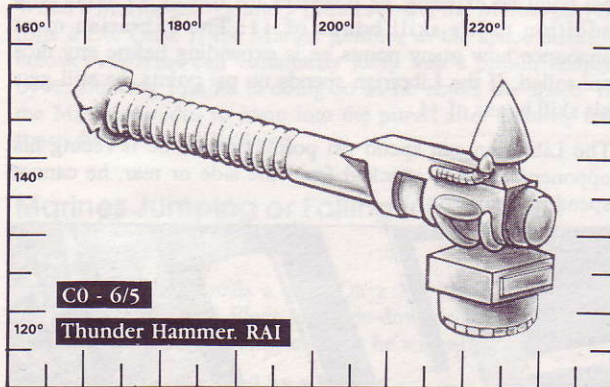
A Marine armed with a chain fist can cut through a bulkhead (see *New Features*) for a cost of 2 APs. The bulkhead must be in the Marine's front square. A destroyed bulkhead is removed from play, and the square is treated as a clear square from then on.

Chain Fists and Doors

A Marine armed with a chain fist cuts through a door for a cost of 1 AP. The door must be in the Marine's front square. As usual, a destroyed door is removed from play, and the square is treated as a clear square from then on.



THUNDER HAMMER



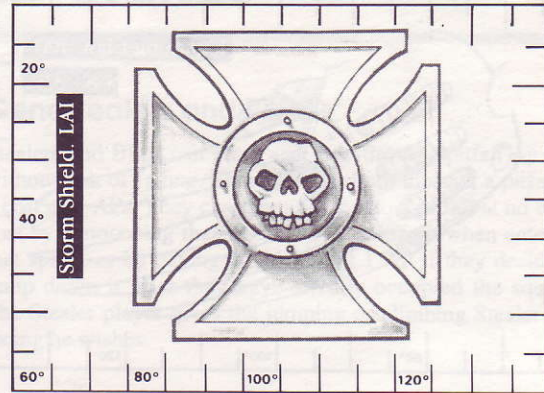
The thunder hammer is an energy weapon constructed around a generator. It produces a blindingly bright explosive energy field capable of blowing apart a Genestealer's carapace. The thunder hammer's generator can be set to overload in the most dire of circumstances. This causes a gigantic explosion that vaporizes everything in the vicinity. A thunder hammer is usually carried in conjunction with a storm shield.

Any Marine equipped with a thunder hammer has his close assault modifier increased by +2 when he is facing his opponent. The Marine's modifier is not increased when defending against attacks made from the side or rear.

In desperate situations, the Marine may cause the hammer to self-destruct, destroying all models, Blips and doors in his section, at a cost of 1 AP. The Marine player can detonate his hammer at any point during the Marines' action phase or the Stealers' action phase by using the model's own APs or spending a CP as appropriate.

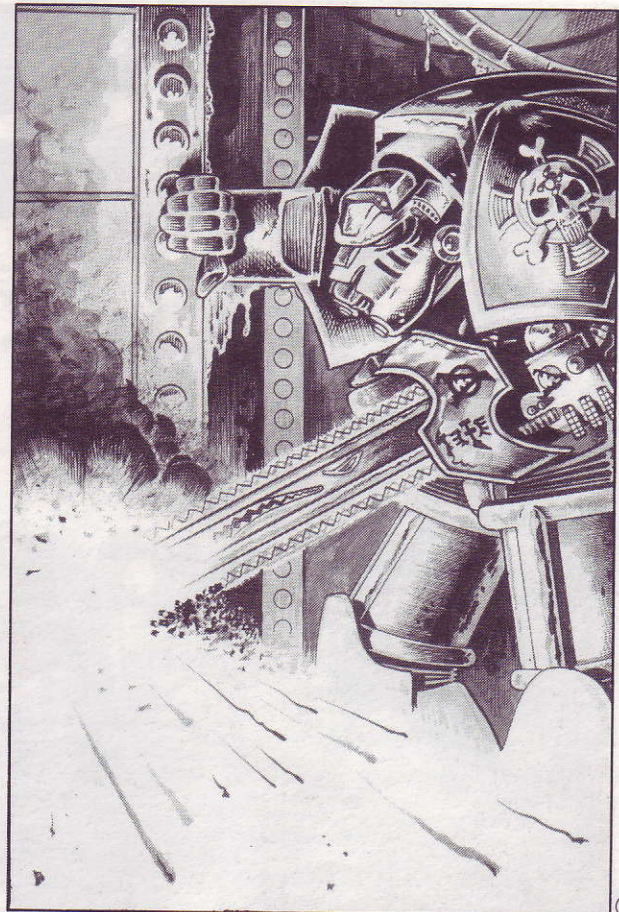
The Marine may detonate his hammer instead of defending when a Genestealer delivers a close assault attack. This doesn't require any CPs, but it must be done before and instead of the Marine rolling for the close assault. To detonate his hammer, the Marine must also have LOS to a Stealer that has just performed an action. After the hammer self-destructs, remove all models, Blips and doors in the section, including the Marine himself.

STORM SHIELD

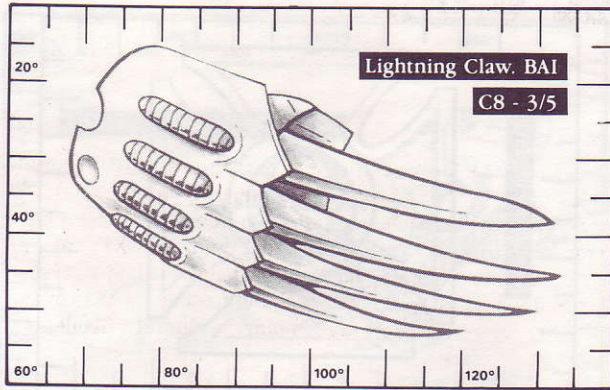


The storm shield is a Terminator defensive energy shield worn on the Marine's left arm. Shaped like a cross, it draws its energy from the generators inside of the Terminator suit. It always glows a startling azure from the electrical energy that snakes across its surface. It glows even more violently when a Genestealer's claws rake across it and disturb the energy pattern. Usually the front of the shield bears a facsimile of the Marine's chapter or company battle banner.

A storm shield can be used to parry an attack from the Marine's front facing in exactly the same way as a power sword (see example above), forcing a Genestealer the Marine is fighting to reroll one of its close assault dice rolls and accept the new result. It can also be used to parry an attack coming from the Marine's left-hand side.



LIGHTNING CLAWS

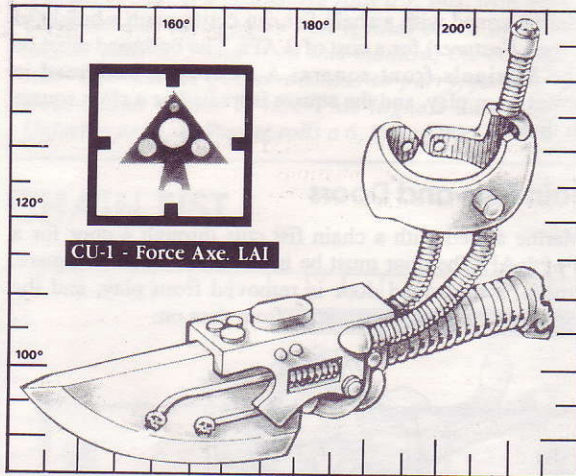


Lightning claws are bladed gloves surging with lethal energy. These energy weapons allow Terminators to adopt the ruthless fighting style of a primeval cat. The claws can hook into a Genestealer's carapace and rip it away, exposing the flesh beneath. Lightning claws are extremely difficult to use; it takes many years of study to become proficient with them.

Lightning claws are always worn in pairs, as the Marine's sole armament. The Marine gets a +2 close assault modifier. Also, the Marine rolls two dice in close assault, instead of just one, adding the close assault modifier to each dice roll.

Lightning claws can only be used when a Marine is facing his opponent. The Marine rolls only one dice against opponents to his side or rear but still gets his close assault bonus.

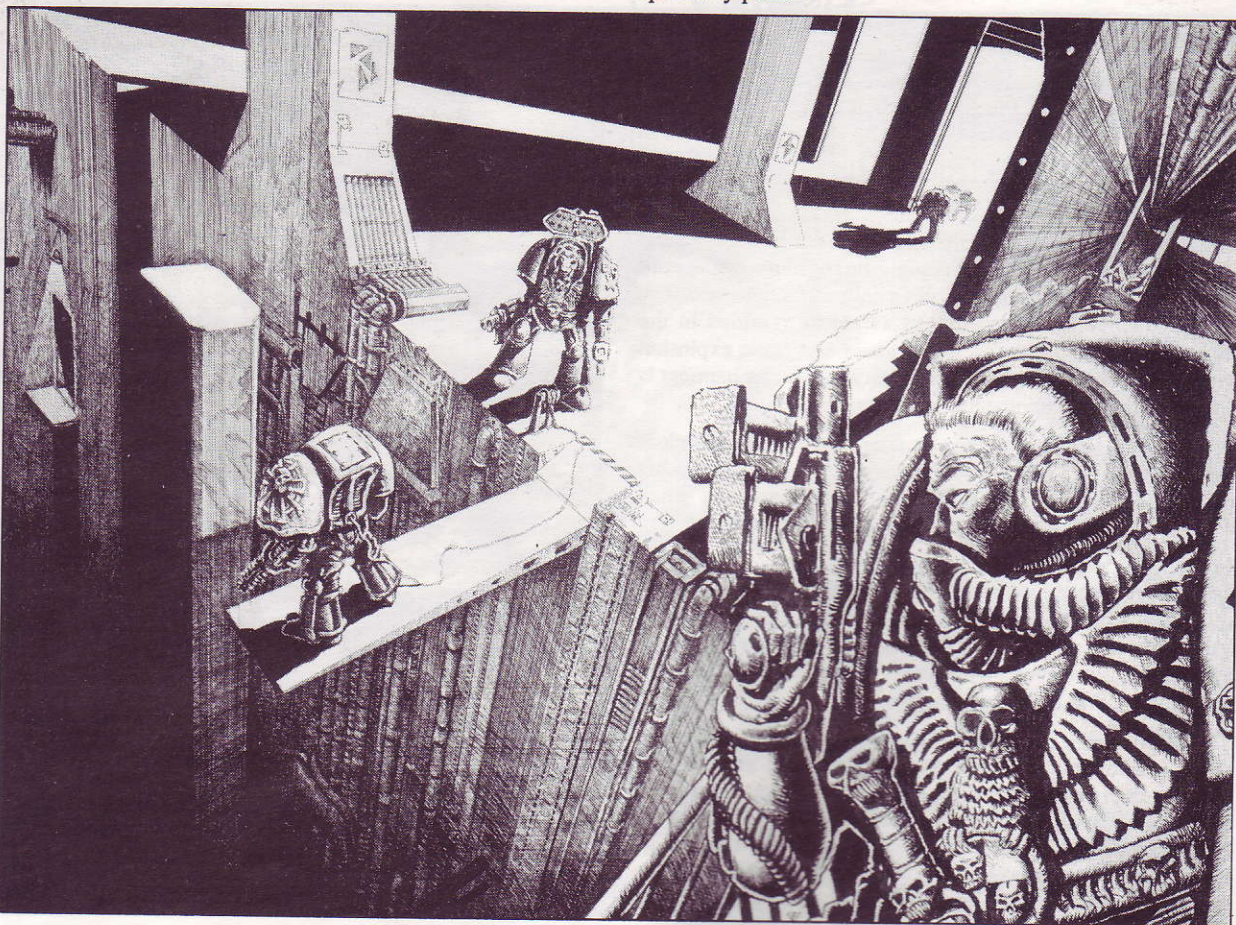
FORCE AXE



Force axes are special weapons into which Librarians can channel their psychic energy during close assault. Only a Librarian can carry one because only a psyker can use one.

When a Librarian with a force axe fights a round of close assault, he can spend psi points to augment his roll. For each psi point he expends, he increases his roll by +1. This is in addition to his skill bonus of +1. The Librarian must announce how many points he is expending before any dice are rolled. If the Librarian spends no psi points, he still gets his skill bonus of +1.

The Librarian can spend psi points only if he is facing his opponent; if he is attacked from the side or rear, he cannot spend any points.



MULTI-LEVEL GAMES

Space craft are often multi-leveled. The rules below can be used to design and play missions of your own which cover more levels than the traditional single-leveled game.

PITFALLS

Pitfall counters represent a hole in a floor, opening onto the next lower level. The holes don't continue through the next floor. A Marine who falls through a pitfall crashes to the floor of the next level. He doesn't fall further unless he lands on another pitfall square, which he then automatically falls into. Pitfalls do not block LOS. A flamer hit in a section with a pitfall in it does not affect the section above or below it.

Space Marines and Pitfalls

A Marine cannot climb up through a pitfall, as his Terminator armour is too bulky.

When a Marine moves into a pitfall square, the Marine player rolls a D6. On a 1, the Marine tumbles to the space directly below. A Marine can voluntarily jump into a pitfall, simply by announcing that he is doing so as he enters the space. If the Marine decides to jump into the pitfall after entering the space, he pays 1 AP to do so.

Marines Jumping or Falling into a Pitfall

If the Space is Empty

The Marine player rolls a dice. On a 1-4, the Marine lands badly and falls prone. Place him face-down in the space. On a 5-6, he lands upright facing any way he wishes.

If the Space is Occupied by a Stealer

The Stealer player rolls a dice. On a 3-6, the Stealer scuttles out of the way (the Stealer player moves it into any empty adjacent square, keeping the same facing) and the Marine follows the rules above for falling into an empty square. If there are no empty spaces to which the Stealer can retreat, it is killed automatically. On a 1 or 2, the Stealer is killed and the falling Marine is prone in that space.

If the Space is Occupied by Another Marine

The Marine player rolls a dice. On a roll of 1-3, the Marine below is killed and the falling Marine is prone in that space. On a roll of 4-6, the Marine below is knocked prone, and the Stealer player places the falling Marine in any empty adjacent space, also prone. If none of the adjacent squares are empty, the Marine below is killed automatically.

Effects of Being Prone

It costs 2 APs for a prone Marine to get up; the Marine player faces the model as he chooses.

A prone Marine has no LOS. He cannot move, fire, or initiate close assault combat until he gets up. If a prone Marine is attacked in close assault, he subtracts -1 from his combat dice roll. In addition, he follows all the rules for not facing his attacker (ie he cannot harm the Stealer, but if he wins or ties the roll, he can get up and face his attacker).

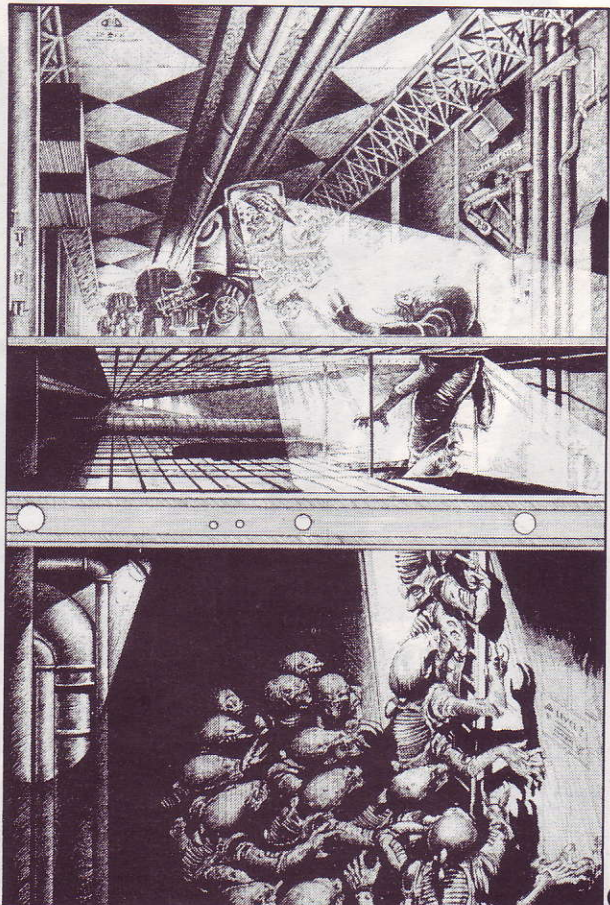
Genestealers and Pitfalls

Stealers and Blips can enter and pass through a pitfall square without risk of falling. They can climb up through a pitfall at a cost of 3 APs. They can jump down into a pitfall at no extra cost by announcing their intention of doing so when entering that space, or by paying an additional 1 AP if they decide to jump down it after they have already occupied the square. The Stealer player gives the jumping or climbing Stealer any facing he wishes.

LADDERS

A ladder counter represents a series of connected rungs located to one side of a corridor or towards the nearest wall of a room, leading down from one level to the next. The ladder shadow counter shows where a ladder counter leads to. Ladders can be used from either level (ie from both the ladder and the ladder shadow squares). They don't block movement or LOS. Ladders can be attacked in the same way as doors, but are immune to storm bolter or assault cannon fire.

All pieces can enter ladder hole spaces without risk of falling. Marines, Stealers and Blips climb up or down ladders at a cost of 2 APs. The player may give the climbing or descending pieces any facing in the new space. Pieces can jump down ladder holes, following the rules in *Pitfalls*.



COMBAT BETWEEN LEVELS

Close Assault

Marines cannot initiate close assault between adjacent levels, although a Stealer can. Its target must be in the space directly above or below it. When attacked through a pitfall or ladder hole, a Marine cannot harm his attacker. If he wins or ties the first round of combat, he can retreat to any empty front or rear square without AP cost, keeping his original facing.

Blip Conversion

When converting a Blip in or below a ladder or pitfall space, Stealers can be placed in the space directly above or below.

Weapon Fire

Storm bolters, flamers and assault cannon can be fired up or down through a ladder or pitfall space. Overwatch fire also occurs through pitfalls and ladders. Flamer shots affect only the sector they are targeted at, not the sector above or below. Grenades can be fired down a pitfall or ladder hole within range and in his LOS and arc of fire. A grenade fired onto a

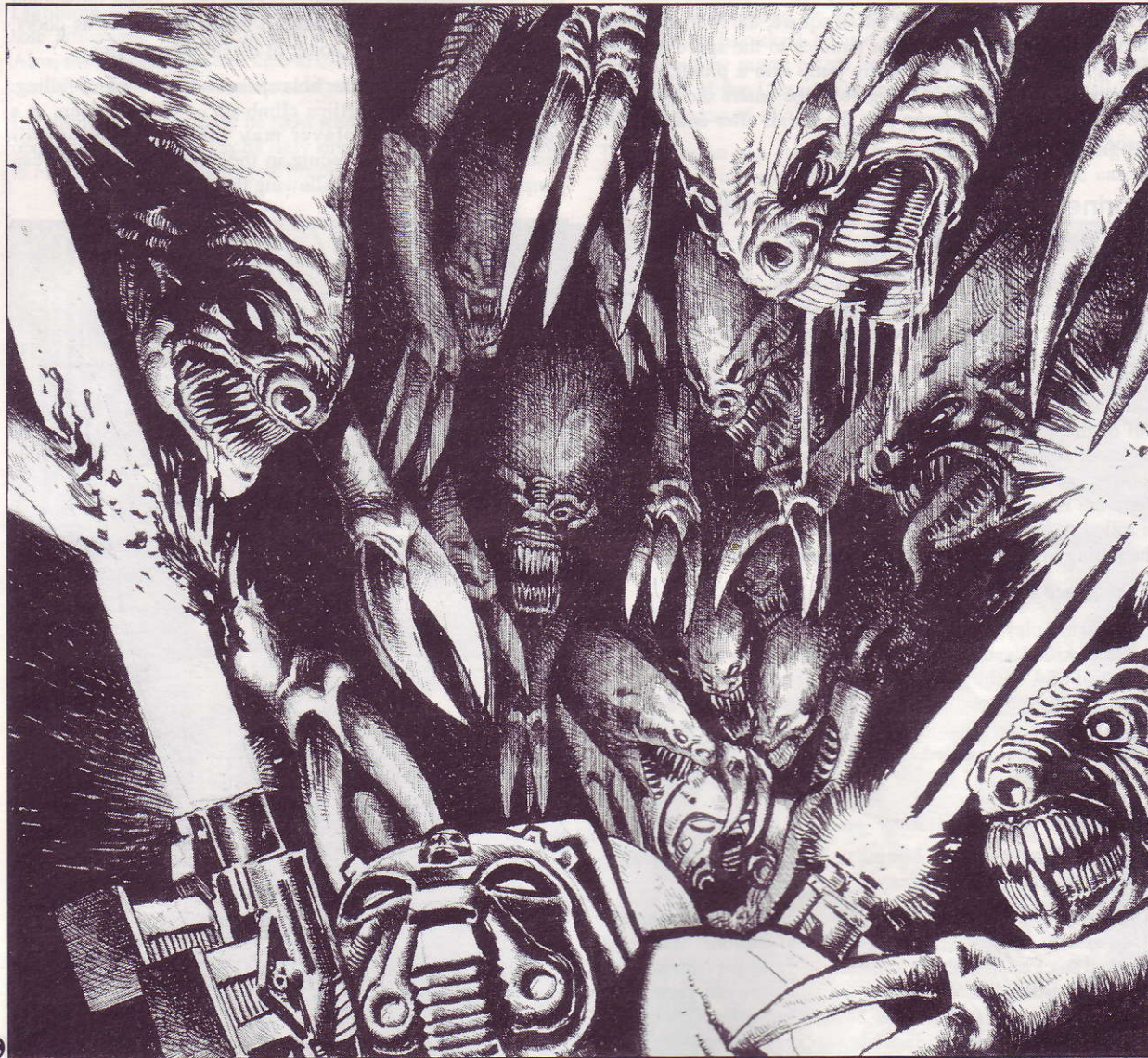
square in which there is a pitfall or ladder hole falls through to the square below on a 1 or 2 on a D6.

LOS and Fire Arcs

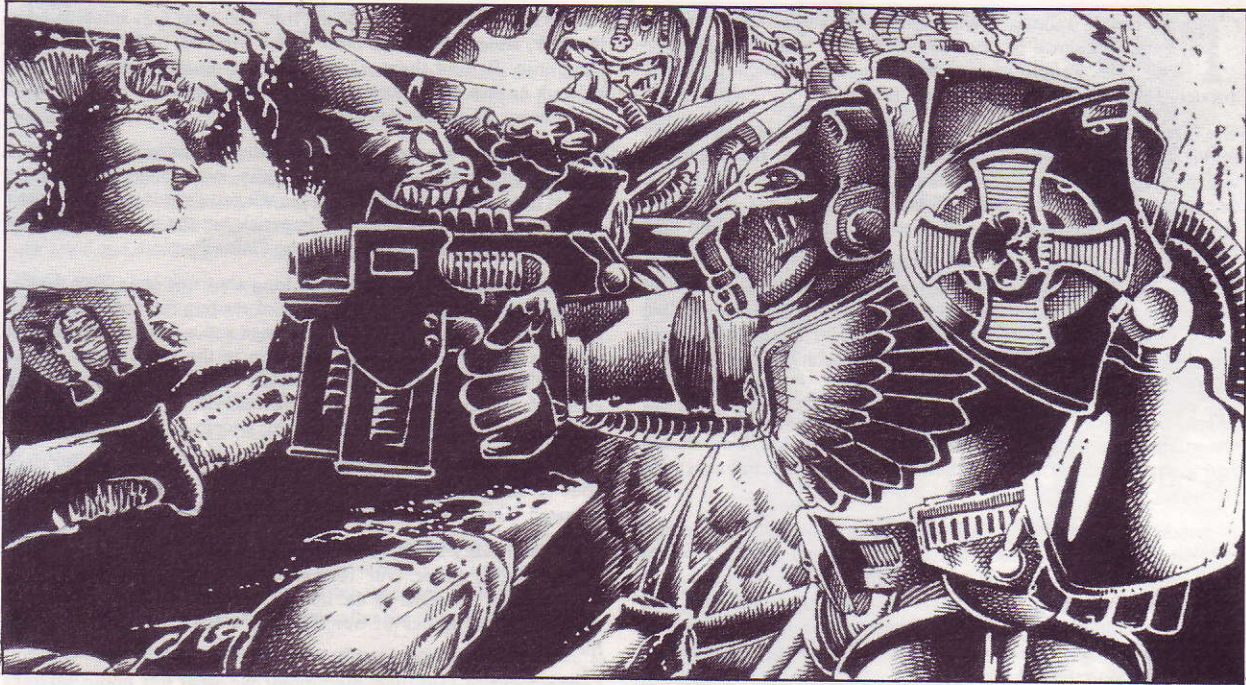
Models can trace LOS through pitfalls or ladders holes if they occupy or are adjacent to them. The view is limited: at best the Marine can see the square directly above or below and possibly some adjacent spaces. A model occupying the upper level of a pitfall or ladder space blocks LOS through the hole. A model below the pitfall or ladder hole does not block LOS.

Special Action	AP Cost	
	Marine	Stealer
Jump Down Ladder Hole or Pitfall	0/1*	0/1*
Climb Up or Down Ladder	2	2
Climb Up Pitfall	-	3

* 0 APs if the model announces it is jumping as it enters the square (ie there is no additional AP cost beyond the cost to enter the square). Once the model is in the square, it must pay 1 AP to jump down the pitfall or ladder hole.

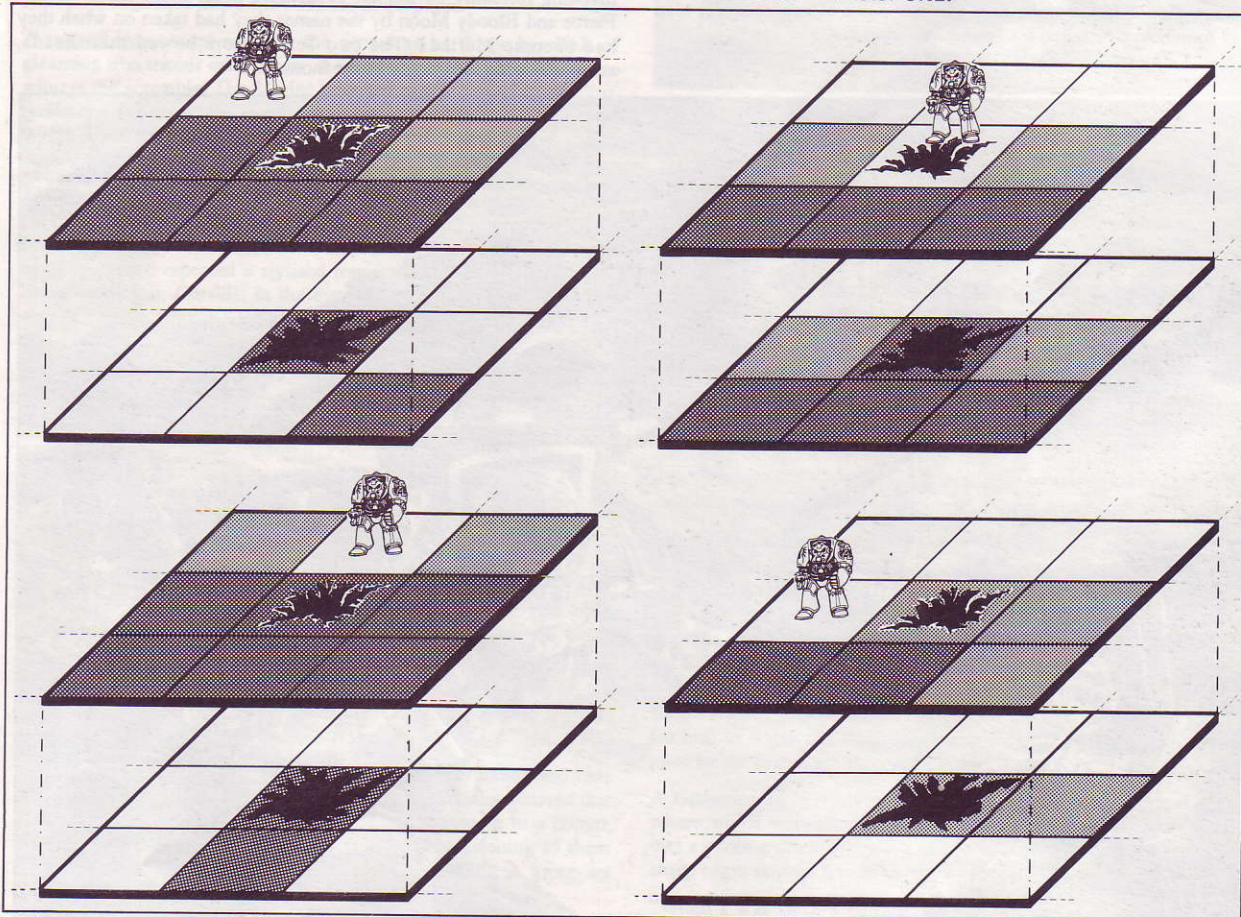
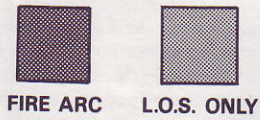


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LINE OF SIGHT DIAGRAMS

The following diagrams show LOS and fire arcs through pitfalls or ladder holes.



Note: LOS and fire arcs up through a hole are the same as down. (For example, a Marine below and diagonally adjacent to a pitfall has LOS and fire arc to the pitfall space and the space diagonally opposite to him.)

Two Heads Talking saw a commotion break out across the square. A squad of bluecoats forced the maimed beggars to one side. People were crushed underfoot as they pushed through the throng like a blade through flesh.

The Librarian dropped back toward the entrance of a tavern. A surly bravo with fresh-scarred cheeks came too close. He raised his truncheon to strike Two Heads Talking, obviously perceiving him as one of the throng. It bounced off the carapace of his Terminator armour. The bluecoat squinted in astonishment at him, and then backed away.

A palanquin borne by two squat, shaven-headed men in brown uniforms moved through the path cleared by the bully-boys. Two Heads Talking looked at the sign of a four-armed man on its side and a thrill of fear passed through him. His worst suspicions were justified.

"Alms, Elder, give us alms," the crowd pleaded, voices merging into one mighty roar. Many had abased themselves and kneeled, stumps and grasping hands outstretched in supplication towards the palanquin.

A curtain in its side was pulled back, and a short, fat man stepped out. His pale skin had a bluish tint, and he was wearing a rich suit of black cloth, a white waistcoat and high, black leather boots. A four-armed pendant dangled from a chain hanging around his neck. His head was totally hairless, and he had piercing black eyes. He gazed out at the crowd and smiled gloatingly, great jowls rippling backward to give him a dozen small chins.

He reached down and found a purse. The crowd held its breath expectantly. For a second, his gaze fell on the Librarian, and he looked puzzled. A frown crossed his face. Two Heads Talking felt a tug on his leg and fell to one knee, although it went against the grain to kneel to anything except the image of the Emperor. He felt that malign glance linger upon him and wondered whether the fat man had somehow penetrated his bound spirits' disguise.

All the squads gathered around the fire. The great logs smouldered in the dark, underlighting the faces of the Marines, making them look daemonic. Behind them, *Deathwing* sat on its landing claws, a bulwark against the darkness. He knew that beyond it lay the city of their enemy, where dwelled abomination.

Nearest the fires squatted the squad leaders, faces impassive. Behind them were their men, in full battle regalia, storm bolters and flammers near at hand. Firelight glittered on the winged swords painted on their shoulder pieces. Their garb was Imperial, but the scarred faces that showed in the firelight belonged to the Plains People.

