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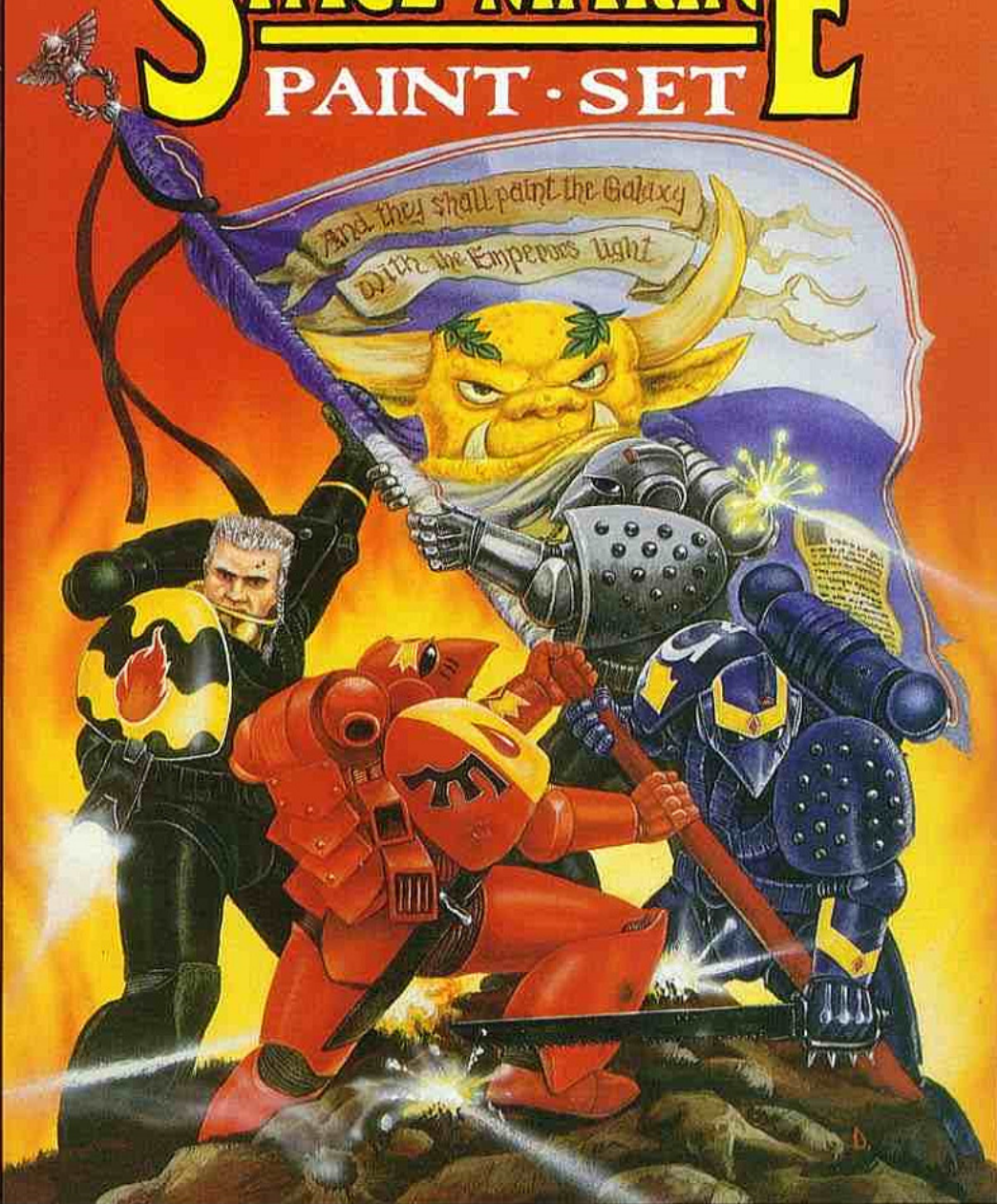
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WHITE DWARF™

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Richard Halliwell



Jervis Johnson



Andy Jones



Rick Priestley



Nigel Stillman



Andy Warwick

CULTURE SHOCK

NEW ARRIVALS

This month we are happy to welcome two new staff to the Design Studio: **Paul Benson** and **Dale Hurst**. Both Paul and Dale are accomplished miniature painters, and you'll already be familiar with their work which has often been featured in *White Dwarf*.



Paul Benson comes to us from a very scholarly background, changing his role from head of a science department to Art Editor at Games Workshop. He will be working in liaison with John Blanche and Russ Tanham commissioning artwork for all Games Workshop's new products. Paul's interests include ceramics, art, the cinema and good wine. His favourite artists are Patrick Woodroffe, Jim Burns and Chris Achilleos.



Dale Hurst has left his previous job at an ammunition factory to join our ever-expanding miniature painting team. Dale's contributed regularly to *Heavy Metal*, and he really earned his stripes by carrying off an amazing total of three separate awards at Golden Demon '89. Though he enjoys playing all our games, Dale's current favourite is *Space Hulk*. His musical tastes are quite varied, and range from classical to Megadeth.

WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

Can ex-White Dwarf contributors Lewis Page, Philip Wells and Paul Hargreaves please get in touch with Phil Gallagher at the Studio address.

ADVANCED HEROQUEST

On line for Autumn release is one of our most ambitious projects yet - **Advanced Heroquest**. This is a fantasy hobby game that gives you 36 Citadel Miniatures, colour floorplans and complete rules all in one box. You'll be able to use all your Citadel Miniatures with the game, and there'll be plenty of extra supplements and expansions to add to the original set. *Advanced Heroquest* is, of course, compatible with *Heroquest* and allows you to take your *Heroquest* characters on to campaigns set in the dark tunnels beneath the Warhammer world. One for the Christmas list!

MARAUDER MINIATURES

Marauder are now making miniatures for **Warhammer Fantasy Battle** under license from Games Workshop. Their fantasy regiments are the perfect way to start collecting an army, and with the full ranges of Fighters, Dwarfs, Elves, Orcs, Goblins and others, it's easy to build up a whole Warhammer army. Marauder Miniatures are now officially approved for use with all your Warhammer Fantasy games.

FLAME PUBLICATIONS

We're very proud to announce the inauguration of our specialist roleplay imprint, **Flame Publications**. *Flame* has been created exclusively to satisfy the demands of all our eager roleplay customers, and will be releasing a succession of fully illustrated adventures and supplements. The first release is likely to be a redesigned WFRP character pack, and there are plenty of WFRP adventures in the pipeline. *Flame Publications* is in the capable hands of **Mike Brunton** and **Graeme Davis**, two of our most experienced writers, and **Tony Ackland** will be providing the artistic input. We'll be telling you more about *Flame's* releases in the near future.

GAMES WORKSHOP NOVELS

There's no shortage of exciting new developments at Games Workshop these days! We are now on the verge of releasing our first novels - and you could win one each of the first six releases in our Warhammer Novels competition.

As you'd expect, with the great wealth of artistic talent available to us, we've been able to create a really strong image for the novels - you certainly won't be able to miss them! Each book is lavishly illustrated with black and white line drawings, and we've been particularly lucky to get artwork from the likes of **Jim Burns** and **Les Edwards**, two of Britain's most famous fantasy artists.

The authors can also boast an impressive pedigree - we are privileged to have obtained the services of **Brian Stableford**, best-selling author of *Empire of Fear*, who will be writing as Brian Craig. **Kim Newman**, writing as Jack Yeovil, is well known as a freelance film critic, and is celebrating the release of his first fiction novel *The Night Mayor*, a cyberpunk-style detective thriller. You'll be able to read his short story *No Gold in the Grey Mountains*, in this month's *White Dwarf* - the story gives you a glimpse at the past history of one of the characters from *Drachenfels*, his first Warhammer novel.

The anthologies are edited by **David Pringle**, editor of *Interzone* magazine, author of *Modern Fantasy: The 100 Best Novels*, and one time *White Dwarf* book reviewer. *Interzone* have just released their fourth anthology of new science fiction and fantasy stories, which includes the work of Brian Stableford, Kim Newman and Dave Langford, among others. Regular readers of *Interzone* will recognise the names of many of the talented young writers whose work appears in the Warhammer anthologies.

IN THE WORKS

We had so much material to fit in the forthcoming **Codex Titanicus** supplement, that we were unable to squash it all in. Everything we had left over, and more besides, will be appearing in a follow-up volume packed with new epic scale rules, Titans and vehicles for *Adeptus Titanicus* and *Space Marine*.

1990 GAMES DAY LEAGUES

Following the success of the **Dark Future** and **Blood Bowl** leagues which culminated in this year's exciting competitions at Games Day '89, we have decided to introduce four on-going leagues for 1989/90: *Blood Bowl*, *Space Hulk*, *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* and *Warhammer 40,000*. These leagues will be run through the chain of Games Workshop stores, who will organise the local groups of gamers into area leagues. With scoreboards and league tables in every shop, you will be able to keep track of how your team, squad or army are doing. Points will be awarded for winning, drawing and even losing, so the more games you play, the more points you collect and the higher up the league you climb. The nearer you are to the top, the greater your chances of qualifying for the regional leg of the **1990 Games Day competitions**.

These leagues will be running all year round, so whenever your gaming group play any of the four above mentioned games, you simply visit your nearest Games Workshop and fill in the results sheet provided. In conjunction with these leagues, we are starting the ball rolling for the 1990 Games Day competitions for each of the games, with big prizes at regional and final level. If, as an individual or gaming group member you want to take part, visit your nearest Games Workshop and register. You can enter all the leagues if you want to, so long as you have the requisite painted miniatures to put on the field of battle. All miniatures must be painted to be entered in the competition, and the all-new **Battle Colours** painting competition will be open only to those gamers who are in the leagues. The rules and regulations for the competitions, with army lists, special equipment charts, character listings, scenarios and maps, are being compiled into a fully-detailed competition brochure, available only when you enrol. The final date for enrolling is Saturday 30th September. So now is the time to sharpen your swords, wash your Blood Bowl shirts and look to your battle gear. Just remember that it isn't going to be easy getting to the final, and your local Games Workshop manager is the final arbitrator of regional justice... so be nice to him! Look out for details of the **Games Day Leagues**, **Golden Demon Awards 1990**, **Battle Colours** and **Young Bloods** painting competitions in *White Dwarf* and at your nearest Games Workshop store.

OSPREY CHAMPIONSHIPS

The finals of the Osprey World Championships 1989, featuring the **Warhammer Fantasy Battle World Championship**, take place on Saturday 7th and Sunday 8th of October at the Assembly Rooms in Derby. This should be a fascinating two days of gaming, with the cream of Warhammer generals fighting it out for the title of world Champion.

WARHAMMER ROCK

Coming up in the very near future will be another new departure for Games Workshop - rock music!

The first Games Workshop albums are by keen gamers and heavy rocksters **Bolt Thrower** and **Batfish**. *Into the Eye of Terror*, taken from Bolt Thrower's forthcoming *Realm of Chaos* album, recently received airplay on the John Peel show. Like the Batfish album, currently known as *Tinned Oblivion*, the record will be magnificently packaged with *Warhammer 40,000* artwork.

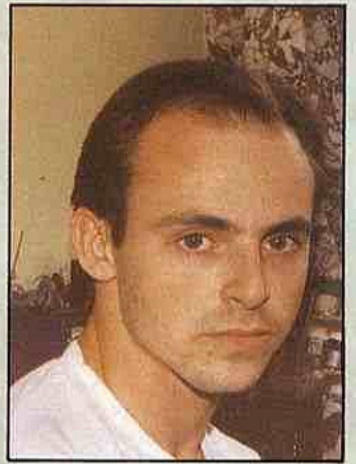
Hopefully the albums will be out before Christmas - watch this space for further details. If you can't wait that long, both bands will be showcasing tracks from their records on the 12th of September at the Opera on the Green in Shepherd's Bush (127 The Precinct, Shepherd's Bush, London W12 - ring 01 386 5019 for tickets). So we'd better see all you Londoners at the first Warhammer rock concert - or we'll send the Bloodletters round!

Also on the way is **Out of Kontroll** by The Hungry Trolls, the very first Troll Rock single, to be released shortly. Featuring instrumental backing by the Lust Lobsters, the single will be available in strictly limited numbers through Games Workshop stores.

THE LOST AND THE DAMNED

Unfortunately, the release of the second volume of *Realm of Chaos* has been unavoidably delayed. We're now hoping to have the book available after Christmas. If you've got a voucher from the competition for *The Lost and the Damned*, don't panic - we're extending the expiry date until after the book is published.

HEAVY METAL



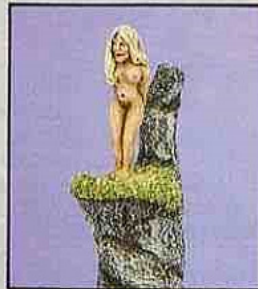
MICK BEARD



CHAOS CHAMPION



NIGHT HORROR



CHAOS FAMILIAR



GREY KNIGHT TERMINATOR



DETAIL OF DWARF JUGGERNAUT



LIFE ELEMENTAL



MARINE IN TERMINATOR ARMOUR



CHAOS CHAMPION



NIGHT HORROR MUMMY



DETAIL OF DWARF JUGGERNAUT



DWARF JUGGERNAUT CONVERSION



HOWLING GRIFFONS SPACE MARINES RAISE THEIR BATTLE STANDARD



RICHARD KERNICK



SPACE MARINE CONVERSION

PLASTIC SPACE MARINE CONVERSION



TALISMAN ROGUE



LORD OF BATTLE



ELF WARDANCER



SPACE MARINE



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HARLEQUIN DEATHJESTER



MARINE - ENLARGED VIEW



VINDICATOR



ELDAR GUN CREW



MARINE CONVERSION



MARINE CONVERSION



MARINE - ENLARGED VIEW



MARINES CONVERSION



ORK BUGGY



ORK DREADNOUGHT



ORK CAPTAIN

DANIEL CLIFT'S EPIC SCALE MINIATURES

CODEX TITANICUS

TM

In this, the second of our previews of *Codex Titanicus*, we take a look at Imperial Landing Pods and Drop Ships. Landing Pods drop onto the battlefield in huge numbers - each pod contains a number of Marines or Dreadnoughts - while Drop Ships carry huge amounts of equipment and infantry, and glide into the battle to unload their deadly cargo.

This issue also includes more information on epic scale Ork and Eldar: full rules for Ork infantry, details on Eldar Swooping Hawks, Avenging Warriors and Falcon Grav-Tank, plus the templates and counters you'll need to play.

There was a loud shudder as Thundercrusher started, belching out clouds of smoke as its Stokers bullied the engines into life. The Gargant tottered forward, crushing a squad of Madboyz who had decided to protect it at all costs. Goblod cursed; he couldn't afford to lose any troops - not now. He cast his glance towards the sky and muttered. The Eldar had been coming down for over five minutes. "That," he thought "is... um... lotz! Yeab, lotz of pointy-earz."

Eitrollán Haitbru smiled as the Swooping Hawks fell towards the ground, their lithe shapes silhouetted against the afterglow of the Shooting Stars' engines. The Eldar came down amongst the Marines' ranks, landing gracefully on the muddy rockface.

Eitrollán turned to Radín, the Space Wolves' commander. "Where your men falter, my warriors will avenge them. Where we fall, you shall lay waste to our enemies. We fight together, and nothing shall stand in our way." Radín nodded, smiling; he had never fought alongside the Eldar, but he knew their value as allies, just as he knew the fear they could cause as enemies.

Radín watched the Falcon Grav-Tanks as their las-cannon burst into life, the deadly beams of light a signal for his Marines to fire. Within seconds, the battlefield was aflame.



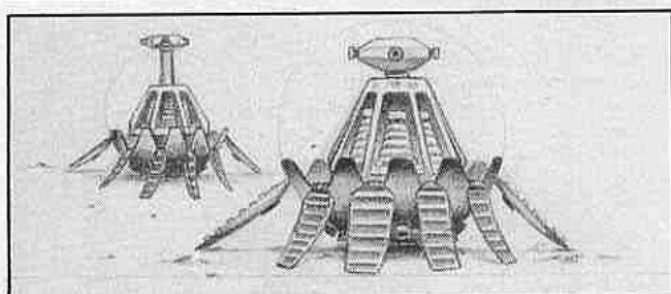
LANDING PODS AND DROP SHIPS

Landing pods and drop ships are often used to deploy forces onto the battlefield from orbiting spacecraft. The only practical difference between them is the size of the force they can carry, and the following rules apply to both types equally.

LANDING PODS

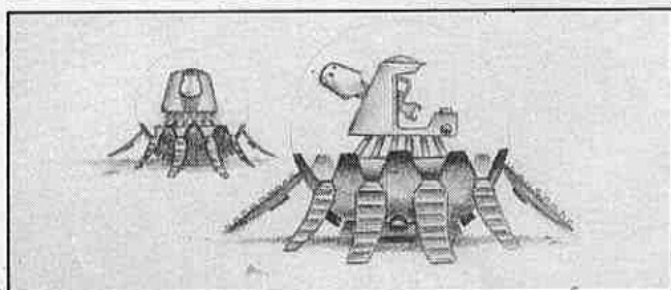
There are several distinct types of Imperial landing pod, used for different tasks. The most common types are as follows:

ASSAULT POD



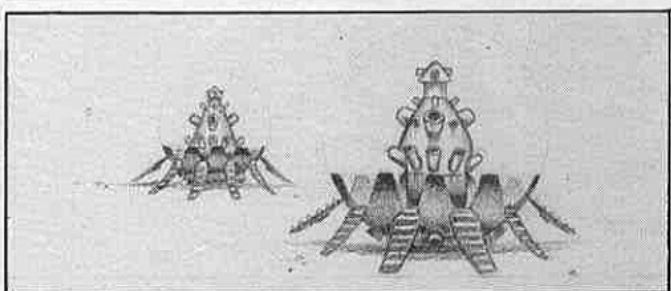
The assault pod is the type most common type of landing pod. It is capable of carrying up to two infantry stands or four Dreadnoughts, and is armed with a heavy plasma gun to provide light support.

SUPPORT POD



The support pod is used to provide heavy support for troops landed in assault pods. It is armed with a plasma cannon, and has no remaining space to carry troops.

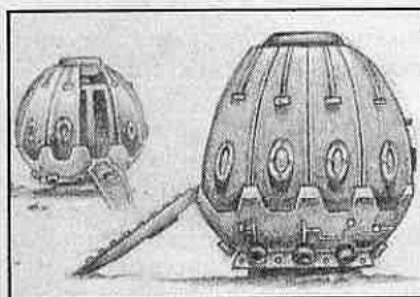
DEATHWIND POD



The Deathwind Pod is designed to land amidst heavy concentrations of enemy troops. It does not carry troops, but is equipped with a Deathwind Multi-launcher. If it survives the landing, it fires this weapon; the multi-launcher rotates at high speed, firing all its ammunition in a devastating volley, and the pod then self-destructs.

MAKING THE DROP

If a player has any landing pods, he must write down when they will arrive two turns in advance. Therefore, the player must write which landing pods will arrive on the first and second turns before the battle begins. In the end phase of the first turn, the player can write down which pods will arrive on the third turn (if any), and so on.



Landing pods arrive on the table during the order phase of the stated turn, after orders have been placed, but before they are revealed. To drop a detachment of pods take one *drop marker* for each pod (noting down which marker refers to which pod, if the pods are different) and stack all the markers on a burst template. With the other hand, hold the range ruler vertically, with one end on the table at the target point. Hold the burst template level with the top of the range ruler, and then turn it over sharply, so that the drop markers fall onto the table. Wherever a marker lands, that is where you place the pod which it represents.

Enemy forces with first fire orders may fire on pods during the drop. They fire in the order phase, and these attacks are resolved as normal snap fire attacks. Range is measured to the pod's landing-point on the table.

MISHAPS

Sometimes, a drop marker may land somewhere unfortunate: on top of an enemy unit, for example, or off the table altogether. The following rules apply to drop mishaps:

A pod is automatically destroyed if it lands off the table, on a Titan or on a Titan's base. If a pod lands on a Titan (including the base), the Titan loses one void shield if it has void shields operating, or suffers one automatic critical hit otherwise.

If a pod lands on top of any other enemy unit, the enemy unit is allowed to make one free attack with any weapons other than small arms. If this attack fails to destroy the pod, then the enemy unit is destroyed as the pod lands on top of it with retro-rockets blazing. The pod itself always survives intact.

If a pod lands on top of a building, its retros will not have slowed it enough for a safe landing. The pod and anything it contains is automatically destroyed, and the building takes D3 critical hits (ie roll 1D6 and halve the result, rounding fractions down).

THE MOVEMENT PHASE

The pod will *deploy* in the first fire segment of the movement phase. Replace the *drop mode* model with the *deployed mode* model. The pod's cargo moves out immediately; place the appropriate models on the table within 2 cm of the pod.

THE COMBAT PHASE AND THEREAFTER

Neither the pod nor any troops or vehicles deploying from it may fire in the first turn (with the exception of the Deathwind Pod - see below). In successive turns, they are given orders, move and fire normally. Pods are always assumed to have first fire orders.

DEATHWIND POD

Unlike other landing pods, the Deathwind *is* allowed to fire on the turn it lands. Place the 12cm burst circle used for the Gargant Long Tom gun over the pod at the start of the advance segment of the combat phase with the pod at the centre. Any infantry or vehicles under the burst circle, whether wholly or partially, must make an unmodified saving throw or be destroyed. Titans under the burst circle take 3 automatic hits; each hit will knock down one void shield or power field. Titans without any operating void shields or power fields will suffer superficial damage from each hit.

After the Deathwind has fired once, remove it from play.

Brother-Sergeant Cattrell pushed himself into his seat. The soft pads surrounding him followed the motion, their automatic systems making sure he was firmly restrained. The temperature was climbing; Cattrell could hear the crack of the pod's metal shell expanding in the heat of re-entry.

The rush of air around the pod shook it violently from side to side as it fell to earth, throwing his squad around as it tumbled through the air. The rubber seals on Cattrell's armour took most of the strain, but the breathing regulator on his waist was drawing blood where it rubbed against his skin. He'd get the Techmarines to look at it when he got back.

The sudden jerk of the retros caught him off guard, and he let out a gasp of air as he was pressed into his seat. Seconds later the pod hit the ground, lurching sideways as it buried itself in the dirt. Before the doors were fully spread, the restraining pads slammed open and Cattrell and his men leapt out.

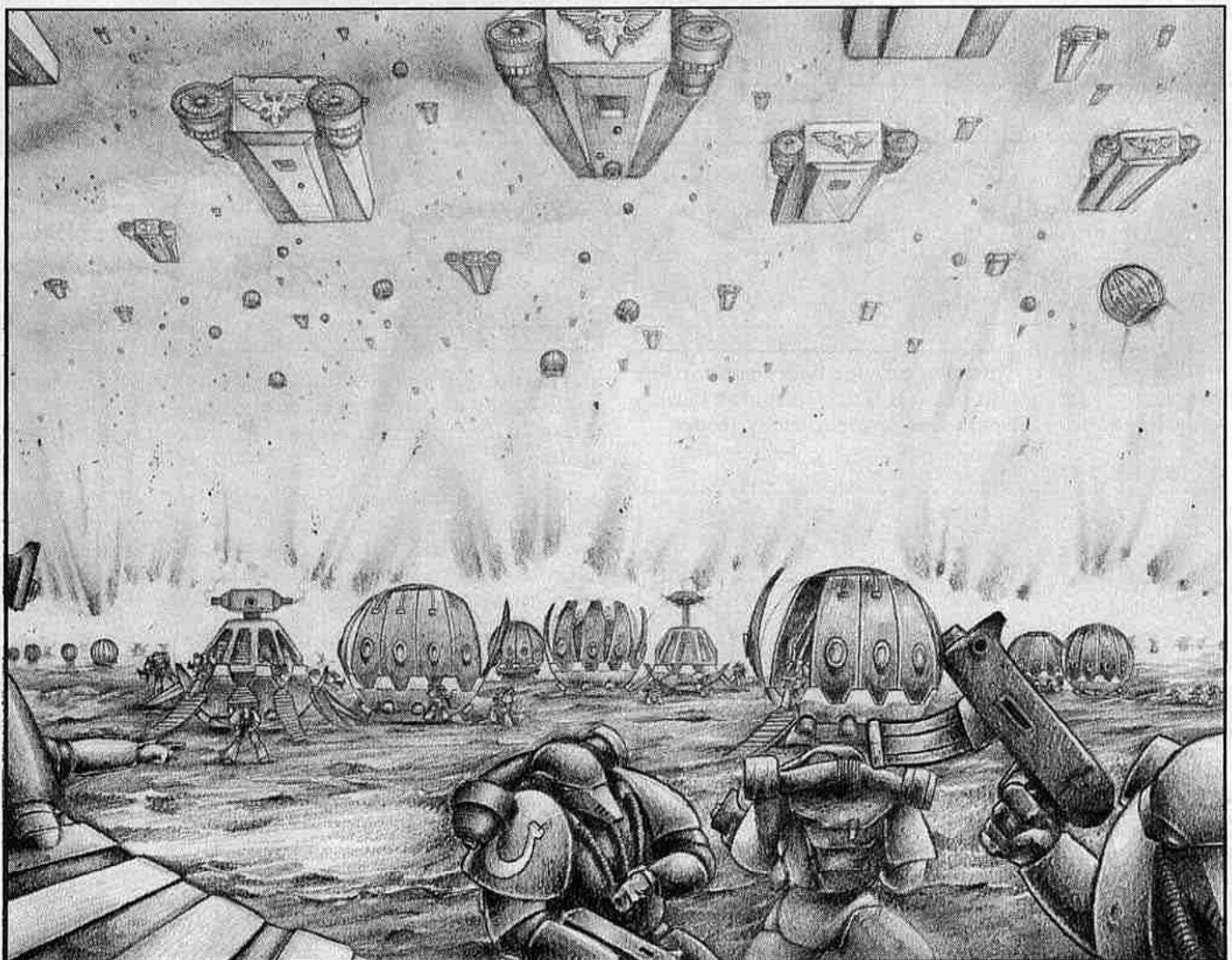
Cattrell grabbed a bolter as he sprinted down the ramp onto the planet's surface, kicking up the fine red earth that carpeted the crater floor. Fifty pods had already landed, and the Marines were securing the perimeter.

He looked up; the sky was dark with Assault Pods. They hurtled towards the ground, the engines that slowed them down only firing when the craft were fifty metres above the soil; that's what rattled your teeth - but it made them difficult to hit.

Another pod landed nearby. It hit the dusty earth with a thud and sprang open; it was the first of the Support Pods. A Marine ran up to it and vaulted into the turret. He brought it round and began to lay down a sheet of flame. The closest detachment of Orks turned into a smoking pyre of crackling flesh.

Cattrell glanced at his wrist. A stream of orders flashed across the face of his Imperatum Monitor, indicating where he and his men should deploy. He flicked the acknowledgement switch, took his bearings, and ran towards the Ork's ranks, gesturing for his men to follow.

They joined a thousand Marines that poured down the rockface, sprinting towards the advancing Ork horde.



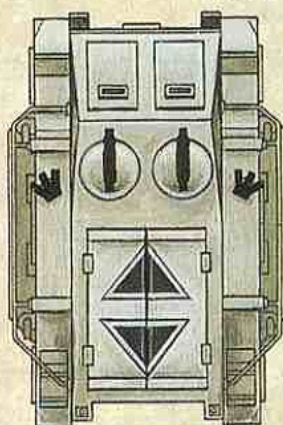
IMPERIAL RECOGNITION SYMBOLS

With their commanding view of the battlefield, Titan Princes are in an ideal position to observe the enemy formations and communicate these to the infantry and armoured vehicles some sixty feet below them.

As each Princeps plays such an important role in the battle, it is imperative that he correctly identifies the units he is fighting alongside. For this reason, it is common practise for Marine Chapters to paint symbols on the roofs of their vehicles to indicate the type of squads contained within.

Although they do not conform to any specific pattern, and may change from campaign to campaign, some Chapters have retained the same set of symbols for many hundreds of years. Others, especially those who have sided with Horus, change them before each battle. It is largely a matter of individual preference.

WHITE SCARS



TACTICAL/SUPPORT



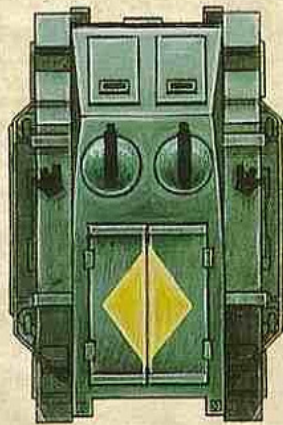
DEVASTATOR



ASSAULT

First used by the White Scars during the Chalan campaign, this set of symbols is particularly easy to distinguish at a distance, and has remained relatively unchanged for almost two centuries. Credit for the original design goes to Commander Tor Baltan, the Chapter's greatest tactician.

SALAMANDERS



TACTICAL/SUPPORT



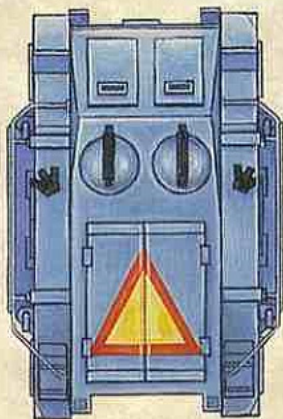
DEVASTATOR



ASSAULT

These designs are based on a number of symbols found within the STC system. Although their initial origins are unclear, the Salamanders adopted them as as soon as Warmaster Horus became a traitor, as a gesture to confirm their allegiance to the Imperium.

ULTRAMARINES



TACTICAL/SUPPORT



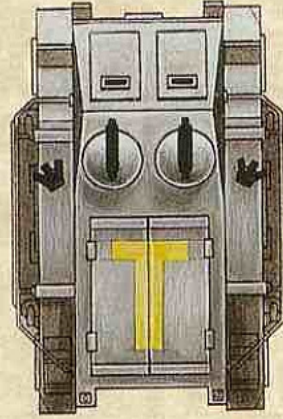
DEVASTATOR



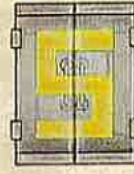
ASSAULT

The Ultramarine Chapter uses perhaps the oldest set of symbols known to Mankind: the triangle, the circle, and the square. The colour combination, yellow on blue, is particularly striking, and makes vehicle identification easy even in the most difficult conditions.

SPACE WOLVES



TACTICAL/SUPPORT



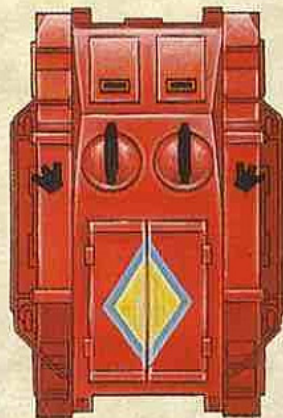
DEVASTATOR



ASSAULT

The Space Wolves have opted for an alphanumeric system of identification. Vehicles containing Tactical or Support Stands are known by the codename *Terribilis*, those with Devastator Stands as *Sacrus*, and assault stands as *Audax*. The initial letter is painted on the roof.

BLOOD ANGELS



TACTICAL/SUPPORT



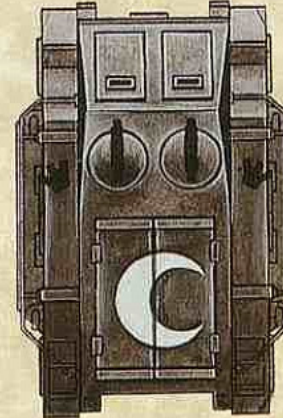
DEVASTATOR



ASSAULT

This is the set of symbols used during the actions on Feron III. Commander Milus Goss of the Blood Angels was responsible for their design, basing them on a number of hieroglyphs he found in an abandoned temple on the planet's surface.

