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TYRANID ATTACK™

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST ALIEN INVADERS IN THE 41st MILLENNIUM



Tyranid Attack is the ultimate struggle between the defenders of humanity and of terrifying alien hordes from another galaxy.

From the darkness of intergalactic space comes the **Tyranid hive fleet**. All that stands between mankind and total destruction are the mighty **Space Marine** warriors. In the depths of interstellar space contingents of 4 Chapters: **Dark Angels**, **Space Wolves**, **Blood Angels** and **Ultramarines**, intercept the alien fleet and prepare to attack. On board the living ships of the hive fleet the Space Marine forces will encounter merciless Tyranid warriors, savage Genestealer hordes and vicious Hybrids. The Tyranid Attack has begun!



Tyranid Attack contains: 31 Citadel Miniatures (6 Tyranid Warriors, 8 Genestealer Purestrains, 2 Genestealer Hybrids, 4 Terminators, 1 Terminator Librarian, 10 Space Marine Scouts - including 2 with heavy bolters and 2 Veteran Sergeants), 6 interlocking colour board sections, 16 exploration cards, 4 order cards, 6 objective templates, 1 Space Marine entry area, 6 objective location tiles, 19 counters (representing hellfire shells, teleporter cysts, melta bombs, acid blobs, wounds and artifacts), 2 dice and a fully detailed rules and background book.

Tyranid Attack is an action packed game in which one player takes control of a band of fearless Space Marine warriors. They must race through the innards of a living Tyranid hive ship, their objective to destroy vital organs deep within. The Tyranid player has an almost inexhaustible supply of Genestealer models, vicious Hybrids and deadly Tyranid warriors to ambush and overcome the defenders of humanity.



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GAMES WORKSHOP **AND** **CITADEL™** **NEWS**

WHITE DWARF NOW PRINTED IN THE US

In order to better service our US and Canadian customers we have begun to print White Dwarf magazine in the US. If you have any questions or comments regarding White Dwarf magazine please submit them in writing to:

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GAMES DAY & GOLDEN DEMON '93 JULY 31, 1993 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND GAMES DAY AND GOLDEN DEMON COMBINED!

For the first time in North America we are holding our own Games Day. It will be held in conjunction with the US & Canadian Golden Demon Painting Championships on July 31, 1993. Games Day will be the first ever exclusive Games Workshop convention in the US. Participants will be able to play our many exciting games as well as witness the Golden Demon award ceremonies.

For information on entering Golden Demon and the categories for this year's contest please refer to White Dwarf issue 156. We'll be bringing you more information on attending Games Day/Golden Demon '93 in upcoming issues of White Dwarf so keep an eye on this news section - you don't want to miss the event of the year!

CITADEL MINIATURES PAINTING GUIDES

Games Workshop's master painter Mike McVey, is currently involved in the development of a comprehensive series of Citadel Miniatures painting and modelling guides.

The first volume will be the 'Eavy Metal Painting Guide and will contain all of the techniques and methods used by the 'Eavy Metal team to create the stunning miniatures you see each month in White Dwarf. Subsequent volumes will cover specific aspects of the miniature painting and modelling hobby and each book will be fully illustrated with stage-by-stage photographs and complete step-by-step instructions.

Although we can't promise to make your miniatures turn out like Mike's, the books will definitely provide the most comprehensive guide to the miniatures hobby ever published.

WARHAMMER ARMIES ORC AND GOBLIN BOOK

Following hard on the heels of the Warhammer Armies Empire and High Elves books comes the next volume devoted to the Orcs and Goblins.

This fully illustrated book will cover the history, background and culture of the Orcs and contain a full army list. It will also provide all of the rules for Orcs and Goblin special troop types such as the Doom Divers, Squig Herders and Net Teams. Warhammer Armies - Orcs and Goblins will be in the shops at Easter.

AND...DWARFS

As soon as the Orc and Goblin book is finished, the scribes here at Games Workshop will be put hard to work to complete the next one in the series - the Dwarf book. Like all the new Warhammer Armies volumes it will contain a complete history and background to the race as well as a full army list. A special section will also cover Dwarf rune magic and rune script.

Other books in the series covering the Undead, Skaven and Chaos are all in preparation and we'll be bringing you up to date news on their progress as we get it.

FANTASTIC PLASTIC-NEW PLASTIC MINIATURES!

Hot on the heels of the blockbuster Warhammer game are two new box sets of miniatures: Goblins and High Elves. Each box contains a unit of ten plastic Goblins or Elves which match those found in the Warhammer boxed game. These are perfect for beefing those forces to create truly mighty armies. Available now at all good game stores.

Soon to be released are Regiment of Altdorf and Warhammer Fantasy Fighters. The Regiment of Altdorf box contains 30 plastic Empire Halberdiers - a powerhouse unit to add to any Empire army! The Warhammer Fantasy Fighters box contains a selection of plastic Skaven, Dwarfs, Orcs, Dark Elves, Wood Elves, and Goblins. This is an excellent starter set or it can be used to add allies to existing Warhammer armies.

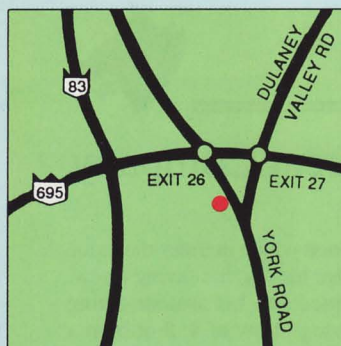
Other plastic miniatures which have been completed by the design studio are new Dwarfs and Orcs which are really great and some stunning new Skaven miniatures sculpted by Jes Goodwin. Warhammer players have a lot to look forward to in upcoming months.

With all the new Warhammer figures coming out we didn't want to leave all the Warhammer 40,000 enthusiasts in the cold so we are releasing the Imperial Space Marine Squad box set. This box contains 10 plastic MKVI Space Marines from the popular Imperial Space Marines box set of 30 figures. It contains a Tactical Squad of Marines with bolters, flamer and missile launcher. This box is perfect for those wishing to start playing Warhammer 40,000 with a squad of the toughest warriors in the galaxy!

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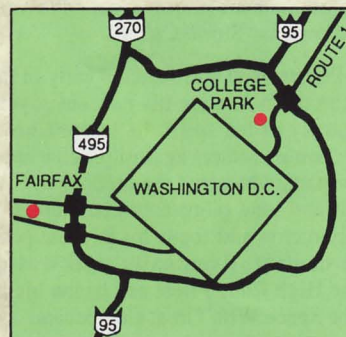
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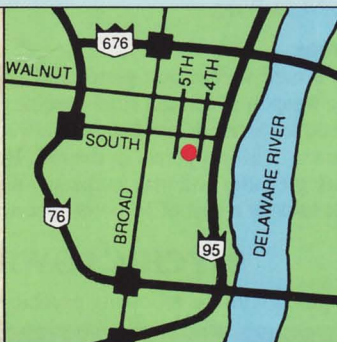


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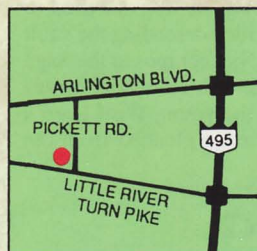


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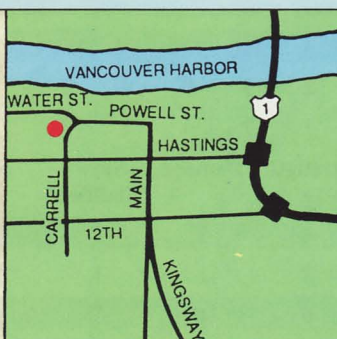
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NJAL STORM CALLER



Rune Priest of Ragnar Blackmane's Space Wolf Great Company

Njal began his saga within the Space Wolves in Berek Thunderfist's Company as a Skald under the old Rune Priest Heimdall. When Heimdall died trying to battle a daemon from the warp, Njal succeeded in driving the creature back with the power of his anger and grief. Njal then summoned up a mighty psychic storm that swept away the daemon's minions and brought victory to the hard-pressed Space Wolves. From that day Njal was known as "Storm Caller".

Like all Rune-Priests, Njal was selected early in the Choosing to undertake the trials to train his nascent psychic powers. Through the purity of his spirit, he learned how to protect himself and his battle brothers against psychic attack and how to resist the constant, whispered temptations of Chaos. During complex rituals and long pilgrimages he learned how to cast the runes of divination and focus his psychic powers against the enemy in combat. Eventually Njal was granted his runestaff by the High Rune Priest and began his long sojourn with each of the Space Wolf Great Companies.

Once the circle was complete and Njal could recite the sagas of all of the Great Companies by heart, he was attached to Berek's Company. When Berek was killed defending the vault of secrets against the Thousand Sons Njal composed the Saga of the Mighty Death of Berek Thunderfist. Now Njal serves Lord Ragnar Blackmane, tempering the young Wolf Lord's impetuosity with wisdom and knowledge gleaned from the runes and the sagas.

EQUIPMENT

Power Armour

Njal's power armour gives him a basic saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6 and includes a respirator, auto senses and a communicator.

Equipment

Njal is equipped with a Psychic hood which doubles the value of any psi points he uses to augment his psychic saving throw. He also has a conversion field fitted into his armour giving him an additional unmodified saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6 against normal attacks. Njal is also bonded to a Psyber Raven, Night Wing.

Weapons

Njal is armed with a bolt pistol and a Force Rod, a potent psychic weapon which can store psychic energy and channel it into an attack in close combat. Njal always starts a game with a full store of 30 psi points in the rod. He always carries frag and krak grenades and may make any number of rolls on the grenade table at a cost of 10 points per roll.

PSYCHIC POWERS

Njal is gifted with the following psychic powers:

	Mastery	Psi-Lvl	Powers			
Rune Priest	Lvl 3	36	1	2	3	4
			6	2	1	-

Level 1 Powers	Level 2 Powers	Level 3 Powers
Hammerhand	Aura of Protection	Mental Blitz
Mental Blow	Jinx	
Cure Injury		
Steal Mind		
Wind Blast		
Teleport 1		

Njal Storm Caller: Points value 225

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
Njal Storm Caller	4	6	5	4	5	2	5	2	9	9	9	9
Night Wing	12	4	0	3	3	1	4	1	7	4	7	7
	Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Special Rules				
Bolt Pistol	0-8"	8-16"	+2	-	4	1	-1	Close Combat.				
Frag Grenades	0-10"	-	-	-	3	1	-1	2" Blast Area				
Krak Grenades	0-10"	-	-	-	6	D6	-3					



THE SPACE WOLVES

GREAT COMPANIES

Each Space Wolf Great Company is led by a mighty hero known as the Wolf Lord. Each of these champions adopts as a totem one of the great mythical wolves of Fenris. As a mark of respect and fealty to the Wolf Lord, the warriors of each Great Company paint these symbols onto their armour. The same icons are also woven into banners and carved onto the Space Wolves' machines and buildings.



Ragnar Blackmane's Wolf totem company badge



Haakon Stormbrow



Alarik Nighrunner



Skallagrim the Red



Grimnar The Great Wolf Lord of Fenris

GREY HUNTERS

Each Grey Hunter pack adopts a red and black shoulder pad design. These patterns are unique to the Space Wolves. Similar primitive tribal markings proliferate among the barbaric clans of Fenris, where they appear as shield designs and are woven onto furs or painted onto armour.



Pack marking



Pack marking



Pack marking



Army badge



Grey Hunter



Ragnar's black wolf head totems



The Space Wolves' barbarian heritage is reflected in their disregard for any formal military system of uniform insignia. Even the Wolf Lords totem badge can be rendered in a variety of ways – there is simply no one style or design which is regarded as official. The illustrated pack markings are just some of the many hundreds of different patterns used by the Chapter over the centuries.



Grey Hunter in Mk VII power armour



Grey Hunter in Mk VI power armour

The Space Wolves are assigned armour and weapons in a much more ad hoc way than any of the other Chapters of Space Marines. Individuals may retain armour and equipment long after their fellows have received new or replacement gear. Therefore it is quite common for a squad to have Space Marine armour in a variety of armour marks. Mk VII and Mk VI are the most numerous as they are the most recent; but it is not unusual to see the occasional older Mk IV or Mk V on a grizzled veteran or doughty Sergeant. Such armour marks out the wearer as an old campaigner worthy of honour and respect.



Grey Hunter Sergeant



Grey Hunter Veteran

The Sergeant and Veteran in each squad carry backbanners and display honour badges to signify their important battlefield roles. The banners provide a rallying point and inspiration for the combat squads each leads in battle. The wolf head and wolf tail honour markings shown on their banners, are repeated on the right shoulder pads of the Sergeant and Veteran respectively.

BLOOD CLAWS

The packs of Blood Claws are the most ferocious and barbaric of all Space Wolves. The individual warriors freely decorate their armour and weapons with wolf totems and trophies.



Blood Claw
(note army badge on leg).



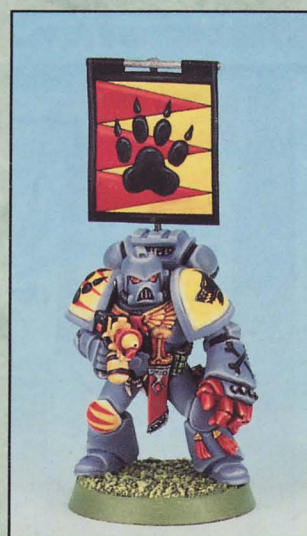
Blood Claw (note the repeat of the pack marking on the leg armour)



Example of a Pack marking



Blood Claw Sergeant



Blood claw Veteran

Blood Claw packs decorate their right shoulder pads with bright red and yellow tribal patterns, each pack choosing or being given a different marking. These patterns are retained by the squad as it matures into a Grey Hunter pack. At that point the pack marking is rendered in the classic red and black style of a Grey Hunter. As with the Grey Hunters, the Sergeant and Veteran Blood Claws carry back banners into battle. Their identifying symbols are the archetypal wolf claw motifs rendered in jet black. The same symbols are also displayed on their right shoulder pads.

LONG FANGS

The Sergeant's red skull badge has the extended fangs characteristic of these stalwart veterans.



Long Fang (Note the pack marking on his shoulder pad and personalised design on his missile launcher ammunition).



Examples of pack markings

In a startling black and white colour scheme the Long Fangs display the pack markings they have worn since their youth as Blood Claws, through the Grey Hunters squads and now into their veteran status within the Chapter. Long Fangs often hang trophies and honours from their belts and paint various wolf symbols and designs on their weapons.



Long Fang Sergeant (with back banner)

HONOUR BADGES



The Space Wolves have an ancient warrior heritage and are proud to display their symbols of courage, bravery and skill. These badges are painted or carved onto armour and weapons. As with their squad markings, the Space Wolves ignore any formal system of awards. It is honour enough that a warrior's close comrades – his pack brothers, understand and appreciate the symbol's meaning. Nonetheless, over the centuries, certain badges have acquired particular significance. The Sergeant and Veteran badges are examples of this; bone symbols are often a reference to wounds endured in past battles, knife and claw symbols represent ferocity or bravery and wolf tails are awarded for special skills and endeavour.

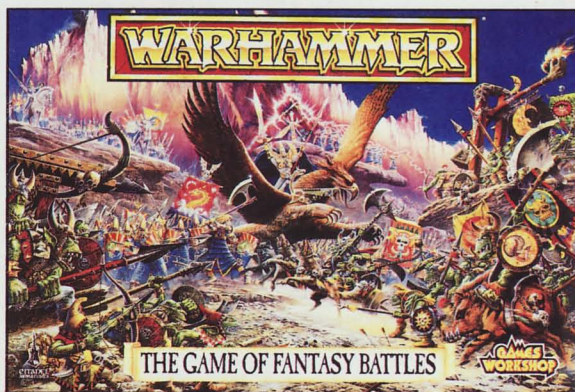
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SPACE MARINE®

RAGNAR BLACKMANE, NJAL STORM CALLER & ULRIK THE SLAYER IN SPACE MARINE

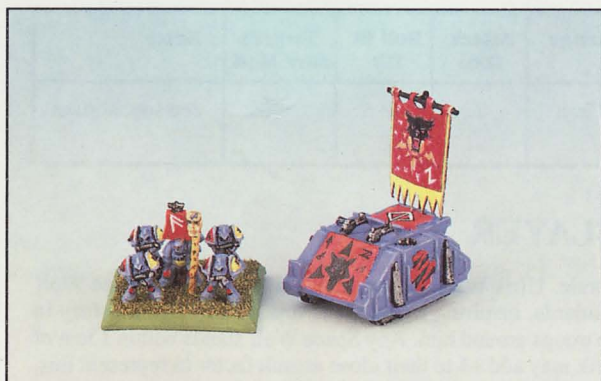
By Jervis Johnson

Ragnar Blackmane, Njal Storm Caller and Ulrik the Slayer may be included in any Epic scale army that also includes one or more Great Companies of Space Wolves. The Special Cards and Epic scale banners for these characters are included in this article, along with a special *wind blast* template which only Njal Storm Caller may use. As Ragnar and Njal belong to the same Great Company, they must be bought together (both must be taken if you want to use them) but still only count as

one Special Card. Ulrik can fight with any Great Company and so is represented by his own card.

The stands for Ragnar, Njal and Ulrik may be made up from normal Space Marine miniatures, with an officer to represent the main character himself – the remainder are his bodyguard. The appropriate banner should be attached to the character's Rhino to identify the stand on the tabletop.

NJAL STORM CALLER



Njal serves Lord Ragnar Blackmane, tempering the young Wolf Lord's impetuosity with wisdom and knowledge gleaned from the runes and the sagas. Through the purity of his spirit he learned how to protect himself and his battle brothers against psychic attack and how to resist the constant, whispered temptations of Chaos.

Njal is counted as a command unit and so never has to be given orders and never has to check morale. Note that although Njal and Ragnar are counted together as one special card he remains a separate unit and does not have to stay within 6cm of Ragnar during the battle.

Njal is allowed to make one special psychic attack in the combat phase in the same way as a normal Space Marine Librarian. The rules for Space Marine Librarians can be found on page 15 of *Armies of the Imperium*, and are summarised on Njal's special card. In addition to the three psychic attacks allowed to all Librarians, Njal has two additional abilities that only he may use.

Psyber Raven. 'Night Wing' is Njal's eyes and ears. Soaring high above the battlefield nothing can avoid Night Wing's piercing gaze and so Njal is well aware of everything that is happening around him. Because of this, Njal does not need a line of sight to a target in order to make a psychic attack, although the target must be within range of the psychic attack as normal. Night Wing's powers only apply to psychic attacks, so Njal must have a line of sight to use his bolt pistol.

Wind Blast. Njal can project a whirlwind of psychic energy that can pin enemy units to the ground and make it impossible for them to move or shoot. The area affected by the wind blast is represented by the special wind blast template printed below. The template may be placed anywhere within 25cm of Njal instead of making one of the other psychic attacks listed in *Armies of the Imperium*. Any stand or vehicle under the template that does not have a saving throw is pinned by the wind blast and is not allowed to move or shoot. It also has its close assault factor reduced by -2. Units that do have a saving throw are too powerful to be effected by the wind blast, and so may move and attack normally. The wind blast template remains in place until the start of the combat phase of the following turn and is then removed. Any stand or vehicle that would be affected by the wind blast may not move into or through the template while it is in play. Stands or vehicles trapped by the wind blast are given orders normally and are allowed to fire in the combat phase when the template is removed.

Njal is very tough and is protected by power armour and a conversion field. To represent this, Njal has an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6. Furthermore, because of the special nature of his conversion field, as well as the benefit of small size and agility, the save never drops below 5 or 6, so even a hit from a volcano cannon, tempest laser or other powerful weapon can be saved on 5 or more.

Troop Type	Move	Saving Throw	CAF	Weapons	Range	Attack Dice	Roll to Hit	Target's Save Mod.	Notes
Njal Storm Caller	10cm	Fixed 5+	+7	Bolt Pistol	15cm	1	4+	0	See special rules

RAGNAR BLACKMANE



Ragnar is the youngest Wolf Lord in the long history of the Space Wolves. A brilliant if unorthodox commander, he leads from the front and has already had a highly successful and heroic career. The Great Wolf often chooses Ragnar's company to spearhead planetary assaults and spaceship boarding actions. Ragnar and his accompanying Rhino are counted as a separate command unit and so never have to be given orders or check morale. To represent Ragnar's superior

leadership abilities, as long as he is still alive, you are allowed to add +1 to your score when you make the dice roll to see who has the initiative at the start of the turn.

Even for a Space Marine, Ragnar is incredibly agile and able to dodge out of the way of most attacks. To represent this, Ragnar has an armour saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6. Furthermore, because of the benefit of small size and agility, the save never drops below 4, 5 or 6, so even a hit from a volcano cannon, tempest laser or other powerful weapon can be saved on 4 or more.

Ragnar is famed for his ferocious battle cry, which inspires his men and strikes terror into the heart of his foes. Once per game, at the start of any movement phase, Ragnar can utter his blood-chilling howl. When he does so, any Space Wolf infantry units (not bikes or other vehicles) that have at least one stand within 35cm of Ragnar immediately have their orders changed to charge orders. Such is the speed and ferocity of this charge that the Space Wolves movement rate is tripled instead of being only doubled. Only Long Fangs have sufficient restraint to remain unaffected. They do not have to go on to charge orders unless you wish them to do so.

Troop Type	Move	Saving Throw	CAF	Weapons	Range	Attack Dice	Roll to Hit	Target's Save Mod.	Notes
Ragnar Blackmane	10cm	Fixed 4+	+8	Bolt Pistol	15cm	2	4+	-1	See special rules

ULRIK THE SLAYER



Ulrik is the oldest surviving Space Wolf who doesn't dwell within a dreadnought. He has served the Chapter loyally over the centuries and is now a Wolf Priest, charged with the responsibility of recruiting new Space Wolves and turning them into true Space Marines. Now, over six hundred years old, this gnarled, dauntless, plain-speaking old man is the Chapter's longest serving Wolf-Priest.

Ulrik and his accompanying Rhino are counted as a separate command unit and so never have to be given orders or check

morale. Ulrik is extraordinarily brave, even by Space Wolf standards, inspiring tremendous loyalty and fighting fury in the troops around him. Any Space Wolf stands within 15cm of Ulrik may add +1 to their close assault factor to represent this. In addition Ulrik is a highly skilled medic, and so any Space Wolf troop stand that is within 15cm of him may take a special saving throw if they are slain. Roll a D6: if the score is 5 or 6, Ulrik has managed to save some or all of the casualties and the troop stand fights on as normal. On a roll of less than 5, the stand is removed.

In battle Ulrik wears the fabled Wolf Helm. This ornate helmet is one of the Space Wolves' most ancient and revered artifacts and was said to have been worn by Leman Russ himself. As long as Ulrik is alive, any Space Wolves can re-roll failed morale checks. What is more, any Space Wolves who have a line of sight to Ulrik will automatically pass any morale checks that they are called to take.

Ulrik is very tough and is protected by power armour and a conversion field. To represent this, Ulrik has an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6. Furthermore, because of the special nature of his conversion field, as well as the benefit of small size and agility, the save never drops below 5 or 6, so even a hit from a volcano cannon, tempest laser or other powerful weapon can be saved on 5 or more.

Troop Type	Move	Saving Throw	CAF	Weapons	Range	Attack Dice	Roll to Hit	Target's Save Mod.	Notes
Ulrik The Slayer	10cm	Fixed 5+	+7	Combi-weapon	15cm	1	4+	-2	See special rules

SPECIAL CARD

Njal serves Lord Ragnar Blackmane, tempering the young Wolf Lord's impetuosity with wisdom and knowledge gleaned from the runes and the sagas. Although Ragnar and Njal are bought as one special card they count as separate units and do not have to remain within 6cm of each other during the battle.



POINTS VALUE 150



NJAL STORM CALLER

Njal is a command unit and therefore needs no orders and never checks morale. Njal may make one psychic attack in addition to fighting. Thanks to his Psyber Raven, Njal does not need a line of sight in order to use any of the psychic attacks.

MIND BLAST: Range 25cm. Kills the target on a D6 roll of 4+.

PURGE PSYKER: Range 50cm. Use to attack a psyker. Roll 2D6 against targets 1D6. Target is killed if Njal scores higher. Njal is killed if target rolls double his score. Otherwise, no effect.

DESTROY DAEMON: Range 25cm. Njal rolls 2D6. Target rolls: 1D6 (Daemon stand or Chaos Android), 2D6 (Wraithguard or Dreadnought), 3D6 (Greater Daemon or Avatar). Target is killed if Njal scores higher. Njal is killed if target rolls double his score. Otherwise, no effect.