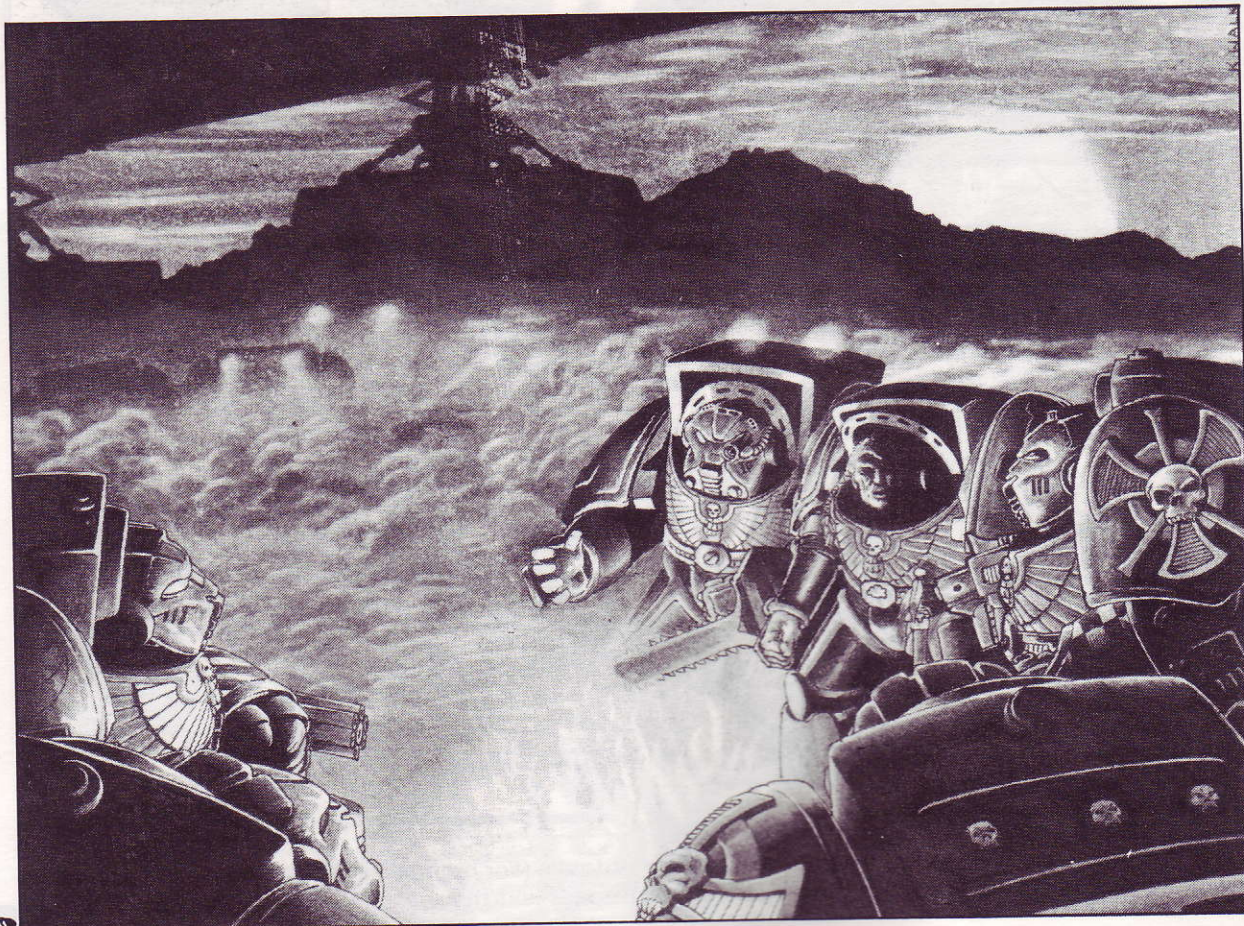
He had known these men for so long that not even Two Heads Talking could have done a better job of reading their mood. In each stern visage, he saw a thirst for vengeance and a desire for death. The warriors wished to join their clansmen in the spirit realm. Cloud Runner, too, felt the tug of his ancestral spirits, their clamour to be avenged. He tried to ignore their voices. He was a soldier of the Emperor. He had other duties than to his people.

"We must fight," said Weasel-Fierce. "The dead demand it. Our clans need to be avenged. If any of our people survive, they must be liberated. Our honour must be reclaimed."

"There are many kinds of honour," responded Bloody Moon. "We honour the Emperor. Our Terminator suits are the badge of that honour. They are signs of the honour our Chapter does us. Can we risk losing all traces of our Chapter's ancient heritage to the Stealers?"

"For a hundred centuries, the armour we wear has borne Marines safely through battle. The suits will not fail us now," replied Weasel-Fierce hotly. "We can only add to their honour by slaughtering our foe."

"Brother Marius, Brother Paulo, pray, silence," Cloud Runner said, invoking formality by the use of Chapter ritual and calling Weasel-Fierce and Bloody Moon by the names they had taken on when they had become Marines. The two Terminators bowed their heads, acknowledging the gravity of the moment.



“Forgive us, Brother Captain, and name penance. We are at your service. Semper fideles,” they replied.

“No penance is necessary.” Cloud Runner looked around the fire. All eyes were upon him. He weighed his words carefully before he spoke again.

“We are gathered tonight, not as soldiers of the Emperor, but by ancient custom, as warriors of the People. To this, I give my blessing as Captain and Warchief. We are here as speakers for our clans, joined in brotherhood so that we might speak with one voice, think as one mind and discern the correct path for all our peoples.”

Cloud Runner knew his words rang false. Those present were not speakers for their clans. They *were* their clans - all that was left. Still, the ritual had been invoked and must be kept to.

“Within this circle there will be no violence. Till the ending of this gathering, we will be as one clan.”

It was strange to speak those words to warriors who had fought together in a thousand battles under a hundred suns. Yet it was the ancient rite of meeting, meant to ensure peaceful discourse among the warriors of rival tribes. He saw some Marines nod.

Suddenly, it felt right. The ways of their people had been born on this world, and while they were here, they would keep to them. In this time and space, they were bound by the ties of their common heritage. Each needed the reassurance after the trials of the day.

“We must speak concerning the fate of our world and our honour as warriors. This is a matter of life and death. Let us speak honestly, according to the manner of our people.”

The Elder fondled his chain of office and continued to stare at Two Heads Talking. A frown creased his high, bulbous forehead. Abruptly, he looked away and fumbled in his purse.

A ragged cheer went up from the crowd as he threw handfuls of gleaming iron tokens out to them, then withdrew into his palanquin to witness the scramble. The Marine watched people grovel in the dust, scrabbling for coins. He shook his head in disgust as he entered the tavern. Even the most debased hive world dweller would have shown more dignity than the rabble outside.

The place was nearly empty. Two Heads Talking looked around at the packed earth floor and the crudely made tables over which slouched a few ragged, unwashed drunks. The walls were covered in rough hangings which repeated a stylised four-armed pattern made to look like a crude star. Outside, in the distance, he heard the long, lonely wail of a steam whistle.

The innkeeper leaned forward against the counter, gut straining against the bar-top. Two Heads Talking walked over to him. As he reached the counter, he realised that he had no tokens. The innkeeper stared at him coldly, rubbing one stubbled, broken-veined cheek with a meaty paw.

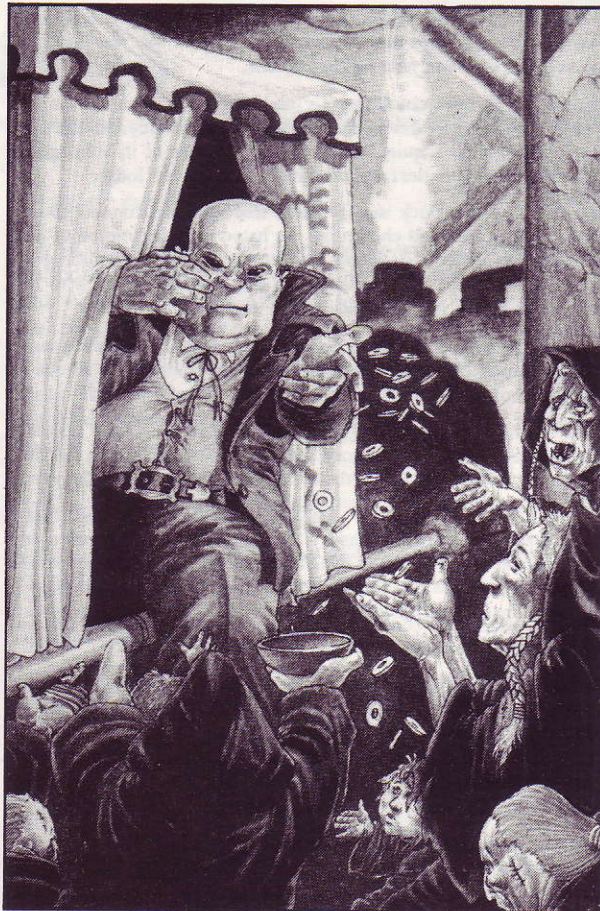
“Well,” he demanded peremptorily. “What do you want?”

Two Heads Talking was surprised by the man’s rudeness. The People had always been a polite folk. It paid to show courtesy when an offended party might hit you with a stone axe. He met the man’s gaze levelly and exerted a portion of his will. He met no resistance from the man’s weak spirit, but even so, the effort was fatiguing.

The innkeeper turned away, eyes downcast, and poured a drink from a clay bottle, without being asked. Outside the doorway came the sound of footsteps. The doors burst open, and a crowd of workers flooded in, bellowing orders for drink.

Both men and women had gaunt, tired faces. Their hands and bare feet were as grimy as their clothing. Two Heads Talking guessed that a shift had just ended. He took his drink and sat down in a corner, watching the workers slump down in the chairs, listening to them listlessly curse their overseers and their lack of tokens. A group set up a dice game in the corner and gambled indifferently.

After a while, Two Heads Talking noticed that people were drifting through a doorway in the back of the tavern. He rose and followed them. No-one seemed to object.



The room he entered was dark and smelled of animal fat. In its centre was a pit surrounded by cheering, cursing workers. Two Heads Talking made his way forward, and the crowd melted away about him. He stood at the edge of the pit and saw the object of everyone’s attention.

Down below, two great Plains weasels were fighting, ripping long strips of flesh from each other while the audience roared and betted. Each was the size of a grown man and wore a spiked metal collar. One had lost an eye. Both were bleeding from dozens of cuts.


Two Heads Talking was disgusted. As a youth, he had hunted weasels, matching stone axe against ferocious cunning. It had been a challenge in which the warrior gambled his life against a fierce and deadly adversary. There was no challenge to this cruel sport. It was simply a safe outlet for the bloodlust of these weary, hungry workers.

The Librarian departed from the pit, leaving the workers to their sport. As he left, he noticed that a bluecoat had entered the bar and was talking to the bartender. As he stepped outside, he saw that they were looking in his direction. He hurried into the smoggy night, thinking that he felt inhuman eyes watching him.

Cloud Runner looked at the faces round the fire. They were waiting for him to begin. He took three deep breaths. By long tradition, he must be the first to speak.

A Gathering of Warriors was not an argument in the formal sense, where words were used as weapons to count coup on the enemy. It was a pooling of experience, a telling of stories. Words must have no sharp edges on which to snag anger. He chose his carefully.

“When I was twelve summers old,” he began, “I dwelled in the Yellow Lodge among the young bucks. It was my last summer there, for I was pledged to marry Running Deer, who was the fairest maiden of my clan.



"Often, the bucks would talk of the Warriors from the Sky. A hundred years had passed since their last visit, and the red star was visible in the sky. The time was near for their return.

"Hawk Talon, my grandfather's grandfather, had been chosen and taken to the spirit realm to serve the Great Chief Beyond The Sky. My bloodline had acquired much honour because of it, although he had left his son fatherless and needing to found a new lodge.

"Silver Elk was a buck with whom I had vied for Running Deer's hand. Because she had chosen me, he hated me. He boasted of how he would be chosen. His words were a taunt, aimed at belittling my kinsman's honour. Silver Elk's own line had no spirits who had ridden Deathwing and ventured beyond the sky.

"I was stung and responded to his taunt. I said that, if that were so, he wouldn't mind climbing Ghost Mountain and visiting the Abode of the Ancestors."

Cloud Runner paused to let his words sink in, to let the warriors imagine the scene. The memory seemed fresh and clear in his own mind. He could almost smell the acrid wood smoke filling the young men's lodge and see the furs hanging from its ceiling.

"That was what Silver Elk had wanted me to say. He sneered and replied that he would go to the mountain if someone would accompany him as a witness. He looked straight at me.

"So I was trapped. I could not back out without dishonour. I had to go, or he would have counted coup on me.

"When she heard, Running Deer begged me not to go, fearing that the spirits would take me. She was a Shaman's daughter and had the Witching Sight. But I was young, with a young man's pride and folly, so I refused her. Seeing that I could not be swayed, she cut a braid from her hair and wove it about with spells, making it a charm to return me safely home.

"It was a three-day trip at hunter's walk to Ghost Mountain. Fear was our constant companion. What had seemed possible in the warmth of the lodge seemed dreadful in the cold autumn nights when the moon was full and spirits flitted from tree to tree. I believe that if either of us had been alone, we would have turned back, for it is a terrible thing to approach the places of the restless dead at night as winter approaches.

"But we could show no fear, for the other was witness, and our rivalry drove us forward. Neither wanted to be the first to turn back.

"On the evening of the third day, we met the first warning totems, covered by the skulls of those the sky warriors had judged and found wanting. I felt like running then, but pride kept me moving on.

"We began to climb. The night was still and cold. Things rustled in the undergrowth, and the moon leered down like a Witching Spirit. Stunted trees hunched over the pathway like malign ghosts. We climbed till we came to the vast empty plateau marked by the sign of the winged skull.

"We were filled with a sense of achievement and our enmity was, for the moment, buried. We stood in a place few men had ever seen. We had defied the spirits and lived. Still, we were on edge.

"I don't know what I thought when Silver Elk pointed upward. There came a howling as of a thousand roused ghosts, and fire lit the sky. Perhaps I thought the spirits had chosen to strike me down for my presumption. Perhaps I was so filled with terror that I thought of nothing. I know that I was frozen in place, while Silver Elk turned and ran.

"If I had been afraid before, imagine how I felt when I saw that great, winged shape in the distance and heard the roar of the approaching thunderbird. Picture my horror when I saw it was Deathwing itself, steed of the Emperor, chooser of the slain, Winged Hunting Skeleton.

"I bitterly regretted my folly. I could not move to save myself, and waited for Deathwing to strike me with its claws and release my spirit.

"I was surprised when the thunderbird stooped to earth in front of me and ceased its angry roaring. Still, I could not run. Its beak gaped, disgorging the massive, black-armoured forms of the chosen dead. On each shoulder, they bore the sign of the winged blade.

"I knew then that I was in the realm of spirits, for Hawk Talon, my grandfather's grandfather, stood among them. I had seen his face carved on the roof pole of our family lodge. He looked old and grey and tired, but there was still a family resemblance.

"To see a face so familiar and so strange in that dreadful place was somehow reassuring. It enabled me to overcome my fear. Filled with wonder, I walked forward till I stood before him: that terrible, grizzled old man whose face was so like my own.

"For a long time, he simply stared at me. Then he smiled and started to laugh. He clasped me to his armoured breast and shouted that it was a fortunate homecoming. He seemed just as pleased to see me as I was to see him."

Cloud Runner paused, comparing his ancestor's return to his own. There was no laughter here as there had been among those Marines long ago. He understood now how glad the old man had been to see a familiar face. He was glad that Hawk Talon wasn't here now to see the destruction of their people.

"Of course, I was overwhelmed, standing among these legendary warriors, speaking with my ancient blood-relative. I knew they had returned to choose their successors in the Emperor's service, and forgetting everything else, I begged to be allowed to join them.

"The old man looked at me, and asked me whether I had any reason to stay or any reason to regret going. I thought of Running Deer, and I hesitated, but I was a callow youth. Visions of glory and the wonders beyond the sky filled me. What did I truly know of life? I was being called on to make a choice that I would have to live with for centuries, although I did not know it.

"My ancestor did. He saw my hesitation and told me better to stay in that case. I would have nothing of it, and insisted that they put me to the test.

"They strapped me to a steel table and opened my flesh with metal knives. I had endured the Weasel Claw ritual to prove my bravery, but the pain was as nothing to what I then endured. When they opened my flesh, they implanted things which they said would bond with my flesh and grant me spirit power.

"For weeks, I lay in feverish agony while my body changed. The walls danced, and my spirit fled to the edge of the cold place. While I wandered lost and alone, one of the Brothers stood beside me reciting the Imperial litanies.

"In a vision, the Emperor came to me, riding Deathwing, mightiest of thunderbirds. It was different from that which had borne the Sky Warriors home. It was a beast of spirit; the other had been a bird of metal, a totem cast in its image.

"The Emperor spoke to me, telling me of the great struggle being waged on a thousand thousand worlds. He showed me the races other than man and the secret heart of the universe, which is Chaos. He showed me the powers that lurked in the warp and exposed me to their temptations. He watched as I resisted. I knew that, if I had given in, he would have struck me down.


"Eventually, I awoke, and I knew then that my spirit belonged to the Emperor. I had chosen to abandon my people, my world and my bride for his service. I knew I had made the correct choice."

Cloud Runner glanced around at the other Terminators. He hoped he had told the story well enough to catch his listeners' minds and remind them of their duty to the Emperor. He hoped he had reminded them that they had all made the same decision as he had and that they would once more make the correct choice.

He shook his head and touched the charm of braided hair that he still wore round his throat. He wondered if he had made the correct choice all those years ago, if he would have been happier staying with Running Deer. The bright, bold vision he had possessed in his youth had faded and lost its glamour over the years of endless warfare. I never even said goodbye to her, he thought, and that somehow was the saddest thought of all.

He judged that he had swayed many of the Marines, but when Lame Bear leaned forward to speak, he knew the struggle had only begun.

"I would speak of Genestealers," the big man said quietly. "I would speak of Genestealers, their terror and their cruelty. . . ."



NEW RULES

CLOSE ASSAULT WITH GENESTEALERS

A Genestealer attacked in close assault from the side or rear is disadvantaged in the same way as other models. It rolls only two dice and, if it survives the first round of attack, is allowed to turn and face its opponent at no AP cost.

Shooting into a Close Assault

A Marine in overwatch can shoot into a close assault, provided the targeted Stealer is in his arc of fire and he has a clear LOS to it. If a Genestealer attacks a Marine who blocks the firing Marine's LOS and the result is a draw, the Marine in overwatch cannot fire at that Genestealer. If the Stealer wins, however, the dead Marine is removed and the Marine can then immediately fire at the Stealer.

FLAMERS

During a long game, a flamer may run out of ammunition. Reloading a heavy weapon (ie a flamer or an assault cannon) while wearing Terminator Armour is awkward and time-consuming, but, the extra ammunition can give the Marines that slight edge they need to complete their mission.

Flamer Ammunition

If you are using the *Terminator Force List* (see below), additional ammunition is paid for when choosing your squads and weapons. The points cost for buying ammunition for flamers is listed in the options for squads with this weapon.

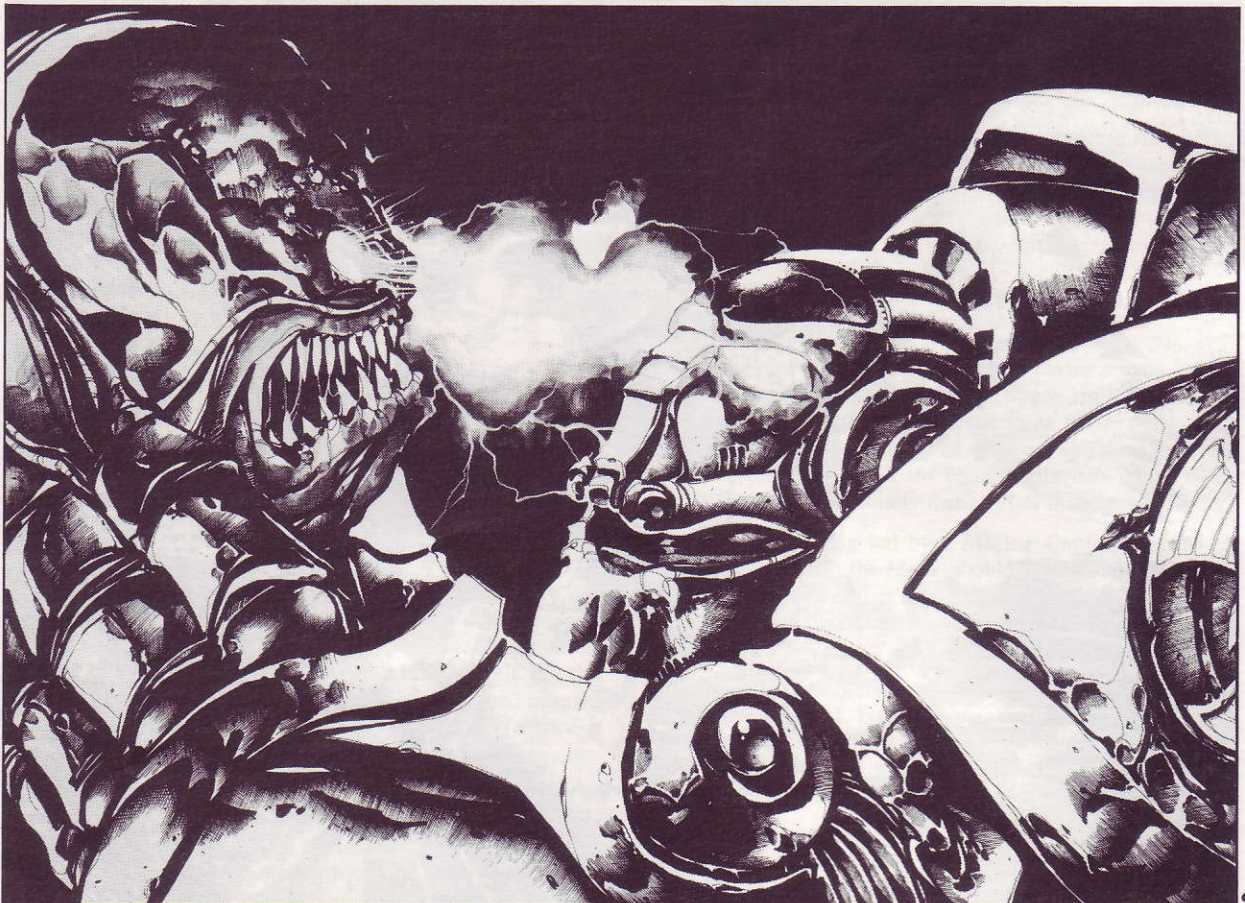
A flamer begins the game loaded with enough fuel for 6 shots. You may buy 1 extra canister of fuel for a flamer when purchasing squads from the army list. This allows the flamer another 6 shots.

Flamer Reload Actions

Reload actions cost 4 APs. Reloading must be completed as a single action, so all the APs must be spent at one go. Marines cannot partially reload, perform some other action and then complete reloading.

The points cost may, of course, be defrayed by expending command points. Reload actions can be performed during the enemy turn.

When you reload a flamer, the Genestealer player hands back the markers that have already been used by it. Also, you should keep track of flamer ammunition and reloads on a piece of scrap paper or the roster sheet provided at the back of this booklet.



NEW RULES

You can reload a flamer at any time; you don't have to wait until it's completely empty. However, a reload will only bring the weapon up to its normal full load of shots - ie a flamer can never have more than 6 shots. Any extra shots are lost and cannot be saved for future reloads.

AMBUSH COUNTERS

Ambush counters are used by the Genestealer player to represent two things: Stealers who have remained hidden while the Marines have passed them by, and things that are picked up by the Marines' movement sensors that *might* be Stealers. Ambush counters can only be used if both players agree upon it before the game starts. Place the *ambush result counters* in a cup at the start of the game if you decide to use them, and put the ambush counters themselves to one side.

The Stealer player can take an ambush counter instead of one of his reinforcement Blips for the turn. He may never use more than one ambush counter per turn and must place it at the *end* of his turn. It can be placed in any empty square on the board, as long as the square is at least six squares away from the nearest Marine, and not in a Marine's LOS. In addition, the Stealer player is never allowed to have more than two ambush counters in play at any time.

Ambush counters have 6 APs, and move in the same way as Blips. An unconverted ambush counter *can* enter the LOS of a Marine, in which case, the Genestealer player must immediately draw an ambush result counter from the mug at random. Ambush counters can only be converted when they enter a Marine's LOS or a square that is adjacent to a Marine (even if no Marine is able to see them).

If an ambush result counter is revealed to be a Genestealer, replace the ambush counter with a Genestealer model. It may carry on moving, using any APs that were not used prior to its conversion. If the ambush result counter turns out to be anything else, the ambush counter is removed from play immediately *unless* it is in the LOS and arc of fire of any Marine(s) on overwatch. Return any ambush result counters to their mug after they have been revealed.

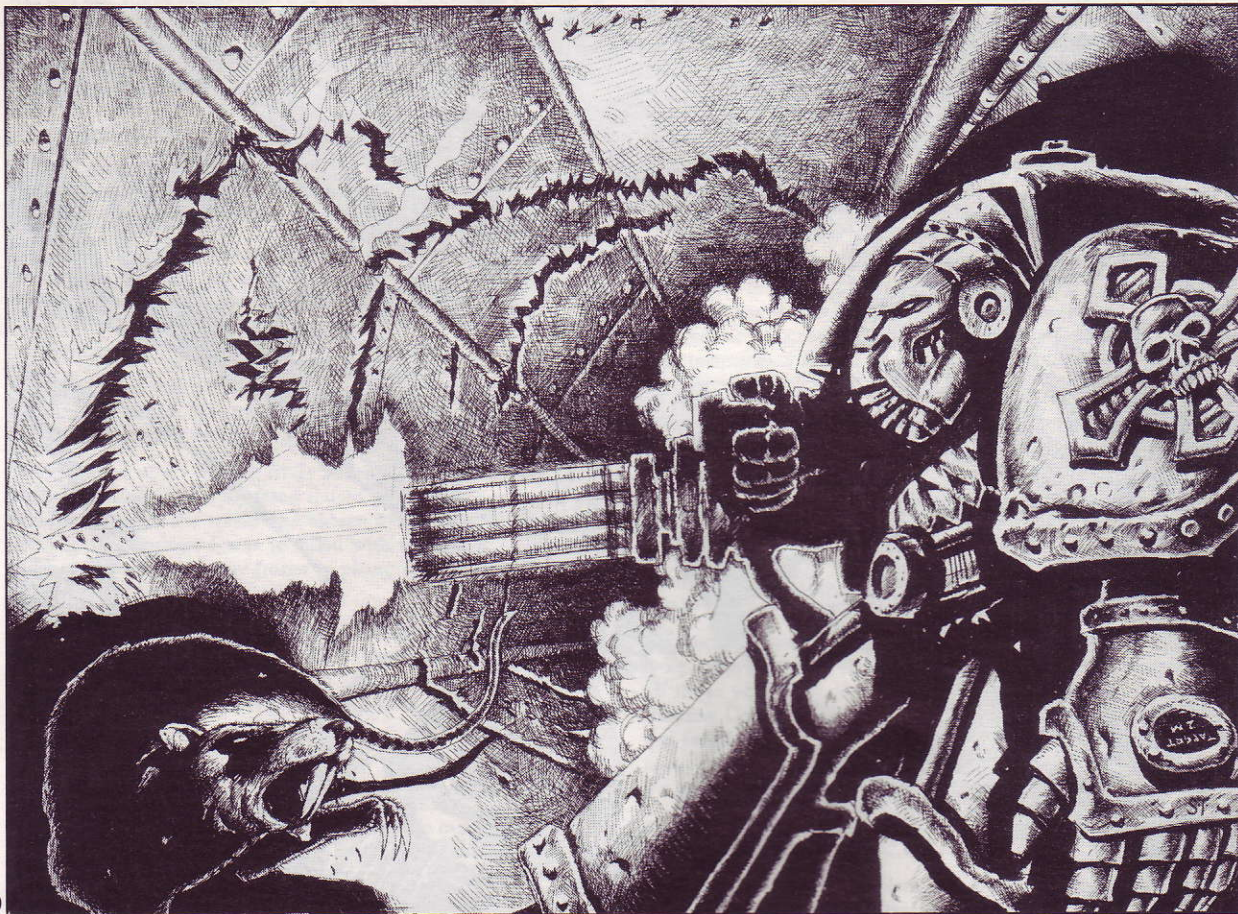
A Marine on overwatch will fire at an ambush counter within his LOS and arc of fire, even if it is something other than a Genestealer. Attacks on revealed Genestealers are handled normally. Those on anything else must be rolled for anyway, as the Marine's gun will jam if he rolls a double. The fired-upon ambush counter is then removed from play.

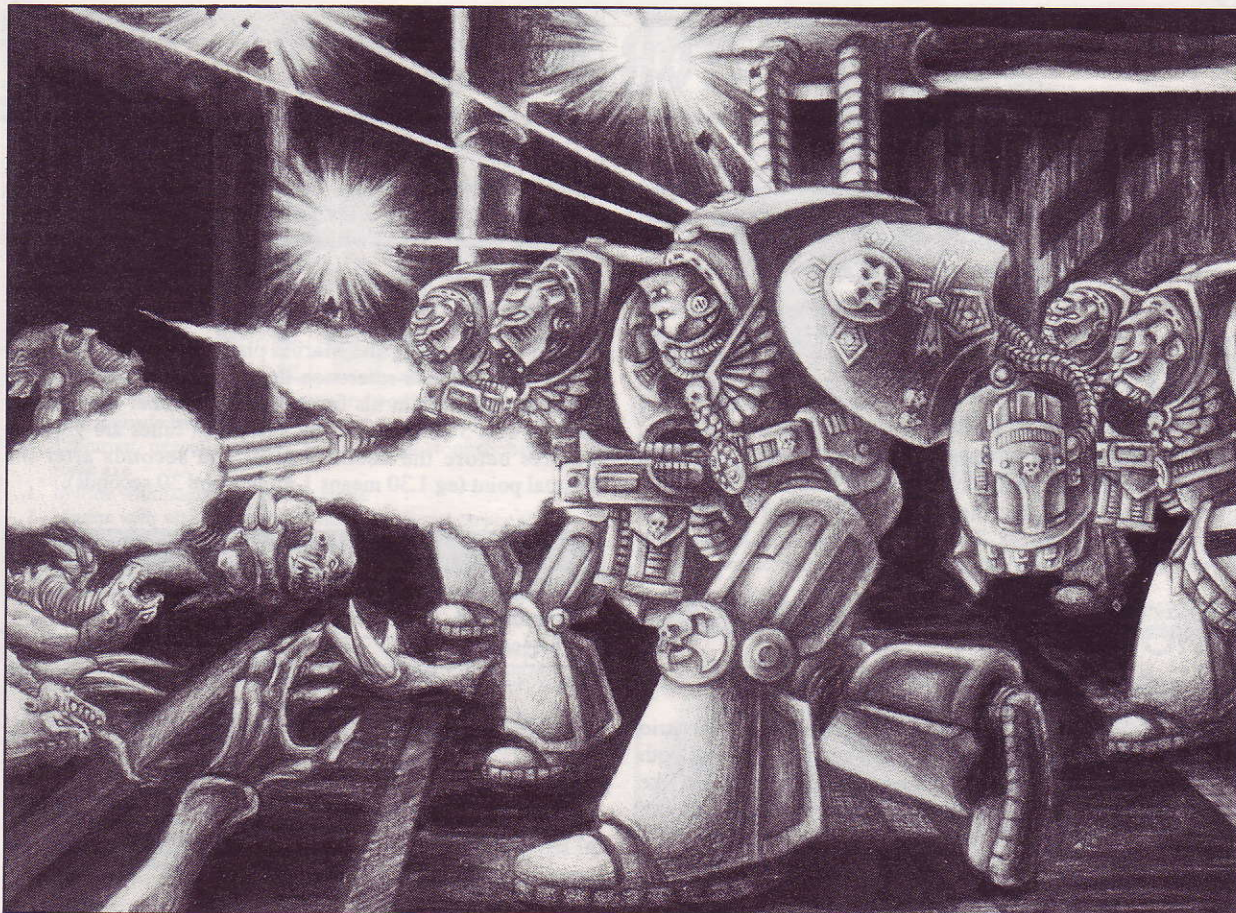
SECURING AREAS

The mission briefing will tell you if Stealer entry areas can be *secured* (ie made safe). Entry areas may only be secured if the briefing specifically tells you that it can be done.

Being able to secure entry areas means that they do not lead to limbo-like spaces inhabited by hordes of Genestealers. In reality, they lead to things like major access corridors that a Marine can secure in such a way as to deny their use to the Stealers (by locking blast doors, for example).

An entry area is secured when a Marine enters a square next to the first square a Genestealer would enter if it were to use that entry area. There is no AP cost to secure an area, but the Marine must be able to see the area to be able to secure it. Note that this means that objects (including Stealers) that block the Marine's LOS to an area must be removed for that





Marine to be able to secure that area. Represent secured entry areas by placing a spare counter face down on the appropriate square.

Secured areas may not be used by the Stealer player to enter reinforcements. In addition, any blips or Genestealers that are lurking offboard next to that area are lost and removed from play. Stealers removed in this way do not count towards the Marine player's victory conditions. A secured entry area remains so for the rest of the game, even if the Marine who secured it moves away.

TELEPORTING

An important part of any suit of Terminator armour is its built-in teleporter homing beacon which makes it possible for a Marine trapped aboard a ship to effect an immediate escape. Unfortunately, the carrier wave that the device broadcasts is easily blocked by large amounts of metal or by electronic interference.

