GAMES WORKSHOP'S MONTHLY GAMING SUPPLEMENT AND CITADEL MINIATURES® CATALOGUE

WHITE DWARF™

- UNDEAD AND DWARFS IN MORDHEIM
- ASDRUBAEL VECT TAKES ON THE BIEL-TAN ELDAR
- IMPERIAL GUARD STORM TROOPERS

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GAMES WORKSHOP®

WHITE DWARF™









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By John Blanche.

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MORDHEIM™

Hear ye! Hear ye!

Town Cryer

published within

Dwarf Treasure hunters have been sighted in the ruins of our once fair city. We investigate mad rumours of living dead walking the streets as more Witch Hunters arrive to cleanse our city.

Sigmar be praised!

WHITE DWARF™

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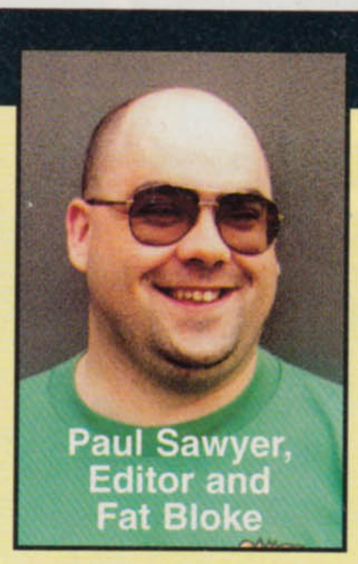
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NEWS

The Fat Bloke Editorial


Paul Sawyer, Editor and Fat Bloke

As you may have read in previous issues, I recently made the long, long journey to Australia, the land of all things deadly (even something as ridiculous as the duck-billed platypus has venomous spurs!).

The reason? To appear at the OZ Games Day, which happened to coincide with the launch of the first edition of White Dwarf to be printed in Australia. Travelling to Australia has been something I've always wanted to do, so when OZ WD editor Dave Taylor invited me over I jumped at the chance (well, as much of a jump as someone my size can do!).

It didn't turn out to be one day of work and ten of holidays though, as Dave had a punishing itinerary for me and this included touring around the GW stores in and around Sydney, taking on all-comers with 500 points of Space Marines. The pace was frantic and I managed to acquit myself well, only losing two of about 15 games.

Amongst the highlights of my trip were:

- Meeting all those enthusiastic, knowledgeable and very, very friendly gamers at Games Day – it really is good to see how much commitment there is to the games we love and it reaffirms that I do have what I consider to be the best job in the world!
- Being able to check out the excellent games run by the staff at the event. The terrain was awesome!
- Marvelling at the excellent standard of entries for Golden Demon – it really was a problem picking the winners in most categories.
- Making it through an 'interesting' evening out with the other Englishmen working at GW OZ without anything worse than grievous bodily harm to my liver, despite Roy 'Tale of Four Gamers' Barber's best efforts.
- Seeing just how pointless koala bears actually are. I could do their job – spend most of the day asleep, only wake up twice a day for four hours and then do nothing but eat. Then again that sounds remarkably familiar…
- Making lots of new friends. Friends who I hope I'll be able to meet again before too long.

Thanks to everyone who took the time and effort to make me feel right at home, especially Dave and Justin of WD OZ, and a hearty well done to everyone who made OZ Games Day 1999 such a success.

By the time you read this, UK Games Day will have been and gone for another year and we'll be bringing you all the news of the event in the next few issues. As a taster of what's in store, we aim to show off the colossal (no other words are suitable I'm afraid!) new Warhammer display, the immense displays shipped over from the Canadian and French Games Days as well as a full review of the event. That's not forgetting the obligatory look at the winners of this year's Golden Demon painting competitions.

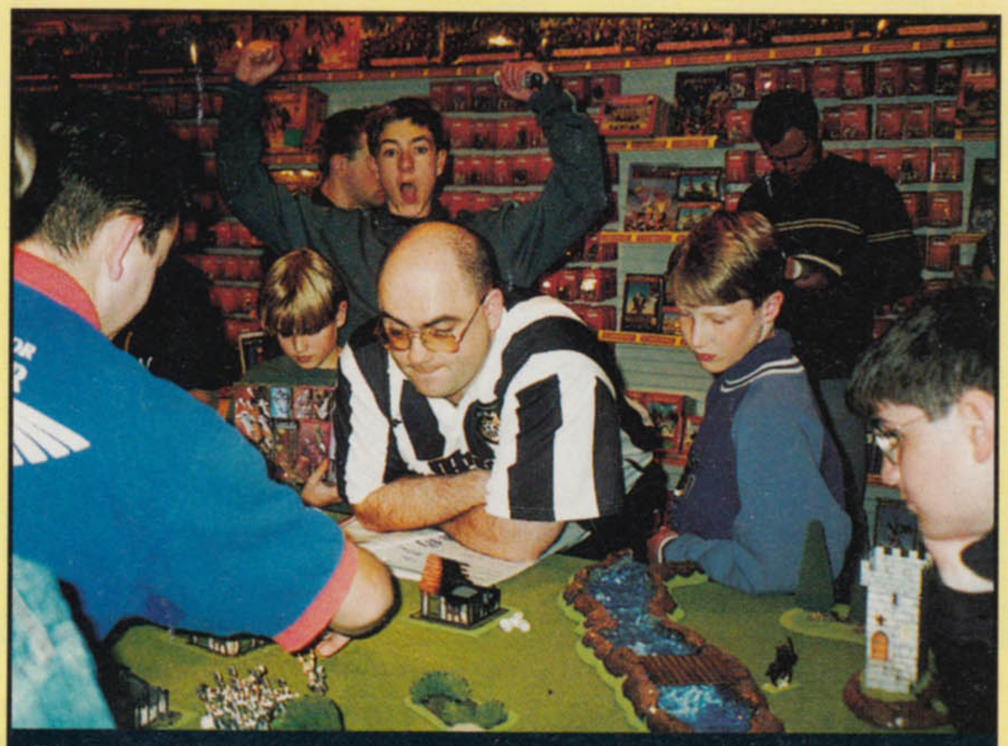
Phew! Looks like we've got our work cut out so I'd better get on with it…

See you again next month.

FAT BLOKE



Paul hands out the statuettes to the Golden Demon winners at OZ Games Day.


Paul stuffs Dave Taylor in a battle report for OZ White Dwarf, played at the Chatswood store.

ERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW MILLENNIUM! MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW MILLENNIUM! MERRY CHRISTM

NEWS

DWARFS SEARCH THE RUINS

Dwarfs are a naturally avaricious race, so it is no surprise that warbands of the bearded warriors are seeking their fortune in Mordheim.

This month's Town Cryer features rules for this complete, new warband, allowing you to battle for wyrdstone with Troll Slayers, Thunderers and Beardlings, and gain skills like *true grit, resource hunter* and *hard head*.

THE DEAD WALK

In the ruins of Mordheim many men and women have died, but not all rest peacefully. Practitioners of dark magic raise the dead to walk and fight again and to search out wyrdstone for their new masters – the pale-skinned nobles of Sylvania.



Vampire sculpted by Michael Perry.

Every Undead warband is controlled by a powerful Vampire, each of the same bloodline as the Count of Sylvania, Vlad von Carstein. They are aided by evil Necromancers and pitiful outcasts known as Dregs, while their troops are shambling Zombies, hideous Ghouls and slavering Dire Wolves.

In this month's Town Cryer, Graham Davey discusses the different troops and tactics of Undead warbands, and we look at the fearsome new models available.

GAMES WORKSHOP STORES

CHRISTMAS COMBAT

What would the Christmas holidays be without some really good battles? Well, don't worry because with all the new Dark Eldar models out this month every Games Workshop store will be staging some seriously bloodthirsty battles that you can take part in!

The start of the Christmas school holiday approaches and to begin it in proper fashion every Games Workshop will be engulfed in furious combat on Saturday 18th December. Make sure you're there to see the awesome Asdrubael Vect in action!



AND A HAPPY NEW MILLENNIUM! MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW MILLENNIUM! MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPP

NEWS

MORE DARK ELDAR

SLAVE RAIDS PLAGUE IMPERIAL PLANETS

The Imperium faces a new threat as the utterly evil Dark Eldar Lord Asdrubael Vect leads the Kabal of the Black Heart on a dreadful mission to spread terror and death and capture slaves for torture and amusement. In his wake follow a host of other new troops to swell Dark Eldar forces.

As the Supreme Lord of the Kabal of the Black Heart, Asdrubael Vect is one of the most powerful individuals of the entire Dark Eldar race. And as befits such a character, he rides into battle on the Dais of Destruction – an ornate, heavily modified Ravager that also transports his Incubi bodyguards and slaves. You can read about Asdrubael's latest despicable exploits in this month's battle report.