SONS OF HORUS



TACTICAL/SUPPORT



DEVASTATOR



ASSAULT

These are the symbols that the Sons of Horus adopted when their Warmaster declared against the Emperor. They are based on the religious symbols of the feral cult into which Horus was initiated, though they have become simplified so they are recognizable at a distance.

Jansen edged the Thunderbolt onto the correct glide path: a low dip over the edge of the dune to avoid the ten or so drop ships that had already landed.

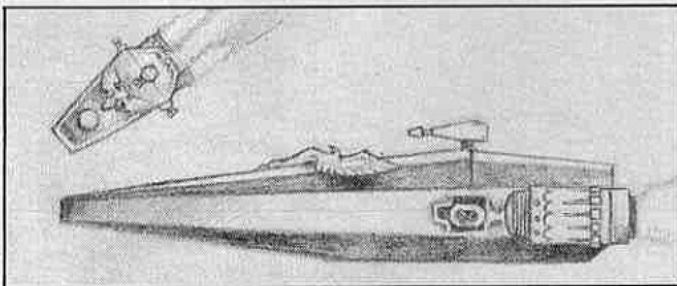
He glanced through his side windows. Good, he wasn't too close to the rest of the drop ships - they were heading towards the far side of the dune. Two hundred Thunderbolts were coming in within the next fifteen minutes. He knew that it would be hell to land if you were the last.

Jansen checked that those already down were disembarking safely. Three dozen Land Raiders had deployed and were screaming towards the Traitor's line with their las-cannon spitting fire.

The sand fountained up and to the sides as Jansen's Thunderbolt hit the ground belly first and skidded forward. Hidden by the dunes, they had at least ninety seconds to disembark. Four more Land Raiders thundered onto the planet's surface, the last out tripping the switch to raise the ramp.

His cargo gone, Jansen pulled himself over to the turret controls. The plasma cannon's sights swung across onto the rapidly approaching Traitors. Jansen squeezed the trigger...

DROP SHIPS



Drop ships are huge vehicles, used to carry large bodies of troops and machines such as Dreadnoughts into battle. There are various types in service, of which the most common is the Thunderbolt.

A drop ship can carry up to 8 stands of infantry or the equivalent, as shown on the following table. The rules for disembarking are the same as for disembarking infantry from armoured vehicles. Note that a detachment may not be split between two or more drop ships; the whole detachment must be together on the same vehicle.

TRANSPORT EQUIVALENTS

- 2 Dreadnoughts or Robots = 1 infantry stand
- 2 light vehicles = 1 infantry stand
- 1 armoured vehicle = 2 infantry stands

Note that each unit is counted separately. Thus, 4 infantry stands and 2 Land Raiders is full load, whether or not the infantry are embarked on the Land Raiders!

MAKING THE DROP

Drop ships do not enter the battlefield in the same way as landing pods. They glide onto the battlefield with limited manoeuvre control, which means that their landing sites must be very carefully selected.

A drop ship lands in the orders phase of the turn, after orders are assigned to units but before they are revealed. First, the controlling player selects a *landing site*, where the ship will come down, and places an *entry point marker*, where it crosses the table edge. The straight line between these two points is the *glide path* - the importance of this is explained later. The landing site must be at least 6 cm away from the nearest building or other obstacle, and there must be no buildings between it and the entry point.

With its limited manoeuvre control, a drop ship may not land exactly where it is supposed to. After nominating the landing point, the player controlling the drop ship rolls for deviation to discover where the drop ship *really* lands. This is the *final landing point* - mark it with a deviation template. Once it touches the ground, the drop ship skids forward for another 2D6 cm before coming to a halt - this is called the *skid path*.

FIRING AT INCOMING DROP SHIPS

An incoming drop ship may be fired on by any model which fulfils the following conditions:

- firing model is within range and LOS of any part of the glide path (even if the drop ship will ultimately collide with the firing model)
- firing model has first fire orders

This fire takes place in the order phase, but does not affect where the drop ship lands. The drop ship counts as a vehicle target.

COLLISIONS

It is quite possible that a drop ship will collide with something while making its approach and landing. A collision will happen under the following circumstances:

- if the deviation template used to mark the final landing point covers any infantry stands or vehicles.
- if any part of the glide path, including the deviation template marking the final landing point, touches a building, Titan, Gargant or other obstacle.
- if there is any building or model of any kind on any part of the skid path.

The effects of a collision are as follows:

Collision with infantry or vehicles: place a burst template where the collision takes place. All infantry and vehicles wholly or partly under the template are automatically destroyed, with no saving throw. The drop ship and its cargo are unharmed.

Collision with buildings: both the building and the drop ship are automatically destroyed. Place the 12 cm airburst template where the collision takes place - any infantry or vehicles wholly or partly under the template must make a normal saving throw or be destroyed by flying and debris. Each stand and vehicle in the drop ship must make a normal saving throw or be destroyed; survivors may be set up within 2 cm of the collision site, but not in base-to-base contact with any enemy stands, vehicles or Titans.

POWER FIELD BANKS

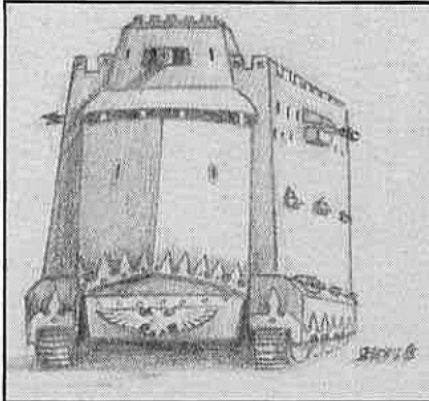
Drop ships are protected by a bank of *power fields*, as noted on their data card. A power field bank (PFB) can absorb one hit and is then destroyed, in the same way as the power fields on an Ork Gargant. You will need to keep track of which drop ships still have operating PFBs on a piece of scrap paper.

DETACHMENTS

Because of their battlefield role, landing pods and drop ships are not organised into standard detachments. Individual pods and ships are bought as the player requires. Remember, though, that you can't drop *part* of an infantry or vehicle detachment - it's all or nothing!

IMPERIAL TRANSPORTS

Imperial transports are huge tracked vehicles, used to carry large bodies of troops and machines such as Dreadnoughts into battle. There are various types in service, but most are almost as big as a Titan, and capable of carrying large forces.



One of the larger Imperial transports, the Behemoth, is almost as heavily armed as a Battle Titan, and is protected by two banks of power fields. With its heavy armour and powerful weaponry, the Behemoth is able to move Marines to the

front in relative safety, protecting them from barrages and long-range attacks as they chant their battle litanies in preparation.

Imperial transports sometimes have a battlefield role, deploying their forces and then taking up supporting positions where they act almost as semi-mobile

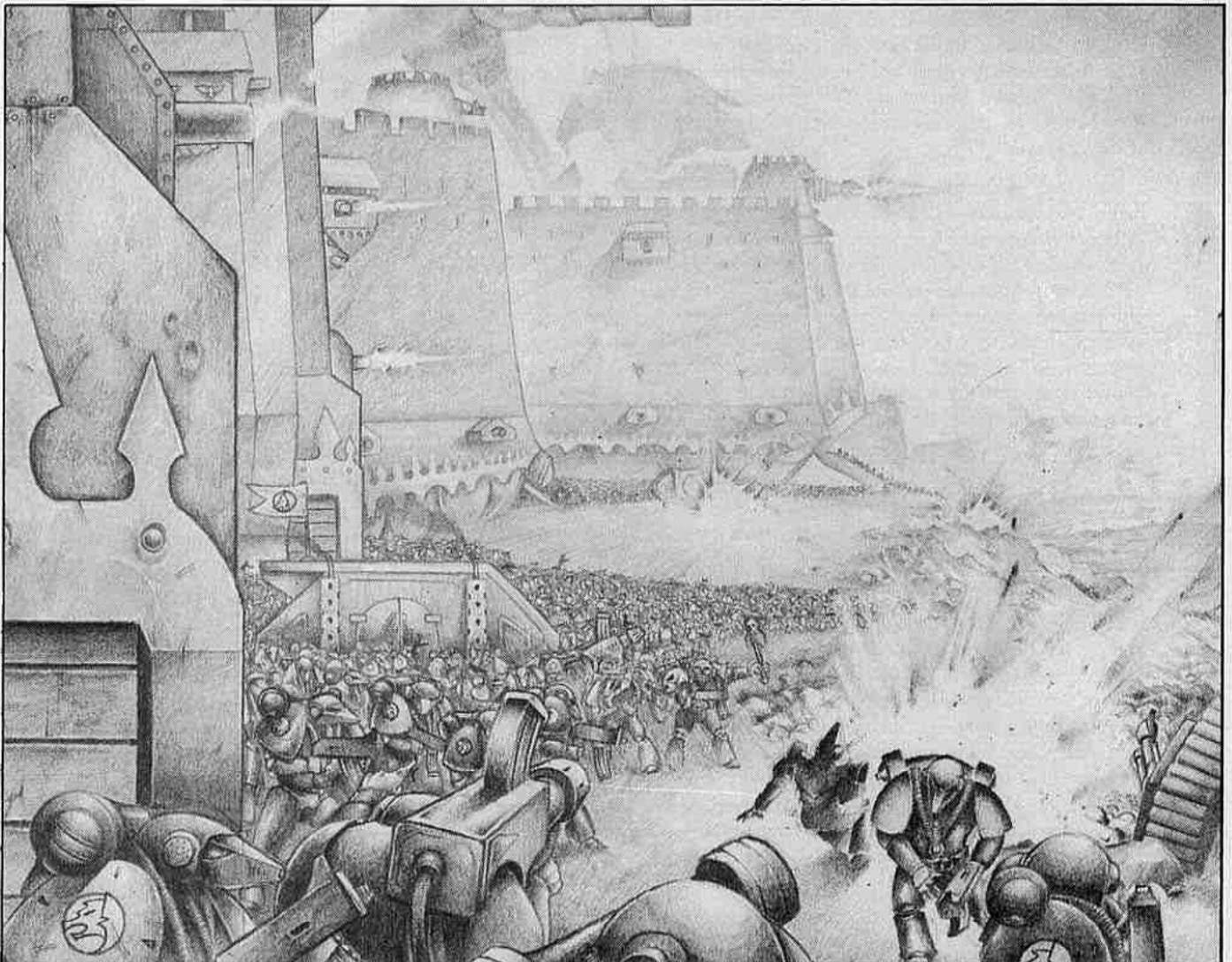
fortifications. Most Imperial transports carry some defensive armament, and some variants can mount almost as much firepower as a Titan.

An Imperial transport can carry up to 8 stands of infantry or the equivalent, as shown on the following table. The rules for disembarking are the same as for disembarking infantry from armoured vehicles. Note that a detachment may not be split between two or more transports; the whole detachment must be together on the same vehicle.

TRANSPORT EQUIVALENTS

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 2 Dreadnoughts or Robots | = 1 infantry stand |
| 2 light vehicles | = 1 infantry stand |
| 1 armoured vehicle | = 2 infantry stands |

Note that each unit is counted separately. Thus, 4 infantry stands and 2 Land Raiders is full load, whether or not the infantry are embarked on the Land Raiders!



Behemoths of the Space Wolves Chapter unload their Marines and Rhino detachments in the thick of the battle.

LEMAN RUSS

Leman Russ is one of the most famous of the ancient heroes of the Imperium. Many legends tell of his deeds during the dawn of Imperial History.

He was one of the twenty bio-engineered superhumans who would become the founding fathers, or Primarchs, of the original Space Marine Chapters. They were created by the Emperor to be stronger and tougher than any Human before or since. From their bio-engineered genes the Space Marines were cloned, yet even they were a pale reflection of their awesome progenitors, whose genetic material had to be diluted a thousand times for a single Marine.

Even before his birth, Leman Russ was the subject of titanic events. As the twenty foetal Primarchs slowly developed, suspended in their bio-support medium, Daemonic eyes observed them from the warp. The Daemons saw the pink and naked Primarchs lying in their amniotic tanks, and perceived the Emperor's plan. From the twenty Primarchs, a whole race of superhumans would be created. They would be Humanity's greatest champions and the scourge of aliens and Daemons alike. The Daemons saw this and raged. Aware that they could not face the Emperor himself, for he was a being of god-like power, the Daemons hatched a plan. Combining their strength, they broke down the mental barriers constructed by the Emperor to cloak the infant Primarchs, and, prevented from hurting them, sucked them into the warp. The babes were scattered throughout the galaxy, thrown onto twenty different worlds to be adopted by whatever parents they could find - parents that were not always Human.

Thus it was, on the planet of Fenris, that a mewling infant was discovered by a she-wolf as she hunted for her new-born cubs. A lesser child would have been torn apart by the giant wolf that stood as tall as a man, but no such fate would befall this golden man-cub with eyes like a wolf-king. Gently taking the child in her mighty jaws, the she-wolf bore him back to the safety of her cave, where he grew up amongst the wolf pack as part of the she-wolf's family. Within a few short years the child was an adult, for as a Primarch he was more than a normal man and grew as rapidly as his wolf-brothers.

He might have lived out all of his years with the wolves, had not Thengir, King of the people of Russ, sent his hunters into the forest to clear the pack from his land. The old grey she-wolf, and many of her cubs and claw-kin, died upon the spears and arrows of the King's hunters, but the wolf-man was spared, and brought, bound and gagged, before King Thengir himself.

The King took the wild man from the forests into his care, and named him Leman - Leman of the Russ. Amongst men for the first time in his life, Leman quickly learned their skills, showing a natural aptitude for the way of the warrior. He mastered their weapons - iron axes and swords - and won many glorious victories. Great tales were told of his strength and courage: how he could pluck a tree from the ground and break it over his knee; how he could stand against a hundred men in battle, and within mere minutes have them begging for mercy; and how he could consume an entire ox and wash it down with a whole barrel of beer. When Thengir died, Leman became King of the Russ.

Under his leadership, they won many victories, for in battle Leman was all but invincible. When his armies marched, the howling of wolves heralded their path; when he fought, a pair of giant wolves battled by his side. Kings themselves, they were Freki and Geri, his wolf-brothers that had escaped from the King's hunters, and now had countless wolf-packs of their own to command.

The tales of King Leman were told far and wide, and came to the notice of the Emperor himself. Recognizing the power of a Primarch at work, he travelled to Fenris and confronted the Wolf-King, who blindly refused to pay him homage as the Master of Mankind. Challenged, Russ boasted that he could out-eat the Emperor, and proceeded to consume three whole oxen, forcing the Emperor to back down. Russ boasted he could out-drink the Emperor, and drained the royal cellars dry to prove the point. Russ boasted he could defeat the Emperor in combat; the Emperor held his powerglove aloft for a moment, and brought it down on the Primarch's head, felling him with a mighty blow which would have killed a lesser man. Leman Russ admitted defeat, acknowledged the Emperor, and swore to serve him faithfully.

Within years, all the Primarchs had been found, and became the fathers of twenty Chapters of Space Marines. Leman Russ became the progenitor of the Space Wolves, and was counted as a loyal servant of the Emperor.

Within a hundred years the Space Marines had reconquered the galaxy, and the Imperium was born. Throughout the Great Crusade the Space Wolves were at the front line, their leader at the head of the battle with two great wolves at his side, his coming announced by the howling of the pack.

On the world of Dulan, the Space Wolves and Dark Angels were to assault an enemy held fortress. Russ claimed the right to lead the attack, but 'Lion' El'Jonson, commander of the Dark Angels, refused and started the attack early. Russ was furious, and began a feud which was to continue for three centuries. The Emperor intervened to quell the fighting, and ordered that the disagreement be settled with a duel. Leman Russ faced his friend in combat and took a blade through the heart; the duel was declared a draw, and the normally fatal wound healed within weeks.

The Primarchs were to fight four more times before the death of El'Jonson. Friends to the end, they were united by shared rivalry and sense of honour. The feud would arise again, but not in Russ's lifetime.

Then came the betrayal. Like Russ, Horus was a Primarch. Unlike Russ he bore the title of Imperial Warmaster, and had complete control over five Chapters of Space Marines. Perhaps Horus was tainted by Chaos when abducted as a babe, or perhaps he was weakened by the exposure to the warp. Whatever the cause, Horus was responsible for the largest treachery Mankind has even known. In a single moment he threw away his love for the Emperor and the Imperium, he cast his pride into the dirt, discarded everything he stood for, and struck out. Across a hundred worlds, a thousand million men wept for their Emperor, who had been so cruelly betrayed by a man he called friend. For the first time, Marine would fight Marine in what would become known as the Horus Heresy.



ORK INFANTRY

Ork infantry detachments are very different to those used by the Imperium or the Eldar.

Most importantly, the number of stands in each detachment is determined randomly, as shown on the *Ork Detachment Table*. This represents the fact that Orks raise their troops in an almost feudal manner, with families and households sending the fighting men they can spare to join in any battles. For this reason, an Ork commander can never be sure quite how many troops are going to turn up to a battle.

Secondly, the Ork command structure is highly centralised. Ork commanders (the Orkish term is *Warboss*) guard their power jealously, lest it be used against them by an ambitious underling. This means that there are fewer commanders than in other races, with a correspondingly larger average detachment size.

INFANTRY STANDS

There are seven types of Ork infantry stand: *Warboss*, *Noble*, *Boyz*, *'Eavyboyz*, *Stormboyz*, *Stormboyz Command* and *Madboyz*. These stands should be distinguished by using different coloured bases. Warboss and Boyz Stands use the same coloured base, but Warboss Stands fly a banner from the flag-pole that fits into the back of the stand. Similarly, Stormboyz Command Stands use the same colour base as Stormboyz Stands but fly a banner to indicate the presence of an officer. And finally, Nobles Stands also fly a banner and use the same colour base as Madboyz Stands. You and your opponent should agree which bases indicate which type of stand.

WARBOSS STANDS

A Warboss stand represents an infantry commander and his personal bodyguard. They have more and better heavy weapons than any other infantry type, as they get the first pick of any captured equipment. A Warboss stand functions as the Command stand of an Ork infantry detachment.



NOBLE STANDS

Nobles are the biggest and toughest Orks in a detachment. Being bigger and tougher than anybody else means that you get the second pick of any captured equipment, so Noble stands are almost as well-armed as Warboss stands. They cannot, however, act as Command stands.

BOYZ AND 'EAVYBOYZ STANDS

'Da Boyz' are the archetypal Ork warriors - rough, noisy, cheerfully violent and enjoy nothing so much as a good scrap. When a Warboss calls upon the local Ork households to raise troops for a battle every one sends along some Boyz.

The core fighting strength of this force will always have a heavy weapon, stolen from a defeated enemy or constructed by the family's Mekaniaks; these are the *'Eavyboyz Stands*.

In addition, there are some really keen households who send any extra troops they can find, in order to gain favour with the Warboss. Unfortunately, these extra Orks are unlikely to be armed with anything more than bolters - there just aren't enough heavy weapons to go around.

These Orks are drafted into the warband to make up numbers, and are the *Boyz Stands*.

STORMBOYZ AND STORMBOYZ COMMAND

Ork Stormboyz are young, well-armed Orkish warriors who band together to go to war. Unlike other Orks, Stormboyz are disciplined - they march in straight lines and wear clean uniforms. They take war seriously; their command structure is logical and everything is done by the book.

Most Orks look on the Stormboyz with disdain, claiming that they have "gone Humie" and lack the traditional virtues of their race, but there is no denying that they are an effective force on the battlefield.

MADBOYZ

Even among Orks, Madboyz have a love of fighting that is almost unbelievable. Many of them have been injured in battle and had their minds unhinged, while others are just born crazy.

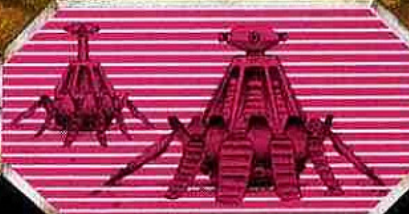
Whatever the cause of their temperament - which can only be described as psychopathic - Madboyz are totally deranged and suffer from a wide variety of manias and insanities. Madboyz detachments follow totally different rules for orders; they pick an objective, and will die trying to achieve it (see the *Special Rules*).

ASSAULT LANDING POD

SPEED:
NA

SAVE:
4+

WEAPONS:
Heavy Plasma
Gun (T1)



CAF:
NA/-2

BATTLE
RATING:
75

AR:
0

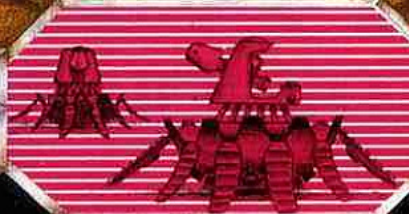
May carry 2 infantry stands or 4 Dreadoughts.

SUPPORT LANDING POD

SPEED:
NA

SAVE:
4+

WEAPONS:
Plasma Cannon (T1)



CAF:
NA/-2

BATTLE
RATING:
145

AR:
0

DEATHWIND LANDING POD

SPEED:
NA

SAVE:
4+

WEAPONS:
Deathwind
Multi-launcher



CAF:
NA/-2

BATTLE
RATING:
85

AR:
0

See text for rules

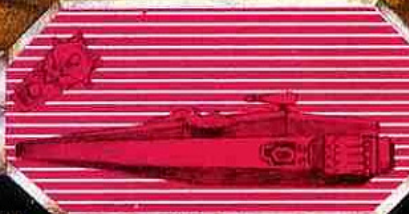
THUNDERBOLT

Drop Ship

SPEED:
NA

SAVE:
3+

WEAPONS:
Plasma Cannon (T1)
Multi-Laser(SwL)
Multi-Laser(SwR)



CAF:
0/-2

BATTLE
RATING:
235

AR:
0

May carry up to 8 infantry stands or equivalent.

BEHEMOTH

Transport

SPEED:
4/8

SAVE:
3+

WEAPONS:
H. Plasma Gun (SwL4)
H. Plasma Gun (SwR4)
Defence Laser (T1)
H. Bolter (SwR4)
H. Bolter (SwL4)



CAF:
+3/+1

BATTLE
RATING:
305

AR:
0

May carry up to 8 infantry stands or equivalent,
2 power field banks.

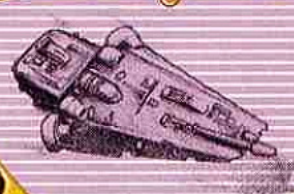
FALCON GRAV-TANK

Armoured vehicle

SPEED:
20/40

SAVE:
4+

WEAPONS:
Las-Cannon (Fx2)
Shuriken Cannon (Px2)



CAF:
+3/+1

BATTLE
RATING:
140

AR:
+1

REMARKS:
May transport 2 infantry stands
or 2 field artillery units

SWOOPING HAWKS

INFANTRY STAND

MOVE:
8/16

SAVE:
4+

BASIC
WEAPONS:
Shuriken Pistols



CAF:
+4

BATTLE
RATING:
65

SUPPORT
WEAPONS:
Melta-Gun

REMARKS:
Flight Packs

AVENGING WARRIORS

INFANTRY STAND

MOVE:
8/16

SAVE:
4+

BASIC
WEAPONS:
Shuriken Catapults



CAF:
+2

BATTLE
RATING:
90

SUPPORT
WEAPONS:
Las-Cannon

ORK WARBOSS STAND

MOVE:
8/16

SAVE:
3+

BASIC WEAPONS:
Bolters



CAF:
+5

BATTLE RATING:
100

SUPPORT WEAPONS:
Missile Launcher
& Las-Cannon

ORK NOBLES STAND

MOVE:
8/16

SAVE:
4+

BASIC WEAPONS:
Bolters



CAF:
+4

BATTLE RATING:
75

SUPPORT WEAPONS:
Melta-Gun &
Heavy Plasma Gun

'EAVYBOYZ STAND

MOVE:
8/16

SAVE:
5+

BASIC WEAPONS:
Bolters



CAF:
+1

BATTLE RATING:
30

SUPPORT WEAPONS:
Melta-Gun

BOYZ STAND

MOVE:
8/16

SAVE:
5+

BASIC WEAPONS:
Bolters



CAF:
+1

BATTLE RATING:
20

SUPPORT WEAPONS:
None

STORMBOYZ STAND

MOVE:
8/16

SAVE:
5+

BASIC WEAPONS:
Bolters



CAF:
+2

BATTLE RATING:
50

SUPPORT WEAPONS:
Heavy Plasma Gun

MADBOYZ STAND

MOVE:
8/16

SAVE:
5+

BASIC WEAPONS:
Bolt Pistols



CAF:
+4

BATTLE RATING:
30

SUPPORT WEAPONS:
None

ELDAR

COMMANDER

MOVE:
8/16

CLOSE ASSAULT
BONUS:
+1

BATTLE RATING
20

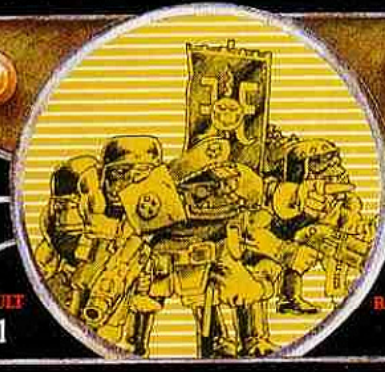


STORMBOYZ COMMANDER

MOVE:
8/16

CLOSE ASSAULT
BONUS
+1

BATTLE RATING
20



There was a huge cloud of greasy smoke, a loud clunk, and a stream of fizzing plasma shot over Goblorg's head. "Zoggin' 'eck! Watch where you're pointin' dat fing."

"Sorry, Boss. It went off by itself when I pulled da trigger."

Goblorg grunted, glancing towards the advancing Marines. "Right. Letz get 'em. Ten-shun! Pre-sen' gunz!" The Stormboyz pulled up their weapons in near unison, amidst sniggers from their companions, who obviously thought such a display of discipline was 'gurlly'. Goblorg ignored the muffled laughter, and screamed "Fire". The deafening rattle of a hundred bolters firing echoed across the battlefield; nearly sixty Marines were obliterated. The battle had begun.

INFANTRY DETACHMENTS

The standard Ork infantry detachment is the *Warband*; this represents a body of troops from the same or allied families, who fight together as a unit. A warband consists of 1 Warboss Stand, 2 Nobles Stands, 8 'Eavyboyz Stands and 6 Boyz Stands.

Stormboyz and Madboyz operate in detachments of their own, apart from the Warbands. They are comparatively rare, and the number of Stormboyz and Madboyz detachments available to the Ork player are limited. For each Warband in his force, the Ork player may include one Stormboyz detachment *or* one Madboyz detachment.

SPECIAL RULES

The following special rules apply to Ork infantry and vehicles:

DETACHMENT COHERENCY

Stands in Ork Warbands must remain within 24 cm of their Warboss stand at all times, as well as within 6 cm of another stand in the Warband. Stormboyz and Madboyz follow the normal rules for detachment coherency (but see *Madboyz Detachments* below).

DEAD WARBOSS

If the Warboss stand is destroyed, roll for the Warband's orders on the *Morale Table* in the *Space Marine* rulebook during the orders phase of each following turn.

FALL BACK ORDERS

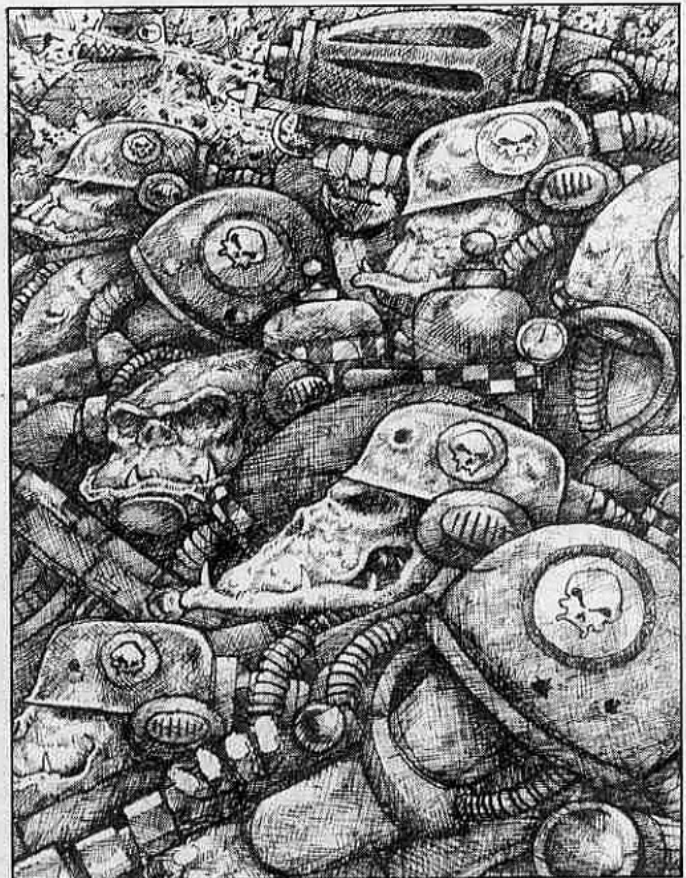
Ork detachments may only be given fall back orders as the result of a morale test or due to the destruction of their commander.

MADBOYZ DETACHMENTS

Because Madboyz are so uncontrollable in the field, they are not given orders in the usual way. Each Madboyz detachment is given a *Madboyz counter* at the start of each game; place a Madboyz counter beside each detachment before play begins. A Madboyz counter may only be changed if you are told to do so by the rules; they may not be changed voluntarily once the game has started.

The following Madboyz counters are available:

Assault: A Madboyz detachment with this counter will seek out the nearest enemy, engage them in close combat, and 'Rough 'em up a bit'.



Defend: A Madboyz detachment with this counter will defend their position on the battlefield. They will fire at enemy units that come within range, and charge into close combat with enemy units that stray too close.

Take & Hold: Madboyz with this counter will make a mad dash to a nominated point, which they will then defend from all invaders.

As soon as a detachment is given a *take & hold* counter nominate an objective for them, marking it with the *Madboyz objective marker* that has the same number as their take & hold counter. A Madboyz objective marker may be placed anywhere on the table, including areas that are not currently within the Madboyz' line of sight. A counter may *not* be placed on a Titan base, a vehicle or an infantry stand - it is used to mark an objective location, not a moving target.

The order counter that is given to each detachment of Madboyz during the order phase of each turn is decided by a combination of the Madboyz' counter and a dice roll.

Refer to the *Madboyz Orders Table* for each detachment, reading down the list until you find the first case that applies to *any* of the Madboyz in the detachment. Follow that line of the table to the right and roll a dice to find out which of the three orders the detachment is given for that turn. You must always start at the top of the list and work down, and you must stop at the first case that applies even if it only applies to one of the detachment's Madboyz.

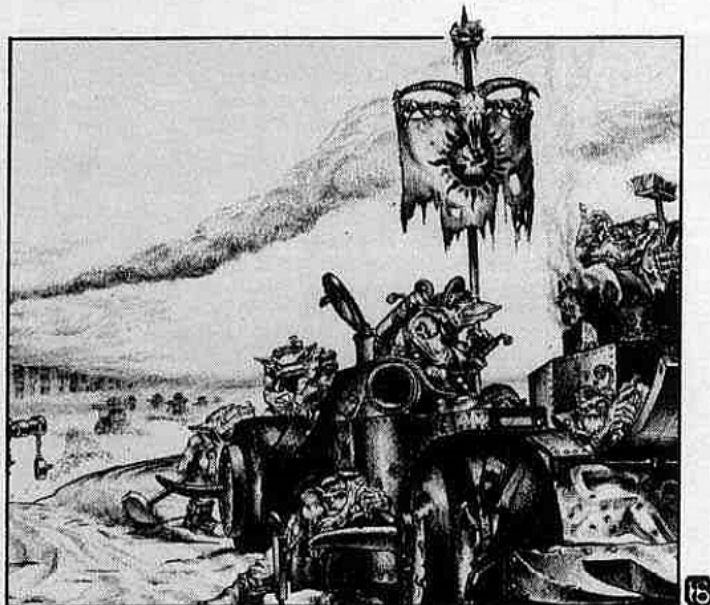
Madboyz follow the same restrictions for order counters as any other detachment, except where modified below.