Thus, the further into a hulk a Marine is, the less likely it is that the Marine command ship can pick up his homer's signal and bring him home. Conversely, this makes it extremely difficult to teleport a Marine deep into a hulk as well. For this reason, teleportation chambers are usually positioned near the exterior of a ship, where the potential for interference is reduced.

In some of the missions, the Marine player has the option of teleporting his force back to safety at a cost of 4 APs per model. Only one Marine can be teleported in any one turn, and this can only occur during his own turn, never in the Stealers'.

When a Marine is teleported, remove the model from the board and place it to one side. That Marine plays no further part in the game and cannot teleport back onto the board.

The time the Marine player has to complete his turn is reduced by thirty seconds for each Marine Sergeant or Captain teleported to safety. If a Captain is teleported to safety, the Marines also lose, in the following turn, the +2 CP bonus that he provides.

THE ROSTER SHEET

At the back of the rulebook are two roster sheets for the Marine player's use. When playing Space Hulk, you should use one sheet for each squad in your force. Write the name of the squad in the box at the top of the sheet and the name, rank and armament of each of the squad's Marines in the boxes provided. Squads are usually named after their senior officer.

If the squad is being led by a Marine Captain, record his personal heraldry in the blank shoulder-pad shaped space in the upper left-hand corner of the sheet. This is the design that appears on the right shoulder pad of the Captain's armour.

When recording a Marine's armament, be specific, particularly if he is carrying a heavy weapon (ie. an assault cannon or a flamer). For example, there may be more than one assault cannon or flamer in a squad, so record which one the Marine is equipped with. Also note the number of reloads he has at the beginning of the game.

There is also a track upon which the number of Genestealers killed can be tallied. It is the Marine player's duty to maintain this total when it is vital to his victory conditions.

TERMINATOR FORCE LIST

The Terminator Force List allows you, as the Marine player, to carefully choose your forces for each mission. You decide what weapon combinations you will use and whether the situation calls for specialists such as a Captain or a Librarian.

Using the force list brings a whole new feel to the game. The potential for variation is enormous. You can replay every scenario several times, trying out different squad and weapon combinations in each game. If you get beaten with one force, pick a different force next time and try again.

The rules can be used for any of the published *Space Hulk* scenarios as long as *both* players agree to use them before the game begins. Note that these rules allow only the Marine player to pick his forces. The Genestealer player follows the forces and deployment instructions given in the scenario.

CHOOSING THE MARINE PLAYER

Before you choose the Marine player, decide which scenario will be played. Then, without showing the other player, both players must write down the number of points they would like to spend on a Marine force for the scenario, up to a maximum of 50 points.

The player who makes the lowest bid gets to be the Marine player. He then uses the number of points he bid to pick his force from the force list. This force is used instead of the force listed in the scenario, not in addition to it. If both players bid the same amount, they must each make new bids until one player makes a lower bid than the other.

Remember when you're bidding that the higher the number of points you bid, the more Marines and weapons you can buy, but that you're less likely to get to be the Marine player. On the other hand, if you bid too low, you're certain to be the Marine player, but your chances of winning are slim!

USING THE FORCE LIST

1. Select squads from those listed. Unless otherwise specified, the Marine player may have any number of squads in his force. (In some cases this will mean that some Marines will not fit on the Marine entry areas specified for the mission. If so, simply add spare straight corridor sections to the Marine entry areas until all of the Marines can fit.)

At least one Sergeant or Captain must be included in the force. A force may never have more than one Captain.

2. Equip each squad with any weapon upgrades or reloads that you want from the *Options* section of the appropriate box.
3. Refer to *The Timer* rules below, and decide how many points you want to spend to increase your turn's length.
4. Add up the total value of the points you've spent and make sure that it does not exceed the amount of your bid. If it does, you've got to redesign your force until you've spent the proper amount of points.

Now you're ready to play. Objectives, Genestealer forces, deployment, special rules and victory conditions apply exactly as stated in the mission briefing.

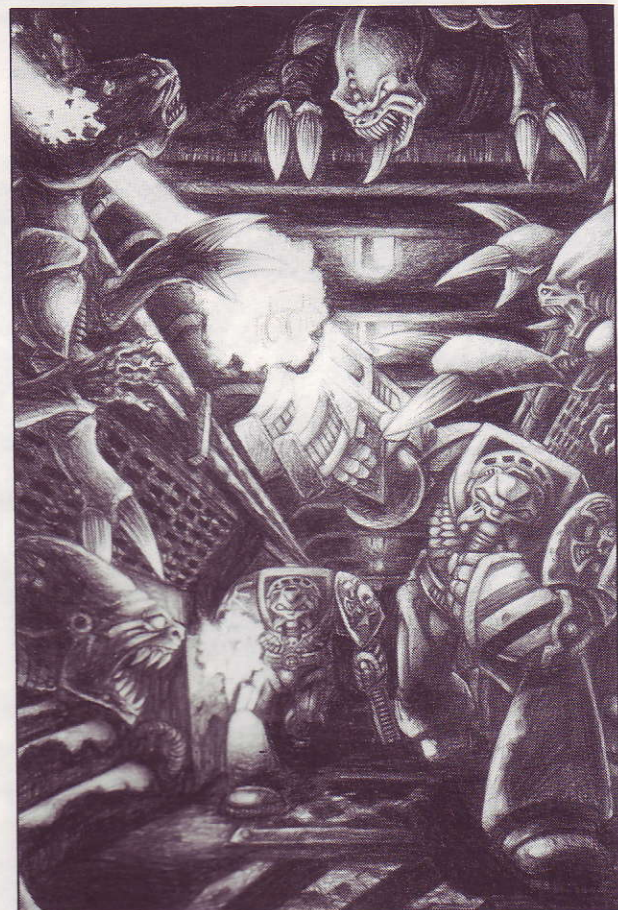
The Timer

To find out how long the Marine player has to complete his move, simply cross-reference the number of Captains and Sergeants there are in his force with the number of points he spent in step 3 of designing his force. All times are given as minutes before the decimal point and seconds after the decimal point (eg 1.30 means 1 minute and 30 seconds).

MARINE TIMER TABLE

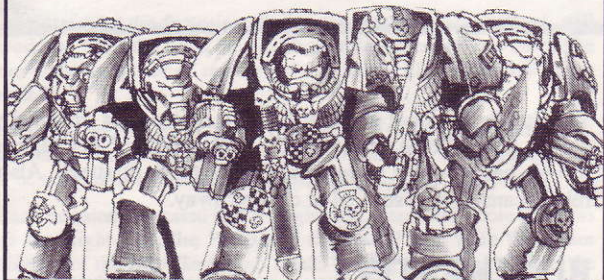
Number of Captains and Sergeants	Points Spent				
	0	1	2	3	4
1	0.30	1.00	1.30	2.00	2.30
2	1.00	1.30	2.00	2.30	3.00
3	1.30	2.00	2.30	3.00	3.30
4	2.00	2.30	3.00	3.30	4.00

The time allowed for the Marine player's move is reduced by 30 seconds for each Sergeant or Captain that is lost during the game, to a minimum of 30 seconds.



MG

COMMAND SQUAD - 20 POINTS



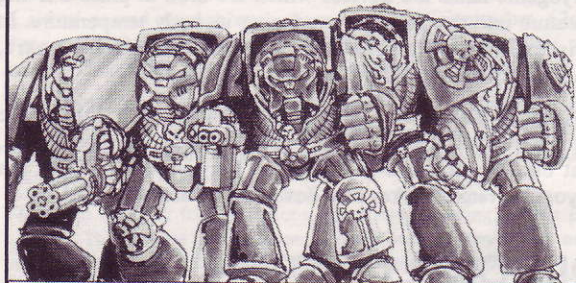
- 1 Captain with storm bolter, power sword and power glove with grenade launcher
- 1 Librarian, psychic mastery level 1, with storm bolter and force axe
- 1 Marine with flamer and power glove
- 1 Marine with assault cannon (1 free reload) and power glove
- 1 Marine with storm bolter and power glove

OPTIONS POINTS COST

Increase Librarian's psychic mastery (maximum 4th)	3 per level
1 flamer reload	2
1 or 2 assault cannon reloads	1 each



STANDARD SQUAD - 10 POINTS

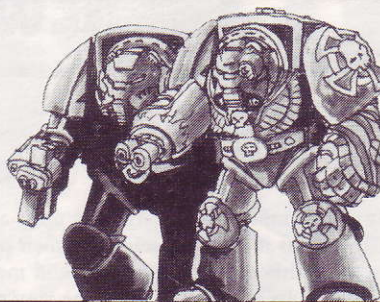


- 1 Sergeant with storm bolter and power glove
- 1 Marine with power glove and either flamer or assault cannon (1 free reload)
- 3 Marines with storm bolter and power glove

OPTIONS POINTS COST

Replace Sergeant with Captain armed with storm bolter, power sword and power glove with grenade launcher	3
Equip Sergeant with power sword	1
Replace 1 Marine's storm bolter with assault cannon (1 free reload) or flamer	4
Replace 1 Marine's power glove with chain fist	1
1 flamer reload	2
1 or 2 assault cannon reloads	1 each
Replace 1 Marine's entire armament with thunder hammer and storm shield or lightning claws	free

HEAVY WEAPONS SQUAD - 6 POINTS

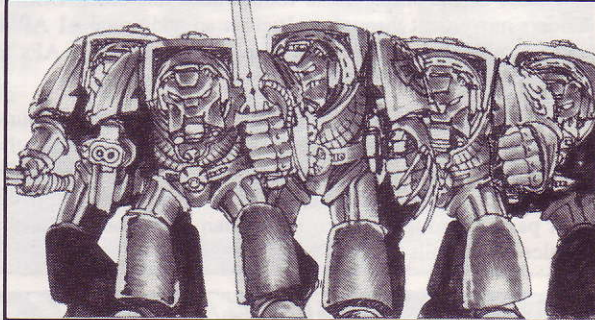


- 1 Marine with power glove and either flamer or assault cannon (1 free reload)
- 1 Marine with storm bolter and power glove

OPTIONS POINTS COST

1 flamer reload	2
1 or 2 assault cannon reloads	1 each

CLOSE ASSAULT SQUAD - 7 POINTS



- 1 Sergeant with storm bolter and power sword
- 1 Marine with lightning claws
- 1 Marine with thunder hammer and storm shield
- 2 Marines with storm bolter and power glove

OPTIONS POINTS COST

Replace storm bolter and power glove with: flamer and power glove	4
storm bolter and chain fist	1
1 flamer reload	2

RECONNAISSANCE SQUAD - 4 POINTS



- 1 Sergeant with storm bolter and power glove
- 2 Marines with storm bolter and power glove

OPTIONS POINTS COST

Equip Sergeant with power sword	1
Replace 1 Marine's entire armament with thunder hammer and storm shield or lightning claws	free

NEW FEATURES

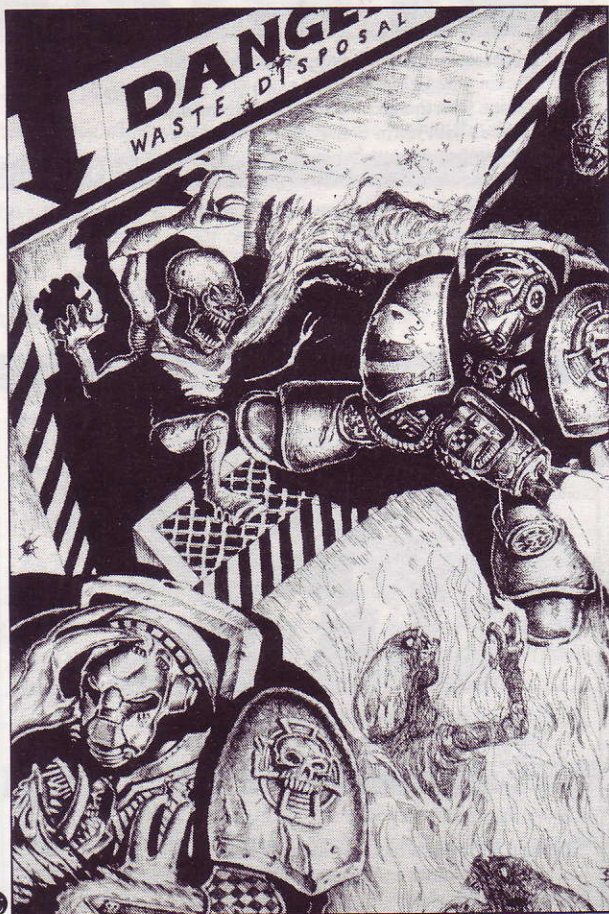
CRATES

Stealers usually ignore much of the cargo left upon a ship by the former inhabitants as it often is useless for their purposes. The crates that hold this cargo block LOS and movement while intact. They can be attacked in the same way as doors, and should be replaced with an appropriately-sized rubble counter or flipped over if destroyed. Crates can also be destroyed by a flamer hit. Roll a D6 for each crate in the section; it is destroyed on a 6. Crates cannot be moved.

RUBBLE

Ships are often damaged during a Stealer invasion or subsequently fall into disrepair. This can leave large amounts of rubble in the ship. While rubble does not block LOS, it hinders movement through it. It costs an additional +1 AP to enter a rubble space. For example, a Marine pays 2 APs to move forward into a rubble space.

When a Marine fires a storm bolter or an assault cannon burst at a target in or behind a rubble space, there's a chance the shot is deflected by the rubble. If hit, the Stealer player rolls a D6. On a 5 or 6, the shot is deflected and has no effect. If the shot passes through or into more than one rubble pile, the Stealer player rolls for each.



The Stealer does not get to roll if the shot passes diagonally next to some rubble unless the other diagonal is blocked, too. Rubble has no effect upon on any other types of attack. Also, rubble cannot be destroyed or cleared away.

BULKHEADS

Bulkheads are similar to closed doors, except they cannot be opened. They are fixed in place and must be broken through.

A Marine armed with a chain fist can break through a bulkhead by paying 2 APs. Other Marines must make close assault attacks against them, succeeding if they roll a 6 or higher. Any close assault bonus a Marine is entitled to applies, as do any psi points a Librarian spends. Genestealers also need to roll a 6 to breach a bulkhead.

A bulkhead can only be shot open by an assault cannon firing a burst at it (full auto fire has no effect - it's not focused enough). Roll three dice for the assault cannon as normal. The bulkhead is destroyed if any of the dice come up with a 6. A bulkhead can be blown down by a self-destructing flamer or thunder hammer or a malfunctioning assault cannon. In any of these cases, the bulkhead is destroyed on a roll of 5 or better. Bulkheads are not affected by grenades or flamer fire.

CRYOGENIC TANKS

Cryogenic tanks are devices which are used to place a living creature into deep sleep by reducing its body temperature. In this fashion, creatures can be held in stasis for years, completely untouched by the passage of time.

Cryogenic tanks block LOS and movement, even if they have been destroyed. They are fixed in place and cannot be moved, but can be attacked in the same way as doors. Flip the cryogenic tanks marker face down if they are destroyed.

DISPOSAL CHUTES

A disposal chute is designed to vent garbage from a ship and out into space. A Marine who reaches one can dive in, blast through the chute's outer door and exit the craft. The door can be attacked like a normal door, but cannot be opened manually. Once through, a Marine can then make his way along the outside of the ship to a boarding torpedo and enter it through an external airlock, or alternatively, be teleported back to the ship from which he originally came.

Stealers can follow Marines into the chute one at a time and try to kill them before they destroy the outer door. Once the door is removed, however, a Stealer has no chance of catching a Marine who has entered a chute. Any Marines already in the chute escape automatically.

A Marine that exits the ship is removed from the board. He has escaped and cannot return to the game. A Genestealer that enters the chute has either become trapped at the bottom of the smooth-walled chute or, if a Marine has destroyed the chute's outer doors, fallen into the bottomless pit of space. Genestealers that die in this fashion are counted as casualties, but similarly removed Marines are not.

Two Heads Talking wandered the nighted streets. They seemed empty now that the workers had returned to their barracks. A slight breeze had sprung up, blowing flecks of ash through the streets, clearing the smog slightly. A bitter ash-taste filled his mouth.

He passed by the factories where giant steam engines stood, still working. Their din filled the air. Their pistons went up and down like the nodding heads of maddened dinosaurs. He knew they never rested.

He strode down a street of rich mansions, driven by morbid curiosity. He felt as though he had been shown the pieces of a vast puzzle, and if he could only locate the last piece, it would all fall into place.

Each mansion he passed had wrought-iron gates which bore the signs of the Night-owl, the Puma and the Rat. These were the totem animals of the Hill Clans. Two Heads Talking wondered whether the chieftains of these people dwelled within. He could well believe that they might make pacts with whoever had done this. Those people had dark reputations.

He felt anger grow within him, driving out the sense of bewilderment. His life had been rendered meaningless. His people had been betrayed. His world had been stolen. Even the Dark Angels had been destroyed. Ten thousand years of tradition ended here. There were no more bold huntsmen of the plains for the Sky-Warriors to recruit.

The Chapter might continue, but its heritage had been destroyed - it would never be the same again. Two Heads Talking was of the last generation of Marines recruited from the Plains People. There would be no more.

As he moved beyond the mansions, toward the polluted river, his spirit senses warned him he was being followed. Part of him did not care, would welcome confrontation with whatever watchers shadowed him. From up ahead, he heard a groan of pain.

"We do not know where they come from," said Lame Bear. "Not even the Curators of the Administratum know that. They appear without warning, carried in the mighty space hulks which drift on the tides of warp-space."

A shiver passed through even these hardened Terminators. Cloud Runner saw the gaze of those who had faced the Genestealers turn inward. Their faces reflected the grim memories of the encounters.

Unconsciously, they sat up straighter and looked around nervously. For the first time, it was brought home to the Captain that they really did face the Genestealers once more. They faced a threat that could kill them.

"They are dreadful foes: ferocious, relentless, knowing neither pity nor fear. They do not use weapons, perhaps because they do not need them. Their claws are capable of tearing adamantium like paper.

"They do not use armour; their hides are so tough that they can survive, for a time, unsuited in vacuum. They have the aspect of a beast, yet they are intelligent and organised. They are the most terrible enemies any Marine has faced since the time of the Horus Heresy.

"How do I know this? I have faced them, as have others here."

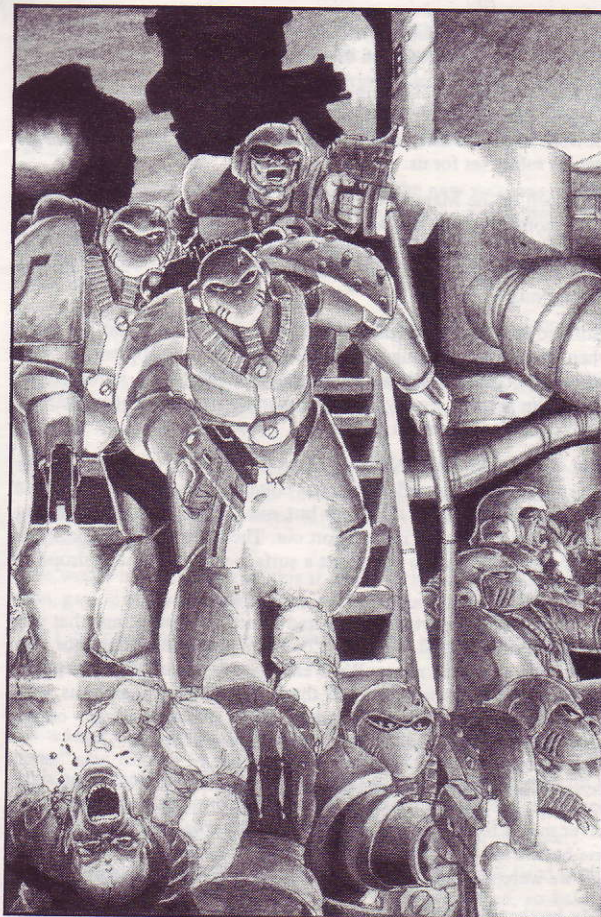
Cloud Runner shivered, recalling the times he had faced the Stealers. He remembered their chitinous visage, their gaping jaws and four rending claws. He tried not to recall their blinding, insect-like speed.

"It is not their fearsome battle prowess that makes the Stealers such dreadful opponents. It is something else. I will tell you of it.

"One hundred and twenty years ago, before ever I donned Terminator armour, I was sent with the fleet that investigated the strange silence of the hive world Thranx.

"The Imperial Governor had not paid tribute for twenty years, and the Adeptus Terra had decided that perhaps a gentle reminder of his sworn duties was in order.

"The fleet arrived bearing sections from the Dark Angels, the Space Wolves, the Ultramarines and an Imperial Guard regiment from Necromunda. As the fleet moved into drop position, we expected



resistance, rebellion. But the orbital monitors did not fire at us, and the Governor spoke fairly to us on the comm-link."

"He claimed that the world had been cut off by warpstorms and Orkish raids. He apologised for the non-payment of tribute and offered immediate reparations. He suggested that Inquisitor Van Dam, who was in charge of the punitive expedition, descend and accept his obeisance.

"We were naturally suspicious, but Van Dam suggested that any chance to take a world back into the Imperial fold without the expense of military action should at least be investigated. He requested that the Dark Angels provide an honour guard. We set our locators and teleported down into the Governor's reception hall.

"Thranx was a world encased in steel. Its natives never saw the sky. The Governor's hall was so vast, though, that clouds formed under its ceiling and rain fell on the trees that surrounded the Ruler's Pavilion.

"It was a sight to stir the blood. Long ranks of guardsmen flanked the curving metal road that led to the pavilion. The pavilion itself floated on suspensors above an artificial lake. The governor sat on a throne carved from a single industrially cultured pearl, flanked by two beautiful blind maidens who were his court telepaths. He bade us welcome and showed us the tribute.

"It was brought from vaults by specially bred slaves, grey-skinned eunuchs with muscles like an Ogryn's. Even so, they could barely carry the chests. They paraded past us in a seemingly endless procession, carrying industrial diamonds, gold-inlaid bolters, suits of armoured ceramite and jade.

"All the time the governor, Huac, kept up an endless, amiable chatter. We watched, dazzled and beguiled by his smooth voice and affable manner. As the long day wore on, we began to accept that there was no need to fight, that we should simply take the tribute and go home.

"Our minds were pleasantly befuddled, and we were prepared to agree to anything our gracious host suggested when the great cryogenic coffins were brought forth. Huac claimed they carried his

greatest treasures. It is a measure of how under his sway we were that we almost took them, without thinking.

"It was Two Heads Talking who said no. He stood there, for a moment, like a man bemused, and then he began to chant. It was as if cobwebs had been lifted from our eyes and we saw the snare that had been so subtly set for us.

"The spell of the Magus, for such was Huac, was lifted, and we saw to our horror that we had almost taken two Genestealer coffins back to our fleet. All that afternoon, as our minds had been lulled by the long, slow march, Huac had been inserting subtle, mystical tendrils into our minds.

"Still, so near to being enthralled were we that we almost protested when Two Heads Talking riddled Huac and his two apprentices with bolter fire. Only the Living Dreadnought Hawk Talon joined in the firing. We reacted slowly when he warned us to defend ourselves. Huac's guardsmen almost had us.

"But we were Marines. No sooner had they opened up with their lasrifles than we returned fire with our bolters, cutting them down. Van Dam tried to contact the fleet but our comm-links were being jammed, and we could not teleport out. There was nothing for it. We had to fight our way to the planet's surface and hope that a dropship could reach us.

"It seemed as if the whole planet had turned against us, and that was more or less what had happened. Two hundred of us fought our way out of the audience room. We were met by armed men, unarmed children and their mothers. All threw themselves against us with insane ferocity. As we cut them down, they showed no fear - only a strange, unholy joy. The whole world had been infected.

"Our trip to the surface was a nightmare. We battled along dark corridors, crawled up access ladders and through narrow hatches never meant for Marines. I saw Steel Fist tumble back headless from one hatchway. Van Dam lobbed a handful of crack grenades through and we were spattered with the remains of a full-grown Stealer."

"My brother Red Sky was pulled down by a wave of feral children with explosives in their hands. They detonated them as they crawled over his body. He did not live.

"Twice in the endless corridors, we were almost overrun. It came to hand-to-hand combat with purestrain Stealers. Twenty of our brothers were cut down before Two Heads Talking's force axe and Cloud Runner's power sword carried us clear.

"It was while guarding the final hatchway that I lost the use of my leg. A Stealer cut right through the floor and grabbed me, trying to pull me down. I blasted frantically at it. The last thing I remember was its horrid, leering face as it pulled me down toward it. Around it was a group of Thranxians who stroked and pushed against it fondly.

"The others told me what had happened when I woke up in the medical bay of the ship with a new bionic leg. Two Heads Talking and Cloud Runner had pulled me clear and carried me to the roof of the world, where the dropship waited.

"There was only one thing to do: order the Exterminatus. The whole place was sterilised from orbit with virus bombs. Later, inquisitorial investigators ascertained that the whole business had begun only sixty years before, when an unrecorded space hulk had swung through the system.

"It had taken only three generations for the Stealers to infect a whole world. For that is how they reproduce - by turning people into hosts for their offspring. Their victims endure this willingly, due to the Stealers' hypnotic powers.

"Many nights I have lain awake wondering whether we could have saved the world if only we had arrived sooner. Perhaps if we had been able to eliminate the Stealers before the cancer had spread, we would not have had to order the Exterminatus.

Cloud Runner could see that the warriors had been swayed and angered by Lame Bear's tale. He could tell that they were considering the assimilation of the People as breeding stock and the possibility that, by swift action, they might prevent it.

"Let us go," said Weasel-Fierce, leaping to his feet. "Let us enter the city and kill the Stealers' spawn."

Several other warriors made to accompany him.

"Wait," said Bloody Moon. "The gathering is not over and I would speak..."



Anger and impatience drove Two Heads Talking toward the sound of pain. By the bank of the river, in the shadow of a monstrous factory, he saw that a group of bluecoats had pinned an old man against the wall and were slowly and surely beating him to death with their truncheons. One of their number held a lantern, occasionally giving a calm, precise order.

"Talk seditious nonsense, would you?" said one bravo. His stroke ended with the crack of breaking ribs. The old man groaned and fell to his knees. The other bluecoats laughed.

"Preach heresy against the Imperial cult and the warriors from the sky, eh? What makes you old fools do it? By the Emperor, I thought we had got the last of you."

Their victim looked up at them. "You are deluded. The Warriors from the Sky would not have built this place and herded us here the way elks are herded to the slaughter. Nor would they have broken the burial mounds of our people. Your masters are evil spirits summoned by the Hill Clans, not true Sky Warriors. Deathwing will return and rend them asunder."

"Silence, blaspheming no-name," said the leader of the bluecoats. "You wish to prove your courage, do you? Perhaps we should return to the old ways, drankard, and practise the Weasel Claw ritual on you."

The old man coughed blood. "Do what you will. I am Morning Star of the line of Running Deer and Silver Elk. I have the Witching Sight. I tell you that the spirits walk. Ancient powers stalk the land. The red star burns bright in the sky. A time of trouble is coming."

"Is that why you chose to start ranting this night? I had thought the only spirits that talked to you came from a bottle," said another bluecoat, kicking Morning Star in the ribs. The old man groaned. Two Heads Talking made his way forward through the mist, till he emerged into the lantern light.

The bluecoat leader spoke to him. "Go away, buck. This is Warrior Lodge business. If you don't want to join this drunkard in the river, you'll leave now."

"You dishonour the idea of the Warrior Lodge," said Two Heads Talking quietly. "Depart now, and I will spare you. Remain a heartbeat longer, and I will surely grant you death."

The old man looked up at him, awestruck. Two Heads Talking could see the winged skull tattoo of a Shaman on his forehead. A few bravos laughed. Some, the wiser ones, heard the soft menace in the Marine's voice and backed away.

The leader gestured for the bluecoats to attack. "Take him!"

Two Heads Talking parried the swipe of a truncheon with his forearm. There was a metallic ring as the bludgeon snapped. He broke the bravo's nose against the butt of his force axe then lashed out with his foot, driving it into another bluecoat's stomach with inhuman force. As the man bent double the Librarian chopped down on his neck, breaking it.

The bluecoats swarmed over him now. Their truncheons were as ineffective as twigs against a bear. A few tried to grab his arms and immobilise him. He shrugged them off easily, swinging killing blows with weapon and elbow. Where he struck, men died.

As the battlelust swept over him, he felt the bound spirits slip away. He knew that he stood revealed in his true form. The last of the bluecoats turned to run. Two Heads Talking hooked an arm around his neck and twisted. There was a crunch of shattering vertebrae.

The old man gazed on him with religious intensity. "The spirits spoke truthfully," he said, as if he did not quite believe it. He reached out and touched him, making sure he was real.

"You have come at last to free the People from their bondage to the false Emperor and lead them back to the plains. What is your name, Sky Warrior?"

"In my youth, it was Two Heads Talking, apprentice to Spirit Hawk. When I entered the service of the true Emperor, I took the name Lucian." He could see tears running down the old man's scarred cheeks.

"Tell me, old man, what has happened to our folk? How did they come to fall so low?"

"It began when I was a buck," said Morning Star, wiping his face. "One summer night, the sky burned, and there was a great roaring. A trail of fire raced across the sky, and there was an explosion. Where we are now was a vast crater, and in the centre, where the Temple of the Four-armed Emperor stands, was a great, red-hot pile of metal.

"Some people thought the Sky Warriors had returned, that the roaring was the voice of their thunderbird. The Shamans knew that this could not be so, for Deathwing returns only once every hundred years, in autumn, and it had been only fifty years since the red star was last visible."

"We were pleased because we thought that we might ride Deathwing. Most of us had reckoned on being old men when the Sky Warriors came again.

"Those who met our chiefs were not the armoured warriors of legend. They were feeble, pale-skinned men who claimed that they had come

from the Emperor to show us the way to build an earthly paradise. They preached the virtues of tolerance and brotherly love and an end to warfare. The chiefs sent them packing, which was a mistake, for when honeyed words did not succeed, they tried force of arms. They allied with the Hill Clans and gave them metal blades which our weapons could not withstand.

"Eventually, clans were forced to trade for the new weapons in order to withstand their enemies. Tales were told of how witching spirits with four arms and terrible claws destroyed our warriors. Soon, the pretenders ruled the Plains, taking slaves and destroying utterly those who opposed them.

"Then came the building of this great city, using slave labour and paying the freemen in trade tokens."

Suddenly, the old man's eyes went wide with horror. He was looking past Two Heads Talking and into the night. The Librarian turned, and from the mist, shapes emerged.

One was the fat man who earlier had been riding in the palanquin. Flanking him were two huge four-armed figures. Their carapaces glistened like oil. They raised large claws which glittered in the moonlight.

"We would have told you all this if only you had asked," said the fat man, gazing at Two Heads Talking with his dark, magnetic eyes.

The Librarian flexed his fingers, and his force axe hummed a song of death in his hand.

"It was in the time of Commander Aradiel, a hundred summers gone," said Bloody Moon. "We were aboard the battlebarge Angelus Morte on sector edge patrol when the alarms went off. Sensor probes indicated that a space hulk had dropped from warp space near us. Deep scanning revealed nothing. We were ordered to investigate.

"We crouched within the boarding torpedoes and were fired at the hulk. It was unpowered and dark when we disembarked, so helmet lights on, we moved to secure the perimeter. We met no resistance, but as per standard operational procedures, we proceeded with extreme caution.

"We identified the hulk as Prison of Lost Souls, an appropriate name as it turned out. We moved nervously through the shadowy corridors, for the taint of the warp still hung about the craft. It made us uneasy."

"At first, there was no sign of danger. Then we came across the bodies of some Space Wolves. They had been riddled with bolter fire. We could not guess how long they had lain there - perhaps since the hulk had last entered normal space. It might have been ten years or ten thousand - we did not know. The tides of warp space are unpredictable, and time flows strangely there.