Hellions armed with deadly Hellglaives and riding skyboards.



Meanwhile, leading the Wych Cult of Strife is Lelith Hesperax, unparalleled mistress of close combat. The forces of her cult have been swelled by the new Wyches with assault weapons and the Hellions, mounted on their viciously scythed skyboards.





With the release of the new assault weapons, Wyches now have models for every weapons option available to them.

Look out in this issue for the brand new Dark Eldar army, painted by the 'Eavy Metal team!

STORM TROOPERS

Imperial Guard Storm Troopers are hi-tech, highly trained elite soldiers, specialising in covert operations and other special missions where only the best troops are good enough.



Imperial Guard Storm Troopers armed with hellguns.

The new models designed by Mark Bedford are armed with hellguns. This powerful type of lasgun cuts through armour with much greater efficiency than the standard issue weapon. More models out next month!



NEWS

NEW RELEASES THIS MONTH

MORDHEIM™

This month's releases for Mordheim:

Undead

Undead warband (metal & plastic boxed set)	£15.00



Witch Hunters

Witch Hunter Captain (1 model per blister)	£4.00
Witch Hunter Zealots (3 model per blister)	£5.00
Witch Hunter Flagellants (3 model per blister)	£4.00
Warhounds (3 models per blister)	£5.00
Sigmarite Warrior Priest (1 model per blister)	£4.00



Dramatis Personae & Hired Swords

Halfling Cook (1 model per blister)	£3.00
Dwarf Troll Slayer (1 model per blister)	£4.00



WARHAMMER 40,000®

This month's releases for Warhammer 40,000:

IMPERIAL GUARD

Storm Troopers (3 models per blister)	£5.00
Storm Trooper Sergeant (1 model per blister)	£3.00
Nork Deddog, Ogryn Bodyguard (MAIL ORDER ONLY)	£10.00

DARK ELDAR

Asdrubael Vect (metal boxed set)	£30.00
Hellion (1 model per blister)	£4.00
Wyches (3 models per blister)	£5.00
Lelith Hesperax (1 models per blister)	£6.00

Black Library™

This month's releases from the Black Library:

Warhammer Monthly 26	£2.00
Realm of Chaos (novel)	£5.99
Inferno 16	£5.00
Daemonifuge (graphic novel)	£4.99

ROYAL GAMER

Soni Yasaratne from Games Workshop Hong Kong recently took a visit to Brunei to promote wargaming in that country.

While he was running a game in Justoys (one of the independent stores who stock our games) in Darusalem, one of the young players was none other than the Sultan of Brunei's son, Prince Abdul Marteen. The Prince, who collects Dark Angels and Chaos Space Marines, had his eighth birthday shortly afterwards so it was arranged for Soni to visit his home and run some more games as a special treat from Games Workshop.



Soni runs a game in the palace where Prince Abdul lives.

VICIOUS RUMOURS

Using bribes of bacon butties, we have convinced Fat Bloke to reveal a few of the exciting articles that may be included in the next few issues of White Dwarf! They include...

...the hideous Possessed warband taking on the Witch Hunters of Sigmar in a Mordheim battle report...

...gripping fiction from the pen of Gordon Rennie...

...new rules for Tyranid Lictors in Chapter Approved...



NEWS

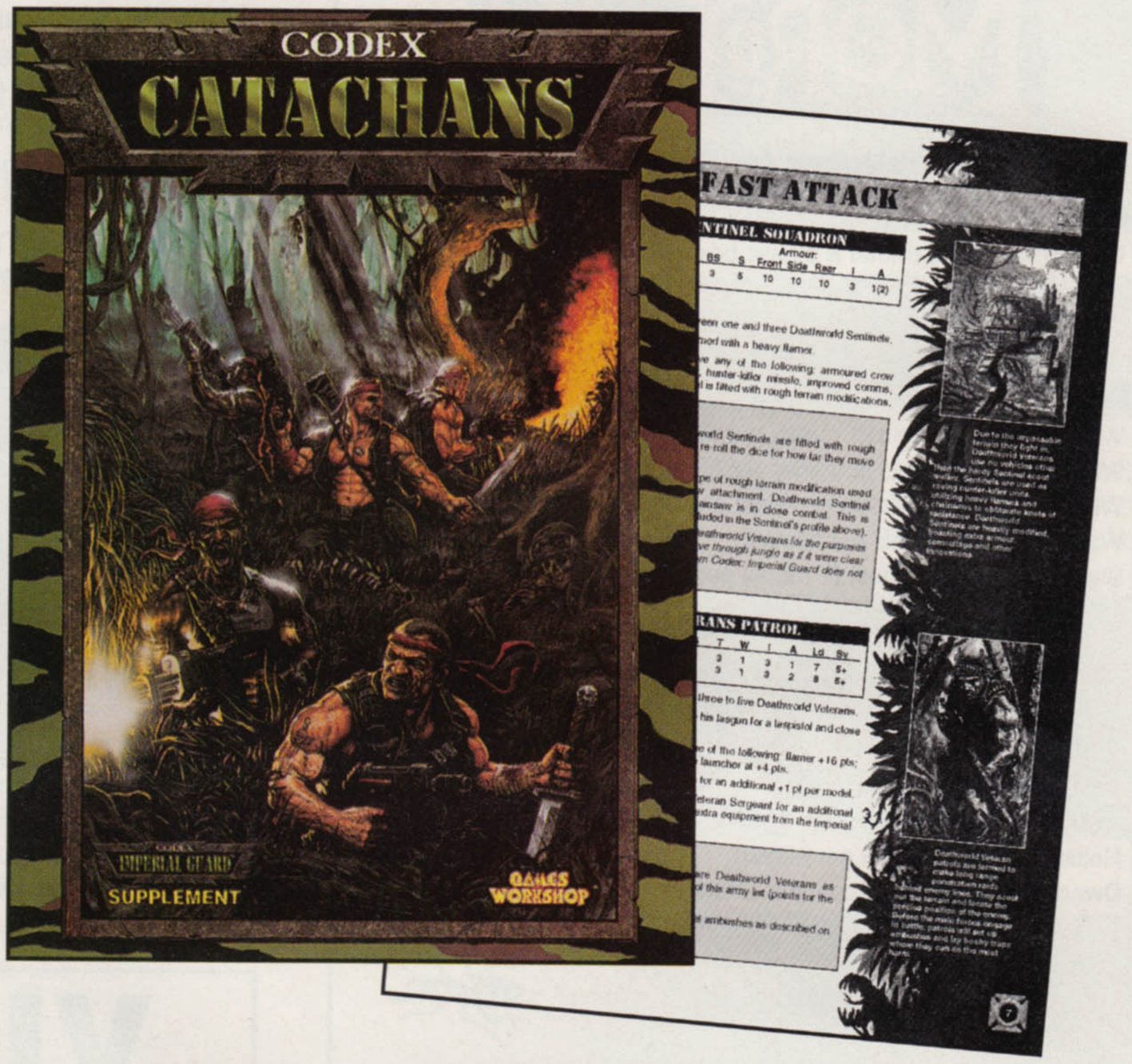
NEXT ISSUE...

CATACHAN JUNGLE FIGHTERS

Born, bred and trained on a jungle death world, the Imperial Guardsmen of Catachan are some of the best jungle fighters in the Imperium.

Featuring the stealthy death world Veterans and Snipers, Catachan forces lay traps and booby traps, spring deadly ambushes and pin down their enemies with sniper fire before vanishing back into the trees.

Next issue we also feature new rules for the hostile terrain found on the death worlds where Catachans favour fighting, along with ideas on how to model up such deadly foliage!