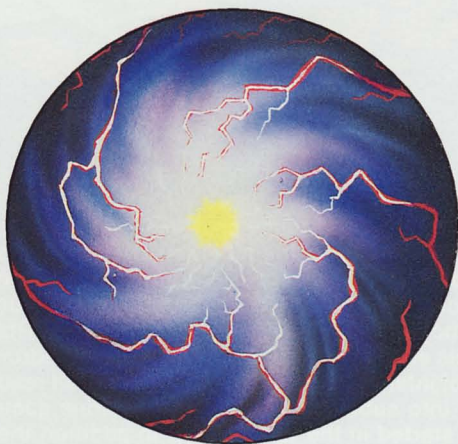
WIND BLAST: Range 25cm. Any stand or vehicle under the template that does not have a saving throw may not move or shoot and has its close CAF reduced by 2 points.

BREAK POINT: Njal's unit is only ever broken if he is killed; the unit cannot be broken by the destruction of the accompanying Rhino.

SAVE: Due to his special conversion field and relatively small size compared to a vehicle, Njal's armour saving throw never drops below 5+ on a D6.

VICTORY POINTS 2

Your opponent gains 2 VP if Njal is killed.



NJAL STORM CALLER – WIND BLAST TEMPLATE



NJAL STORM CALLER'S BANNER



RAGNAR BLACKMANE'S BANNERS



ULRIK THE SLAYER'S BANNER



JES GOODWIN

SPACE MARINE®

HUGE ARMIES CLASH TO DECIDE THE FATE OF THE GALAXY

Space Marine is the game of Epic battles. The fate of the galaxy hangs in the balance as gigantic armies of warriors, tanks and other war machines clash in apocalyptic conflict. The mighty Space Marines, humanity's finest warriors and defenders of the Imperium, struggle to hold off relentless attacks from rampaging Orks and the ancient and technologically superior Eldar. As the commander of a whole army, each player relies upon tactical skill to defeat his opponent. Ultimate victory belongs to the best general, and the finest of the galaxy's bravest warriors.



The Space Marine boxed game provides everything you need to fight huge Epic battles on the tabletop. The box contains plastic models and army cards representing three different forces: Space Marines, Eldar and Orks. There is also a huge Warlord Titan – the most awesome warrior machine of the Titan Legions. These models enable you to represent whole squadrons of tanks, companies of infantry and batteries of artillery, all ready to pound your enemy into submission. The Space Marine game is all you need to get started in the Epic hobby. In addition there's a vast and exciting range of Epic scale miniatures for you to collect, paint and add to your existing army. Rules for all the new models appear regularly each month in White Dwarf magazine together with battle reports, painting articles and advice on how to create new scenery and buildings for your games.

THE SPACE MARINE SUPPLEMENTS PROVIDE DETAILED RULES AND ADDITIONAL ARMY CARDS FOR THE FORCES OF THE 41st MILLENNIUM

ARMIES OF THE IMPERIUM

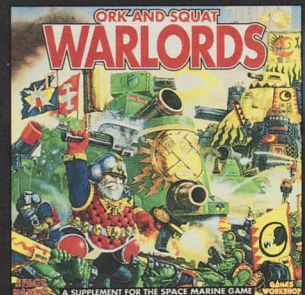
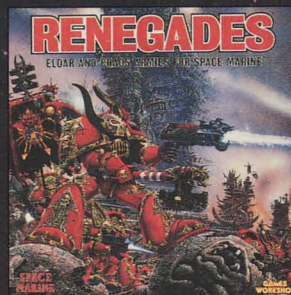
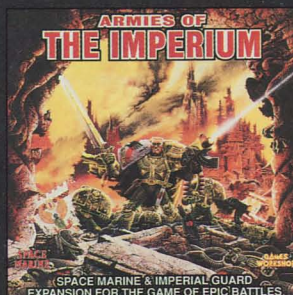
This supplement describes the Space Marine and Imperial Guard Forces that comprise the Imperium's fighting armies.

RENEGADES

Renegades describes the Chaos and Eldar forces of the 41st Millennium and contains rules for using them in your games of Space Marine.

ORK AND SQUAT WARLORDS

This boxed supplement contains all you need to start or expand your forces of rampaging Orks and Squat warriors.





SPACE WOLVES

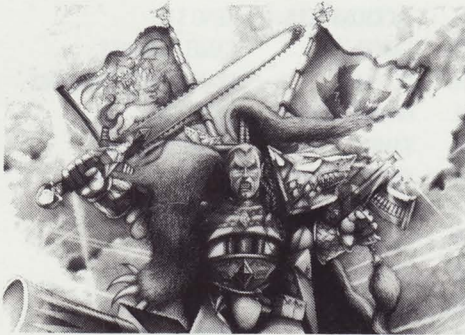


Ragnar and Njal are both members of the same Great Company and are often on the battlefield together. Even though a Company card normally only permits you to choose one special card, you are allowed to take **both** the Ragnar and Njal special cards for a single Great Company. This rule applies to Ragnar and Njal only. If you also want to include Ulrik in your force, you **must** be able to field an additional Great Company of Space Wolves.

SPECIAL CARD

RAGNAR BLACKMANE

Ragnar is a brilliant if unorthodox commander, he leads from the front and has already had a highly successful and heroic career. Ragnar is represented by a single stand accompanied by a Rhino. Although Ragnar and Njal are bought as one special card they count as separate units and do not have to remain within 6cm of each other during the battle.



POINTS VALUE 150



RAGNAR BLACKMANE

Ragnar is a command unit and so never has to be given orders or check morale.

INITIATIVE BONUS: As long as Ragnar is alive you are allowed to add +1 to your dice roll to see who has the initiative at the start of each turn.

BATTLE CRY: Once per game, at the start of any movement phase, Ragnar can utter his battle cry. When he does so, any Space Wolf infantry units (not bikes or other vehicles) that have at least one stand within 35cm of Ragnar immediately have their orders changed to charge orders. Such is the speed and ferocity of this charge that the Space Wolves' movement rate is tripled instead of being only doubled.

SAVE: Thanks to his special armour and relatively small size compared to a vehicle, Ragnar's armour saving throw never drops below 4+ on a D6.

BREAK POINT: Ragnar's unit is only ever broken if he is killed, the unit cannot be broken by the destruction of the accompanying Rhino.

VICTORY POINTS 2

Your opponent gains 2 VP if Ragnar is killed.

SPECIAL CARD

ULRIK THE SLAYER

Ulrik is the Space Wolves' longest serving Wolf Priest and is charged with the responsibility of recruiting new Space Wolves and turning them into true Space Marines. Ulrik is represented by a single stand accompanied by a Rhino.



POINTS VALUE 150



ULRIK THE SLAYER

Ulrik is a command unit and so never has to be given orders or check morale. Most Space Wolves were recruited by Ulrik and in battle he can whip them into a fighting frenzy. Any Space Wolf stands within 15cm of Ulrik may add +1 to their close assault factor to represent this. In addition, Ulrik is a brave and battle-hardened warrior whose expert medical knowledge has saved many stricken comrades. Any Space Wolf troop stands that are within 15cm of him may take a special saving throw if they are slain. On a D6 roll of 5 or 6 Ulrik has managed to save some or all of the casualties and the troop stand fights on as normal.

WOLF HELM: As long as Ulrik is alive, any Space Wolves can re-roll failed morale checks. In addition, Ulrik himself and any Space Wolves who have a line of sight to his stand will automatically pass any morale checks that they are called to take.

SAVE: Thanks to his conversion field and relatively small size compared to a vehicle, Ulrik's armour saving throw never drops below 5+ on a D6.

BREAK POINT: Ulrik's unit is only ever broken if he is killed. The unit cannot be broken by the destruction of the accompanying Rhino.

VICTORY POINTS 2

Your opponent gains 2 VPs when Ulrik is killed.

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TYRANID ATTACK

TM

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST ALIEN INVADERS IN THE 41st MILLENNIUM

From the darkness of intergalactic space come the Tyranids, horrific monsters that see all other living creatures as prey to be conquered and devoured. All that now stands between mankind and total destruction are the Space Marines, humanity's finest warriors and its first line of defence. Assault groups of Space Marine scouts lead the attack against the Hive Fleet, boarding Tyranid ships in a desperate attempt to destroy them before they reach the inhabited planets of the Imperium.



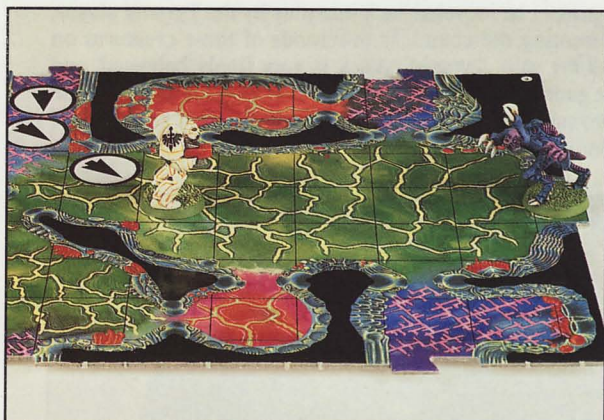
THE GAME

Tyrannid Attack recreates the ferocious struggle between mankind and the invading Tyranids. One player controls the Space Marines attempting to board and destroy a Tyranid spacecraft. The other player controls the terrifying Tyranid warriors trying to stop them.

The game starts just after the Space Marines have entered the vessel and follows their desperate journey as they battle their way deep into the heart of the Tyranid ship, their objective to destroy the vital organs upon which it depends. If they can do this the ship will die, along with the thousands of Tyranid warriors, Genestealers and other alien creatures aboard. If the Space Marines fail then the hive ship will disgorge its

living cargo onto an Imperial world, dooming millions to a fate too horrible to imagine...

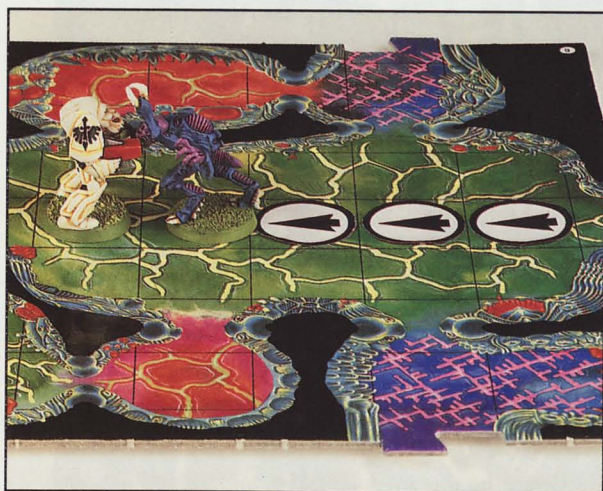
Tyrannid Attack is a combination of stealthy advances and fast, furious combat. The game is played on colourful interlocking board sections that depict the inside of the Tyranid ship in all its gruesome, contorted horror. The arrangement of board sections is different in every game, and changes continually as the action moves deeper and deeper into the ship. Each turn consists of the Space Marine player moving his models and making all the attacks he wants to, then the Tyranid player moving and attacking with his models. The Space Marine player may use a limited number of order cards, given to him at the start of the game, to make special moves and/or attacks



Combat in Tyranid Attack is fast and furious. Attacks are split into two types: shooting attacks and hand-to-hand attacks. A typical example of a shooting attack is shown in the photograph above. It is the Terminator's turn and he has moved four squares (his maximum move) to get a clear shot at the Genestealer. Once the Terminator has moved he may fire his gun. All weapons are rated for their *fire* value, which is the number of dice rolled when they are fired.



The Terminator's Storm Bolter has a fire value of 3, which means that when he fires it he is allowed to roll three dice. If *any* of the dice rolls equal or beat the target's *armour* value – which is 5 for a Genestealer – the target has been killed by the attack and the model is removed.

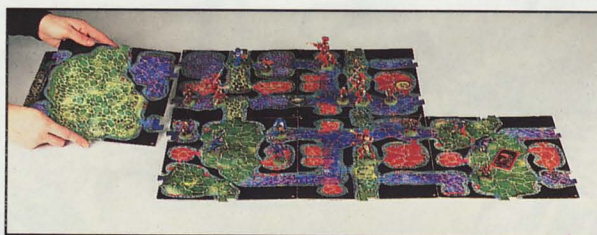


Assuming the Genestealer survived the attack, it can now take a turn. As the Genestealer does not have a gun it must rely on its teeth and claws in hand-to-hand combat, which means that it must be right next to its target in order to attack. Genestealers are very fast and can move up to eight squares per turn, but in this case the Genestealer only has to move four squares to attack the Terminator.

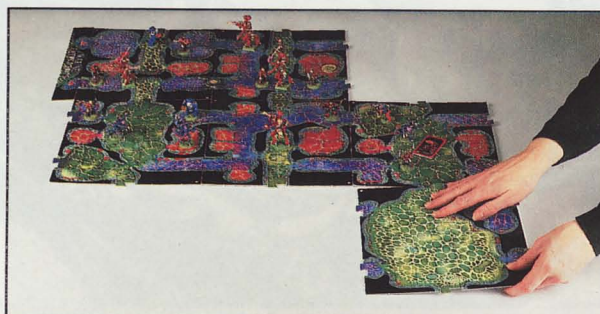
Hand-to-hand combat is handled rather differently to shooting. *Both* players roll a number of dice determined by their model's *hand-to-hand* value. The player with the highest score is the winner and kills his opponent. The Genestealer rolls four dice in hand to hand combat and picks the *single* dice with the highest score. The Terminator only rolls one dice, but is allowed to add +2 to the score because he is armed with a power fist. Whoever gets the highest score will win the hand-to-hand combat and slay their opponent. In the case of a draw both sides are killed and removed from play!



The heart of Tyranid Attack, and what makes it so exciting to play, is the way that it graphically portrays the exploration of the Tyranid ship. As the Space Marines explore the Tyranid ship, the end board sections are lifted up and 'roll' round to the front, allowing the Space Marines to journey deeper and deeper into the Tyranid ship. When the Space Marines enter a new area they draw an *exploration card* to determine what they discover there. If the Space Marines are lucky they may find useful artifacts lost by previous explorers of the ship, or trapped prisoners who will join the Space Marines once freed. But they are far more likely to encounter a Tyranid ambush, or stumble on one of the numerous monsters or traps that infest the ship.



The end board is picked up...



and 'rolls' round to the front.

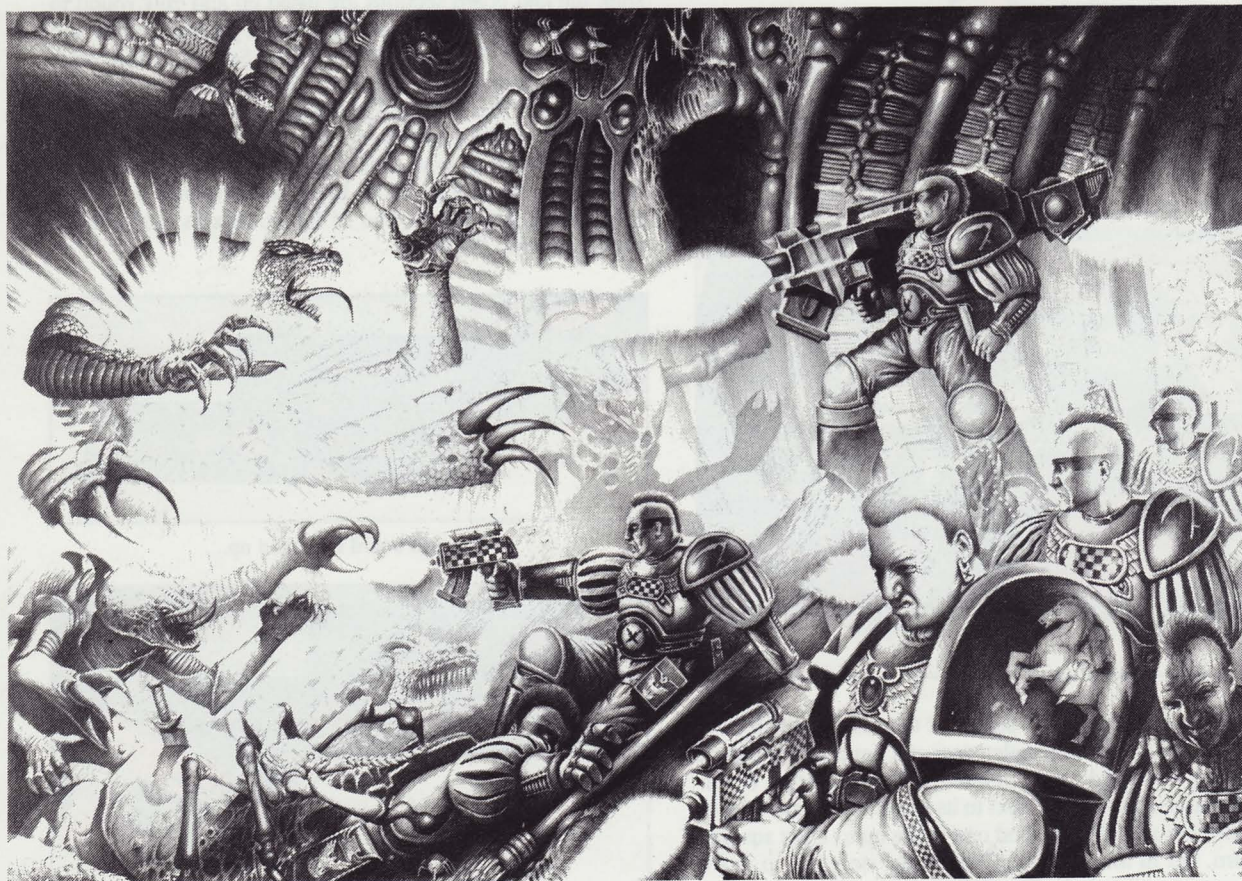
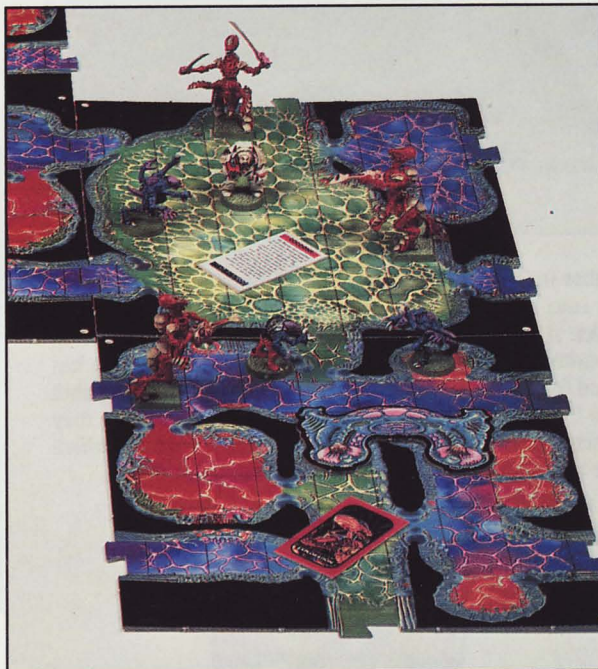
TYRANID ATTACK

The Space Marines have no idea what they will find when they enter a previously unexplored section of the ship, as the different combinations of cards and board sections constantly present them with a fresh set of challenges. They also need to keep on guard for the Tyranid defenders, who could mount a surprise attack on them at any time. The exploration of the ship is fraught with terror and spine-chilling shocks as the full horror of the Tyranid vessel unfolds before the Space Marine warriors.

But the Space Marines are not exploring the Tyranid ship simply for the sake of it – they are engaged in a deadly mission to destroy four objectives hidden deep in the heart of the ship. The objectives are vital organs that keep the Tyranid ship alive and which are represented in the game by special card templates. At the start of the game the Space Marine player is dealt an *objective location tile*. This tile shows a reduced scale copy of one of the larger board sections. When the board section shown on the tile 'rolls' round to the front during exploration, the Space Marine player is allowed to reveal the tile. This forces the Tyranid player to set-up an objective template on the newly placed board section. The Space Marine player then takes the next objective location tile to find out where his next objective is located.

As the Space Marines explore the ship they will discover their objectives one by one. To begin with, the Space Marines will find it fairly easy to destroy each objective, even though each is well protected by deadly Tyranid warriors. However, each objective will only be destroyed at a cost in Space Marine lives, and slowly the number of Space Marines will dwindle. Each casualty the Space Marines

suffer is irreplaceable, while Tyranid models that are killed may simply be recycled back into play by the Tyranid player, representing the countless thousands of these creatures on board the ship. Tyranid Attack is very finely balanced, and most games come down to a last, deadly battle between one or two surviving Space Marines and the Tyranid guardians of the fourth and final objective!



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WARHAMMER®

ELTHARION THE GRIM WARDEN OF TOR YVRESSE

By Bill King

Eltharion is one of the legendary High Elf heroes. Mounted upon his mighty War Griffon Stormwing, Eltharion soars high above the mist-shrouded spires of Tor Yvresse. As guardian of one of the ancient cities of Ulthuan, he maintains constant vigil, ever watchful for enemies of the realm.



ELTHARION

From out of the east, borne by storm, the Goblins came. They rode the waves in a vast fleet of crudely made ships, each crewed by hundreds of cruel green-skinned warriors. They arrived on the stony beach, their ships battered by the wind, their sails in tatters. Over half the teeming horde had been lost. They had perished at sea, wracked by scurvy, devoured by kraken, their vessels splintered against the sharp-fanged rocks and reefs of the Sea of Dread, their minds shattered by the illusions entwined around the Shifting Isles. Over half their number had been lost but they were undismayed. Twice ten thousand still lived and their eyes glittered with undimmed malice.

Grom was their leader, vast of belly, strong of sinew, cruel of heart and cunning of mind. Following him the horde had blazed a red trail of carnage from the flinty heart of the Worlds Edge Mountains through the marches of the Empire to the shores of the Sea of Claws. Following him they had stormed the castles of men and looted the tombs of Dwarf kings. They had routed armies and slaughtered untold thousands. Grom could have built an empire in the Old World. He could have toppled the kingdoms of men and raised a savage fiefdom in the ruins. He chose not to, for Grom had a vision. He knew his destiny lay in the west, over the sea. His gods had spoken and told him he was the bane of the Elves.

Grom was the voice of the Waaa. Touched by the gods, he was the living embodiment of his people's spirit of conquest. Standing on that cursed shore he had promised the horde new lands to conquer, new foes to slay, new treasures to loot. Grom had spoken and the horde believed him, for Grom spoke the thoughts their gods had placed in all their black hearts.

They had built huge floating hulks and had taken to the sea. Currents had carried them far out into the Western Ocean until the storm caught them in its iron grip. Like the hand of a malign god it threw them down on the coast of Ulthuan. The raging sea had driven even the world-girdling Elf ships into port, so the sea-wardens of Ulthuan knew nothing of the coming invasion. The howling winds parted the magical mists which had for so long guarded the Eastern Shores. It was as if dark Fate wished this scourge to descend upon the Elves.

The ships made landfall at Caim Lotherl, in the kingdom the Elves call Yvresse. Grom bade his warriors disembark and then ordered all the ships burned. Forty days and nights at sea had sorely tried Grom's patience and he swore he would never again set foot on a boat of any sort.

To the beat of huge drums, the horde marched southwards, burning as they went. They swarmed over isolated Elf outposts like warriors ants on the march. In the village of Kaselorne a dying Elf revealed the existence of the city of Tor Yvresse, swearing that the Warden of the City would put an end to them all. Grom laughed in his face and told the Elf that he would feast on the Warden's heart. However, the Elf's tale of a mighty city filled with silver-mailed warriors stirred Grom's savage heart and he knew that this was the place that he must conquer. It would be the capital of his new realm.

Word of the horde reached the keep of Lord Moranion, the Lord of Athel Tamarha. The old Elf Lord was deeply

disturbed by the tidings. His eldest son and most of his troops were in the far Northlands fighting against Dark Elf invaders. His youngest son, Argalen, was in Tor Yvresse studying magic under the tutelage of the Warden. The old Elf's heart was already heavy as news had just reached him that his eldest, Eltharion, lay at death's door, a Witch Elf's poisoned blade near his heart. He despatched messenger birds with news of the oncoming horde to the Warden and then despatched his few remaining rangers to scout out the Goblins.

The rangers encountered the vanguard of Grom's army at Peledor Ford. They lay in wait and rained arrows down on the Goblins as they tried to cross. The Goblins took heavy casualties and the taunting cries of the Elves enraged them. However, wily old Grom, having taken stock of the situation, sent a group of warriors upriver with orders to swim the river and take the Elves in the flank, driving the Elves from the ford.

Remembering his oath not to set foot on a boat Grom did not cross the river on one of the hastily constructed rafts. Instead he sent his bodyguard to stand in the river with their shields held flat above their head, and walked across the Peledor on a bridge of shields. Only three of his bodyguard died from trying to support his enormous weight.