Charge Orders: Charge towards nearest enemy - the Madboyz must enter close combat if possible.

Advance Orders: Advance towards nearest enemy (except *Moving Towards an Objective* - see below).

First Fire Orders: Fire on nearest enemy.

MADBOYZ ORDERS TABLE			
	1-2	3-4	5-6
Assault Counter			
Enemy infantry stand within charge range	First Fire	Charge	Charge
Enemy within weapon range	Advance	First Fire	First Fire
Enemy in sight	Advance	Charge	Charge
No enemy in sight	No Orders	No Orders	Take & Hold
Defend Counter			
Enemy infantry stand within charge range	First Fire	Charge	Charge
Enemy within weapon range	First Fire	First Fire	Charge
Enemy in sight	First Fire	First Fire	Advance
No enemy in sight	No Orders	No Orders	Take & Hold
Hold Counter			
Enemy infantry stand within charge range	First Fire	Charge	First Fire
Objective not yet reached	First Fire	Advance	Advance
Enemy within weapon range	First Fire	First Fire	First Fire
Any other situation	First Fire	No Orders	No Orders



2. Battlewagon riders may be targeted by enemy forces as if they were in the open (ie they never receive any to hit modifiers for cover). Attacks that are aimed at Battlewagon riders will not effect the Battlewagon in any way.
3. Weapons with a burst circle attack *both* the Battlewagon and any riders.
4. Battlewagon riders are destroyed if the Battlewagon is destroyed. In addition, if the Battlewagon is hit and *not* destroyed, the Battlewagon riders must make a normal (unmodified) saving throw.

No Orders: The detachment remains stationary. If any enemy move within weapon range during the movement phase, the Madboyz fire at the nearest enemy during the advance segment of the combat phase.

Take & Hold: Swap the Madboyz' assault or defend counter for a take & hold counter and nominate an objective according to the normal rules.

MOVING TOWARDS AN OBJECTIVE

A Madboy detachment with a take & hold counter that has advance orders must move towards their objective counter. The only deviations they may make from a direct path are those made in order to avoid obstacles. This does not stop them changing direction to charge enemy infantry along the way.

An objective has been reached when any Madboy in the detachment moves within 2cm of the objective counter. Once a detachment has reached its objective, remove the objective counter and change their take & hold counter to a defend counter.

BATTLEWAGON RIDERS

As already mentioned, the Battlewagon is capable of carrying a single stand of Ork troops; this is handled according to the normal *Space Marine* rules for carrying infantry. None of the other Ork vehicles listed here can carry infantry in the same way.

In addition to troops carried *inside* the Battlewagon, one stand of infantry can ride on the *outside* of the vehicle, embarking and disembarking using the normal rules. Place stands that are riding the Battlewagon on top of the Battlewagon model. The following special rules apply to infantry stands riding on the outside of a Battlewagon:

1. Battlewagon riders may not fire any support weapons. They may fire small arms, but suffer a -1 to hit modifier in addition to any modifiers for the *Battlewagon* orders.

STANDARD DETACHMENTS

Standard detachments for Ork forces are as follows:

Detachment Type	No. & Type of Units	Battle Rating
Warband	1 x Warboss Stand 2 x Noble Stand 8 x 'Eavyboyz Stand 6 x Boyz Stand	650
Stormboyz	6 x Stormboyz Stand 2 x Commander	350
Madboyz	4 x Madboyz Stand	120
Field Gun Detachment	4 x Field Gun	80
War Buggy Detachment	4 x War Buggy	220
Warbike Detachment	4 x Warbike	220
Wartrak Detachment	4 x Wartrak	180
Battlewagon Detachment	4 x Battlewagon	300
Killer Detachment	4 x Killer Dreadnought	100
Onslaught Detachment	4 x Onslaught Dreadnought	260

ELDAR INFANTRY

The Eldar make use of two types of infantry force, whose roles Imperial commentators compare to Space Marine Assault and Tactical troops.

The Swooping Hawks (Eldar *Fian Silspeiraigh*) are an elite force of assault troops, specialising in troop drops to secure an area for other Eldar forces or to mount a devastating surprise attack. The Avenging Warriors (Eldar *Fian Dialcaman*) are the main Eldar line infantry who take various roles in the field depending on the pre-battle rituals they have undertaken. They are treated as normal infantry (see the *Space Marine* rules). The Swooping Hawks however, need special rules.

The Swooping Hawks are a highly mobile force, kept in a state of constant readiness. They are usually the first wave in an attack on a planet, capturing key points in lightning raids and preparing the way for the main assault. Once the more heavily equipped units have been deployed, the Swooping Hawks are ferried back to the craft world, where they can be deployed quickly to aid beleaguered units or staunch a breakthrough by the enemy. They are often used in support of Eldar Titans, dropping directly on the enemy front line, disrupting and distracting the defence while the Titans move into position for a devastating attack.

Swooping Hawks are ferried from the craft world to a planet's atmosphere in specially-designed craft known as *Rillisliddian* (Shooting Star). These are not technically drop-ships, for they do not land on the planetary surface. Instead, they enter the atmosphere briefly, and the troops they carry free-fall to the surface, using their jump packs to slow and control their descent. The troop carriers then return to the craft world. Because they spend very little time in the atmosphere, and because of the complex system

of cloaking devices with which they are equipped, all too often the first warning of a Swooping Hawk attack has been the sudden scream of jump packs overhead.

TROOP DROPS

Swooping Hawks are not set up on the table at the start of the game; they are assumed to be plummeting through the atmosphere in their troop-carrying ships. They enter play using the same drop procedure as *Landing Pods*.

Enemy units may snap fire on dropping stands in the order phase if they have first fire orders. These attacks are worked out in the same way as normal snap fire attacks made during the movement phase, with the range being measured to the point where the Eldar stand landed.

Swooping Hawks must be given charge orders on the turn that they land, and may move up to 16 cm using their jump packs. On the first turn they don't have to worry about formation restrictions - but from their second turn on the table, the normal formation restrictions apply.

SPECIAL CASES

Sometimes a stand will land on top of an enemy unit or in difficult terrain, or even miss the table all together! The following special rules apply in these cases:

A stand is *killed instantly* if:

- it lands off the table
- it lands on a Titan or on a Titan's base

If the stand lands on top of any other enemy unit, the enemy unit is allowed to make one free attack with any ranged weapons. If this attack fails to kill the Eldar stand, the two units count as being engaged in close combat. Neither stand may move, and they must fight a round of close combat in the close combat segment.

If the stand lands in difficult or dangerous terrain it must make a saving roll to avoid being eliminated. Stands that land on top of buildings must also make a saving roll; if they succeed they are placed beside the building at a point chosen by their controlling player.

JUMP PACKS

All Swooping Hawks stands are equipped with *jump packs*. Stands equipped with jump packs have a charge rate move of 16cm, and may move over difficult and dangerous terrain without making dangerous terrain tests.

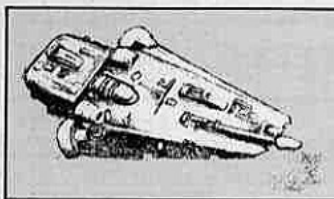
TROOP IDENTIFICATION

Eldar stands should have different coloured bases to make identification easier. An Eldar Commander is given the same colour as the troops he commands; mount a banner on the stand to indicate his presence.



as

THE FALCON GRAV-TANK



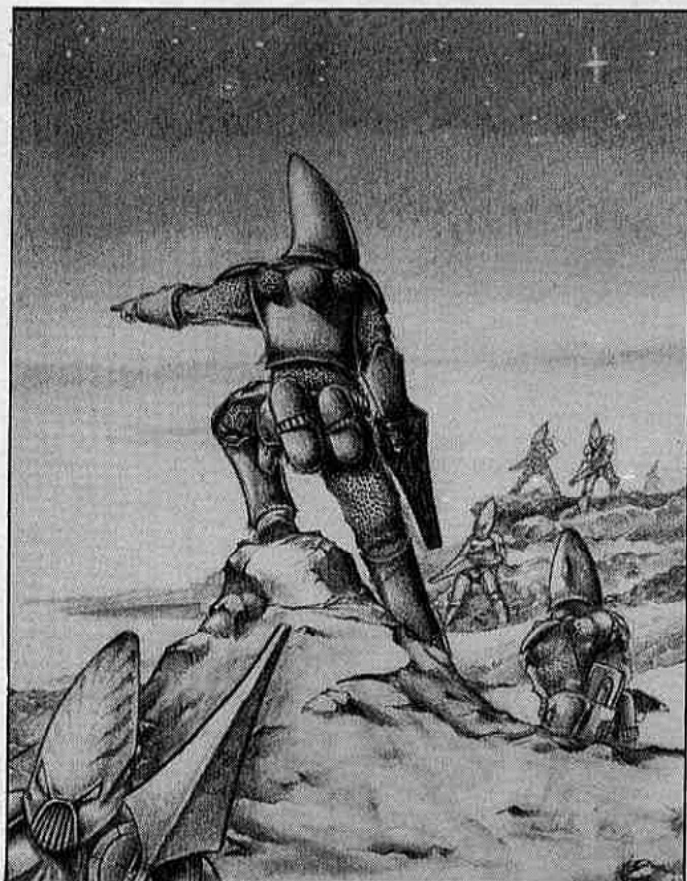
The Falcon grav-tank (Eldar *Faolchú*) is the mainstay of the vast majority of Eldar forces, and fulfills a large number of battlefield roles, from troop transportation to reconnaissance.

It is armed with a shuriken cannon and a grade 2 las-cannon, and can transport two stands of troops in the same way as an Imperial Rhino or Land Raider in the *Space Marine* rules.

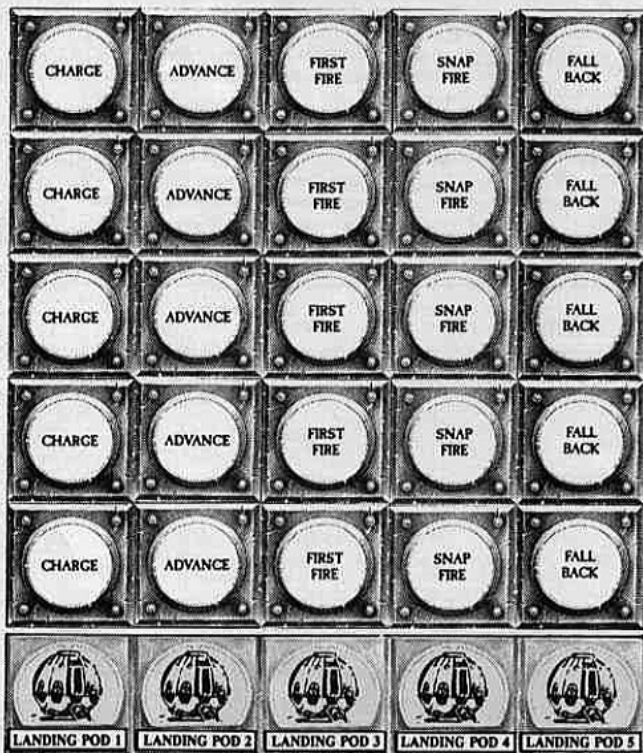
STANDARD DETACHMENTS

Standard detachments for Eldar forces are as follows:

Detachment Type	No. & Type of Units	Battle Rating
Swooping Hawk Detachment	6 x Swooping Hawk Stand 2 x Commander	430
Avenging Warrior Detachment	6 x Avenging Warrior Stand 2 x Commander	580
Grav-Tank Detachment	3 x Falcon Grav-Tank	420



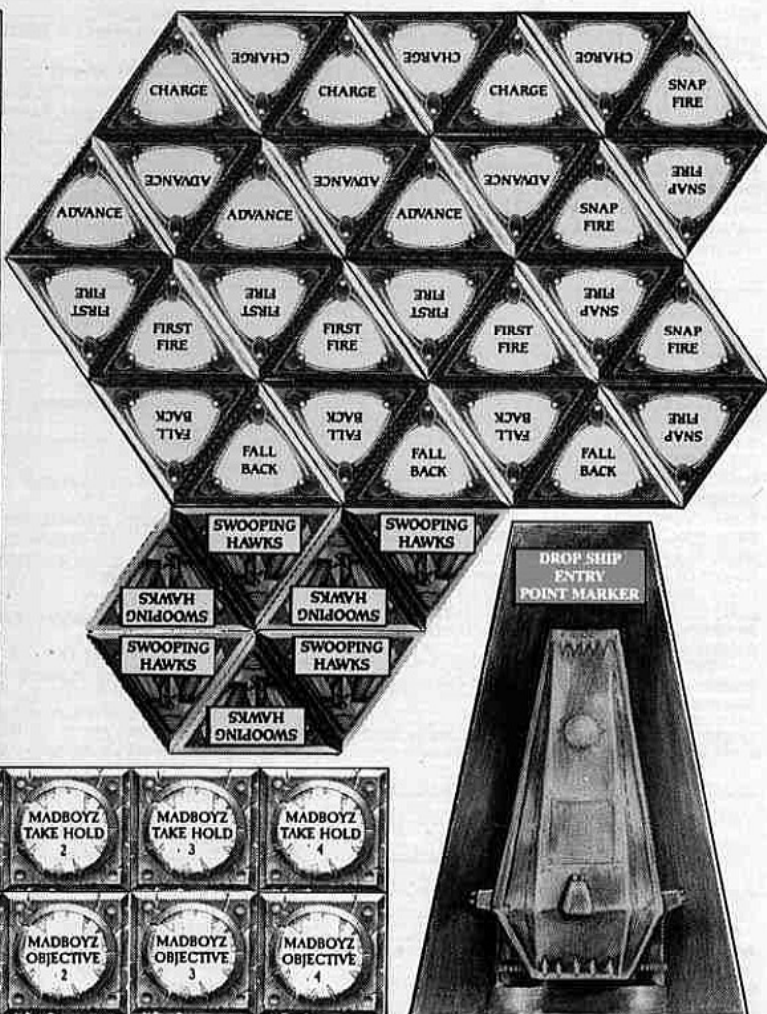
ORK ORDER COUNTERS



MADBOYZ COUNTERS



ELDAR ORDER COUNTERS



THESE COUNTERS SHOULD BE MOUNTED ON CARD AND CUT OUT

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"Above them all, the Fortress of Drachenfels stood against the crimson sky, its seven turrets thrust skywards like the taloned fingers of a deformed hand. The clifftop gates were, as ever, open, a maw in the side of the stone..."

"This was where their adventure would end. In a castle as grey and jagged as the mountains around it. A fortress older than The Empire, and darker than Death. The Lair of the Great Enchanter."

DRACHENFELS

This is the first in an irregular series that will take the major characters from Games Workshop's new range of novels and short stories and translate them into game terms, so that you can use them in your own games. These five characters are for use in *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*, and have been taken from *Drachenfels*, the first *Warhammer* novel from GW Books.

Drachenfels charts the downfall of the Great Enchanter at the hands of Crown Prince Oswald, and the subsequent events twenty five years later when a play of the Prince's adventures is staged.

For those of you who haven't read the book yet, all you need to know is that Oswald, Genevieve and Anton are three of the adventurers who make an assault on Drachefels' dark castle. Twenty five years later, Oswald commissions Detlef Sierck, a playwright of some renown and not a few debts, to write and stage an epic based upon the defeat of Constant Drachenfels...

Because the novel is in two sections, set twenty five years apart, we have split the characters into two groups. The statistics for Drachenfels (the villain) are taken from the beginning of the novel, before he is defeated. Those for Prince Oswald, Genevieve and Anton (the adventurers) and Detlef Sierck (the playwright) are for twenty five years later, just before *Drachenfels* (the play) is staged at the Enchanter's Castle.

Of course, you can vary any of these details in your own campaigns. We recommend you read the novel however you use these characters, as it provides a better insight into the personalities and motives of the characters than the short summaries we could fit into the descriptions.

You may notice that, according to the *Warhammer Campaign* book, the current Elector of Ostland is

Hals von Tasseninck and his heir is Prince Hergard. Here Oswald von Konigswald is described as Crown Prince of Ostland; he and the others are as they appeared in the years 2504-5 when most of the novel is set. Drachenfels in this form dates from 2480 — not that this makes much difference to the Great Enchanter! You needn't worry about this if you use them as walk-on NPCs in your campaign. As to what happens to the Konigswald family, you'll just have to read the novel to find out what happens...



OSWALD VON KONIGSWALD, CROWN PRINCE OF OSTLAND



"It is said that whenever a von Konigswald draws near death, the shades of his ancestors return to bear him away with them. When the grandfather for whom I am named lay comatose with the brain fever, the noseless spectre of Schlichter von Konigswald was seen waiting implacably by his bedside..."

Crown Prince Oswald is just under 6 feet tall. He is 43 years old (although he looks around ten years younger), with short blond hair and piercing brown eyes. He is always well-dressed in the fine silks and expensive jewellery. He is a strikingly handsome figure of a man, and is a favourite with many young (and older) ladies of the Ostland and Imperial Courts. This, however, is not the true cause of his fame.

Crown Prince Oswald von Konigswald of Ostland is the man who defeated Drachenfels, the Great Enchanter. He is the man who walked into the Enchanter's castle with a small band of followers and destroyed the monster on his own ground.

Oswald is a Hero. Some unkind souls have even described him as a 'Professional Hero', with no other talents to his name, but this does him a disservice. He has many accomplishments. Nevertheless, ballads have been written about his heroic exploit; minstrels have elaborated upon his life for a few coins; cheap broadsheets have dramatised his adventures for those

with a spare penny to spend. Detlef Sierck's epic drama, *Drachenfels*, is only one more account of Oswald's heroism.

Oswald has his own reasons for wanting the play staged. His father, the Elector, is senile and dying. He cannot last much longer. When he dies, Oswald will take up the Electorship in name as well as fact. A public, dramatic reminder of Oswald's past glories will serve him well when he returns to Court as Elector of Ostland.

The PCs could meet Oswald in many situations: when he out hunting; inspecting his (father's) lands; 'slumming it' while incognito for a night on the tiles or whatever. No matter what the circumstances, however, Prince Oswald will be disappointed if the PCs do not recognise him as the Hero of the Drachenfels' tales...

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
5 70 40 4 4 14 60 3 40 80 50 70 50 70

Skills: Animal Care — hawks etc only; Animal Training — hawks etc only; Blather; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; History; Etiquette; Evaluate; Gamble; Game Hunting; Heraldry; History; Influence; Intimidate; Law; Luck; Musicianship; Public Speaking; Read/Write — Classical and Old Worlder; Ride — Horse; Secret Language — Classical; Seduction; Sing; Speak Additional Language — Bretonnian; Specialist Weapons — Crossbow, Fencing Sword, Lance and Parrying Weapons; Stewardship; Story Telling; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Theology; Wit; Wrestling.

Possessions: expensive clothes, sword, dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); other items as you see fit; unlimited credit and money.

GENEVIEVE SANDRINE DU POINTE DU LAC DIEUDONNE



"No, I don't keep cutting my lips on these teeth. Do you bite yourself? So why should I?"

Genevieve has the appearance of a pretty, 16 year old girl, with silken pale auburn hair and a child's clear eyes. She is quiet and demure, with an easy, winning manner. However, this once-daughter of Bretonnia is much more than she appears. On closer inspection an older, wiser person looks out of her eyes, and occasionally a

distance in her manner betrays her true nature. Genevieve received the Dark Kiss many centuries ago, and she is a Vampire. A 663 year old Vampire. A leech-woman. A dead thing. Genevieve has heard all the insults many times before.

She is, however, far from being a fearsome Vampire. Indeed, she finds the Truly Dead rather disturbing. Genevieve exists in a state of Half Death, between the mortal world and the darkness of Vampirekind. She is ageless and invulnerable, timeless and enduring: *"To me, 25 years was yesterday."* But she has no need to retire during the day to a coffin filled with her native soil, or to stalk the darkness in search of easy prey.

True, she needs blood, but her blood-lust is gentle and loving. She has taken many lovers, and from each of them she has taken a measure of blood. The only sustenance she has ever taken has been freely offered by her lover at the time. She has

never used wiles or force; all have given voluntarily. Neither, for that matter, has she killed a lover with her Kiss and made a new Vampire, something which she occasionally regrets.

The PCs might easily encounter Genevieve without realising her nature. To them, she may simply be a young girl in need of protection from the accusations of witch hunters. Or she may be search of a new, strong lover to satisfy her cravings for blood — although this isn't as dangerous as it sounds!

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 35 30 4 5 11 45 2 50 45 50 40 50 45

Alignment: Neutral.

Skills: Charm; Etiquette; Evaluate; Heraldry; Influence; Intimidate; Law; Musicianship; Public Speaking; Read/Write — Classical and Old Worlder; Ride — Horse; Secret Language — Classical; Seduction; Sing; Speak Additional Language — Reikspiel; Story Telling; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Surgery; Wit.

Special rules: immune to non-magical weapons; takes normal damage from silver weapons; immune to poison of all types; need not rest during the day or avoid direct sunlight; not held at bay by religious symbols or garlic (although she will not take blood from someone who has recently eaten garlic — it doesn't taste very nice); other rules as normal Vampires (see *WFRP* rule book).

Possessions: expensive clothes; tinted glasses; other items as you see fit; effectively unlimited credit and money.

ANTON VEIDT — BOUNTY HUNTER, EX-PROTAGONIST



"It's over, Rudi. We're over."

Anton Veidt is 48 years old, 5ft 8in, and a haggard and gaunt man with cold, black eyes. His scarred, sunken cheeks are invariably covered in greying stubble, and his fingers are stained yellow from the cigars that he smokes all the time. His clothes, while clean, are old and have been patched and mended many times. His weapons, however, are

lovingly tended and, while they are also old, no expense has been spared on them.

Twenty five years ago Anton followed Oswald von Konigswald into Drachenfels' castle. He still bears the scars of that terrible experience and, even though Anton played his part in the downfall of Drachenfels, his fame was short-lived. The pain lasted longer than the notoriety. Great tales only have one hero — and Oswald was perfect for the part. Anton sold his life story and never saw as much as a handful of gold, so he went back to hunting men rather than sorcerers.

Over the years, cigars have cut his wind a little, but Anton Veidt has something better than brute strength: experience. He's still a damn fine bounty hunter. He gets his man. Maybe he doesn't make as much as he once did, but he gets by — so what if his cloak does have a patch or two? It keeps out the weather. But too much Arabian tobacco has left its mark:

Anton is dying and he knows it. He cheated Death in Drachenfels' castle. The pains in his chest are only Death, waiting to collect after 25 years.

And the play? So what? An actor pretending to be him can't change the past. Grand Prince Oswald will still get all the glory, won't he?

Anton Veidt could be encountered in any part of The Empire: the PCs might need the services of a bounty hunter; they might be Anton's targets; or, as his health fails, Anton may even hire the PCs to cover his back when going after a particularly dangerous target.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	45	60	4	3	8	40	2	35	30	30	55	30	25

Skills: Acute Hearing; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Excellent Vision; Follow Trail; Marksmanship; Prepare Poisons; Read/Write; Ride Horse; Shadowing; Silent Move — Rural, Urban; Specialist Weapons — Crossbow Pistol, Fist Weapons, Longbow, Throwing Weapons; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun.

Possessions: longsword; crossbow pistol* (R 16/32/50, ES 1, Rld 2); 6 vials of Adder Root; 3 throwing knives (R 4/8/20, ES 5, 1 per round); 20' rope; a dozen large cigars from Araby; tinderbox and flint.

Anton's crossbow pistol is a special weapon. It has a three round magazine, and each shot can be fired without re-cocking. Also, all three shots can be fired in a single round, although each shot must be dived for separately.

DETLEF SIERCK — ACTOR, WRITER, POET



"Not just a play, my dear Guglielmo! The play. The play that, had it ever been produced, would have lived forever in the minds and hearts of those mortals lucky enough to see it. The play that would have sealed my reputation as the premier genius of my day."

Detlef Sierck is 5ft 7in tall, with brown hair and eyes, and a plump appearance from years of fine living. He cuts a dashing figure in his

fine silks and feathered hat, and he has done more in his 29 years than other men achieve in a lifetime.

Detlef is, by his own admission, the best actor-manager alive. Publically, Detlef accepts no actor as his better or his equal, although he has steered clear of certain roles where unflattering comparisons of his performances with those of other actors might be possible. His body of written work, including the ill-fated *True History of Sigmar Heldenhammer*, is a collection of unremitting genius — no, really. That one play — if it had ever been staged — would have been the final confirmation of his talent. Detlef's failure to get the play produced isn't really his fault. Life always comes along and foils the plans of the great and talented.

That said, the theatre really is the perfect outlet for Detlef's abilities, even if he is a remarkably difficult man to work alongside. He is cursed with being a perfectionist — no detail

is too small to escape his attention. Unfortunately, it is precisely this attention to detail that leads him into trouble. Care and attention to detail mean expense, and money is Detlef's biggest problem. When he is working on a project, money doesn't enter into his thoughts. The best, as Detlef knows himself to be, deserves the best — whatever the cost! His productions have lead him deep into debt and back out again. As with *The True History of Sigmar*, his financial backers have often had a different attitude: Detlef has seen the inside of debtor's prison before now. He is, however, enough of an optimist to assume that something will always turn up when he is has a (temporary) financial embarrassment.

The PCs might meet Detlef between productions, or when he is researching material for a new play. Perhaps *The Goblin Lair*, or *Adventurers at Bay* (the riches-to-rags story of the PCs' exploits) is just the kind of material that he needs for a new comedy, tragedy or even farce. He might also be looking for new talent, scene-shifters, or bodyguards. His reputation is such that a number of creditors (or the husbands of former lovers) might have unpleasant designs on his person!

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	40	3	3	8	35	1	45	35	40	35	30	50

Skills: Acting; Charm; Comedian; Etiquette; Heraldry; History; Linguistics; Luck; Mime; Mimic; Public Speaking; Read/Write — Old Worlder and Classical; Story Telling; Wit.

Possessions: good clothing; dagger (I +5, D -1, Parry -20); vial of ink; quill; dozen sheets of paper and parchment; 10D6 GCs or D10 pennies.

DRACHENFELS, THE GREAT ENCHANTER



"I am Drachenfels. I bid you welcome to my house. Come in health, go safely and leave behind something of the happiness you bring..."

"I have them all, you know. All my old souls, kept like that. It prevents me from getting lonely here in my humble palace."

Constant Drachenfels, the Great Enchanter, is (in his current body) well over six feet tall and a physically imposing man — if, of course, he is a true man! His face is hidden behind a mask, his hands covered by soft gloves and his body draped with fine robes. No-one has seen his face and lived long enough — or remained sane enough — to tell of it.

The Enchanter is a creature of living legend. He has lived, so rumour has it, forever. Certainly, for as long as anyone can remember — and for as long as histories have been written and folk tales told — there has been Constant Drachenfels in his castle. He is a dark figure who stalks the corners of history, emerging into the light to commit some gratuitous, bohemian atrocity, almost as a reminder to Men that he still exists and should be feared.

By any human standards, Drachenfels is evil given physical form. His actions have never been kind, just or noble, but they have a certain honesty and purity. His plots have a certain directness about them: when he repented his sins, a less trusting man than Emperor Carolus would have seen through his new-found goodness — Drachenfels repented only so that he could strike down his unwary, pathetically trusting, enemies. And beyond such whimsies, he has killed, crippled and driven men insane, plotted and destroyed nations and cities in a calculating fashion and in the heat of terrible rages.

Yet behind all his evil actions, Drachenfels has his own dark motives, which have little to do with 'evil'. He is the ultimate pragmatist: any act can be contemplated and carried out if it serves his survival. Constant Drachenfels has always been true to his name: continued existence is his higher purpose, beyond any moral consideration. 'Good' and 'evil' are late additions to humanity — he dates from a time before such niceties had meaning. And his age old experience has made him arrogant and powerful. Only once has he been humbled, by Sigmar Heldenhammer. But even Sigmar could not break the power of the Great Enchanter. Drachenfels was reduced for a thousand years, his body ruined beyond repair, but he was not destroyed. Eventually, as he done before, he took another body.

Drachenfels can be used a 'legendary' NPC. Indeed, if he is presented in the right way, the PCs might assume that he is only a legend — until they walk into his castle! Only the most powerful, or clever, of PCs have any chance of surviving a meeting with him. Possibly Drachenfels is again searching for a new body to sustain him for a few more centuries. One of the PCs is an ideal candidate.

Alternatively, Drachenfels can be used as a bizarre patron. He has no need to pay them, of course. The threat of what he can do to recalcitrant servants should be enough to ensure obedience. But what acts of wickedness will the PCs be ordered to perform? Or will they decide a clean death — if they are allowed to truly die — is better than an existence of service to such a monster?

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
5 80 50 7 9 30 80 4 80 45 85 80 100 19

Skills: Arcane Language - Daemonic, Magick; Bribery; Cast Spells - as listed below; Charm; Daemon Lore; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Heraldry; Herb Lore; History; Hypnotize; Identify Magical Artifact; Identify Undead; Immunity to Disease; Immunity to Poison; Lightning Reflexes; Lip Reading; Magical Awareness; Magical Sense; Manufacture - Drugs, Potions, Scrolls; Night Vision; Numismatics; Public Speaking; Prepare Poisons; Read/Write — all additional languages; Ride — Horse; Rune Lore; Scroll Lore; Speak Additional Language* — Arabian, Arcane Dwarf and Elf, Cathayan, Classical, Dark Tongue, Druidic, Khazalid, Norse, Nipponese, Old Slann, Queekish, all Old Worlder dialects; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun; Surgery; Theology; Torture; Very Resilient; Very Strong; Wit.

* Some of these 'arcane' tongues were not arcane when Constant Drachenfels started speaking them! Incidentally, Druidic is the closest language to his native tongue.

Possessions: robes; magical plate armour +3 (3 APs, all locations); magical gauntlet (counts as fist weapon — S +1, D x2, protection rune — +10 to all Magic tests); iron face mask; castle; other possessions as required; unlimited money!

Special rules: causes fear at will in all living creatures, terror if he removes his mask; does not need spell components to cast spells; suffers from animal aversion (stage 2), cadaverous appearance (stage 3) and unpleasant odour (stage 3) magical disabilities; suffers from meglomania — subject to animosity against anyone who challenges his authority; use of the word "Sigmar" in his presence means that he must make a successful WP test at -20 to carry out any actions that round.

Spells: 200 Magic Points

Petty	Curse, Gift of Tongues.
Battle 1	Flight, Steal Mind.
Battle Magic 2	Aura of Protection, Cause Hatred, Lightning Bolt, Smash.
Battle Magic 3	Arrow Invulnerability, Cause Instability, Dispel Aura.
Battle Magic 4	Aura of Invulnerability, Blast, Change Allegiance, Cure Severe Wound.
Demonic 1	Bind Daemon, Summon Steed.
Demonic 2	Stop Daemonic Instability, Zone of Daemonic Nullification.
Demonic 3	Dispel Daemon Horde, Summon Daemon Horde, Summon Great Power.
Demonic 4	Dispel Greater Daemon, Daemonic Portal, Summon Greater Daemon, Summon Total Power.
Illusionist 1	Assume Illusionary Appearance, Bewilder Foe, Cloak Activity.
Necromantic 1	Summon Skeleton Champion, Zone of Life.
Necromantic 2	Control Undead, Hand of Dust, Stop Instability.
Necromantic 3	Annihilate Undead, Life in Death, Raise Dead, Summon Skeleton Horde.
Necromantic 4	Curse of Undeath, Total Control, Wind of Death.