Mutterings from the Black Library

DAEMONIFUGE

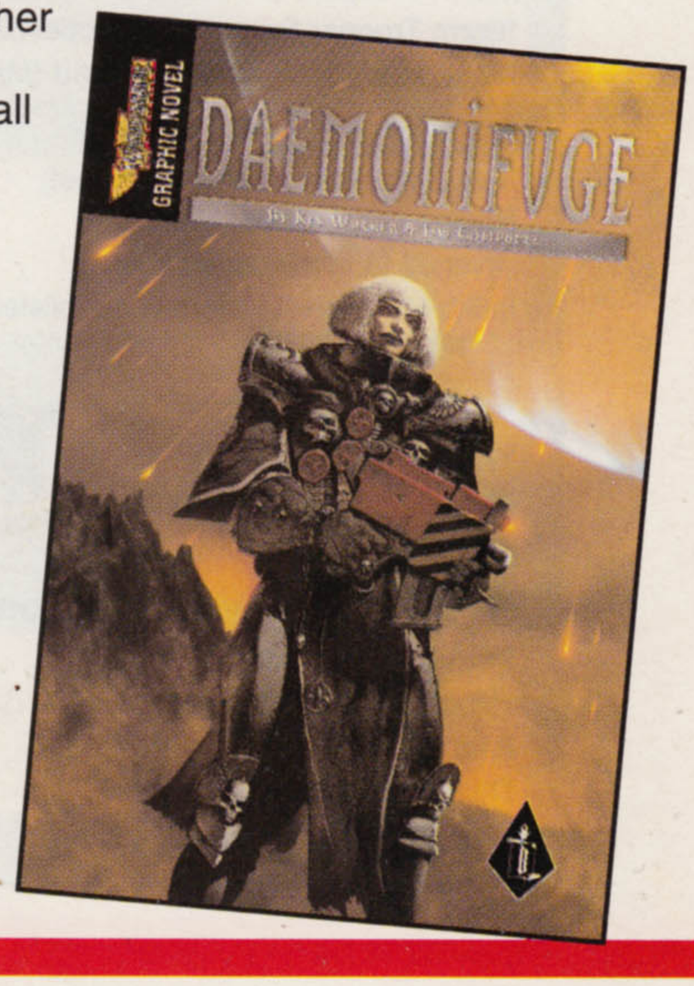
This month sees the release of the Daemonifuge graphic novel. This high quality product offers you the chance to get the whole of the first series together in one volume. But the news doesn't end there. Following hot on the heels of the very successful Redeemer limited edition display figurine we are now working on miniatures of Ephrael Stern and Inquisitor Silas Hand and, as if that wasn't enough, Kev Walker has begun work on the next series of Daemonifuge, so look out early in the new year for a complete Daemonifuge extravaganza.

DEATHBLOW

One for Warhammer Quest fans – after the great success of the first issue of Deathblow, we have been so overwhelmed in the Black Library with positive feedback and new articles, that we are putting together a second tome of this essential publication for all foolhardy dungeoneers. Look out for this next month!

BATTLEFLEET GOTHIC

Finally, next month the Black Library has a treat for all you White Dwarf readers with a short story from Gordon Rennie. Wolf Pack is a thrilling tale set aboard an Imperial Battleship involved in the war in the Gothic Sector.



The Torturer's Tale

By Gav Thorpe

Gideon shivered uncontrollably with fear as he sat huddled in the corner of the cell, listening to the anguished screams that the walls failed to totally muffle. A high-pitched squeal broke the air and then a silence fell, broken occasionally by the rattle of chains and the moans of the still-living. Gideon heard footsteps approaching along the corridor, the heels of a pair of armoured boots making a clicking noise on the hard stone-like substance of the floor. The footfalls stopped outside the door and Gideon drew in a long, shuddering breath and waited, his heart slamming against his ribs with terror. With a hiss, the door opened and harsh light flared in, blinding the prisoner. As his eyes gradually adjusted, he could make out the silhouette of his tormentor – a thin, withered figure with a slightly hunched back. Chains spiked with barbs and hooks hung from its belt, blades that dripped with unidentifiable fluids adorned the jailer's arms and legs. From its hand dangled a long whip, studded with tiny rasps that glimmered in the light. As the creature stepped forward, Gideon could see that it was female, although barely recognisable as such. It lifted a strange device to its lips and spoke in its own outlandish language; a moment later the archaic machine spat out the translation in clipped, ancient Imperial Gothic.

"Thy time cometh, prey-thing. Master awaits thee." The thing grated, beckoning with a finger tipped with a metal claw.

Gideon struggled to his feet, wrapping around him the few tattered rags that remained of his uniform in a vain effort to recover some dignity. As he hobbled down the corridor, his feet blistered and cracked from previous tortures, Gideon tried desperately to recall how he had fallen into the clutches of the depraved Eldar pirates. However, recurring agony and alien elixirs had wiped all memory of the incident from his mind, except for a vague knowledge that he had not always been here, that he had lived a different life at some point, though how long ago he could not tell – in the City of Darkness there was no passing of day and night to mark the time.

As he limped into the familiar gloom of the torture chamber, Gideon looked around. The walls were lined with various implements of pain, some simply blades curved in bizarre shapes, others were more technical and directly stimulated and amplified nerve-endings and the brain's pain receptors. Without any instruction, Gideon shuffled over to the blood-stained slab that served as the Haemonculus's operating table and laid face down upon it. It was then that something different caught his eye. There was someone else in the room, other than himself and the Haemonculus. Rolling over, Gideon sat up and looked at the shadowy figure.

"Who are you?" Gideon asked, his voice barely more than a croak.

"No questions!" the Haemonculus's translator barked and the she-thing slashed a blade across Gideon's chest, slicing a perfect, shallow cut from his throat to his abdomen.

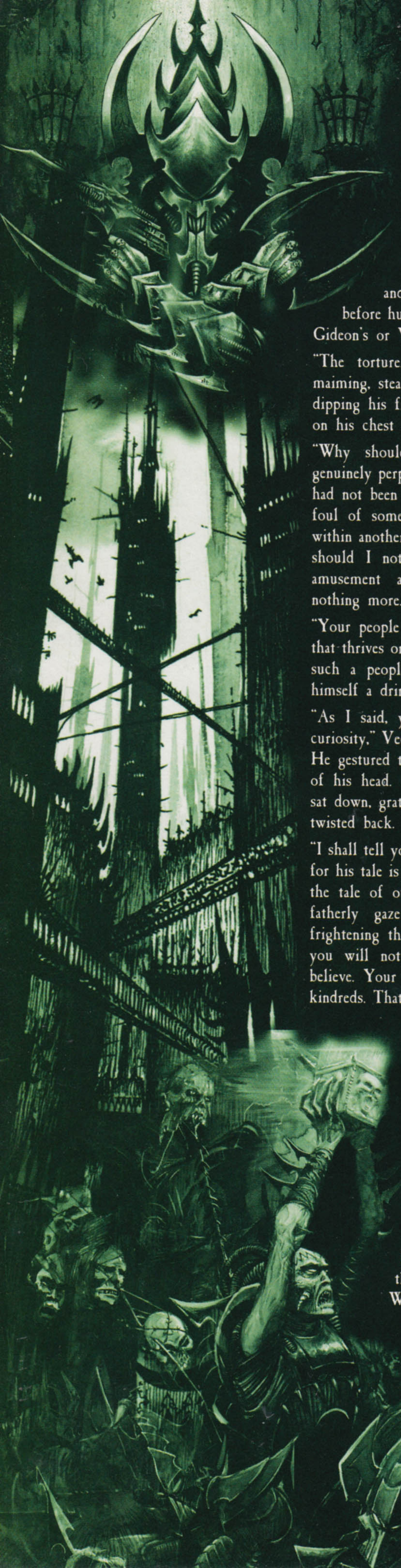
As Gideon winced with pain, he saw the stranger step from the shadows into the red light cast from the lantern-stone hanging above the torture slab. The Dark Eldar was dressed in long, flowing robes, ornately embroidered in silver thread with scenes of torture and debauchery. His face was pale and gaunt, framed by the high collar of his robe. His hair was jet black, shaved in a long scalplock and his eyes were almost black in their darkness. A cruel smile was fixed upon his lips and his dark gaze looked at Gideon intently.

"You interest me, plaything," the Eldar said in perfect Gothic, waving a slender, long-nailed hand to dismiss the Haemonculi.

"Who are you?" Gideon asked again, sliding his legs over the side of the slab so that he could sit more comfortably.

"I am the master," the figure replied with a devilish grin. "I am the one who controls this place, and much of the city around it. I am the one that all bow to and call Lord. I am the vanquisher of worlds, the destroyer of dreams, the creator of nightmares. I am the pirate king, the renegade prince. I am all these things and more, for I am Asdrubael Vect and all the warriors of the Black Heart are mine to command."

Gideon closed his eyes, trying to understand this news. Vect was indeed the sole ruler of the Kabal of the Black Heart, his name was spoken with awe and terror across the city. Before he had been brought to these palaces, Gideon had been imprisoned by another Kabal. The rumour had been that the mere possibility of displeasing Vect had prompted the overlord of the other Kabal to hand over a considerable number of slaves, including Gideon, just to appease this merciless killer.



"Why do you do this?" Gideon asked hesitantly, unsure how long he would enjoy the overlord's rare benevolence.

"Do what, precisely?" Vect replied, brow creased in a frown. The Lord raised his wrist to his mouth and spoke something in his own language. A few moments later a lackey rushed in carrying two slender-legged chairs with arching backs. Vect sat himself down, his cold eyes never leaving Gideon. The lackey brought a crystal jug of liquid and a glass, and set them beside Gideon before hurrying out again, never once meeting either Gideon's or Vect's eyes.

"The torture. The terror. The raiding, the killing, maiming, stealing. Everything. Why?" Gideon answered, dipping his finger in the blood trickling from the cut on his chest and holding it up to illustrate his point.