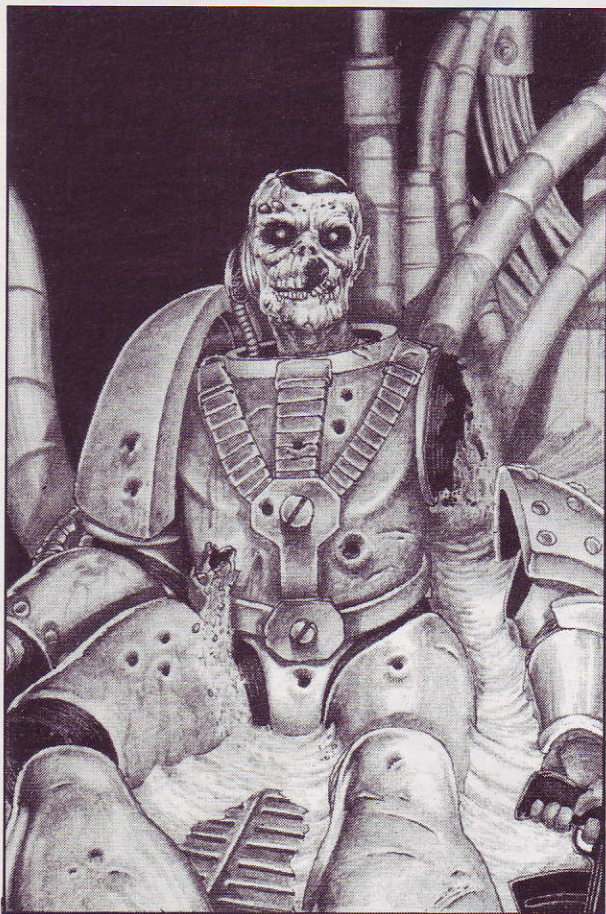
"Brother Sergeant Conrad ordered us to be wary. Then a terrible thing occurred. A Space Wolf's corpse sat upright, its eyes glowing crimson. 'You are doomed,' it told us. 'Every one of you will die as I have.' We riddled it with fire from our weapons, but still its horrible whispers echoed in our minds.

"We began to fall back. All around us, Blips suddenly appeared on our sensors. They were running parallel to us, trying to cut us off from the boarding torpedo.

"At corridor intersections, we caught sight of armoured figures. We exchanged a few shots with them. I hit one and heard its scream over the comm-link. They were using the same frequencies as we were. When we realised that, our blood ran cold. We asked ourselves: could these be Marines?

"We did not have long to wait for an answer. They swarmed down the corridor toward us in a vast wave. They were garbed in the armour of Marines, but they were horribly mutated. Some clutched rusty bolters in tentacles instead of hands. Some had faces that were moist and green and slimy like toads. Some had claws and extra limbs. Some dragged themselves along, leaving a trail of mucus behind them.

"The mark of Chaos was upon them. They called on Horus and those powers that are better not named. And we knew them - they were renegades, survivors from the Age of Heresy who had pacted with Chaos in exchange for eternal life. The fighting became close and



heavy. They had the weight of numbers, but we had our Terminator armour and the strength of righteousness.

"For a moment, it looked as though they might overwhelm us, but then our thunder hammers and lightning claws came into play, and we cut through them inexorably. They fought like demons, and they had the strength of the damned, but eventually we won.

"I stood looking down at the body of my last foe, and a thought occurred to me: this man had once been a Marine like myself. He had undergone the same training and indoctrination as I had. He had sworn to serve the Emperor. And yet he had betrayed humanity. How could this be?"

"How could a true Marine become forsworn? It seemed unlikely that he would suddenly turn his back on the pattern of a lifetime and pact with the Darkness. What had Chaos to offer him?"

"Wealth? We have no use for the baubles that other men covet; we already have the finest of everything that a man could wish for. Sensual gratification? We are taught its transitory nature. Power? We know true power, which is the will of the Emperor. Who among us could equal his sacrifice?"

"No - as I stood over his body I came to understand. He had deviated not in one leap but in small steps, by increments.

"First he had come to place trust in the Warmaster. An easy step, for was not Horus the chief champion of the Emperor?"

"Then he had come to follow the Warmaster. Who would not? A soldier follows his commander.

"Then he had come to believe Horus divine. An easy mistake. Was not the great Heretic one of the Primarchs of the First Founding, gifted with god-like powers second only to the Emperor himself?"

"Thus did he stray from the path of truth, till eventually he lost both his life and soul. It is a way that is open to anyone, one small mistake leading to another until at last the Great Error is reached. This I came to realise as I studied the body of the renegade on the Prison of Lost Souls. I resolved then and there to submit myself to the Emperor's will. I knew that all our regulations and our codes have a purpose, and it is not for us to question them, for they keep us from the path of the deviant.

Around the fire, there was silence. Cloud Runner could tell that Bloody Moon's words had touched a chord within the Marines. He found himself examining his own conscience for signs of heresy. The implication of Bloody Moon's tale was quite clear: if they lapsed from the service of the Emperor, they were taking the first step down the road to damnation. He had also reminded them that they were Marines, the chosen of the Emperor. If they did not keep the faith, who would?"

For a long time, all was quiet. Then Weasel-Fierce indicated his wish to talk.

"I will speak of death," he said, "the death of men and worlds. . . ."



Two Heads Talking felt the impact of the fat Magus' will like a physical blow. The great, dark eyes seemed to swell, to become bottomless pits into which the Librarian fell. At his feet, Morning Star whimpered.



With a wrench, the Marine broke the psychic contact, thankful that his Librarian's armour was equipped with a psychic hood. The Magus was strong, and Two Heads Talking was already tired.

The Stealers raced toward him. The Librarian raised his storm bolter and sent a hail of shells blazing out. Tracer fire ripped the night apart. The leading Genestealer was shredded by the heavy bullets. The other dodged with inhuman speed.

Morning Star leapt between the Librarian and his assailant. A claw flickered, and the old man's body was torn in half. Two Heads Talking lashed out with his axe, willing it to strike hard, and its blade burned coldly as it passed through the Stealer's neck. He leapt back to avoid its reflexive death-strike.

The Magus laughed. "You cannot escape. Why struggle?"

The fat man concentrated, and a halo of power played around his head. The Librarian hosed him down with fire, but some force intercepted the shells, causing them to explode harmlessly a few feet from their target.

Two Heads Talking strode forward, swinging the axe. He felt his own power build within him as the blade arced toward his target. Something stopped it a foot away from the Magus's head. Great muscles bulged under his armour as he forced it forward. Servomotors whined as they added their strength to his.

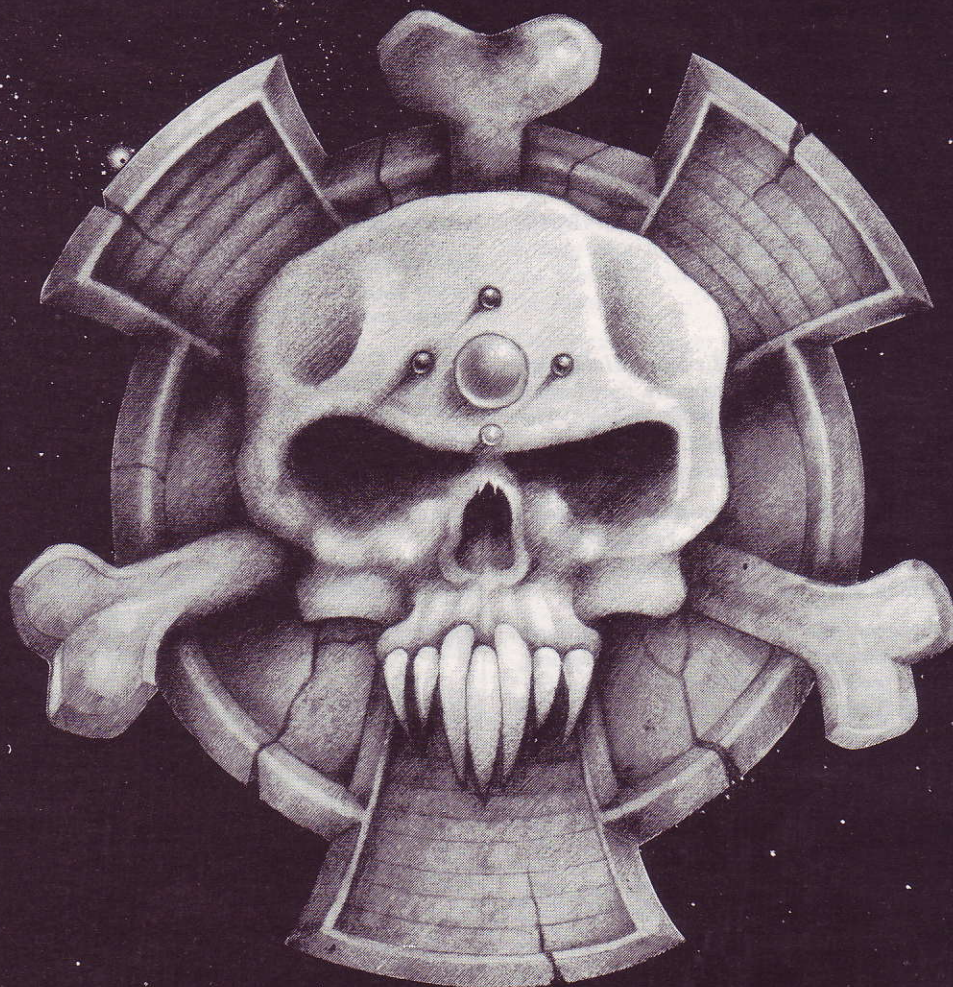
Slowly, inexorably, the Marine forced the blade toward his enemy. Sweat ran down the fat man's brow as he concentrated. A look of fear passed across his face. He could not save himself, and he knew it.

He gave a single shriek as his concentration lapsed. The force axe sheared through him from head to groin. Two Heads Talking felt the Magus' psychic death scream echo through the night. He sensed hundreds of minds answer it. In the distance, through the deadening curtain of mist, he heard the sound of scuttling, coming ever closer.

Knowing his only chance of survival lay in swift flight, Two Heads Talking turned and ran.

DEATHWING

MISSION GENERATOR



MISSION GENERATOR

One of the many duties of each Chapter of the Space Marines is to patrol the space surrounding their Chapter's home world. Often the Chapter's Terminators are ordered to investigate ships with which contact cannot be established. Usually this involves nothing more than a routine inspection.

But occasionally, (more often than the Adeptus Astartes would like) something more sinister is afoot, and Stealers have overrun the ship. But, then again, that's why they've sent in the Terminators. As the Marine player, your job is to go in and cleanse the ship of the Genestealer presence. If you fail, the ship will simply be destroyed by your command ship. The ship is valuable, however, and you are not to fail.

The *Space Hulk Mission Generator* uses a set of geotiles to allow you to design an almost infinite number of different missions in which you can simulate just such a 'routine investigation' gone awry. You can use Terminators from any Marine Chapter you wish and play as many of these scenarios as you like. Situations like this crop up regularly in nearly every sector of Imperial space.

THE GEOTILES

A geotile is a card depicting a portion of a *Space Hulk* map. When these cards are arranged together properly, they form a layout from which a full-size board can be constructed. The set of geotiles in *Deathwing* are numbered from 1 to 10 to assist you in randomly selecting them to design a layout.

One way to do this is by rolling a D10. Ten-sided dice should be available at the same store at which you purchased *Deathwing*. Alternatively, get a deck of cards and remove ten cards from the deck, numbered 1 to 10.

One player randomly generates a number from 1 to 10 and then takes the corresponding tile and places it on a convenient spot on the table. The second player then generates another number corresponding to an unused tile and places the tile so that at least one corridor connects with a corridor on any of the tiles that have already been placed. Each player takes it in turn to place a tile in this way until eight tiles have been used.

Tiles may not be placed so that they overlap in any way. Note that the arrows printed on the tiles are only used when playing the solo game *Cloud Runner's Last Stand*. They play no part in a mission generator scenario.

THE SCENARIOS

Roll a D6 and refer to the table below to find out which scenario you will play. A full explanation of each scenario appears in *Mission Generator Scenarios*.

SCENARIO TABLE	
D6	Mission
1	Recon
2	Establishing a Perimeter
3	Perimeter Defence
4	Raid
5	Breakout
6	Search and Destroy

THE MARINE FORCE

The Marine player and his forces must be chosen using the method presented in the *Terminator Force List* section of this rulebook. While the Marine player is selecting his force, the Stealer player should set up the board designed with the geotiles.

After the board has been set up, the Marine player should add two five-square-long corridors to the layout if he can. These are the Marines' deployment areas. Any remaining open-ended corridors on the board can be used as Genestealer entry points.

THE GENESTEALER FORCE

Roll a D6 and refer to the *Genestealer Force Table* to determine the size of the Genestealers' force. The table provides the following pieces of information:

Reinforcements: This is the maximum number of Blips the Stealer player can bring into play each turn, although he may bring in less than this number or even take no reinforcements at all.

Total Blips: This is the total number of Blips (not Genestealers) that the Stealer player may use over the course of the scenario. The Marine player must keep track of the number of Blips the Stealer player has used, either on a piece of scrap paper or on the roster sheet provided at the back of this rulebook.

GENESTEALER FORCE TABLE		
D6	Reinforcements	Total Blips
1 - 2	2	20
3 - 4	2	25
5 - 6	3	30

Ambush Counters

The Stealer player may use up to four ambush counters in each of these scenarios. Ambush counters do not count against the total number of blips the Stealer player may use.

STARTING PLAY

The Marine player must set up his force on the backmost squares of his deployment corridors unless the scenario briefing tells him to do otherwise. He can use either or both deployment areas, as long as all members of a squad are placed in the same area. Squads cannot be broken up and have their members deployed in different areas.

If there are too many Marines to fit in the deployment areas, add enough straight corridor sections to those corridors to allow all of the Marines to set up in them. If you don't have enough sections left to do this, queue any spare Marines in imaginary corridors attached to the deployment areas. In this case, the lead Marines deploy on the frontmost squares.

Play then proceeds to the first turn of the game. Note that the Stealer player never has any starting forces in these scenarios.

MISSION GENERATOR SCENARIOS

1: RECON

Wide spectra scans can tell you a great deal about the layout of a ship and even pinpoint concentrations of lifeforms. It will not, however, tell you what these lifeforms are or how many of them are on board. For more detailed information, you need to go and have a look for yourself.

Often a small unit of Marines is teleported into the vessel to investigate. More often than not, they will be able to deal with anything they find on their own. If they run into serious opposition, they will be teleported back to the Marine patrol craft from which they came until a plan is prepared for dealing with whoever - or whatever - is on the vessel.

Objectives

The Marines must find out what has caused the loss of contact with the vessel. They are not expected to fight a major battle and must escape if they run into serious opposition.

Special Rules

The Marines are assumed to have teleported safely onto the ship and regrouped on their deployment corridor. The Marine player may later teleport his models back to safety, but only after the fifth Genestealer model has been placed on the board. The Marines cannot secure entry areas during this mission, but the Stealer player can use ambush counters.

Victory

The Marine player wins by sighting at least one Genestealer and then teleporting his squad to safety without losing more than one Marine. The Stealer player wins by killing two or more Marines.

2: ESTABLISHING A PERIMETER

Most Imperial patrol craft carry one or more boarding torpedoes. Standard procedure when initiating an offensive is to use these torpedoes to land squads of Terminators with orders to form a defensive area into which additional forces can be transported without risk of attack.

Objective

The Marine player must establish a defensive perimeter.

Special Rules

The Marine player can secure Stealer entry areas during this mission, and the Stealer player can use ambush counters.

Victory

The Marine player must secure the four Genestealer entry areas closest to his deployment squares. The Stealer player must prevent this. If two or more entry areas are equally close to his deployment squares, the Marine player must state out loud, before play begins, which ones he will secure.

3: PERIMETER DEFENCE

Genestealers often launch furious counter-attacks to break through the cordon of troops around a defensive perimeter. If they can break through, they know that they will catch any reinforcements as they attempt to deploy and should easily be able to wipe them out.

Objective

The Marines must stop the Genestealers from breaking through their defensive perimeter.

Special Rules

The Marine player must set up his entry corridors as normal, but may deploy his forces anywhere on the board.

The Marine player may choose four Stealer entry areas to be already secured at the start of this mission. The Marines are not allowed to secure any further Genestealer entry areas in this mission.

The Stealer player cannot use ambush counters in this mission.

Add +10 to the total number of Blips in the Stealer force.

Victory

The Stealer player wins by moving a Genestealer onto one of the Marines' entry corridors. The Marine Player wins by stopping the Genestealer from achieving his objective.

4: RAID

Magi are fourth generation hybrid Genestealers who have powerful psychic abilities. They are usually placed in cryogenic deep-sleep chambers for the duration of any space voyage, as they are not nearly as long lived as purestrain Genestealers. Often a Marine force will be dispatched to destroy them before they can be awakened.

Objective

The cryogenic tanks in the control room (geotile 10) hold the Magi of the Genestealer invasion force. The Marines must destroy them in order to win.

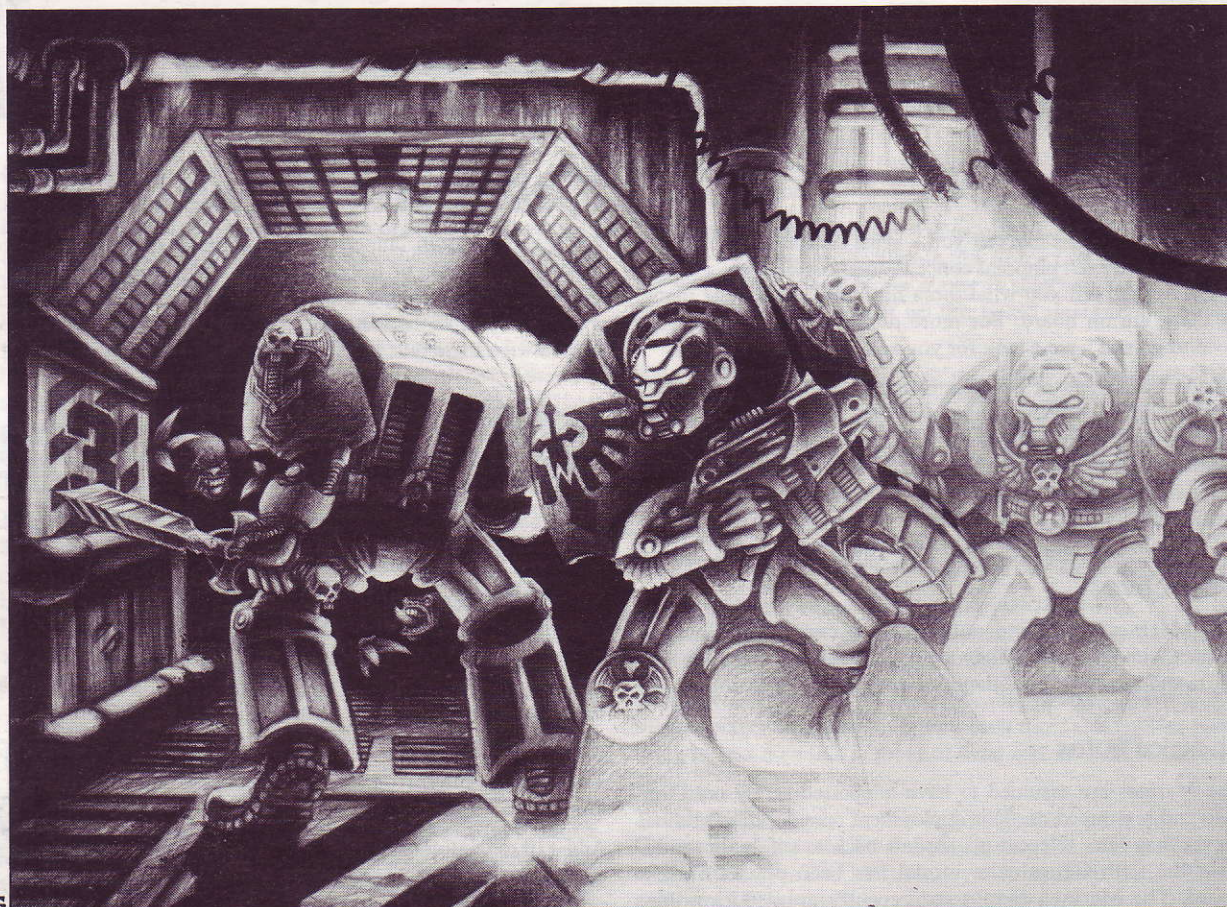
Special Rules

The Stealer player must set up geotile 10 if it has not already been placed. Also, he can use ambush counters this mission.

Marines can secure Stealer entry areas during this mission.

Victory

The Marine player must destroy the cryogenic tanks (see *New Features*) in the control room in order to win. The Stealer player wins by wiping out the Marines before they achieve their objective.



MG

5: BREAKOUT

Marine raiding forces often find themselves cut off deep behind enemy lines where radiation from the ship's engines and electrical systems interferes with the Marines' teleport homers. In such circumstances, the force must fight its way to an area where they can be teleported to safety.

Objective

The Marine player must escape with at least half of his force. Unfortunately, the only area where his teleport homers can be picked up is the control room (geotile 10).

Special Rules

The Stealer player must set up geotile 10 if it has not already been placed. Also, he can use ambush counters this mission.

Marines may only teleport if they are in a square in the control room on geotile 10.

Stealer reinforcements are limited to one per turn, no matter what it says on the *Genestealer Force Table*. Remember, the Stealer player must still roll on that table to determine the total number of Blips in the Stealer force.

Marines can secure Stealer entry areas during this mission.

Victory

The Marine player must teleport at least half (rounding up) of his command to safety. The Stealer player wins by stopping the Marines from achieving their objective.

6: SEARCH AND DESTROY

Once a defensive perimeter has been set up, the Marines will operate offensive sweeps to clear the ship of its Genestealer infestation. Any surviving Genestealers will attempt to sell their lives dearly, by mounting suicidal wave attacks designed to kill as many Marines as possible.

Objective

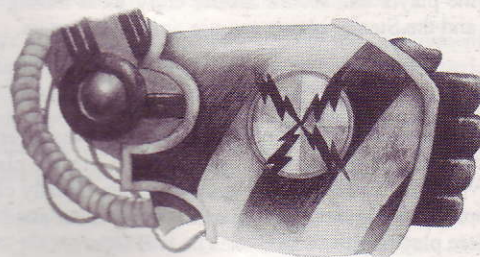
The Marine player must secure the entire board or wipe out all the Genestealers.

Special Rules

The Stealer player can use ambush counters this mission.

Victory

The Marine player must secure all of the Genestealer entry points or wipe out the entire Genestealer force. The Stealer player must wipe out all the Marines.



MISSION GENERATOR CAMPAIGN

This campaign game covers a complete Marine operation to clear a Stealer-infested spacecraft by linking together all of the *Mission Generator Scenarios* except *Breakout*. One player controls a large force of Marines selected from the force list. The other player controls the Genestealers.

THE MARINE FORCE

As in the normal *Mission Generator Scenarios*, the players must each secretly make a bid for the Marine force, and the player who makes the lowest bid gets to play the Marines. In the campaign game, however, the players may bid up to 125 points for the Marine force (rather than up to 50).

Whoever bid the lowest amount must now buy his force of Marines. He may buy any number of squads as long as their total point value does not exceed the amount of his bid and the force does not include more than one Captain. He should neatly record his force on some roster sheets.

The force that the Marine selects represents all of the men he has available for the entire campaign game. At the start of each scenario, he can select any number of squads from those that he has available. However, a squad may not be selected if any of its members took part in the last scenario that was played.

After each scenario, the Marine player must update his master force roster, noting any casualties that were suffered by the squads that took part. Ammunition and Librarians' psi points are automatically replenished at the end of each scenario. If the squad is used in a future scenario, it can only use those members that are still alive. At the same time, the Marine player is allowed to break up squads and distribute their members among other squads that have suffered casualties, so long as no squad ever ends up with more than five Marines.

For example, Squad A has just completed a scenario and has been reduced to a Sergeant and a Marine, while Squads B and C have each lost one Marine. The Marine player decides to break up Squad A, giving the Sergeant to Squad B and the Marine to Squad C. Note that Squads B and C will not be available for the next scenario, as they now contain members from Squad A, which took part in the last scenario.

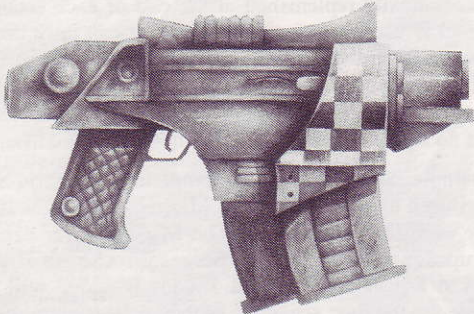
THE GENESTEALER FORCE

The Stealer player may enter two reinforcement blips per turn and has a total of 125 blips to use over the course of the entire campaign. The Marine player must keep track of the number of Blips the Stealer player uses in each game, and when this reaches 125, the Stealer player may not enter any more reinforcements in that or any future scenario.



WINNING THE CAMPAIGN

The Marine player wins the campaign if he wins the *Search and Destroy* scenario. The Stealer player wins by *breaking* the Marine force. The Marine force is broken if there are no Marines available to take part in a scenario, either because they are all dead or because they were all used in the last scenario. Note that the Marine player must, if he can, allocate at least one squad to take part in each scenario.



THE SCENARIOS

The players must play the following scenarios in the order shown. Use the geotiles to generate the board for each scenario unless told to do otherwise. The following additional rules apply to each scenario when it is played as part of a campaign.

Recon

Teleporting is a risky business at best. Errors often result in the Marine materializing within a solid object, which is always fatal. Roll 2D6 for Marine that is teleported. On a roll of 2, the Marine is killed by a teleporter malfunction. Marine casualties suffered during teleportation *do* count as casualties with regard to the victory conditions for this scenario. (Only roll for casualties when teleporting to the Stealer-infested ship, never when teleporting back to safety.)

The Marine cannot opt to teleport Marines into the hulk after this stage of the game as it is considered too dangerous for several reasons. Marines can only teleport onto the ship one at a time and only into unshielded areas. Also, there is a moment of disorientation immediately following materialisation. Thus, without the element of surprise, those Marines later teleported onto the ship would certainly be immediately killed by the alerted Genestealers.

When this scenario has been completed, proceed to the *Establishing a Perimeter* scenario.

Establishing a Perimeter

If the Marine loses this scenario, it must be played again. If played more than once, the Marine player may choose to either use the same board layout or generate a new one. Keep on playing the scenario until the Marine player manages to win or the Marine force is broken or runs out of boarding torpedoes. If the Marine wins this scenario, proceed to the *Perimeter Defence* scenario.

The Marine player has a total of four boarding torpedoes, each of which can be used to carry 5 Marines. Each torpedo may only be used once per campaign. If the Marine loses this scenario and has to play it again, he may only use his remaining torpedoes. If he has none left, he loses the campaign.

Perimeter Defence

Use the same board lay-out as was used for the *Establishing a Perimeter* scenario. Instead of choosing four Stealer entry areas to be secured, the four entry areas that were secured at the end of the last scenario remain secured for this scenario.

The Marine player must secretly record which squads he will use for this scenario. The Stealer player then has the option of either using the forces he has near the perimeter to mount an attack or keeping them in reserve to tie down the Marine player's forces.

If the Stealers do not attack, the squads chosen by the Marine may not be used in any further scenarios, as they must remain on duty to guard the perimeter.

If the Stealer player makes the attack, the scenario is played out using the normal rules. Any Marine survivors go back into reserve, as the Marines know that the local Stealer forces have been spent in the attack.

In any case, the Stealer player does not receive the 10 extra blips mentioned in the non-campaign briefing.

If the Marine player loses the scenario, he also loses one additional squad from those under his command that did not take part in the scenario. This represents the Marines who were killed by the Genestealers that got to his rear zone. The Marine player may choose which squad is lost. Play then proceeds to the *Raid* scenario.

Raid

The Marine player must mount this operation as quickly as possible, else the Magi will wake up before he can get to them. The more squads he uses, the longer the scenario will take to organise and the greater the chance of the Magi getting away. To represent this, roll a D6 when a Marine sees the cryogenic tanks for the first time. If the roll is less than the number of squads the Marine player chose for the scenario, the Magi have got away, and the Marines automatically lose the scenario.

A Marine can be teleported to safety from any of the squares on the Marine entry areas. Carry on playing this scenario until all the Marines are dead or have teleported to safety.

If the Marine player loses this scenario, the Stealer Magi are awakened and able to use their psychic powers to disrupt the Marines' attack. This is represented by the following rules:

1. The Marine player must subtract three points from the number of command points he receives each turn in any future scenarios.
2. The time he has to complete each turn is reduced by thirty seconds in any future scenarios.
3. The number of psi points available to any Librarians is reduced by 50% in any future scenarios.

Once this scenario is completed, play immediately proceeds to the *Search and Destroy* scenario.

Search and Destroy

This scenario must be played until either the Marine player wins the scenario or the Marine force is broken. If the Marines win the scenario, they have won the campaign, while if the Stealers win the scenario *and* the Marine force is broken, the Stealers win the campaign. If the Stealers win the scenario without breaking the Marines, the scenario must be played out again, using a new board layout.

ur world is dead," said Weasel-Fierce. Some Marines muttered about the fact that he was addressing them directly, rather than keeping to the ritual. He silenced them with a short, chopping gesture of his right hand. When he spoke again, his tone was scathing and savage.

"This ritual is a sham. It comes from a time that is ended. Why pretend otherwise? You may wish to delude yourselves by keeping with the old ways, but I do not.

"You can speak in parables about our oaths to the Emperor, the horror of the Stealers or the nature of damnation. I choose to speak the truth.

"Our people are dead or enslaved, and we sit here like old women, asking ourselves what to do. Have we been put under a spell? When were we ever so indecisive? A true warrior has no choice in this matter. We must avenge our people. Our weapons must taste enemy blood. It would be the coward's way not to face them."

"But if we fail..." began Bloody Moon.

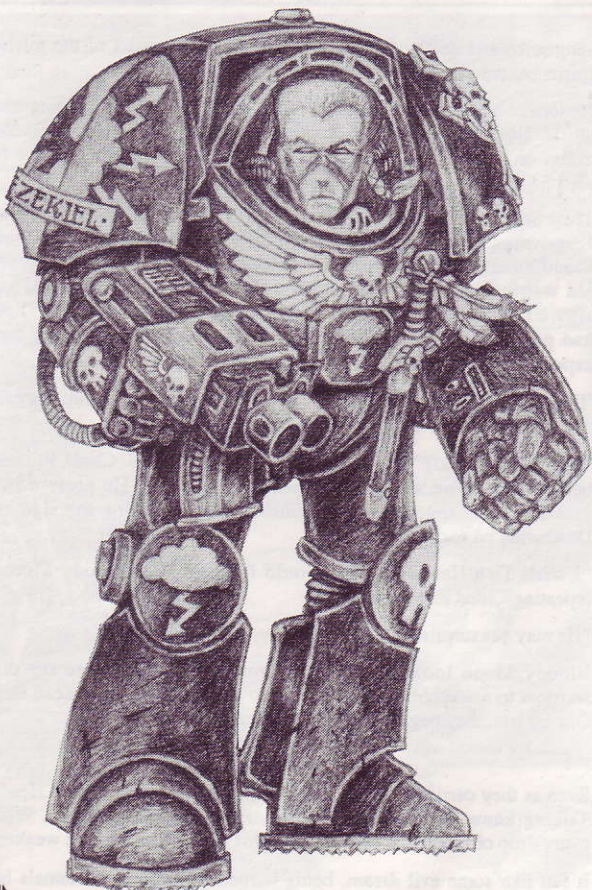
"If we fail, so be it. What have we to live for? How many summers have we left before we die of old age or are encased in the cold, metal body of a Living Dreadnought?"

He fell silent and glared around the fire. To Cloud Runner's surprise, he looked down, and the fury seeped out of him.

"I am old," he said softly. "Old and tired. I have seen more than two hundred summers. In a few more, I will be dead, anyway. I had hoped to gaze again on my kin before then, but it is not to be. This is my only regret."

Cloud Runner could see the weariness in him, felt its echo in his own mind. Every man about the fire had served the Emperor for centuries, their lifespans increased by the process that turned them into Marines.

"If I had remained among the people," Weasel-Fierce said, "I would be dead by now. I chose another path and I have lived long - longer perhaps than any mortal should.



"It is time for an ending. Where better than here, on our homeworld, among the bones of our kin? The day of the Plains People is done. We can avenge them, and we can join them. If we fall in combat, we shall have had warriors' deaths. I wish to die as I have lived: weapons in hand, foes before me.

"I believe that this is what we all want. Let us do it."

All was quiet except the crackling of the fire. Cloud Runner looked from face to face and saw death was written in each of them. Weasel-Fierce had voiced what they had all felt since first seeing the shattered lodges. They had become wraiths, walking in the ruins of elder days.