Note: Drachenfels is a very, very powerful NPC, and need not obey the same 'rules' as mortals. This listing should be seen as guidelines to his powers — if you want him to use a skill, spell or item that isn't here, he can! Drachenfels should be played as a true monster, a formidable creature who needs fear absolutely nothing from any puny mortal. Nothing, perhaps, except for the name of Sigmar Heldenhammer...

WARTRAK SCORCHER

A NEW ORK VEHICLE FOR WARHAMMER 40,000

By Rick Priestley

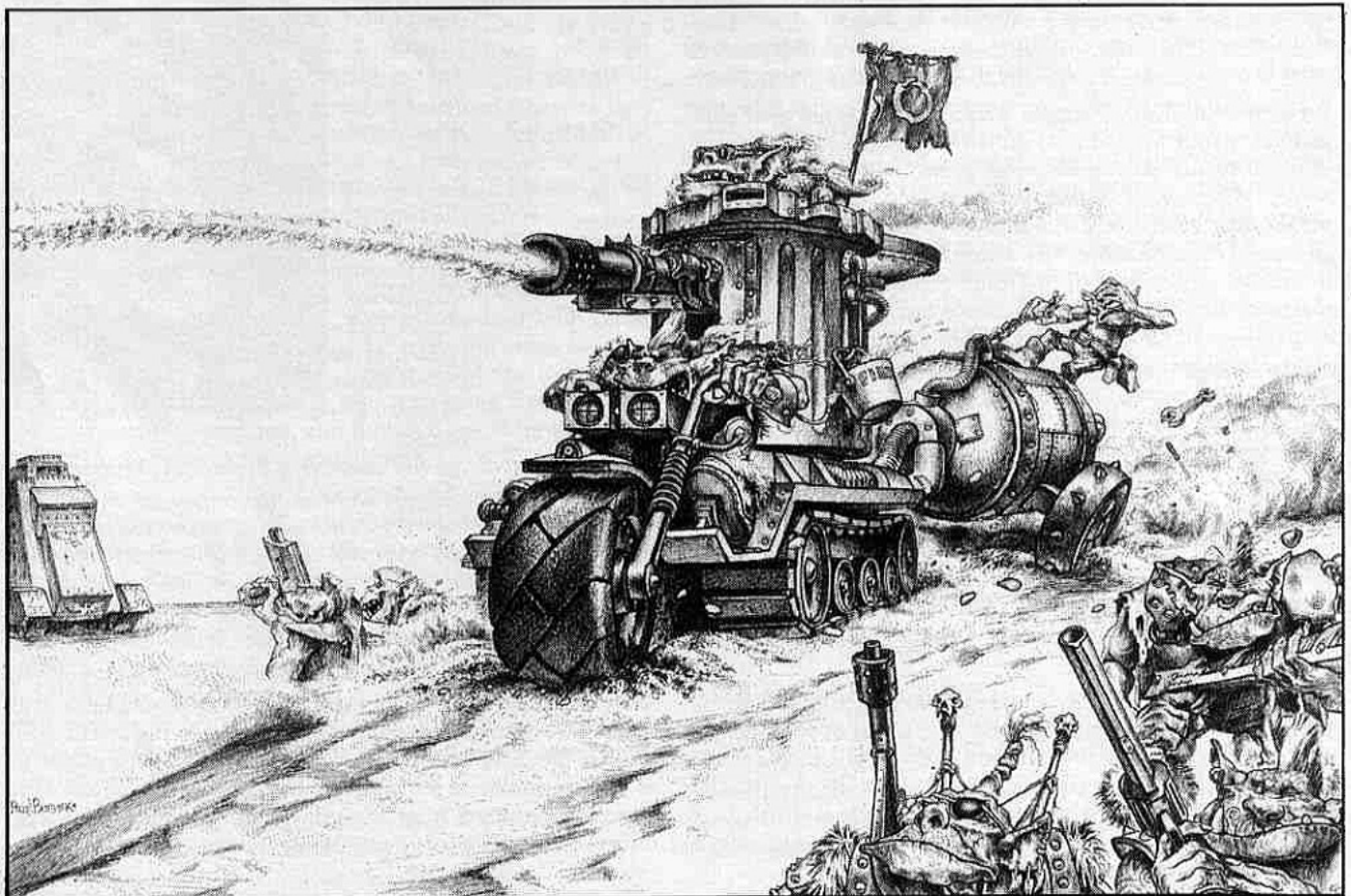
From the twisted imagination of the Ork Mekaniaks comes a variation on the Wartrak mobile heavy weapons platform, complete with a horrifyingly destructive Snotling-powered flamer weapon. This devastating vehicle bounds along the battlefield spraying flaming death and occasionally going completely out of control. The dangerous unpredictability of this weapon makes it equally feared by its crew and its victims.

Orks are endearingly brutal creatures with a straight-forward attitude to life. Orks know what they like. They like a good scrap, they like guns, and they like to win. Actually, they're not that bothered about winning: not getting killed or horribly mangled is usually reckoned a victory in itself. Ork weapon makers are usually called *mekaniaks* or *mekboyz*, although they are sometimes called other things behind their backs, such as *greasy bodgers* and *idle useless gits*. Whatever name they are known by, Ork mekaniaks are pretty good at knocking together weapons which are potentially devastating. However, Orks aren't keen on things like safety features, these being dismissed as 'gurdy'.

Which brings us to the Wartrak Scorcher. This vehicle is dangerous. The basic design is the classic Ork Wartrak: half-bike, half-tracked vehicle, and half-tank (Orks are not good at adding). The Wartrak is hitched to a wheeled and heavily armoured drum containing petrol or another highly inflammable mixture (individual mekaniaks swear to their various secret formulas). Petrol is pumped from this tank into the small turret on the back of the Wartrak, through the Scorcher flamer weapon itself, and at the target. The range of the Scorcher is variable, depending, as it does, on the enthusiasm of the manacled Snotling who controls the pump mechanism. The Snotling is considered to be an integral part of the vehicle since it is actually chained to it.

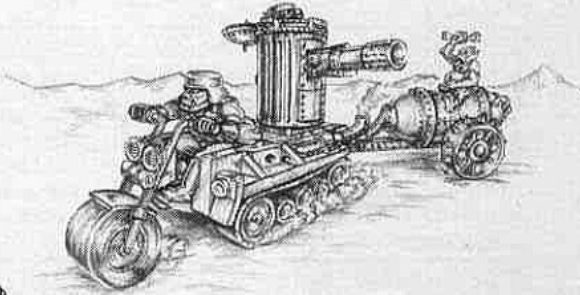
With a throaty roar from the engine and a whimper of fear from its Snotling, the Wartrak Scorcher accelerated towards the fray like a greasy unpleasant bolt of lightning. The Snotling's little legs a blur as it pedalled madly to power the pump mechanism. "More power!" screamed Crugit the Gunner. "Put some knee-grease into it, ya sick'nin' smear of nuffink!"

Fire gouted from the Scorcher barrel, frazzling the foes in a mighty conflagration. "We'z burnin' 'em good an' proper," yelled Mogob the driver, his hat smouldering with droplets of Scorcher fuel that had dribbled off the barrel. Mogob paused while surveying the fiery devastation before him. His brow creased with the closest he'd ever got to philosophical contemplation. "Wartrak Scorchers is my fa'vritest thing 'cos they kill so ... erm 'fectively." The Snotling's chest swelled with pride, and it threw away the set of lock picks it had been secretly making. What a wonderful feeling it was to be an important part of an Ork fighting machine.



0-5 WARTRAK SCORCHER WITH 2 ORK CREW at 200 points each

PROFILE:	M	WS	BS	A	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WF
ORK	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6	7	7



VEHICLE:	MAX SPEED	ACCEL	TRK	CP	T	D	SV	EQ	W
WARTRAK	28	14	½	2	6	3	4+	0	2

BASIC EQUIPMENT

ORK DRIVER..... FLAK ARMOUR
ORK GUNNER..... FLAK ARMOUR AND HAND WEAPON

THE POINTS COST INCLUDES THE COST OF THE WARTRAK SCORCHER AND CREW.

The Wartrak Scorcher can be included in any Ork army according to the army list box above.

SHOOTING

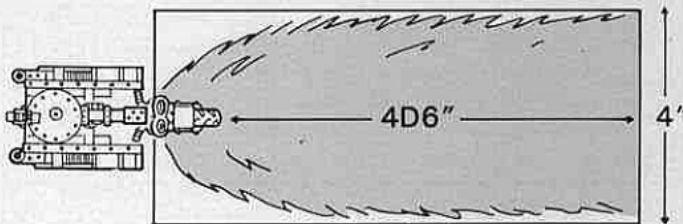
The Scorcher has a 360° arc of fire and can be fired directly over the driver's head (most of the flames will miss him so no need to worry).

Range	Shooting to Hit	Strength	Damage
Up to 24"	Special	6	D3

The Scorcher can only be mounted in a vehicle, and therefore it has no movement penalty as a heavy weapon; it is too heavy for even an Ork to carry.

The firing procedure for the Scorcher is as follows:

1. Nominate the direction in which the Scorcher is fired.
2. Roll 4D6 - this is the length of the flame jet. All models within 2" either side of the line of fire are automatically hit (friend or foe... so watch out!). The driver cannot be harmed by the flamer, as he very sensibly keeps his head down (it is widely supposed that it was the Wartrak drivers who first coined the term 'Scorcher'). The length of the flame jet is unpredictable, thanks to the somewhat erratic efforts of the Snotling, and is rolled every time the weapon is fired.



3. Work out damage on any models which have been hit as normal. Models which survive Scorcher hits are not *on fire* like models hit by flammers or hand flammers, as the Scorcher mixture burns up at once.

MOVEMENT

The Wartrak Scorcher is designed to cross rough terrain, and can therefore cross difficult ground and streams without penalty. It can cross linear obstacles safely at speeds of 14" or less. It can cross linear obstacles at higher speeds, but must spend the next turn *out of control*.

When it is stationary, a Wartrak Scorcher may be turned on the spot to face any direction, in the same way as a bike.

Out of Control

The following things will cause a Wartrak Scorcher to go out of control for its next turn:

- crossing a linear obstacle at a speed of more than 14"
- being hit by one of the following:
 - frag grenade
 - crack grenade
 - missile (any type)
 - heavy bolter

After one turn, control will automatically be regained, provided that the driver is still alive.

While a Wartrak Scorcher is out of control, its speed and direction are determined randomly before movement. Roll a D10 and add the result to its current speed. Then roll again, and subtract the result of this second roll. The final number is the Wartrak Scorcher's speed for that turn. To determine its direction, roll a D6.

D6 Roll	Result
1-2	Straight ahead
3-4	Turns right - use normal procedure
5-6	Turns left - use normal procedure

SHOOTING AT THE WARTRAK SCORCHER

At short range, an enemy may choose whether to target the Wartrak Scorcher or its crew.

At long range, all hits are randomised: a D6 roll of 1-3 indicates that the vehicle is hit; a roll of 4-6 indicates the crew is hit. Crew hits are randomised in the normal way.

If the driver is killed, the Wartrak Scorcher goes out of control for the rest of the game or until destroyed. If the gunner is killed the Scorcher can no longer be fired.

Special Damage

The Wartrak Scorcher is treated as a bike for purposes of damage but, because of its more solid construction, it is harder to destroy than an average bike.

Work out damage in the normal way, and adjust the Wartrak Scorcher's Damage characteristic accordingly.

Every time the Wartrak Scorcher takes a hit, roll a D6 and add the amount of damage sustained. If the result is 7 or more, *special damage* has been caused.

Once the Wartrak Scorcher's Damage score has been reduced to zero, *all* further hits cause special damage.

Roll a D6 to see where special damage has occurred and consult the appropriate *Wartrak Scorcher Special Damage Table*.

D6	Location
1	Fuel Tank
2-3	Wheels, Brakes or Steering
4-5	Body and Engine
6	Armament

WARTRAK SCORCHER SPECIAL DAMAGE TABLES

FUEL TANK

D6	Damage
1-2	Snotling Killed: The weapon must rely on the pressure already built up inside the tank. The next time the Scorcher fires its range will be 3D6. The following time it fires its range will be 2D6. After that any shots have a range of D6.
3-4	Fuel Tank Ruptured: The weapon can no longer be used, and the vehicle will explode on the D6 roll of a 4, 5 or 6 made at the beginning of its subsequent turns. If the vehicle explodes it will erupt into a ball of fire with a radius of 2" - the crew are incinerated instantly. Any other models inside the fire ball will take a single Strength 5 hit and D4 Wounds where appropriate with normal saves applying.
5	Fuel Tank Breaks Free: The tank separates from the Wartrak and leaps forward at the Wartrak's current speed before exploding (see below). If the Wartrak is stationary (see below), the crew die horribly... (serves them right - good Orks never stop for anyone).
6	Fuel Tank Explodes: The vehicle is destroyed and its crew crisped. Place a 2" radius area marker over the vehicle. Any models inside the fire ball will take a single Strength 5 hit and D4 Wounds where appropriate with normal saves applying.

WHEELS, BRAKES AND STEERING

D6	Damage
1	Brake System: The braking system is shattered and rendered almost useless. The Wartrak's maximum rate of deceleration is reduced to 2".
2	Tracks: The tracks are partly torn from the Wartrak's wheels. Roll a D6 and add +1 if the Wartrak is moving over difficult ground. If the score is 6 or more, the Wartrak skids (see below). If the score is less than 6, the Wartrak's maximum speed is halved - if it is currently moving faster than this, the Wartrak automatically decelerates to its new maximum speed in its next turn.
3	Skid: Unless the Wartrak is stationary, it is thrown violently off course, causing it to skid forward D6" before coming to a halt facing in a random direction (roll on a D12 clockface for direction). If the vehicle skids over difficult ground or into any obstacle it is destroyed and the crew are killed. If it was stationary when hit, see <i>Steering</i> .
4	Steering: The steering system is badly damaged making it difficult to control the Wartrak at speed. If travelling at over 10" the vehicle goes out of control for the remainder of the game. The vehicle's Turning Radius Ratio is increased to 1.
5	Suspension Control: The Wartrak's front wheel buckles and bounces off as the machine nose dives into the ground. Stationary Wartraks are destroyed. Moving Wartraks skid forward D6" before coming to a permanent halt. In either case, the crew must make their basic saving throw or be killed.
6	Systems Failure: The wire and chain links that control all steering, braking and other functions are destroyed, sending the Wartrak out of control for the rest of the game. The crew can hang on to the careering machine, or may attempt to leap off during a movement phase - crewmen leaping off must make their basic saving throw or be killed.

BODY AND ENGINE

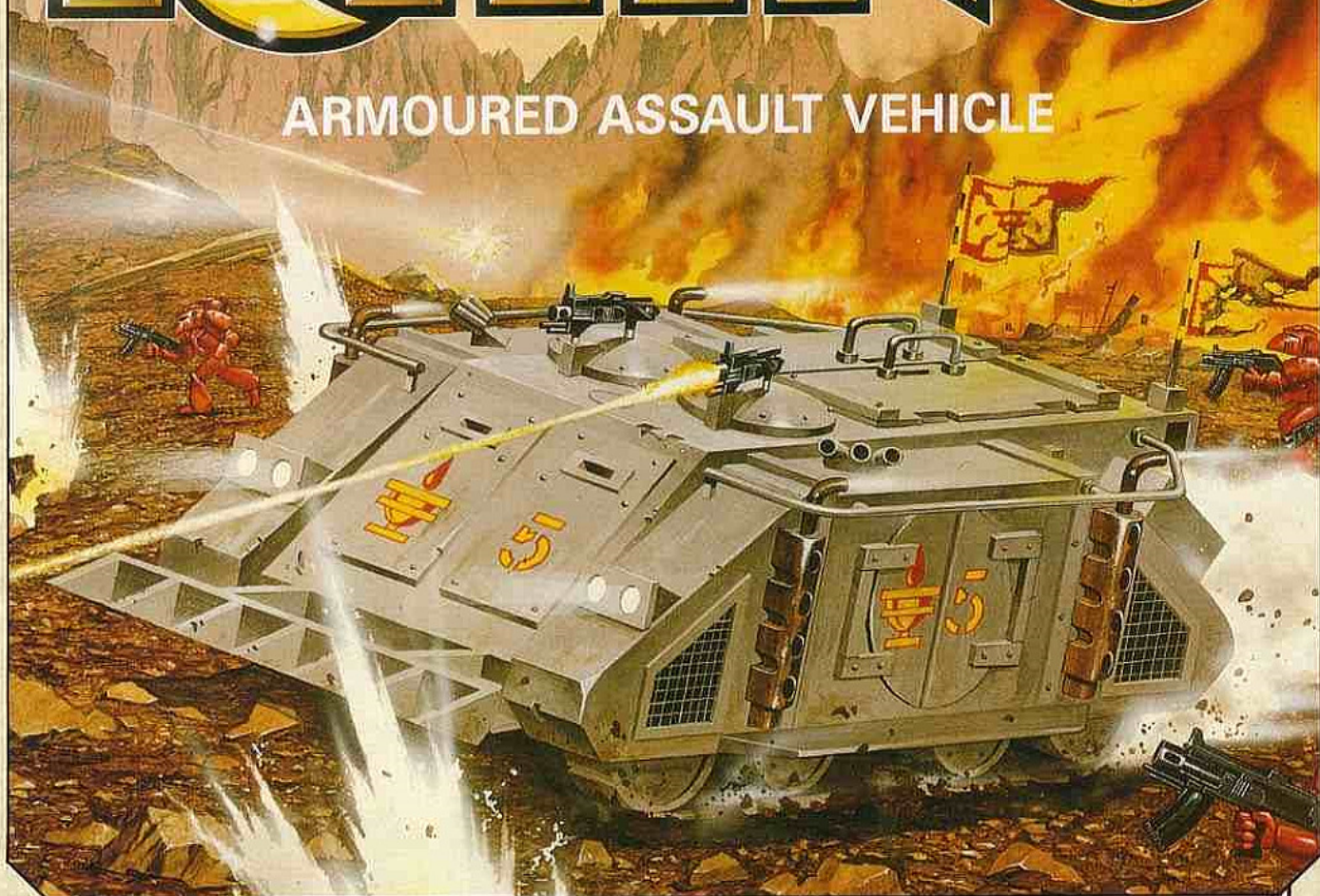
D6	Damage
1	Armoured Casing: The Orks are lucky and the damage is restricted to the armoured portions of the vehicle. It goes out of control for one turn.
2	Engine Disabled: The Wartrak's engine receives the force of the hit, reducing its power severely and causing thick oily-black smoke to pour from its casing. Halve the vehicle's maximum speed and acceleration/deceleration scores.
3	Throttle Jammed: The Wartrak pulls forward at full throttle, accelerating at its maximum rate per turn until it reaches twice its normal maximum speed. Once the Wartrak is moving at greater than its maximum speed, roll a D6 each turn to see if it goes out of control - this happens on a roll of 6. If it was out of control last turn, it stays out of control on a roll of 4-6. The crew may do nothing other than hang on or leap off - if the leap off, they must make their basic saving throw or be killed.
4	Engine Destroyed: With a loud clumping noise the engine grinds to a sudden halt, shredding mechanical components and bursting into flames as it does so. The Wartrak is rendered useless and the crew must make their basic saving throw or be killed.
5	Transmission Shattered: The Wartrak's power transmission fragments into countless tiny pieces of shrapnel. The vehicle skids forward D6" and explodes with a radius of 1" and a Strength of 5, causing D4 special damage hits. The driver and gunner are thrown D6" in a random direction (use a D12 clockface to determine this) and must make their basic saving throw or be killed.
6	Fuel: The Wartrak's fuel tanks burst open, spilling a pool of volatile fuel around the machine. Roll a D6; on a score of 1-3, the Wartrak's power cuts out and the machine comes to an immediate halt. On a score of 4-6, the fuel erupts into a ball of fire with a 2" radius around the Wartrak - the vehicle is destroyed and the crew must make their basic saving throw or perish. Any other models within the fire ball take a single Strength 5 hit and D4 Wounds where appropriate.

ARMAMENTS

D6	Damage
1	Weapon Destroyed: The Scorcher is hit and destroyed.
2	Barrel: The Scorcher's barrel is sheered clean off and the weapon is rendered useless.
3	Trigger: The Scorcher's firing mechanism is destroyed and the weapon rendered useless.
4	Fuel Blockage: The fuel feed is blocked or severed. The weapon may fire once more and is then useless.
5	Fuel Feed Jammed: The fuel feed is jammed. Every time the weapon is fired from now on, roll a D6. On a score of 6, the weapon explodes, causing D6 points of damage to the Wartrak and special damage as appropriate.
6	Fuel Ignition Hit: The Scorcher's fuel ignition system is destroyed. The weapons may no longer fire. In addition, the Wartrak takes D6 points of damage and automatically takes D3 further special damage effects.

RHINO

ARMoured ASSAULT VEHICLE



**GAMES
WORKSHOP**

The box contains one Imperial Rhino kit with alternative modelling options, full assembly instructions and colour scheme details.

The Imperial warrior is part of the most potent fighting force of the 41st Millennium. That force must be ready to move at a moment's notice, to meet and defeat the enemies of Mankind throughout the galaxy. Their battlefield transport is the Rhino Armoured Personnel Carrier, a vehicle tough enough to take a full squad to the heart of the fighting whilst packing the considerable punch of twin Bolt Guns.

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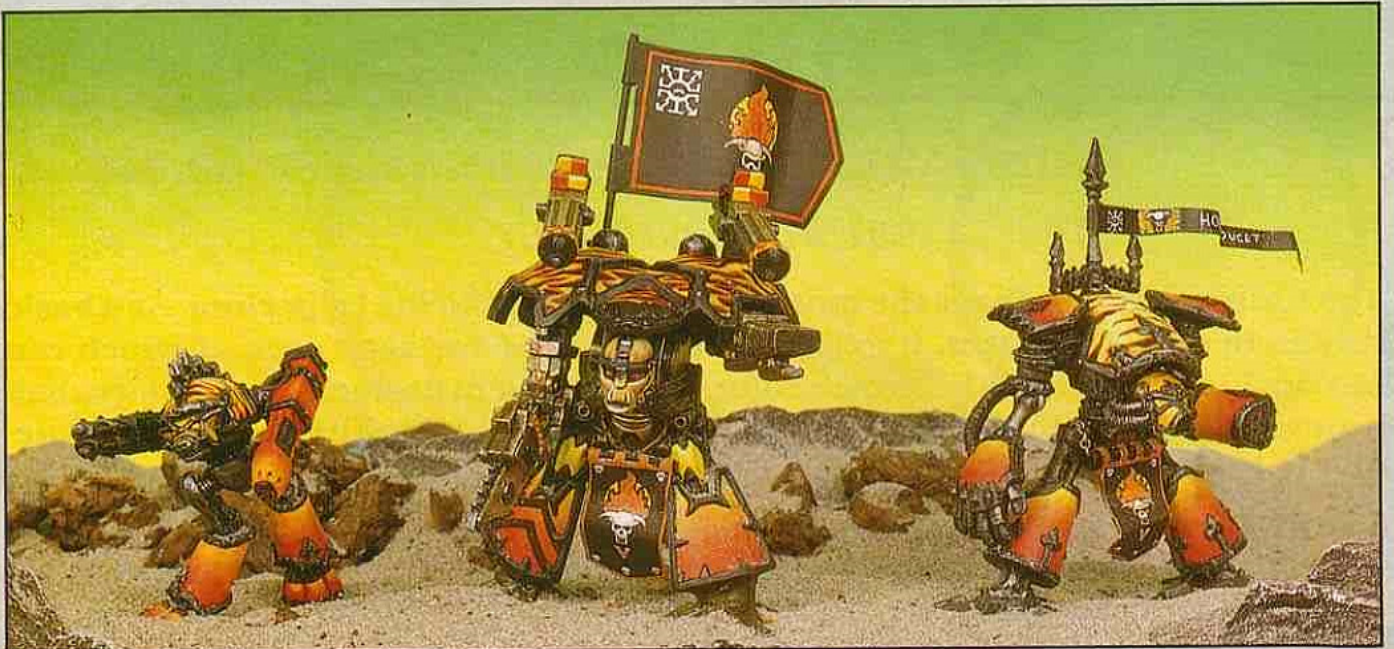
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WHIRLWIND

A NEW RHINO VARIANT FOR WARHAMMER 40,000

BY RICK PRIESTLEY

The Rhino APC is perhaps the most common vehicle in the Imperium. As a basic design in the STC system, it exists in thousands of variants, each of which can be considered a vehicle in its own right. Each different design is much more than a simple conversion of the standard Rhino; every one fulfills a different role, and is impossible to better. The Whirlwind is just one of these designs.

The first part of this article contains rules for using the Whirlwind in *Warhammer 40,000*, and includes a special burst template to represent the awesome capabilities of the vehicle's armament. The second part, the first in a new series of modelling articles, contains details of the simple conversion work required to turn your Rhino into a Whirlwind.

The Whirlwind is a very simple, yet very efficient modification, designed to provide supporting fire and bombard enemy positions. It has proved its worth tenfold, and is used in large numbers by both the Space Marines and the Imperial Guard. The Rhino largely remains unchanged, save for the addition of a multi-launcher to its roof. The multi-launcher is a multiple missile launcher housed in a turret that may be rapidly rotated to face any approaching threat; with a salvo of high-explosive missiles, the target's destruction is certain.

The Whirlwind was first used on Taral III during the Horus Heresy, where its awesome firepower was used to cover the Salamanders' advance over the planet's barren sulphur deserts. The constant stream of missiles that the Whirlwinds provided decimated the city of Garalt in less than an hour, bringing down over thirty tower blocks and killing six thousand men; with this one action, the heretic outpost's destruction was assured. The few survivors that managed to hide in the ruined buildings, buried in underground bunkers under piles of rubble, carried the news of their defeat to their superiors upon their escape; the Whirlwind's design was quickly adopted by the Traitors, who also recognised its unparalleled abilities as a support vehicle.

Because the Rhino itself is virtually unchanged, all of the normal Rhino rules apply to the Whirlwind. In addition, the Whirlwind is armed with a roof-mounted multi-launcher from which it lets loose a barrage of unguided rockets.

When fired, the rockets shoot skywards in a flaming arc, screaming overhead in huge numbers. They fall to the ground in a series of massive explosions, scattering shrapnel and bodies in a vast area as their targets are torn apart. In a single instant, the multi-launcher can bring utter destruction to a huge area of battlefield.

Using Whirlwinds in Your Army

Whirlwinds can be added to any Space Marine or Imperial Guard army at a cost of 400 points each. Each Whirlwind requires one Techmarine or Adeptus Mechanicus custodian.

● THE MULTI-LAUNCHER

Short range	Long range	Shoot to hit S L	S	Dam	Save Mod.	Type CHSF	Area
6-24	24-72	-1	8	D3	-2		1"

The multi-launcher can only be used as a vehicle mounted weapon. It cannot be carried, and so there is no heavy or slow loading penalty.

Note that the minimum range of the multi-launcher is 6" due to the rockets' trajectory. In addition, the multi-launcher is less accurate at short range than at long range, as its propellant is not designed to drop missiles over a short distance.

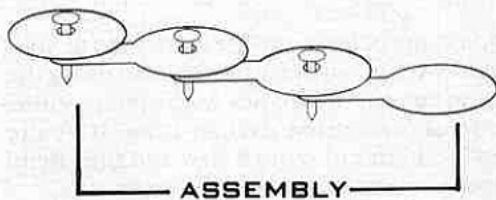
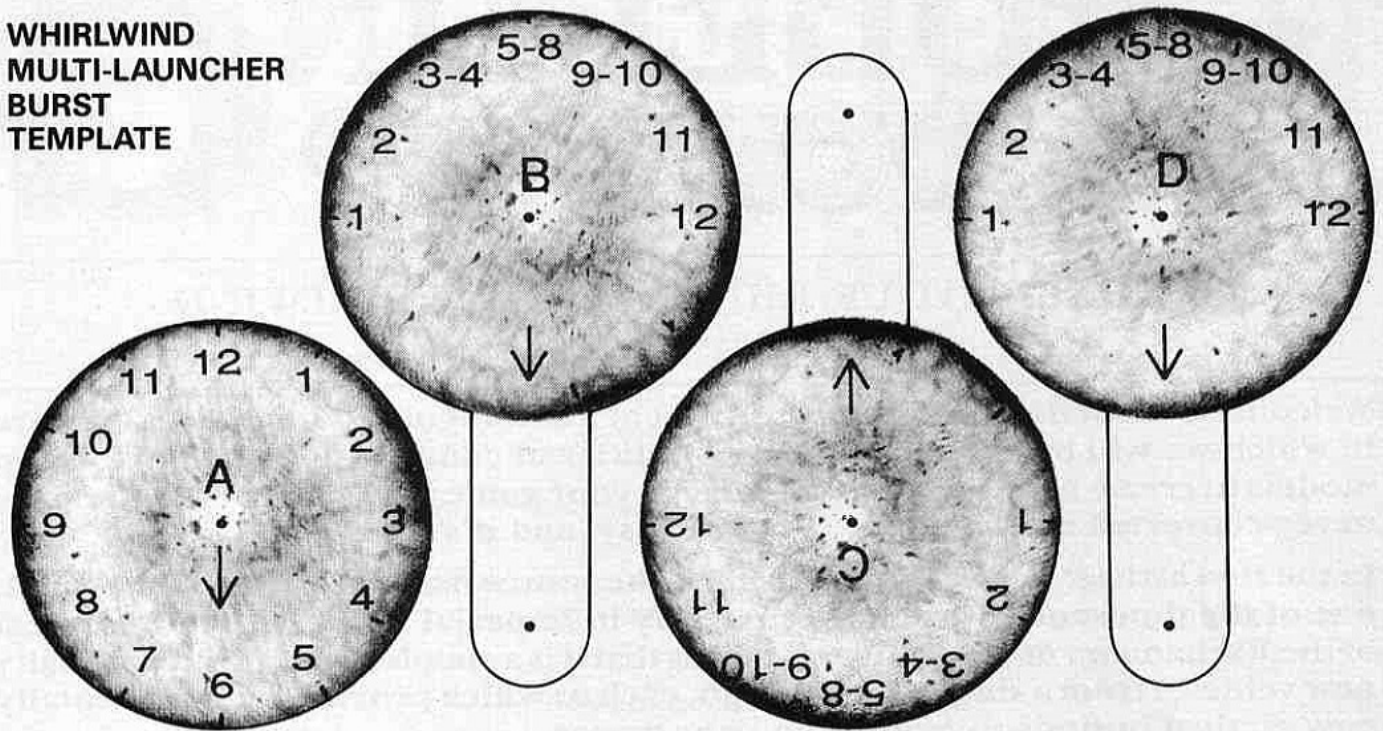
To use the multi-launcher you will need to make a multiple fire template; this template is designed to represent the random element in the missiles' final impact area, given that many missiles are fired at once and they tend to scatter in the air.

First make a photocopy of the templates and stick them onto thin card. Cut the templates out and fasten them together as shown in the diagram, making sure that the circles are arranged in the correct order: A, B, C and D.