"Why should I not?" the Lord replied, looking genuinely perplexed. "You are of no consequence. If you had not been captured by my servants and did not fall foul of some illness or mishap, you would still die within another twenty of your planet's short years. Why should I not use such a pointless creature for my amusement and sustenance? You are prey-species, nothing more."

"Your people are twisted, perverted. A whole populace that thrives on murder and fear is unnatural. How could such a people exist?" Gideon asked quietly, pouring himself a drink and taking a careful sip.

"As I said, you interest me, so I will indulge your curiosity," Vect replied, his voice quiet yet authoritative. He gestured to the unoccupied chair with a slight nod of his head. Gideon slipped down from the slab and sat down, grateful to rest the muscles and bones of his twisted back.

"I shall tell you the tale of a great Lord of our peoples, for his tale is the tale of the founding of Commorragh, the tale of our people," Vect said, turning an almost fatherly gaze on Gideon, which was even more frightening than his earlier cruel glances. "Much of it you will not understand, some of it you may not believe. Your species knows little of us, of the Eldar kindreds. That is good, for knowledge is power and we do not wish you to know too much."

"A long, long time ago, over a thousand of your generations ago in fact, our people ruled across the heavens. Few races could oppose our might, and of those most ancient and malignant powers that could, all were dormant at that time and we were wise enough to let them slumber. Unlike your own folk, I might add, who could well bring about the doom of us all with their blundering around. Be that as it may, there were none who could defy our will. We spread across the glittering stars bringing glory and beauty to countless worlds, much as you humans bring pollution and ugliness to the stars with your presence now. There was nothing we could not achieve, for our minds and our technology were perfectly wedded together. A mere thought could be captured and harnessed by our wonderful machines, so that we ourselves did not have to sully ourselves with physical labour. We constructed artificial creatures to farm for us, fight for us, explore for us."

"As you might understand, we did not sit idly by while our creations conquered the galaxy in our name. Of course not! We dedicated ourselves to much higher pursuits: the perfection of literature, of art, of dance, of sport and of acting. Our striving for the perfect aesthetic became enshrined within our culture, our religion and our politics. You clumsy humans think that you know sadness and joy, yet your emotions are mere whims and passing phases to the feelings of our people. You cannot know such happiness as we know, nor the dark depths of our anger and rage. We are a passionate kin and our quest for achievement became greater and greater. There was nothing to fear, we were kings of the stars, why should we not find every pleasure that the universe has to offer? That became the guiding principle of my peoples, that of self-gratification. Why should we not find what sensations we can, for life, all life, is ultimately transitory and ends. There is no need to worry about the future, no need to regret the past, for such things are foolishness. No, far better to enjoy the moment and not consider the consequences."

"You became a society of hedonists?' Gideon asked as Vect's attention seemed to waver, lost in thought elsewhere."

"Hmm? Yes, hedonists is the word you would use," Vect agreed, focusing back on Gideon. "As you might expect, there were some opposed to this. Dull traditionalists, short-sighted fools who didn't have the vision to share in the ecstatic society that we would create. They spoke out against the pleasure cults, yet in turn many of them were to see the benefits of utter self-fulfilment. Others, unfortunately, failed to see the wisdom of such enlightened behaviour and continued to speak out. Some of them fell under the blades themselves, while many of them opted to flee, fearing that some cataclysm would befall our people, as if we were committing some great sin and that a thunderbolt from the gods would strike us down. They renounced all pleasures of the flesh and mind and fled to the furthest worlds; primeval wastelands where our seeding had only just begun. It was good that they left, for there were no more doubters. The cults vied with each other to attract followers, each trying to outdo the last with its extravagances. Oh, such times will never come again." Vect closed his eyes, visibly shuddering with the thought.

"Well, back to our wonderful hero," Vect laughed, looking at Gideon with a mischievous glint in his eyes. "As the pleasure cults grew in power and pleasingly spilt the blood of their rivals in the streets, our Lord-to-be was just a child. It was then that a great many of our people were struck by sudden apprehension. Our seers began to prophesy a great doom. Many were struck by profound grief at what had become of our society and there was a great panic. They built the immense vessels you know as Craftworlds and fled into the stars. That was good also, for every doubting mind had been purged and all who were left were the purist pleasure-seekers. Such gratifications as they found, you could never know. As I was saying, our Lord was but a child, serving in one of the most powerful temples of delight. He was due to be sacrificed for the greater glory of the shrine one night, a dark night that comes but once in every millennium when the stars themselves grow dim."

Vect leant towards Gideon and dexterously plucked the crystal goblet from his grasp, taking a sip of the nectar-like drink before handing it back. His eyes were blank again for a moment and then with a visible start he brought himself back to the present.

"Luckily for our people, that sacrifice was not to be. It was that very night that the Great Enemy was born into the universe. Even you humans have heard of that event. Our hero was on the altar, his body bared to the blade, anointed in the most exquisite perfumes and oils, his mind enraptured by the elixirs he had taken in preparation for the glorious event. Even as the blade touched his throat... Her birth-scream screeched across the galaxy, extinguishing suns and all but wiping out our race. Her scream was joined by the death cries of countless millions of my people, their spirits ripped from their bodies by the hungering maw that is the Great Enemy. Almost all of us died that single night, the victims of She Who Is Not Named dropping to the ground as lifeless, withered husks. Some survived, but not without loss. These were the ones whose spirits were torn between the real world and the realm of Chaos. They were driven insane, half their mind within the rational world, the other half tormented by impossible visions of the Otherworld. Many ended their own lives, others were driven into killing frenzies and rampaged through the streets slaying everything they came across, burning buildings, smashing the beautifully sculpted statues, razing the intricately ornate gardens in their madness."

Vect's face was twisted in anguish as he pictured the tragic fall of his race. In one instant they had lost everything and had become a race doomed to forever teeter on the edge of extinction, and terrified of the god they had created.

"Our Lord, young as he was, was not so steeped in the pleasure and ecstasy of our peoples, so along with many other of the children he had not been as strongly tied to the Great Enemy. This slave boy was a natural leader. Of all the survivors from his cult, he was the first to react. He gathered what weapons he could, rallying the few survivors of his temple. They took to the streets, seeking out the other shrines of indulgence. Some would not accept his leadership and their blood flowed alongside that of his followers. Others were more wise and took up their weapons in his name. Others had also begun to rise to the fore, slaying those who would not bend their knee, mercifully listening to the begging of those who wished to be led. As time passed through an eternal nightmare of half-reality - for the emergence of the Great Enemy created the vortex known to you as the Eye of Terror, engulfing our oldest worlds - it became clear to our hero that She Who Thirsts was not finished with our people, her hunger would never be sated. She had a grip on our spirits and though temporally assuaged by the massive slaking of Her thirst during Her birth, She still needs to drink. Our lord-to-be felt Her thirst lapping at him and saw it in the faces of others, their essence being slowly leeched away by the Nightmare That Hungers."

Vect took another sip from the goblet and then laughed shortly, his lips twisting into a wry smile. Shaking his head slightly as if to dismiss the thought, he turned his gaze back to Gideon, the dark orbs of his eyes reflecting the red glare of the lantern-stone.

"It seemed there was but one way of escaping Her and that was to flee their homes and leave the physical world behind forever. We came here, into the realm between worlds that we created to traverse the galaxy safe from harm. Here, the Great Enemy's grip is weakened, yet to our Lord's horror it was not wholly broken. He had bought his people time, a little instant of time but nothing more. Others followed him, each choosing a place for themselves, building new shrines and around them great palaces. Here, where you sit now, is one of the chambers of the original Temple of the Black Heart. You are very privileged, you know. Not many survive to get this far. Most of them break before they even reach the second level. Perhaps that is why I am interested in you."

"Remind me to thank you for the honour," Gideon said bitterly, swirling the last few mouthfuls of the drink around the rim of the goblet.

"I will," Vect replied, his eyes growing hard, sending a sudden shiver of fear along Gideon's aching spine.

"As I am sure you have already guessed," Vect told the prisoner, instantly forgetting his annoyance, "as more came and built temples and houses and palaces and mansions, the settlement grew into the city some of our people call Commorragh. But even as they were erecting the statues of their lords and masters, our great leader was looking at the world beyond. He saw creatures sprawling across the realms of our people, ugly mon-kei like you humans and the brutal Orks, the insufferable Kroot and others. Now, disgusting beasts from across the voids are ravaging our lands and these young, weakling races are pitiful in their attempts to stop the encroachment. You deserve to be exterminated but not until you have served your purpose."

"What purpose is that?" Gideon asked, stretching his legs out in front of him, looking at the many scars where the flesh had been torn and the bones repeatedly broken.