On the far side of the river the Goblins discovered a giant standing stone, one of the Elves' watchstones. Grom's Shaman, Black Tooth, probed the rune-encrusted menhir and saw it for what it was, a conduit of enormous power. The dark gods smiled and he managed to bind himself to it. Power flowed through him. He soared into the night sky, mounted on his wyvern, Doomserpent.

The next day the army arrived at the keep of Athel Tamarha. Seeing the huge fortress-palace Grom decided that this must be the city of Tor Yvresse. He stood for a moment entranced; its beauty touching him. Like many old Elf structures the keep looked as if it had grown from the living rock, stone towers rising like the boles of petrified trees from its stone base. Old half-eroded carvings were sculpted into its walls. Guardian statues looked out over its lake moat. Their sightless eyes gazed down on a causeway of basalt.

Moranion looked out from his tower on the sea of green faces and knew he was doomed. The scout's report had not prepared him for the sheer size of the advancing army. It covered all the nearby ridge and flowed like a green tide across the plain towards his ancestral home. At its fore he saw the massive form of Grom ensconced in his chariot. Overhead a mighty wyvern rode the thermals, a shaman mounted on its back. The spells of illusion surrounding Athel Tamarha had flickered and died the previous evening and looking at the Goblin shaman the old Elf-Lord knew why; a nimbus of power played around him, brighter than lightning, more terrible than an angry dragon.

He knows not what he does, thought Moranion, with a shudder. Such huge amounts of power would eventually consume the shaman like a flame withering a branch, but not before he wreaked terrible havoc. The shaman had bound himself to the channels of power the Elves used to

HIGH ELF WAR GRIFFON



WAR GRIFFON AND HIGH ELF LORD ELTHARION, WARDEN OF TOR YVRESSE



Eltharion and his great, tawny War Griffon Stormwing, are a common sight soaring high above the spires of Tor Yvresse. Eltharion is the Warden of Tor Yvresse, and as such he is responsible for its safety. Eltharion is an implacable guardian, called by many Eltharion the Grim. His entire family were slain during the invasion of the goblin Warlord Grom, during which large parts of Ulthuan were devastated. Though Eltharion himself saved Tor Yvresse from the goblin hordes, Grom escaped and Eltharion has sworn to find him and exact vengeance.



The rune depicted on Eltharion's penant is *Thalui*, which signifies hatred or vengeance - a reminder of his grim past. The deep blue colour of the pennant is the colour of mourning or grief.

keep their lands above the sea. The watchstones were lynchpins for the spells that kept the power of Chaos from the world; spells so vast, intricate and complex that no single mage could hope to understand them or recreate them. Save in moments of great crisis no Elf Mage would dare interfere with them, for who knew what might happen if their balance was interfered with even slightly? Here was a threat to the whole of the land of Ulthuan, not just to Athel Tamarha.

With a mighty roar the Goblins surged forward towards the causeway. As they did so the wyvern swooped. From its rider's hand came a colossal thunderbolt. The smell of ozone filled the air. The gates of Tamarha Keep crashed into a thousand pieces. Moranion knew that he had no chance of survival. His household had few troops, mostly old men and untested boys. They could not hold the gate against the Goblins.

Grom steered his chariot across the causeway cutting down all who got in his path. He drove right through into a central courtyard where he was met by Moranion. The old Elf was clad in silvered mail and a cloak of white wolfskin. In his hand was his rune-inlaid blade, Fangsword. The old Elf shouted a challenge at him. Grom climbed down from the chariot and strode through the melee. Blocking a sweep of the Elf's sword with his axe, he dropped the old warrior with a blow from his mailed fist. Then he stood shouting encouragement to his laz with the unconscious Elf Lord slung over his shoulder.

Soon the battle was over. Triumphant Goblin warriors strode through the hallways of the ancient palace, wrapping themselves in tapestries and capering through halls, defacing priceless pictures, and smashing the arms off exquisite statues. Idiot laughter echoed under vaulted ceilings. By fires made from piles of hand-illuminated parchment they swigged hallucinogenic wines from bottles older than many human kingdoms and wolfed down the fruits of the blazing orchards.

In his great hall Moranion returned to wakefulness and wished he had not. He was in terrible pain. On the Elf Lord's own throne sat Grom, around whose broad shoulders was draped Moranion's wolfskin cloak. He was flanked on his left by the evil old shaman and on his right by a hunchbacked Goblin jester. When the Elf tried to speak the jester slapped him with an inflated Orc's bladder. When he tried to move he discovered his foot had been nailed to a plank of wood. The Goblins thought this very funny.

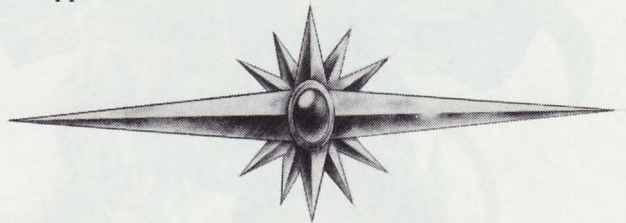
In halting manspeech, Grom asked questions and boasted of his conquest of Tor Yvresse. Through bruised lips Moranion managed a laugh. He told Grom that this was not the city – it was a mere outpost. For a second there was silence then Grom too laughed. He was pleased – till now he had thought the Elves too puny to be worth bothering with.

Soon the horde was on the move again. Grom ordered Moranion strapped naked to the front of his chariot. As they left the Keep Moranion wept bitter tears; his ancestral home was afire. Even as he watched, the roof collapsed. A structure that had endured two millennia had been levelled in one day by a tribe of mindless barbarians with no understanding of what it was they destroyed.

All that long day they marched through a land that was empty and swiftly blighted. The horde's scouts slaughtered entire populations of deer, and chopped down trees that had stood for years. Fields of irreplaceable

medicinal herbs, the only examples of their type, were trampled by iron-shod feet. The Goblins plucked up the flowers and threw them about, laughing like cruel children. Under Black Tooth's instructions the watchstones they encountered were toppled. As darkness fell the ground shook with a small tremor. Only Moranion, out of all the thousands present, understood what it meant. He knew that soon the tide of terrible magic would rise again with catastrophic consequences for Ulthuan and the world. He shuddered when he heard Black Tooth's mad laughter ringing out. In the dark he could see the shaman's eyes glitter with newly absorbed power.

Under cover of the shadows the surviving Elf rangers crept into the camp amid the sleeping Goblins. They found Moranion still strapped to the front of the chariot in which Grom lay asleep. So stealthy were they that even the wolves did not awake. They might have freed Moranion too but Grom was old for a Goblin and did not sleep well. He sensed the vibration of his chariot as Moranion's weight was removed from its front and woke with a roar. Two Elf rangers rushed him. He snatched up his axe and chopped them down.



The Elves lifted their chieftain and ran through the stirring army. Grom called for archers. The Elves split up and ran in different directions. A group of them were swiftly surrounded and began a desperate last stand. The others almost made it to the edge of the wood. At the very edge they were mown down by arrow fire. Moranion himself fell with two arrows buried in his back. He tried to crawl on. As he did so another arrow thunked into his body and he was still.

At that moment, in the far north of Ulthuan, Moranion's son, Eltharion, lay close to death. His breathing was shallow, his heartbeat slow, his brow cold. Even so his eyes snapped open. He sensed a shadowy presence in the room and saw his father standing over him. The old Elf's face was bloodless and bruised, his eyes glittered cold blue, crudely made arrows protruded from his chest. The son shuddered, knowing his father was dead.

The ghost shimmered and spoke to him, telling him it was his duty to seek revenge and stop this scourge. To save the land he must kill whoever he found wearing his father's cloak. Eltharion reached out for his father but the ghost's hand vanished before he could clasp it. As Eltharion looked down he saw the Fangsword, ancient heirloom of his house, lying where his father's ghost had stood. He reached down and grasped the hilt, his knuckles white against its black binding.

When his warriors entered the silken pavilion they were surprised to see their leader on his feet. Eltharion looked like death. His eyes were chill, his cheeks sunken and when he spoke there was a bitter edge to his voice that had not been there before and which was never to leave it.

He mounted his war griffon, Stormwing, and ordered his warriors back aboard their ships. He told them they were returning home. None dared gainsay him. Aloft and out of



sight of his troops, he cursed the gods. The rush of wind in his ears was the only answer.

As Grom's force proceeded south they began to meet more resistance. Parties of rangers from Tor Yvresse launched lightning raids on the columns' flanks. At night they saw strange lights flickering in the woods and when they woke in the morning sentries had vanished. The land itself sometimes quivered beneath their feet like a whipped beast. They took some losses but Grom's steady presence and stout leadership reassured them.

A change came over Black Tooth. He spent more and more time on his own. He stopped eating or drinking. At night his mad laughter rang out over the camp and those who heard it shuddered; cruel-hearted, hardened warriors thought they were. Those who saw him in the depths of night saw a strange halo about him and noticed that he was becoming hollow-cheeked and gaunt as a hunting hound. His eyes pulsed with an internal light. His pronouncements, never easy to understand at the best of times, became ever more cryptic. Even Grom worried about his old drinking croney's state of mind. Black Tooth was like someone in the last stage of a terminal illness, growing ever more distant from his life and the world.

By the light of the full moon Black Tooth stared into a bowl of blood seeking to divine the nature of the future. While doing so he saw the great spired city of Tor Yvresse,

built on nine hills; the titanic towers of its palaces linked by bridges hundreds of feet above the ground. He saw the army being mustered to meet the Goblins and he knew that soon they would meet their first real challenge. He informed Grom of this. If he sensed the damage he was wreaking to the Elflands by his draining of its magic he did not share the knowledge.

The commander of the army of Tor Yvresse was Ferghal of the Iron Spear. He was an able warrior but no general. His selection for supreme command came about because of his family's influence in the mazy and convoluted politics of Tor Yvresse. His appointment reflected well on the name of his ancient and honourable house. It reflected the weaknesses of Elf society: their passion for intrigue, the division of their realm into factions whose interests were put before those of the kingdoms in general, their inability to take seriously creatures as short-lived and unsophisticated as the Goblins. They still saw the horde as mere barbarians to be swiftly routed by superior Elf tactics and weaponry.

Sending a leader like Ferghal to face a foe as cunning, savage and deadly as Grom was like sending a child to face a hungry wolf. The armies met on the plains ten leagues from the city. Had the Elves been less confident of their might they would have remained within their fortress towers and given reinforcements time to arrive.

The unstoppable Goblin army swept over the Elves. Grom led his horde into the charge. His axe parted Ferghal's head from his shoulders. His scythed wheels cut the Elves down like stalks of wheat. Warrior for warrior the Elves were more than a match for Grom's ladz. However they were heavily outnumbered and the momentum of the Goblin charge carried them deep into the Elf lines. As the melee swirled the greenskins swiftly swept round the edges of the Elf formation and Elf warriors found themselves attacked from several sides at once.

Spears jabbed forward. Shields turned the sweep of clubs. Scimitar clashed with bright longsword. Warcries and death screams rent the air. Wolves howled as they feasted on the dying. From overhead came the sound of leathery flapping wings. The scent of blood and ozone filled the air. All semblance of tactics and skill was lost as the fighting became close and deadly. Combatants stood breast to breast and wrestled, panting for breath as they sought advantage. It had to be brief. No warriors could stand long in such a howling gale of combat without giving.

In the middle of the madness Argalen, son of Moranion, confronted Grom. The young Elf was mad with grief and rage. The sight of his father's cloak, all splattered with blood, drove all thoughts of anything save revenge from his mind. Red rage drove all thought of using his magic from his mind. He hewed his way through the Goblins and vaulted onto the back of Grom's chariot. Grom deflected his first stroke with his axe. It bit into the bronze railing of the chariot. Then the Goblin chieftain unleashed

a furious rain of blows at Argalen. Driven by Grom's iron arm the axe drank deep of Elf blood. Argalen fell.

Grom raised his corpse high above his head and with a great cry threw it out into the midst of the Elf force. Seeing the brave youth fall so disheartened the Elves that they turned and fled. The battle turned into a rout. Fleeing Elves were cut down as they dropped their shields, turned their backs on the foe and ran. Less than half the proud Elf army that came to Yvraine Plain left alive. Those that did were harried by wolf riders to the very gates of the city. When they saw their beaten army return the Elf-women on the walls, who had expected to welcome them back in victory, let out a great keening wail, mourning their lost brothers and fathers.

So great was that cry that they say Eltharion heard it though he was hundreds of leagues out at sea. It is said that at the moment that his brother's lifeless corpse tumbled to the earth he let out a howl of pain and rage that caused all who heard it to shudder and fall silent. Little joy there was on the ships of the house of Moranion as they sailed home.

In Tor Yvresse that night there was much mourning. The population huddled in fear round the temple of Ladielle. Black storm clouds hovered over the city, dark with the threat of torrential rain. A great tremor made the city shudder and caused part of the sea wall to tumble into the waves. Palaces collapsed and old monuments fell. In the city's highest tower the Warden observed the stars and

drew his charts and consulted the runes then drew a conclusion that sent stark terror through him. He knew that the web of spells holding the Vortex together was starting to unravel. In their ignorance the invaders had tampered with forces that could destroy them all. If they were not stopped soon first Yvresse then all of the Elf-lands would slide beneath the sea and tides of evil magic would drown the world.

When he took his conclusion to the city council there was much debate. Some wanted to take to the ships and leave before the cataclysm came. Others refused to desert their ancestral home and swore that if their land was to perish they would perish with it. Still others refused to believe the Warden's conclusions and went off to make their own observations.

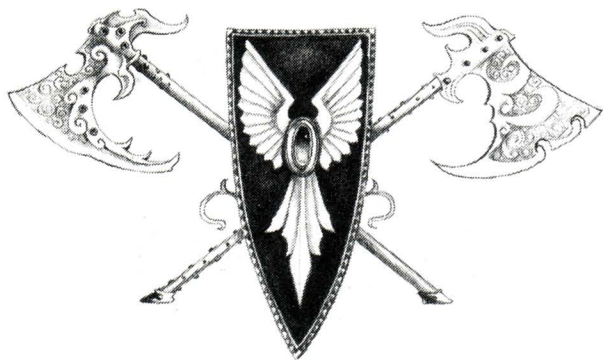
For three days thereafter there was a brief respite. Grom regrouped his army and ordered the preparation of more siege engines. The Goblins stripped the bodies of the fallen and burned the corpses on great funeral pyres. The foul ash from the burning drifted on the wind to Tor Yvresse and disheartened its depleted defenders even more. Black Tooth descended further into madness as the power flowing into him devoured his brain and consumed his soul. He sat by the great camp fires alternately ranting and shivering. His pronouncements of impending doom caused a strange mood to come over the horde.

The Goblins did not like the dark haunted forests and the quivering of the earth. The eruption of the distant



mountains made them nervous. They dimly sensed that great and terrible events were happening and they became infected by a mad belief in their ultimate victory. Yet they were unsure that victory would gain them anything. Black Tooth ranted that the sea would devour the land and the dead would outnumber the living. And still the great storm that gathered over Tor Yvresse did not break.

Only Grom seemed unperturbed, touring the tents and picket lines, a haunch of beef clasped in one hand, a flask of wine in the other, his great axe strapped to his back. He raised the spirits of his troops with his fearless appearance. But even he in his heart of hearts was perturbed. He gifted the shaman with Moranon's cloak as a sign that he still kept faith with his prophesies but Grom was starting to wonder.



When all the preparations had been made he ordered the army to advance on the distant city. Gangs of Goblins pulled the newly constructed siege engines with great ropes. Wolf rider scouts scoured the land before them. The horde marched to the beat of monster drums and the earth shook under their tread.

In Tor Yvresse the defenders mustered what forces they could. There were not many warriors left to man the great dart-throwers on the city walls. Never had the great metropolis seemed so empty. In later years Tor Yvresse had always been half-deserted. Foot steps echoed eerily down the empty hallways of the palaces within which the population lived and dreamed. The Elves' numbers had dwindled in recent millennia and their cities, built to house tens of thousands before the great sundering with the Dark Elves, had always seemed quiet. But this was something new, the shadow of death, permanent and terrible, hovered over the city and cast a deeper shadow than the clouded sky.

When the folk talked they talked quietly and the watchful silence swallowed their words. The thunderclap voices of the distant erupting mountains were the only loud noises in a city in mourning and expecting siege. Citizens crowded the walls waiting for the horde to arrive and each day that passed without attack increased rather than diminished their anxiety. Rumours of the Warden's dread findings floated round the city and increased the fear. The end of all things seemed near and the denizens of Tor Yvresse sensed it.

Then, four days after the Battle of the Plains, it happened. The citizens woke to find an army at their gates and the fire-scorched skulls of their kinsmen being lobbed over the walls by the great arms of Goblin stonechukkas. This ceased when Grom drove his chariot forward, halting just outside ballista range. In fractured manspeech he told the

Elves that they were all doomed unless they surrendered instantly and acknowledged him as their master. Those Elves who understood the speech of men called back taunts in the common tongue. Grom shrugged and ordered the siege to begin.

Huge towers rumbled forwards while stonechukkas and Goblin arrows raked the walls. The defenders sent back answering fire but they had not the numbers to silence their attackers. When the towers reached the walls the defenders poured cauldrons of magically heated lead on the Goblin attackers and poured arrows tipped with alchemical fire onto their attackers but they could not stop the onslaught. Black Tooth gestured and the storm broke. Rain fell in a drenching torrent and extinguished the fires. Lightning bolts danced along the battlements like flickering flames leaping up from hell. The defenders were swept from the battlements and the Goblins swept like a green tide over the walls and down into the city beyond.

The fighting was bitter and fought through the streets and palaces of the city. The Goblins had the advantage of numbers but the defenders knew every nook and cranny and hidden way of their city. Yellow-eyed Goblins hunted Elves in the stormy darkness and were hunted themselves in turn. Blood mingled with rain in the wet streets. The fitful illumination of the lightning lit scenes of terrible fury and carnage. Madness infected all the combatants as the thunder rumbled and earthquakes shook the buildings. Both sides fought with utter, primordial fury, neither asking or giving quarter. The forces on both sides were split in the maze of winding streets and the battle saw-sawed back and forth as one side or another temporarily gained a local advantage.

Things looked bleakest for the Elves around midnight. The Warden of Tor Yvresse and Black Tooth met. The shaman rode his wyvern to the Elf Mage's tower where the key watchstone of the city was kept. Doomserpent's night-black pinions shrouded the tower roof. The Warden emerged onto his balcony and he and Black Tooth duelled. Terrible magical energies were unleashed. Death spells hissed through the air and spluttered out as counterspells unmade them. Chained thunderbolts flickered out and glanced from shields of light. Two mortal gods fought at the highest point of the city and slowly the fighting in the streets stopped and all eyes, whether Goblin-yellow or Elf-blue, were turned on the tower.

The shaman gestured and flame engulfed the tower. The Warden extinguished it with a word. Black Tooth spoke and his word was thunder. The tower itself shook and threatened to topple. The Warden fell off balance and reached out to clutch the balcony. With his concentration momentarily broken he was easy prey for Black Tooth. The shaman's spell stripped the flesh from his bones and left a skeleton standing there momentarily. Then the pile of bones fell forward down into the street. Black Tooth entered the tower triumphantly. He had reached the centre of the web of power he had been gradually unravelling since he had first encountered the watchstones. Now he stood before the master watchstone for all of eastern Ulthuan. The power to wreak complete and utter destruction was now in his hands. Beneath him he could hear the doors break as Goblin warriors entered the tower below.

Suddenly, from out of the storm, the Elves came. Eltharion's fleet rode the turbulent sea into harbour. In a feat of insanely skilful seamanship they crashed through

ELTHARION THE GRIM

ELTHARION THE GRIM, WARDEN OF TOR YVRESSE 165 points

Stormwing +150 points

Fangsword +50 points

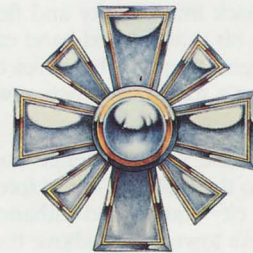
Talisman of Hoeth +85 points

Eltharion the Grim can be included in any Warhammer High Elf army by paying the appropriate points cost. This is deducted from the character allocation in the army list. Eltharion can be equipped with up to three magic items. Cards for two special magic items normally carried by Eltharion, the Fangsword of Eltharion and the Talisman of Hoeth, are supplied in the colour section of this book. The Fangsword is specific to Eltharion and only he may carry it but the Talisman of Hoeth can be bought for other High Elf characters by paying the appropriate points cost.

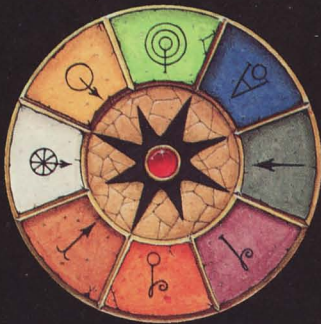
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Eltharion	5	7	7	4	4	3	9	4	10
Stormwing	6	5	0	6	5	5	7	4	8

SPECIAL RULES

Eltharion lost nearly all of his family and saw his ancestral lands ravaged and burned in the cataclysmic Goblin invasion of Yvresse led by Grom the Paunch. To this day he holds a bitter hatred in his heart for all Goblins, so he is subject to the psychology rules for *hatred* when fighting Goblins. If he is in combat with Grom the fury of Eltharion's blows is such that he gains +1 on his rolls to hit and +1 on the strength of his hits.



MAGIC ITEM



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM 50 POINTS

THE FANGSWORD OF ELTHARION

The Fangsword is a rune-encrusted longsword which has been passed down through Eltharions family for generations. Eltharion inherited the fangsword from his father after he died in defense of his home at Athel Tamarha.

The fangsword bites deep and armour is little protection against it. Hits from the fangsword have a -3 saving throw modifier, in addition to Eltharions own -1 saving throw modifier for his strength, making a total -4 on saving throws against wounds inflicted with the fangsword. In addition, the enchantment of the blade automatically stops one opponent's attack hitting. One of Eltharions opponents will therefore have 1 less attack than normal. You may choose which foe will lose the attack.

ELTHARION ONLY

MAGIC ITEM 85 POINTS

THE TALISMAN OF HOETH

Hoeth is the Elven god of knowledge and learning. The talisman of Hoeth was created by the old Warden of Tor Yvresse to pass on some of his knowledge and power to the uninitiated, helping them to call the winds of magic and weave spells.

The Talisman of Hoeth gives its bearer the ability to cast spells and use magic cards just like a Wizard Champion, giving him the equivalent of magic level two. This means the character can draw two spell cards at the start of the game from any of the college spell decks. He may not choose spells from any other decks.

HIGH ELF ONLY

the swells into the calm water near the docks. Hundreds of battle-hardened Elf veterans raced ashore. Eltharion himself took to the sky on the back of Stormwing, seeking the slayer of his father. The griffon's challenging shriek rang out over the city. The Elf army coming ashore smashed through the weary rain-soaked Goblin horde and made its way towards the great square in the centre of city. The Goblins fell back before them.

Through the wind and rain Eltharion rode. He sensed the presence of Black Tooth and, filled with horror, realised what the Goblin shaman was about to do. He felt the great tide of power flowing into the shaman and knew that if it was not stopped they were all dead. As if to emphasise the point the ground shook. Centuries' old palaces collapsed entombing Goblin and Elf alike.

Eltharion dropped from the sky in front of an elite group of his warriors. Swiftly he told them what they must do and then he rose back into the sky and flew off towards certain death. From his outstretched hand came a beam of pure power. It surged through the ranks of the Goblins around the Warden's tower, at once a weapon and a challenge.

Black Tooth sensed the new challenge and went out to meet it. As he did so the bulk of Grom's force encountered the soldiers in the city square and Eltharion's elite force stormed the Warden's tower. High above the city Eltharion and Black Tooth fought while in the square all was screaming madness. Elf and Goblin charged and counter-charged. By storm-light griffon and wyvern bit and clawed. Enchanted Elf-blade clashed with shaman's staff. Bolts of power flickered and flashed.

Drunk with power and mad with pain Black Tooth lashed out again and again with mighty spells, each more powerful than the last. Only Eltharion's iron will enabled him to deflect the bolts, only his driven determination to avenge his father's death enabled him to endure the agony. Slowly however Black Tooth's more-than-mortal power wore the Elf down. Beads of sweat mingled with rain on the Elf prince's face. His once-handsome features were frozen in a ghastly grimace of pain. One more blast was all it would take.

Then it happened. The Elf-warriors slew all the Goblins in the tower and carried out Eltharion's desperate plan. They made the Invocation of Ending in front of the master watchstone. All the power flowing through it was momentarily stopped. Black Tooth halted in mid-spell, momentarily stunned by the absence of magical energy. Knowing it was the only chance he was ever going to get, Eltharion put all his strength into one mighty blow. His enchanted blade lashed out, faster than the flicker of a serpent's tongue. Black Tooth's head flew from his shoulders. His body tumbled from the saddle.