Use the template as follows:

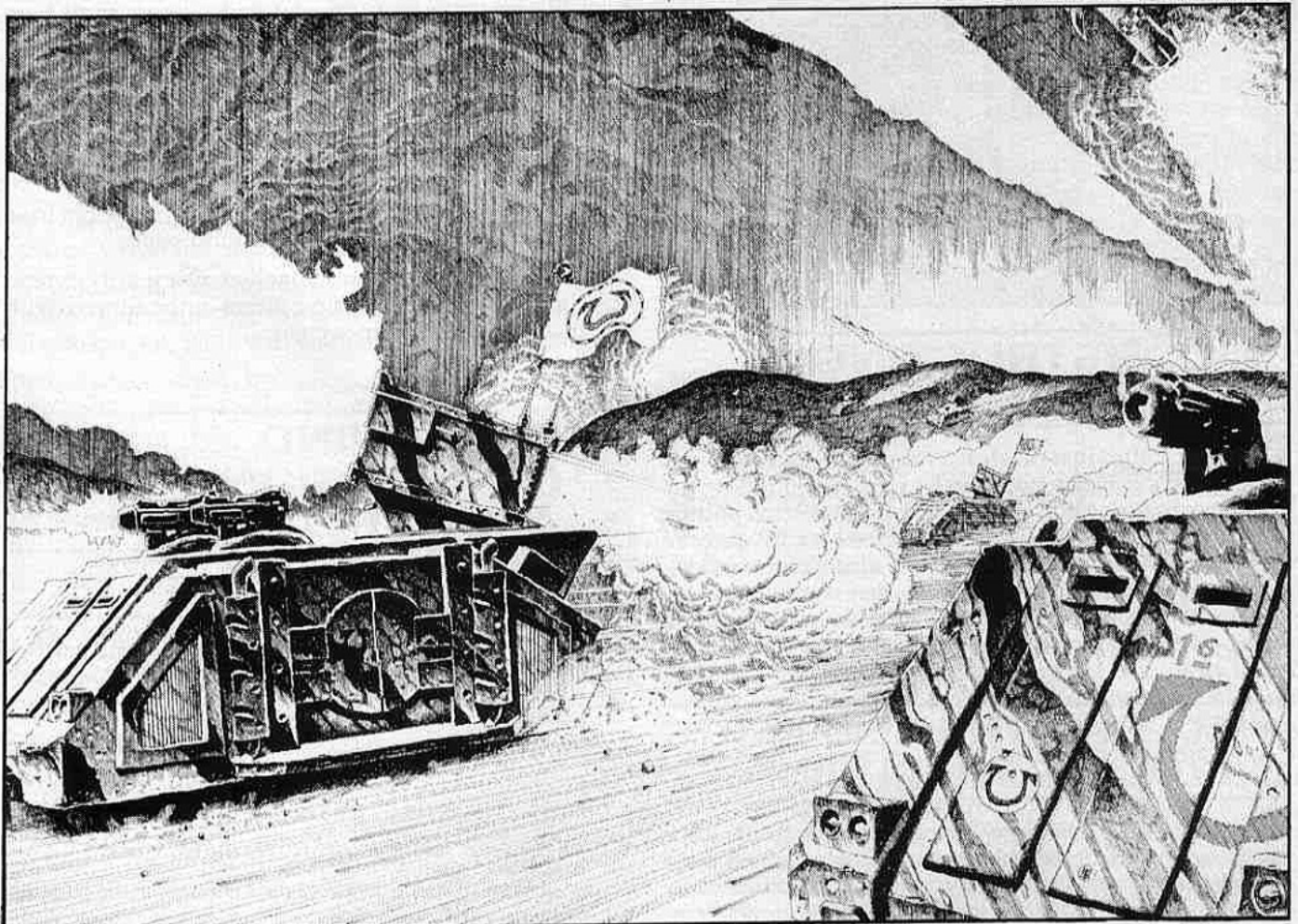
1. Roll for deviation and position the template A as if it were a normal area marker. Arrange the template so that position 6 points towards the multi-launcher.
2. Roll a D12 and move template B so that the arrow on it corresponds to that number on template A.
3. Roll a D12 and move template C so that the arrow on it corresponds to that number on template B.
4. Roll a D12 and move template D so that the arrow on it corresponds to that number on template C.
5. The burst pattern is now complete and models within any of the templates are targets. Roll to hit as normal.

**WHIRLWIND
MULTI-LAUNCHER
BURST
TEMPLATE**



Assembling the Multiple Burst Template

Copy the designs onto card and cut out the individual templates. Use paper fasteners to attach the templates together as shown. Note that the paper fastener should be pushed through the centre of the template and through the tab of the template to be joined.



MODELLING WORKSHOP

TURNING YOUR RHINO INTO A WHIRLWIND

BY TONY COTTRELL

Welcome to *Modelling Workshop*, the first of a new regular *White Dwarf* feature in which we will be exploring the possibilities of converting Games Workshop models to create exciting new variants for your games. Don't worry if you have never converted a kit before - it's very easy, and it's great fun.

In the first article, we use the Rhino kit as the source material for the Whirlwind, one of the thousands of vehicles currently in Imperial service. The STC system of the *Warhammer 40,000* universe means that it is a simple matter to create totally new vehicles from a single basic design, each of which provides you with totally new tactical options to explore in your games.

The Whirlwind is a Rhino variant armed with a multi-launcher. The conversion uses everything contained within the Rhino kit plus the parts listed below. You will need no special tools for this conversion; a sharp knife and a steel ruler should prove more than adequate.



● CONSTRUCTING THE WHIRLWIND

The following instructions take you through the Whirlwind's construction step by step. If you follow the sequence in order you should have no problems putting the kit together. The numbers preceded by a 'W' refer to those parts of the kit that are specially made for this model; their construction is covered in the first section, *Making the New Parts for the Whirlwind*. The other numbers match those given on the Rhino instruction leaflet.

● MAKING THE NEW PARTS FOR THE WHIRLWIND

Parts W1, W3, W4, W5 and W6 can be made from either plastic card or cardboard. Plastic card can be bought from model shops and comes in a variety of thicknesses. A thickness of 0.03" is the most suitable for this conversion.

Lightly glue a photocopy of the templates provided to your card or plastic card with a contact adhesive and using the templates as a guide cut out the shapes with a sharp knife. A steel ruler is useful for cutting straight lines. If you're using plastic card it is better to score it first and then bend it rather than trying to cut it out straight away.

Parts W2 are made by cutting a Citadel 40mm slotta base in half and trimming off the unwanted side edges.

Part W7 can be made from a plastic rod or round plastic sprue.

Part W8 is made from a 35mm length of sprue taken from the Rhino kit. The ends are then tapered using a knife.

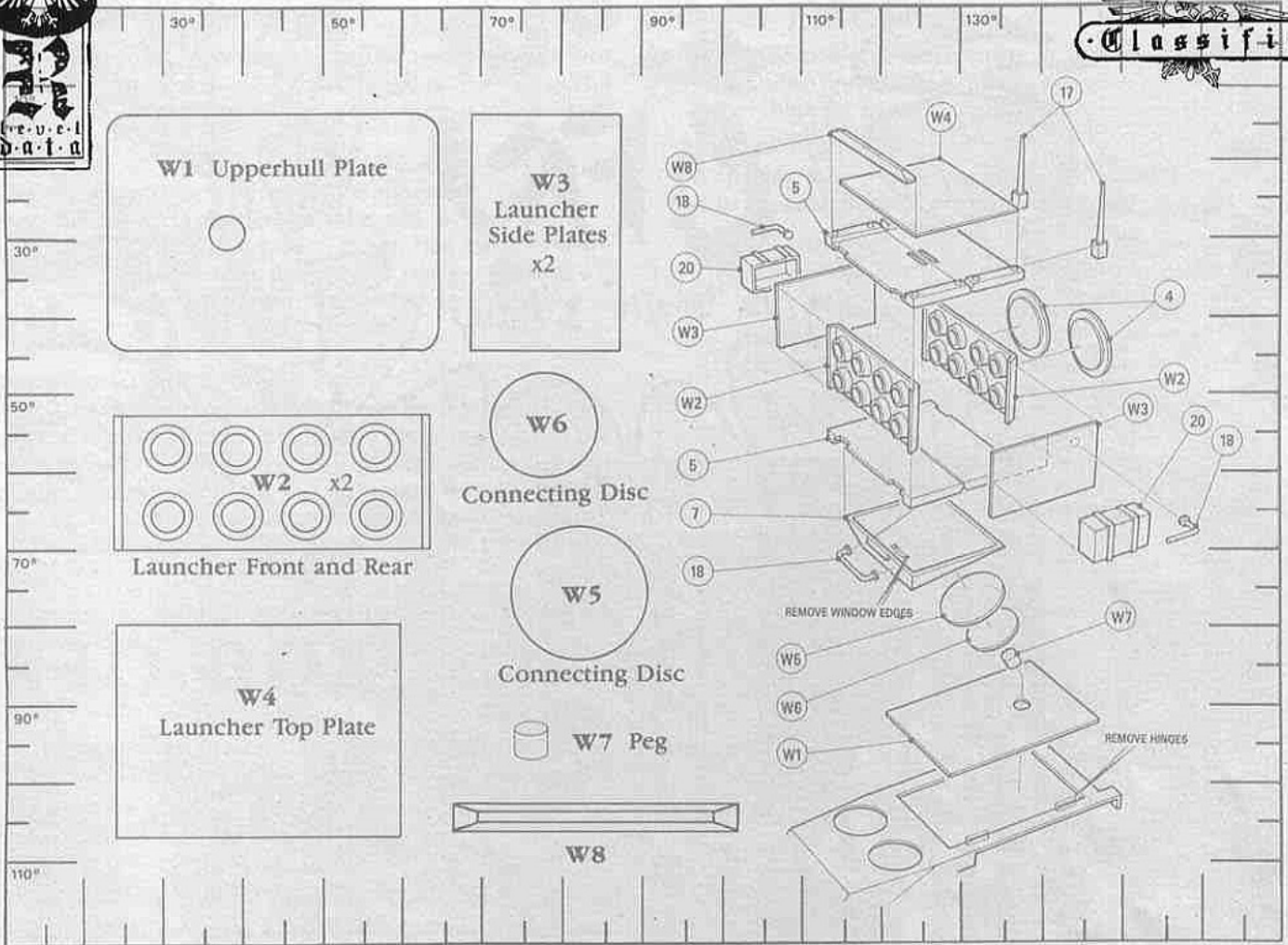
Any of these parts that you have made from plastic can have their edges smoothed using a fine sand paper.

Plastic pieces can be stuck together using polystyrene cement. If using cardboard these pieces can be adhered with a contact adhesive or epoxy glue.

● WHIRLWIND CONVERSION ASSEMBLY

Vehicle Body Assembly

1. Build the Rhino kit as normal but leave off both hatches (5), circular hatches (4), aerials (17), stowage boxes (20), grab rails (18) and dozer blades (10).
2. Remove the hinges on the upper hull rear using a sharp knife.
3. Glue the new plate (W1) over the hole in the upper hull.
4. Glue the spare 'taillight' strip (9) to the front of the Rhino.
5. The holes in the underside of the vehicle may be covered with plastic card/cardboard.



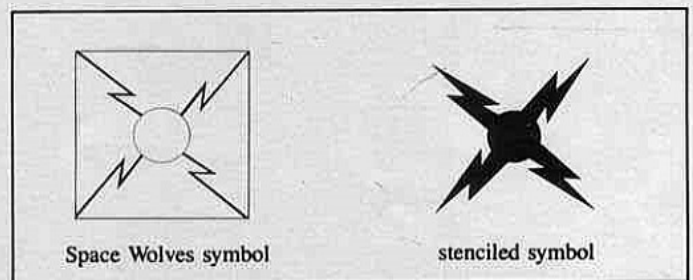
Multi-launcher Assembly

1. Glue the launcher front (W2) and rear (W2) to the bottom of the 'hatch' (5).
 2. Glue the other hatch (5) to the top of launcher.
 3. Glue both side pieces (W3) to the launcher and the top plate (W4) to the upper hatch.
 4. Remove the window edges from the ramp (7) using a knife. Glue ramp (7) to the underside of the launcher then fix discs (W5) and (W6) and peg (W7) to the ramp.
 5. Cut one grab rail (18) in two and glue them, along with the boxes (20) to both sides of the launcher.
 6. Fix the other grab rail (18) to the front of the launcher and the circular hatches (4) and aerials to the rear.
 7. Glue part (W8) to the top of the launcher.
- Place, but do not glue the launcher onto the vehicle.

● PAINTING THE WHIRLWIND'S SYMBOL

Whirlwinds are painted in the same colours as normal Rhinos, but carry an additional identification symbol on the top of the multi-launcher. Although the symbol varies between the different Chapters or Regiments, it always retains the same basic shape. Two examples of the multi-launcher symbol are shown below.

The first - the three colour variant used by the Space Wolves - may simply be photocopied, painted in the appropriate colours, cut out and stuck onto the vehicle using contact adhesive. The centre circle is Chaos Black, while the opposite pairs of triangles are Sunburst Yellow and Blood Red.



The second is the version displayed by most of the Imperial Guard regiments - although some Marine Chapters also use it where the symbol is stenciled onto the top of the multi-launcher in a contrasting colour. Photocopy the symbol, making sure that it is in the centre of the page. Attach the photocopy to a piece of thin card and carefully cut it out so that you have a piece of card with a symbol-shaped hole in the centre. Place this on the model and lightly tape it in place. Keeping the card as flat as possible, spray paint the area around the hole using an aerosol can or an airbrush. If you don't have access to either you can achieve a similar effect by stippling the paint through the hole using an old brush, you should only have a trace of paint on the brush otherwise the paint will seep beneath the sides of the hole. When you remove the card, you should be left with a clearly-defined multi-launcher symbol on your model.

EXTRA ROOLZ
FOR
TROLLS in THE PANTRY!



ZOG OFF!

Ya Thievin' Lil Git!



ZOG OFF!

THE SNEAKY GAME OF GRABBIN' GOBBOS

BY ANDY JONES & BIL

To play *Zog Off!*, you'll need a copy of *Trolls in the Pantry*. You'll also need the **Troll Cave** and the **Bridge** counters; glue them onto a sheet of thick card, and carefully cut them out.

DA GLOOPY 'ORRIBLE
TROLL CAVE

DA UMPETY
BRIDGE



ig!



STARTING THE GAME

Zog Off! can be played by a group of two, three or four players in two teams: the Gobbos versus the Trolls. The number of players determines which counters are used:

- Two players - One player has two Trolls, and the other has two Gobbos.
- Three players - Two players take one Gobbo each, and the third player has two Trolls.
- Four players - Two of the players have one Gobbo each, and the other two players have one Troll each.

Preparing for Play

Shuffle the food pairs and put them on the board, face up. Remove the two Troll cards, and place one end of the Bridge piece on one of the empty squares you've got left, so that it crosses from the outer track to the inner track. If the other end of the Bridge ends up on a Food card, remove the Food card, and place it on the other blank square.

Put the Troll cards back in the box; you don't need them to play *Zog Off!*

Put the Troll Cave in the middle of the board, with the entrance pointing away from the Bridge.

Put a Pantry card at each corner of the board.

Put the Trolls in the middle of the board, and the Gobbos on opposite corners.

OBJECT OF THE GAME

The Gobbos are playing as a team and between them need to collect three whole pairs of food, either in one pantry, or spread between all the pantries, to win.

The Trolls are trying to collect *all* the food on the board, and hoard it away in the Troll Cave.

PLAYING THE GAME

A A Gobbo player always starts. If there is more than one Gobbo player, roll a dice to see who has the first move (highest score wins!). From then on, the turn goes Gobbo, Troll, Gobbo, Troll.

Note: If there is only one Troll or Gobbo player, he must take a separate turn for each of his playing pieces.

B When it is your turn, you can do the following:

1. Drop a piece of food that you are carrying. Gobbos can do this with no trouble, but Trolls have to roll on the *Trolls and Food* table. Dropped cards remain in the square where they are dropped.
2. Roll a dice, and move that many squares round the board, in any direction, on the outer or the inner track. *You must move the full dice throw unless there are special circumstances.*

When you have finished your move, you can:

1. Pick up and carry a piece of food. If you carry more than one piece of food at a time, you won't be able to move as far; you lose one square of movement for each extra piece of food you carry (eg, if you are carrying 2 pieces of food, you move 1 square less; if you are carrying 3 pieces of food, you will move 2 squares less, and so on.)

Trolls can *always* move one square, no matter how much food they are carrying.

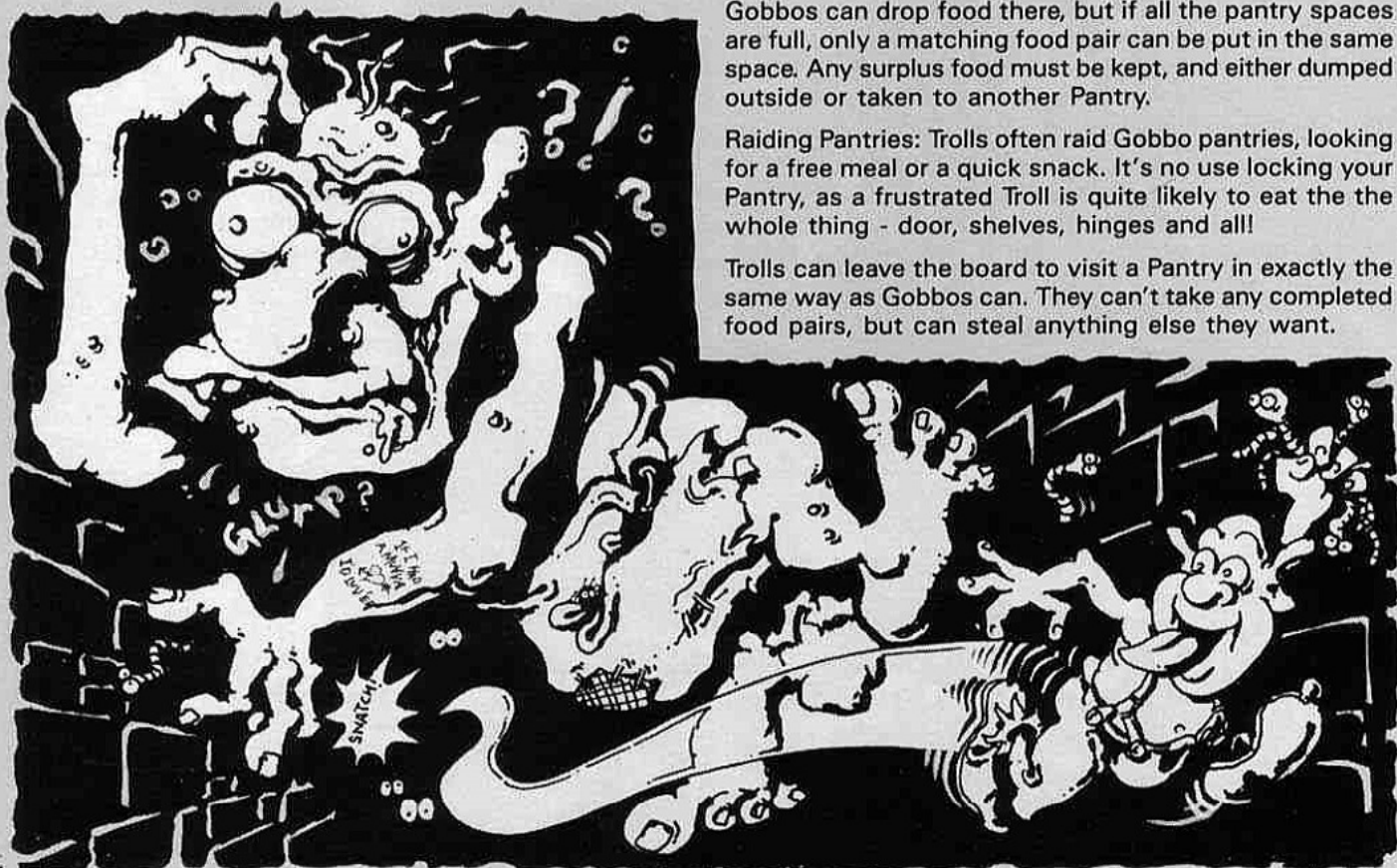
2. Deposit a piece of food in a Pantry or the Troll Cave.

PANTRIES

Depositing food: Any player can leave the board at one of the exits on the corners to visit the Pantry there. Gobbos can drop food there, but if all the pantry spaces are full, only a matching food pair can be put in the same space. Any surplus food must be kept, and either dumped outside or taken to another Pantry.

Raiding Pantries: Trolls often raid Gobbo pantries, looking for a free meal or a quick snack. It's no use locking your Pantry, as a frustrated Troll is quite likely to eat the whole thing - door, shelves, hinges and all!

Trolls can leave the board to visit a Pantry in exactly the same way as Gobbos can. They can't take any completed food pairs, but can steal anything else they want.



RAIDING THE TROLLS' CAVE

Occasionally (usually after a good night out on the town!) Gobbos get a bit too full of themselves for their own good, and try to raid the Trolls' Cave. This is the stuff Gobbo legends are made of!

If a Gobbo decides to raid the Cave, he must enter it through the entrance space, roll a dice, and look up the result on the *Explorin' a Cave* table.

EXPLORIN' A CAVE

- 1 "Zoggin' dark innit? I'll come back when the lights is fixed." Roll again, and move the Gobbo that many squares away from the lair in any direction.
- 2 "Derrr - which woz the way out?" Lost and scared, the Gobbo misses a turn wandering round and round in the Cave. Roll again on this table next turn.
- 3 "Nuffin' 'ere wot I can eat!" A remarkable admission for any Gobbo. Place the sorry creature back at the Cave's entrance.
- 4 "Munchies!" Take the top card from the pile of food pieces in the Cave.
- 5 "Gobbin' good luck, wot?!" Choose any piece of food from the pile in the Cave.
- 6 "Gobble Gobble Gobble!" the Gobbo falls into a noisy and disgusting feeding frenzy, and steals any two pieces of food from the pile in the Cave.

Next turn, you can leave the Cave, or remain there and roll again.

SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES

Every so often, Trolls and Gobbos meet by accident while wandering through the dark smelly tunnels of the undercity. (We were going to say "bump into each other", but a Gobbo who bumps into a Troll isn't going to bump into anything else for a long long time!)

As you may well have gathered, there is no love lost between Gobbos and Trolls, so such a meeting usually ends in tears... Gobbos try to sneak past Trolls to avoid being booted on down the tunnel by a large, smelly, hobnailed foot (like a hobnailed boot, but without the boot). Occasionally though, as the Troll's tiny brain tries to work out how to stand on one leg and kick with the other, a cunning Gobbo can kick the Troll's ankle and trip him up.

When a Troll and a Gobbo end up on the same square, each player rolls a dice, and the person with the highest score wins. If the Gobbo wins, he has tripped up the Troll; if the Troll wins, he has booted the Gobbo.

Tripped Trolls

Tripped Trolls are placed on their side on the board, and drop any food they are carrying. The Troll has to spend all of its next turn standing back up (a complicated process for a creature as stupid as a Troll!). If the Gobbo has any moves left, he can pick up the dropped food and carry on past the Troll.

Booted Gobbos

With a mighty **WHACK!** the Troll boots the Gobbo away from him, shouting "Zog off ya thieving git!" The Troll player rolls a dice and moves the Gobbo that many spaces down the tunnel in any direction; Gobbos bounce off walls and slide round corners pretty easily. A booted Gobbo drops all the food in a pile on the square where he met the Troll.

TROLLS AND FOOD

Whenever a Troll ends his move on a square containing food, or whenever he wants to put a piece of food down, he must roll a dice and look up the result on the *Trolls and Food* table, below.

TROLLS AND FOOD

- 1 The Troll refuses to let go of any of his precious food. If possible, he must pick up an extra piece!
- 2-5 The Troll can either pick up or drop food, whichever he wants (and who's going to argue with a Troll?)
- 6 The Troll goes out of controll! (Get the pun?) He must either eat a piece of food which he is carrying, or a piece from the square he is standing in.

Note: a Troll can attempt to pick up or drop as many pieces of food as he wants in a turn, but he must roll for each one separately.

Exception

A Troll will not pick up or eat food which has been hidden away in the Troll Cave. It's a bit dark and scary in the Cave, and even Trolls don't like to stay in there too long (unless they're trying to impress their friends of course!).

WINNING

The first side (Trolls or Gobbos) to complete their search for food wins the game.



WARHAMMER™



WOLF RIDERS

DRACHENFELS

IGNORANT ARMIES

ZARAGOZ

ystareth *Konrad*

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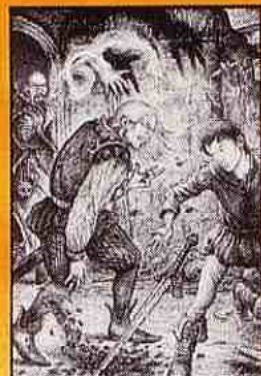
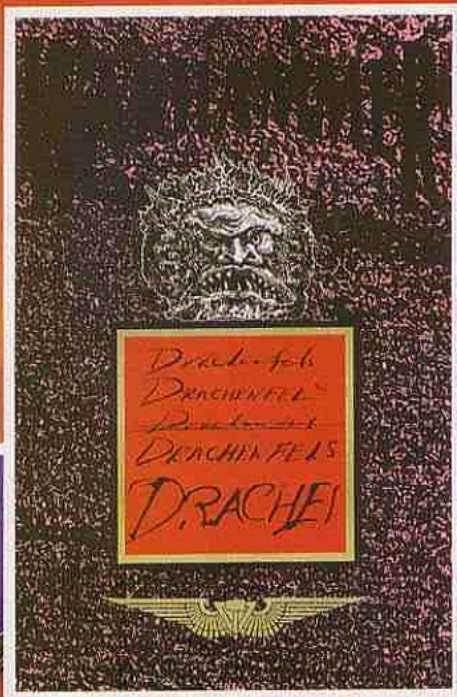
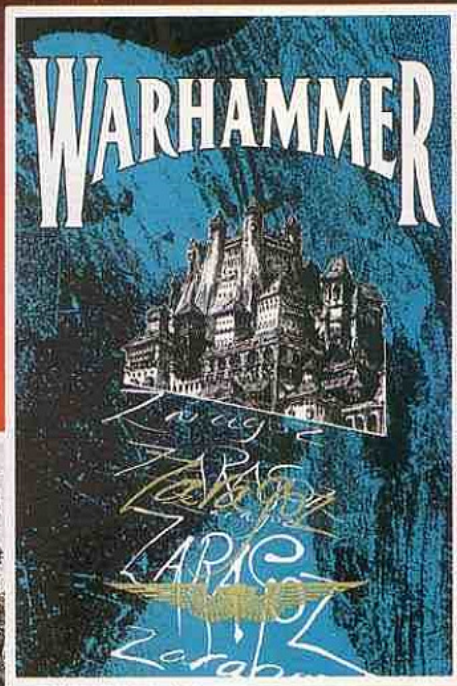
▼ DRACHENFELS ▼

JACK YEOVIL

Above them, the Fortress of Drachenfels stood against the crimson sky, its seven turrets thrust skyward like the taloned fingers of a deformed hand. The cliff-top gates were open, a maw in the side of the stone.

They saw eyes in the darkness beyond the gates, half-imagined unwelcoming shapes flitting past innumerable windows themselves shaped like eyes.

This was where their adventure would end. In a castle as grey and jagged as the mountains around it. A fortress older than the Empire, and darker than Death. The lair of the Great Enchanter - Drachenfels.



▲ ZARAGOZ ▲

BRIAN CRAIG

"I can tell you a tale," he said. "A tale of Zaragoz. A tale of betrayal which happened long ago, but whose tangled threads extend, as the threads of treason always do, across the centuries to the present day."

"The castle of Zaragoz was legendary - a citadel which could never be taken. It was said that once justice reigned within the fortress its rule would be absolute and unassailable, but to the great misfortune of the land it was not so. An army came treacherously from below to seize the castle and depose the Duke. They killed the strongest, the bravest, the most virtuous, and sought to cow the rest, taking away their hope and proving to them that justice never could return."

"If justice cannot come again, then Zaragoz is doomed!"



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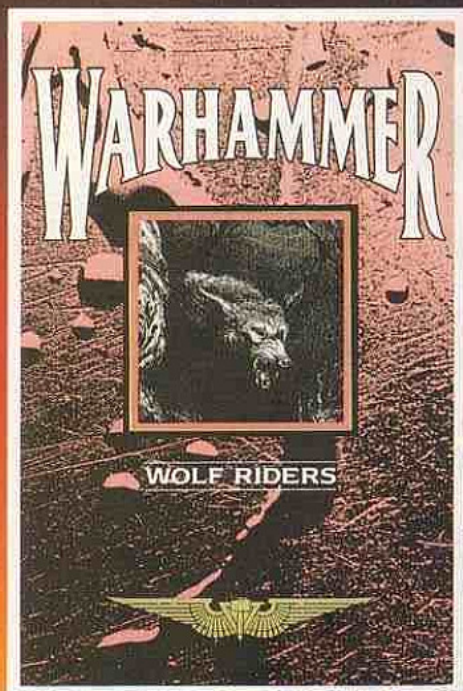
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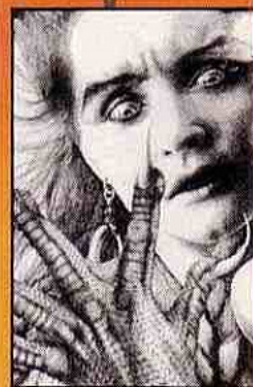
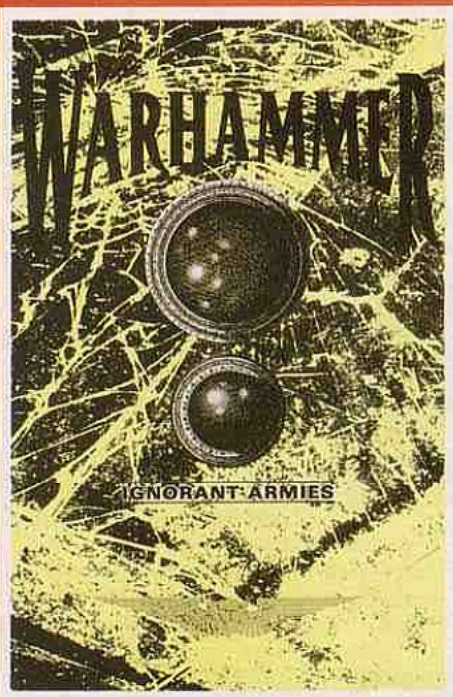


▼ IGNORANT ARMIES ▼

Johann parried a blow and felt its force ringing throughout his entire body. His opponent was a foot taller and heavily armoured, but its reactions were slower and its helmet was distorted by a head that seemed to have expanded inside it. It was a mutant of some sort, a human being under the influence of the warpstone, turning into the physical image of whatever dark desires or fears it had harboured.

Johann stepped back and slashed across the creature's chest, denting its breastplate, and caving in the scarface symbol etched into the metal.

Eight Warhammer stories from Jack Yeovil, Bill King, Brian Craig, Steve Baxter, Charles Davidson, Nicola Griffith and Sean Flynn.



▲ WOLF RIDERS ▲

Its face had no flesh. Greenish light flickered in its empty sockets. Age-rotten teeth smirked from the fleshless, lipless mouth. Its helm was verdigrised bronze and inscribed with runes that hurt the eye. The smell of mould and rotten leather rose from its tunic and tattered cloak.

The thing lashed out with its rusty blade. Erich stood frozen for a second and then, acting on reflex, flung himself to one side. The thing's sword nicked his ribs. Pain seared his side. He noticed the movement of ancient tendons under the paper-thin skin of the hand that held the weapon. He countered with a high blow to the neck, his body responding with trained discipline even as his mind reeled in horror.

Eight Warhammer stories from Bill King, Brian Craig, Simon Ounsley, Jack Yeovil, Ralph T. Castle, Pete Garratt and Sandy Mitchell.