"Why, for sustenance and amusement of course," the Kabal Lord replied with an evil grin. "Our founder looked upon the outside world, horrified by the beasts rampantly breeding across our domains. But then a thought occurred to him. Perhaps She Who Thirsts would drink others, as well as us. He sent some of his many warriors to capture a few of the man-things that had been spawned by an insignificant blue world in the western spiral arm. His best counsellors and experts examined them and indeed these beasts, for all their crudity, still contained that vital essence of life, that spark of spirit that turns a fleshy vessel into a living thing."

"You mean a soul?" Gideon said, sitting forward and paying more attention to the ancient Eldar's rambling tale.

"Soul? Soul! Soul. Soul..." Vect seemed to be trying the word out for size, repeating it in different accents and intonations, as if he were tasting a fine wine. The words seem to roll around his mouth and throat for a few moments. "What a fascinating people you are, in a barbaric sort of way. Your language is so basic, you think you can capture everything about life and essence in a single, short word. Incredible..."

The Dark Eldar Lord recovered from his distraction and spoke once more into the communicator at his wrist. A few moments later the door hissed open and the female Haemonculus stepped in again.

"I-I don't understand..." Gideon stammered, eyes flicking wildly between the two Dark Eldar.

"No?" Vect said mockingly. "It must be so terrible for you..."

The Dark Eldar leader stood and took the goblet from Gideon's numb fingers. He sniffed at it delicately.

"A good tasting drink," Vect said, swallowing the remaining contents and letting the goblet drop to the floor, where it shattered into hundreds of tiny shards. "It is a pity for you that some of the compounds used in its distillation do not react very well with your human digestive system. I hear the stomach cramps can last for days on end..."

"You didn't finish the story..." Gideon prompted, desperately hoping that Vect's statement was just another cruel jest.

"No, I didn't," Vect answered him with a look of feigned innocence. "I suspect you would like to know how it ends?"

"I would," Gideon whispered, bowing his head in capitulation.

"That is unfortunate," Vect told him as he turned and walked towards the door. "Because not knowing the end of the tale will drive you mad, won't it? In those moments that you can have a clear thought, you'll try to work out the ending. It'll gnaw at you, as a rodent gnaws its food, scraping away the last vestiges of your sanity. Such a shame, you really did interest me."

"You must have had another reason for telling me!" Gideon demanded, knocking the chair over as he pushed himself to his feet and turned to the Lord.

"Oh yes," Vect agreed with a slow nod. "I enjoyed telling the tale. There is no point telling any of my servants, they know it already. A story should be told, it is the very purpose for which it exists. Just as you exist to satisfy me, and nothing more."

The Dark Eldar was almost out of the room when Gideon shouted after him. "So it wasn't true at all! It was all made up!" he called out.

"No," Vect turned on his heel and pulled down the collar of his robe to show his neck. A scar ran a finger's length across his throat.

"Why me?" Gideon begged, falling to his knees.

He looked pleadingly at the Haemonculi who regarded him with a twisted smile. Wordlessly, she pointed towards the bloodstained slab. As the door slammed shut, Gideon could hear Vect's laughter echoing off the walls of the corridor beyond and the Dark Eldar Lord's voice carried into the torture chamber.

"Why not?"

VANQUISHER OF WORLDS

The Supreme Lord of the Kabal of the Black Heart, Asdrubael Vect, has ordered his Dais of Destruction to be made ready. He has vowed to personally renew the Dark Eldar rampage. He is joined by the leader of the Wych Cult of Strife, Lelith Hesperax, who has left the death arenas of Commorragh, bringing the blood-crazed Hellions with her. Pray they don't take you alive...



ASDRUBAEL VECT									
					Armour				
	Points	WS	BS	S	Front	Side	Rear	I	A
Asdrubael	277	6	6	4	14/11	14/11	14/10	7	5

Asdrubael can join an army from the Kabal of the Black Heart, so long as it is at least 2,000 points strong. If you take him then he counts as one of the army's HQ choices. He must be used exactly as described below and may not be given any extra equipment from the Dark Eldar Armoury. In addition, he can only be used in a battle where both players have agreed to the use of special characters.

Wargear: Dais of Destruction.

Dais of Destruction: Asdrubael rides upon a Ravager that has been heavily modified to create a suitably ornate form of transportation for such an important personage. Asdrubael, his bodyguard and the Dais have all been given a single profile that reflects their overall combat ability. Opponents may not target individual 'bits' of the Dais, but by the same token, Asdrubael and his bodyguard cannot dismount. As long as you think of Asdrubael, the Dais and the rest of his entourage as a special type of Ravager, you won't go far wrong! The following rules for Asdrubael, his bodyguard and the Dais apply:

Type: Fast, skimmer, open-topped.

Energy Field: The Dais is protected by a unique energy field that gives it an Armour value of 14 in all directions against shooting attacks. Close combat attacks are made against the Dais' ordinary Armour values of 11 to the front and sides and 10 to the rear.

Firepower: The Dais has two disintegrators and a dark lance. In addition, Asdrubael and his two bodyguards are armed with splinter pistols and they shoot in the same manner as models mounted on an open-topped skimmer. All weapons have a BS of 6.

Close Combat: If the Dais moved 12" or less in the movement phase, it may make an assault move of up to 6" if it is within 6" of an enemy model. The Dais fights in close combat in the same way as a Dreadnought, using the characteristics given in the profile above, although in this case the attacks represent the attacks made by Asdrubael and his bodyguard. Extra attacks for models equipped with two close combat weapons are included in the profile and should not be taken again. However, as Asdrubael and his bodyguard are armed with power weapons, no armour saves are allowed against wounds inflicted by them in close combat. Note that because Asdrubael and the Dais are treated as a vehicle they will **never** fall back, even if defeated in close combat.

SPECIAL RULE

Independent Character: Asdrubael is an independent character and follows all the Independent Character special rules as given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. He will **never** join another unit.

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Classification:
2/a/de
Date Stored:
4784373.M39
Sub-section: Imp 272
Section: Alien/DE 45b
Warning: Not Sealed
Access:
Authorised only
Validity: Unknown
Station Sent: Unknown

Comm recording discovered at the Delta 9 Massacre.

"I am truly disappointed that cruel fate has placed us in this position, such that I really have no choice other than to unleash my warriors against your population centres. If only you would lay aside these foolish hopes of protecting your resources and return to your homes and families, much bloodshed and woe could be avoided.

Yet... there is still time, any who leave now will be spared and I give you my word that they will be granted free passage through the wastes. This offer of amnesty will stand for two of your hours before the terror begins anew. I can only hope that you consider your position carefully. Send forth a representative to discuss further terms if you wish, or several if you cannot trust one of your number to speak for the rest. I feel sure that all can be... accommodated."

ASDRUBAEL VECT

Painted by Matt Parkes.
Asdrubael Vect and accompanying retinue designed by Chris FitzPatrick.
Raider designed by Gary Morley & Tim Adcock.











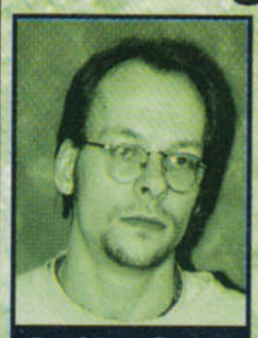






The Dais of Destruction skims the jungle canopy.

Painting Marble...



By Matt Parkes

A key feature on the Asdrubael Vect miniature is the marble-like texture on the Ravager and the throne. We asked Matt how he did it...



1

The marble texture is painted onto a black undercoat. For the basecoat, mix Dark Angels Green with Chaos Black, about a 30-70 mix, and add a tiny blob of Jade Green.



2

Add more Jade Green to the basecoat mix and then paint lines roughly over the surface. Make sure the lines are lighter than the basecoat.



3

Paint the middle of the lines with Jade Green. It is important at this stage to paint the lines neatly. Mix the Jade Green with water for a smoother application.



4

Add some Skull White to the Jade Green and highlight areas where the lines cross. This produces instant texture and adds depth.



5

Add more Skull White to the Jade Green mix and highlight again inside the other highlighted areas. This can be repeated up to a pure white highlight if you want.

MISTRESS OF DEATH

LELITH HESPERAX, LEADER OF THE WYCH CULT OF STRIFE



"Never had so much alien blood drenched the arena. How could this be followed? The crowd cried out for more. There could be no end to the spectacle now. Then Lelith herself strode into the arena. The crowd hushed at the very sight of her beauty and elegance. Her flesh bared as if to taunt the blade to draw her blood. Her hair loose as if to tempt her adversary to grip it and strike the death blow. This was the way she liked to perform: so calm, so confident, so cold. The crowd gasped as she brandished her chosen weapons: a flashing of ice-cold silver, the kiss of death. Then the aliens were released into the ring. Not one, nor two, but ten assailants at once. Lelith danced with them, gifting each with a single choice wound. The crowd roared their approval, the entertainment would last long into the bloody evening!"

Dark Eldar Lord Sussarkh's recollections
of Lelith, Mistress of Death.