In the streets below Grom fought, irresistible axe lashing to the left and to the right. Where it struck an Elf warrior fell. Around him his ladz fought bravely, heartened by the prowess of their leader, confident of victory. Slowly, the Elves were pushed back from the square. Then Black Tooth's headless body plummeted out of the sky and landed on the front of Grom's chariot. The Goblin chieftain halted, stunned by the death of his old friend. Seeing their leader dumbfounded and their invincible shaman dead, the Goblins halted.

The Elves were heartened by the arrival of Stormwing and Eltharion in their midst and they charged with renewed determination into the horde. The Goblins died in droves

and the few survivors were thrown back and, with their nerve broken, fled. Not even Grom's impassioned howling could halt them. Acknowledging defeat Grom shrugged and followed. The Elves were too weary to follow.

No-one knows what happened next. Eltharion entered the Warden's tower with four of the bravest warriors of the battle. It is said that he spent the whole night there wrestling with the power of the watchstone, seeking to stabilise the vortex. He emerged in the morning, his face more grim than ever. None of his companions were ever seen again. A terrible price had been paid for the salvation of Ulthuan.

He emerged into a brilliant dawn to acknowledge the adulation of the crowd. The sun was bright, the storm had broken. The light of the newborn day gave Eltharion no joy. Neither the admiration of the crowd nor the cheers of the warriors could bring a smile to his thin and bloodless lips. The horror he had endured was to blight the rest of his life. Till the end of his days he was known as Eltharion the Grim.

No-one knows what happened to Grom. Some say he died of wounds inflicted by Eltharion when they met in the centre of the battle's maelstrom. Others say he lived and made his way to the haunted, magic-tainted mountains. Tales are told that he flew all the way back to the Old World mounted on Doomserpent. No-one knows for sure. He was never heard of again. Eltharion was acknowledged as the new Warden of Tor Yvresse, and he has ruled fairly and wisely for many years. Although on stormy nights he can often be seen on the balconies of the Warden's tower, brooding and shaking his fist at the uncaring sky.



WAYNE ENGLAND

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EMPIRE ARMY - REGIMENT OF ALTDORF

EMPIRE ARMY - REGIMENT OF ALTDORF

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SPACE HULK

RETURN TO KALIDUS

BY DEAN BASS AND CHRIS COLSTON

Return to Kalidus is a special campaign for Space Hulk introducing the new Space Wolf Terminators – the Wolf Guard. The missions are based on the rules found in the basic boxed set of Space Hulk with the addition of some of the weapon rules presented in the first Space Hulk supplement – Deathwing. For those players who have not yet purchased Deathwing, the weapon rules needed for these missions are briefly outlined below.

The three missions in this campaign become increasingly more difficult and mission three is very hard on the Space Wolf player. This has been purposely designed to be interesting for new players and old hands alike. So, if you fail any of the missions don't give up, try again with different tactics and see if you can get further.

THE WOLF GUARD

Unlike the Terminators of other Chapters, Space Wolf Terminators are divided up into squads which form the personal retinues of the Wolf Lords, the commanders of the Great Companies. For this reason these elite troops are known as the Wolf Guard. To become a Wolf Guard is the highest honour the Chapter can bestow and is reserved for Space Wolves who show exceptional bravery and skill in battle. The Wolf Guard are exceptionally strong and brave and therefore have a +1 close assault factor and all Wolf Guard Sergeants have a +2 close assault factor. A typical Wolf Guard Squad will be made up as follows.

Wolf Guard Sergeant with Storm Bolter and Power Sword.

Wolf Guard with Assault Cannon and Chain Fist.

Wolf Guard with Flamer and Power Glove.

Wolf Guard with Storm Bolter and Chain Fist.

Wolf Guard with Storm Bolter and Power Glove.

WEAPON DETAILS

If you have a copy of Deathwing, use the weapon rules given there. Otherwise use the rules given below.

Chain Fist

A Chain Fist does not give any bonus in close assault but is particularly good at slicing through closed doors. A Space Wolf armed with a Chain Fist may cut through a door for 1 AP. The door must be in the square directly in front of the Space Marine and is removed from the board once destroyed by the Chain Fist.



Assault Cannon

The Assault Cannon fires for the same AP cost as a Storm Bolter. However, for each shot three dice are rolled and the basic number needed to hit is a 5 or 6. This is decreased by 1 for each subsequent shot at a stationary target as per the Storm Bolter. The Assault Cannon may be used in overwatch but will not jam. The Assault Cannon has only 10 shots and the player must make a note each time it is fired. When all 10 shots have been fired, the Assault Cannon may be reloaded for the cost of 4 APs and then another 10 shots will be available.

Full rules for the Assault Cannon are given in Deathwing, which includes firing on **full auto** and **malfunction** rules.



Power Sword

A Power Sword does not increase the close assault bonus but does allow the Sergeant to parry one of the Genestealer's attacks. After both sides have rolled for a close assault, the Space Wolf player can force the Genestealer player to re-roll one of the three dice. The new roll then stands, even if it is better than the old roll!



Norge slowly lifted the helmet of his Terminator armour away from his head. Still new to him, this ancient suit of armour had been treasured by successive battle brothers of the elite Wolf Guard since the time of Leman Russ.

He was still awed by the honour the massive battle armour signified. Only the most exceptional of the warrior Sons of Russ attained the enviable position of personal guardians to their company's Wolf Lord. As the youngest and most recently chosen of the Wolf Guard, Norge was determined to gain honour and glory to match that of those great warriors of the past who had been the previous bearers of the armour.

Wolf Lord Volund sat across from him, impassively studying the holosphere which showed in glowing, infinitesimal detail the slowly revolving image of the planet below.

Norge gazed in grim fascination at the image of once great Kalidus. The smoggy, sullen skies were lit from



beneath by the belching fires of massive manufacturing plants. The flickering light, Norge mused, was hauntingly familiar. He was suddenly struck by the similarity to the wavering glow of the volcanic fires casting ever changing patterns of colour and texture over the landscape of Fenris. Home.

Norge determined that he would be equal to the honour of being amongst the first Wolves of Space to return to the surface of Kalidus to tread in the very steps of Russ, where long ages ago he had fought the Primarch of the Dark Angels, his brother.

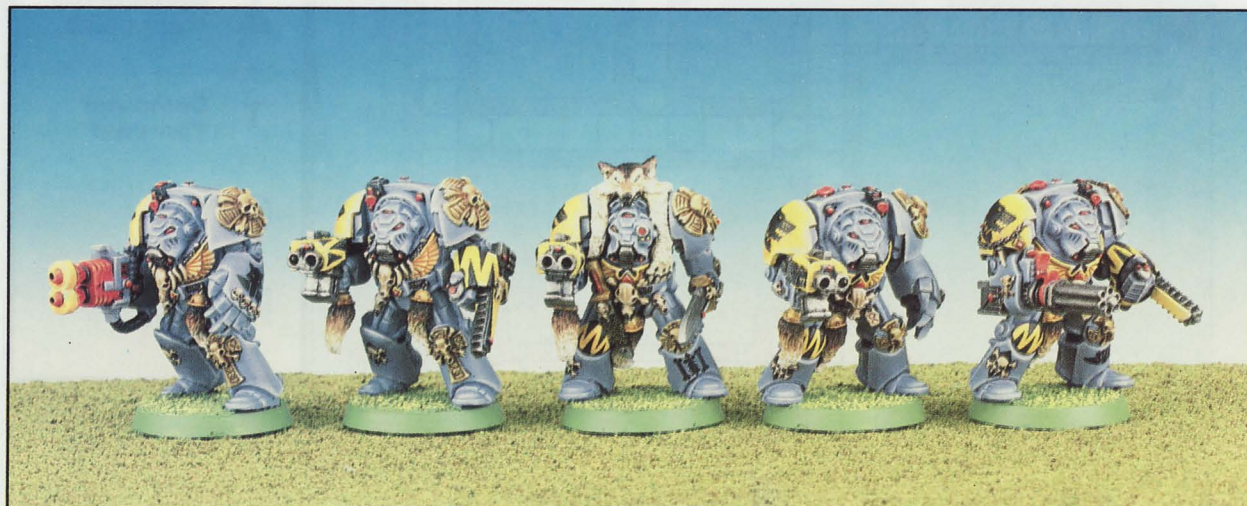
Russ and the Dark Angel had healed their stubborn quarrel and had united their forces to save Kalidus from the Daemonic forces of the Horus Heresy. Afterwards, the people of Kalidus had paid homage to the heroic brothers. It was said that before his departure, Leman Russ had personally placed the Great Company's battle standard in the courtyard of the Imperial Governor's Palace, as a perpetual reminder to the people of their debt to the Emperor and to the Sons of Russ.

Norge was brought sharply back to the present by a vehement curse from Wolf Lord Volund. It was now clear from the planetary scans that this was not a recent landing, Kalidus was totally overrun by the seething masses of a Genestealer Horde.

The whole planet would have to be sterilised. However, the virus bombs could not be loosed yet. The planetary defence systems would knock out the virus bombs before they reached their targets, so Volund and his Wolf Guard would have to deactivate the defences from the ground.

It was also of great importance that the battle standard left by Russ should not be dishonoured. It had to be retrieved and returned to the Space Wolves' home planet, Fenris.

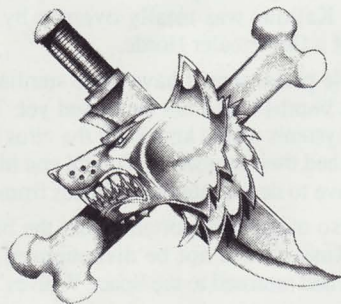
Norge looked around him at the faces of his fourteen comrades, lit by the glow of the scanning holosphere. Together they made up the three squads of Wolf Guard that were Wolf Lord Volund's personal retinue. Each of them had distinguished himself by repeated acts of extraordinary bravery. The three Sergeants stood ready to brief their men, led by Sergeant Tarl, the leader of Norge's squad. Norge remembered that last feast day before they had left Fenris, when the Rune Priest had recited his newest saga that told of the attack on base A10709. On that day, Karlak had been the newly blooded Wolf Guard in unfamiliar Terminator armour and Volund was a Sergeant. Only these two of all those present had ever faced that most dreaded foe which awaited them down below. Karlak had never talked about that day but his armour still bore the scars of their claws. Norge could only hope that he would acquit himself as well. As Sergeant Harrek and his squad marched from the briefing room, Norge checked over his armour once more. The time would soon come when he would face the ultimate challenge.



A WOLF GUARD TERMINATOR SQUAD

1 - A QUEST FOR POWER

Harrek knew that they had just one chance of finding the information they required. The Genestealers would not be expecting them and they should face minimal resistance. They would have to make this chance count.



All the information they had pointed to the computer complex under the Imperial Governor's Palace as the best chance of finding the details they needed. They must find out where the control centre was for the planetary defence system, as well as the location of the banner left by Leman Russ. They must succeed or the whole campaign would certainly fail!

Harrek's squad stepped into the Teleport Chamber and the Tech-Priests began to chant their incantations. Just before the squad disappeared, Harrek briefly wondered how many of his battle brothers would reappear in this room when the task was complete.

OBJECTIVES

The Space Marine player is attempting to access the computer terminal to determine the locations of the battle standard and the planetary defence systems' control centre.

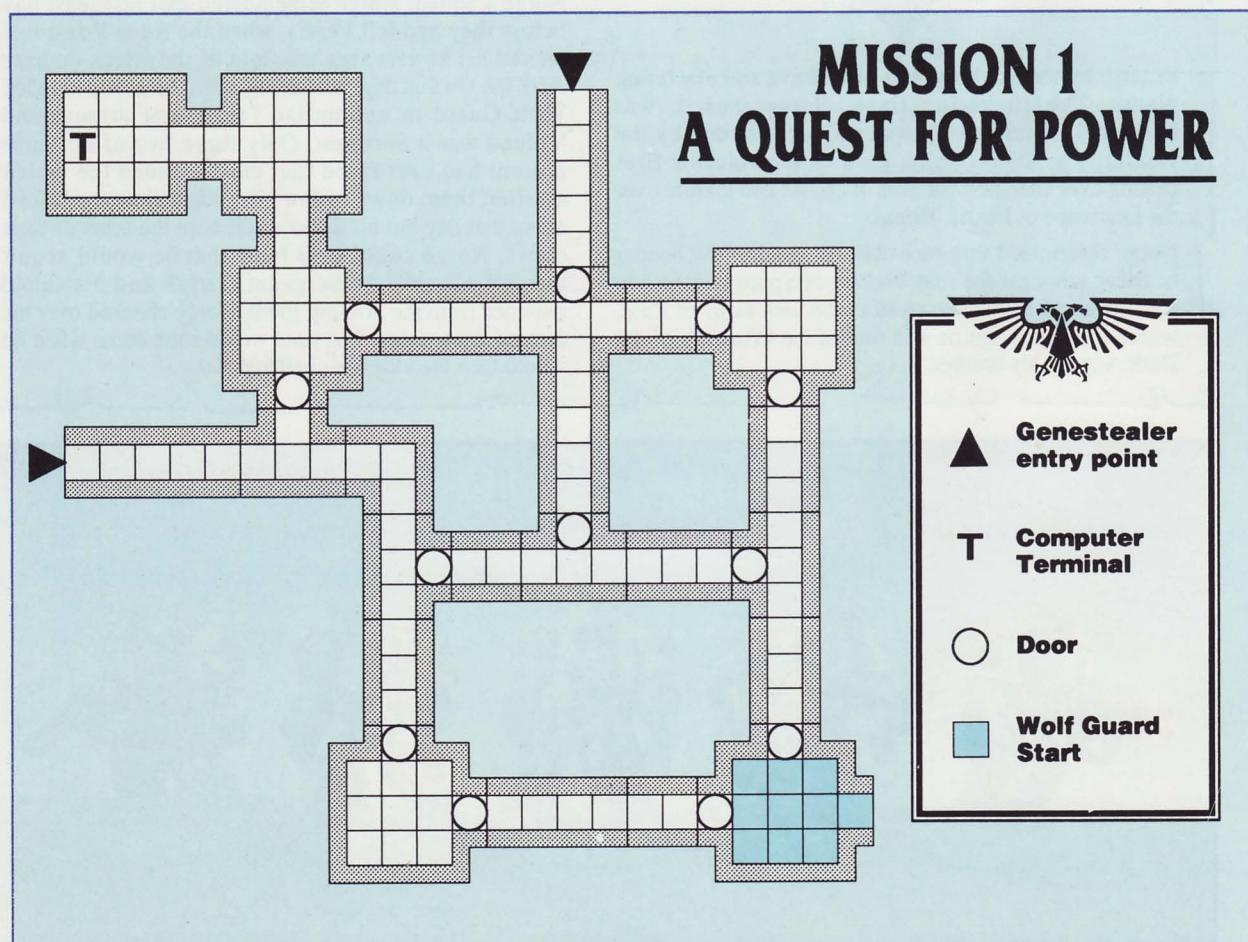
FORCES

SPACE MARINES

The Space Marine player has a standard Wolf Guard Squad.

GENESTEALERS

The Genestealer player starts with 2 Blips and receives 2 Blips as reinforcements per turn. These are taken from the standard Space Hulk Blip set.



DEPLOYMENT

SPACE MARINES

The Wolf Guard Squad starts on the marked room section.

GENESTEALERS

The Genestealer starting force is 1 Blip per entry point.

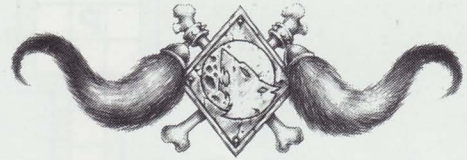
The reinforcements enter play as 1 Blip per entry point each turn.

SPECIAL RULES

To access the information from the computer, the room must be cleared of all Genestealers. A member of the Wolf Guard must stand in the square directly in front of the terminal and spend 4 APs or 4 CPs, without interruption.

ENDING THE MISSION

The mission ends when the information has been accessed. At this point all remaining members of the Wolf Guard Squad will be teleported back to the ship, the mission will be a victory, and valuable information will be gained. If all



members of the squad are killed before the information is gained, the mission and the entire Campaign will have failed! The Great Company's honour will always be tarnished by this humiliating defeat.



2 - HONOUR BOUND

Sergeant Janeck paused before giving the order to teleport. Squad Harrek had successfully retrieved the information concerning the whereabouts of the battle standard and the planetary defence systems. However, the Genestealers were now aware that they were under attack and would not be caught by surprise. Janeck's squad would be appearing in the midst of the chaos sparked off by Harrek's attack.

The battle standard had been moved into the barracks of the Imperial Guard when the latest Governor had taken up residence. However, its exact resting place was unknown. His men would have to search a number of rooms to find it, while more and more Genestealers would be closing in for the kill.

The honour of the Space Wolves was at stake and it was down to his squad to keep that honour alive. With his heart full of pride, Janeck gave the order to teleport.

OBJECTIVES

The Space Marine player is attempting to locate the battle standard and teleport it away. The Genestealer player will be trying to stop this.

FORCES

SPACE MARINES

The Space Marine player has a standard Wolf Guard Squad.

The Genestealer player starts with 6 Blips and receives 2 Blips as reinforcements per turn. These are taken from the standard Space Hulk Blip set.

DEPLOYMENT

SPACE MARINES

The Wolf Guard Squad starts on the marked corridor section.

The Genestealer starting force is placed as 1 Blip per room. The reinforcements enter play as 1 Blip per entry point per turn.

SPECIAL RULES

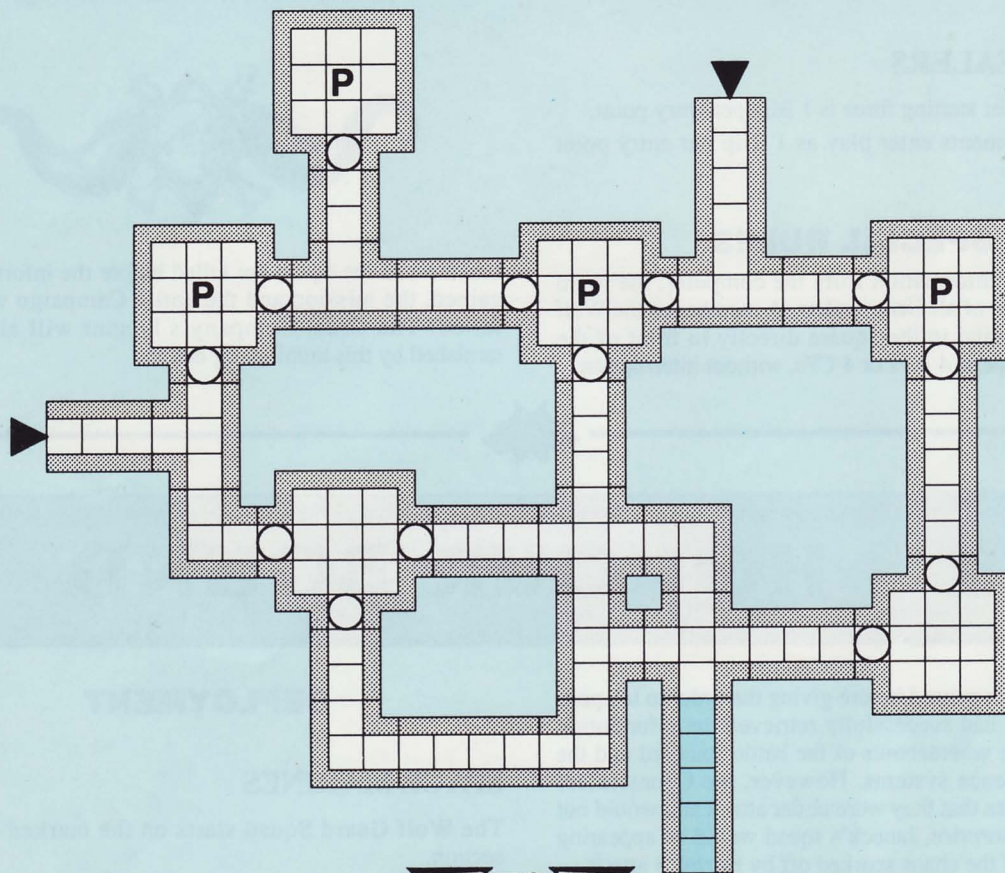
To find the standard, each room must be cleared of Genestealers and then 1 AP or 1 CP used to scan the room. A die roll of 6 is required to find the standard in the first room searched. This is then reduced to a 5 or 6 in the second room, and reduced to a 4, 5 or 6 in the third. If the standard is not found in the third room, it will automatically be in the fourth. Once the standard is found, the Wolf Guard who located it will spend another 2 APs or CPs to pick it up before the squad is teleported away.

ENDING THE MISSION

The mission ends when the standard has been retrieved. At this point all remaining members of the Wolf Guard Squad will be teleported back to the ship. The mission will be a victory and honour will be saved. If all members of the Squad are killed before the standard is found, the mission will have failed. Although the Campaign can still be completed, the honour of the Great Company will be tainted with this failure.



MISSION 2 HONOUR BOUND



Genestealer entry point

P

Possible Standard room



Door



Wolf Guard Start



3 - TERMINUS

Norge glanced over at Sergeant Tarl. The information concerning the location of the planetary defence control terminals had been found. Now the success of the mission rested on their shoulders.

The final task was to deactivate the three terminals and thus clear the way for the virus bombs.

Norge grinned as he closed his helmet. He quickly scanned the indicator lights on the display and saw that they were all green. He felt much happier, now the waiting was over. Soon there would only be the heat of battle and the task ahead.

WD34

Norge readied his Storm Bolter. He knew that the Genestealers were now alerted to their presence and would be massing to attack. If death awaited him below, he would die with honour. For the Emperor, and the honour of the Space Wolves of course, but mostly for his battle brothers.

OBJECTIVES

The Space Marine player is attempting to deactivate all three planetary defense terminals. The Genestealer player is trying to stop him.

FORCES

SPACE MARINES

The Space Marine player has a standard Wolf Guard Squad.

GENESTEALERS

The Genestealer player starts with 1 Blip and receives 2 Blips as reinforcements per turn. These are taken from the standard Blip set.

DEPLOYMENT

SPACE MARINES

The Wolf Guard Squad starts on the marked room section in any order.

GENESTEALERS

The Genestealer starting Blip may be placed at any entry point. The reinforcements must enter play at separate entry points.

SPECIAL RULES

The doors to the terminals are locked and the access codes are unknown, so the doors must either be attacked (a 6 needed to break through) or destroyed by a Chain Fist. The door must *not* be shot.

To deactivate a terminal, a Wolf Guard must be adjacent to it and spend 2 APs or 2 CPs without interruption

ENDING THE MISSION

The mission ends when all three terminals have been deactivated. At this point all remaining members of the Wolf Guard teleport back to the ship.

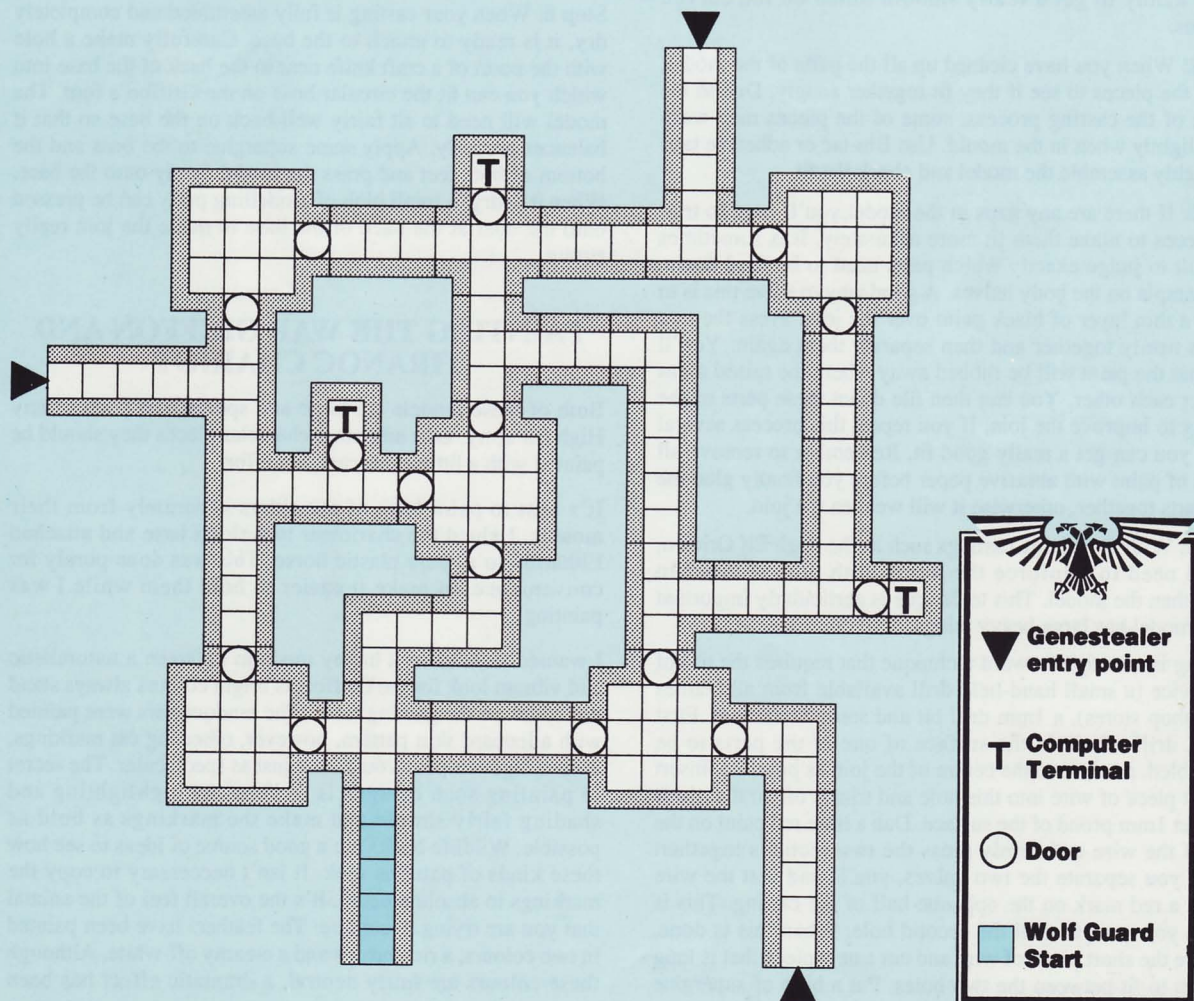
CAMPAIGN VICTORY

If all three missions are completed by the Wolf Guard, then the campaign is a major victory.