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No gold in the Grey Mountains

BY JACK YEOVIL

No Gold in the Grey Mountains is taken from *Wolf Riders*, the second of the Warhammer anthologies published this autumn. The story takes place in the Fortress of the Great Enchanter, the setting for *Drachenfels*, Jack Yeovil's first Warhammer novel, and relates an earlier event in the life of one of the novel's characters. Jack Yeovil has also written the title story for the first anthology, *Ignorant Armies*, and is working on a series of Dark Future novels, starting with *Demon Download*.



In the opposite crag, the seven towers of the Fortress of Drachenfels thrust skyward like the taloned fingers of a deformed hand. The sunset bloodied the castle as Constant Drachenfels, the Great Enchanter, had done in life. Joh Lamprecht had heard all the stories, all the songs. He knew of the long-lived monster's numberless crimes, and of his eventual downfall and defeat. Brave Prince Oswald and Fair Genevieve, his vampire ladylove, had ended the horror, and now the castle was untenanted, all but the most earthbound ghosts flown to the beyond. However, it was still shunned. No peasant of this mountain region would dare set his boot upon the path to Drachenfels while the stories were told in whispers, the songs remembered by ill-favoured minstrels. And that was what made the place ideal for Joh's purposes.

Big, slow Freder was too lackwitted to be concerned with superstition, and dark, quiet Rotwang too wrapped up in his own skills to take any notice of the rumoured creatures in the darkness. Which left only young Yann Groeteschele to be frightened by the old legends, the shadows and the night winds. Joh could count on the young bandit's unswerving loyalty for as long as Groeteschele's fear of him outweighed his fear of the name of a dead sorcerer. That should be a considerable time.

Groeteschele had only heard the songs about Drachenfels' Poison Feast and the Sack of Gisoreux, but he had been present when Joh broke the back of Warden Fanck and led the mass escape from the penal quarrypits of the Vaults, to the South, and in the Loren Forest he had held down the writhing body of Guido Czerepy, the silk merchant, while Joh tortured out of him the location of his hidden cache of gold.

In the still air, the rattle of the coach was audible from several miles away. Joh keened like a crow, and Rotwang answered from his position of concealment down by the road. Joh tapped Groeteschele, and indicated the youth's crossbow. The lamps of the coach became visible in the evening haze. Joh felt the old excitement in his vitals, and gripped the hilt of his curved sword. He had taken the scimitar from the corpse of a slain envoy of Araby, shortly after relieving the man of the jewelled tokens of esteem he was bearing to the Imperial Court, and found it a more satisfactory item of killing steel than the common straight sword of the Old World.

Groeteschele slipped a quarrel into his crossbow, and steadied it against his cheek. Joh kept his eyes on the coach. As robberies went, this was simple. Three times last year, he had held up the same coach—carrying gold from the Kautner seam down from the Mountains and through the Reikwald Forest to Altdorf—and the trick had been easier each time. Once the miners had paid their tax tribute to the Emperor's collectors they were hardly disposed to buy guards to escort it to Karl-Franz's coffers and so it was placed on the regular mail and passenger run.

Tonight's plunder would serve to equip Joh and his band for a more daring, more profitable exploit. Joh had a nice little Tilean principedom marked down, its vaults ripe for plundering, but he would need to hire specialists, to buy equipment that could not be stolen, and to make arrangements with a slightly dishonourable banking house to dispose of the accrued funds. A chest of Kautner gold should set the job up perfectly.

The coach was near enough for Joh to see the horses' breath frosting. The coachman sat alone on the box, draped in a cloak. He would be wearing a breastplate under his garments, but killing the coachman never stopped anything anyway.

There was a long, creaking sound and a crash. A tree fell on the road just as the coach had passed. Good. Freder had done his part well. Joh nodded, and Groeteschele stood up, firing and reloading. His first quarrel took the lead horse of the four-strong team in the side of the neck and it tripped.



A figure darted into the road, sword flashing. Rotwang drove his blade deep into the animal, and it fell. He leaped aside, and the team continued, dragging its dying comrade a few yards.

Joh made his way down from the rocky mountainside towards the road, Groeteschele following. He had complete confidence in Rotwang's expertise with this manoeuvre. It was tricky. Many bandits were crippled or worse when they got tangled up with the horse they were trying to immobilize. But Rotwang was the best killer Joh had ever seen, trained to it from birth.

When he came out of the trees, all was well. The coach was halted, and Rotwang stood a little way away from it, red sword dripping. Freder held the still-standing horses and glowered up at the coachman. His height, broad shoulders and apish appearance helped to deter many a solid citizen from interfering in the band's business. Joh nodded to Groeteschele, and the young man climbed up beside the quivering coachman and sorted through the luggage, throwing parcels and packages to the dirt road. Someone inside the coach was complaining loudly.

"It's not here," Groeteschele said.

"What!" snapped Joh. "Idiot, it must be. Look harder."

It should be in a small chest with the Imperial Crest and a fine Bretonian lock. It usually was. Groeteschele rooted among the remaining cargo.

"No, nothing," he said.

Joh signed to Rotwang, who walked towards the coach. The coachman was trembling, praying to all the Gods. Groeteschele climbed down, and Rotwang pulled himself up to the top of the coach. He moved like a big cat, with strong but apparently lazy gestures, and he could strike like a daemon. He sat beside the coachman, plucking and throwing away the man's whip, and then did something to the man with his hands. The coachman screamed, and Joh knew Rotwang's inexpressive face would be wearing a slight smile. Rotwang whispered, passed his hands over the coachman's body again, and there were more screams.

Little knives flashed red in Rotwang's hands, and he paid some attention to the coachman's face. Finally, the bandit spat into the road, and pushed the coachman off his seat. The man sprawled, dead, beside his vehicle.

Joh looked up at Rotwang.

"No gold," the killer told him. "The Kautner seam petered out three months ago. No more gold in the Grey Mountains."

Joh swore, calling down the wrath of Morr on this venture. He had blundered badly, and would have to redeem himself or lose position. Groeteschele was young and Freder was a clod, but Rotwang—who had so far displayed no taste for leading the band—could easily take his place.

"What is the meaning of this?"

The coach door opened and a well-dressed man stepped out. His elegantly booted foot landed on the coachman's body and he cringed away. He looked at Joh and Groeteschele and drew a long, fine duellist's sword. He assumed a fighting stance and looked at Joh, waiting for the bandit to strike the first blow. Groeteschele shot him in the head and he staggered back, shaking from the blow. Freder pulled his purse away from his belt and threw it to Joh. It was heavy, but not heavy enough to make this job worth its while. The ill-advised hero slid down the coach and sat, dead, in the road beside the coachman, eyes staring either side of Groeteschele's bolt.

Joh went to the open door, and looked into the coach.

"Hello," said a musical female voice, "are you a bandit?"

She had golden curls, and was dressed fit for the Imperial Court in a brocaded dress with pearls worked into the bodice. She was not ostentatiously bejewelled, but her fingers and ears yielded more gold than many a small miner's claim would in a year. Her pale oval face was lovely, delicate and lightly painted.

She sat on the plush seat of the coach like a dressed-up doll, her feet not touching the floor. Joh judged her to be about twelve years old.

"Is there anything worth stealing?" Groeteschele asked.

Joh smiled at the girl, who smiled back.

"I think so."

Her name, she told them, was Lady Melissa d'Acques, and she was distantly related to both the Royal Family of Bretonnia and the Imperial House of the Second Wilhelm. She had insisted the bandits bring her luggage to Drachenfels when they took her there, and from the number, quality and expense of the dresses in her travelling wardrobe, Joh knew her family would be capable of paying a substantial ransom for her return. So far as he could make out, the girl was somewhat simple for her age. She treated her captors as if they were servants pretending to be bandits and this whole episode a game to while away a dull afternoon in the gardens. So far, this had worked to Joh's advantage—she had ridden on Freder's saddle and given them no trouble—but he dreaded the inevitable moment when she tired of play and wanted to be taken home.

Typically, she seemed to have found a soulmate in Freder, with whom she was laughing and joking, exchanging nonsense rhymes. If only she knew how many men and women the rough-faced giant had killed with his hands alone.

She didn't complain at the quality of the food they gave her at their camp, which was pitched in one of the courtyards of the fortress, and she tried cheerfully to answer all his questions. His problem was that, in order to convert his stroke of luck into gold crowns, he needed to know more about Melissa's family. How he could get in touch with her father, for instance. But Melissa, although only too willing to expound at childishly tedious length about the minutiae of her family life, was unwilling or unable to give an address where her family could be contacted, and only had the vaguest awareness of anything outside the cloisters of her aristocratic circle. Joh gathered her family maintained households in Parravon, Marienburg and Altdorf, and that several of her male relations could be found in the courts of Bretonnia and the Empire.

As Melissa spoke, Freder squatted by her grinning, enraptured by her stories about playthings, pets and servants. Everyone and everything in the d'Acques circle had a nickname. She experimented with several unflattering nicknames for Freder, and tried to extend the practice to Joh and Groeteschele. The wolf-faced Rotwang she was—wisely—a little afraid of, and so Joh had him see to business elsewhere, settling down the horses. It was vital that he learn more...

"Tell me, Melissa, where is your father now? Were you travelling to him?"

Melissa cocked her head to one side and then the other. "That depends, Mr Joh. Sometimes, he's in his castle, sometimes he's in his palace. Now, he's probably in his palace."

"And where is his palace?"

"He's a Count, you know, and a Baron. It gets so confusing remembering. The servants have a terrible time. In Bretonnia, he's a Count, and in the Empire, he's a Baron, and there are fearful penalties for getting them mixed up. We travel between Bretonnia and the Empire quite a bit."

Melissa yawned, forgetting to cover her mouth, and stretched. She didn't appear to be very comfortable in her starched and formal clothes. That might mean she was being sent on a short journey, that she had people nearby. She hadn't known the man in the coach at all before setting out, and hadn't formed a good opinion of him. "He pinched my cheeks and patted my hair too much. He deserved to be killed."

Lady Melissa was quite a startling little girl. The aristocracy bred its young bloodthirsty, Joh guessed. Certainly the Duke's son he had had to kill all those years ago, after the fop had run through Joh's father from behind on a minor quarrel, had been a death-happy fool. That had been the first step on the road to outlawry. There was a song about Joh Lamprecht, telling of how he was driven to the bandit life by injustice and tyranny, but Joh knew he would never have been content to be a copper miner like his father and grandfather. He would have been a bandit even if he had been born on the estates of Benedict the Benevolent, rather than the Iron-Fisted Duke of Dijah-Montaigne.

"I'm tired," she said. "Can I go to bed now?"

Joh nodded to Freder, who took the child up in his arms like a fond father, and bore her away. Joh had had Rotwang air out one of the bedrooms in the castle, and do his best to clean the cobwebs away. They had chosen a room with a still-functioning lock and an available key. It had no exterior windows, and would serve as a comparatively luxurious cell.

Freder came back, grinning, to the campfire.

"Well?" Groeteschele asked Joh.

Rotwang came out of the shadows suddenly.

"We could do very well out of the Lady," Joh said. "But we'll have to take it slowly. She's rich. They aren't like you and me, Groeteschele. They have strange ways. I think we'll be able to find out about her family, and then we'll bargain for a ransom."

"What if they don't want her back?" Rotwang asked. He was a foundling, sold for a pit-fighter before he could walk, and had no ideas about his real family. Joh sometimes wondered if Rotwang were entirely human.

"Of course they'll want her back, Rotwang. She's a precious package."

Freder tried to say something. It took him a long time to get a sentence out, and usually it wasn't worth the wait. Because they were all tired, Joh, Rotwang and Groeteschele sat back and let him speak.

"Cuh-cuh-cuh-couldn't w-we cuh-cuh-cuh-keep her?"

Rotwang spat in the embers. They hissed. The shadows closed in.





In the darkness of the Fortress of Drachenfels, the Old Woman crept, her fingers curved like claws, her still-sharp mind reaching before her. She had no need of her eyes after all these centuries. As a creature of the night, the cursed stones were comfortable to her. There were intruders now, and she would have to see them off or be destroyed. Her veins were thinned, and her sharp teeth slid in and out of their gumsheaths. It was too long since she had slaked her red thirst.

Drachenfels was gone, but he had left something of himself behind. She could taste the residue in the

foul air. The spirits writhed deep in the shadows. But the living beings stood out like beacons. She latched onto them all, sipping their thoughts—although she would rather have been sipping their blood—and fixing them in her ancient mind.

The bandits and their prisoner. It was an interesting situation. She found human relationships endlessly fascinating. There were so many ways they could be broken down, set aside and tampered with. For her, there was pleasure in the panic and fear she could whip up in the bandits before the feeding frenzy fell upon her, just as an epicure would prepare his palate for the main course with a selection of *aperitifs* or a great amorist postpone lovemaking with extensive foreplay.

She was pleased that the strongest physically of the living men was the weakest in mind. That made things so much easier. His strength would nourish her, help her get through the long night, and deal with the more dangerous of the intruders.

Her eyes filled with blood.

Joh was startled awake, as if by a mailed fist clenching around his heart. He was sure he had cried out. Groeteschele was shaken out of sleep at the same moment. They bumped heads. Blinking in the afterglow of the fire, they looked at each other. Something was wrong, but they couldn't tell what it was. Joh had been dreaming, he knew, but the dream vanished from his head as he was jolted out of the fug of sleep. It had been a bad one, and he was sweating.

Rotwang was up, daggers in both hands. He kicked something, and it rolled towards the light.

Groeteschele let out an involuntary oath, his voice womanish and shrill. Freder's head lay at his feet.

"The rest of the oaf is here," Rotwang said.

Joh stabbed a pitch-covered torch at the embers. It caught, and he held it up. Rotwang stood over Freder's bulky body. The head had been taken off neatly, and there was almost no blood. This was not a natural killing.

"It's this place," Groeteschele said. "It stinks of that devil Drachenfels."

"The Great Enchanter is dead and gone," Joh said.

"So is Fat Fool Freder," said Rotwang.

"There's someone else here with us," Groeteschele was shivering, but not with the cold. In his nightshirt, with his long, milky-white face, he looked himself like a cheap engraving of a ghost.

"That's obvious. It's a big place."

"The girl?"

Joh had a moment of concern for the Lady Melissa. He did not want her dying in any manner he could not profit from.

The three bandits pulled on jackets and boots over nightclothes. Joh swore as he cut his palm open on the silver spur he had forgotten to remove from his rough-riding boots. There was no time now. Weapons in their hands, they entered the wing of the castle where the captive's room was. Rotwang lead them through the dark. The sharpness of his eyes in shadow was among his most valuable attributes.

Joh knew how serious their trouble was when he noticed that Rotwang wasn't sure about the path he was taking. The Fortress was legendary for its labyrinthine and contradictory byways. That was one of the reasons Joh had chosen to pitch camp in the courtyard.

After a moment of near panic, they found the room. "Look," said Rotwang.

The wood around the handle was deeply scored, as if a knife-fingered hand had tried the door.

It was still locked. Rotwang fumbled with the key, and opened the door.

"What are you doing?" Melissa said, sitting up in bed, her hair loose. "Am I to be murdered in my bed?"

As soon as he saw Freder's bodiless head, Rotwang knew that Joh Lamprecht's time as a King of Banditti was over. It only remained for Rotwang to live out this night in the castle, and leave. Perhaps he would turn to the mercenary life again, and enlist in one of the many armies of the Old World. There were always opportunities for people with his skills, and many employers uninterested in the legalities of his previous adventures. He was not profligate in the deployment of his abilities, and liked to see gold from each of his killings. So far, the coachman had not been worth the effort. The little girl would never bring more than her jewellery. Kidnapping was a fool's crime, and had Joh proposed it outright Rotwang would have left there and then. The business of the bungled coach hold-up had been bad enough, but the kidnapping—and now the death of one of their number—told him that the days of easy plunder were at an end.

Currently, Joh was trying to talk to the Lady Melissa, to no great purpose. The girl knew nothing. Groeteschele was sitting in a chair, hugging himself. The youth was badly scared. He had been as courageous as any in the band's previous exploits, but had only faced cold steel and human muscle. Whatever it was that walked this castle was no natural thing, Rotwang knew.

Prince Oswald should have had the place razed to the ground once the Great Enchanter was dead.

"We stay here, and protect the girl," Joh ordered.

Rotwang didn't know if his chief fully meant what he said. He had not hitherto been noted for his sense of chivalry. Still, a farmer would guard from wolves a calf he fully intended to butcher on the morrow.

Groeteschele was too deeply frightened to answer. Joh looked to Rotwang.

This was as good a position as any to defend.

He nodded.

Joh sat on the Lady Melissa's bed, and told the child to lie back and go to sleep. He stroked her hair, almost tenderly.

"Good night, Mr Joh."

The little girl smiled, shrugged, and pulled the covers up over her head.

"Shut the door and wait, Rotwang," Joh said. "It'll come to us."

"I know."

Joh wondered if the only dangers in the castle were outside the room. Groeteschele was nearly mad with fear, and the mad can be dangerous to those who mean them no harm. The lad was gripping his sword with both hands, holding it vertical in his lap, his forehead pressed against the flat of the blade. His eyes were active, looking at every corner of the room, but empty of intelligence. Joh had never bothered to find out what Groeteschele had been before Warden Fanck shackled them together in the quarries. They had shared days and nights ever since, but Joh still knew nothing of Groeteschele's antecedents, his former life, his original crime. Somehow, he knew it was too late now.



And Rotwang was slow to respond to his orders, taking a second to think things through. Obedience was no longer automatic. The killer was out for himself, and would not hesitate to leave the others to a ghastly death if he thought he could survive the better for it. After all, the man had lasted so long in his profession precisely because he was dangerous, treacherous, conscienceless. Often, Joh had wondered what the result would be if he were to duel with the killer. Rotwang would have the edge in training, experience and simple skill, but Joh thought the other man was dead inside. He killed without passion, without interest, and Joh suspected—hoped—his own brand of hot-blooded combat would prove superior to Rotwang's chilly discipline. It was a question he had never felt the need to put to a practical test.

The torch burned in its sconce, filling the room with red shadows. The Lady Melissa slept, or seemed to, the covers rising and falling as she breathed.

Joh had to turn the situation around to his advantage. He had to extort a suitable ransom from the d'Acques clan. He had to proceed to his Tilean pickings, and make his name as a strategist. There would be more songs about Joh Lamprecht. More odes to his glories.

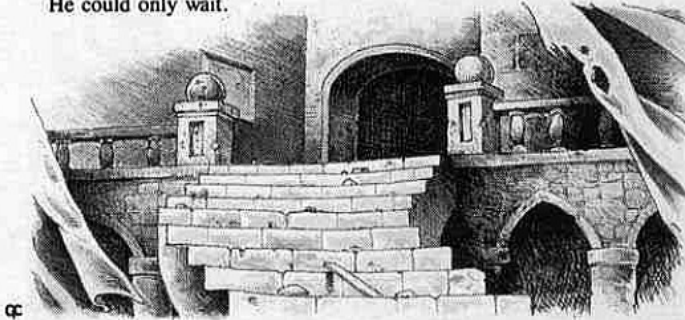
Outside, in the bulk of the castle, there were sounds. Joh knew the same winds that had blown the night before were setting shutters to rattle and old furniture to creak. But amid the thousand tiny natural sounds of night, there



were silences that betokened huge and malevolent presences. Drachenfels was dead. There was no question of that. But the dead could still be dangerous. Perhaps something of the Great Enchanter remained behind in his fortress, waiting, watching, hungry...

Like Groeteschele, he clutched his weapon as a cleric does the symbol of his deity.

He could only wait.



The Old Woman was glutted with the first of her victims. Freder's blood had proved rich, and with it came a rush of the memories of his body. She felt his pains and his pleasures as she drained him lustily. She had absorbed his life, and freed his tethered, childish spirit from its cage of meat. As an afterthought, she left him for the others to find. She found it easy to pass through the castle. Locked doors, walled-up passages, and trap-laden corridors posed no problems for her. Like a mist, she could pass where she willed.

From Freder's dull memories, she learned about the others. It was easy to see how to proceed against them. So easy. People never changed, never learned. They were always easy.

In the warm darkness she made and unmade fists, extending and retracting her hard, sharp nails.

Her thirst was quenched. The rest of the night's work would be for the pleasure of it.

Considering who her prey were and their intentions towards their captive, the Old Woman believed she served the cause of Justice as surely as any Imperial man-at-arms or thrice-blessed servant of Verena.

She could still taste the blood in her mouth.

She reached out for the weakest of the minds against her, and forced herself in. After sitting still for over an hour, Groeteschele screamed. His sword leaped slightly in his hands, and blood trickled down his forehead. He stood up, the blade scraping his skin. Joh was startled out of a half-sleep by his friend's cry, and pushed himself off Melissa's bed. The child miraculously stayed asleep. Rotwang took an apparently casual interest.

Groeteschele dropped his sword. He was bleeding profusely, but his self-inflicted wound looked comparatively minor. His scream died away, but he kept whimpering.

"Calm yourself," Joh ordered.

Groeteschele didn't take any notice. He was gabbling to himself, his meaning impossible to gauge. Blood dropped from his cheeks and chin onto his nightshirt. He shook his head, and wrung his hands. He could have been posing for a statue of the muse of fear.

Joh reached out to take hold of Groeteschele's shoulder, but the younger man dodged back, his terror increased by the prospect of human contact.

Rotwang stood aside, impassive.

Groeteschele began to chant something in a language Joh didn't recognize. It was the unknown tongue the bandit used when he sometimes talked in his sleep, the tongue Joh assumed was that of the never-mentioned land of his birth. As he chanted, he made signs in the air with his fingers. Droplets of blood detached from his face and fell to the floor.

Groeteschele hit the door, and passed through. Joh heard him blundering down the corridor, still chanting.

The bedclothes rose in a hump, and the Lady Melissa burrowed her way sleepily to the surface.

"What's going on?" she asked.

Joh's face was wet. Groeteschele had splashed him with his own blood.

"Watch the girl," he told Rotwang. "I'm going after him."

Rotwang nodded. Melissa smiled and rubbed her eyes.

Lantern in one hand, scimitar in the other, Joh stepped outside. He could still hear Groeteschele babbling.

He walked slowly, towards the noise.

Joh Lamprecht was a sentimental old fool, Rotwang thought. The boy, Groeteschele, was dead, and Joh should have left him to rot. But Joh had formed an attachment to the youthful Yann, and would not be dissuaded from plunging into the darkness to face whatever horrors lay dormant in Drachenfels, waiting for him with claws, pincers and hot coals.

He paced the bedroom, struggling with unfamiliar feelings. Hitherto, he had faced death with a cool reserve born of a knowledge that those who let their emotions take over in a crisis were those least likely to walk away whole. In combat, he was as dispassionate as a surgeon, and he still lived, while all the berserkers he had faced were wormshit.

Now, he felt fear. Not just the healthy quickening that kept you cautious in the pit, that reminded you to keep your body away from your foe's blade, but a deep-down fear that whispered to him, incessantly compelling him to throw down his sword and run like Groeteschele, run until he was free of Drachenfels, free of the Grey Mountains...

He knew that was the way to die, but the temptation was still there.

The little girl was sitting up in bed now, playing with her long, fine hair. Although roused in the middle of the night, her curls seemed naturally composed rather than tangled. Joh was right; the rich were different.

He had pledged his sword for the rich all his life. In the pits as a child, he had been wagered on by aristocratic sportsmen who prided themselves in picking a winner. Later, he had fought for the Elector of Middenland when his tenant farmers tried to resist a raise in the tithe. So much blood spilled, so much profit made, and so little of it, in the end, for his own benefit.

"Mr Rotwang?" the girl asked. He didn't reply, but she continued. "Mr Rotwang, are you a really brave and ferocious bandit, like Blaque Jacques in the songs?"

He ignored her. Brave and ferocious. That is what he had been earlier in the evening, before the accursed Joh Lamprecht led him to this doom-laden castle and exposed him to the terrors of the dark.

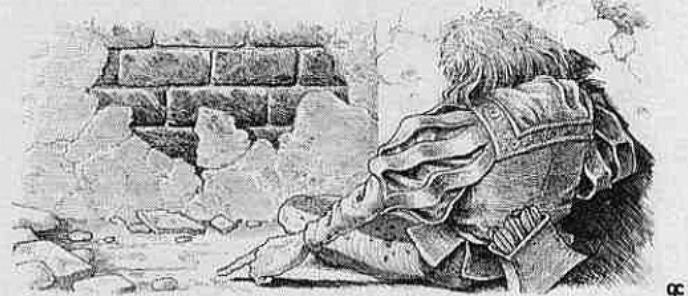
Brave and ferocious. Now, he was not so sure about that.

He could still hear Groeteschele chanting. The monotone had changed now, and the young man seemed to be singing. He was breathing badly, interrupting the song in the wrong places, and Joh assumed he was near the end of his strength. Good, he didn't want to have to fight his comrade to bring him back.

He had never realized before how much the young man meant to him. Freder had been a cretin, and Rotwang was beyond conversation, which meant Groeteschele was the only person in the band Joh could talk to, could hand down the benefit of his experience to. Unconsciously, he had been training the lad to be his successor on the outlaw path. Without him, Joh's nights would be long and empty. All the passed-on wisdom would go to waste.

If Yann Groeteschele died here in Drachenfels, there would be nobody left. When Joh himself passed on, there would be nobody left alive who knew the workings of the Three Gold Crowns Scam, the mechanics of the Vault-Piercing Screw, the profit to be had from the Joh Lamprecht Stagecoach Switch Manoeuvre. Without Groeteschele, Joh's life would be a waste.

In the back of his mind, Joh knew these thoughts weren't like him. Groeteschele was another crossbowman, no more nor less. Warden Fanck and sheer chance, not a bond of affection, had shackled them together. And yet, here in the dark of Drachenfels, something was coming out of him. He thought he was being worked on, and tried to resist.



Joh found Groeteschele backed up in a blind corridor, squeezed into a corner, still chanting. His eyes were shut tight, crusted over with his scabbing blood, and he was tracing symbols in the dust. Joh recognized a few gods' names—Shallya, Verena, Ulric—in Groeteschele's litany, and the scrawl on the floor included approximations of several sacred signs.

"Come, lad, there's nothing to fear," Joh lied.

Groeteschele kept up his mad prayer. Joh set down his lantern and went to his comrade, and bent over, hoping to help him to his feet, to guide him back to Melissa's room to await the dawn.

Groeteschele's right hand was still tracing signs, but his left was at the belt he had drawn around his nightshirt, gripping something tightly. As he touched the young man's right upper arm, Joh realized what Groeteschele was holding.

He kept his quarrels strung on his belt.

Joh tried to pull back, but Groeteschele was fast. His eyes flicked open, and his left hand shot upwards. He spat a curse, and lodged the point of the crossbow bolt between Joh's chest and shoulder.



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Joh felt the the weapon scrape his upper ribs and sink through the joint. Pain flowed up and down his arm, and he dropped his scimitar. Groeteschele was standing up now, working the quarrel deeper, his right hand caught in Joh's hair.

They struggled together. The lantern was knocked over under their feet, and a small spill of burning oil spread in the dirt. Joh saw red shadows dancing on the walls as he wrestled with Groeteschele. He punched the young man in the belly with his left hand, and knocked the wind out

of him. Groeteschele broke the clinch and staggered away. He let go of the quarrel with a final yank that shot another bolt of pain into Joh's torso.

Groeteschele was going for Joh's dropped sword. Joh kicked him in the side, and tipped him over. He fell into the burning pool, and his flimsy cotton nightshirt caught in an instant, flaming up to his legs.

Screeching curses, Groeteschele came at Joh, the flames spreading over his entire body.

Joh stepped back, and there was a wall where one hadn't been before. He struck the stone with his wounded shoulder, and screamed out loud, nearly fainting with the agony. He held up his left arm like a shield as the fiery Groeteschele lurched forwards. The bandit's smooth face was on fire now, the features running like wax, and the enclosed space was thick with the stench of burning flesh.

Joh's scimitar was ten yards away, and Groeteschele stood between him and it. He only had one weapon available.

Clenching his teeth against what he was about to do to himself, he got a proper grip on the barbed bolt in his shoulder. He hoped to be able to pull it out as easily as one draws a dagger from a sheath, but the arrowhead tip tore muscle as he extracted the spike. He invoked the name of Khorne and held up the dripping quarrel like an offering.

A great scream was building up inside Groeteschele's chest, and emerged through an enlarged and ravaged mouth as he leaped at Joh, his flame-tipped hands reaching out to throttle.

With his left hand, Joh stabbed, aiming for the cut on Groeteschele's forehead. He struck home and, thumb over the end of the quarrel, forced the steel into his friend's brain.

Groeteschele's eyes died, and Joh pushed the dead man away from him. His left sleeve was alight. He tried to reach for it with his right hand, but as his elbow bent a crippling wave of pain made him sink to his knees. He scraped his burning sleeve against the wall, and the fires went out.

He felt like curling up and going to sleep, letting his pains fade away. But he knew that would be fatal.

At least his legs were uninjured. Unsteadily, using the wall as a brace for his back, he got to his feet.

Now, he realized how little notice he had taken of the path to this place. He had no idea how to get back to Rotwang and Melissa.

The fires died down, and he was in total darkness, alone with his pain.

Trusting to instinct, he pushed himself away from the wall and followed the corridor.

The Old Woman's brain buzzed with the emotional discharge from the clash between the former friends. Their pain and fear was so much the greater for the bond between them broken by their fight. Her mouth was dry, but jolts of pleasure coursed through her human-seeming body.

Over a thousand years ago, when she was truly young, her coach had been stopped by a bandit. Not a gold-seeking thug such as these, but a wild-haired monster of the bloodline of Belada the Melancholy, an unlettered savage who could live for an eternity but who lacked the refinement to make such an existence bearable.

She was that vampire's get, his daughter-in-darkness, and she had birthed many a blood herself. The lady Genevieve, whose finest moment had come in this castle, was her granddaughter-in-darkness, the get of her get. It had been a proud, productive life...

Freder's blood flowed through her veins, mingling with her own ichor. It was time she killed again, took more sustenance.

Two bandits and their little captive. They were alone in Drachenfels. The configuration was amusing.

In the morning they would all be dead. But the Old Woman's death would be like life. The others would be gone, used-up husks thrown away to rot.

Her eyeteeth extended and grew sharper, and she ran her velvety tongue over them.

The little girl smiled innocently at Rotwang. A few minutes ago, he had realized he was nervously walking up and down the carpet and resolved to calm himself. Now he stood stock still, barely breathing, swordhilt in his hand. He didn't have too tight a grip—that made you too inflexible when it came to responding to an attack—and he was visualizing a stylized wolf's head in his mind. It was the symbol he had worn as a pit fighter, and it always helped him relax before a battle to dwell upon its shape. Maybe, the wolf was his personal talisman. He had always favoured Ulric, God of Battle, Wolves and Winter, over the more obvious Khaine, Lord of Murder, as the protector of his profession.

Sometimes, he dreamed that he was a wolf. He had been thickly-pelted as a child, although he was not abnormally hairy now, and he wondered if his unknown parents had lycanthrope blood in them. He had never shapeshifted, but he was not like other men in many ways.

The girl was singing to herself, a Bretonian lullaby he didn't recognize.

"Mr Rotwang?"

"Yes, my lady?" He hated himself suddenly, for lapsing into the servile form of address. But it was only natural to him. "What is it?"

"Tomorrow, when the sun comes up, will we be here?"

He had no answer.

Melissa scrambled out of bed. She wore a long, gold-embroidered nightdress that could almost pass for a ball gown. Her bare white feet were silent on the thick carpet. She danced around the room to her lullaby, holding her skirts out and curtsying to an imagined courtly admirer.

When Rotwang was her age, he had been killing for seven years. He resented the Lady Melissa for her family, her wealth, her childhood. All these things had been denied him. He hated his possibly wolfish parents for abandoning him among men. He should have been suckled on the steppes, raised with the pack, and taught the trick, the trick of shaking aside human form.