LELITH HESPERAX

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Lelith	110	7	6	3	3	3	8	3	9	6+

A Dark Eldar Wych army may be led by Lelith. If you decide to take her then she counts as an HQ choice for the army. She must be used exactly as described below and may not be given any extra equipment. In addition, she may only be used in a battle where both players have agreed to the use of special characters.

Wargear: Hydraknives, falchion, razorsnare, shardnet, impaler, splinter pistol and shadow field.



Designed by Chris FitzPatrick

SPECIAL RULES

Independent Character: Unless accompanied by a Retinue, Lelith is an independent character and follows all the Independent Character special rules as given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Combat Mistress: Lelith is a master of all of the different types of weapons used by the Wych sect when fighting in the arena. She carries the full array of weapons and may use any two in a round of close combat (note that hydraknives must be used as a pair). You must choose which weapons she uses before any close combats are resolved. Lelith must use the same weapon combination for all the attacks she makes in a single close combat, but may change weapons in subsequent turns.

Wych Weapons:

Shardnet and impaler: *The shardnet is used to ensnare or distract opponents, so that they suffer a -1 to hit modifier. The impaler allows the Wych to always strike first in the first round of combat, even against opponents in cover. The model counts as having two close combat weapons and receives +1 Attack in close combat.*

Hydraknives: *A Wych armed with a pair of hydraknives always strikes last in close combat but doubles its Attacks after any modifiers have been applied. The model counts as having two close combat weapons and receives a +1 Attack in close combat.*

Razorsnare and Falchion: *The falchion is a special type of blade that counts as a close combat weapon. When combined with the razorsnare it gives a +1 Attack bonus as a second weapon. The razorsnare allows the Wych to 'pull' a model who is within 2" into base contact. In addition, opponents fighting a Wych who has a razorsnare lose the benefit of using two close combat weapons (ie, they don't get the +1 Attack they would normally receive).*

Wych Army: Lelith may only be taken as the leader of a Wych army. Her Wych army is chosen from the Dark Eldar army list with the following changes:

- *Wych squads count as a Troops choice rather than an Elite choice.*
- *Warrior and Raider squads are Elite choices instead of Troop choices.*
- *The following troop types cannot be used: Haemonculi, Grotesques & Talos.*

Lelith's Retinue: Lelith may be accompanied by a Retinue in the same manner as a Dark Eldar Lord. If she has a Retinue it must be made of Wyches rather than Dark Eldar Warriors or Incubi. Each Wych model costs 10 points, and the Retinue may include up to 10 models. The normal options, upgrades and special rules used by a Wych squad apply to Lelith's Retinue. However, as the Wyches in Lelith's Retinue are an Elite force, you may choose which combat drug option they use and you may include any number of models armed with Wych weapons (ie, you can take duplicates if you wish).

Designer's Note: *Lelith can only be taken as the leader of a Wych army and can't be included in a normal Dark Eldar army. This can cause problems if all you want is to add Lelith to your 'ordinary' Dark Eldar army. However, if you use the rules for taking several armies as a joint force (see page 131 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook) then you can take Lelith and a small contingent of as little as two squads of five Wyches each as an 'ally' for a Dark Eldar force.*

Lelith Hesperax leading her Cult of Strife Wych army.

HELLIONS

Mounted on multi-bladed skyboards, Hellions sweep down from the sky screaming chilling battle cries. They delight in surprise attacks using their speed and specialised weapons to strike quick and hard, and then move out of range before the enemy can turn their guns on them.

Hellions are a sub-sect of the Wych cult and like the Wyches they take part in gladiatorial combats, often flying amongst their victims lopping off limbs and heads with wanton glee. Sometimes two Hellions are unleashed into the arena. Each one goaded by the other, they attempt death-defying feats of aerial skill, until one dies and the other can feed upon the escaping soul.



Designed by Chris FitzPatrick & Tim Adcock

Hellions swoop in.



Designed by Chris FitzPatrick

Wyches with assault weapons lead the charge.



Indeed these fell raiders, these Eldar, will enslave whole towns and carry them off into the night. But equally, they will enslave a settlement and lay waste to all life thereabouts. Blooded corpses swinging from a hundred gibbets are the mark of their passing.



WARHAMMER® 40,000



THE DA

The cavernous sleeping chamber was littered with corpses, their bright red blood splashed haphazardly over the silken bedclothes and the grotesque murals upon the walls. In the midst of the carnage stood Asdrubael Vect, a gleaming blade in his hand dripping with the blood of the would-be usurpers. His naked body was also covered in crimson, the blood of his assailants drying dark on his pale skin. He gazed around at the destruction, absent-mindedly wiping the gore from the sword on the tunic of one of the slain and then flinging it onto the slashed pillows of his huge bed. At that moment, two Incubi ran in, their helmeted heads sweeping left and right as they took in the scene of violence.

"Where were my brave bodyguards when these assassins tried to kill me?" Vect demanded with a hiss. "You have failed me, and one of you must pay the price."

DARK ELDAR

ASDRUBAEL VECT'S Kabal of the Black Heart



RK RAISING

It was Lorok who first realised his Lord's intent, his punisher blade slicing up to behead his comrade in the blinking of an eye. Vect looked at the Incubi's severed head dispassionately. He looked up again when the Haemonculus N'Akir shambled through the archway.

"I came as soon as I heard, my Lord Vect," N'Akir wheezed, taking a deep bow.

"This is the third attempt on my life in recent times," Vect mused, picking up the Incubi's head and handing it to N'Akir as he walked past the Haemonculus. "Why is everyone suddenly brave enough to face my wrath?"

"Your domains have never been greater, Lord Vect," the twisted Haemonculus replied with a shrug. "You have more slaves than ever before. Never have you been so powerful."

"And never has the prize for lordship of the Black Heart been so great..."

Vect voiced his servant's unspoken thought. "It is plain to me that amongst my followers are those who think my power resides solely in their devotion, that it is their efforts alone that keep me upon my throne."

"I am sure, master, that all of your followers remember..." the Haemonculus was cut short as Vect made a short slashing gesture with his hand. The Lord turned on his heel and glared at N'Akir.

"I see that the time has come to remind my servants why the Kabal of the Black Heart is the most powerful in the city." The Lord swore, his dark eyes flashing with murderous glee. "I will show them why whole worlds of vulgar mon-kei shudder in terror at the mention of my name. I will show them what it means to be one of our kin. I will show them how to unleash terror and death upon the galaxy. I will slay aliens unnumbered, ravage their lands, slaughter their future generations and defile the tombs of their ancestors. The cells below my palaces will be choked with slaves and the torture chambers shall ring to the constant cries of agony. This city will echo with the sounds of our glee, and my enemies shall know that the passing of time has not made me weak. Once more I shall step beyond these walls and all the galaxy shall dread my coming..."

By Gav Thorpe

THE DARK RAISING

Introduction by Gav Thorpe



Asdrubael Vect has unleashed the entirety of the Kabal of the Black Heart upon an unsuspecting galaxy. All of the many warriors under his command have fallen upon their foes with vicious delight in their efforts to attract the attention of their Lord with their savagery and skill. This army is Vect's own household guard, his personal warriors led by his most loyal servants (well, loyal for Dark Eldar!). When Vect himself is indisposed, command of the army falls to the Lord's subordinates. Of these, Anuris (known to most as the Baneheart) is Archon and commands almost equal respect as Vect himself. No'akei is an accomplished fighter and Vect's personal champion. She is young and ambitious, and Vect occasionally commands her to lead his forces instead of Anuris. This has the double effect or reminding Anuris of his status as servant and of allowing No'akei to demonstrate and hone her considerable skills of combat and command.

In preparation for his grand plans Vect has used all of his power, wealth and influence to attract the best fighters in Commorragh. The entirety of the Wych Cult of Domination has sworn allegiance to the Black Heart (in return for slaves and power, of course). Vect arranged a great contest in the arena of his palaces and from amongst all of the fighters who attended, he recruited those whose skill impressed him most into his personal army. This has earnt the chosen Wyches, Reavers and Hellions great prestige in the arenas of blood and they will fight with unparalleled ferociousness to prove that they are worthy of his decision.

Asdrubael also sent deputations to the leader of the Incubi, promising great reward and the chance of glory for those who will follow his leadership. So enticing is the potential for bloodshed and enrichment that the legendary Drazhar himself has answered the call. The most lethal of bodyguards, the Master of Blades has sworn himself to guard Anuris and that a thousand aliens will die for every drop of his master's blood that is spilt whilst he protects him.

Asdrubael Vect's Warriors serve under No'akei as guards of his inner palaces. They are highly rewarded for their loyalty and Vect has promised them much plunder and slaves from this latest massive incursion. Many of them have not been outside the palaces for a long time and they are hungry for the slaughter and bloodletting to come.