If only two terminals are deactivated and the battle standard has been retrieved, then the campaign is considered a draw.

If all members of the Squad are killed before at least two of the terminals are deactivated, even though you have recovered the battle standard, then the campaign is lost.

MISSION 3 - TERMINUS





By Mike McVey

In this month's 'Eavy Metal, Mike McVey looks at the best ways to assemble some of the range of Citadel multi-part kits. Mike has used the the High Elf War Griffon and Tiranoc chariot featured in this issue as examples, but the techniques apply equally to any multi-part kit.

THE HIGH ELF WAR GRIFFON AND TIRANOC CHARIOT

Assembling these kits is a lot of fun, but does involve a little extra time and care. If you follow this step-by-step guide, you'll find it easy to create a spectacular centrepiece for your own army.

Step 1: The first step is to clean up the individual pieces of the casting in the same way as you would any miniature. Sometimes the casting process leaves mould lines and thin pieces of metal known as 'flash' attached to the model. Carefully scrape these away with the edge of a sharp craft knife or file them flat. It is a useful tip to keep some fine sand paper handy to get a really smooth finish on the curved surfaces.

Step 2: When you have cleaned up all the parts of the model, check the pieces to see if they fit together snugly. Due to the nature of the casting process, some of the pieces may warp very slightly when in the mould. Use Blu-tac or adhesive tape to roughly assemble the model and check the fit.

Step 3: If there are any gaps in the model you'll need to trim the pieces to make them fit more accurately. It is sometimes difficult to judge exactly which parts need to be filed down, for example on the body halves. A good way to solve this is to apply a thin layer of black paint over the join. Press the two halves firmly together and then separate them again. You'll find that the paint will be rubbed away where the raised areas contact each other. You can then file down these parts of the casting to improve the join. If you repeat this process several times you can get a really good fit. Remember to remove all traces of paint with abrasive paper before you finally glue the two parts together, otherwise it will weaken the join.

Step 4: With most large castings such as the High Elf Griffon, you'll need to reinforce the joints with pins in order to strengthen the model. This technique is particularly important if the model has large heavy wings.

Pinning is a straightforward technique that requires the use of a pin vice (a small hand-held drill available from all Games Workshop stores), a 1mm drill bit and some 1mm wire. First of all, drill a hole in the surface of one of the parts to be assembled, as close to the centre of the join as possible. Insert a short piece of wire into this hole and trim it off so that there is about 1mm proud of the surface. Dab a little red paint on the end of the wire and firmly press the two sections together. When you separate the two halves, you'll find that the wire leaves a red mark on the opposite half of the casting. This is where you need to drill the second hole. When this is done, remove the short piece of wire and cut a new piece that is long enough to fit between the two holes. Put a blob of superglue

into one of the holes, insert the wire and allow this to dry for a couple of minutes. You are now ready to glue the two halves together. Give both halves of the join a thin coat of superglue and press them firmly together. Hold them in position for ten to fifteen seconds while the glue dries. Try not to apply too much glue as it won't make the join any stronger, it will just take longer to dry. You can pin the body halves together if you wish, but the wings are the parts that really do need to be pinned.

Step 5: When all the sections have been pinned, you may find that there are still some gaps between some of the joins. If they are small, then a coat of thick white paint will cover the gap. Any larger spaces can be filled with modelling putty and smoothed off in the following way. First of all, roll the putty out into a thin sausage and press it along the joint. Then use a cocktail stick to smooth the putty into the space and remove any excess. A sharpened cocktail stick is also useful to sculpt simple textures, such as fur or hair, into the putty to better disguise the join.

Step 6: When your casting is fully assembled and completely dry, it is ready to attach to the base. Carefully make a hole with the point of a craft knife near to the back of the base into which you can fit the circular boss on the Griffon's foot. The model will need to sit fairly well back on the base so that it balances properly. Apply some superglue to the boss and the bottom of both feet and press the model firmly onto the base. When it is dry, a small blob of modelling putty can be pressed onto the boss at the back of the base to make the join really strong.

PAINTING THE WAR GRIFFON AND TIRANOC CHARIOT

Both of these models are large and spectacular parts of any High Elf army. Like any other character pieces they should be painted with a little extra care and effort.

It's best to paint both of the riders separately from their mounts. I glued the charioteer to a slotta base and attached Eltharion to a spare plastic horse. This was done purely for convenience, to make it easier to hold them while I was painting.

I wanted to achieve a happy medium between a naturalistic and vibrant look for the Griffon as bright colours always stand out better on the gaming table. The hindquarters were painted with a leopard skin pattern, however, other big cat markings, such as tiger stripes, would look just as spectacular. The secret to painting such designs is to keep the highlighting and shading fairly simple and make the markings as bold as possible. Wildlife books are a good source of ideas to see how these kinds of patterns look. It isn't necessary to copy the markings in absolute detail, it's the overall feel of the animal that you are trying to capture. The feathers have been painted in two colours, a rich brown and a creamy off-white. Although these colours are fairly neutral, a dramatic effect has been

HIGH ELVES



HIGH ELF TIRANOC CHARIOT



DETAILS OF THE TIRANOC CHARIOT



CHARIOTEER



achieved by the way they've been painted in alternating bands. The feathers around the eyes are especially dark to create a dramatic effect and make the eyes really stand out. The beak and claws are picked out in bright colours to make them contrast with the more neutral tones of the feathers.

When you paint the rider, it's best to choose colours that will stand out from the beast itself. Eltharion's armour has been painted in gold with blue and white decoration and some of the details picked out in red. These simple combinations tie him in with the rest of the High Elf army yet make a good contrast to the Griffon.

The chariot is mainly constructed out of wood, and so these areas have been given a base coat of Snakebite Leather, highlighted with Orc Brown. A realistic wood grain effect was achieved by painting on really fine lines of Skaven Brown Ink

down the length of the wood. Make sure that you use a brush with a very fine tip and that it's not overloaded with ink. To contrast with the wood, the detail on the chariot was picked out in bright blues and yellows with smaller areas of white and bright red. These colours have been repeated on the charioteer himself and the two horses, to create a visual link between the different parts. The overall effect is of a very bright and clean model which ties in well with the rest of the High Elf troops.

The decoration on the charioteer echoes the blue and yellow scheme of the chariot itself and contrasts well with the bright red and white horse-hair plume. Painting the interior of his cloak deep green helps to make the rest of the miniature stand out. Dark shading around the face creates a particularly dramatic effect and gives the miniature a tough battle hardened look.

SAVAGE ORCS

Savage Orcs have a wild, primitive look that is very different to the usual, heavily armoured Orc warriors. Their naked flesh is painted and tattooed with primitive designs, and their bodies are decorated with bones, bangles and the shrunk heads of their enemies. Savage Orcs wield crude weapons, fashioned from wood and stones that have been roughly lashed together. The only clothes they wear are the skins of animals, which further adds to their fearsome appearance.

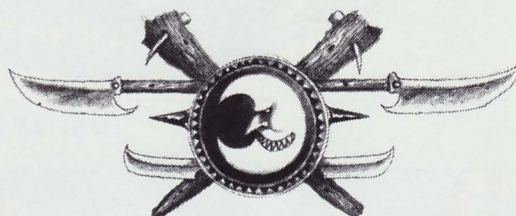
Units of Savage Orcs provide a colourful contrast to the usual metal-clad Orcs that make up most of the rank and file of an Orc and Goblin army. Their un-regimented appearance gives them a lively sense of action and they look very dynamic on the tabletop. These miniatures are covered in decoration and there is plenty of opportunity to invent creative colour schemes. There are also lots of areas of wood and fur on the models and it's best to paint these in strong bold colours to make them look wild and interesting.

Weapons and Furs

All of the weapons were given a base coat consisting of a mixture of Snakebite Leather and Blood Red paint. I then applied a wash of Skaven Brown ink and highlighted this with Hobgoblin Orange. The stone parts of the weapon were painted to resemble flint to make them look realistic and threatening. First of all, a base coat of Chaos Black was applied and then the sharp edges were picked out, initially in Elf Grey and then with Skull White. This gives the weapons a sharp and dangerous look but retains the primitive feel that is characteristic of the models.

The animal skins were painted in bright, strong colours with lots of distinctive markings. These were rendered in strong colours that contrasted well with the fur. The tiger skin is a good example. The whole pelt is first given a base coat of Spearstaff Brown, which is then shaded down with Rust Brown Ink. The ink was applied towards the edges of the area, leaving the base coat showing in the centre. This was then highlighted with Skull White to pick out the fur texture. To create deeper shading in the furthest recesses, take a fine brush and apply Skaven Brown ink sparingly to the fur areas, then blend this into the fur with a second, slightly wet brush. The stripes are painted on with Chaos Black, in broad bands tapering to a fine point. Try not to space the stripes too close together or add too many as you'll start to obscure the base colour and darken the overall effect.

The main types of decoration on the Savage Orcs are bones and teeth, often strung together to form crude necklaces or primitive clothing. These were painted by first applying a base coat of Skaven Brown ink mixed with Chaos Black in order to create some really sharp contrast. The main colour consisted of Bleached Bone mixed with a little Snakebite Leather to deepen the tone and finally this was highlighted with Bleached Bone mixed with Skull White.



War Paint and Tattoos

The main features of the Savage Orcs which really give them character, are their warpaint and tattoos. Red and blue are the colours that work best as they provide the strongest contrast with the green colour of Orc skin. Even though all the models are individuals with no set uniform, they are visually linked together by the colour of the warpaint, weapons and shields.

As large portions of the faces are going to be covered with warpaint, it's best to give only a basic highlight to the skin when it is first painted. Once the warpaint has been applied, it can then be highlighted in the same places as normal, across the cheekbones, the brows, nose, bottom lip and chin. The markings on the faces of our models consists of bold, geometric designs, such as triangles, bands and zig-zags. Be as inventive as you like and use bright colours and striking patterns.

The tattoos on the body are made up of pictograms repeated in a symmetrical pattern over the largest areas of bare flesh. Skulls, bones, snakes and lightning bolts are fairly common patterns, but there are plenty of other suitable devices. It's best not to make them over-complex as they will become unrecognisable. It's a good idea to stick to one design on a model, any more and the overall effect will be lost. The main feature which gives the Savage Orcs their character is the strong, bold way in which they utilise colours and markings. Similar devices to the tattoos are also used on their shields, and even though each one has a different device and patterned rim, they are linked together by the connected colours.

HEAVY METAL

SAVAGE ORCS

Savage Orcs are wild fighters, whooping and screaming as they charge into the attack. They wear wild animal skins and cover their bodies in tattoos and warpaint, which they believe will protect them from enemy arrows and sword blows.



ARRER BOY



WITH SPEAR



WITH SPEAR



ARRER BOYZ



WITH CLUB



WITH STONE AXE



WITH SPIKEY CLUB



WITH SPIKEY CLUB



WITH STONE CLUB



ARRER BOYZ

STONE TROLLS



HIGH ELVES



HIGH ELF SHADOW WARRIORS



HIGH ELF SWORD MASTERS OF HOETH



HIGH ELF PHOENIX GUARDS

WARHAMMER[®]

40,000



SPACE WOLVES LONG FANGS



Long Fangs are battle-scarred veterans of countless wars. Armed with missile launchers, lascannons and other heavy weapons, they are able to lay down an awesome hail of fire to strike down their foes at long range. Standing proud and steady on the battlefield, they are a source of inspiration to their battle-brothers, as they use their experience to temper the younger and more headstrong Space Wolves.

This box contains a complete battle-squad of five Long Fangs Space Marine models. These metal miniatures are supplied with separate plastic arms, backpacks and bolters, as well as four metal heavy weapons. Also included in this box is a Space Wolves transfer sheet. This provides all the markings you need to complete your Space Wolves Long Fangs' squad plus a number of honour badges and distinctions.



Miniatures designed by
Jes Goodwin
Miniatures supplied unpainted.

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SPACE WOLVES LONG FANGS



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HIGH ELF WAR GRIFFON



Griffons are large flying creatures with the forequarters of a ferocious bird of prey and the hindquarters of a great hunting cat such as a lion or tiger. Although they normally inhabit the tallest crags of the Worlds Edge Mountains, a few have been taken from their nests and raised in captivity. Only the mightiest of Heroes are able to ride Griffons into battle, where their razor sharp claws and hooked beak can rend their foes apart. High Elves are particularly renowned for their mastery over these awesome beasts.

MARAUDER
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This Miniature requires a degree of modelling skill
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SPACE MARINE TERMINATORS

WOLF GUARD



The Wolf Guard are the elite Space Marine warriors of the Space Wolf Great Company. The Wolf Guard fight alongside the Wolf Lord in the thick of battle, ready to give their lives to protect their leader. A Space Wolf can only become a member of the Wolf Guard by performing an exceptional feat of heroism such as single-handedly storming an enemy strongpoint or by slaying a mighty foe in hand-to-hand combat.

This boxed set contains a squad of Space Marine Terminators of the Space Wolves Wolf Guard. The squad consists of one Wolf Guard Sergeant and four Wolf Guard. These models are supplied with separate arms allowing you to create a variety of different poses. Also included in the box is a Space Wolf transfer sheet containing enough wolf head company markings for all five Terminators, plus army and personal honour badges.



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SPACE HULK



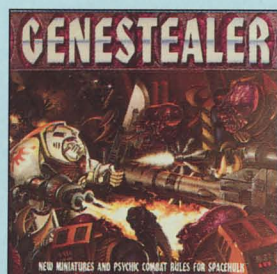
Space Hulk is a tabletop boardgame set in the nightmare world of the 41st Millennium. The action takes place aboard massive derelict spaceships known as Space Hulks, in which terrifying aliens called Genestealers are invading Human Space. Only the Space Marines are strong enough to prevent the Genestealers from destroying the entire galaxy.

One player takes the role of the Space Marines, equipped with awesome weaponry and massive Terminator armour. These super-human warriors are devoted to eliminating the most fearsome of the Emperor's enemies. The other player takes control of the Genestealers – fast, vicious and super-strong alien creatures with giant claws, capable of tearing through the Space Marines' extra-strong armour. The game uses special interlocking board sections which can be combined in many different ways to represent different areas of the Space Hulk. The complete range of Space Hulk products is available from your Games Workshop store, including new Missions and a wide selection of metal Genestealers and Space Marines in Terminator armour.



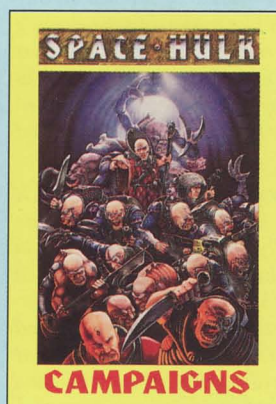
DEATHWING

Deathwing is an expansion set for Space Hulk and is packed with new rules, missions and playing pieces, including 8 Genestealers and 4 Space Marines.



GENESTEALER

Genestealer is the game of psychic combat in Space Hulk. It is full of new playing pieces including 5 Space Marine Librarians and 10 Genestealer Hybrids.



SPACE HULK CAMPAIGNS

This book includes four complete campaigns – linked series of four to six missions where the outcome of each mission affects your overall chances of success. You can also play all the campaign missions as one-off games.

Expansion rules cover Space Marines in Power Armour, new weapons and grenades as well as the deadly Traitor Terminators.



GENESTEALER



SPACE MARINE IN
TERMINATOR ARMOUR



SPACE MARINE LIBRARIAN



GENESTEALER HYBRID

WARHAMMER®

40,000

THE FANGS OF THE WOLF

By Andy Chambers and Jervis Johnson

This month's battle is a deadly combat between the Space Wolves Space Marines and a fanatical Ork warband led by the infamous Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka.

"My head hurts," muttered Brother Hendriksen of the Blood Claws. His bolt pistol clicked as he checked the action. "I should never have eaten that curried goat."

"Quiet, boy," said Ragnar Blackmane softly. His commanding voice cut through the chuckles of the other Blood Claws and they fell silent. "I think I can see movement over there by the Predator."

Ragnar gazed blearily into the distance. The last of the morning mist shimmered over the rubble of the old colony town. In moments it would vanish like a ghost in the dawn's warming light. The Predator armoured vehicle was just visible. Good, he could reclaim the vital plans and be back in camp before breakfast. And let the heavens help any green-skinned scum that got in his way. Ragnar was not in a good mood.

His head hurt. His tongue felt furry. His nose was blocked. If only the command to move out had not come during the Great Toasting of Russ. Normally no amount of ale would have made him feel this bad but the Great Toasting required the Wolf Lord to quaff a barrel of Madjack ale in celebration of the day the Emperor found his lost son and reclaimed their Primarch. The ale was potent as a virus bomb. Ragnar had not enjoyed the bouncing ride of the Rhino that had brought them to this remote, demon-cursed spot.

Slowly his bio-engineered body dealt with the last of the vast quantity of alcohol he had consumed, just as it would any other poison. Even Ragnar's mighty system seemed stunned by the sheer quantity of it. Ragnar was consoled by the fact that none of his men could feel any better.

"Wolf Lord, there is a strong force of Orks headed this way. They are in many vehicles and my pet recognises the personal banner of Ghazghkull Thraka himself!" Ragnar recognised Brother Njal Stormcaller's voice on the comm-net. The Rune-priest's high flying cyber-raven had spotted the incoming enemy. It had been a good idea to put him on that hill on the far flank where he could guide the Long Fangs' fire.

"Look to your weapons, brothers. Give thanks to Russ for this opportunity to show your courage. Mighty is Ghazghkull. Great is his infamy. We have been given a

chance to end this scourge forever." The rasping voice of Brother Ulrik, the Wolf-priest, carried clear over the comm-net. Just the sound of it was reassuring. Ulrik had survived a thousand battles. It seemed to Ragnar that he had known the old man for his entire life. With Ulrik present, he believed nothing could go wrong. Ragnar knew that the Blood Claws and Grey Hunters who would follow Ulrik into the ruins of the old Imperial temple would feel the same way.

The sound of Ghazghkull's name brought Ragnar to full alertness. Ghazghkull was an evil legend throughout this part of the galaxy, as infamous a villain as had ever led an Ork army. He had been responsible for the devastation on Hive World Armageddon. He had welded together the massive Orkish coalition that had conquered most of this dry desert world of Golgotha. He was the fiercest and mightiest of all Ork warlords, worshipped like a god by his savage followers. He was said to be one of the deadliest hand-to-hand combatants that had ever lived, a crack shot with any weapon, a ruthless slayer of innumerable foes.

Ragnar almost howled with joy. Long had he wished to measure himself against this legendary conqueror. Ghazghkull was a foe worthy of him. Slaying Ghazghkull would ensure Ragnar's name lived forever in the Sagas.

Now, in the distance, Ragnar could hear the thunder of engines. Two, maybe three bikes, he thought. An Ork war buggy and something bigger. He could picture the mad bouncing progress of the Ork vehicles in his mind's eye.

A huge force of Goffs came into view near the ruined temple. It was possible they might even reach the Predator first. The chatter of unleashed bolter fire filled the air, echoing through the rubble of the buildings.

"What's that?" asked Brother Hendriksen. "Are they shooting at us?"

"No, boy," said Ragnar. "They are just letting off some rounds out of high spirits!" He patched himself into the comm-net.

"Get ready, brother-wolves. This will be a mighty fray. The head of Ghazghkull Thraka is mine."

INTRODUCTION

It's been a long time since we've printed a Warhammer 40,000 battle report in White Dwarf. In fact the last one was in issue 141 when we featured a struggle between the Blood Angels Space Marines and Eldar of the Alaitoc Craftworld.

The recent publication of the Space Wolf army list provided us with an excellent opportunity to get out our newly painted Space Wolf army and pit it against our growing Ork horde. Adrian Wild, our modelling expert, has also been busily constructing a number of brand new terrain pieces to add to our Warhammer 40,000 collection and this battle would give us our first chance to set them out on the tabletop. Jervis Johnson, long time foe of the Imperium, volunteered to play the Orks and I took command of the renowned Wolf brethren.

We played the game on one of our 8'x4' tables here at the studio. After setting up the table, we played the game over the course of an afternoon. We kept notes of moves and casualties as we went for later reference. Due to the difficulties of taking decent pictures of a game in progress we took a few polaroids of the action and re-shot the photos for this article some time later, with proper lighting and cameras. This technique allows us to have an uninterrupted game and still get the best pictures. We decided to play this game with some simple victory conditions to liven it up and these are detailed below.

Of course, the first thing we needed to do was set up the terrain for our battle. Most people have their own favourite ways of setting up terrain. One of the most common is to allow one player to set up all the terrain and the other player to choose which table edge he wants to deploy on. This time, Jervis and I had lots of great new ruined buildings and rocky columns built by Adrian, so we set up the terrain together, using our common sense to create an interesting battlefield. We've found that it's best to make the terrain as dense as possible in Warhammer 40,000 games. This is so that heavy weapons don't dominate the battle and turn every area of open ground into a death trap. It's a lot more fun to have your squads dashing from cover to cover exchanging bolter fire than having to stand back and pick off the enemy at long range.

If you don't have lots of pieces of terrain yourself, you can still create a close battlefield by placing what you've got towards the middle of the table. It's all too easy to leave a big open space in the middle of the table by placing all the terrain along the edges. A good terrain set-up can ensure you have a splendidly aggressive battle with infiltrations and outflanking moves, rather than a protracted long-range duel from either side of the table. In the case of our set-up, most of Adrian's new terrain is taller than the models and quite a lot of is actually the same height as the hills. By placing it towards the middle of the table, we blocked off most of the lines of sight from one edge of the battlefield to the other. This ensured we would have to advance to get to grips with each other. We then rolled dice to see who got the choice of table edge. Jervis won and picked the less hilly side shown on the map, this left me with the craters and swamp to contend with.

Once we'd sorted out the terrain, we both drew maps and noted our deployment positions on them. We normally allow troops to be placed up to 12" onto the table but not within 12" of the edges. This means you don't end up in opposite corners but should start close enough to get stuck in right away. Finally, we rolled dice to determine who got the first turn. Jervis won this roll as well and I started to get the feeling that I was going to have a bad day. To prevent too much advantage going to the player who moves first, we allow



troops to start the game in overwatch (as per the overwatch rules in Battle Manual) or hidden if they are in cover. The disadvantage of this tactic is that you have to decide whether to place troops in hiding or overwatch when you deploy. If you then get the first turn, any troops that are in overwatch aren't allowed to move!

THE SCENARIO

A Dark Angels' Predator carrying vital plans and maps of troop dispositions has been lost in no-man's-land between the Ork and Space Marine forces on the world of Golgotha. It has been located by some looting Death Skulls' Gretchin from the Ork war host and news of what it contains has reached Warlord Ghazghkull Uruk Thraka's ears.

Realising that such information falling into the hands of the notorious Ghazghkull would be tantamount to disaster, Ragnar Blackmane has been dispatched with a strike force of Space Wolves to retrieve the plans. Meanwhile Ghazghkull has also arrived in the vicinity, leading his own warband to secure the plans for himself.