The door was hanging open now. Since Groeteschele and Joh had pushed through it, he hadn't bothered to pull it shut. Anything that could so neatly decapitate Freder wouldn't be bothered by a lock. Rotwang preferred to see what was coming at him.

Outside in the gloom, he could make out a bare stone wall, interrupted by niches containing long-unlit lamps. Constant Drachenfels was rumoured to favour human oil in his lamps. It would not have been out of character for the Great Enchanter, whose reign stretched back to the time of Sigmar and beyond.

"Mr Rotwang," asked the child, "when are you going to try and kill me?"

Rotwang turned and looked at the open face of the child, feeling her words like the slap of an armoured gauntlet across his cheek. He held up his sword. It was out in the open. He hoped she could see it was no immediate threat to her.

But again, he had no answer for her. Something foul-smelling came out of the darkness behind him, and a claw-gripped hand fastened on his shoulder...

The Old Woman fastened on Rotwang's mind, and burrowed deep. She found the wolf, and she turned it loose.



Rotwang was raising his sword to the Lady Melissa. Joh assumed he had gone mad, and laid a hand on the bandit's shoulder, spinning him around.

Rotwang's eyes were yellow, and his nose was reassembling as a snout. The creature opened its mouth and disclosed pointed, discoloured teeth. It was still Rotwang—his front tooth was still chipped—but a beast was rising inside him.

The little girl backed away, and climbed up onto her canopied bed. She held onto a bedpost and watched.

Joh leaned against the doorjamb, a dreadful numbness seeping from his swollen shoulder through his entire body.





Rotwang lashed out, and he ducked aside. Still, the creature's claws brushed his head, tearing lines in his scalp.

The Rotwang-thing had thrown its sword away. The bandit didn't need the knives sheathed on his belt. He had knives in his fingers.

It was strange that you could ride with someone for five years and never know certain things about them.

Joh's knees felt weak. His arm was useless. He was going to die soon, and he thought the easiest thing to do would be to offer his throat to Rotwang's teeth and nails. But he had been surviving too long to take the easy way out.

His scimitar was gone, and his knives. But he still had his boots. And his silver spurs.

Silver. If Rotwang were a true werewolf, he would be averse to silver.

Rotwang lunged at him, coming on all fours. He reached up with his left hand for the top of the door and got a grip, hauling himself into the air. His left shoulder felt lanced, but he managed to get himself aloft.

Rotwang, his charge started, passed under him. He jabbed down with his heels, and dug in as deep as he could.

The creature howled like a wounded wolf, and reared up. Joh was pushed against the lintel and lost his grip. His head smashed against the stone, and he felt something break inside.

He was falling, and he was face-down on the floor. The howling thing was on his back. He kicked upwards, hoping to slice with his spurs.

The weight was gone, and he tried to roll over.

Melissa was still watching, as she might do a puppetshow at court. She was giggling and clapping. There was something seriously wrong with the way the little girl had been brought up.

He reached for his heel, and twisted one of his spurs off. The spiked star spun as he sliced the air with it.

Rotwang was suffering. His clothes were torn, and his thickly-furred body was bleeding.

Man and monster got shakily to their feet.

Rotwang breathed noisily, blood and saliva dripping from his twisted snout. His shoulders were huge, and his claws extended.

Joh held up the spur.

Rotwang rushed at him, and he chopped into the monster's face, drawing the spur through his eye into his snout.

Claws sunk into the meat of his belly, and he broke away, leaving his weapon lodged in the werewolf's face.

He pressed the flaps of skin on his stomach, holding his insides in. He could feel almost nothing. That was bad.

Rotwang was leaning against the bed, shaking and twitching as he changed back into human form. Blood streamed from his wounded head. Melissa reached out and patted his shoulder, smoothing the thinning fur. She could have been looking after a family pet.

The rich. They were barely human.

Melissa's expression changed. She looked almost sad as Rotwang's wolfish growls faded into the human sounds of painful sobs. The spur was still stuck into his head. She opened her pretty little mouth, and Joh saw the unnaturally sharp teeth flash as she fastened on Rotwang's neck, tearing through to the vein. A gusher of blood came out of the bandit, and Melissa suckled greedily.

The Old Woman drank the bandit's wolf-spiced blood, feeling his spirit depart as she stole his life from him.

He had killed others. Many times, he had killed without mercy. She did only what was right.

When it was done, when Rotwang was empty, she wrestled his head off and turned her attention to the wounded man in the corner.

"Hello Mr Joh," she said, "does that hurt?"

Melissa, the old woman who seemed to be a child, knelt by him and watched as he died.

"You were my favourite bandit, you know," she said.

He couldn't feel pain any more, but from the writhing wetness he couldn't contain in his gutwound, he knew it was bad.

"How... old...?"

Melissa daintily pushed her hair aside. Her eyes were remarkable. Joh should have noticed them before. Eyes of experience in a face of innocence.

"Very old," she said. "Over eleven hundred years. I never grew up."

The cold was settling in now. Joh felt it travelling up his body.

"Your... family...?"

She was wistful, almost melancholy. "Dead and dust, I'm afraid. My human family, at least. I have sons-in-darkness, but none who would have paid you a ransom."

He was shivering now. Seconds lasted for an age. The final grains of sand of his life took an eternity to drip through the glass waist. Was this Death? A slowing curve that forever dragged out the pain, but never really ended. Or was that life for Lady Melissa d'Acques?

He had one last chance. Silver. Vampires like the stuff no more than werewolves. He scabbled for his other heel, but his fingers seemed swollen, awkward, and wouldn't respond. He cut himself. Melissa took one of Rotwang's dropped knives and deftly cut away the spur, flipping it to the other side of the room without touching it. She smiled at him, the sympathy of a victor. There was nothing more to do but die.

She took a dainty kerchief and dabbed the smears away from her bee-stung lips. At once a child and an ancient, she was beautiful but beyond his understanding.

"Kiss me," he said.

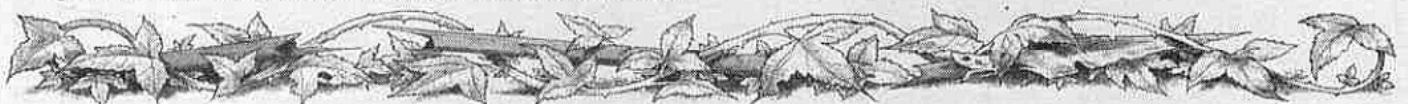
She tipped his head away from his throat, and granted him his wish.

The next morning, the sun rose over the Fortress of Drachenfels, and a small human figure made its way down the mountain towards the road.

Lady Melissa left the bodies where they were. Those she had drained were decapitated. The bandits would not be her get. She was more responsible than some undead fools who let loose a plague of thoughtless offspring.

She hauled her bulky but light trunks down to the road and made a canopied chair of them.

Sunlight hurt her eyes a little, but she was not one of the Truly Dead bloodsuckers who burst into flames after cock's crow.





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ELDAR



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GENESTEALER HYBRID



MARAUDER SKELETON



MARAUDER SKELETON



GENESTEALER HYBRID



CHAOS BEASTMAN



MARAUDER WOOD ELF



GENESTEALER HYBRID

Welcome to this month's 'Eavy Metal, and the first in a new style. Rather than Phil writing his section separate to mine, we'll be putting our heads together and producing one piece of text each month.

So, instead of handing over to Phil at this point, we'll go straight into this month's miniatures; we've got a lot to fit in, even with an extra page.

MICK BEARD

Golden Demon Award Single Miniature winner, Mick Beard, is a familiar face on the pages of 'Eavy Metal.

Of special note this issue is the wonderful conversion job Mick has made of the Dwarf Juggernaut. Mick has crewed the vehicle with numerous Dwarfs, and armed it with an impressive amount of firepower - flame cannons fore and aft. Ladders and rigging were given an authentic look by using cocktail sticks and strands of wire twisted together to form ropes, and real chains draped around the hull. The giants' heads trophies which adorn the banner pole at the back of the model give some indication of the machine's fighting power - Orc strongholds beware!

Two other particular favourites of mine from this page are the Slaaneshi Champion of Chaos and the Life Elemental. The Chaos Champion seems to be a favourite with many painters, judging from the number of really excellent ones I've seen, and Mick's done a fine job on this model. The Life Elemental gives a fine impression of light and grace in her flowing white robes. Well done, Mick.

RICHARD KERNICK & DANIEL CLIFT

Two faces bring new blood to the pages of 'Eavy Metal this month. Richard Kernick, who came away with silver and bronze demons at the Golden Demon Awards in 1987 and '88, created this excellent vignette for his entry in this year's competition. The fact that his entry was unplaced demonstrates how high the standard was this year.

Richard has raided his spares box to convert various Marines from the Legion of the Damned. The simple addition or alteration of weapons on these models has given them an individual look.

I also particularly like the Elf Wardancer. The tunic has been painted in a Gaelic-style tartan which echoes the Celtic image that influenced designer Jes Goodwin's fantasy Elves.

Daniel Clift came away with a third place in this year's Golden Demon Vehicle category with his superbly-painted epic scale Bike. He has also painted these incredibly detailed epic scale models. Two of the Marines have been enlarged so that the fine detail is more visible.

I know many of you are going to think we're pulling a very early (or late) April Fool's gag, but we're not! Honestly! These miniatures haven't been shrunk from 28mm scale. They are exactly as they appear.

The conversions are also gems. The rocket launcher and jet pack have been customised with thin pieces of wire covered with very fine flock and then painted. The Marine in Terminator Armour and the Chaos Renegade were converted with tiny amounts of Milliput.

Daniel claims that he uses nothing smaller than a size 0 brush and doesn't water the paint down to make it flow smoother. What can I say? Brilliant stuff, Daniel!

STAFF PAGES

This month we continue our step by step features with Andy Craig taking on Bloodbowl Star Player Lewdgrip Whiparm.

1. The base metal miniature.
2. The miniature is cleaned by using a sharp scalpel and needle files. It is undercoated with Skull White which has been thinned slightly so that the detail is not destroyed.
3. The slightly thinned base colours are then applied, notably Titillating Pink, Electric Blue, Chaos Black, Worm Purple for the glove, Bestial Brown for the ball and Bronzed Flesh and Skull White mix for the face.
4. Thin washes were applied to create the shading. For the pink areas a mix of red ink and Titillating Pink was used; for the blue, a mix of Electric Blue and thinned blue ink; for the ball and glove respectively, a wash of brown ink and a wash of purple ink, and for the face, a wash of chestnut ink.
5. The highlights were then applied using the base colours with added Skull White and these mixes were blended over the appropriate areas whilst the shading tones were still wet.
6. More Skull White was added to the original mix for the final highlights. The studs were dotted with Mithril Silver and the skull motif emphasised with Skull White.

Warhammer 40,000 seems to dominate this month's 'Eavy Metal which includes two of our Whirlwind conversions: the Ultramarine painted by Ivan and the Space Wolf painted by Darren. If you've skipped through the magazine to get here first (and who can blame you!) you can find details of how to make this conversion on page 38.

Leman Russ, commander of the Space Wolves Chapter of Marines flanked by his own wolves, Freki and Geri, has been painted with the appropriate colours from the new *Space Marine Paint Set*. Unusually this miniature features the talents of three of our painters.

Leman himself was painted by Mike using a careful blending technique which results in a subtle shading from blue-grey to Space Wolf Grey. The red lining on the armour was painted using Blood Red and highlighted with Hobgoblin Yellow. The right shoulder pad has been painted with a mix of Skull White, Sunburst Yellow and yellow ink with the gradual addition of white to the original mix to achieve the highlighted effect. Also on the shoulder you can just make out Leman's personal symbol which was adopted by the Space Wolves Chapter as their own badge. Note the runic script on the chainsword indicating his barbaric origins.

Freki and Geri, painted by Ivan with some of the finest fur I've seen, started off with a base colour of Chaos Black and Electric Blue to produce a deep grey colour. Skull White was added to this mixture and drybrushed onto the models. They were then given a wash of yellow and chestnut inks. The snout and cheeks of the wolves were done with Swamp Brown, Sunburst Yellow and Bronzed Flesh blended with highlights of Bronzed Flesh and Skull White to match the lower part of the miniature. A mix of black ink and Chaos Black was washed around the top of the head and eyes and streaked down the chest to create markings, which were then continued along the spine to the tip of the tail and thickened outwards from the spine. The eyes were painted with a Skull White/Sunburst Yellow mix to create a strong pale yellow, and the teeth were done in Bronzed Flesh and chestnut ink with Skull White added for the tips.

The banner, which was copied from a black and white concept drawing, was done by Darren who painted directly onto a self-adhesive label. This was wrapped around the banner pole; note the symbol at the top left which indicates that Leman has fought in Terminator Armour.

The Eldar Warriors were painted by Andy using a mix of Moody and Enchanted Blue for their base colour and then given a blue ink wash to which a small amount of black was added. The yellow parts were painted using Sunburst Yellow/Skull White mix and washed with a yellow and orange ink mix. Highlights, a mixture of the various base colours with white, were then added. Note the fine filigree work on the weapons. This effect has been achieved by the painting of very fine lines of Mithril Silver over a black base colour.

An absolute riot of colour comes from the Harlequin High Avatar. Starting with a basic colour scheme of yellow and blue, the Harlequin has been carefully shaded. Mike has painted a fine diamond-shaped pattern on the miniature's right leg which becomes a trailing thorn effect below the knee and the diamond pattern is continued on the left side of the model's tunic. This fine line work does take a lot of patience and practice to reach this high standard. Remember to thin the paint slightly when trying to paint fine lines as it does need to flow smoothly, and use a brush which tapers to a very fine point. The rainbow effect on the model's crest has been achieved by thinning the paint with appropriate inks so that they've become almost washes. These have been carefully applied so that each colour bleeds into the next producing a smooth change from colour to colour. Again be patient when trying to obtain this sort of effect as it is very easy to overdo the washes which can result in all the colours merging into one another and ending up as a single colourful mess.

Genestealer Hybrids from different generations seem to be trying to invade these pages. Note how the painters have varied the skin tones on the models to illustrate the gradual change to Human form in the later generation miniatures. Perhaps waiting to deal with the Genestealers are the members of the Inquisition painted predominately in Imperial Purple and also members of the Ordo Malleus in their black robes.

Our last page shows three photos from the up and coming *Codex Titanicus* featuring Titans from the Flaming Skulls, the Morning Stars and the Storm Lords Orders.

The large surfaces on the lower legs of miniatures such as these are ideal areas to try out your blending techniques. The gradual colour shift from red to yellow has been achieved by starting at the bottom with a mix of Blood Red and red ink and painting less than a third of this section. A mix of Hobgoblin Orange and orange ink was then applied just above the red area. These were then merged together with small strokes of a dampened brush to give a continuous flow from red to orange.

A Sunburst Yellow and yellow ink mix was applied to the top of the section and the process was repeated, this time back into the orange. Do persevere when trying this as it does require practice in order to perfect the technique.

Finally, welcome to Marauder Miniatures of which three models appear on the pages of *'Eavy Metal* for the first time. The bone effect was achieved by using a yellow/brown ink wash over the white undercoat. This was then highlighted with a Skull White/Bestial Brown/Sunburst Yellow mix until the required effect was achieved.

PETE TAYLOR

Pete's also back again, this time with a small selection of his Chaos Spawn and Daemon conversions which could be seen as part of Pete's Chaos army which was battling away at Games Day '89. Inventive use of Millput and the bits box has gone into producing this Chaotic collection.

Note how Pete has used some quite simple head swaps for the basis of many of these conversions. The Ambull, with its head and arms left off, has been given a gaping maw with the clever use of modelling putty.

Three Greater Daemons of Tzeentch have had their original heads and necks replaced with the heads of a Juggernaut of Khorne, a Greater Daemon of Slaanesh and a boar. The Fiend of Slaanesh has received similar treatment, having its head and neck replaced with that of a Chaos Steed.

The Daemon of Khorne was a fairly major conversion, as most of the torso and arms were scratch built over a wire frame. You'll need to hone your modelling skills for quite a while before attempting anything this ambitious. But don't worry, plenty of patience and practice are all that's needed.

Also used to good effect are the claws from a Giant Scorpion, one of which has been attached to Pete's Pink Elephant conversion, more details of which we hope to be bringing you some time in the future.

FRASER GREY

Fraser steps in yet again with another page of his superbly painted miniatures, photographed by the man himself. Many of you write in asking how to improve the bases of your miniatures. Take a look at Fraser's - you're not likely to find any better examples! Really intricate bases make models suitable for display only, and are obviously not suitable if you wish to use your miniatures for gaming. Think about what you intend to do with your model before embarking on ambitious base detail.

Of course, if you're thinking about the next Golden Demon Awards, look no further for inspiration and instruction. Somewhat unusually, Fraser starts building his bases with terrain made from plasticene. Various bits are then embedded in this - small shells and bones that Fraser has picked up from walks along the beach. Of course, plenty of useful accessories can be found in your own back garden or local countryside.

The next step is to cover the terrain with a 5 minute epoxy resin glue. While this is still wet, it is covered with a mixture of sand and grit. Fraser prefers to go out and find his own rather than use plain sand, as he finds there's a greater variety in size and texture of the grains.

Once the epoxy has hardened, it forms a protective shell round the plasticene and prevents it from being squashed. If you plan to use your miniatures for gaming, a more sturdy base could be constructed by using Milliput in place of plasticene. If a model were to receive a large amount of handling, the thin coat of epoxy would be likely to crack after a time - remember that most of Fraser's models are only used for display purposes.

Small trees and bits of vegetation also add to the visual impact of models. Vegetation can either be represented by using real materials - twigs, bits of hardened root, dry grasses etc - or scratch built with wire and Milliput. The foliage on the small tree by the shell-helmeted Chaos Warrior is actually photo-etched brass, available from certain architectural model suppliers. It can work out expensive, but what a fantastic finishing touch.

HEAVY METAL



AMBULL CONVERSION

PETE TAYLOR



Pete has once again been busy with his bits box and Milliput, to create this selection of Chaos Spawn and Daemon conversions.



CHAOS SPAWN



DAEMON OF KHORNE



WARGAMES FOUNDRY ELEPHANT CONVERSION



SLAANESH SPAWN



DAEMON OF SLAANESH



DAEMON PRINCE



BANNER DETAIL

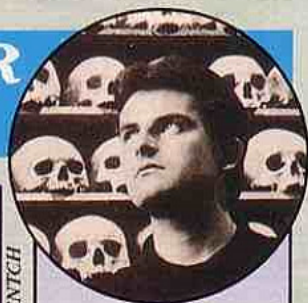


PINK HORROR CONVERSION

FRASER GRAY



PROTOTYPE FLAMER OF TZEENTCH



SHOWING BASE DETAIL

NIGHT GOBLIN



BEASTMAN CONVERSION



CHAOS WARRIOR



CHAOS DWARF



CHAOS THUG



CHAOS BEASTMAN



CHAOS WARRIOR



CHAOS THUG



CHAOS WARRIOR



GIANT OGRE



MARAUDER TROLL



PINK HORROR CONVERSION

CHAOS SPAWN

Chaos Spawn: the most outlandish of all the manifestations of Chaos - followers of Chaos mutated beyond recognition. These once intelligent beings have been wracked into ravenous monsters. They are doomed to lurk in the shadows, inhabiting a strange dark world, seeking only for a master and, of course, their prey. In creating such bizarre beings as Spawn, Daemon Princes and Daemons, the Chaos Powers, in their infinite wisdom, have created an opportunity for you to convert and create totally unique models.

Chaos Spawn and Daemon Princes offer one of the greatest challenges to the skills of a modeller and miniature painter. They provide an opportunity to stretch the imagination to its limits and to utilise the most bizarre fragments from the very depths of your bit box.

Those inspired by this challenge can, with a few hours work, practise and develop their skills, release the fetters of their imagination, and create strange creatures which can win them a battle or a trophy in a painting competition. The very act of melding an insane combination of zoomorphic parts into a Chaos Spawn gives precious insight into the grim satisfaction taken by the Chaos Powers themselves as they bestow their rewards upon the weak-willed.

Creating a Chaos Spawn or a Daemon Prince is not difficult. First generate the Chaos Spawn or Daemon Prince from the rules and charts in *Realm of Chaos*. The resulting profile and list of rewards will act as a template for building your creation and will immediately suggest possibilities. Then decide on the main element of the model. This might be the torso of some beast or Daemon. Various limbs, heads, horns and wings can be dredged from your bit box or parts of other models can be attached to this core.

Some features, especially horns, fangs and tentacles can be added with modelling putty. An amazing variety of other effects and textures can be obtained just by using paint, so experiment at will. If you want to develop new techniques, then of all things Chaos Spawn are the creatures to experiment with.

The end results are well worth the effort, so study the examples from Pete Taylor's Chaos menagerie for ideas and inspiration.

CH'ARALAK'TOR'ORALAN

An Arch-Daemon who serves none but himself. He wears the royal hue of purple as becomes a Prince among Daemons. He is invoked by those who hold independence and determination in high esteem. His head is that of a wild boar, the most tenacious of beasts who never gives in, but at the last breath turns upon his hunters.

Ch'arak'tor'oralan - Daemon Prince

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	6	3	7	5	5	6	2	6	7	4	6

Rewards: Bestial Face - Boar; Bird's Feet; Blood Substitution - Acid; Brightly Patterned Skin; Cloud of Flies; Crab-like Claw; Daemonic Name; Prehensile Tail; Strong

GOBBLEHAWK

A follower of Tzeentch who, though rewarded, changed his allegiance to Nurgle during a time of pestilence. Blighted in wrath by Tzeentch and thrice blighted in jest by Nurgle he now roams the wilderness. Victims hear but a muted squawk before the great mouth devours them.

Gobblehawk - Ambull Conversion

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
6	5	0	5	5	3	5	5	8	4	8	8

Rewards: Fangs; Horrible Stench; Limb-Loss - Arms; Plague Bearer - Eye Rot; Poisonous Bite; Tail; Teleport

SKORPIANT

A follower of an unknown Power. His head is a mockery of Khorne and his tail a gesture of defiance. He dwells in the moat of the derelict castle of Varn, abandoned now on account of him. At night he claws his way up the walls with his two arms and sits upon the gatehouse waiting...

Skorpiant - Chaos Spawn

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
1	7	0	6	7	6	7	3	7	0	6	7

Rewards: Blood Rage; Crossbreed - Snake; Face of a Bloodthirster; Limb-Loss - Arms, Legs, Wings; Mindless; Overgrown Body Part - Tail; Scorpion Tail

D'HAL'CHORALDAK

A Daemon of Khorne who in his battle rage cried out aloud to his master *Would that I had another pair of arms that I might slay twice as many*. In that very instant his wish was granted. By Khorne's will he sprouted a blood brother to fight beside him for all eternity.

D'hal'choraldak - Daemon of Khorne

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	10	5	4	5	5	4	3	7	5	6	7

Rewards: Blood Rage; Horns; Multiple Arms (2); Siamese Twin; Skull Face; Weapon Master

EL PHANTAZI

Known in Estalia as El Phantazi, *The Fantastic One*. A monster which lives in the caves high above the town of Astorias. Many have tried to slay him, and now the bones of Estalia's finest chivalry are his nest. His trumpeting echo over the valley on the equinox and are taken as a portent of doom

El Phantazi - Elephant Conversion

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	6	4	6	5	4	5	3	7	5	7	7

Rewards: Crab-like Claw; Crossbreed - Elephant; Fear of Blood; Hypnotic Gaze; Rapid Regeneration; Spits Acid; Strong

SERPENTINE STALLION OF SLAANESH

Seen upon the sea coast of Brettonia, where he slithers among the pools and rocks. Some years ago the pirate Marquis of Finisterre disappeared while holding a revel on the beach - could this creature be him?

Serpentine Stallion of Slaanesh - Slaanesh Spawn

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
1	3	-	3	3	1	3	3	8	4	8	8

Rewards: Acid Excretion; Bestial Face - Horse; Blood Substitution - Maggots; Dimensional Instability; Limb-Loss - Legs; Multiple Arms (2); Snake Tail with Skull Face.

QUI'THALASH'TAIN

A mighty servant of Slaanesh who began as a fruit fly upon the poisoned apple at the last feast of King Guthfrith. The fly settled upon each guests plate in turn. When the whole company perished at the climax of their gluttony, Slaanesh rewarded the humble insect with immortality and power greater than any mortal flesh.

Qui'thalash'tain - Daemon of Slaanesh

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	5	3	5	6	5	6	4	7	6	8	6

Rewards: Bird's Feet; Brightly Patterned Skin; Enormous Noise; Fear of Blood; Multiple Arms (2); Growth - Hand; Suckers (on hands)

CLOSE ASSAULT

TERMINATOR CLOSE COMBAT WEAPONS AND ARMY LIST FOR SPACE HULK

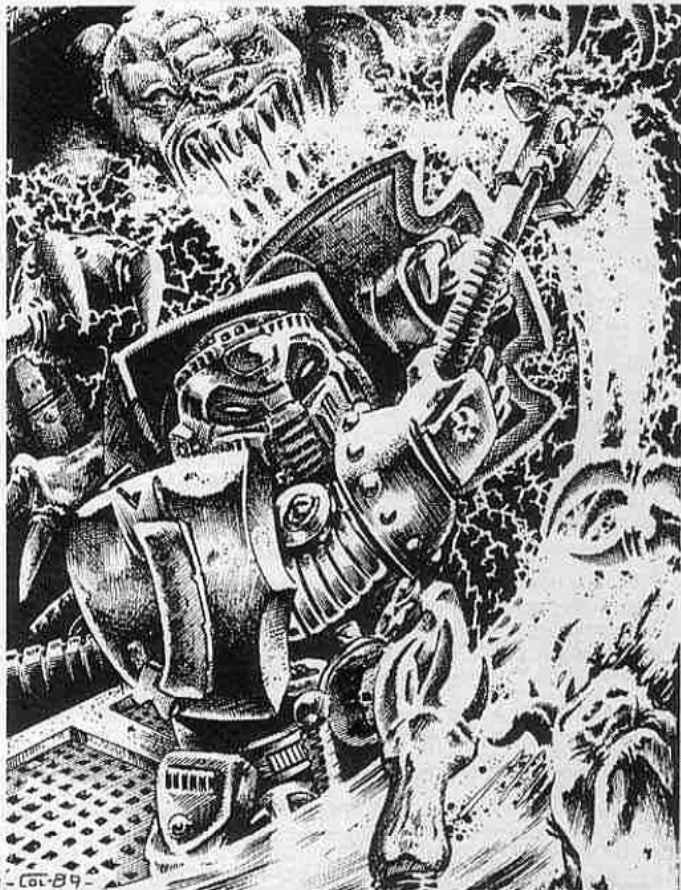
By Richard Halliwell and Jervis Johnson

This article gives rules for the new Terminator close assault weapons, the thunder hammer, storm shield and lightning claws. There are several new rules dealing with close assault situations, and with reloading heavy weapons. The article also contains the Terminator Army List for use in your *Space Hulk* games so that the players get a chance to pick their own forces to match the scenario they are about to fight.

When Marines in Tactical Dreadnought Armour go into combat against Genestealers they take with them sophisticated and powerful weapons that redress the balance in the close combat against their inhuman enemies. Many of the close assault weapons are ancestral - passed down from one generation of Marines to the next, just like the Tactical Dreadnought Armour. Against the relentless attacks of the Genestealers, even battle-hardened Marines need all the help they can get.

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 vapourises everything in the vicinity. The thunder hammer is usually carried in conjunction with the storm shield.



Any Marine equipped with a thunder hammer has his close combat 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 combat attack. This doesn't require any CPs, but it must be done before and instead of the Marine rolling for the close combat. In order 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. Shaped like a cross, it draws its energy from the generators inside the Terminator suit. It always glows a startling azure-blue 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.

A storm shield may be used to parry an attack from the Marine's front facing in exactly the same way as a power sword. The storm shield can also be used to parry an attack coming from the Marine's left-hand side.

LIGHTNING CLAWS

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

Lightning claws are always worn in pairs, as the Marine's sole armament. A Marine equipped with lightning claws has his close combat modifier increased to +2. In addition, the Marine rolls two dice in close combat, instead of just one, adding the close combat modifier to each dice roll.

Lightning claws may only be used when a Marine is facing his opponent. The Marine may only roll one dice against opponents to his side or rear, and adds his normal close combat modifier.

NEW RULES

These new rules clarify the details of close combat and introduce rules for reloading during the game.

ATTACKING GENESTEALERS

Genestealers attacked from the side or rear are disadvantaged, in the same way as other models. A Genestealer attacked from the front, rolls three dice. Genestealers attacked from either the side or rear roll only two dice. Genestealers who survive the first round of an attack from the flanks or rear are, of course, allowed to turn to face their opponent.

Shooting into Close Combat

Terminators in overwatch are not allowed to shoot into a close combat. Thus, if a Genestealer attacks, but the result is a draw, Marines in overwatch cannot fire at the Genestealer. Other than this Marines are allowed to shoot into a close combat, provided they can trace a normal line of sight to their target.

AMMUNITION AND RELOADING

During a long game, the Marine player may find that his heavy weapons have run out of ammunition. Reloading an assault cannon or a flamer while wearing Terminator Armour is awkward and time-consuming. However, you may find that the extra ammunition gives the Marines that slight edge they need to complete their mission.

Ammunition

If you are using the Terminator Army List, additional ammunition is paid for with points at the start of the game when choosing your squads and weapons. The points cost for buying ammunition for assault cannon and flamers are listed in the options for squads with these weapons.

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.

An assault cannon begins the game with enough rounds in its magazine for 10 shots. Each Assault Cannon Marine also carries an extra magazine, giving him 1 free reload. Up to 2 additional magazines may be bought when purchasing squads from the army lists. Each magazine allows the Marine to fire another 10 shots.

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 the reload.

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

When you reload a weapon, the Genestealer player hands back the markers that have already been used by it.



You can reload a heavy weapon at any time; you don't have to wait until it is completely empty. However, a reload will only take the weapon up to its normal full load of shots - ie a flamer can never have enough fuel for more than 6 shots and an assault cannon magazine only holds enough rounds for 10 shots. Any extra shots are lost and cannot be saved until the next reload.

Assault Cannon Malfunctions

The rules for the assault cannon state that the weapon may malfunction during the first 10 shots. This no longer applies. Assault cannon will not malfunction until they have fired 10 times. After that, the normal rules apply. The safety limit is determined by actual shots, not magazines. If the assault cannon is reloaded before the first magazine runs out, it still takes a total of 10 shots fired before the weapon becomes prone to malfunction.

MINIATURES

Space Hulk is a fast-paced game with both players taking quick decisions based on a detailed analysis of the situation. While we've been playtesting the rules for the new Terminators, we've found that it can get very confusing if they aren't represented by the appropriate miniatures.

For example, it's halfway through a game and the Stealer player discovers that what he'd assumed was an ordinary Terminator with a slightly different paint scheme is actually armed with a thunder hammer - you can imagine the problems if the game isn't restarted. The game will run far more smoothly and enjoyably if you use the correct metal Terminator models for all of the new Marine weapon types.

TERMINATOR ARMY LIST

The Terminator Army List allows the Marine player to hand-pick the squads under his command, carefully choosing his forces to fit the situation he faces. This flexibility allows you to decide what weapon combinations you will use, and whether the situation calls for specialists such as the Captain or Librarian.

Using the army list brings a whole new feel to the game. The potential for variation is enormous - you can replay every scenario many times, trying out different squad and weapon combinations for each. 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 only allow the Marine player to pick his forces; the Genestealer player follows the forces and deployment instructions given in the scenario as usual.