Once more the terrifying Dais of Destruction will travel through the webway to bring terror and ruin to the worlds of the galaxy. Once more the name of Asdrubael Vect will be cursed in hushed whispers. The lamentation of the survivors will drown out the cries of the dying. The legends of the Prince of Agony will be told again, as will the tales of the Lord of the Dark Host, the grim myths of the Night King, the bloody stories of the Big Kutta; for all of these creatures from the darkest nightmares of every race are Asdrubael Vect.



Nick

RAISING THE ARMY

Nick: To mark the release of Supreme Lord Asdrubael Vect, we decided to paint a whole new Dark Eldar army to act as his own household bodyguard.



Keith



Joe

As 'Eavy Metal painter Keith Robertson and I are known Dark Eldar commanders, we chose the content of this new 3,000 point Dark Eldar army. This was our chance to put together a fearsome army that would wage war around the galaxy and emerge victorious from all battles it fought (at least that was the plan!).

Of course, we had some guidelines to follow. For one, the army had to contain Asdrubael Vect himself. Plus the army was going to be too big for one Standard Force Organisation chart. We solved this by splitting the army down onto two charts: one would contain all the fast elements like Raider squads and jetbikes. The other would contain the slower foot troops, like the Warrior squads. We also wanted to have a strong Wych presence within this army, allowing us to use an entire Wych army in future battle reports.

Keith and I then sat down and thrashed out an army list, coming up with what we think is a very characterful Dark Eldar army.

PAINTING THE ARMY

The responsibility for painting this army was Keith's, and he had enlisted the help of fellow 'Eavy Metal painter Joe Hill. To keep a uniform look to the whole army Joe and Keith decided they would use a very limited palette of colours. In many ways these colours were predetermined. The colours for the Warriors had to match Asdrubael Vect's colour scheme, devised by Matt Parkes. This would mean a predominantly dark green army. Keith and I had already decided that the Incubi would look great in the same colours as the Master of Blades, Drazhar (again a very dark green). The only thing left to choose was the colour scheme for the Wyches. Again we based this on another special character – Lelith Hesperax. We just had to paint the Wyches in the same colour scheme of black and red, so we could use Lelith's rules for fielding an entire army of Wyches sometime in the future.

Joe and Keith used brown flock and static grass and then painted the edges of the bases Goblin Green, so they would look great on a green or brown gaming table.

So, the two painters divided the army up; Keith took all the Warriors and Joe took all the Wyches and set to work...

Below: *Second in command of Asdrubael Vect's household troops – Archon Anuris 'Baneheart'.*

Keith wanted to make the Archon a little special, so he built a trophy rack, sticking various severed heads to it.

If you take a look at the Incubi punishers you will notice the marble effect on the blades. Finally the models were finished off with gloss varnish to give them a more sinister look.





Archon Anuris 'Baneheart', Drazhar & Incubi bodyguard.



Drachon No'akei

Above: *Vect's personal champion Drachon No'akei. She leads the more ground-based elements of the army. Note the marble effect on the Drachon's agoniser and the gloss armour.*



Drachon No'akei, Incubi & Dark Eldar Warrior bodyguard.



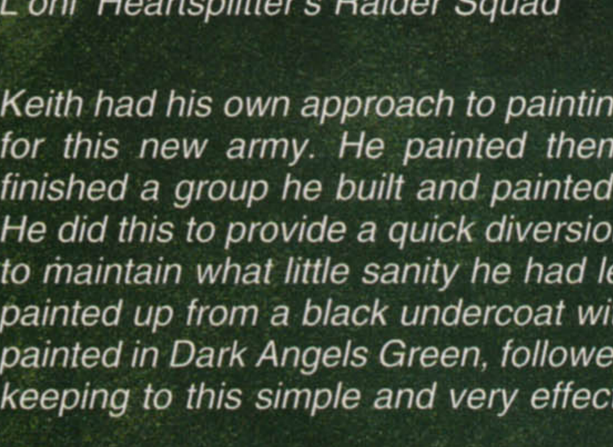
L'oni 'Heartsplitter's Raider Squad

Keith had his own approach to painting the all those Dark Eldar Warriors for this new army. He painted them in groups of ten and when he finished a group he built and painted a Raider or one of the Ravagers. He did this to provide a quick diversion to painting all those warriors and to maintain what little sanity he had left. All the Dark Eldar Warriors are painted up from a black undercoat with the edges of their armour plates painted in Dark Angels Green, followed by Jade Green for a highlight. By keeping to this simple and very effective colour scheme Keith was able to paint up the large number of warriors, Raiders and Ravagers (42 Dark Eldar Warriors, 3 Raiders & 2 Ravagers!) in record time. And by getting the bulk of the rank and file finished quickly he could spend a little more time on the commanders and conversions.

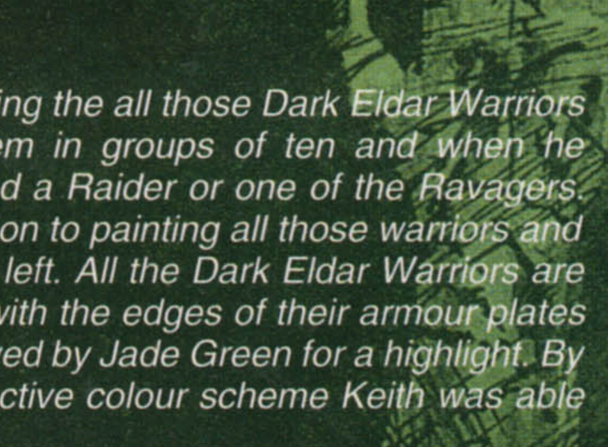
The Dark Eldar Warriors don't have unit designations so it would not matter if one squad's Warriors got mixed up with another. As long as the special, heavy weapon and numbers within that squad remained the same it would make no difference.

CONVERSIONS

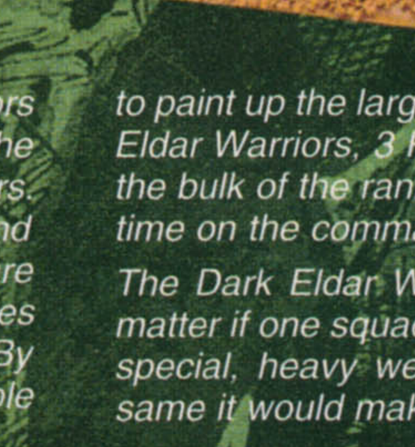
If you look at the photo of the army at the beginning of this article you will notice several conversions scattered throughout it. Keith used plastic weapons, plasticard, metal miniature components, Green Stuff and even torso swaps to create two new Sybarites, Warriors with special weapons, an Archons Raider and a unique Haemonculus. Conversions add a lot of character and variety to your army.



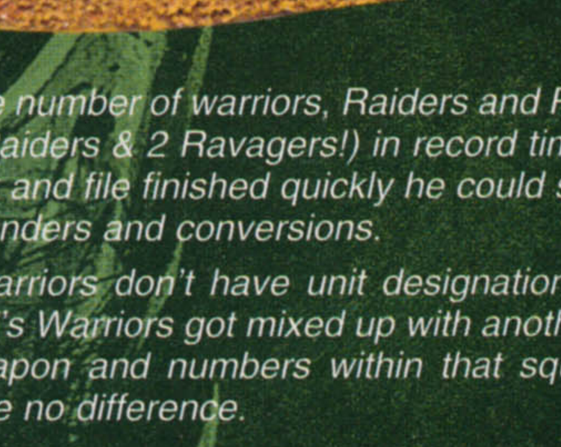
Kainaq



L'oni 'Heartsplitter'



Jabud the Heartless



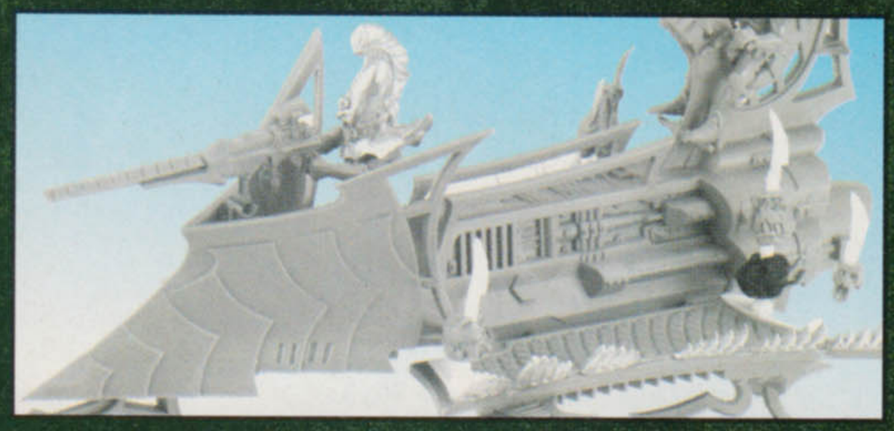
N'Akir the Tormentor



A plastic Dark Eldar Warrior with an assault weapon. He takes his weapon from an Incubi.