There was nothing left here for them, except memories. If they departed now, all that loomed before them was old age and inevitable death. This way, at least, their ending would have a meaning.

"I say we go in. If the contamination has not spread too far, we can free any survivors," said Lame Bear. Cloud Runner looked at Bloody Moon.

"Providing we command *Deathwing* to virus-bomb the planet if we fail," he said. The rest of the warriors put their right fists forward, signifying assent. They all looked at him, waiting to see what he had to say. He felt once more the pressure of command fall on him. He considered the destroyed lodges and his own loss and weighed them against his Imperial duty. Nothing could bring back the Plains People, but perhaps he could save their descendants.

But that was not all there was to it, he realised. He wanted the satisfaction of meeting his foes, face to face. He was angry. He wanted to make the Stealers suffer for what they had done, and he wanted to be there when they did. He wanted vengeance for himself and for his people. It was as simple as that. Such a decision was not the correct one for an Imperial officer, but it was the way of his clan. In the end, to his surprise, he found out where his true loyalty lay.

"I say we fight," he said at last. "But we fight as Warriors of the People. This battle is not for the Emperor. It is for our murdered clans. Our last battle shall be fought in accordance with our ancient ways. Let us perform the rite of *Deathwing*."

Two Heads Talking ran for his life. Through the darkened streets, Genestealers pursued, loping along, swift and deadly. He sensed their presence all around.

He leapt over a pile of rubbish which lay in his path and swept round a corner into a main road. Two workers poked their heads through a doorway to see what was going on. They swiftly withdrew.

Two Heads Talking ran wearily. His heart was pounding, and his breathing was ragged. The strain of maintaining the spell of concealment for so long had sapped his strength. He wondered how long he could keep up this pace.

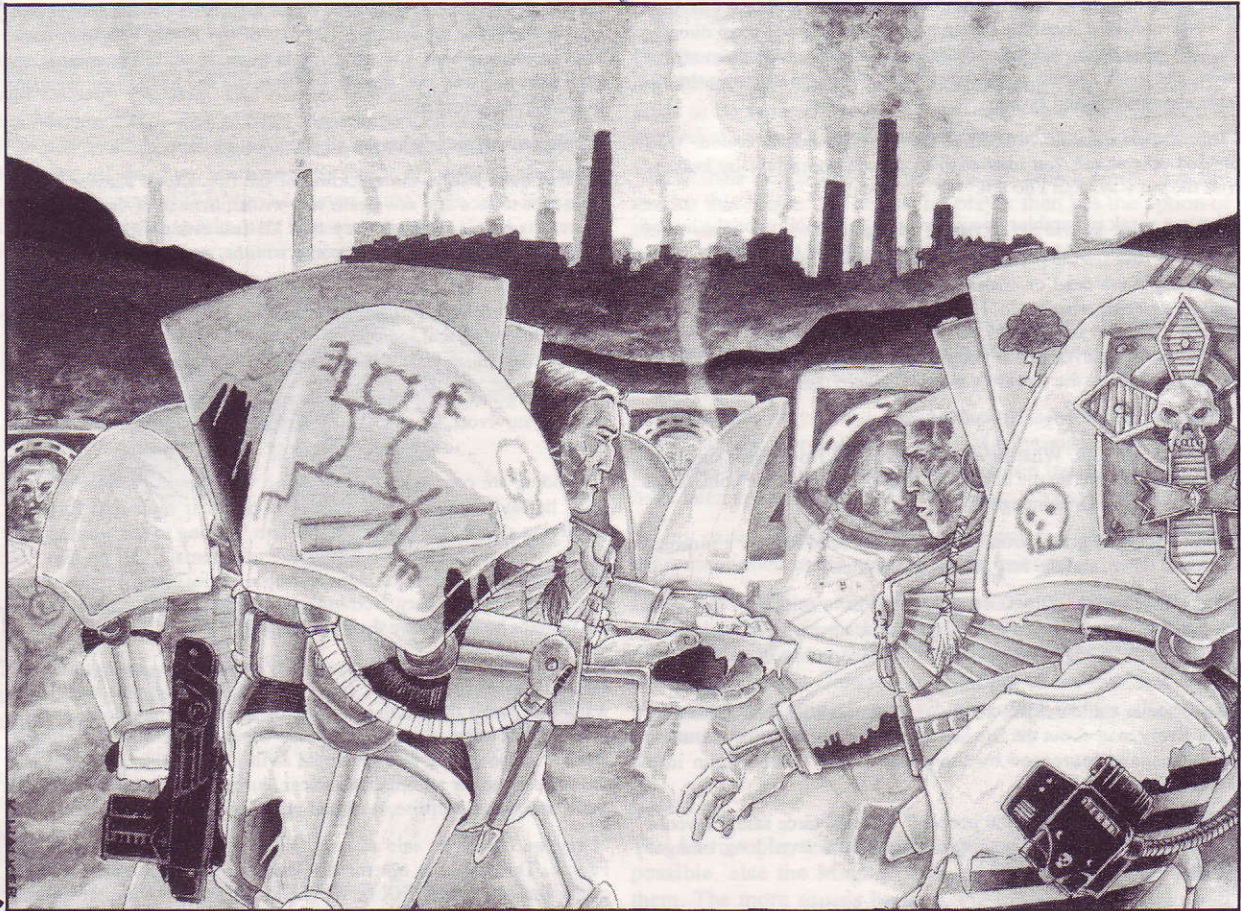
He risked a swift glance over his shoulder. A Genestealer had just rounded the corner. He fired his storm bolter at it, but his shot was inaccurate, and the Stealer lurched back into cover.

Sensing danger in front of him, he turned. From out of a shadowy doorway, a Stealer uncoiled. He had just enough time to raise his force axe before it sprang. He thrust the blade out before him, chopping into the monster's chest. The momentum of the thing's charge knocked him over. A claw cut into his arm, searing it with pain. If his blow had not landed cleanly, he realised, he would have been dead.

Ignoring the pain, he rolled onto his belly, catching a clear glimpse of his pursuers as they charged. He squeezed the trigger of his bolter and stitched a line of fire across their chests. The strength of the armour allowed him to hurl off the ambusher's carcass with ease. He continued on his way.

Not much further, he thought, forcing himself to reel onward. He could see the huge walls jutting upward above nearby buildings. He recited a spell to free his mind of pain and made for the gates.

His heart sank when he saw what awaited him - a mass of hunched, evil-faced men with dark, piercing eyes. Some held ancient-looking energy weapons. Some gripped blades in their three hands. Towering



over them were purestrain Genestealers, flexing their claws menacingly. Two Heads Talking came to a halt, facing his foes.

For a moment, they eyed each other in respectful silence. The Librarian commended his spirit to the Emperor. Soon Deathwing would be carrying him off. His bolter was almost empty. With only his force axe, he knew he could not withstand so many.

As if at an unspoken signal, the Genestealers and their brood surged forward. A bolt from an energy weapon burned into his armour, melting one of the skulls on his chest plate. He gritted his teeth and returned fire, cutting a great swathe of death. There was a loud click as his bolter jammed. He did not have the time to clear it, so he charged to meet his foes, chanting his death-chant.

He rushed into a sea of bodies that pressed against him, hitting him with blades and rending claws. He summoned the last dregs of his strength to power his force axe and swung it in a great double arc. He lopped off heads and limbs with a will, but for every foe who fell, another stepped into place. He could not guard himself against all their blows, and soon he bled from scores of great wounds.

Life fled from him, and overhead he thought he heard the beating of mighty pinions. Deathwing has come, he thought, just before a blow smashed into his head and all consciousness fled.



Cloud Runner paused briefly before he painted out his personal cloud-and-thunderbolt insignia on his armour's right shoulder. He felt changed. By blanking out his Imperial insignia, he had blanked out part of himself, cut himself off from part of his history. Slowly he began to etch in new totem signs on the armour, the marks of

vengeance and death. As he did so, he felt the powers of the totem spirits begin to enter him.

He looked at Weasel-Fierce. The gaunt man had finished painting out all the icons on his armour. It was now white, the colour of death, except on its left shoulder, where the skull had been left unchanged. It seemed somehow appropriate.

They performed a rite that dated back to ancient times, before the Emperor had come to tame the thunderbirds. Only once before had Cloud Runner seen it performed. As a boy, he had watched a party of old warriors, sworn to vengeance, paint their bodies white and go after a horde of Hill Clan raiders that had killed a small child. They had painted their bodies the funeral colour because they did not expect to return from facing so overwhelming a foe.

Bloody Moon looked over from beside the fire and gave him a weak grin. Cloud Runner walked over to him.

"Ready, old friend?" he asked. Bloody Moon nodded. Cloud Runner bent over the fire and put his hands into the ash. He pressed his palms, fingers together, flat against his face, making the sign of Deathwing on each cheek.

"I wish Two Heads Talking would return," said Bloody Moon, repeating Cloud Runner's gesture.

"He may yet surprise you."

Bloody Moon looked doubtful. Cloud Runner gestured for the warriors to assemble. They formed into a circle around the dead fire. One by one, they began to chant their death-songs.

Even as they carried him through the long steel corridors, Two Heads Talking knew he was dying. Life leaked from his wounds. With every drop of blood that dribbled over his bearers, he became weaker.

It felt like some evil dream, being borne down dimly lit tunnels by the hunched, daemonic figures of the Genestealer brood. The

Librarian watched these events through a fog of pain, wondering why he was still alive. Part of his mind realised that he was within whatever vessel had carried the brood to his homeworld.

Agony lanced through him as one of his bearers jolted him slightly. It took all his will power not to scream. They entered a long hall in which a hunched, dreadful figure waited. He was placed on the floor in front of it. It cocked its head to one side side, studying him.

Tears ran down the Librarian's face from the pain as he forced himself to his feet. Genestealer guards raced towards him, but the huge creature glanced at them, and they froze in position.

Two Heads Talking stood unsteadily, knowing he faced a Genestealer Patriarch. He had heard dim legends of such things, the progenitors of entire broods, the most ancient of their lines.

He looked into his enemies' eyes. He felt an almost electric shock pass through his body as their minds made contact. The Librarian found himself confronted by a foe that was ancient, implacable, deadly. His mind reeled under the assault of its ferocious will. He felt an urge to kneel, to do homage to this ancient being. He knew that it was worthy of his respect.

With an effort, he managed to restrain himself. He reminded himself that this was the being that had destroyed his people. He made to throw himself at it, to aim a killing blow with his good arm. He sprang, but his legs gave way underneath him, and the Patriarch caught him easily, almost gently, and held him at bay with its claws. The long ovipositor on its tongue flickered out, but did not touch him.

Suddenly, he found himself engaged in a bitter, psychic struggle. Tendrils of alien thought insinuated themselves into his mind. He blocked them, chopping them off with the blades of his hatred. He countered with a psychic bolt of his own, but it was stopped by an ancient will that seemed impervious to outside influence.

The Patriarch exerted his full power, and Two Heads Talking felt his defences begin to buckle under the terrible pressure. The cold, focused power of the Genestealer was enormous. Even fresh, Two

Heads Talking doubted he could have matched it. Now, strength fading because of his wounds, exhausted because of his earlier struggles, he could offer no contest at all.

His outer screen fell, and the Patriarch was within his mind, sorting through his memories, absorbing them into itself. For a second, while it was disoriented, he tried a psychic thrust. The Stealer countered easily, but for a moment, they met mind to mind.

Strange alien memories and emotions washed over the Librarian, threatening to drown him. He saw the Patriarch's past spread out before him. He saw the long trail that led through despoiled worlds and past many children. He saw the hive world it had fled from in a fast ship, just before the virus bombs fell.

With a shock, he realised that he had been there himself - on Thrax - and that the creature had recognised his aura from then. He saw the ship crippled by an Imperial battlebarge and barely able to make the jump into warspace.

He experienced the long struggle to return to normal space and the frozen eternities it took to escape and crash-land the crippled ship on a new, virgin world. He saw the pitifully few survivors emerge; only a few purestrains and three hybrid techs. He saw them make axes from the wreckage of the ship for trade with the tribesmen, and he watched them start the long struggle to establish themselves in a hostile world.

He was gratified as the web of psychic contact expanded with each new brood member. He felt cold satisfaction at the destruction of the tribes and the knowledge that soon a new industrial base would be built. The ship would be repaired. New worlds to conquer would be within reach.

For a bleak moment, despair filled Two Heads Talking. He saw the Stealers planning to spread to and infect new worlds. And he could do nothing to stop this old, invincible entity. He almost gave in.

He could see no way out. Death loomed, and that thought gave him pause. He knew what he must do. Part of him gave way before the Patriarch's assault; another part willed his spirit towards oblivion.

He stood once more in the cold place, sensed far-off the spirit of the Emperor, bright and shining as a star. Near at hand were the angry ghosts. The Patriarch was a hungry, ominous presence, determined to enslave him. Somewhere in the distance, he could hear the thunderous pinions of Deathwing coming to claim him.

Too late, the Patriarch realised what he was doing and tried to break the link. Two Heads Talking focused all his hatred, anger and fear and held the link open, a task made easier by their earlier intimate contact. The Patriarch struggled frantically, but could not free himself.

The wingbeats came closer, drowning the Librarian in a roar that might have been a hurricane or his own last breath. From the middle of a vortex of agony, he was borne up into darkness. The maelstrom sucked in the Patriarch. It died, slain by the Librarian's death agony.

Briefly, Two Heads Talking felt his foe vanish, felt the sense of loss from its brood. As the Librarian's spirit rose higher, he reached out and touched the minds of his comrades, bidding them farewell, telling them what they must do. Then Two Heads Talking knew no more.

Cloud Runner felt the presence as he stared into the fire. He looked up and saw Two Heads Talking standing before him. The Librarian looked pale. His face was distorted by agony, his body gashed by dreadful wounds. He knew that this was a spirit vision, that the old Shaman was dead.

For a moment, he thought he heard the sound of titanic wingbeats and saw the mightiest of thunderbirds soaring toward the moon. The presence vanished, leaving Cloud Runner feeling cold and alone. He shivered in the sudden chill. He knew he had been touched by Deathwing's passing.

He looked toward the others and knew that they had seen the same thing. He raised a hand in a gesture of farewell and then swept it down as a signal for the Marines to advance.

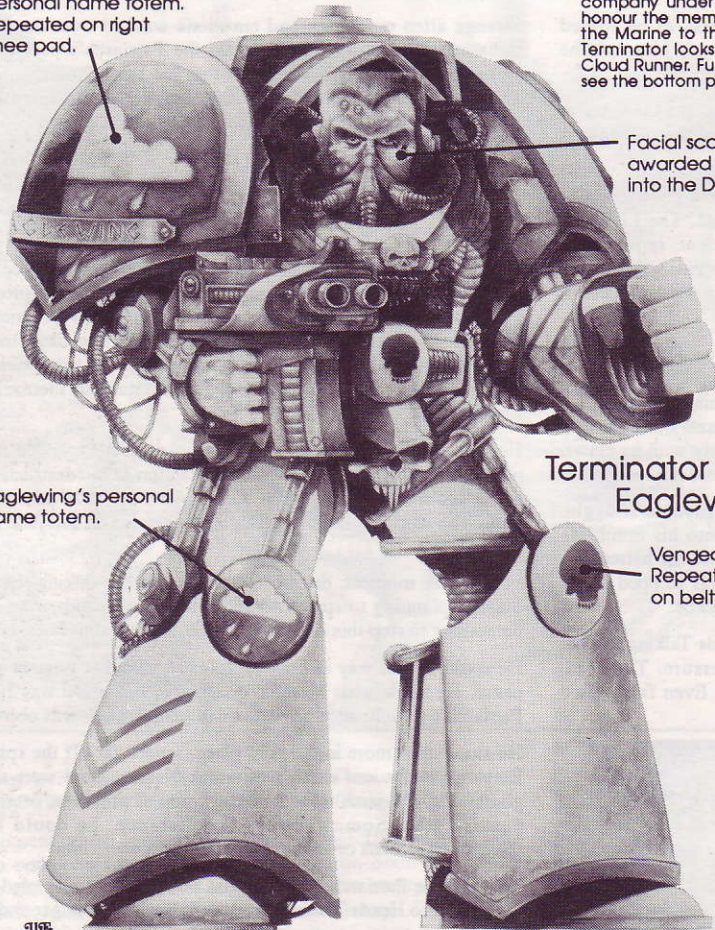
Filled with determination, the white-armoured Terminators marched toward the distant city.



DEATHWING HERALDRY

Eaglewing's personal heraldry - combines Dark Angel wing with homeworld clan/ personal name totem. Repeated on right knee pad.

Deathwing is Company 1, the Terminator Company, of the Dark Angels Chapter of the Imperial Space Marines. Originally, the Terminators' armour was black, but after the Chapter's homeworld was rescued from the Genestealer horde by the incarnation of the company under Cloud Runner, the suits were recoloured white to honour the memory of that courageous band. Captain Eaglewing, the Marine to the left, is just one example of what a Deathwing Terminator looks like after the suits were recovered from Captain Cloud Runner. Further information about painting Deathwing models, see the bottom part of the *Deathwing* box.



Facial scar-tattoos awarded upon induction into the Dark Angels.

Eaglewing's personal name totem.

Terminator Captain Eaglewing

Vengeance symbol. Repeated on belt plate



Above is shown the battle banner of the Deathwing. Broken Knife himself carried an earlier version of this banner into the conflict upon *The Spore*. The fallen angel with the broken sword represents Two Heads Talking who is calling the wrath of Deathwing, the Emperor's steed, down upon the Genestealer city. This is depicted by the bolt of lightning destroying the tower in the distance. The motto above the Terminator crux reads, "Upon the wings of death." See p. 62 for a version of the Deathwing battle banner that you can photocopy to paint and attach to your miniatures.

"From death comes hope, from desolation comes new beginnings, from the stars comes Deathwing."

Homeworld Symbols

The Dark Angels' personal name totems, with which they decorate their knee and right shoulder pads, are derived from these symbols. Some of them, like the thunderbird, show obvious Imperial influences. Bear, weasel, etc. can be modified for personal totem-runes. Eg. Lame Bear, Weasel-fierce.



Weasel-fierce



Lame Bear



Thunderbird (The Imperial Two-headed Eagle)



Sky-warrior (Marine)



Storm



Great Spirit



Bear



Elk



Weasel

Deathwing (The Emperor's Steed)

Sun Wheel

Vengeance

Earth

War

Deathwing (The Terminator Company)



DEATHWING

SOLO RULES



SOLO PLAY

These rules can be used to play any of published *Space Hulk* scenarios solitaire. Simply pick out a mission, set up the board and place the Marines normally. You play the Marines and do not have to use the timer. You win by fulfilling the Marine's victory conditions. The Stealers are controlled by the following rules.

GENESTEALER FORCES

The Stealers begin the game with the same number of Blips, and receive reinforcements, as normal.

Placing Blips

Draw the Blips at random from the Blip cup. Place one Blip at each entry area, starting with the entry area nearest to a Marine, then the second nearest and so on until all of the Blips have been placed. In case of a tie, you choose which one of the closest, empty entry areas the Blip is to be placed at.

Blips are never forced to lurk in an entry area and can enter play even if a Marine is within 6 squares. They may not, however, be placed on entry areas that have been *secured* (see *New Rules*). If there are more Blips than entry areas, excess Blips are lost.



All Blips are then turned face up and replaced with the appropriate number of Genestealer models in the same order in which the blips were placed. If you don't have enough models, the excess Genestealers are lost, but they do not count as casualties for victory conditions. Return the Blips to their cup after you have replaced them with models.

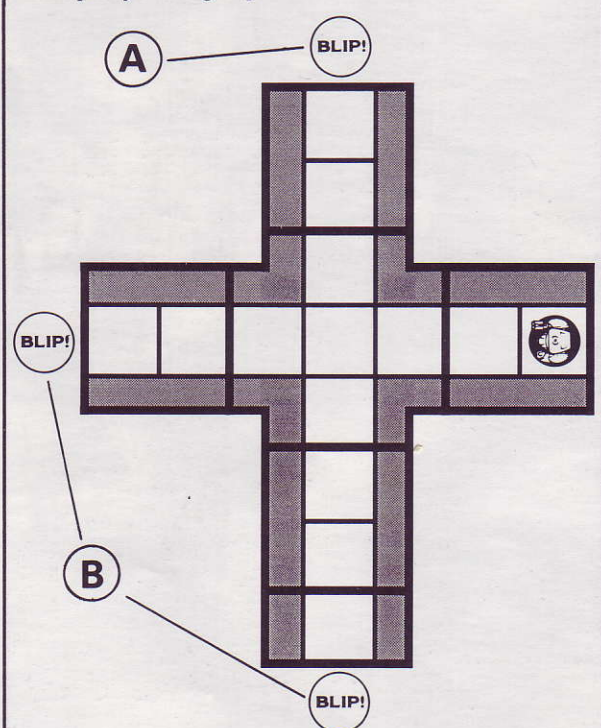
Placing Ambush Counters

If a mission allows the use of ambush counters, but does not specifically state when they should be deployed (as *Cloud Runner's Last Stand* does), use the following rules. If the mission tells you when to use ambush counters, follow the rules below for placement, but don't roll to determine placement turns.

Before your first turn, roll a D6. Draw an ambush result counter at the beginning of that turn. For example, if you roll a 5, draw an ambush result counter on turn 5.

Any time you draw an ambush result counter, it counts against the number of reinforcement Blips the Stealers get that turn. For instance, if the Stealers would normally get two Blips each turn, on the turn you use an ambush counter, the Stealers only get one Blip in addition to that counter.

Example of Placing Blips

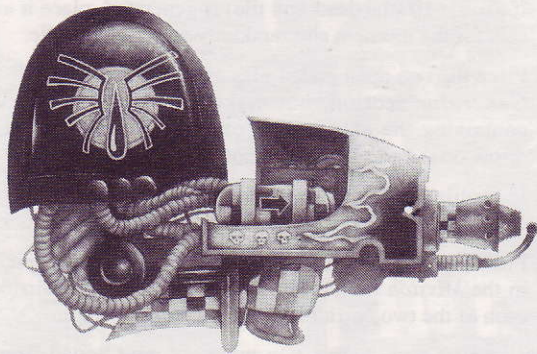


The mission briefing gives the Genestealers 3 Blips per turn. The entry area to the top of the map section is five squares away from the Marine. The first Blip is placed there (A). The other two entry areas are both six squares away. The remaining two Blips can be placed at these entry areas in any order (B). If Stealers had only had two Blips per turn, you would choose which entry area to place the second Blip at.

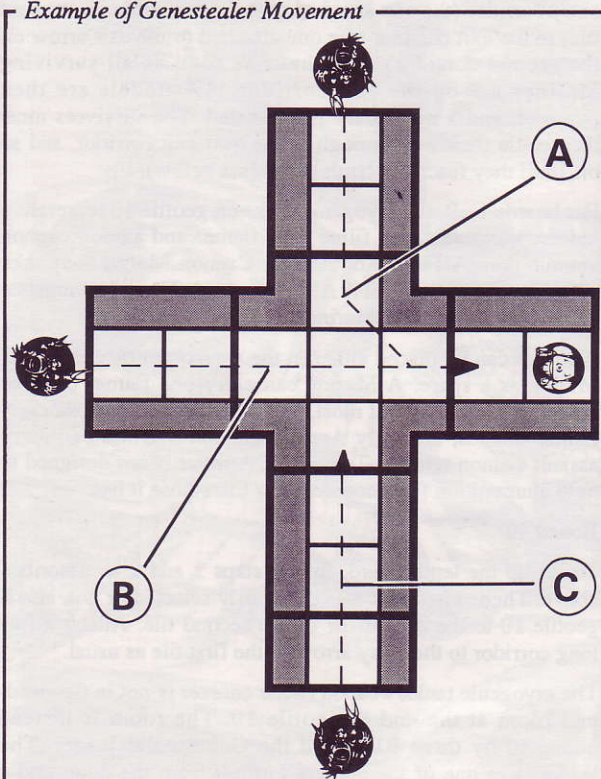
After drawing the counter, look at it. If it is a Stealer, place a Genestealer model exactly 6 squares away from a Marine (counting by the shortest route), in a square that is not in the LOS of any Marine. If no squares apply, the Stealer is lost.

If the counter was anything other than a Genestealer, subtract -1 from the number of command points you receive next turn (down to a minimum of zero) to represent the momentary confusion caused by whatever was on the counter. Return the counter to its cup after you have looked at it, in either case.

Then, roll a D6. You must draw another ambush result counter on the corresponding turn following. For example, if you roll a 3, draw a counter on the third turn following.

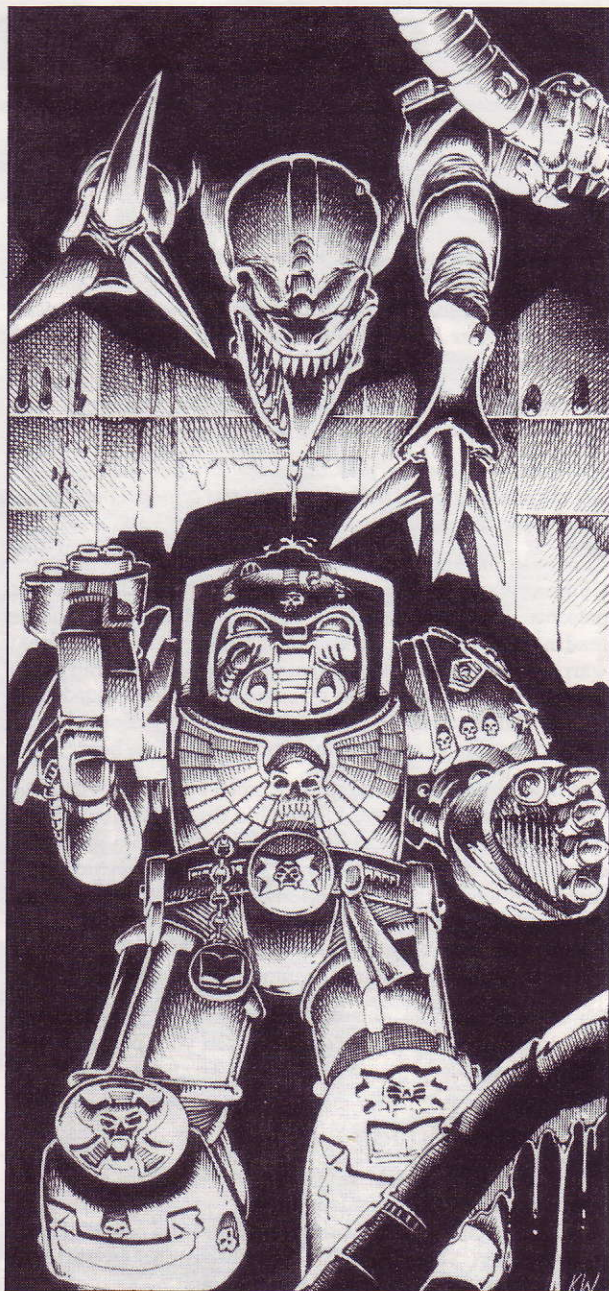


Example of Genestealer Movement



The Stealers to the bottom and side of the diagram are 6 squares away from the Marine. The other is only 5 squares away, and so moves first. Since it can attack the Marine this turn, it does so (A). The Marine is not on overwatch and cannot fire. The close assault is a draw.

The other Stealers can both move now. The one on the side must move towards the Marine, as it was in his LOS at the beginning of the turn (B). The last Stealer was not in the Marine's LOS and cannot attack him this turn, so it moves as close to him as possible without entering his LOS (C).



GENESTEALER MOVEMENT

Genestealers are moved - after any reinforcements have been placed - one at a time, starting with the one closest to a Marine. In case of a tie, you decide which of the nearest, unmoved Genestealers goes first.

Genestealers always move by the shortest possible route towards the closest Marine, until they are in an adjacent square. They will then stop and attack the Marine.

However, a Genestealer will not enter a Marine's LOS at any point in its move unless it will be able to make at least one attack that turn. If the Stealer cannot do so, it will move as close as possible to a Marine, without revealing itself, and then stop moving. The only exception to this is when a Marine has LOS to a Stealer at the start of its turn, or to a reinforcement Stealer's entry square. In either of these cases, the Stealer must move towards the nearest Marine, even if it is not able to attack him.

CLOUD RUNNER'S LAST STAND

A SOLO MISSION

- ++ *Brother warriors, the homer beacon of Two Heads Talking's armor is broadcasting from deep within the bowels of the buried ship that lies behind this entrance. Therein lies his body among the host of his murderers, the perverters of our clans.*
- ++ *Enough lip waving, Cloud Runner. Our foes await our cleansing fury. Our people's souls scream for vengeance.*
- ++ *Ancestors, give us your blessings. Brother warriors, let the eradication of the plague that has afflicted the Plains People commence.*

This solo mission based on the Dark Angels Terminator Company's epic struggle to cauterize the Genestealer presence on their home planet. To this end, Cloud Runner is leading a spearhead composed of the company's finest warriors through the Genestealers' crippled starship in an effort to reclaim the remains of their friend. Other squads will follow. Unbeknownst to the Marines, another Genestealer has stepped forward to temporarily take control of the horde.

The new leader has managed to dampen much of the psychic shock resulting from the Patriarch's death. If the Marines manage to kill that Stealer, the psychic shock from its death - compounded by the Patriarch's still-resonating psychic death-throes - causes the remainder of the horde to become disoriented and unorganized: for the Marines, an easily manageable foe. Also, to reach the new leader, the Marines will have had to have killed the majority of the horde.

As the name implies, this mission is incredibly challenging. But to go down fighting for the honour of your people, that is a fitting death.

The Marine Squad

Cloud Runner: Captain with storm bolter, power sword and power glove with grenade launcher.

Weasel-Fierce: Sergeant with storm bolter and power glove.

Lame Bear: Sergeant with assault cannon (with three reloads) and power glove.

Bloody Moon: Sergeant with flamer (with one reload) and chain fist.

Wisdom Keeper: Librarian, psychic mastery level 1, with storm bolter and force axe.

Alternatively, you can select a squad from the *Terminator Force List* worth up to 20 points.

The Genestealers

The Stealers have no starting forces on any board except on board 10 (see below). See *Special Rules* for details on Genestealer reinforcements.

Objective

Completing this mission involves moving your Marines across nine randomly generated boards and then killing the Genestealer leader who awaits you on the tenth board. To set up the boards, follow the procedures outlined below.

Setting up the Boards

Boards 1 - 9

- 1 Randomly select two different geotiles as described in the *Mission Generator* section of this book. Note that each tile except geotile 10 has both an entry and an exit arrow on it. If geotile 10 (the dead-end tile) is generated, place it to one side for the moment and randomly select a third tile.
- 2 Place the two open-ended tiles as described in the *Mission Generator* section, but make sure that the corridors containing the entry arrow on the first tile and the exit arrow on the second tile are not blocked.
- 3 If geotile 10 was generated, add it to the layout. Again, make sure the corridors mentioned above are not blocked.
- 4 Put together the board you've just designed, as described in the *Mission Generator*. Attach a five square corridor to each of the two corridors mentioned in step 1.

On the first nine boards you must get your squad from the entry corridor (the one attached to the entry arrow on the first tile) to the exit corridor (the one attached to the exit arrow on the second corridor). Play halts as soon as all surviving Marines are on the exit corridor. All models are then removed, and a new board is generated. The survivors must then battle their way through to the next exit corridor, and so on, until they reach the tenth board (see below).

For boards 1 - 9, the cryogenic tanks on geotile 10 represent a hidden weapons cache filled with flamer and assault cannon ammunition. A Flamer or Assault Cannon Marine may take extra reloads at a cost of 4 APs per reload. The cache must be in one of the reloading Marine's front squares.

A reload can be placed either in the weapon or carried by the Marine as a spare. A Marine can carry one flamer or three assault cannon spares at most. Only Flamer Marines can carry flamer reloads, and only Assault Cannon Marines can carry assault cannon reloads. Terminator Armour is not designed to hold ammunition for weapons other than those it has.

Board 10

To set up the tenth board, follow steps 1 and 2 as described above. Then, whether it was previously selected or not, attach geotile 10 to the exit arrow of the second tile. Attach a long corridor to the entry arrow of the first tile as usual.