To win the game, one side or the other will have to get the plans off their own table edge by either moving a model inside the Predator to get the plans and then running off with them on foot, or by moving a crew inside the Predator and driving it away. Any models which climbed aboard the Predator would forfeit their shooting phase while they either picked up the plans or got into their crew positions. The Predator is fully operational, the crew had been killed by a rogue swarm of buzz-squigs. We decided that the Orks would need to have a Mekboy or a Speed Freek onboard to supervise driving the 'oomans tank but any Space Marine could act as a crewman.

WAA GHAZGHKULL! (Jervis Johnson)

Veteran Ork commanders will probably find my Ork warband remarkably familiar. The reason for this is that I based it upon Waa Ghazghkull, Andy's Goff warband in the 'Ere We Go rule book. There are, however, a number of important differences between the two forces. The first and most obvious change is the upgrading of Ghazghkull from a simple Ork Warboss to the special character described in White Dwarf 152. At 250 points he is quite expensive, but it would have been unthinkable for Waa Ghazghkull to enter battle without their renowned leader, and his special abilities were bound to prove useful over the course of the game. He was also the only character I could have who would be able to fight Ragnar or Ulrik on anything like even terms. Ghazghkull's faithful retinue has stayed pretty much as it was in 'Ere We Go, except that in this battle I split off Gorbog (the Mekaniak) and Grotslag (the Runtherd) to form a Shokk Attack Team. I'd never used a Shokk Attack Gun before so I was looking forward to giving it a try.

The Ork Boyz mobz had undergone a fairly radical re-organisation from the ones in 'Ere We Go. This was because our experiences here at the studio showed us that small mobs of Orks are simply not as effective as large mobs. There are two reasons for this. First of all it is much cheaper to buy Orks in bulk, because each extra model bought for a mob costs only 7 points instead of the normal 10, a hefty 30% discount! Secondly, large mobs are harder to break and rout than small ones. Based on this line of reasoning the Bigmob has doubled in size from ten models in 'Ere We Go, to twenty in my warband, while all of the other mobz have at least eight models instead of only five. Admittedly the number of mobs in the warband has been drastically reduced (though this is partially due to the increased cost of Ghazghkull) but I feel that the loss in tactical flexibility is more than compensated for by the warband's increased staying power.

The final major change was the inclusion of some renegade Speed Freeks and the subsequent re-organisation of the warband's vehicles. Mechanical breakdowns are the bane of any Ork player's life, so if there is anything you can do to reduce the chances of them occurring it is well worth taking advantage of. The Speed Freeks get a 3+ saving throw against any breakdown that affects their vehicles, so they are a must for any Ork warband that doesn't want to leave a trail of defunct vehicles across the battlefield. I also took the opportunity to use a Super Heavy Ork Dreadnought from the Vehicle Manual rather than the smaller dreadnought included in the warband in 'Ere We Go.

DA PLAN

Unlike many of the Warhammer 40,000 games I had played in the past, where the objective was simply to wipe out the enemy, this game had a very specific set of victory conditions. Some how or other I had to get the plans that were in the wrecked Predator off my edge of the table in order to win the game. An added problem for my Orks was that only Mekaniaks or Speed Freeks could drive the Predator, unlike the superbly trained Space Marines who were allowed to use any of their models to perform the same action.

Bearing this in mind I decided to set up the vast bulk of my force as close to the Predator as I could get them. My largest single unit was the Goffs, so I set these up first right opposite the Predator and the full 12" in from my table edge that I was

allowed. I hoped that the Goffs would be able to overwhelm any Space Marines near the Predator, but I also wanted to use them to draw fire away from my other mobz. The Goffs, being a big unit, were perfectly capable of sustaining a large number of casualties without breaking. As they also had a lower proportion of heavy weapons than my other mobz, they would also act as a good 'skirmish' screen to lead the attack.

The next unit I set up was the Evil Sunz. These went to the left of the Goffs, partially to support their flank, but mainly because the mob included a Mekaniak, one of the few models I had who could drive the Predator. As the Evil Sunz had relatively few heavy weapons I wouldn't mind keeping them moving to support the Goffs, and if I could get the Mek into the Predator I would have the game sewn up.

By now I had set up over 30 miniatures – almost as many models as in the entire Space Marine force – and was rapidly running out of room on my left flank for further 'front line' units to take part in the attack on the Predator. Because of this I decided to use my remaining assault units – namely Ghazghkull, his retinue and the Speed Freeks – to launch a flank attack on my right. I was fairly certain that Andy would place his heavy weapons on the large hill facing the right hand side of my table, where they would have a good line of sight to the Predator and I hoped that my fast moving mechanised units would be able to overrun this position. Then they could sweep on round behind the Space Marines who would be attacking the Predator and fall on them from behind.

The next two units I set up were my Death Skulls and the Shokk Attack Gun team. These units were equipped with heavy weapons and would provide almost all of the supporting fire for the attack. I therefore placed them on the two hills on my edge of the table where they could see as much of the battlefield as possible. The Gretchin joined the Shokk Attack Gun Team on the hill on my left to act as a screen for that weapon (we used the optional rule about choosing a target on page 19 of the Battle Manual, which meant that Andy would have to fire on the closer Gretchin before he could shoot at the Shokk Attack Gun itself) while the Death Skulls were set up in cover on the rocky hill that they occupied. I hoped that neither unit would have to move at all over the course of the battle from these dominating and well protected positions. This meant that they would be able to keep up a constant barrage of fire with their heavy weapons.

This left me with the Bad Moons and the dreadnought to set up. As I didn't have enough room to fit them in the front line with my Evil Sunz and Goffs, I decided to place them in support, just behind the main attacking mobz. The Bad Moons heavy weapons were placed on the same hill as the Shokk Attack Gun so they could provide extra supporting fire. This meant that my Weirdboy was at the back of my warband rather than near the front, where he would be most useful, but I didn't really have much choice in the matter as there simply wasn't anywhere else useful to put him.

My overall plan, then, was a simple and direct one, as befits a large but unwieldy army like the Orks. My Goffs and Evil Sunz, supported by the Bad Moons, would rush forward and swamp any Space Marines near the Predator. The Evil Sunz Mekaniak would then grab the plans and either drive or run with them for my edge of the table. On the right Ghazghkull, his retinue and the Speed Freeks would overrun the large hill opposite my right and then swing round in support of the attack on the Predator. Finally, the Shokk Attack Gun and Death Skulls would lay down heavy weapons fire in support of these two attacks and try to force the Space Marines to keep their heads down.

GHAZGHKULL THRAKA'S ORK WARBAND



GROTNOB'S MOB



Grotnob – Drillboss, plasma pistol, power armour, bolt pistol. **3 Death Skulls** – flak armour bolters. **2 Death Skulls** – flak armour, heavy bolters, bolt pistols. **2 Death Skulls** – flak armour, heavy stubbers, bolt pistols. **1 Death Skull** – flak armour, heavy plasma gun, bolt pistol.



BIGMOB



15 Goffs – flak armour, bolters, bolt pistol & frag stikk bomz. **5 Skarboyz** – flak armour, bolters, bolt pistols & frag stikk bomz (1 with a heavy plasma gun and 1 with a heavy bolter)



GROG'S MOB



Grog – Drillboss, flak armour, bolt pistol, power fist. **7 Evil Sunz** – flak armour, bolters, bolt pistols. **1 Evil Sun** – flak armour, multi-melta, bolt pistol. **Mekaniak** – flak armour, kustom meltagun, bolt pistol, refraktor



MORGOG'S MOB



Weirdboy – flak armour. **2 Minderz** – flak armour bolters.



Morgog – Bigboss, power armour, kombi-weapon. **8 Bad Moons** – flak armour, bolters. **1 Bad Moon** – flak armour, lascannon, bolt pistol. **1 Bad Moon** – flak armour, autocannon, bolt pistol.



SHOKK ATTACK TEAM



Mekaniak – flak armour, Shokk Attack Gun, bolt pistol.



Runtherd: flak armour, bolt pistol, whip. **4 Snotling bases**



Gretchin: 5 Goff Gretchin – blunderbusses

SPEED FRECKS

Kaptain – flak armour, bolt pistol. **5 Speed Frecks** – flak armour, bolt pistols.

1 Warbuggy

2 Warbikes

1 Wartrak

GHAZGHKULL'S RETINUE

Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka and **Makari** – kustom meltagun, kustom bolter, power sword.

Nobz Retinue: **6 Goff Nobz** – power armour, boltguns, bolt pistols, power fists, bionik bitz, frag and krak stikkbomz, buzz bombs, knives clubs and swords etc. **1 Painboy**.

Ghazghkull's Battlewagon

1 Super Heavy Dreadnought

Total Army Value

1998

THE SPACE WOLF BATTLEPLAN (Andy Chambers)

**“Give them death in the name of Russ! Feed the Wolf!”
(Brother Ulrik’s battle cry.)**

This would be the first time for ages that I’d fought a Warhammer 40,000 battle against the Orks. I knew that Jervis’s Ork force was very numerous, and would include a bigmob of about twenty Goffs and several other large mobz! of boyz. Warbikes and Wartraks would doubtless also be in evidence, as well as a Dreadnought or two. Against this major force of Orks I could muster only a handful of Space Wolf squads, one of Blood Claws, one of Grey Hunters and one of Long Fangs. Fortunately, I could call upon the not inconsiderable prowess of Ragnar Blackmane, Brother Ulrik, Njal Storm Caller and the Wolf Guard to toughen up the wolf brothers. I was tempted to include some brother marines from the Ultramarines or the Blood Angels to increase my firepower. However, the number of troops the Orks would field and the closeness of the terrain meant close combat was inevitable and I decided that a purely Space Wolf force would be better suited to fighting its way to the objective and back.

After totalling up the value of my three squads I began to add on the extra points for weapon upgrades and changes to my units. I equipped the Blood Claws with a particularly deadly combination of close combat weapons such as power fists, plasma pistols, hand flamers, power swords and the like. I also equipped five of my Grey Hunters with assorted close combat weapons. The Long Fangs’ sergeant was armed with a power axe and one of their heavy bolters was upgraded to a lascannon to give them some extra punch against any Ork vehicles or Dreadnoughts. The additional cost of these weapon upgrades meant that I’d spent over half of my 2000 points on squads but I thought that it was well worth the cost. I toyed with the idea of using some vehicle support such as our Blood Angel Land Speeder or Dreadnought but I had a feeling the terrain was a bit too tight to risk running into Orks at close quarters. If they were equipped with Krak stikkbomz the results would be very painful.

Next I added on the points for Ragnar, Ulrik and Njal – it cost another 550 points for these personalities but I felt confident that they would pay for themselves once battle was joined. Ragnar in particular is very tough in hand-to-hand combat and very difficult to shoot because of his special ability which allows him to dodge incoming fire. Brother Ulrik would ensure I had no morale problems and he came equipped with deadly virus and toxin grenades – particularly potent weapons against Orks. Njal’s powerful psychic abilities would also hopefully help to redress the balance against the Orkish hordes. His Wind Blast ability would be especially useful against closely-packed boyz mobz!. I spent the bulk of my remaining points on four Wolf Guard in Terminator armour, arming one with a heavy flamer and one with the rightly feared assault cannon.

I couldn’t quite afford the Wolf Guard sergeant, so I used my remaining points to buy extra equipment. I bought the Long Fangs a supply of plasma missiles and supplied Krak grenades to five of the Grey Hunters. I gave Photon Flash Flares to the Blood Claws (these are particularly useful for close combat troops as they can be used at close quarters without fear of accidentally blinding the Space Marines) and finally grenade harnesses loaded with Frag grenades for two of the Wolf Guard. I reckoned the grenade harnesses would be highly effective for clearing away swarms of Ork boyz at close quarters. This gobbled up my remaining points nicely, so now I just had to organise my troops for the task in hand.

I decided to break the Grey Hunters and Blood Claws down into battle squads which would supply me with a total of 5 five-man squads. I also divided the squads so as to ensure that I obtained the best mixture of weapons. For example, the Grey Hunters were split into one battle squad armed with bolters and Krak grenades led by a veteran and the other armed with bolters and close combat weapons led by the sergeant. I decided to divide the Wolf Guard amongst the Grey Hunters and Blood Claws so that one would accompany each battle squad. This would give each squad, in effect, a small Dreadnought to support them!

THE BATTLE PLAN

I didn’t have too much time to think about my plan and deployment, so I decided to take a direct approach to the problem. I wanted to start the game with as large a part of my force hidden as possible. This would enable me to avoid taking too many casualties if the Orks won the first turn. This strictly limited where I could deploy because the hidden units have to be placed in cover.

I knew that because the Orks vastly outnumbered me, I would need to avoid big attritional gun battles at all costs and use plenty of cover to cut down on the effectiveness of the Orks’ fire. Of course, the Space Wolves truly excel at close combat, so I had no fears about getting to grips with the Orks at close quarters, even though sheer weight in numbers can sometimes bring down the toughest individual.

I placed Ragnar with a battle squad of Blood Claws in hiding behind the low hill next to the swamp. They were supported by Wolf Guard Olaf, armed with the heavy flamer. I reasoned that this squad would be the one most likely to get into close combat with the Orks, hence the placement of Ragnar and Olaf here. Also hidden amongst the craters behind the ruined temple, I placed the Grey Hunter battle squad armed with close combat weapons and the other Blood Claw battle squad. These were accompanied by Brother Ulrik plus Thorolf and Gunnar.

I placed the Long Fangs on overwatch up on the rocky hill on my left flank. From here they would have a good field of fire across the battlefield and also some cover against enemy fire. I placed the other battle squad of Grey Hunters (also in overwatch) on the slopes behind them to guard the Long Fangs’ flank against any Orks who tried to sweep round the rocks. I also reinforced this group with Njal Storm Caller and Wolf Guard Egil because they were rather out on a limb.

The plan was for Ragnar and the Blood Claws to rush forward and seize the Predator and either drive off in it or grab the plans and run. In either case they would first head off behind the ruins (because they afforded more cover) and then off the edge of the table. The two squads in the craters behind the ruined temple would first move into the temple itself and supply covering fire for Ragnar. From there they could then either charge out to help Ragnar get to the plans or fight a rearguard action as Ragnar and the Blood Claws pulled back after seizing the plans.

The Long Fangs had a reasonable line of fire through the ruins and to the rocky hill in the centre of the Orks line, so they could supply long range fire support by shooting at any Orks loitering around with heavy weapons and pick off any vehicles they could see. I had bought plasma missiles for the two Long Fangs missile launchers, so I also had the option of dropping a curtain of plasma in front of the Orks if they massed in one area.

RAGNAR BLACKMANE'S SPACE WOLVES



Ragnar Blackmane: Space Wolf Lord – power armor, bolt pistol, chainsword, frag and krak grenades.



Ulrik the Slayer: Wolf Priest – bolt pistol, plasma pistol, crozius, frag, krak and virus and toxin grenades.



Njal Stormcaller: Rune Priest – power armor, bolt pistol, force rod, frag and krak grenades.

GREY HUNTER PACK

Power armour, communicator, respirator, autosenses, bolt pistol, frag grenades



Grey Hunter Sergeant – power sword, plasma pistol, bio scanner.



Grey Hunter Veteran – power fist, bolt pistol, krak grenades.



5 Grey Hunters – bolt gun, krak grenades.



3 Grey Hunters – bolt gun, (1 with power sword, 1 with chainsword, 1 with power axe).

LONG FANG PACK

Power armour, communicator, respirator, autosenses, bolt pistol, frag grenades.



Long Fang Sergeant – power axe, bolt gun (targeter).



2 Long Fangs – missile launcher (targeter and suspensors, frag, super krak and plasma missiles)



1 Long Fang – heavy bolter (targeter and suspensors, hellfire shells)

1 Long Fang – lascannon (targeter and suspensors).

BLOOD CLAW PACK

Power armour, communicator, respirator, autosenses, bolt pistol, frag, krak, and photon flare grenades



Blood Claw Sergeant – chainsword, power fist, bio scanner.



Blood Claw Veteran – hand flamer, power fist.



2 Blood Claws – hand flamer, (1 with a power sword and 1 with a chainsword)

3 Blood Claws – plasma pistol, (1 with a power sword, 1 with a chainsword and 1 with a power fist)

3 Blood Claws – 1 with a power sword, 1 with a power axe and 1 with a power fist

WOLF GUARD

Terminator armour, targeter suspensors.



Brother Olaf – heavy flamer, power fist.



Brother Egil – storm bolter, power fist, grenade harness (frag grenades).



Brother Gunnar – assault cannon, chain fist.

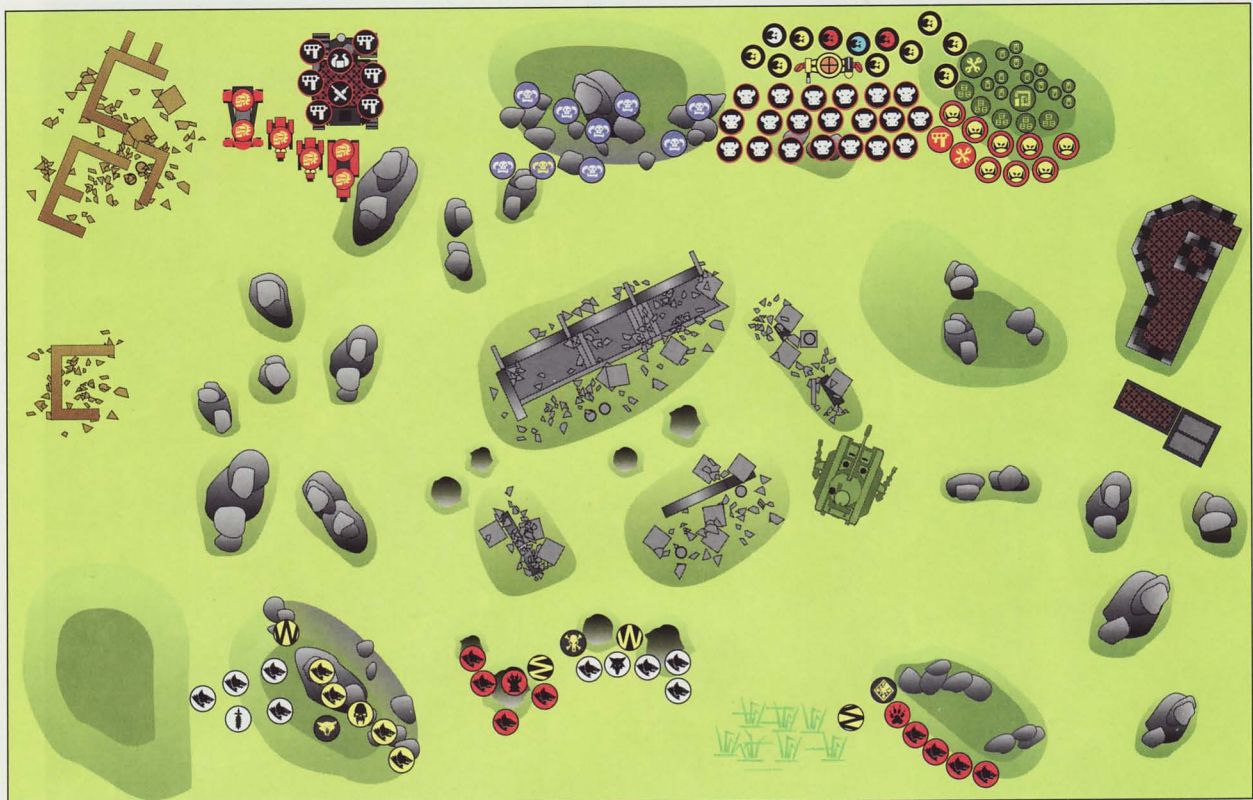


Brother Thorolf – storm bolter, chain fist, grenade harness (frag grenades).

Total Army Value

1998

DEPLOYMENT



GHAZGHKULL THRAKA'S ORK WARBAND

	Death Skulls		Speed Freeks Warbuggy
	Grotnob's Mob		
	Bigmob		Speed Freeks Warbike
	Evil Sunz		Speed Freeks Wartrak
	Grog's Mob		
	Weirdboy & Minderz		Ghazghkull's battlewagon, Nobz retinue and Painboy.
	Bad Moons		
	Morgog's Mob		
	Shokk Attack Gun		Super Heavy Dreadnought
	Runtherd & Snotlings		
	Gretchin		

RAGNAR BLACKMANE'S SPACE WOLVES

	Ragnar Blackmane Wolf Lord		BLOOD CLAWS
	Ulrik the Slayer Wolf Priest		Sergeant
	Njal Stormcaller Rune Priest		Veteran
			Blood Claw
GREY HUNTER PACK			
	Sergeant		
	Veteran		
	Grey Hunter		WOLF GUARD
			Brother Olaf
			Brother Egil
LONG FANGS PACK			
	Sergeant		Brother Gunnar
	Long Fang		Brother Thorolf





ORK TURN 1

ORK TURN 1

The Ork attack began as soon as the first pale light of dawn illuminated the horizon. Bellowing fearsome battle cries, the Goff bigmob surged forward, supported on their left by Grog and his Evil Sunz. Farther to the right, the Speed Freeks joyfully kick-started the engines of their vehicles into life and with a screech of burning rubber accelerated away to sweep round the Space Wolves' flank. The deeper rumble of Ghazghkull's battlewagon added to the cacophony of sound on the Orks' right flank as it rolled forward in support of the Speed Freeks. As the battlewagon began to gather speed, Mad Dok Grotsnik suddenly leapt to his feet. "No! No!" he cried, "Not that way Boyz! Quick, follow meeeee!" And with that he jumped off the battlewagon and charged off towards the Orks' camp to the rear of the battlefield. Ghazghkull and the rest of his retinue, well used to Grotsnik's antics, watched him head off with not a little relief. At least he wouldn't get in the way now.

Ghazghkull's attention was wrenched back to the battlefield as a hail of fire erupted from the Long Fangs and Grey Hunters hidden on the rocky hill ahead. The wartrak leading the Speed Freeks' attack swerved and flipped over, its driver torn apart by a hail of bolter shells. Frag missiles and lascannon fire tore into the Death Skulls and the advancing Goffs, killing several of them as the boyz dived for cover. These opening shots were quickly answered by the Death Skulls and Bad Moons who had been waiting in support and two of the Long

Fangs went down as autocannon shells, stubber fire and the flickering light of lascannon beams thudded into their position. The Shokk Attack Gun also whirled up to full power and launched an attack at the Long Fangs but was off-target, spilling frenzied Snotlings just short of the hill.

Even though everything was going to plan, Ghazghkull had nagging doubts. The Long Fangs and Grey Hunters were only a third of the Space Wolves force. Where were the rest of them hidden? To his left, Ghazghkull could see that the Death Skulls

were also firing towards the Predator as explosions lit the ruins as plasma bolts and heavy bolter shells smacked into the area.

SPACE WOLF TURN 1

A great howl went up as the Grey Hunters and Blood Claws leapt up from concealed positions amongst the craters and rushed forward into the ruined temple led by the Wolf Guard and Brother Ulrik. On the right, Ragnar and the other battle squad of Blood Claws sprinted towards the armoured bulk of the Predator. Almost immediately, the Space Wolves came under fire from an Ork super heavy Dreadnought directly ahead of them. Brother Thorolf took a lascannon hit which melted through his armour but miraculously failed to vapourise his flesh. One of the Blood Claws was equally lucky, his armour barely deflecting a heavy plasma blast that would have burned him to cinders. Brother Gunnar turned his assault cannon on the great metal beast, the torrent of shells



SPACE WOLVES TURN 1



THE ORKS CHARGE FORWARD TOWARDS THE PREDATOR AS RAGNAR, EGIL AND THE BLOOD CLAWS EMERGE FROM COVER.

ripped ragged gashes across its midriff until green blood spurted amongst the oil and the Dreadnought fell silent.

The Blood Claws hurled grenades at the nearby Snotlings but they all flew wide and the little gremlins scurried on madly towards them. The Long Fangs sergeant cut down several of them with bolter fire from his position on the hill but the screaming creatures seemed not to notice. Behind the sergeant the Long Fangs unleashed another volley of missiles into the Ork horde. A plasma missile exploded amongst rocks where the Death Skulls lurked, the incandescent flash making them flinch but caused no casualties.

A second plasma missile struck home amongst the Bad Moons, blossoming into a ball of fire where their heavy weapons boyz stood. One of them came staggering out of the fire but the other Ork fried where he stood. The Grey Hunters on the left flank blasted long range shots at a distant Speed Freek's warbike, but failed to hit the rider, their bolter shells ringing off the bike's sturdy frame instead.