CHOOSING THE MARINE PLAYER

Before you choose the Marine player, decide which scenario will be played. Both players then secretly write down the number of points they would like to spend on the Marine force for the scenario, up to a maximum of 40 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 army list. This force is used *instead* of the force listed for the scenario, not in addition to it.

In the case of players bidding the same amount, both players must make a new bid until one player makes a lower bid than his opponent.

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 ARMY LIST

Selecting your Marine force is a simple three step procedure:

1. Select up to 2 squads from those listed below. The Marine player may only use 1 squad in the *Suicide Mission* and *Exterminate* scenarios, and must use 2 squads for the *Rescue* scenario. In any other scenario the Marine player can use 1 or 2 squads.
2. Decide for each squad on any weapon upgrades or reloads that you want from the *Options* section of the appropriate box.
3. Add up the total value of your command and make sure it does not exceed the amount of your bid. If it does, you've got to redesign your force until you've spent the right amount of points.

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

COMMAND SQUAD - 20 POINTS



The Command Squad represents the mind and soul of the Marine fighting force. This squad is used to resolve the most problematic of conflicts; when the Captain himself feels that he must be there in the thick of the action, either to boost morale or because command decisions would be more effective if made in on the spot. After the Captain, the most important member of the Squad is the Marine Librarian with his psychic abilities. Librarians are powerful warriors in their own right and their addition to the Command Squad turns it into a devastating fighting force.

- 1 CAPTAIN WITH STORM BOLTER, POWER SWORD AND POWER GLOVE
- 1 LIBRARIAN, PSYCHIC MASTERY LEVEL 1, WITH STORM BOLTER AND FORCE AXE
- 1 MARINE WITH ASSAULT CANNON (1 FREE RELOAD) AND POWER GLOVE
- 1 MARINE WITH FLAMER AND POWER GLOVE
- 1 MARINE WITH STORM BOLTER AND POWER GLOVE

OPTIONS	COST
INCREASE LIBRARIAN'S PSYCHIC MASTERY	3 POINTS PER LEVEL (MAX 4TH)
1 RELOAD FOR FLAMER	2 POINTS
1 OR 2 RELOADS FOR ASSAULT CANNON	1 POINT EACH

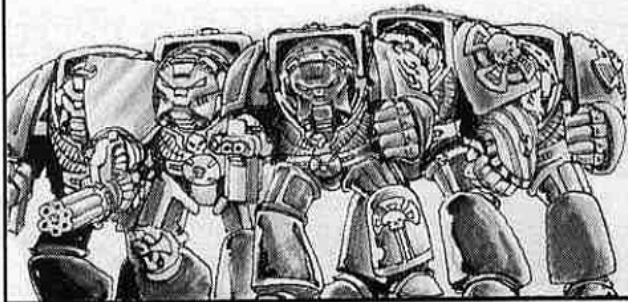
Nerrak looked around at the devastated remains of his Close Assault Squad. Three brother Marines were dead, their bodies shattered and torn. Sergeant Cogan lay on the floor, his armour ripped open, blood dissipating into the vacuum. Nerrak had heard the final death-cry over his comlink; now he was alone.

Genestealers began to pour in through the ruptured bulkhead. He waited. How many more were out there? His fingers played over the nova rune cut carefully into the handle of his thunder hammer - with this he could release all the hammer's energy into a single vengeful explosion.

Sixteen more Stealers skittered into the room.

There was one consolation - they were all going to die with him. He pressed the rune as he whispered a prayer to the Emperor. The hammer's power generator shifted to overload.

TERMINATOR SQUAD - 10 POINTS

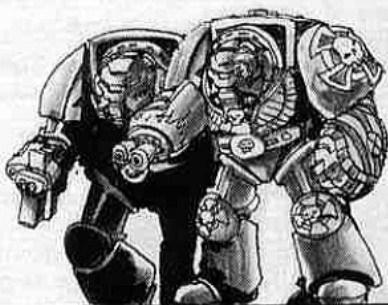


This squad is the classic Terminator assault unit and is the backbone of any Marine boarding party. They are commonly deployed to deal with a variety of offensive and defensive situations. The general balance of weapons throughout the squad allows these Marines to put up a strong resistance against any enemy, whether at close quarters or long range.

- 1 SERGEANT WITH STORM BOLTER AND POWER GLOVE
- 1 MARINE WITH POWER GLOVE AND *EITHER* ASSAULT CANNON (1 FREE RELOAD) *OR* FLAMER
- 3 MARINES EACH WITH STORM BOLTER AND POWER GLOVE

OPTIONS	COST
REPLACE SERGEANT WITH CAPTAIN ARMED WITH STORM BOLTER, POWER SWORD AND POWER GLOVE.....	5 POINTS
REPLACE SERGEANT'S POWER GLOVE WITH POWER SWORD.....	1 POINT
REPLACE 1 MARINE'S STORM BOLTER WITH ASSAULT CANNON (1 FREE RELOAD) <i>OR</i> FLAMER.....	4 POINTS
REPLACE 1 MARINE'S POWER GLOVE WITH CHAIN FIST.....	FREE
1 RELOAD FOR FLAMER.....	2 POINTS
1 <i>OR</i> 2 RELOADS FOR ASSAULT CANNON.....	1 POINT EACH

HEAVY WEAPONS SQUAD - 5 POINTS

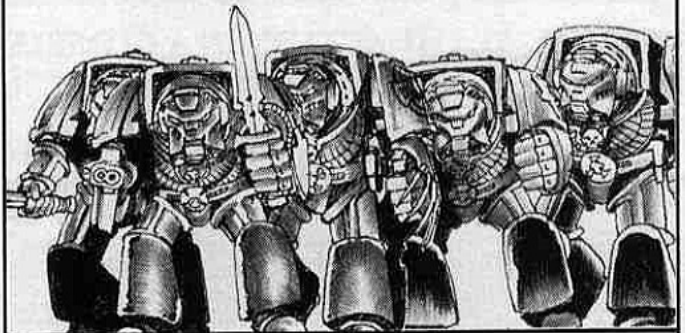


The Heavy Weapons Squad are used to give additional fire-power to an assault force; they are at their most effective when used in the more open areas aboard a bulk, such as long corridors or large rooms. Their powerful heavy weaponry makes them an important addition to any boarding party. An extra heavy weapon in a Marine force can mean the difference between achieving the mission objectives or death.

- 1 MARINE WITH POWER GLOVE AND *EITHER* ASSAULT CANNON (1 FREE RELOAD) *OR* FLAMER
- 1 MARINE WITH STORM BOLTER AND POWER GLOVE

OPTIONS	COST
1 RELOAD FOR FLAMER.....	2 POINTS
1 <i>OR</i> 2 RELOADS FOR ASSAULT CANNON.....	1 POINT EACH

CLOSE ASSAULT SQUAD - 10 POINTS

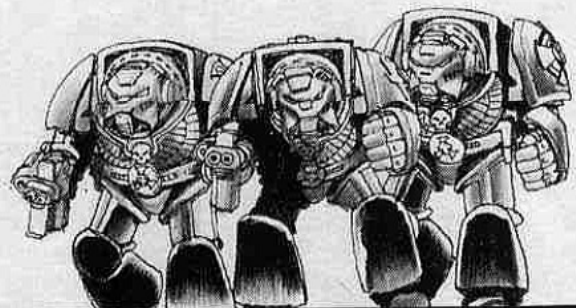


The Close Assault Squad are in their element in the narrow, twisting corridors of a derelict bulk. They are specially trained to fight effectively in confined spaces at close quarters using energy weapons like the lightning claws and thunder hammer. Given the right corridor configuration they are one of the most deadly Marine fighting forces.

- 1 SERGEANT WITH STORM BOLTER AND POWER SWORD
- 1 MARINE WITH LIGHTNING CLAWS
- 1 MARINE WITH THUNDER HAMMER AND STORM SHIELD
- 2 MARINES EACH WITH STORM BOLTER AND POWER GLOVE

OPTIONS	COST
REPLACE ANY MARINE'S STORM BOLTER AND POWER GLOVE WITH ONE OF:	
FLAMER AND POWER GLOVE.....	4 POINTS PER MARINE
STORM BOLTER AND CHAIN FIST...	FREE
1 RELOAD FOR HEAVY FLAMER.....	2 POINTS PER MARINE WITH HEAVY FLAMER

RECONNAISSANCE SQUAD - 7 POINTS



Stealth is the watchword of the Reconnaissance Squad. When a Reconnaissance Squad leaves the assault boat its job is to identify as quickly and quietly as possible the strategically important positions aboard a bulk; such as command system areas and cryogenic chambers. Frequently the Squad is ordered to locate or establish beachhead zones that can be easily defended. The Marines fall back to these areas in dire circumstances knowing that they afford some protection.

- 1 SERGEANT WITH STORM BOLTER AND POWER GLOVE
- 2 MARINES EACH WITH STORM BOLTER AND POWER GLOVE

OPTIONS	COST
EQUIP SERGEANT WITH POWER SWORD.....	1 POINT
REPLACE 1 MARINE'S ENTIRE ARMAMENT WITH THUNDER HAMMER AND STORM SHIELD <i>OR</i> WITH LIGHTNING CLAWS.....	FREE

THE BEST LAID PLANS...

A LOOK AT THE ACTION IN A CLOSELY FOUGHT WARHAMMER FANTASY BATTLE FROM GAMES DAY '89 BY PETER MORRISON

As the showcase for all that's best in the Games Workshop hobby, Games Day '89 was the venue for the first round play-offs of the Osprey World Warhammer Fantasy Battle Championships. Throughout the day, the Derby Assembly Rooms played host to over 30 battles, in which the best Warhammer generals in the world manoeuvred, charged and fought for a place in the Warhammer Fantasy Battle Finals.

All of the conflicts provided stunning displays of strategy,

tactics and skill, tempered only with the vagary of chance (ask the Dwarf Commander who rolled seven 10's and 11's in a row as panic spread down the line and almost his entire army was routed!) As the first of a series of reports, we have chosen to give special attention to one of the day's battles, the struggle between the skulking Skaven Hordes of Andrew Reid and Paul Groves' immaculate bands of High Elves. We have also included some examples of special situation tactics that were displayed on the day by other generals.

Here are two armies which contrast heavily with each other. The Elves are the epitome of clean living: disciplined and intellectual. The Skaven, on the other hand - well, the Skaven are none of these things! Let's see how they square off against each other.

TROOP CHOICE

The High Elves

Both players involved in this battle invested in strong infantry-based armies. Indeed, since powerful flying creatures, including Elf War Dragons, were disallowed in this year's army list, the Elf had no surprises in what was a straightforward but not to be underestimated army. The ban on most flying beasts excited some comment from many of the players who took part. On the whole, they were glad to be relieved of the added worry, and those who did employ the permitted flying steeds seemed to enjoy mixed fortunes.

In one of the battles Roy Mackenzie used War Eagles to telling effect against Orcs. The first swooping attack sent the crew of a war machine scrambling away in wild panic. Later the same Eagle Riders were able to rout a very promising attack by Goblin riders, swooping on the hapless Gobbos and slaying their leader with the judicious use of a Frostblade. A great day for the Eagle squadron was rounded off by the rout of another Orc unit containing the General, Army Standard and a wizard. In stark contrast, Paul Quinn's Chaos army saw some Eagle Riders off in short order when the Chaos wizard used a Stampede spell, enhanced by a generous helping of magic points to send the birds fleeing across the nearest table edge.

With these more exotic options denied him, the High Elf settled down to his other choices: excellent bowmen are a mandatory part of the Elf array and these were present in large quantities. Elf cavalry is always of a high standard and good morale, and makes an excellent strike force, while spear-armed Elf infantry bolstered by bodyguards will trade blows with any other warriors. For fighting prowess and style, a unit of Wardancers is a worthy addition to any Elf army.

In the end, seven units were selected to give a swift attacking force with strong missile support, which, in turn was supported by an adequate defensive line.



Skaven Clanrats wait in anticipation.

The Skaven

In his turn, the rodent general was even more hamstrung. His army had no exotic creatures worth mentioning, the quality of the troops available was not inspiring and this, coupled with a lack of missile troops, caused him great concern. In the end a call was made on the Chaos Allies list for bowmen and a mauling force of five Chaos Warriors.

Other Rats worthy of notice were the Elite + 2 Stormvermin carefully hidden in the midst of the horde. There was also a hefty selection of Clanrats, and the less powerful Skaven Slaves in distressing profusion.

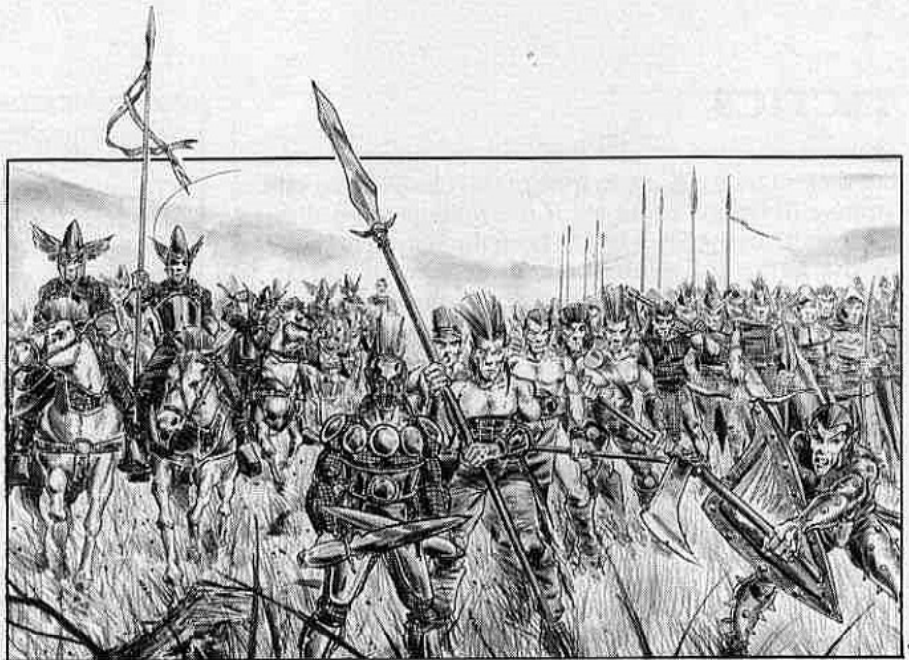
To further strengthen his array, the King Rat bought his maximum allowance of Fire Throwers and Jezzailachis. These last troops were an untried addition to his battleline and their performance would be watched with interest. This desire for missile weapons of great power was manifested by the majority of competitors at Games Day.

Those armies that were allowed them, brought siege pieces along in great numbers and, as with the Eagles mentioned earlier, they had mixed success, particularly with Orcoid armies. Goblin crews seemed to develop a habit of failing animosity tests, which sent them haring off to punch out any units they felt were impeding their line of fire. One crew excelled itself by going off to fight with some Orcs. When forced back to their machine, they engaged in some atrocious speculative fire which planted a rock right on top of their own army's best unit that, by a tragic twist of fate, also happened to contain an Orc Shaman, the Army Standard and the Orc General. Other siege weapons were dealt with by missile troops and magic, but many fulfilled their intended function and blew great holes in the opposing troops.

HIGH ELF ARMY LIST

ARMY COMPOSITIONS

It has been difficult to persuade competitors to reveal their jealously-guarded army compositions. Naturally, they are keen to keep this information secret from potential opponents. This is a shame, because these lists are vital for writing up a good battle report and they make fascinating reading for every player who wants to see how the best generals think. In real warfare, the composition of an army is likely to be discovered by the enemy through scouts or rumours. No ultimate army compositions can guarantee victory against all-comers. At the end of the competition there is only one winner, which means that all the other army compositions were not the perfect answer to the challenge of an opposing general. All armies have strengths and weaknesses. A tactical genius exploits the weaknesses of his opponent. Clever manoeuvre on the battlefield can defeat the intricate calculations of your enemy, whatever his army composition.



1 High Elf Fey (Level 15 Wizard)
Hand Weapon
Spells - Level 1: Enthuse, Cure Light Wounds, Hammerhand, Fireball, Aura of Resilience, Wind Blast; Level 2: Aura of Protection, Mental Duel, Stampede
Cost - 203 Points

1 High Elf Incantor (Level 5 Wizard)
Hand Weapons, Spear
Spells - Level 1: Enthuse, Fireball, Dispirit
Cost - 93 Points

19 Archers (+1 Missile Elite)
+1 Level 10 Hero
Light Armour; Long Bow, Hand Weapons
Number in Unit - 20; Cost of Unit - 364

5 Elf Wardancers +1 Level 5 Hero,
1 Level 20 Hero & 1 Level 5 Mage
Light Armour, Shield, Hand Weapon, Spear
Number in Unit - 8; Cost of Unit - 502

5 Silver Helms (+3 Shock Elite)
+1 Level 20 Hero with Warhorse
Heavy Armour, Shield
Number in Unit - 6; Cost of Unit - 404

18 Elves (Merchant Company) +1 Level
15 Hero & 1 Level 15 Wizard
Light Armour, Shield, 1/2 Long Bow, 1/2 Spear,
Hand Weapon
Number in Unit - 20; Cost of Unit - 579

10 Bowmen Skirmishers (+1 Missile Elite)
+1 Level 5 Hero
Light Armour, L Bow, Hand Weapon
Number in Unit - 11; Cost of Unit - 198

5 Shore Riders (+1 Shock Elite)
+2 Level 5 Heroes & 1 Level 10 Hero
Light Armour, Shield, Spear, Hand Weapon,
Long Bow
Number in Unit - 8; Cost of Unit - 416

10 Guards (+1 Shock Elite)
+1 Level 10 Hero
Heavy Armour, Shield, Spear, Hand Weapon
Number in Unit - 11; Cost of Unit - 248

TOTAL ARMY COST - 3007 Points

SKAVEN ARMY LIST

20 Clanrat Stormvermin (+2 Shock Elite)
+1 Vermin Lord (Level 15 Hero)
Hand Weapon, Light Armour,
Double-handed Weapon
Number in Unit - 21;
Cost of Unit - 246 Points

28 Clanrat Warriors
Hand Weapon, Light Armour, Shield +1
Clan Eshin Assassin (Level 15 Hero)
Hand Weapon, Light Armour,
Warplock Pistol, Sling
Number in Unit - 29;
Cost of Unit - 248 Points

31 Clanrat Warriors
+1 Vermin Lord (Level 15 Hero)
Hand Weapon, Light Armour, Shield +1
Clan Eshin Assassin (Level 10 Hero)
Hand Weapon, Light Armour, Shield,
Warplock Pistol, Throwing Knives
Number in Unit - 33;
Cost of Unit - 575 Points

23 Skavenslaves (Levy)
Hand Weapon
Number in Unit - 21; Cost of Unit 57.5 Points

21 Skavenslaves (Levy)
Hand Weapon
Number in Unit - 21;
Cost of Unit - 52.5 Points

20 Skavenslaves (Levy)
Hand Weapon
Number in Unit - 20; Cost of Unit - 50 Points

1 Poisoned Wind Globadier
Hand Weapon, Poisoned Wind Globes,
Light Armour
Number in Unit - 1; Number of Units - 3;
Total Cost - 75 Points



1 Warpfire Throwing Team
Hand Weapon, Warpfire Thrower,
Light Armour
Number of Teams in Unit - 1;
Number of Units - 8; Total Cost of Units - 648

1 Jezzailach
Hand Weapon, Warplock Jezzail
Number of Teams in Unit - 1;
Number of Units - 4;
Total Cost of Units - 156 Points

1 Lord of Decay (Level 25 Hero)
Hand Weapon, Magic Light Armour
(Blinding Glare); Double-handed Weapon
Cost - 146 Points

19 Chaos Goblins + 1 Level 10 Hero
Hand Weapon, Bow
Number in Unit - 20;
Number of Units - 3;
Total Cost - 286.5 Points

19 Chaos Goblins +1 Level 5 Hero
Hand Weapon, Bow
Number in Unit - 20;
Number of Units - 2;
Total Cost 165 Points

4 Chaos Warriors +1 Level 20 Hero
Hand Weapon; Heavy Armour, Shield
Number in Unit - 5; Cost of Unit - 320

TOTAL ARMY COST - 2999.5 Points

TACTICS

Skaven are sure to come in large and verminous numbers, but their morale is poor. In spite of this disadvantage, sheer volume of troops could tell if the rodents were allowed to close. Thus the Elves had to keep the Skaven off balance in the game and, above all, uncertain of where to concentrate their attack. Mindful of this, the Elf commander planned a pincer attack with his two cavalry units from the flanks. The left flank was to be supported by the Wardancers, who would, in turn, be supported by the Shore Riders later in the battle. The infantry in the centre would extract a tithe with their murderous bows until the noose was tightened about the milling rat hordes, and then....

For his part, the Skaven general was acutely aware of his missile inferiority in the face of the Elves' superior firepower. Of necessity, the Skaven needed to close in combat with the Elf infantry, and quickly. Once in combat, the tide of battle could be turned by the careful use of Firethrowers and Jezzailachis, not to mention the Chaos Warriors. The Goblins and the Skaven Slaves would be used as bait to soak up the best efforts of the Elf bowmen and cavalry. With any luck, the Elf would fail to appreciate the expendability of these units (Skaven Slaves only cost around 50 points a unit) and waste valuable units dealing with them. Time was of the essence to the Skaven. Time to make back early missile losses.

The Set-up

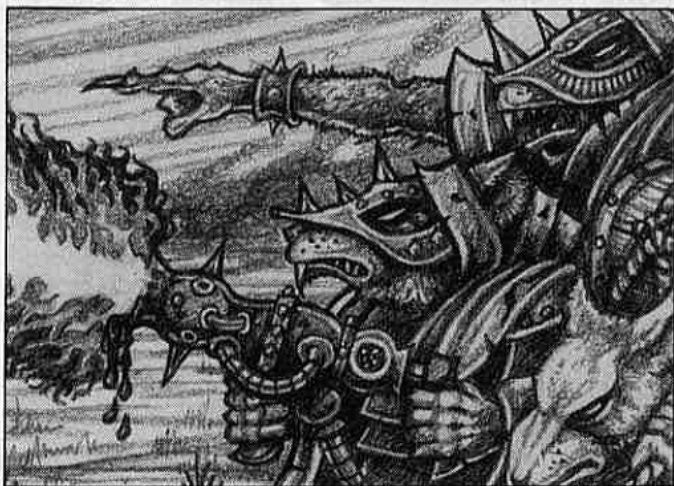
Both combatants elected not to employ trailing forces and deployed their armies as shown in Fig.1.

The High Elf array broke down into seven units:

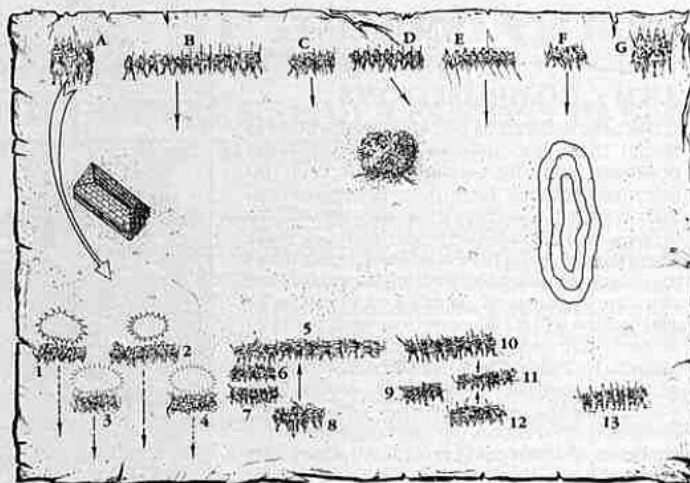
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|------------------------|------------------------------|
| A. Shore Rider Cavalry | E. Merchant Company |
| B. High Elf Archers | (½ Spearmen, ½ Archers) |
| C. Elf Bodyguard | F. Wardancers |
| D. Archers | G. Silver Helm Shock Cavalry |

The Skaven had the following units at his disposal.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Chaos Goblin Archers | 8. Chaos Warriors |
| 2. Chaos Goblin Archers | 9. Skaven Firethrowers |
| 3. Skaven Slaves | and Jezzailachis |
| 4. Skaven Slaves | (4 of each) |
| 5. Clanrats | 10. Chaos Goblin Archers |
| 6. Skaven Firethrowers (4) | 11. Skaven Slaves |
| 7. Stormvermin (Elite +2) | 12. Skaven Clanrats |
| | 13. Chaos Goblin Archers |



Skaven Warpfire team in action.



The Skaven left flank routs.

THE BATTLE

Hostilities were commenced by the Elven Shore Rider Cavalry (A), which trotted past the house to their front, led by a wizard who lashed the Goblin unit on the Skaven far left (1) with Fireballs. At the same time, the adjacent Goblin unit (2) received a shattering hail of arrows from the skirmish line of Elf archers (B) acting in support of the cavalry. Neither unit of Goblins appreciated this sort of attention and, having failed their rout tests, departed for home as fast as their bony little legs could carry them. The resulting panic tests also sent two units of Slaves (3 and 4) scampering away. Suddenly the Skaven army had no left flank at all.

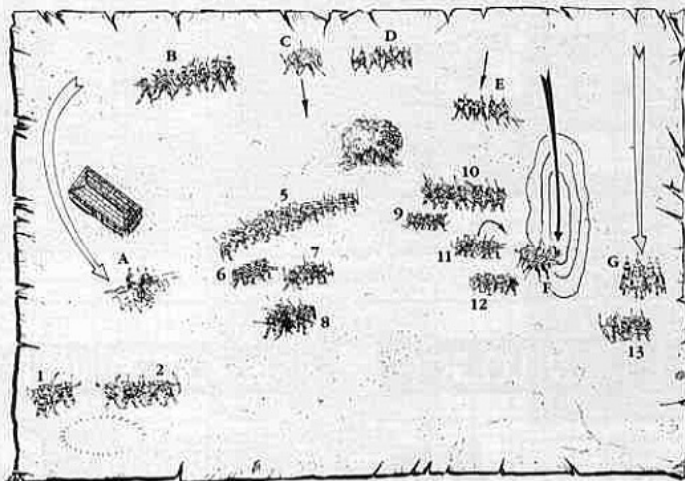
This seemed to have no visible effect on the remaining Skaven, who continued to scuttle towards the Elf infantry, undismayed. Indeed, Andrew Reid had expected this to happen and knew that the catastrophic debacle on the left had reduced his real army strength by much less than appearances might suggest. Falling like flies under the punishing fire of the Elven archers, the embattled Skaven pressed on.

The Silver Helm cavalry (G) had in turn pressed on towards the miserable band of Goblin bowmen stationed to their front (13), with the intention of driving them from the battle. However, the continued stubborn advance of the rodent centre created its own problems. Any attack on the Goblins would leave the Silver Helms with a flank wide open to the attention of two units of Skaven (11 and 12) on the other side of the hill. A unit of Silver Helms for a unit of Goblins did not seem a fair swap, so the Wardancers (F) came trotting up the hill to protect the cavalry flank.

Having achieved this valuable tactical position, the Wardancers could see no reason why they shouldn't take advantage of it. Laughing blithely in the face of caution, they plunged down off the hill and ploughed into the most dangerous looking infantry unit in the Skaven right wing - the Clanrats (12).

To the evident surprise of both Generals, the Skaven held their ground, helped somewhat by a hidden Culler Assassin who did a bit of ferocious leaping right back at the unsuspecting Wardancers. The Rats further added to the Elf acrobats' discomfort in the following move by bringing the remaining unit of Skaven Slaves (11) plunging into the flank of the hard pressed Dancers. This put a stop to the projected Silver Helm charge. Now the horsemen in turn would have to wait to see if the Wardancers needed support.

Paul Groves had originally planned to have his Shore Riders provide support for the Wardancers. Unfortunately, two of the routed Goblin units on the left flank (1 and 2) had the temerity to rally before they crossed the baseline. This in effect put the Elf in a rather dangerous sandwich between enemy troops. The risk was too great! Turning away from their advance, the Shore Riders started to skirmish with the two units of Goblins and thus the initiative began to pass to the Skaven general.

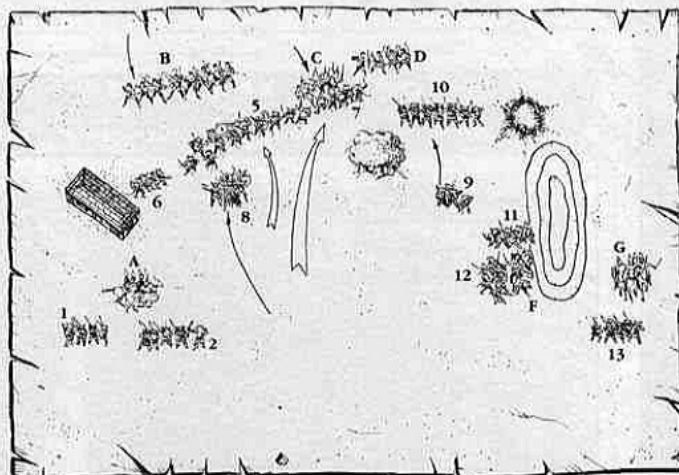


The Elves become victims of their own success.

It was at this point that the Elves really did become victims of their own success. Since the Wardancers could not be left to the none too gentle mercy of fortune, the Merchant Company (E), supported by the archer unit at the Elf centre (D), stepped forward to save the hard pressed gymnasts. Standing athwart the path to the Wardancers stood a unit of Chaos Goblins (10). The archers in both Elf units loosed their arrows and the dismayed Goblins appeared to melt away like hail stones in the spring sunshine. Though the Elves did not realise it at that instant, this was a bad mistake. The resulting reduction in the Goblin line left a gap large enough for the Skaven Firethrowers and Jezzailachis (9) to come into play. Blistering shots rained into the Elven ranks, searing and burning them with fire and worse. Other warriors fell, pierced through with great holes from obscenely powerful warp muskets. The unit didn't flee - it was annihilated!

Nothing could stop the Skaven now. Squealing with triumph, the Stormvermin (7) pushed round the reduced ranks of the Clanrats (5) and together they charged home against the Elf bodyguard (C), causing Rat and Elf to meet in a cataclysmic melee of heroes and warriors. This was further enlivened by the appearance of another Skaven Assassin in the Elven ranks. By way of support, the skirmishing High Elf archers (B) wheeled inwards to inflict more casualties on the much-reduced Clanrats. But the Skaven replied by bringing out a hidden unit of Firethrowers to hurl black fire into the skirmishers' ranks, making the Elf archers most unhappy and reducing their firing capacity significantly.

As this exchange of fire went on, the Chaos Warriors (8) were working themselves into a position where they could bring their battle skills into play, and the Goblin archers to the right (10) were occupying the attention of the remaining Elf archer unit (D). These moves, coupled with the spectacle of the Wardancers beginning to do a passable imitation of Custer's Last Stand to the right rear of the army, filled the Rodent general with a growing sense of elation.



The final stages of a bloody battle.

Victory!

After three hours of this ferocious struggle, the time limit for the game was reached, just as the Skaven General had feared but much to the relief of the High Elf Commander. The count of the dead paid mute testimony to the bloody nature of the struggle, and the minimal High Elf victory, by a mere 100 points, showed how close-fought the battle had been.

This battle was a credit to both players, who conducted themselves in a sportsmanlike manner and avoided the temptation of trying to find gimmick armies. Above all, it demonstrated how standard tactics are still of great value in *Warhammer Fantasy Battle*, and how the addition of arcane weapons and warriors brings added zest to the game.



Elf Wardancer leaps into battle against Skaven Clanrat.

1989



Blanche Miller
1989



Leman Russ, Primarch of the Space Wolves, leads his Chapter into battle.



The Thousand Sons, augmented by Flaming Skull Titans, clash with Ultramarines and a lone War Griffon.