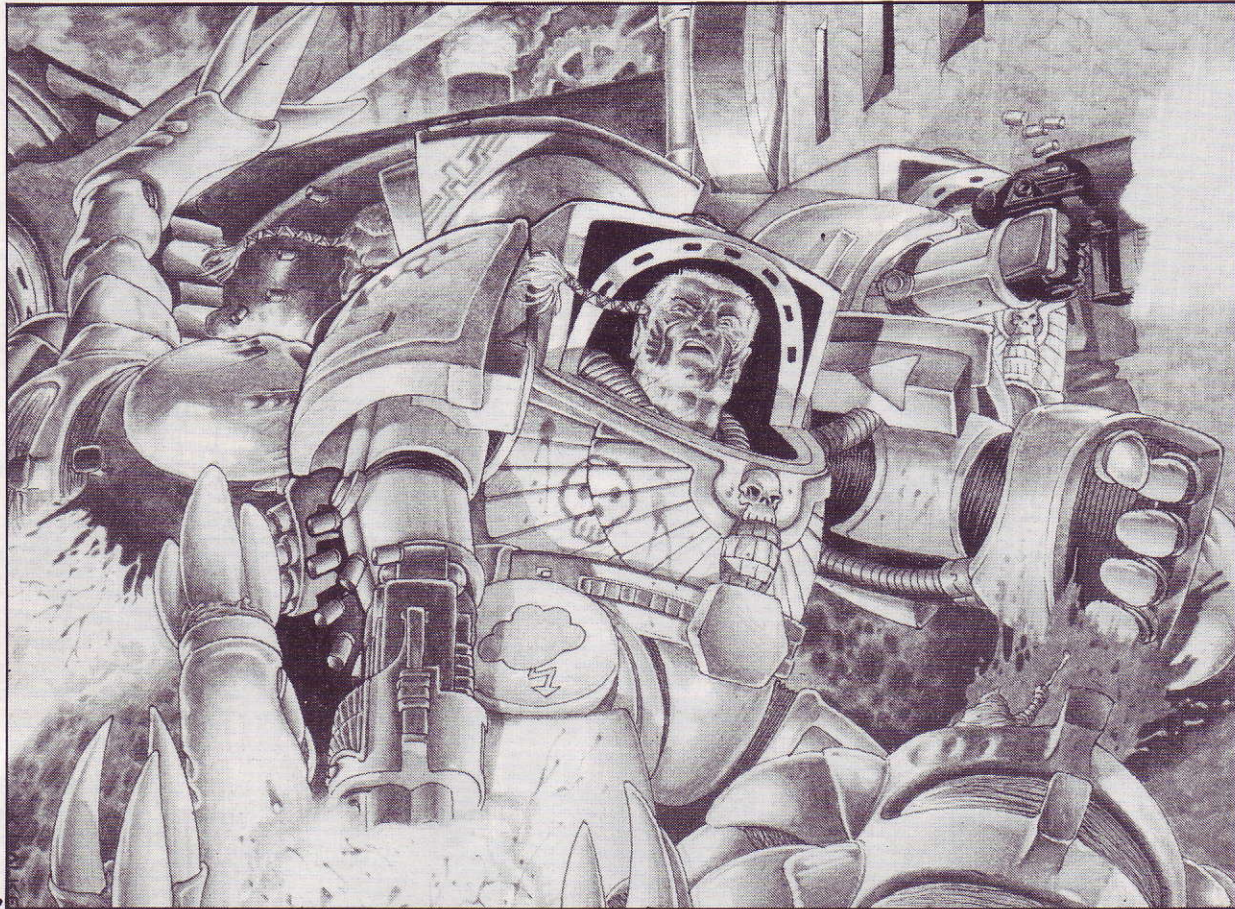
The cryogenic tanks/weapon cache counter is not in the dead-end room at the end of geotile 10. The room is instead occupied by three Blips and the Genestealer leader. The leader is in one of the corners farthest from the door, and a Blip occupies each remaining corner. These Stealers should be placed when the final board is set up.

When the Marines move onto the board, the Genestealers in the dead-end room will all move to attack them as described in *Solo Play*. The leader, however, will hang back and allow the others to sacrifice their lives to protect him. He moves in the same way as a normal Stealer, but moves only after all other Blips and Stealers on the board have moved.

You should mark the Genestealer leader so that you can differentiate him from the rest of the Stealers. The leader has 9 APs and attacks with four dice instead of three.



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Special Rules

Use the rules in the *Solo Play* section, as well as those below. The Marine player can secure any Stealer entry areas during this mission.

Genestealer Reinforcements

Roll a D6 at the start of each Genestealer turn to see how many reinforcements the Genestealers receive.

GENESTEALER REINFORCEMENT TABLE	
D6	Reinforcement
1	Nothing
2	1 Ambush Counter
3	1 Blip
4	1 Blip
5	2 Blips
6	3 Blips

Victory Conditions

You must kill the Genestealer leader in order to win. If you do, the resultant psychic shock from his death, in addition to the still-reverberating shock of the patriarch's death, stuns the remainder of the horde, rendering them disoriented and helpless - easy victims of your vindicating justice. It will require many years of long, hard work, but the Plain's people will rise again - the Dark Angels will survive.

However, even if you lose, you may still uphold the honour of both your people and your Chapter by doing well. Keep track of the number of Genestealers you kill and look up your score on the table below.

SOLO MISSION RESULTS TABLE

Number of Genestealers killed	Result
0 - 20	Your gross incompetence has brought dishonour upon your people and your Chapter. The names of the entire company are stricken from the records of the Chapter. Your ancestors rend your spirits.
21 - 50	You did poorly. Your names are a blemish upon the history of your Chapter and will be cursed by every generation of your people.
51 - 75	Your performance was acceptable, although unremarkable. The great opportunity for redemption that was given you has been squandered. Mediocrity is nearly as horrible as failure.
76 - 99	Your failure has been noted, but your gallant efforts have done you honor. You will be missed.
100 +	Your heroic efforts bring great honour to your people and your Chapter. Your ancestors rest easily, having been vindicated before Deathwing. Your example will shine forever as an inspiration to your battle brothers.

Cloud Runner sat enthroned and looked down upon his visitors. His people were drawn up in long ranks, forming a corridor along which the Marines advanced warily. They were led by a Captain and a Librarian. From the doorway, the huge armoured form of a dreadnought performed overwatch. Cloud Runner found the sight of that old, familiar form comforting.

He saw the uneasy, worshipful faces of his people look to him for reassurance. He kept his face grim and calm. He sensed the Battle Brothers' unease at the strangeness of the folk within the great lodgehouse. They held their bolters ready, as if expecting violence to erupt at any moment.

Cloud Runner was glad to see them. Since Lame Bear's death, he had felt very alone. He spotted several familiar faces among the oncoming Imperial warriors. Memories of the old days in the Chapter House flooded back. He took three deep breaths, touched the ancient, white-painted suit beside him, for luck, and then spoke.

"Greetings, Brother Sky Warriors," he said.

"Greetings, Brother Ezekiel," said the Marine Leader suspiciously.

Cloud Runner rubbed his facial scar-tattoos with one gnarled hand, then grinned. "So they made you a Captain, eh Broken Knife?"

"Yes, Brother Ezekiel. They made me a Captain when you failed to return." He paused, obviously waiting for an explanation.

"It took you ten years to come looking for the Dark Angels' honour suits?" the old man asked with a hint of mockery.

"There has been war: a great migration of Orks through the Segmentum Obscura. The Chapter was called to serve. During that time the absence of our Terminators was felt grievously. You have an explanation for this, of course."

The Marines stared at Cloud Runner coldly. It was as if he was a stranger to these grim youths, or worse, a traitor. He remembered the first time he had stood among Marines and, for the first time in long years, became aware of their uncanny quality. He felt isolated and uneasy.

"These are not our people, Cloud Runner. What happened here?" asked a deep rolling voice. He recognised it as the dreadnought's. Suddenly, he did not feel so alone. Hawk Talon was there, hooked into the life-support systems of the dreadnought. There was at least one person present who was on his side, who was old enough to understand. It was like their first meeting under the shadow of *Deathwing*, when he had sighted that one familiar face among strangers.

"No, honoured forefather, they are not. They are the untainted survivors of the Genestealer conquest."

He heard the shocked murmur of the Marines, saw the way that they instinctively brought their weapons to bear on the lodge people.

"You had better explain, Brother Ezekiel," said Broken Knife.

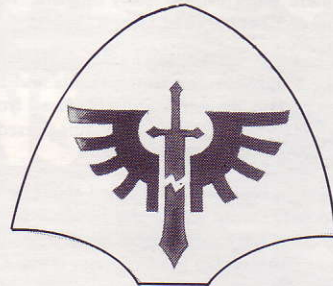


Cloud Runner found himself telling his tale to the astonished Marines. He told them of the Terminator company's landing and of their discovery of the devastation that had been wrought by the Genestealers. He told them of the Gathering and of the choice the warriors had made - of Two Heads Talking's spirit walk and the Terminators' final march on the city. He spoke to them in the intricate syntax of the Imperial tongue, not the language of the Plains People.

"We marched through the black gates and were assaulted by Stealers. At first they seemed confused, as if they had suffered a great shock.

They attacked in small groups with no pattern and no guiding intelligence, and we cut them down.

"We pushed through crowds of screaming people as we followed our Librarian's locator beacon toward the city centre. Huge purestrain Stealers erupted from buildings as we advanced. They attacked with insane fury, but without thought, and so we bested them easily.



"In the centre of the city we found a temple - a building that obscenely parodied the Imperial cult, dominated by a huge four-armed statue of what was intended to be the Emperor. We toppled it into the street and beneath it found an entrance into the underworld.

"Down we went into the cold, metal corridors. We passed through airlocks and bulkheads. It was like a buried spacecraft. We still followed the locator fix, determined to reclaim Two Heads Talking's armour and avenge his death."

"At first we made easy progress against isolated Stealer attacks, but then a change occurred. For a while, there was peace.

"We exchanged wary looks. Bloody Moon asked if we could possibly have killed them all. I can even now picture the puzzled look on his face. It was still there when a Stealer dropped through an air vent and took his head off. I blasted the thing with bolter fire, reducing it to bloody mush.

"Now the Stealers began to attack again. But this time their attacks were co-ordinated, guided by some malign intelligence. It was as if they had been leaderless for a time, but a new fiend had now taken charge.

"They flanked us through parallel corridors, dropped through vents in the ceiling. Hordes of Stealers and their human brood attacked from all sides. Waves of them scuttled forward with blinding speed, threatening to overwhelm us with sheer numbers. It was a horrible sight, watching those great armoured beasts race closer, ignoring their kin as they were cut down.

"Still they came. Our point men and rearguard were ambushed and killed. The threats came so fast, we almost didn't have time to respond.

"I saw a score of them slain by flamer fire, and the stench that filled the air was indescribable. They spent their lives recklessly in their blind lust to kill us. There was a sense of terrible, oppressive anger in the air. It was as if they had a personal score with us and were all prepared to die to settle it.

"Any other squad, even other Terminators, would have been beaten back by the sheer, fury of their attack, but we wore the mark of *Deathwing*. Our funeral dirges had been sung - fear was not in us, and we had our own scores to settle. We pushed forward, inch by tortuous inch.

"Blood washed the corridors as we fought our way into a great central chamber. There we found the body of Two Heads Talking. He was dead, his body rent by great wounds. Nearby lay the body of the Patriarch, not a mark upon him.

"The hall was full of foes, purestrain and brood. A handful of us had fought our way into the throne-room. We faced many times our number. For a moment, we stood exchanging glares. I think both sides sensed that they faced their ultimate enemy - that the outcome of that fight would decide the fate of this world.

"There was quiet in the hall, silence except for the cycling of our breathers. I could hear my heart beating. My mouth felt dry. But I was strangely calm, sure that soon I would be greeting the spirits of my

ancestors. The Stealers formed up, and we raised our bolters to the firing position.

"At an unspoken signal, they charged, mouths open but making no sound. A few of the brood fired ancient energy weapons. Beside me, a Battle Brother fell. We laid down a barrage of fire that tore the first wave to pieces. Nothing could have lived through it. Everything we fired at died. But there were just too many of them. They swarmed over us, and the final conflict began in earnest.

"I saw Weasel-Fierce go down beneath a pile of Stealers. His bolter had jammed, but he fought on, screaming taunts and insults at his foes. The last I saw of him, he was tearing the head from a Stealer, even as it punched a claw through his chest. Thus passed the greatest warrior of our generation.

"Lame Bear and I fought back to back, circled about by our enemies. Power glove and power sword smote the Stealers as we cut them down. If there had been only a few more purestrain, things would have gone differently that day, but most of them seemed to have died in the initial futile attacks.

"As it was, things were close. Lame Bear fell, wounded, and I found myself breast to breast with a huge, armoured horror. The leader knocked my sword from my hand with a sweep of a mighty claw. I thanked the Emperor for the digital weapons in my power glove and sprayed the monstrosity's eyes with poisoned needles, blinding it. In the brief respite, I found time to bring my storm bolter to bear and slay it.

"I looked around: only Terminators stood in the hall. We whooped with joy to find ourselves still alive, but then the number of our fallen struck us, and we stood in appalled silence. Only six of us survived. We did not count the number of the Stealers fallen.

"In the world above, the children of the Plains People waited. A huge crowd had gathered outside the temple to see the outcome of our battle. They looked at us, awe-struck. We had destroyed their temple and killed their gods. They did not know whether we were daemons or redeemers.

"We looked on the weary creatures who were the only remnants of our former clans. We had won, and we had reclaimed our world. Still, our victory seemed hollow. We had saved our descendants from the Stealers, but our way of life was gone.

"As we stood before the assembled throng, it struck me what we must do. The Emperor himself provided inspiration in that moment. I explained my plan to the others.

"We drove the crowds from the city and assembled them on the plain outside. We searched for traces of the brood among them, but there were none. The Stealer taint seemed to have been destroyed in our vengeance war.

"I walked through the factories and past the toppled chimneys. Then we took our flamers and burned the city to the ground. We divided the people up into six new tribes and said our good-byes to each other, for we knew we would likely never meet again. Then we led our descendants away from the still-blazing city.

"Lame Bear took his folk to the mountains. I brought my people to my old village, and we rebuilt it. I do not know what became of the others.

"I have told these people that I was sent by the Emperor to lead them back to the old ways. I have taught them how to hunt and fish and shoot in the old manner. We do battle with the other tribes. One day they will again be worthy of becoming Sky Warriors."

Cloud Runner fell silent. He could see the Battle Brothers had been moved by his tale. Broken Knife turned to the Librarian. Cloud Runner felt the pressure of mind-to-mind contact.

"Brother Ezekiel speaks the truth, Brother Captain Gabriel," said the Librarian. Broken Knife looked up at the old Marine.

"Forgive me, brother, I have misjudged you. It seems the Chapter and the Plain's People owe you and your warriors a great debt."

"Semper Fideles," said Cloud Runner. "You must take back the suits. They belong to the Chapter."

Broken Knife nodded.



"Perhaps a favour. In honour of our dead, leave the suits the colour of Deathwing. The deeds of our brothers should be remembered."

"It will be so," replied Broken Knife. "Deathwing will be remembered."

The Marines turned and filed out past the dreadnought. The mighty being stood there, watching Cloud Runner with inhuman eyes.

The Terminator's departure left Cloud Runner suddenly tired. He felt the weight of his years heavily.

He sensed the dreadnought gazing at him and looked up.

"Yes, honoured ancestor?" he asked in the tongue of the Plains People.

"You could go back with us. You are worthy of becoming a Living Dreadnought," it said.

He wished he could return and spend his last years with his Chapter, but he knew that he could not. His duty was to his people now. He must return them to the Emperor's way. He shook his head.

"I thought not. You are a worthy chieftain of the People, Cloud Runner."

"Any Sky Warrior would be, Ancestor. Few are given the chance. Before you depart, there is something I must know. When first we met, you told me I should not become a Sky Warrior if there was anyone I would regret leaving behind. Did you have any regrets about becoming a Marine?"

The dreadnought stared at him. "Sometimes I still do. It is a sad thing to leave people you care about behind, knowing they will be lost to you forever.

"Goodbye, Cloud Runner. We will not meet again."

The dreadnought turned and departed, leaving Cloud Runner enthroned among his people, his hands toying with a braid of ancient hair.

DEATHWING

MISSIONS



BROKEN KNIFE'S DUTY

Captain "Broken Knife" Gabriel, commanding officer of the newly-renamed Terminator company of the Dark Angels - Deathwing - inspected the squad in the boarding torpedo with reserved pride. The polished white finish of the recently-recoloured Terminator suits was nearly dazzling.

A battered transport ship - later identified as *The Spore* - had dropped out of the warp less than a week ago and recently had drifted into the fringes of the section of space near the Dark Angels' headquarters, an area the Chapter was responsible for patrolling.

A preliminary reconnaissance team had returned just over two hours ago. The news they had brought back was horrible, but not unexpected: the ship was overrun with Genestealers.

The Marines' primary assault wave met with heavy opposition, but eventually a bridgehead was established. The secondary wave landed and, without sustaining any serious casualties, advanced through the primary bridgehead and formed a perimeter defence.

Intelligence reports began pouring in. Cyber-Altered Task (C.A.T.) units sent back information confirming Gabriel's fears: the chance of total decontamination of the ship was reported to be "very low." All available data suggested that the total annihilation of the ship would be the most prudent course of action.

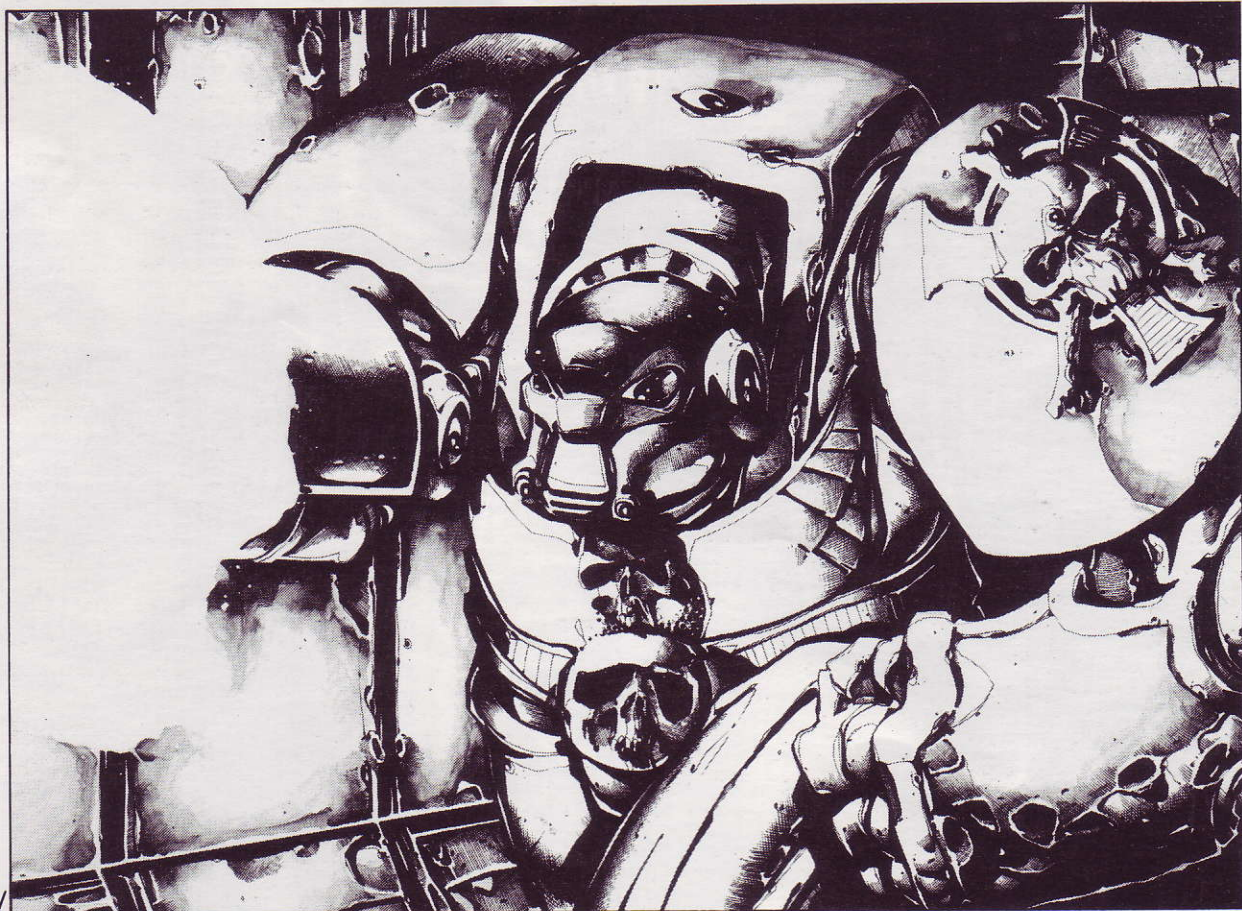
Gabriel realized, however, that, if the Terminators could obtain a copy of the ship's log, the Inquisition would be able to retrace the course of the ship and investigate all planets along that route as possible sites of contamination. Intelligence reports suggested that the possibility of such a log existing on board the ship was extremely high. Gabriel made the decision without hesitation.

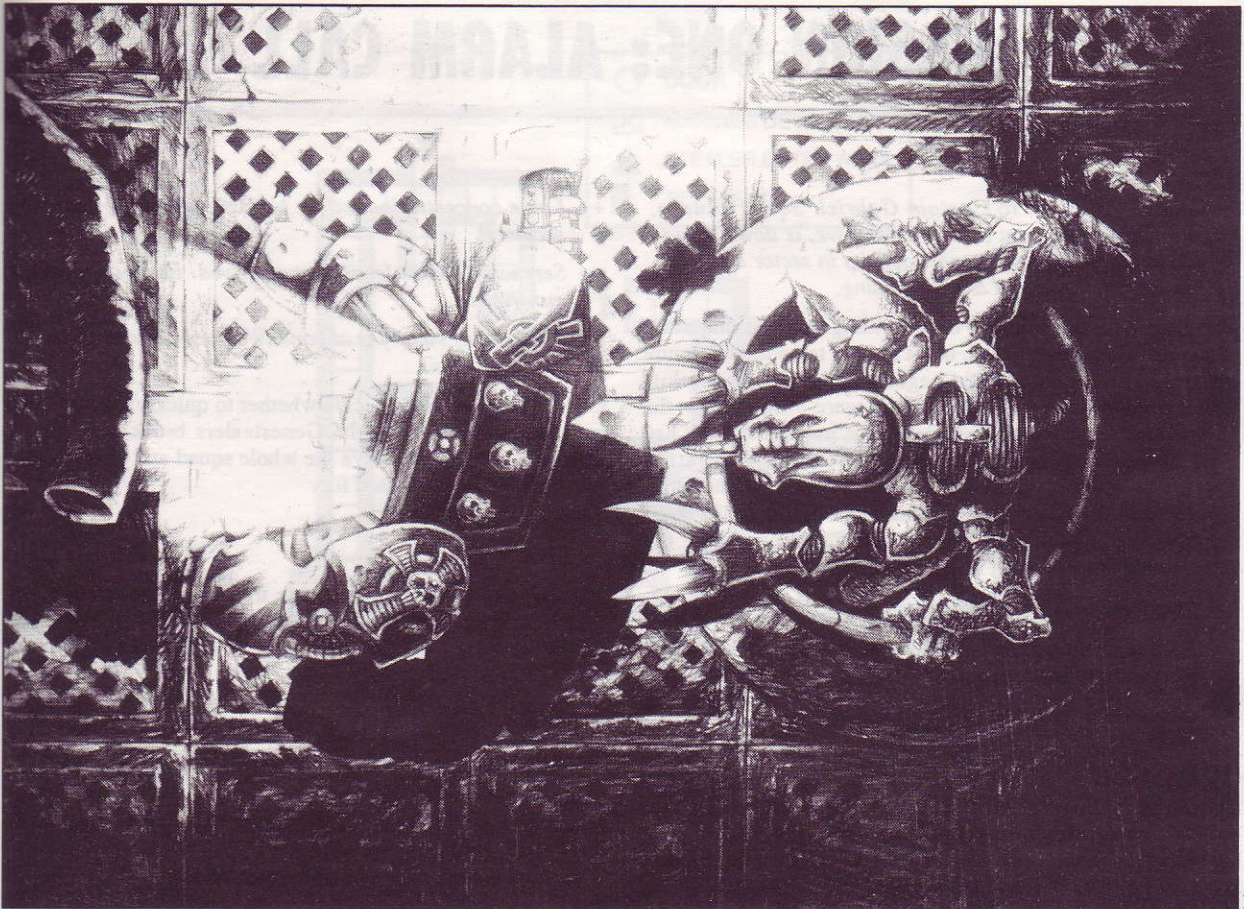
He could not allow the plague that had nearly destroyed his own home planet to inflict itself upon the rest of the Empire. Just as under Cloud Runner's command it had saved his world and his people from oblivion, Deathwing would now be able to save the worlds of others. And, as he refused to ask another Marine to perform a job that he wouldn't personally do, Broken Knife would lead the mission himself.

He glared levelly at the Marines arranged before him. They were each as prepared for battle as a Terminator could be. He sat down next to the pilot and strapped himself in.

He gave the order and the torpedo blasted away from the Imperial vessel and into the endless darkness of space. Ahead, the infested ship loomed largely. The other torpedoes in this, the tertiary wave, had already docked.

"Onward to honour, brothers. We shall eradicate the Genestealer threat. Onward, for the honour of the Emperor, our people, and our Chapter. Onward for Deathwing!"





MG

THE CAMPAIGN

The following six missions can be played together as a single, larger engagement. Ideally, you should play through them each once as they are described in their briefings before attempting to run them together.

Play Missions One, Two and Three as they stand, noting down which Marines, if any, survive each mission. The survivors of the first three missions are used in the last three. Because of the nature of the campaign, you must play each mission out until all Marines are either dead or have moved off the board, even if the Marine player has already fulfilled his victory conditions.

Marine Forces

In Mission Four, the survivors from the three earlier missions are regrouped together to face the Genestealer horde. Replace the Marines listed in the original mission briefing with those listed below:

Group 1

All survivors from Mission One's Squad Gideon, plus Captain Raphael and Brother Marcus if they survived.

Group 2

The remnants of Squads Gervase and Matthias from Mission Two.

Group 3

Those left alive from Squads Noel and Nathaniel in Mission Three.

For Mission Five, the Marine player should simply use the survivors of Mission Four in place of those described in the original mission briefing.

If the working C.A.T. is found and retrieved in Mission Five, Captain Gabriel will arrive to lead the survivors that mission on to Mission Six, replacing the forces listed there. If the working C.A.T. was not recovered, the campaign comes to a close as the Marines are not aware of the presence of the hidden lifeforms.

Ammunition

Due to the nature of the campaign (ie its length), assume that the Marines locate weapon caches between each mission. As such, Flamer Marines and Assault Cannon Marines begin each mission with fully loaded weapons and as many reloads as they can carry (ie one flamer or three assault cannon reloads).

Victory

If this campaign is played as a whole, new victory conditions apply. For a total victory, the Marine player's forces must have recovered both volumes of the ship's log (at least one of them must be undamaged) and one of the unknown lifeforms.

A partial win can be claimed if a lifeform or either of the volumes is rescued from the ship.

Failure to recover even a single volume of the ship's log or one of the unknown lifeforms will leave a stain on the name of Deathwing that a century of heroic deeds will not begin to remove.

MISSION ONE: ALARM CALL

++ *Captain Raphael to Captain Gabriel. Squad Gideon, holding perimeter at Sector Delta Five, is down. Squad Lucius reports heavy psychic activity in sector Delta Six. Brother Marcus and I are responding.*

The perimeter defence had been holding up well under the ferocious Genestealer attack, but it needed to be totally secure before Gabriel's forces could begin their search for the log. The casualties in Sector Delta Five were suspicious - the Marines had been left unconscious, but not dead. They had been psychically attacked by Magi, fourth generation Genestealer-hybrid psykers, from elsewhere in the ship. Squad Lucius had stumbled upon just such a group in an adjacent sector and had eradicated them. However, the downed Marines were not reviving on their own.

++ *Sector entered. No hostiles present.*

++ *First brother located. We have awakened Sky Cat, and he appears to be unharmed.*

++ *Our enemy is at hand. We shall continue. We shall succeed.*

Captain Raphael and Brother Marcus were trying to locate and revive all five members of Squad Gideon while fighting off Stealers looking to exploit the hole in the perimeter. Only by reviving the unconscious Marines and pulling back did Raphael have any hope of halting the enemy advance.

++ *Large concentrations of foe building up in neighbouring sectors.*

++ *Sergeant Gideon located and revived. Enemy units now moving in.*

++ *The hour of victory is at hand. We must cleanse this ship. We will prevail.*

Captain Raphael must decide whether to quickly pickup a few men and retreat before the Genestealers break through the perimeter wall, or to revive the whole squad and fight back to safety through the massed foe.

Objectives

The Marine player is attempting to rescue the unconscious Marines. The Stealer player is trying to kill all conscious Marines.

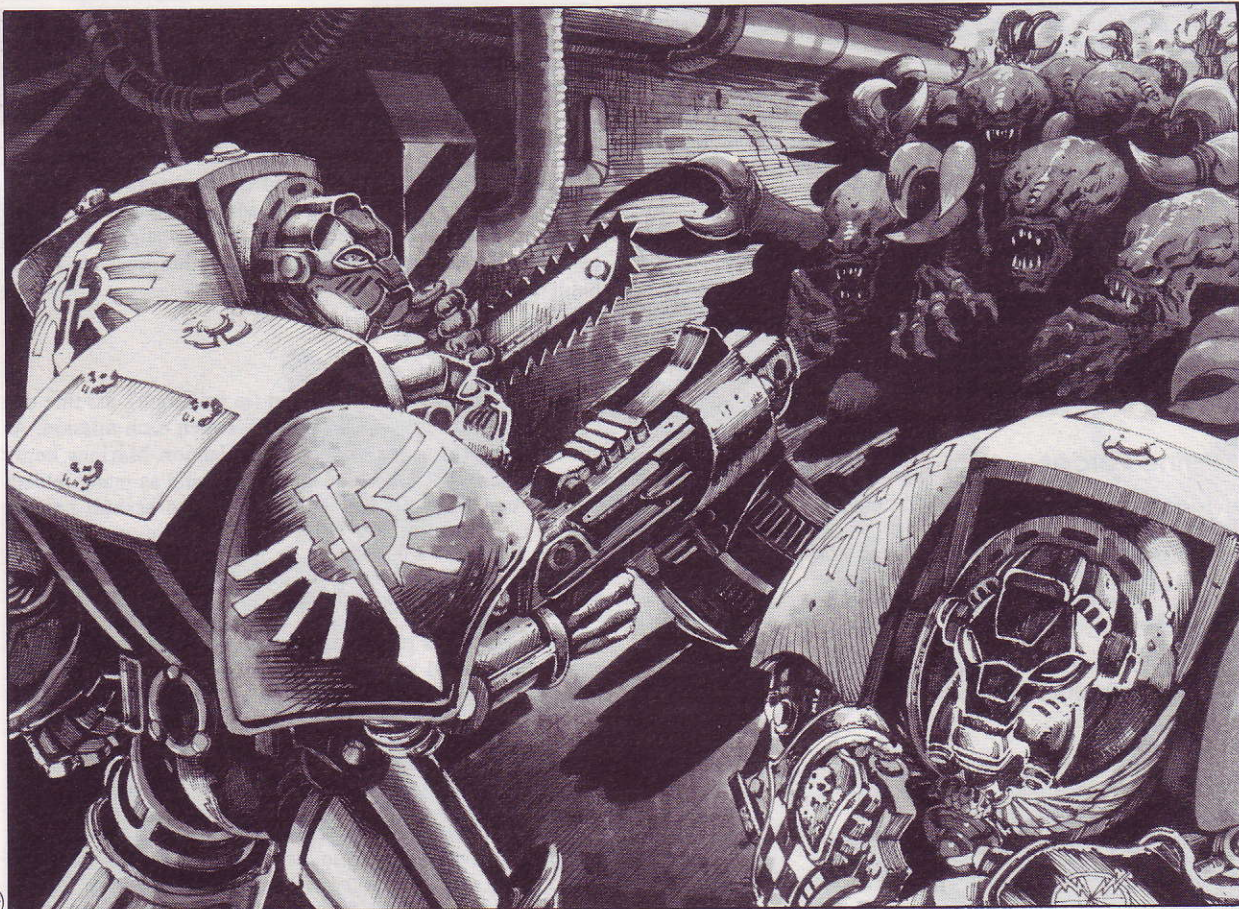
Forces

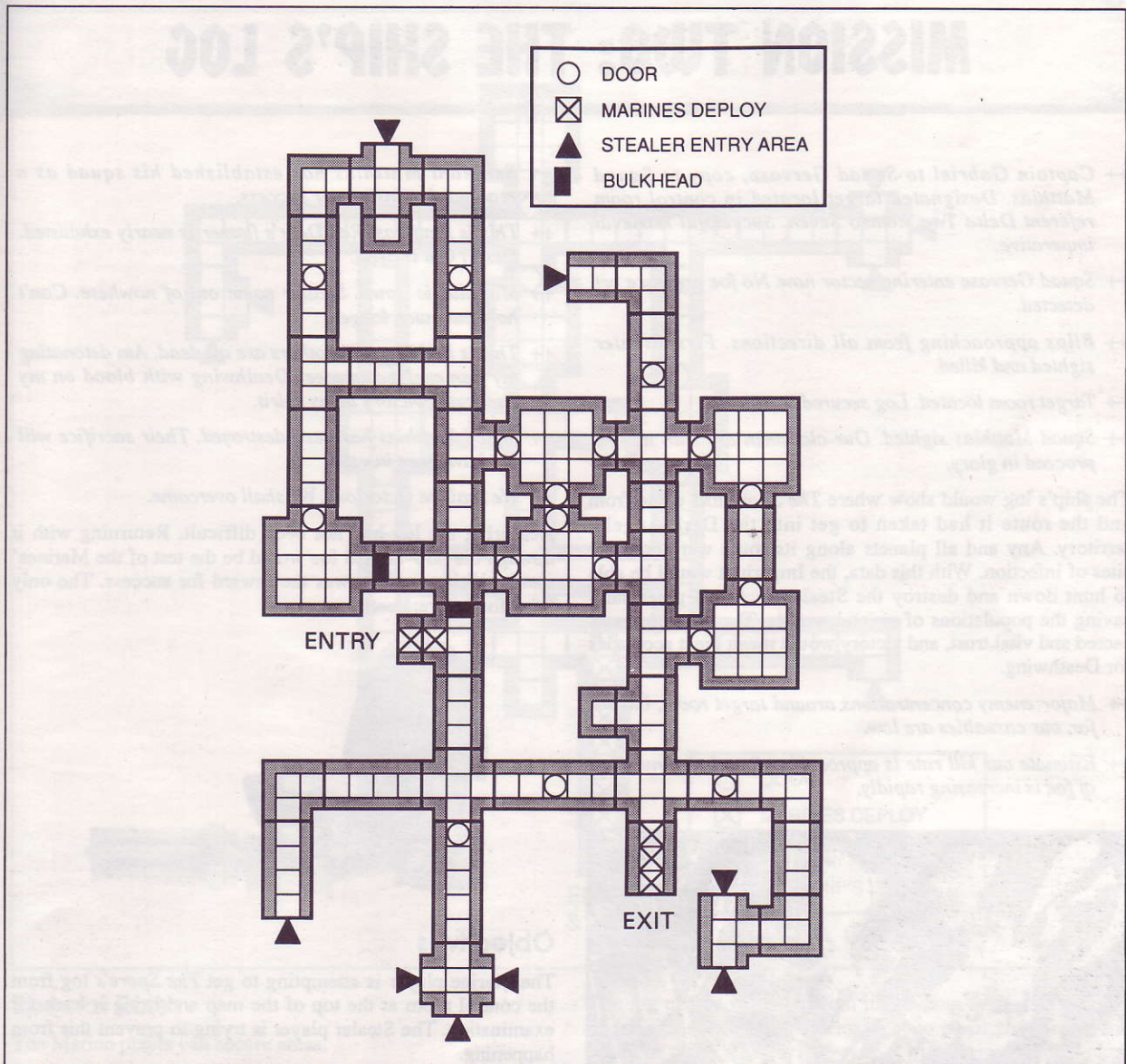
Marines:

Conscious

One Captain with storm bolter, power sword and power glove with grenade launcher.