Unnoticed by Ghazghkull and the hurtling Speed Freeks a black winged shape swooped between the rocks. Njal Storm Caller gazed down through the eyes of Night Wing, his psyber-raven, at the rapidly approaching Ork column. Realizing that he had to slow them down before they broke through onto the Long Fangs' flank, he concentrated his mind. A nimbus of crackling light grew around him as he exerted his powers to summon a great wind storm. A tumultuous blast suddenly engulfed the warbikes, clogging their engines and blinding their riders with flying dust. Caught in the elemental power of the blast, the Orks could do little more than cling onto their stalled bikes in the teeth of the howling gale.





ORK TURN 2

ORK TURN 2

Enraged at the sight of the hated Space Wolves and incensed by the death of their companions, the Goff bigmob went into the dreaded Goff Battle Rage. With a great howl, they bounded forward firing their bolters in a deadly explosive arc. Grog and the Evil Sunz approached more cautiously, attempting to pin down Ragnar and his bodyguard of Blood Claws with their bolter fire. The Bad Moons rushed forward to

support the Goffs, dragging their protesting and struggling Weirdboy with them as they went. Hauled forward and surrounded on all sides by frenzied Goffs and Bad Moons, the Weirdboy started to shake and gibber as he sucked up the psychic energy of the Orks like a sponge. Sparks and weird lights began to shoot out of his mouth and ears, but his minders held him fast and gripped him tight. There were too many Orks in between the Weirdboy and the Space Wolves to allow him to unleash one of his strange and powerful attacks just yet.

Behind the ruined temple, the frenzied Snotlings pounced on a nearby Blood Claw, who kept them at bay with sweeps of his chainsword and sprayed them with liquid fire from his hand flamer.

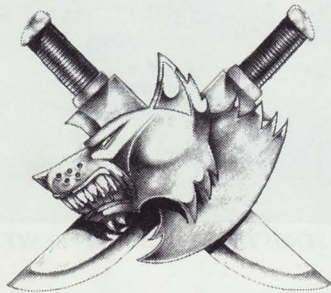
Ragnar also found himself engulfed by another horde of Snotlings launched at him by the Shokk Attack Gun, but the tiny creatures proved no match for his battle skills and he cut his way through them without breaking his stride.



GHAZGHKULL'S RETINUE NOBZ ATTEMPT TO DISLODGE THE LONG FANGS FROM THEIR POSITION ON TOP OF THE HILL.
WD56

On the Orks' right flank the only vehicles that could move were the war buggy and the battlewagon, the two warbikes remaining firmly in place, paralysed by Njal's wind blast. Dipping and weaving, the war buggy hurtled towards the Space Wolves silhouetted up on the hill. Ecstatic from the speed and noise, the driver expertly avoided the incoming fire from the Space Wolves before his gunner unleashed a wildly inaccurate melta blast over the heads of his tormentors. Meanwhile, Ghazghkull's battlewagon roared up beside the war buggy and came screeching to a halt as the retinue Nobz piled out and started to blaze away at the Grey Hunters on the hill. It seemed impossible that anyone could survive the hail of bolter shells and heavy weapons fire that rained down on the Space Wolves as the entire Ork battleline let fly with every weapon they had. However, the Orks were gripped by a battle rage and their fire, never very accurate, was even wilder than usual.

Expertly taking advantage of every scrap of cover, their lightning fast reactions allowing them to dodge and weave away from danger, the Space Wolves took everything the Orks could throw at them and came through it almost unscathed. Only two Wolf brothers fell to the massed fire of the Orks. The tide of battle was starting to turn in the Space Wolves' favour.



SPACE WOLF TURN 2

Ragnar weaved forward through the chaos of explosions and bolter fire to reach the Predator, from where he paused to hurl a frag grenade into the advancing Goffs, blowing three of them to pieces. Behind him two of the Blood Claws leapt into the Predator to retrieve the plans, their brothers rushing forward to throw photon flares amongst the nearby Evil Sunz Orks. The grenades flashed blinding white like miniature suns and sent the Orks stumbling back clutching at their eyes. Brother Olaf advanced with the Blood Claws, hosing liquid fire over the Goffs that had made it to the rubble, turning two into guttering torches.

The squads in the ruined temple took up positions in the rubble and blasted the advancing Goffs with bolter fire and frag grenades to support Ragnar's advance. Brother Ulrik hurled his virus bomb into the battle-maddened Orks as

they spilled into the ruins. However, the normally deadly bacillus proved weak and only one of the Orks succumbed to it. Thorolf and Gunnar stepped forward into the breach and carved bloody arcs through the horde with their storm bolter and assault cannon to keep the Orks back. The Blood Claw fighting the Snotlings behind the ruins finally cut down the last of the tiny burning figures with his chainsword.



On the left the Long Fangs hit the Death Skulls Orks with another plasma missile, the incandescent flames burning through both Orks and rocks with equal abandon. The Grey Hunters guarding their flank, advanced to attack Ghazghkull and his Nobz head on. As they moved forward, Brother Egil stepped around one of the rock columns and tripped his grenade harness to send three frag grenades looping into the Nobz with deceptive grace. The frag grenades exploded with shocking violence, slaying two of the Nobz instantly and almost decapitating the Ork gunner on the war buggy as he tried to bring his multi melta to bear on Egil's hulking, armoured figure. The staccato bark of Egil's stormbolter cut through the roaring explosions as he cut down another Nob and the buggy driver.

It was all too much for the surviving Nobz. Ignoring Ghazghkull's bellowed threats, they ran for cover behind the battlewagon. The triumphant Grey Hunters shot down another Nob as he fled and hurled Krak grenades at the battlewagon, but the grenades did little more than gouge chunks out of the vehicle's thick armour. The battlewagon driver briefly gunned his engine in anticipation of running down these annoying humies before a Krak missile from the Long Fangs tore off the battlewagon's front wheel, sending it slewing sideways before it skidded to a halt. Brows knitted with concentration, Njal maintained his stormwind against the warbikes, holding them fast amidst a swirling vortex of dust.



SPACE WOLVES TURN 2



BATTLE ERUPTS AROUND THE PREDATOR AS THE POWER OF THE WAAARGH! SENDS THE ORKS INTO A FRENZY.

ORK TURN 3

Ghazghkull knew that he had to do something soon otherwise the battle would be lost. Raising his eyes skyward, he concentrated his mental energies and called on Mork and Gork to aid him. They answered his call as they had done so many times before. Filled with the strange energy of the savage Ork gods, Ghazghkull bellowed his defiance at the Space Wolves, his cry being taken up by Ork after Ork, until the shouted WAAARGH! resounded all over the battlefield. Well, maybe not quite all of the battlefield. At the back of the Ork army, Grotnob and his Death Skulls grabbed the opportunity to shoulder their weapons and start scavenging for loot now that no-one was watching them. They would play no further part in the battle.

The rest of the Orks carried on with the attack. The Goffs and the Evil Sunz charged the Space Wolves around the Predator, Grog and two

Goffs engaging Ragnar in deadly hand-to-hand combat. Morgog and the rest of his Bad Moons followed up in support, the Weirdboy dragged along by his two minders. On the right, Ghazghkull and Makari leapt from the wrecked battlewagon and rushed towards the Space Wolves on the hill. Their places in the battlewagon were taken by Ghazghkull's shame-faced Nobz, who did their best to provide supporting fire for Ghazghkull as he advanced.



ORK TURN 3

Once again Ork fire rained down on the Space Wolves, but the Orks' shooting proved even more inaccurate than before and only one Space Wolf fell to the massed fire of the Ork army. The Shokk Attack Gun once again went haywire, and the last two groups of Snotlings materialised in the centre of the ruined temple rather than inside the Predator as intended. The battle would be decided by the hand-to-hand combat between the Orks and Space Wolves around the stranded tank.

Filled with divinely inspired battle fury, the Orks hurled themselves at the Space Wolves.

Frothing and yelling they slashed and cut at the Space Marines with berserk frenzy. Ragnar quickly dispatched the two Goffs as they charged at him, but was then smashed to the ground by Grog's mighty powerfist. Towering over the prone figure, Grog prepared to deliver the killing blow that could still turn the tide in favour of the Orks. Then, with a loud "SNIK!", the battle claws in Ragnar's boots slashed out, eviscerating the surprised Ork Nob before driving into his heart. Grog was dead before he hit the ground. Inspired by the example set by their Lord, the Space Wolves redoubled their efforts. The Orks' wild attacks proved no match for the equally savage battle skills of the Space Wolves. Ork after Ork went down in a welter of green blood without the Space Wolves taking a single casualty.

Ragnar bounded to his feet just in time to see the Orks make their last desperate bid to capture the Predator and the vital plans it contained. Grabbing an arm and a leg each, the two Bad Moon minders grabbed the Weirdboy and pointed him head first at the vehicle, like a living cannon. The Weirdboy vomited forth the terrible energies that coursed through his body and a tidal wave of deadly, incandescent psychic energy rolled towards the Predator.

Hurling himself to one side, Ragnar dodged out of the way of the death wave, but the Blood Claws in and around the Predator were not so lucky. Bowled over by the sheer force of the psychic attack the young Blood Claws fell to the ground, clutching their heads in agony. Two died as the wave passed over them, and the survivors lay stunned, unable to do anything.

SPACE WOLF TURN 3

With a howl the Grey Hunters in the ruined temple leapt into combat with the Goffs around the Predator. Ahead of them, Ragnar stormed up the hill in a battle rage. He cut down an Evil Sunz Ork encumbered with a multi melta before leaping forward to attack the Minderz surrounding the cringing Weirdboy. Inspired by their Wolf Lord's example the Grey Hunters hacked down three Goffs for no loss, their power axes and chainswords cleaving through the Orks like knives through butter.



SPACE WOLVES TURN 3

Gunnar and Thorolf advanced through the ruins, illuminated by the strobing gun flashes as they cut down another pair of Orks. The chatter of Gunnar's assault cannon echoed across the battlefield until it was silenced by a jam. Rushing up behind them, the Blood Claws hurled Photon flares amongst the yelling Snotlings, blinding them with actinic flashes until the little creatures' screeching became almost unbearable.

Around the Predator, the surviving Blood Claws slowly recovered from the devastating psychic attack, saved from being butchered where they lay only by the fierce counter-charge of Ragnar and the rest of the Space Wolves. The Orks had been beaten off and now the Predator and its vital cargo lay firmly in the Space Wolves' grasp.

Missiles leapt out from the Long Fangs' positions. A super Krak missile ricocheted off the armoured fuel tank of Ghazghkull's battlewagon, much to the relief of the Nobz inside it. Another missile burst at the feet of the Bad Moons Nob, Morgog, instantly engulfing him in unquenchable plasma fire. Egil slipped away behind the rock spire and gunned down one of the stalled warbikers with a long burst of storm bolter fire. A sharp-eyed Grey Hunter in the rocks behind Egil caught sight of the other warbike and killed its rider with a neat bolter shot between the eyes. The rest of the Grey Hunters backed away from Ghazghkull, their bolter shells bouncing off his glowing form. The psychic power of the Waaargh! still coursed through him, making him invulnerable to the Grey Hunters' weapons.

Njal allowed the wind blast slowly die down. It had served its purpose and now the only real threat was Ghazghkull himself. The old Rune Priest marshalled his strength and prepared to meet Ghazghkull's deadly powers head on. He would finally stop the rampages of this brutal Ork Warlord or die trying. As he gazed down from the hill, he realized that Ghazghkull was gone. Hidden by the smoke and flames, Ghazghkull had made good his escape. He'd realized that this battle was lost, but there would be others, many others. The galaxy would hear of Ghazghkull Uruk Thraka again. With their leader gone, the remaining Orks withdrew and faded back into the rocky hills like wraiths, thwarted for the present but still as dangerous as ever.



THE BLOOD CLAWS AND THE GREY HUNTERS ENGAGE THE ORKS IN BITTER HAND-TO-COMBAT.

SPACE WOLF DEBRIEFING (Andy Chambers)



Well, everything went more or less according to plan, mainly because Jervis set up his Orks pretty much where I thought he would, even down to putting a force out on his flank to take the hill with the Long Fangs on it. Under the circumstances, it was just as well I put Njal and a battle squad of Grey Hunters over there to support the Long Fangs, otherwise Ghazghkull and his merry Speed Freeks

would have been all over them like a rash. It was a bit of a gamble on Jervis's part to undertake such a bold outflanking move, but if it had come off it would have thrown my plans into complete confusion by cutting me off from my own table edge. In the event, it was stopped mostly by the combined efforts of Njal Storm Caller living up to his name and the Wolf Guard Egil, who singlehandedly rampaged through three Nobz, a war buggy and a warbike!

But self congratulations aside, it was pretty dumb of me to dedicate a third of my forces to one remote corner of the table which was nowhere near my objective. If Jervis had not gone for the flank attack, or had dedicated a smaller force to it, my meagre three squads in the centre would have been overrun. As it was, I think that the Orks in the centre badly lacked the kind of hardness that Ghazghkull and his retinue could have supplied. Unimpeded, Ragnar and his squads ran riot through

the Orks and there was little they could do to stop him. Even in the round when Ghazghkull unleashed the Waaargh!! the Goffs which actually made it into close combat suffered badly for no loss to the Space Wolves. The only severe losses I suffered in the centre were from the Weirdboy's death wave, which gave me a nasty fright but came at a time when the Orks were just about running out of momentum. I was incredibly lucky to avoid taking more casualties than I did, though I did take care to use whatever cover I could to minimise Jervis's chances of hitting

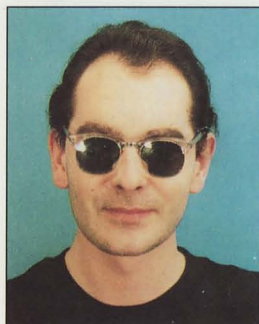
The other slight spanner in the works was the Snotlings pinning down the Blood Claws in the ruins for a turn, an annoying incident, but not too damaging overall. A minor point which had struck me about the deployment of the Blood Claws in the ruins was that I should have placed them closer to the Predator, in effect swapping their place with the Grey Hunters. This was because the Blood Claws were out of range with their bolt pistols and grenades until turn three, whereas the bolter-armed Grey Hunters wouldn't have had such problems. This is a minor point, but little details often add up to victory or defeat in a close-run battle. On the whole, I also think I used the Long Fangs in a rather disorganised manner, tending to snipe at available targets instead of concentrating on crippling one mob of boyz per turn.

Of my three characters Brother Ulrik never made it into close combat so he didn't make much impression, even his virus bomb failed abysmally. Njal did sterling service where he was, but was a little bit surplus to requirements there. Placing Egil and all of the Grey Hunters on overwatch on turn one probably would have done just as good a job of keeping the Speed Freeks at bay. If Njal had been somewhere in the centre his powers would have made life a lot easier – the Weirdboy

certainly wouldn't have lived long enough to get off his death wave! Ragnar was every bit as unstoppable as I'd hoped he would be and his ability to dodge saved him from being hit numerous times – a truly inspirational character!

Overall, I think that in the rush to deploy my forces and get playing I overlooked the main objective of the game. Fortunately, Jervis also made the same mistake and deployed more for a normal knock down and drag out kind of a battle. Unfortunately for him, Jervis compounded his problems by spreading his efforts across his whole front, trying to inflict casualties here and there and then making a half-hearted stab at taking the Predator with the Goffs after they had already suffered a horrendous beating. For once, the Breakdowns/Orky events cards didn't totally disrupt all the Ork heavy weapons and vehicles, though they did cause the Death Skulls to stop firing and start looting as well as sending the Goffs into a battle rage. The Goffs going into battle rage was something of a double-edged sword: while it stopped them firing their heavy weapons, it also made them immune to rout tests, so I ended up having to kill just about all of them.

WAAARGH! (Jervis Johnson)



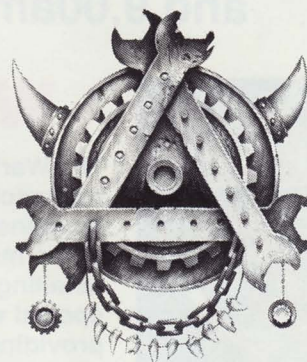
Well then, that was a bit of a disaster, wasn't it! Although I do have to say that the dice were not kind in the way they rolled for me in this game, I can't really use that as an excuse to hide the fact that my set-up and execution of my plan were both fatally flawed. One of the good things about writing a battle report is that it forces you to study what happened in a game very carefully. If I hadn't

had to write this report I would probably have done my best to forget about this game, which would have been a shame, because it actually had a number of important lessons to teach me.

If you've had a game where nothing seems to work out right it's very easy to end up blaming your defeat on all kinds of things other than the way you played the game. I've lost count of the number of times I've heard players (including myself!) bemoaning their bad luck or saying that, thanks to the army lists, their opponent's army is unbeatable, while their own army is rubbish. However, if you want to learn from your defeats and go on to become a better player, you must attempt to see through these excuses to what really happened. Even more importantly, you should try to do this while the game is in progress.

Part of the reason that I lost so badly is because I became completely demoralised with the way my troops couldn't hit the side of a barn door, while the Space Wolves were merrily gunning down my boyz in droves! As I suffered over 30 casualties to the Space Marines' 7 (a kill ratio of over 4-1!) this is somewhat understandable. Anyway, by about midway through the game I felt that my bad dice rolling, the Orks' low ballistic skill and their lack of targeters meant that I never really stood a chance of winning. Mentally I had given up and was thinking "If only I was a bit luckier and had a Space Marine army I could easily win." But in actual fact, as I will explain below, I did have a very good chance to win, I just didn't see it!

When you are playing a game you must always keep your main objective clearly in your mind. This may seem obvious, but it is actually quite easy to forget. In this game all I had to do to win was grab the plans from the Predator, nothing else mattered and all of my attentions should have been focused on achieving that objective. From this point of view setting up Ghazghkull and his retinue so far to the right was a bad mistake. As my single most powerful unit Ghazghkull should have been leading the attack on the Predator, as Ragnar did for the Space Wolves. The attack on the hill would have been a sensible tactic in a game using the normal Warhammer 40,000 victory conditions (ie: defeat the opposing army), but this game had a different set of objectives which made it no more than a diversionary attack that could have been handled perfectly well by the Speed Freaks on their own.



But if my set up was flawed, it was nowhere near as bad as my execution of my plan. Studying what happened during the game for this report, I realised that as soon as I started to play the game I forgot about the victory conditions all together! My attack on the Predator was halfhearted and slow, mainly because I had become sidetracked into trying to wipe out the Space Wolves rather than grab the plans from the Predator. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the way I directed the firing. The ranged attacks that I made and therefore the casualties I caused, few though they may have been, were spread all over the battlefield rather than being concentrated around the Predator.

What I did was attack Andy's most powerful models whenever I could, no matter where they were. This is a sensible tactic in a normal Warhammer 40,000 game, but it proved disastrous here. Imagine the situation on turn three if all seven casualties that I inflicted had all been around the Predator. Instead of Andy having an overwhelming superiority, the odds would have been about even and if Ghazghkull and the Nobz had been there, the odds would have been strongly in my favour. And I could have achieved this with the same army and the same luck that I had in the game which I actually lost so disastrously.

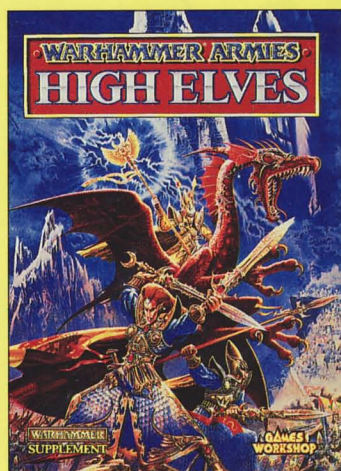
Turning my attentions to the other side of the table I do have to say that Andy's set-up was, if anything, even worse than mine. Although he placed Ragnar in a sensible position, the vast bulk of the Space Wolves were way off to my right, and played very little part in the battle in and around the Predator. The main reason for this is because Andy likes to make sure that all of his models are set-up in cover, and that they start the game hiding in case the other side gets the first turn. This is a sensible tactic in a normal game, but in this case it forced him to spread his troops around and place them too far away from the main objective to be useful. However, once the game started there is little I can fault in Andy's execution. All of his moves were directed to getting the plans out of the Predator and winning the game, something which I singularly failed to do, and so he earned a well-deserved victory.

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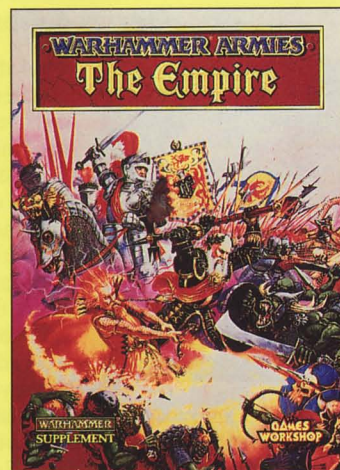
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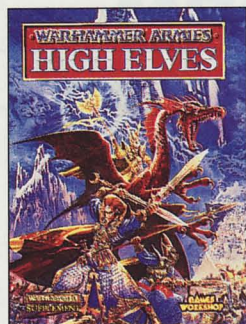
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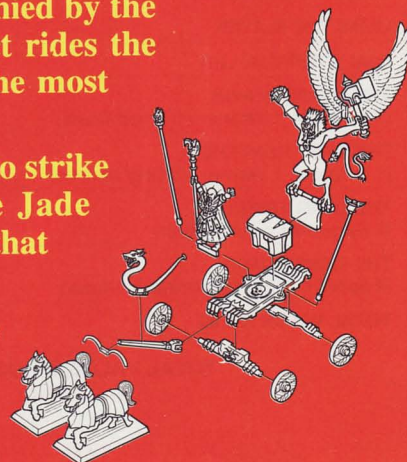


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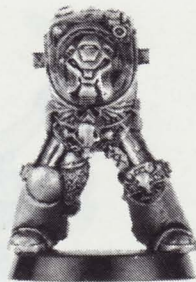
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WOLF GUARD
TERMINATOR
SERGEANT
RTB21/1



WOLF GUARD
TERMINATOR 1
RTB21/2



WOLF GUARD
TERMINATOR 2
RTB21/3

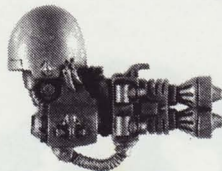
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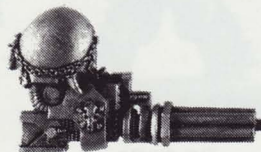
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RTB21/6



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RTB 21/5



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CHAIN FIST
RTB21/8



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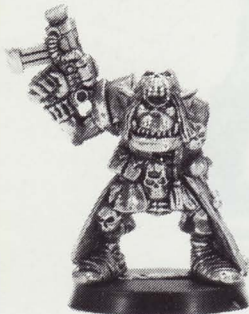
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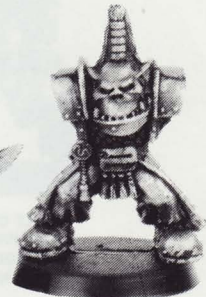
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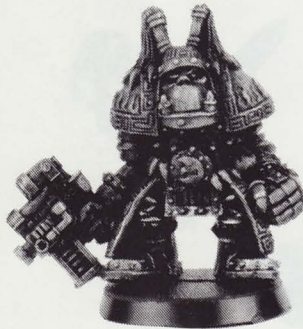
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070794/1



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070605/7

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BAD MOON 1
070605/16



BAD MOON 2
070605/14



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070605/13



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SPACE WOLVES



**WOLF LORD
RAGNAR BLACKMANE**



**RAGNAR BLACKMANE
WOLF LORD**
70008/1

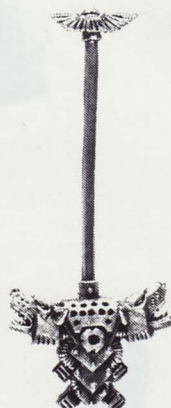


**SPACE WOLF
BACK BANNER 1**
70008/2

**WOLF PRIEST
ULRIK THE SLAYER**



**ULRIK THE SLAYER
WOLF PRIEST**
70011/1



**SPACE WOLF
BACK BANNER 2**
070023/2

**RUNEPRIEST
NJAL STORMCALLER**



**SPACE WOLF
RUNEPRIEST**
070023/1

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SPACE MARINE
SERGEANT**
RTB20/1



**GREY HUNTER 1
MK7 SPACE MARINE**
RTB20/2



**GREY HUNTER 2
MK7 SPACE MARINE**
RTB20/3



**GREY HUNTER 3
MK6 SPACE MARINE**
RTB20/4



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SPACE WOLVES

LONG FANGS

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LONG FANG 1
0804/2



SPACE WOLF
LONG FANG 2
0804/3



SPACE WOLF
LONG FANG 3
0804/4



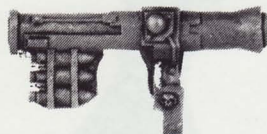
SPACE WOLF
LONG FANG SERGEANT
0804/1



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SPACE WOLF
BLOOD CLAW 1
0805/2