One Marine with chain fist and storm bolter.





Unconscious

One Sergeant with storm bolter and power glove.
One Marine with flamer and power glove.
Three Marines with storm bolters and power gloves.

Stealers: The Stealers begin with two Blips and receive two reinforcement Blips per turn.

Deployment

Marines: The conscious Marines deploy on the marked entry corridor on the map. The unconscious Marines begin the game one in each room. The Marine player and the Stealer player take turns placing the unconscious Marines face down in any room not already occupied by a Marine. The Marine player places first.

Stealers: The Blips may enter play at any entry area.

Special Rules

The Marine player can secure areas, and the Stealer player can use ambush counters.

Awakening: Reviving a Marine costs 1 AP. Any Marine can revive another Marine in one of his front squares. A revived Marine is considered prone (see *Effects of Being Prone* in *Multi-level Missions*) and may not get up until the turn after he is awakened. Stealers will not attack a sleeping Marine, as they are concerned with the more immediate threat: the conscious Marines. Unconscious Marines block movement through a square, but not line of sight.

The Timer: The Marine player does not gain the extra thirty seconds for the Sergeant until he has been revived. The Marines start the game with two minutes and thirty seconds for each turn.

Victory

Each revived Marine is worth 5 points, and each Marine that leaves the board via the marked exit corridor is worth another 5 points. Once a Marine leaves the board, he may not re-enter.

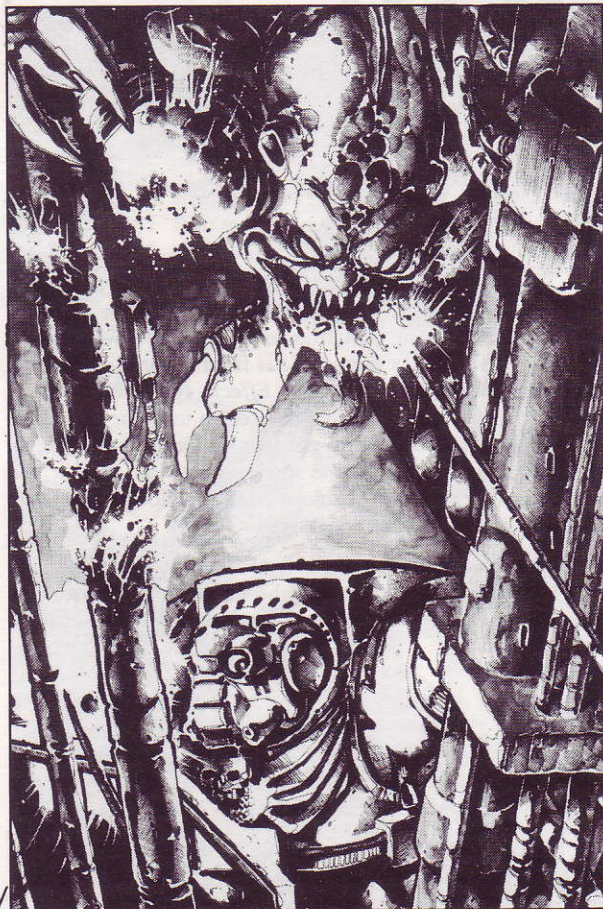
The Marine player wins by scoring 35 points or more. The game is a draw if the Marine player scores 25 or 30 points. The Stealers win if the Marine player scores 20 points or less.

MISSION TWO: THE SHIP'S LOG

- ++ *Captain Gabriel to Squad Gervase, copy to Squad Matthias. Designated target located in control room referent Delta Two Romeo Seven. Successful retrieval imperative.*
- ++ *Squad Gervase entering sector now. No foe presence yet detected.*
- ++ *Blips approaching from all directions. First Stealer sighted and killed.*
- ++ *Target room located. Log secured.*
- ++ *Squad Matthias sighted. Our clansmen are with us. We proceed in glory.*

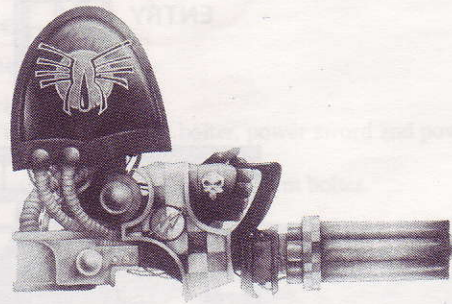
The ship's log would show where *The Spore* had come from and the route it had taken to get into the Dark Angels' territory. Any and all planets along its route were possible sites of infection. With this data, the Imperium would be able to hunt down and destroy the Stealer enclaves, potentially saving the populations of several worlds. The mission was a sacred and vital trust, and victory would mean great accolades for Deathwing.

- ++ *Major enemy concentrations around target room, but so far, our casualties are low.*
- ++ *Estimate our kill rate is approaching 8 to 1, but number of foe is increasing rapidly.*



- ++ *Sergeant Matthias has established his squad as a rearguard to insure our success.*
- ++ *This is Matthias. Red Deer's flamer is nearly exhausted. Desert Cat is dead.*
- ++ *Matthias is down. Stealer came out of nowhere. Can't hold out much longer.*
- ++ *This is Red Deer The others are all dead. Am detonating my flamer. I go to meet Deathwing with blood on my hands and victory in my spirit.*
- ++ *Squad Matthias has been destroyed. Their sacrifice will not have been in vain.*
- ++ *We shall be victorious. We shall overcome.*

Acquiring the log had not been difficult. Returning with it through the now-alerted foe would be the test of the Marines' mettle. Ultimate glory was the reward for success. The only prize for failure: death.



Objectives

The Marine player is attempting to get *The Spore's* log from the control room at the top of the map and bring it back for examination. The Stealer player is trying to prevent this from happening.

Forces

Marines:

Squad Gervase

- One Sergeant with storm bolter and power glove.
- One Marine with assault cannon and power glove.
- Three Marines with storm bolters and power gloves.

Squad Matthias

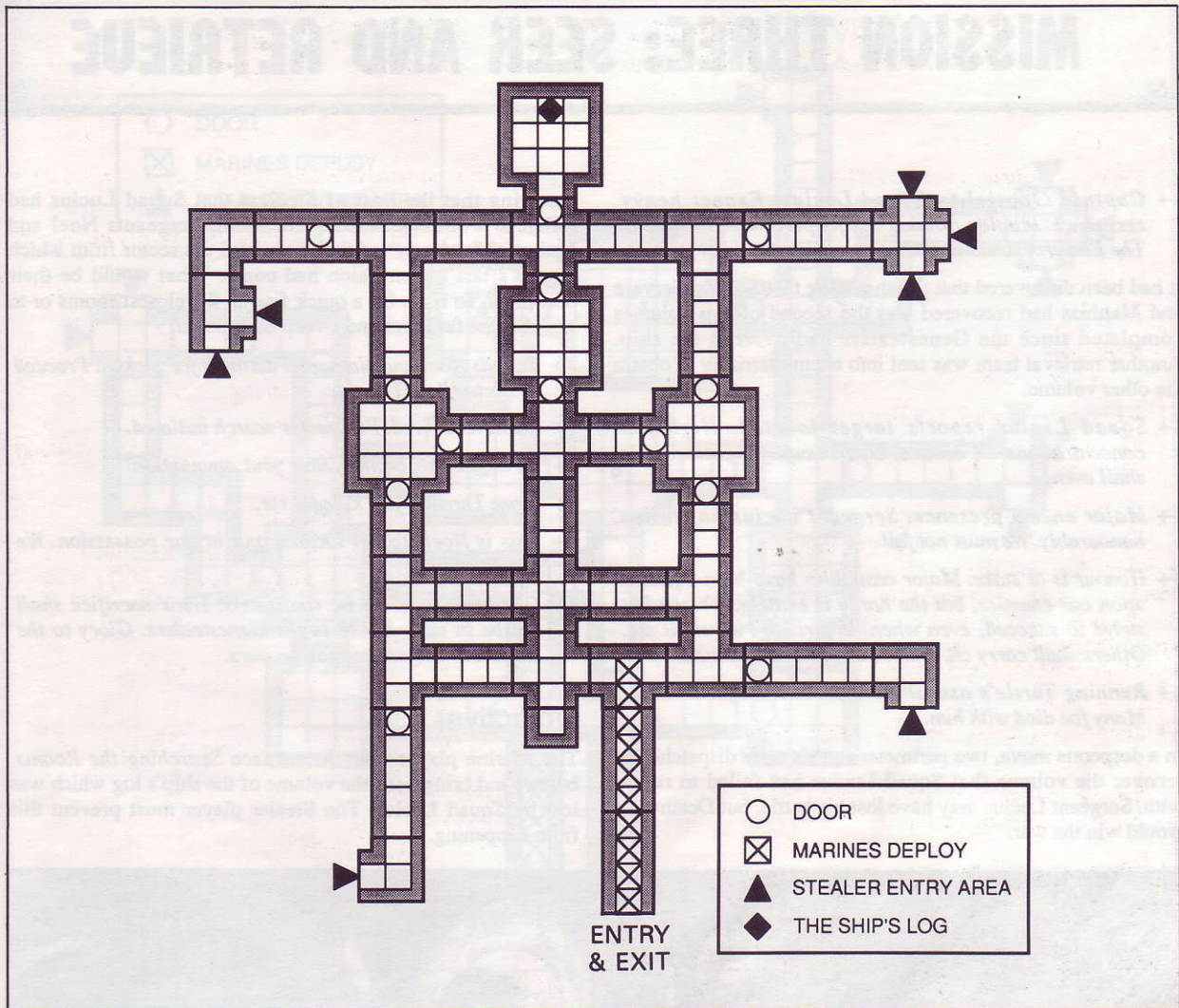
- One Sergeant with storm bolter and power glove.
- One Marine with flamer and power glove.
- Three Marines with storm bolters and power glove.

Stealers: No forces at the start of the game, but receive two reinforcement Blips per turn.

Deployment

Marines: The two squads start on the marked corridor. Squad Gervase is in the lead.

Stealers: Reinforcements may be brought on at any of the marked entry areas.



Special Rules

The Marine player can secure areas.

The Stealer player can use ambush counters.

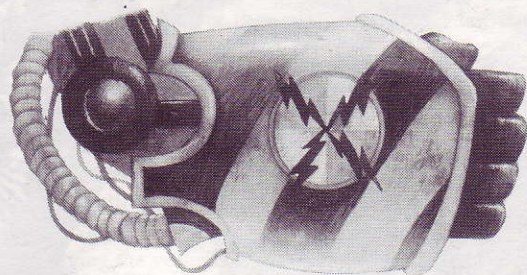
Removing and Carrying the Ship's Log: The ship's log resembles a large leather- and brass-bound book attached to a lectern by its back cover. It contains two blank tablets upon which the ship's captain would normally record the day's events with a traditional quill pen. Alternatively, a ship's mate or scribe may perform this function for him. When the book is closed, the text disappears into the log's memory and the tablets become blank.

Any set of two written pages may later be recalled upon the tablets when the log is open. The log is also connected to the ship's main computer. At the beginning of each two-page spread appears a heading which lists the time and date of the entry, as well as the location and status of the ship. While the Stealers have neglected to manually maintain the log during their travels, it has kept a record of the ship's route automatically.

A ship's log does eventually become full when all of its memory has been used. When this happens, the captain, mate or scribe simply removes the current volume from its stand and replaces it with another. Back volumes of the log are usually kept on a shelf in the captain's library or in his quarters.

The log can be removed from its housing at a cost of 2 APs and can be carried by a Marine with no penalty to movement, firing or close assault. However, a Marine involved in close assault will drop the log if holding it.

Dropping the Ship's Log: Passing or taking the ship's log costs 1 AP. If this is done, roll a D6. On a 6, the log's been dropped. Roll two dice, a double indicates the log's been damaged. Picking the log back up costs 1 AP.



Victory

The Marine player wins if he gets the ship's log back down the start corridor undamaged. Getting away with the log damaged counts as a draw. Failure to retrieve the log at all is a Stealer win.

MISSION THREE: SEEK AND RETRIEVE

++ *Captain Gabriel to Squad Lucius. Expect heavy resistance. Mission running at fifty percent success rate. The Emperor demands success, and we shall not fail.*

It had been discovered that the ship's log that Squads Gervase and Matthias had recovered was the second of two volumes completed since the Genestealers had overrun the ship. Another retrieval team was sent into enemy territory to obtain the other volume.

++ *Squad Lucius reports target located. High foe concentrations all around. One casualty sustained. We shall avenge.*

++ *Major enemy presence. Sergeant Lucius has fallen honourably. We must not fail.*

++ *Honour is at stake. Major casualties have been inflicted upon our enemies, but the horde is endless. We can but strive to succeed, even when, in striving, we shall die. Others shall carry on, and we shall not be shamed.*

++ *Running Turtle's assault cannon has malfunctioned. Many foe died with him. I -*

In a desperate move, two perimeter squads were dispatched to recover the volume that Squad Lucius had failed to return with. Sergeant Lucius may have lost his battle, but Deathwing would win the war.

Knowing that the host of Stealers that Squad Lucius had fallen to would be waiting for them, Sergeants Noel and Nathaniel fearlessly led their men into the sector from which Lucius's last transmission had come. What would be their best plan? To hope for a quick find in the closest rooms or to head for the far room and sweep back down?

++ *Squads Noel and Nathaniel detailed for pickup. Proceed to Sector Beta Two.*

++ *We have arrived. Full sector search initiated.*

++ *By the throne, brother, save your ammunition!*

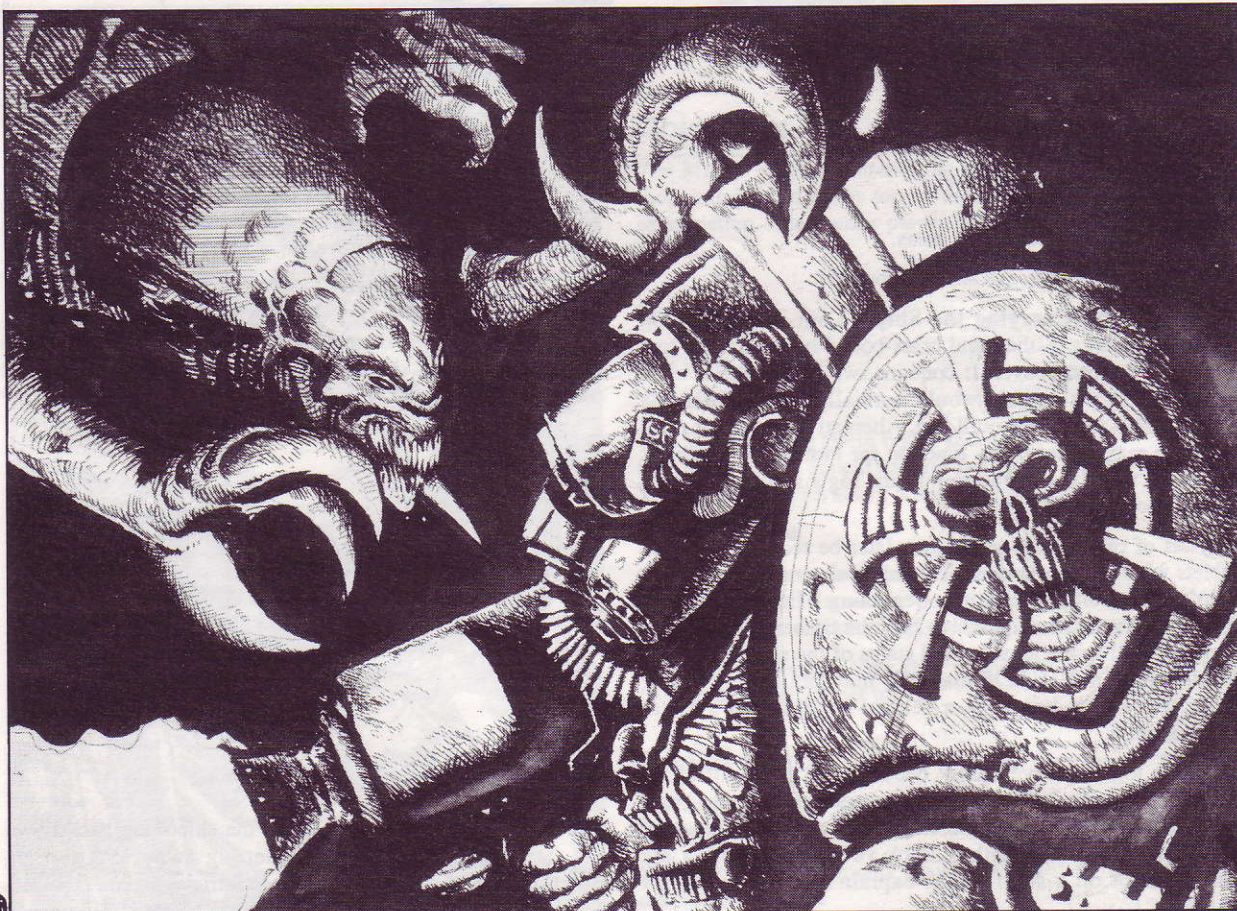
++ *Stone Thrower just killed a rat.*

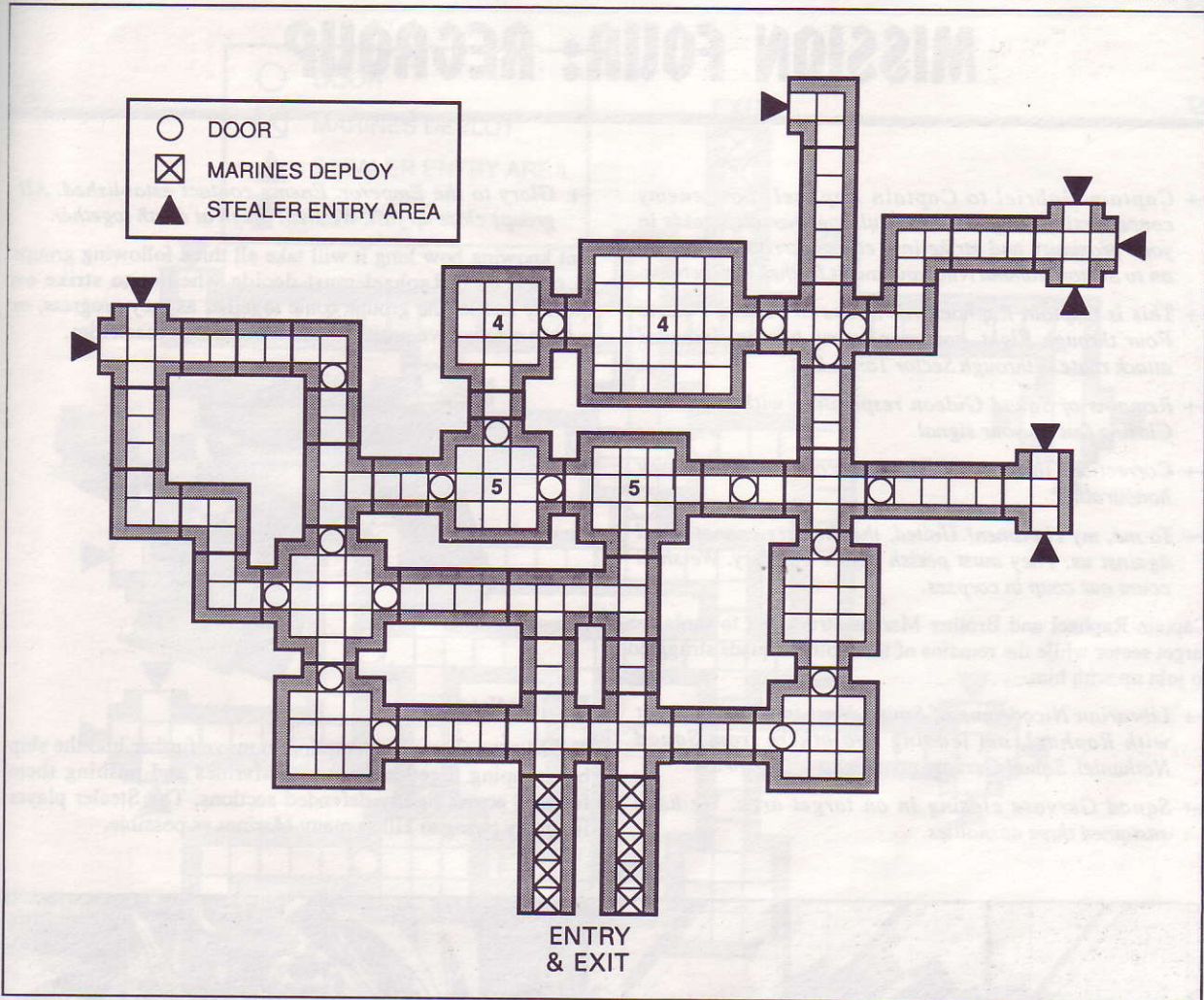
++ *This is Noel. Target located and in our possession. We are returning.*

++ *Our brothers shall be vindicated. Their sacrifice shall not be in vain. Death to the Genestealers. Glory to the Emperor. Vengeance shall be ours.*

Objectives

The Marine player must locate (see *Searching the Rooms* below) and bring back the volume of the ship's log which was lost by Squad Lucius. The Stealer player must prevent this from happening.





Forces

Marines:

Squad Noel

- One Sergeant with storm bolter and power glove.
- One Librarian, psychic mastery level 1, with storm bolter and force axe.
- One Marine with assault cannon (one reload) and power glove.
- One Marine with lightning claws.
- One Marine with storm bolter and power glove.

Squad Nathaniel

- One Sergeant with storm bolter and power glove.
- One Marine with flamer (one reload) and power glove.
- One Marine with thunder hammer and storm shield.
- Two Marines with storm bolters and power gloves.

Stealers: The Stealer player begins the game with one Blip and receives two reinforcement Blips per turn.

Deployment

Marines: The Marine player deploys one squad on each of the marked corridors.

Stealers: The Stealer player's forces can arrive at any of the marked entry areas.

Special Rules

The Marines can secure areas, and the Stealers can use ambush counters.

Searching the Rooms: The log can only be found in one of the four rooms marked on the map with a number. A room cannot be searched while there are live Stealers in it. Searching a room takes 3 APs. A Marine must enter any square in a room to search it. After a room has been searched, the Marine player rolls a D6. If the result is equal to or higher than the number marked in that room, the volume has been found. The Stealer player then places the ship's log counter on any square in that room.

The Long Search: If three of the four numbered rooms have been searched without finding the volume, it is automatically in the last numbered room. A Marine must still spend 3 APs in that room to locate the log.

Returning with the Ship's Log: All the rules from *Mission Two: The Ship's Log* apply for moving, firing and fighting while carrying the volume, as do the rules for passing the log. It costs 1 AP to pick up the volume when it is first found.

Victory

The Marine player wins by finding the volume and carrying it through the entry corridor undamaged. The game is a draw if the log is damaged before being returned to safety. The Stealer player wins if the volume is not retrieved.

MISSION FOUR: REGROUP

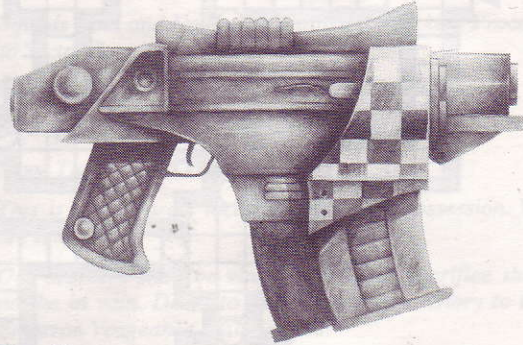
- ++ *Captain Gabriel to Captain Raphael. Low enemy concentrations in your area. Pull together all squads in your proximity and strike into enemy territory. Proceed on to Sector Gamma Nine and await further instructions.*
- ++ *This is Captain Raphael. All troops in Sectors Foxtrot Four through Eight, converge on my beacon. Intended attack route is through Sector Tango Six.*
- ++ *Remains of Squad Gideon responding with four men. Closing fast on your signal.*
- ++ *Correction: three men.. Big Sky accounted for himself honourably.*
- ++ *To me, my clansmen! United, the Stealers cannot stand against us. They must perish before our fury. We shall count our coup in corpses.*

Captain Raphael and Brother Marcus struck out towards the target sector while the remains of three other squads struggled to join up with him.

- ++ *Librarian Nicodemus of Squad Noel in visual contact with Raphael, am leading two others from Squad Nathaniel. Squad Gervase coming up on Tango Six.*
- ++ *Squad Gervase closing in on target area. We have sustained three casualties.*

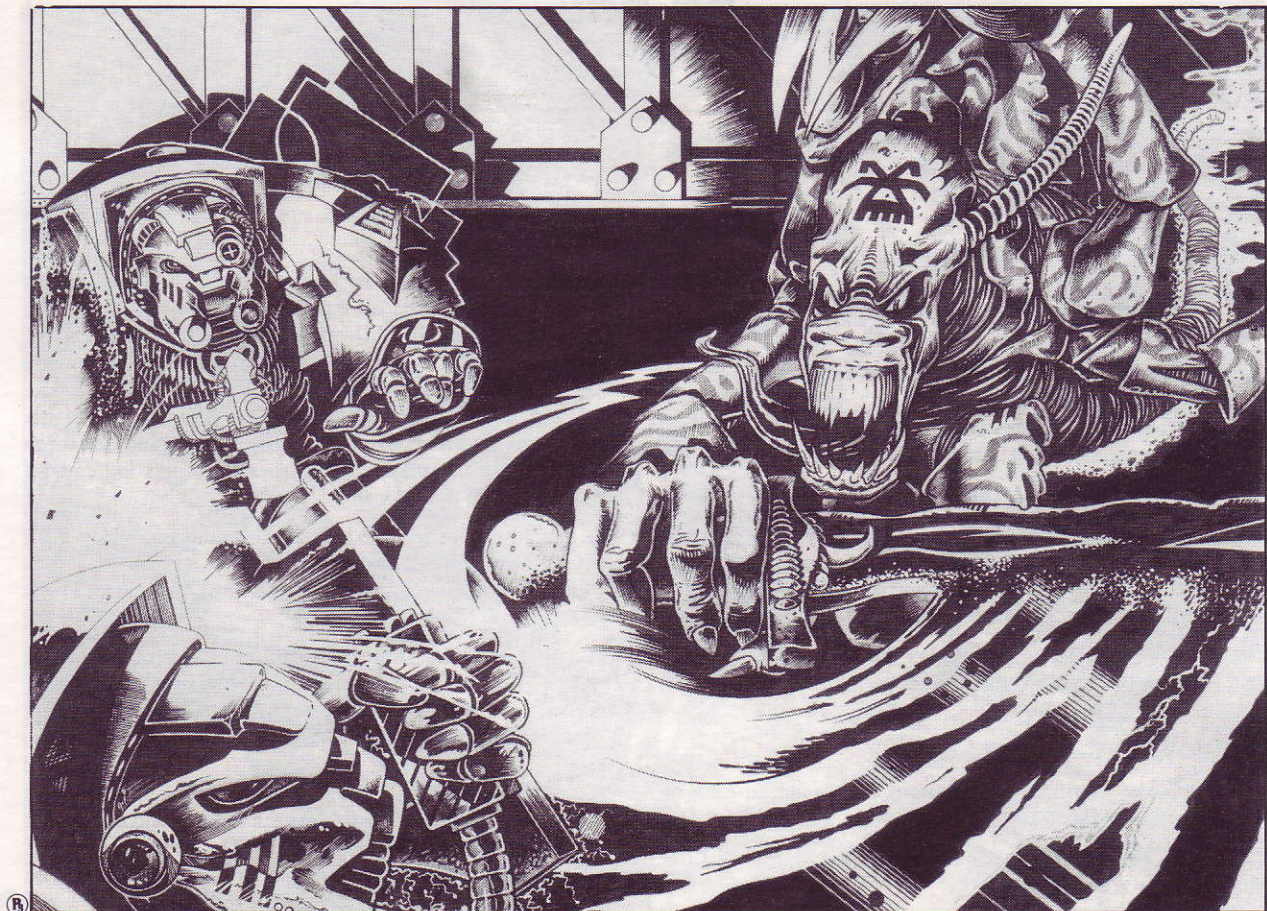
- ++ *Glory to the Emperor. Enemy contact established. All groups close up fast. We shall laugh at death together.*

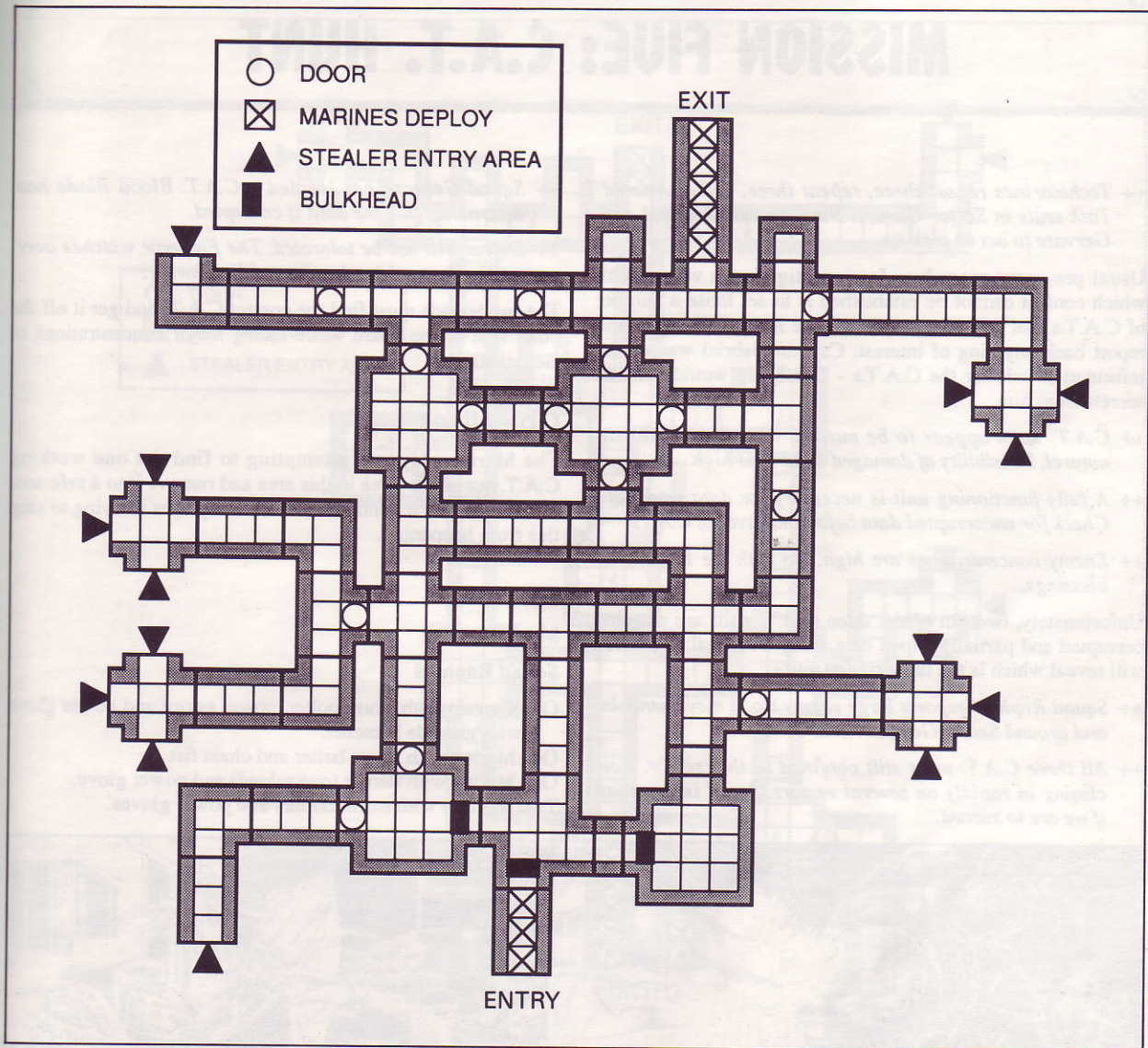
Not knowing how long it will take all three following groups to reach him, Raphael must decide whether to strike on quickly and let the groups come together as they progress, or wait in a defensive position until more troops reach him.