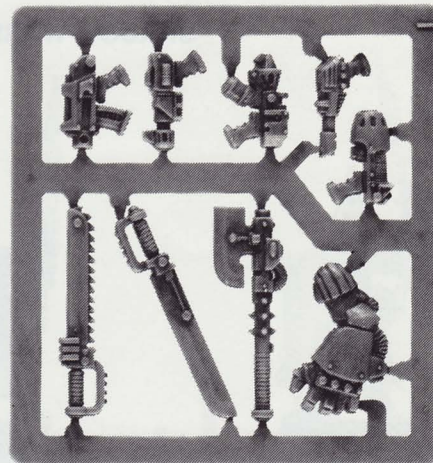
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BLOOD CLAW SERGEANT
0805/1



SPACE WOLF
BLOOD CLAW 2
0805/3



SPACE WOLF
BLOOD CLAW 3
0805/4



1 x LAS PISTOL
1 x POWER GLOVE
1 x POWER SWORD
1 x POWER AXE
1 x CHAIN SWORD

1 x BOLT PISTOL
1 x PLASMA PISTOL
1 x AUTO PISTOL
1 x HAND FLAMER

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HIGH ELF COMMAND GROUP



HIGH ELF
CHAMPION WITH SPEAR 2
088760/2



HIGH ELF
TRUMPETER 3
088760/1



HIGH ELF
CHAMPION WITH SWORD 1
088760/4



HIGH ELF
STANDARD BEARER 3
088760/3

SWORDMASTERS OF HOETH



HIGH ELF
SWORDMASTER OF HOETH 2
088770/2



HIGH ELF
SWORDMASTER OF HOETH 1
088770/1

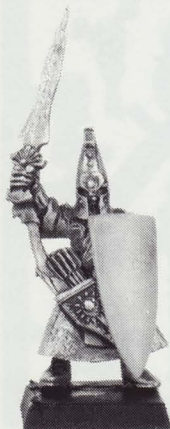


HIGH ELF
SWORDMASTER OF HOETH 3
088770/3



HIGH ELF
SWORDMASTER OF HOETH 4
088770/4

SHADOW WARRIORS



HIGH ELF
SHADOW WARRIOR 1
088780/1



HIGH ELF
SHADOW WARRIOR 3
088780/3



HIGH ELF
SHADOW WARRIOR 2
088780/2



HIGH ELF
SHADOW WARRIOR 4
088780/4

WHITE LION AXEMEN



HIGH ELF
WHITE LION AXEMAN
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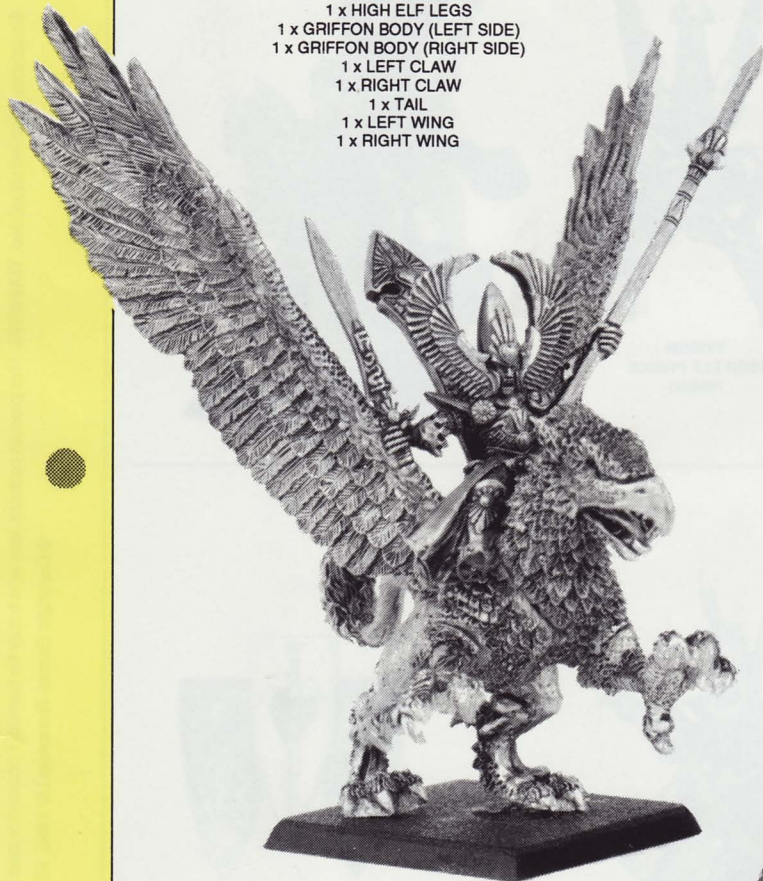


HIGH ELF
WHITE LION AXEMAN
088750/2

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**THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF WAR GRIFFON
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- 1 x GRIFFON BODY (RIGHT SIDE)
- 1 x LEFT CLAW
- 1 x RIGHT CLAW
- 1 x TAIL
- 1 x LEFT WING
- 1 x RIGHT WING



RIGHT WING
MM15/8



LEFT WING
MM15/7



**GRIFFON BODY
(LEFT SIDE)**
0822/4



**GRIFFON BODY
(RIGHT SIDE)**
0822/5



RIGHT CLAW
0822/6



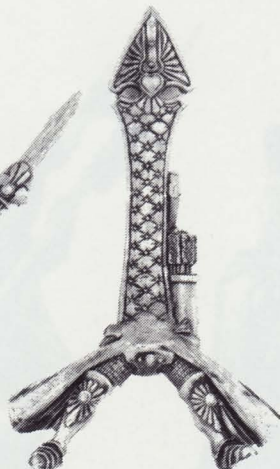
TAIL
0822/8



LEFT CLAW
0822/7



ELTHARION'S BODY
0822/1



ELTHARION'S LEGS
0822/2



HIGH ELVES

TYRION HIGH ELF PRINCE MOUNTED ON MALHANDIR



**MALHANDIR
ELVEN STEED**
75664/2

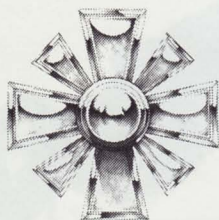
THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF PRINCE
CONSISTS OF:
1 x PRINCE TYRION
1 x ELVEN STEED HEAD
1 x PLASTIC CAPARISON HORSE



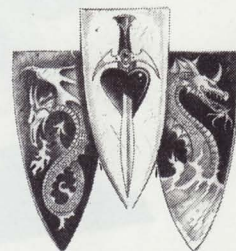
**TYRION
HIGH ELF PRINCE**
75664/1



TECLIS HIGH ELF MAGE



TECLIS HIGH ELF MAGE
75652/1



PHOENIX GUARD



**HIGH ELF
PHOENIX GUARD 1**
075670/1



**HIGH ELF
PHOENIX GUARD 2**
075670/2



**HIGH ELF
PHOENIX GUARD 3**
075670/3



**HIGH ELF
PHOENIX GUARD 4**
075670/4

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HIGH ELVES

HIGH ELF TIRANOC CHARIOT

THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF BATTLE CHARIOT CONSISTS OF;

- 1 x HIGH ELF CHARIOTEER
- 1 x CHARIOT BASE
- 1 x CHARIOT FRONT
- 1 x CHARIOT AXLE
- 1 x CHARIOT HAFT
- 1 x CHARIOT YOKE
- 1 x SWORD
- 1 x BOW
- 2 x PLASTIC UNARMoured HORSES
- 2 x PLASTIC WHEELS



HIGH ELF CHARIOTEER
0825/1



CHARIOT HAFT
0825/5



CHARIOT YOKE
00825/6



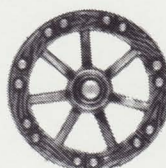
CHARIOT FRONT
0825/3



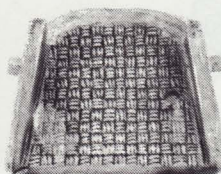
CHARIOT AXLE
0825/4



SWORD
0825/8



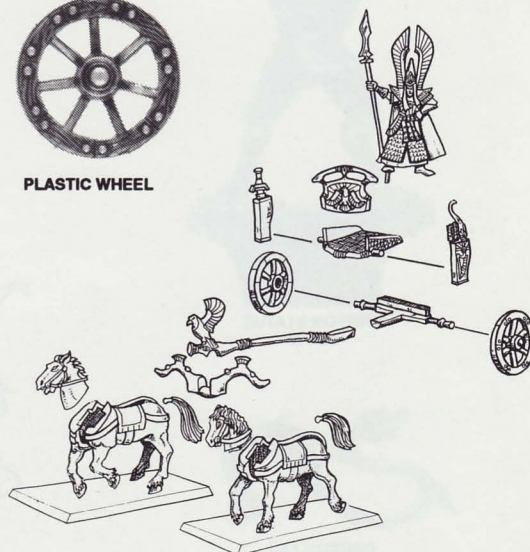
PLASTIC WHEEL



CHARIOT BASE
0825/2



BOW
0825/7



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EMPIRE

IMPERIAL WAR ALTAR



GRAND THEOGONIST
0817/1



GRIFFON WINGS
0817/8



GRIFFON STATUE
0817/6



GRIFFON TAIL
0817/7



SHRINE OF SIGMAR
0817/3



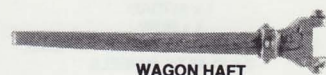
WAR ALTAR PLATFORM
0817/2



WAR ALTAR AXLE
0817/4



HORN OF SIGISMUND
0817/5



WAGON HAFT
0817/9



WAGON YOKE
0817/10



PLASTIC WHEEL



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EMPIRE

IMPERIAL WAR ALTAR

GRAND THEOGONIST AND SIGMAR'S WAR ALTAR

CONSISTS OF:

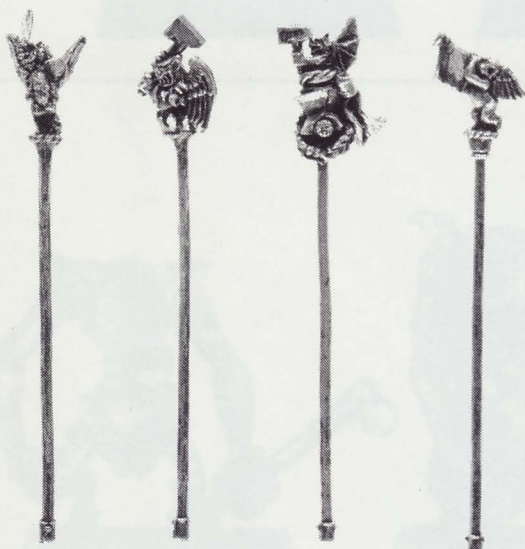
- 2 x PLASTIC ARMoured HORSES
- 2 x IMPERIAL BANNER POLES
- 1 x HORN OF SIGISMUND
- 1 x GRAND THEOGONIST
- 1 x SIGMARS SHRINE
- 4 x PLASTIC WHEELS
- 1 x GRIFFIN STATUE
- 1 x GRIFFIN WINGS
- 1 x GRIFFIN TAIL
- 2 x WAR ALTAR AXLE
- 1 x WAGON YOKE
- 1 x WAGON HAFT
- 1 x WAR ALTAR



THE IMPERIAL WAR ALTAR INCLUDES TWO IMPERIAL BANNER POLES WHICH ARE SUPPLIED RANDOMLY

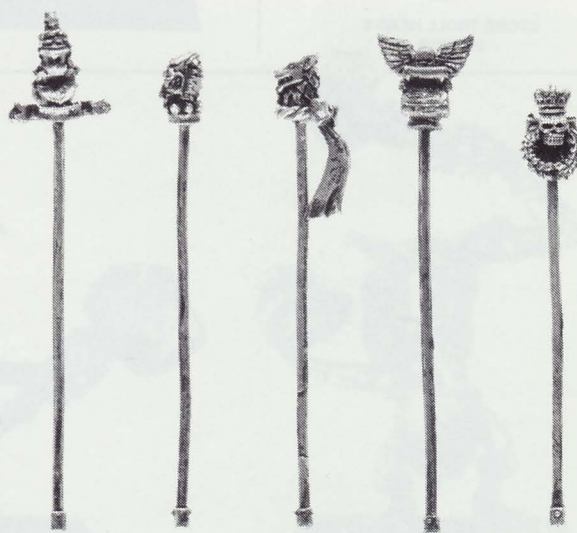
Designed by Michael Perry

IMPERIAL BANNER POLES



A B C D

IMPERIAL BANNER POLES
073725/1



A B C D E

IMPERIAL BANNER POLES
073725/2

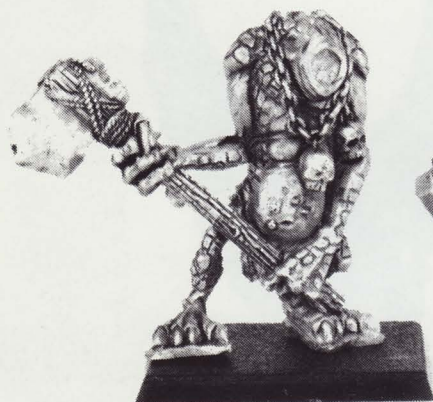
Designed by Michael Perry

WD77

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TROLLS

STONE TROLLS



STONE TROLL
WITH TWO HANDED AXE
075398/8



STONE TROLL
WITH STONE AXE AND BONE CLUB
075398/9



STONE TROLL
WITH ROCK
075398/7



STONE TROLL HEAD 1
075398/4



STONE TROLL HEAD 2
075398/5



STONE TROLL HEAD 3
075398/6

THE COMPLETE STONE TROLL
CONSISTS OF:
1 x STONE TROLL BODY
1 x STONE TROLL HEAD

EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED STONE TROLLS



STONE TROLL
WITH AXE
075398/2



STONE TROLL
WITH STONE HAMMER
075398/1



STONE TROLL
WITH BONE CLUB
075398/3

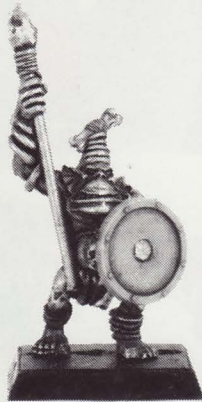
Minatures supplied unpainted. **WARNING:** This product contains lead which may be harmful if chewed or swallowed. Citadel Miniatures are not recommended for children under 14 years of age.

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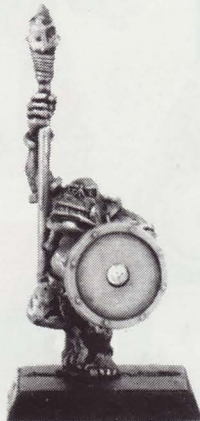


SAVAGE ORCS

SAVAGE ORC BOYZ



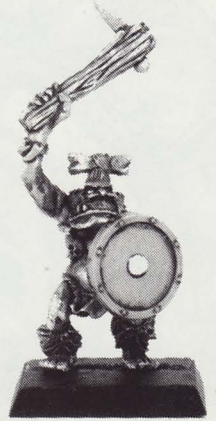
SAVAGE ORC
WITH SPEAR 1
075200/1



SAVAGE ORC
WITH SPEAR 2
075200/2



SAVAGE ORC
WITH SPIKEY CLUB 1
075200/3



SAVAGE ORC
WITH SPIKEY CLUB 2
075200/4



SAVAGE ORC
WITH SPIKEY CLUB 3
075200/5



SAVAGE ORC
WITH CLUB
075200/6



SAVAGE ORC
WITH STONE AXE 1
075200/7



SAVAGE ORC
WITH STONE AXE 2
075200/8

SAVAGE ORC ARRER BOYZ



SAVAGE ORC
WITH CLUB AND BOW
075210/1



SAVAGE ORC
WITH BOW 1
075210/2



SAVAGE ORC
WITH BOW 2
075210/3



SAVAGE ORC
WITH BOW 3
075210/4



SAVAGE ORC
WITH BOW 4
075210/5



SAVAGE ORC
WITH BOW 5
075210/6



SAVAGE ORC
WITH BOW 6
075210/7



SAVAGE ORC
WITH BOW 7
075210/8

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Designed by Alan Perry



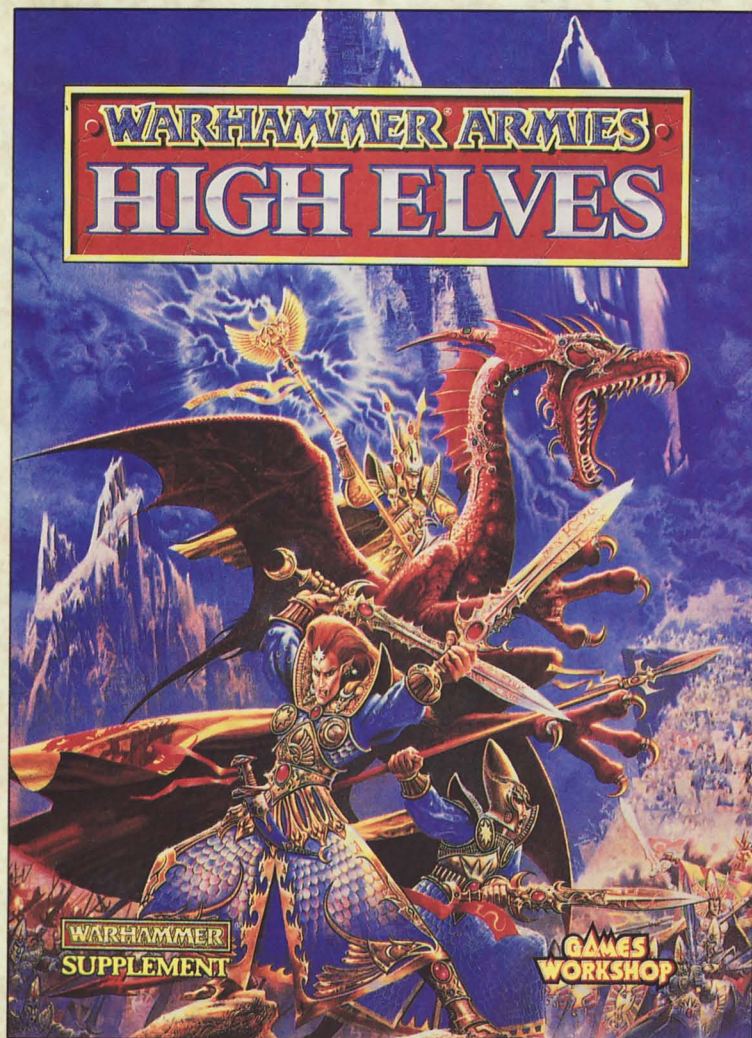
This box contains 8 metal Space Marines in Terminator Tactical Dreadnought Armour, including Captain and Librarian in Aegis suit. With interchangeable weapon arms, including heavy flamer and assault cannon.



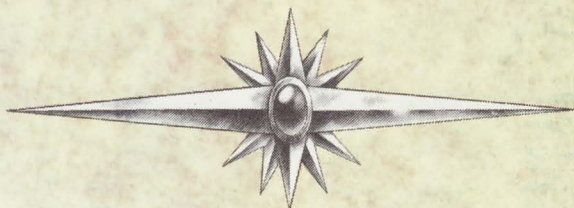
WARHAMMER
40,000

CITADEL
MINIATURES

WARHAMMER



High Elves is the second volume in the new series of Warhammer Armies supplements. This fully illustrated book details the history and culture of the High Elves and provides a full army list and special rules for High Elf forces in Warhammer.



WARHAMMER ARMIES HIGH ELVES

This indispensable supplement for the Warhammer game of fantasy battles describes the ancient land of Ulthuan and the armies of the High Elves in complete and extensive detail.

Ulthuan is the ancient island realm of the High Elves and birthplace of true magic. An enchanted land inhabited by creatures who were already millennia old before the emergence of mankind. It is the greatest sea-faring power in the Warhammer World. A great colossus standing astride the ocean, it dominates the flow of trade from the Old World to the New and guards the destiny of the whole world.

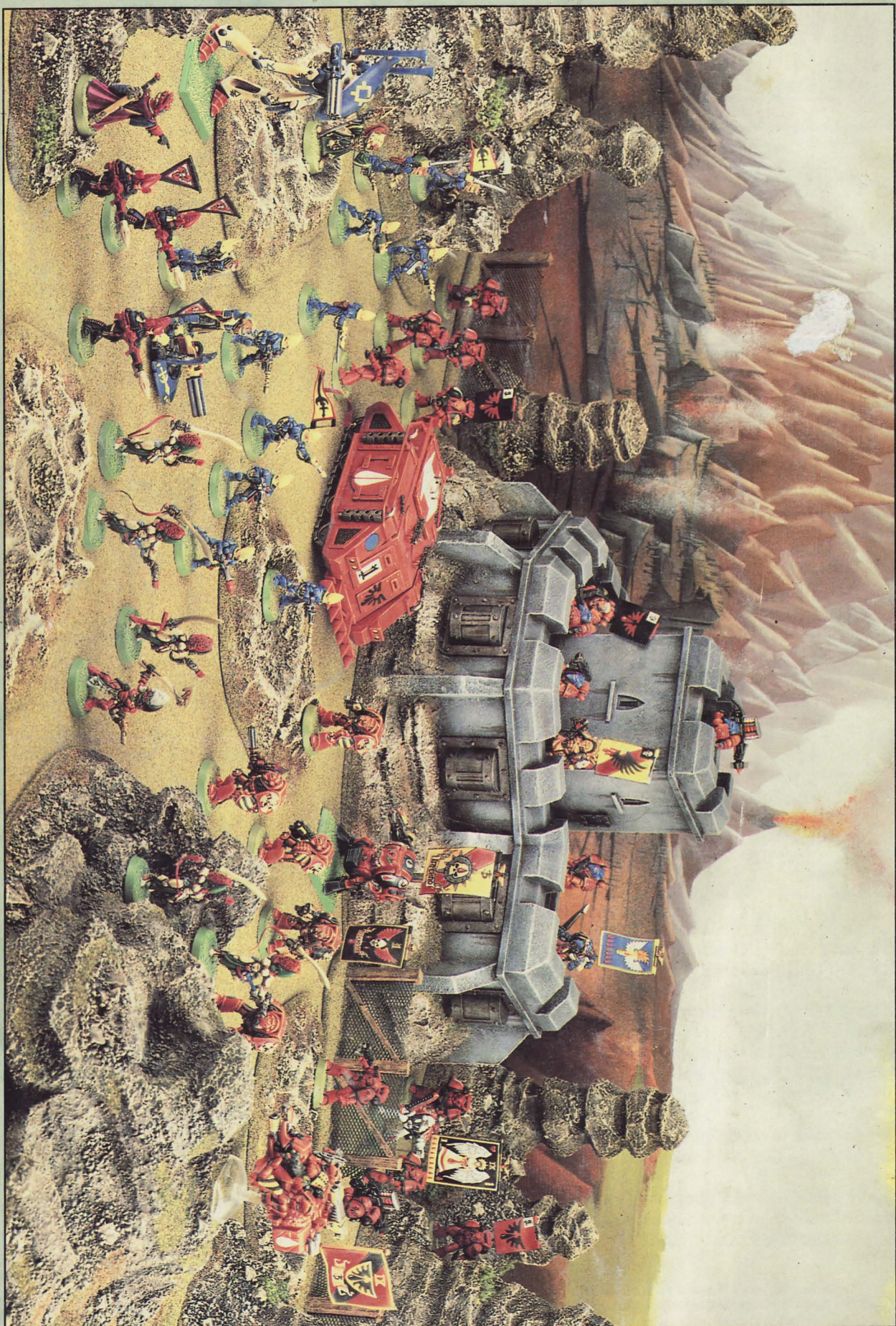
The book describes the great kingdoms of

Ulthuan including Tiranoc, Ellyrion, Saphery, Caledor and Yvresse and includes a comprehensive history of the Phoenix Kings of Ulthuan and the great sundering of the Dark Elves.

High Elf Army List includes the Phoenix Guard, the Dragon Princes of Caledor, the White Lions of Chrace and the Sword Masters of Hoeth. A full list is provided for including wizards and monsters in your army. A separate section introduces some of the great Elven heroes including Tyrion, Champion of the Everqueen, and his twin brother Teclis, the greatest wizard in the Old World and founder of the Imperial Colleges of Magic. Also, Eltharion the Grim, Warden of Tor Yvresse and his mighty griffon Stormwing

Special rules cover the unique High Elf repeater bolt thrower and many new magic items and spells such as the Moon Staff of Lileath, the Heart of Avelorn and the great runesword Sunfang.

'Eavy Metal – colour photographs of the High Elf army painted by the world's finest miniature artists, plus a section on how to paint the many High Elf models and the stunning personalities of Ulthuan.



ELDAR FROM THE ALAITOC CRAFTWORLD STORM A BLOOD ANGELS' SPACE MARINE STRONGHOLD