Objectives

The Marine player is attempting to move further into the ship by grouping together scattered Marines and pushing them forward across lightly-defended sections. The Stealer player is simply trying to kill as many Marines as possible.





Forces

Marines:

Group 1

One Captain with storm bolter, power sword and power glove with grenade launcher.

One Marine with storm bolter and chain fist.

Group 2

One Librarian, psychic mastery level 1, with storm bolter and force axe.

One Marine with flamer (one reload) and power glove.

One Marine with lightning claws.

Group 3

Three Marines with storm bolters and power gloves.

Group 4

One Sergeant with storm bolter and power glove.

One Marine with assault cannon (one reload) and power glove.

Stealers: No starting Blips. Two reinforcement Blips arrive each turn.

Deployment

Marines: At the end of a turn when troops come onto the board, roll a D6 to see when the next group will come on. 1-3 means it arrives the next turn, while 4-6 means the turn after that. All groups begin at the rear of the marked entry corridor.

For example, Group 1 enters the board at the beginning of turn 1. After turn 1, roll to determine when Group 2 arrives. 1-3 means they arrive on turn 2, while 4-6 means turn 3.

Stealers: The reinforcements may come on at any marked entry area.

Special Rules

The Timer: The Marine player does not get the extra thirty seconds for the Sergeant until the model actually enters play. He begins with two minutes and thirty seconds for each turn.

Victory

The Marine player wins if six or more Marines get across the board. If three, four or five Marines survive, the game is drawn. If two or less Marines make it the Stealer player wins.

MISSION FIVE: C.A.T. HUNT

++ *Techmarines report three, repeat three, Cyber-Altered Task units in Sector Gamma Nine. Squads Raphael and Gervase to act as pick-up.*

Usual pre-entry procedure for investigating a vessel with which contact cannot be established is to set loose a number of C.A.T.s that will search through the heart of the ship and report back anything of interest. Captain Gabriel wanted the information held by the C.A.T.s - *The Spore* would hold no secrets from him.

++ *C.A.T. units appear to be moving without directional control. Possibility of damaged systems is high.*

++ *A fully functioning unit is necessary for data retrieval. Check for uncorrupted data before retrieval of C.A.T.*

++ *Enemy concentrations are high. Go with the Emperor's blessings.*

Unfortunately, two out of the three C.A.T. units are carrying corrupted and partially wiped data. Only a manual inspection will reveal which is the uncorrupted unit.

++ *Squad Raphael reports large enemy troop movements in and around Sector Gamma Nine.*

++ *All three C.A.T. units still confined to that sector. Foe closing in rapidly on several vectors. Speed is essential if we are to succeed.*

++ *Squad Gervase has located a C.A.T. Blood Blade has determined that the data is corrupted.*

++ *Defeat will not be tolerated. The Emperor watches over us. Go forward for the glory of Deathwing.*

The two squads must find the correct C.A.T. and get it off the other side of the board while facing major concentrations of Genestealers.

Objectives

The Marine player is attempting to find the one working C.A.T. out of the three in this area and remove it to a safe area to read the data it contains. The Stealer player is trying to stop this from happening.

Forces

Marines:

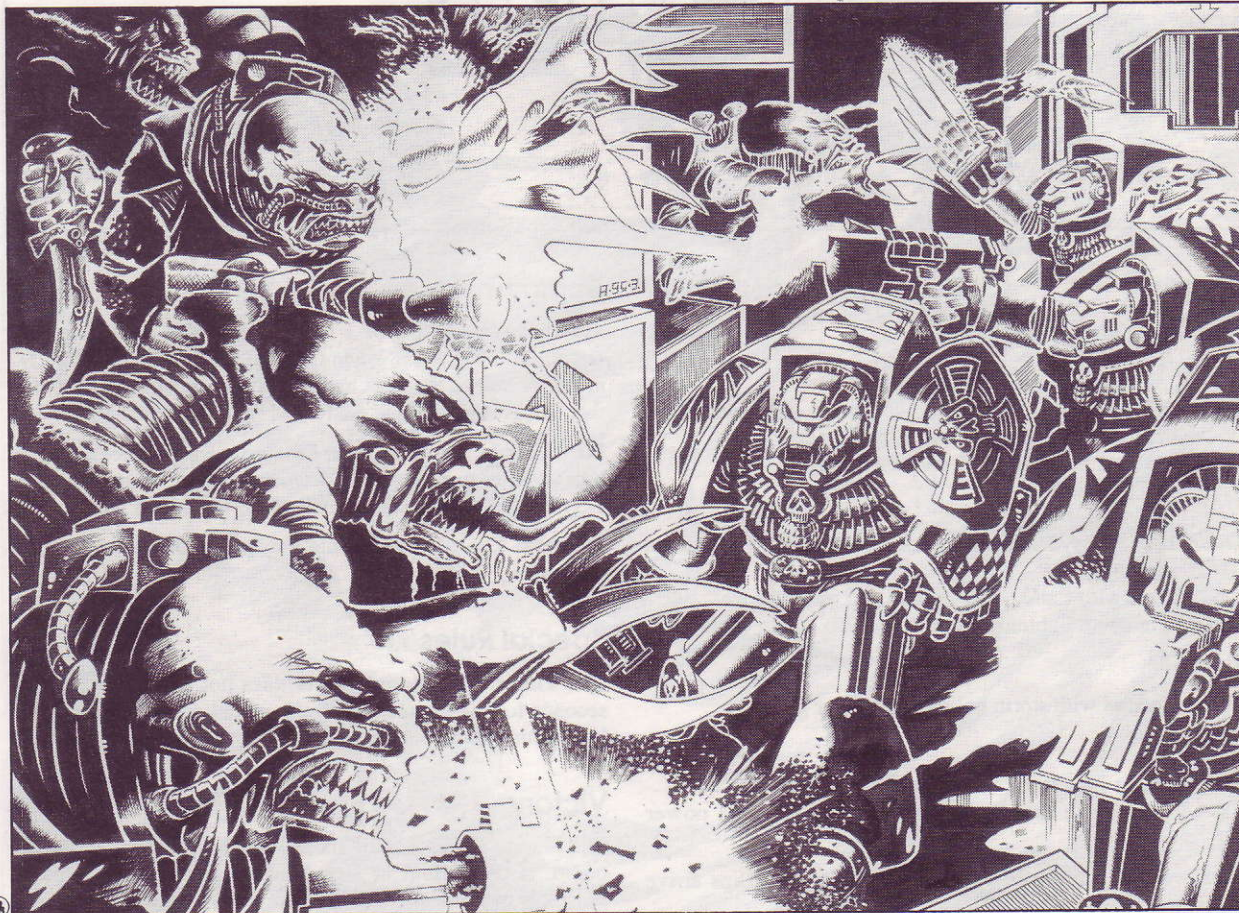
Squad Raphael

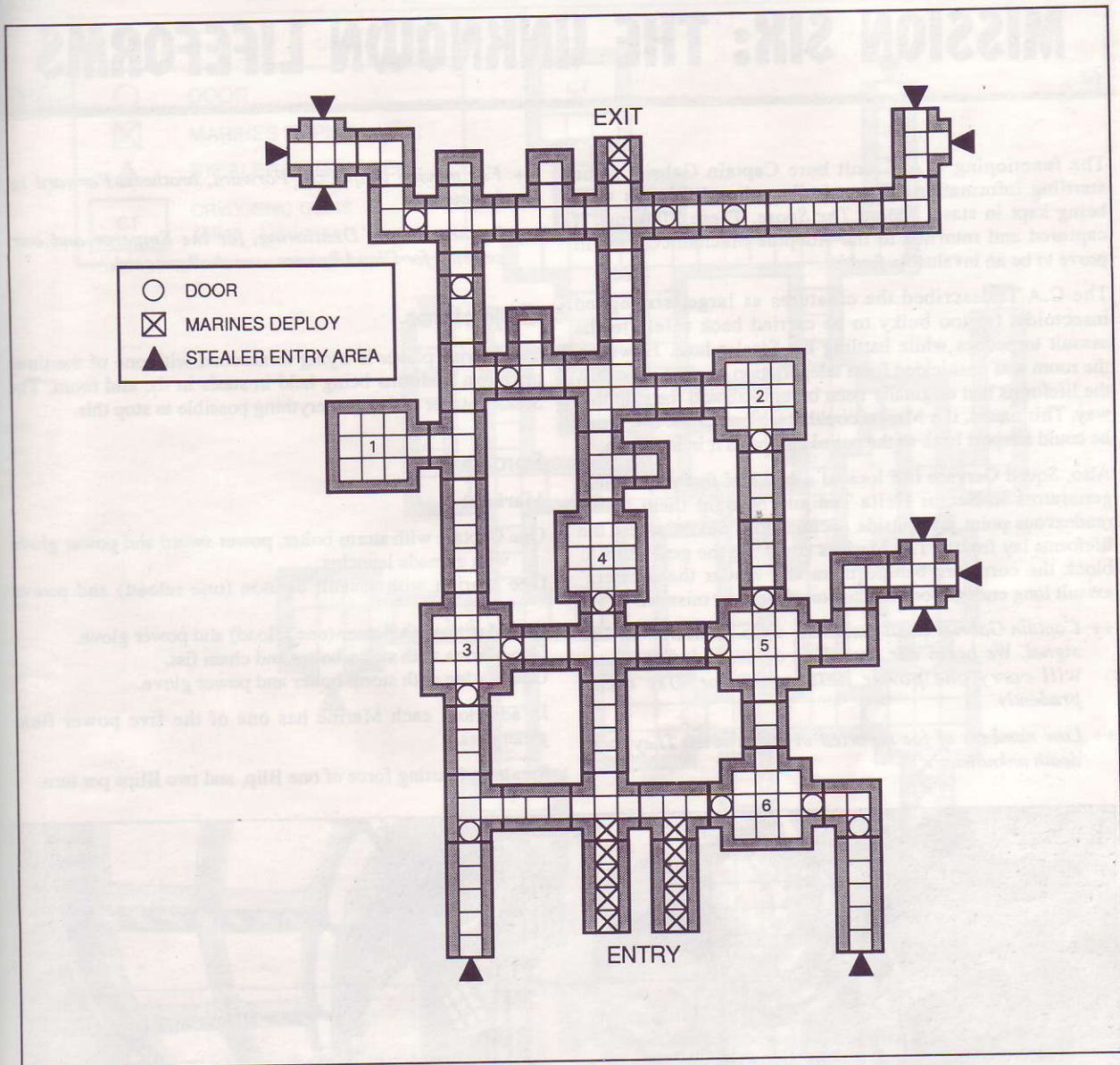
One Captain with storm bolter, power sword and power glove with grenade launcher.

One Marine with storm bolter and chain fist.

One Marine with flamer (one reload) and power glove.

Two Marines with storm bolters and power gloves.





Squad Gervase:

One Sergeant with storm bolter and power glove.
 One Marine with assault cannon (one reload) and power glove.
 Three Marines with storm bolters and power gloves.

Stealers: A starting force of two Blips, and two reinforcement Blips per turn.

Deployment

Marines: The squads both start in the marked entry corridors.

Stealers: Forces can be brought in at any marked entry area.

C.A.T.s: Before the game begins, the Stealer player decides which of the three C.A.T.s is uncorrupted, and writes it down on a piece of paper. The Marine player is not to be shown the paper until he locates the correct unit.

The Marine player then draws a command point counter and puts a C.A.T. anywhere in the room with that number marked in it on the map. This counter is put to one side and another

counter is drawn to find out where the second C.A.T. is to be placed. Repeat this procedure for the third C.A.T. This way, each C.A.T. starts in a different room.

Special Rules

The C.A.T.s: All rules from *Mission Three: Rescue* in the original *Space Hulk* mission booklet apply here. The C.A.T.s will be moving around, as per these rules, from turn 1.

The uncorrupted C.A.T.: To determine if a C.A.T. is uncorrupted, a Marine must pick it up and examine it. It costs 1 AP to pick it up and a further 1 AP to examine it. Once a C.A.T. has been examined, the Stealer player announces whether or not it is the uncorrupted unit.

Victory

To win, the Marine player must find the uncorrupted C.A.T. and get it to the marked exit corridor, undamaged. If the right C.A.T. is retrieved, but gets damaged, the game is a draw. If the proper C.A.T. is not recovered, the Stealer player wins.

MISSION SIX: THE UNKNOWN LIFEFORMS

The functioning C.A.T. unit bore Captain Gabriel some startling information. Three similar, alien lifeforms were being kept in stasis aboard *The Spore*. These lifeforms, if captured and returned to the Adeptus Mechanicus, might prove to be an invaluable find.

The C.A.T. described the creatures as large, six-legged insectoids, far too bulky to be carried back safely to the assault torpedoes while battling the Stealer host. However, the room was unshielded from teleportation devices. Possibly, the lifeforms had originally been brought aboard the ship that way. This meant, if a Marine could reach one of the lifeforms, he could teleport back to the patrol ship with it in his grasp.

Also, Squad Gervase had located a cache of five power field generators in Sector Delta Ten and brought them to the rendezvous point just outside Sector Alpha Seven, where the lifeforms lay frozen. The Marines could use the generators to block the corridors behind them and hinder the Stealers' assault long enough for them to complete their mission.

++ *Captain Gabriel to all remaining units. Converge on my signal. We begin our assault in 60 seconds. Each man will carry one power field generator. Use them prudently.*

++ *Low numbers of foe reported in target area. They face death unknowing.*

++ *Foe moving in quickly. Forward, brothers. Forward to honour.*

++ *In the name of Deathwing, for the Emperor and our people - for Cloud Runner - we shall succeed.*

Objectives

The Marine player is trying to abscond with one of the three unknown lifeforms being held in stasis in the end room. The Stealer player is doing everything possible to stop this.

Forces

Marines:

One Captain with storm bolter, power sword and power glove with grenade launcher.

One Marine with assault cannon (one reload) and power glove.

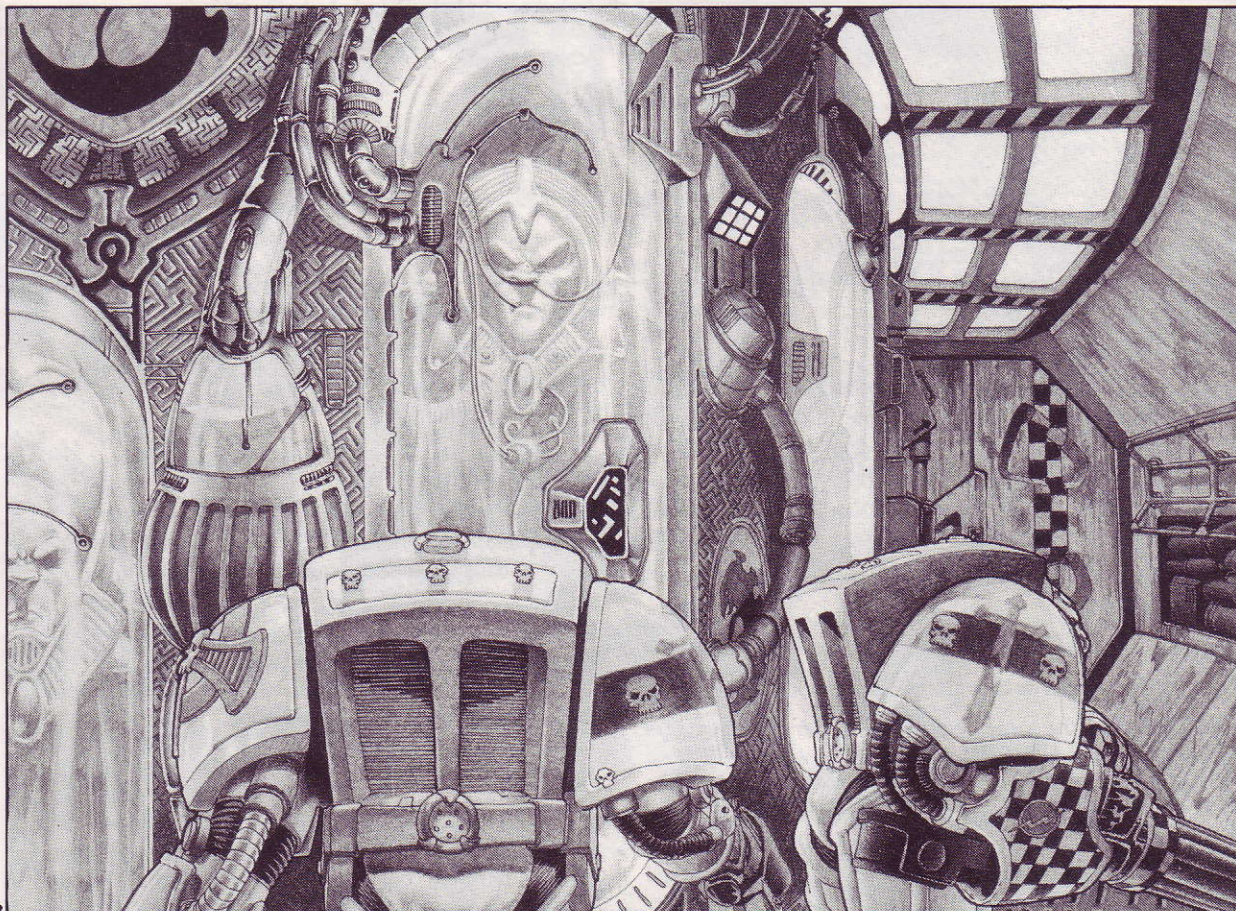
One Marine with flamer (one reload) and power glove.

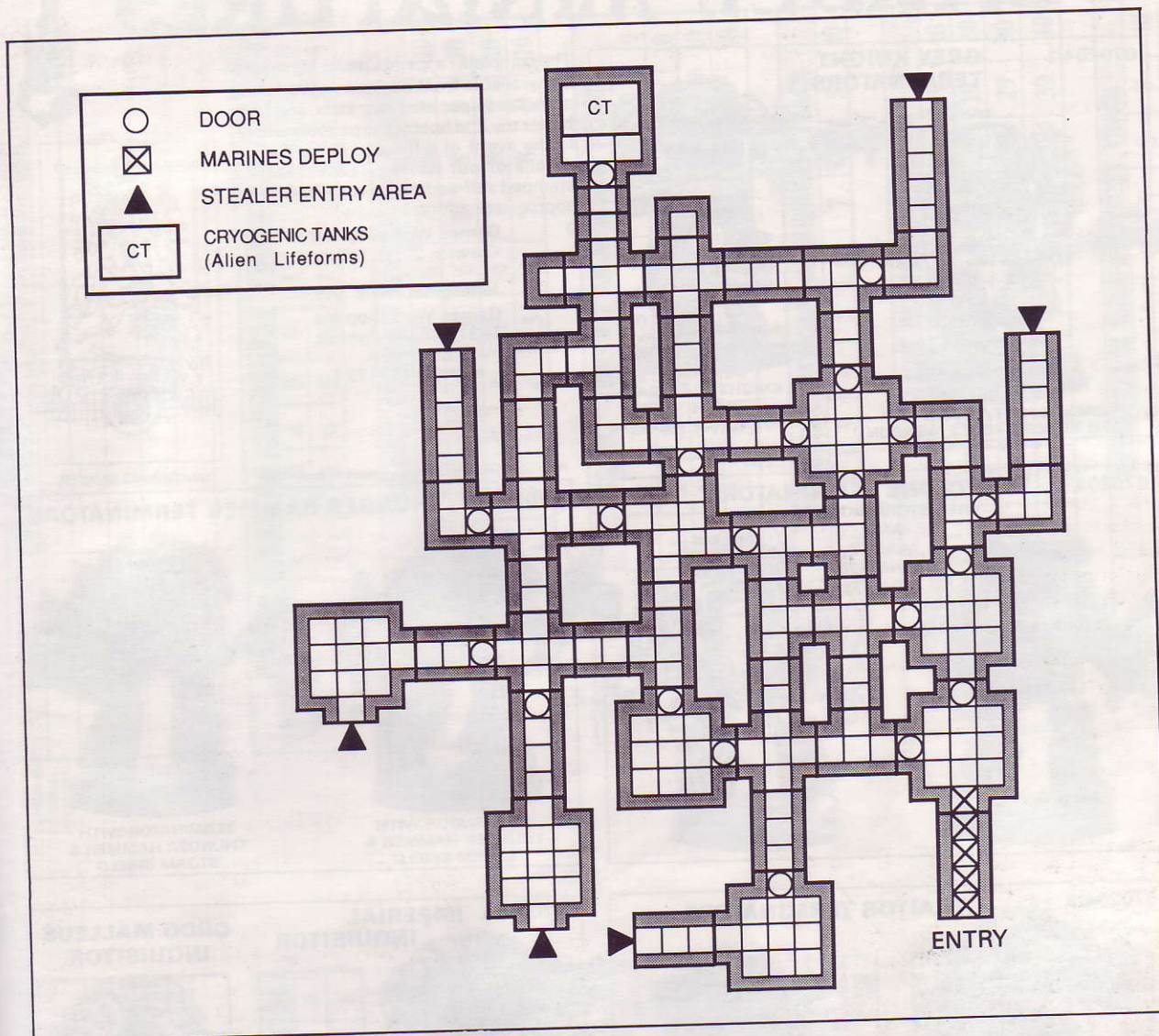
One Marine with storm bolter and chain fist.

One Marine with storm bolter and power glove.

In addition, each Marine has one of the five power field generators.

Stealers: Starting force of one Blip, and two Blips per turn.





Deployment

Marines: The squad starts on the marked corridor.

Stealers: The Stealer forces may come on at any of the marked entry areas.

The Unknown Lifeforms: Place the cryogenic tank counter in the proper room as shown upon the map. The lifeforms lie in stasis within.

Special Rules

Power Field Generators: A power field generator is a small device that generates an invisible force field in a sphere centered around itself. They have several uses, one of which is sealing hull breaches in emergency situations. However, in this mission, the Marines have come up with a more appropriate application. They are going to use the generators to delay the Genestealers by blocking off some of the ship's corridors.

Using Power Field Generators: Priming and throwing a generator costs 2 APs. A Marine can throw a generator up to six squares away in his LOS and arc of fire. To be effective, the generator must go off in a square between at least two opposing walls (ie normally, only in a straight corridor section or at the entrance to a room or junction):

When throwing a generator, the Marine player indicates where it's supposed to land and then rolls a D6. On a roll of 6, the generator rolls one square further than intended (unless blocked by a wall or closed door). On a 1, the generator either falls short by one square or, if it was meant to go off only one square away from the Marine throwing it, it goes off early, in that Marine's square.

Power Field Generator Effects: The field fills the entire square in which it lands, killing any model in that space and completely blocking movement and firing through it, but not LOS. It takes a Stealer 18 APs to fight past a field and destroy the generator. On a piece of paper, keep track of the number of APs a Stealer has spent on attacking a power field. If an entire turn passes in which a power field has not been attacked, it immediately is restored to full power again.

Marines can only destroy a field and its generator with a power sword, chain fist, thunder hammer, force axe or lighting claws. It costs an appropriately armed Marine 4 APs to do so. Destroyed generators are removed from the board.

Victory

If any Marine reaches the lifeforms and spends 4 APs to teleport back to the ship with one of them, the Marine player wins. Anything less than this is a Stealer win.

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WITH COMBINED NEEDLER-BOLTER AND POWER GLOVE WITH JOKERO DIGITAL WEAPONS

ORDO MALLEUS WITH PSYCANNON & FORCE ROD

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TERMINATOR WITH LIGHTNING CLAWS

TERMINATOR WITH LIGHTNING CLAWS

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TRAITOR CAPTAIN WITH STORM BOLTER AND DAEMON SWORD

TRAITOR TERMINATOR WITH ASSAULT CANNON AND POWER GLOVE

DESIGNED BY JES GOODWIN

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SQUAD

SQUAD

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SQUAD:

NAME	RANK	ARMAMENT

CAPTAIN'S
PERSONAL
HERALDRY

FLAMER 1 AMMUNITION		FLAMER 2 AMMUNITION	
1	2 3 4 5 6	1	2 3 4 5 6
1	2 3 4 5 6	1	2 3 4 5 6



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ASSAULT CANNON 1 AMMUNITION TRACK	
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21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
31	32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40



GENESTEALER REINFORCEMENT TRACK	
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11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30



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SQUAD:

NAME	RANK	ARMAMENT

CAPTAIN'S
PERSONAL
HERALDRY

FLAMER 1 AMMUNITION		FLAMER 2 AMMUNITION	
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1	2 3 4 5 6	1	2 3 4 5 6



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GRENADE LAUNCHER AMMUNITION TRACK	
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MARINE PSI-POINT TRACK	
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21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
31	32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40



GENESTEALER REINFORCEMENT TRACK	
1	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30



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RANGED WEAPONS

Weapon	Range	Area of Effect	Dice (D6)	Roll to Kill/Destroy				Ammo	Reload	Sustained Fire	Overwatch
				Stealer	Marine	Door	Bulkhead				
Storm Bolter	UL/12	Target	2	6	6	6	-	UL	No	Yes	Yes
Heavy Flamer	12	Section	1	6	2	-	-	6	4 APs	No	No
Self-destruct	0	Section	1	Auto	Auto	Auto	5	-	-	-	-
A/C Burst	UL/12	Target	3	5	5	5	6	10	4 APs	Yes	Yes
Full Auto	UL	Fire Arc	3	3	3	3	-	10	4 APs	No	No
Malfunction	0	Section	1	Auto	Auto	Auto	5	-	-	-	-
Grenade Launcher	8	Section	1	4	6	5	-	10	No	No	No
Thunder Hammer											
Self-destruct	0	Section	1	Auto	Auto	Auto	5	-	-	-	-

A/C = Assault Cannon. UL = unlimited. Under Range, the second figure on the line is for during overwatch firing mode.

AP COST TO FIRE

Weapon	Cost to Fire	Cost to Move and Fire	
		Forward	Backward
Storm Bolter	1	1	2
Heavy Flamer	2	-	-
A/C Burst	1	1	2
Full Auto	2	-	-
Grenade Launcher	1	1	2

CLOSE ASSAULT WEAPONS

Weapon	Effects
Power Glove	-
Chain Fist	Destroys door for 1 AP, bulkhead for 2 APs.
Power Sword	Can be used to parry in close assault.
Force Axe	Can channel psi points to augment blow.
Thunder Hammer	+2 to close assault roll.
Storm Shield	Can be used to parry in close assault.
Lightning Claws	Roll 2 dice in close assault. +2 to each roll.

FEATURES

Crates	Block movement and LOS. Attacked in the same manner as a door. Replaced by rubble if destroyed. Cannot be moved.
Rubble	+1 AP to move onto a rubble square. Does not block LOS. Shots passing through a rubble square are deflected on a 5 or 6 on 1 dice. Cannot be moved or destroyed.
Bulkheads	Block movement and LOS. Cannot be moved. Destroyed by a close assault attack on score of 6 or better. Remove counter if bulkhead's destroyed.
Cryogenic Tanks	Block movement and LOS. Attacked in the same manner as a door. Cannot be moved. Flip counter over if tanks are destroyed. Destroyed cryogenic tanks still block movement and LOS.
Disposal Chutes	To escape a ship via a disposal chute, a Marine must slide down the chute and destroy the outer door. This door cannot be opened manually. Stealers can follow Marines into the chute one at a time. Models that have entered the chute cannot return to the board. Once the door is destroyed, Marines in the chute escape automatically. Stealers in the chute become casualties.
Ladders	Do not block movement or LOS. Attacked in the same manner as a door but are immune to storm bolter or assault cannon fire. If ladder is destroyed, flip the counters over and treat the ladder hole as a pitfall for purposes of moving up or down it.
Pitfalls	Marines cannot climb up pitfalls. Genestealers can. Any time a Marine enters a pitfall square, he falls through on a 1 on 1 dice.

CHARACTERS

Rank	Close Assault Skill Bonus	Timer Bonus	CP Bonus	Psi Points	Special Arms
Marine	0	-	-	-	none
Sergeant	+1	+30†	-	-	none*
Captain	+2	+30†	+2	-	Power Sword, Grenade Launcher
Librarian	+1	-	-	10-40	Force Axe

† In normal games, timer starts at 2.00 plus bonuses.

* Sergeants may be equipped with a Power Sword.

SPECIAL ACTIONS TABLE

Special Action	AP Cost	
	Marine	Stealer
Jump Down Ladder or Pitfall	0/1*	0/1*
Climb Up or Down Ladder	2	2
Climb Up Pitfall	-	3

* 0 APs if model announces it's jumping as it enters the square. Once in the square, it costs 1 AP to jump down.

DESCENDING THROUGH A PITFALL

Square below is occupied by	Dice Roll (D6)	Result
Nothing	1 - 4	Marine falls prone.
	5 - 6	Marine lands upright facing any direction he chooses.
A Stealer	1 - 2	Stealer is killed. Marine falls prone.
	3 - 6	Stealer moves into any empty adjacent square, retaining facing. Roll for Marine falling into empty space. If Stealer cannot move, it is killed and Marine falls prone.
A Marine	1 - 3	Marine below is killed Descending Marine falls prone.
	4 - 6	Marine below is knocked prone. Descending Marine falls prone in any empty adjacent square. If there are no such squares, the Marine below is killed, and the descending Marine falls prone.