Below: *This is Archon Anuris's personal Raider. Keith spent some time converting this model, adding severed heads and helmets from various plastic sprues.*

The spikes around the side of the Raider can be found on Asdrubael Vect's throne. Keith has also taken one of the gunners from that kit. Note, the Raider has been painted the same way as the Dark Eldar Warriors.



The Shrieker – Dark Eldar Talos

Shadow Rippers – Dark Eldar Mandrakes

THE WYCH CULT OF DOMINATION

Joe: Painting any army requires planning and I find a great starting point is to have a shameless look at what other people have done. This provides inspiration and can give you a broader understanding of the character of the army.

You can then go off and pick the aspect, or aspects of this character that most appeals to you and imbue your army with it. What you are looking for is one or two consistent themes – don't try to realise every idea that comes to you. I decided what appealed to me about the Wyches was their almost feral, wanton, blood-soaked barbarism. To this end I wanted to degrade the sophistication associated with the Eldar. To illustrate this I decided to give most of the Wyches body and face tattoos and bloody their weapons.

We had already decided on the colour scheme, basing it on Lelith Hesperax, and I personally like the black and red colour scheme as it makes the Wyches look, quite literally, evil.

Like Keith, I included a number of conversions for the Wych army. The main reason for this was because I wanted to reduce the number of duplicate models in the army.

Overall I think the Dark Eldar and Wych armies work well. They both have a simple, but considered colour scheme which is in character with the race.

All of which brings me back to my original point. If you take your time to plan out your army from the word go, you can use just a handful of colours and still end up with an extremely striking army!

Wych squad K'lell





Below: *This is one the two Wych Raiders. Joe decided to convert the normal crew on this one into Wyches, using a metal Wych rider from the Reaver jetbikes and a spare Wych body.*

The Wych gunner was made by cutting the arms off the Wych model and adding the original Raider gunner's arms. The Wych pilot was made in a similar way just by adding the original pilot's legs and one arm.

WAR PAINT & TATTOOS

As Joe mentioned earlier, he wanted to illustrate the feral, barbaric nature of the Wyches and to do this he used body and facial tattoos.

















K'lell (above) is Joe's favourite conversion. The chain serves as an agoniser whilst the head swap and severed head individualises and reinforces the character of the model.



Reavers led by their Succubus Kori the Blooded.



Zourial's Hellions









A good example of simple conversions to avoid duplication of miniatures is the Hellion squad. Using simple head swaps and a little Green Stuff Joe was able to create a couple of different looking Hellions and a Succubus with a trophy rack.

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Tel: 0115 916 8410

Warhammer World is easy to reach from the M1 by car. It is also only a short taxi ride from Nottingham Railway Station.



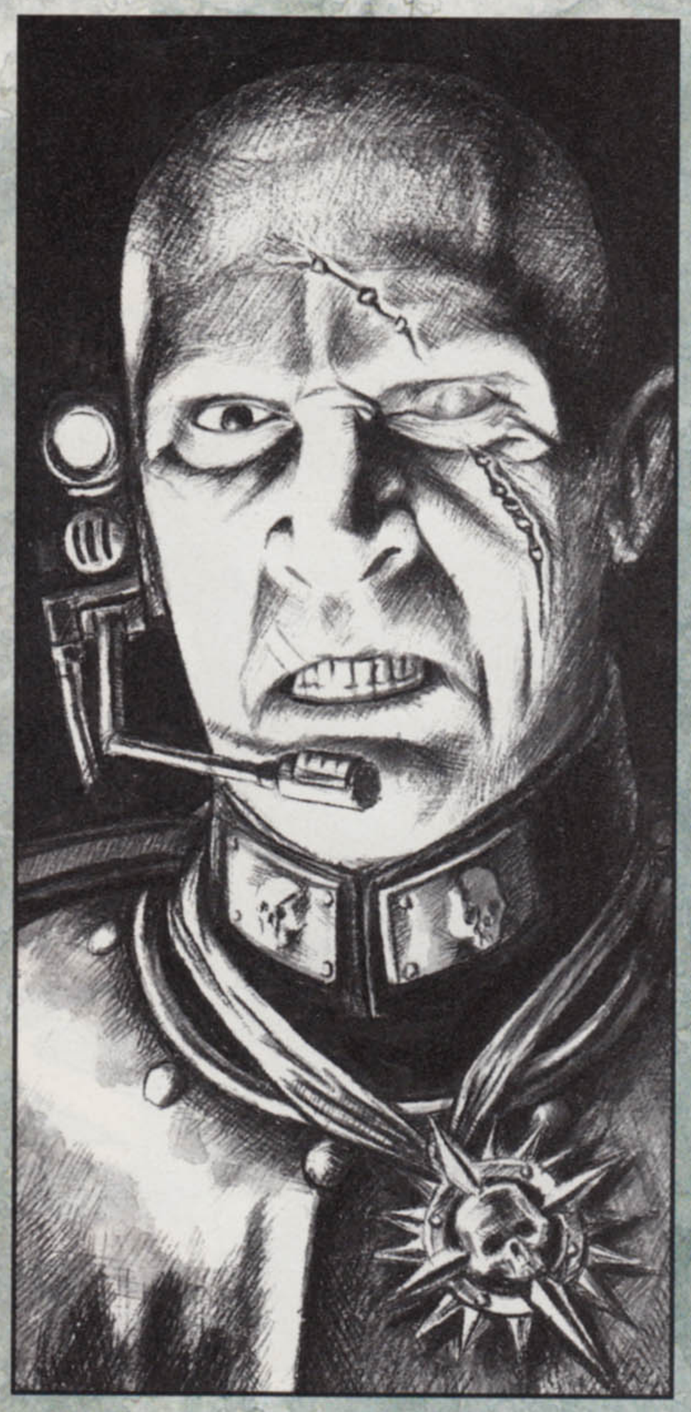


BATTLEFLEET GOTHIC™

Lord Rethmon's Masterclass

Fleet Tactics In Battlefleet Gothic, by Scrivener John Lambshead

This month John Lambshead takes a look at tactics in Battlefleet Gothic. He explains his thoughts on formations, manoeuvring, use of torpedoes and attack craft. Be sure to pay attention cadets – the success of your fleets could depend upon it.



Splat! The ink pellet burst on the shaven neck of Cadet Fornby, leaving a greasy mark under his starched collar. An outburst of juvenile giggles greeted the successful direct fire. Fornby seized a ruler and began a spirited boarding action over the backrest of the bench in an attempt to board for hand-to-hand combat.

The cadets had been herded into the lecture theatre by the boson-instructor ten minutes earlier and were now fractious with the boundless energy of youth.

"Lock On," whooped Cadet Chi-Fo as he took careful aim with his catapult and discharged a second pellet towards the foe. This time a forewarned Fornby ducked and the ordnance went ballistic down the theatre. A black-clad hand materialised out of the air and plucked the missile from the ether. The cadets froze as a tall figure in an immaculate Fleet Admiral's uniform stalked across the stage to the central podium. Lord Rethmon had arrived.

Only a slight hesitation in the upright gait hinted at the replacement for the left leg burned off by an exploding plasma cannon on the Arathusra. Rumour had it that Fleet Captain Rethmon had personally fired the last shots from the doomed ship by crawling down the main gun deck on his elbows and pulling the lanyards with his teeth.

A glove of black synthskin covered his left hand, or rather covered a mechanical substitute. The hand twitched spasmodically to a regular beat. The cadets held their breath as they counted the rhythm. Academy rumour had it that the malfunctioning hand indicated Lord Rethmon's current level of dissatisfaction with his students. Sixty beats per minute were a sign of imminent floggings. The cadets held their breath, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five beats. So far so good.

"Smarna, how do you win a fleet encounter?"

Smarna came from an old army family. He jumped smartly to his feet, hands straight to the gilt seams of his perfectly pressed uniform.

"Sir! No captain can go far wrong if he places his ship alongside that of the enemy, Sir!"

Rethmon sighed, the more observant cadets noted that black covered hand increased its twitch rate to thirty-five beats.

"An excellent answer Smarna and one that I could only hope would result in your quick and glorious death in the Emperor's service, because should you ever give such an order and survive then your death would be slow and inglorious when Sector Commander Grissom laid hands on you. Understand this. Fleets win battles not ships. The entire fleet must fight as a single unit, directed by a single will."

"Cadet Chi-Fo. Let's see if your knowledge of fleet tactics is better than your targeting skills. What is the basic fleet formation?"

There came no answer.

"In ages past a capital ship was called a Ship-Of-The-Line. Does that give you a clue, boy?"

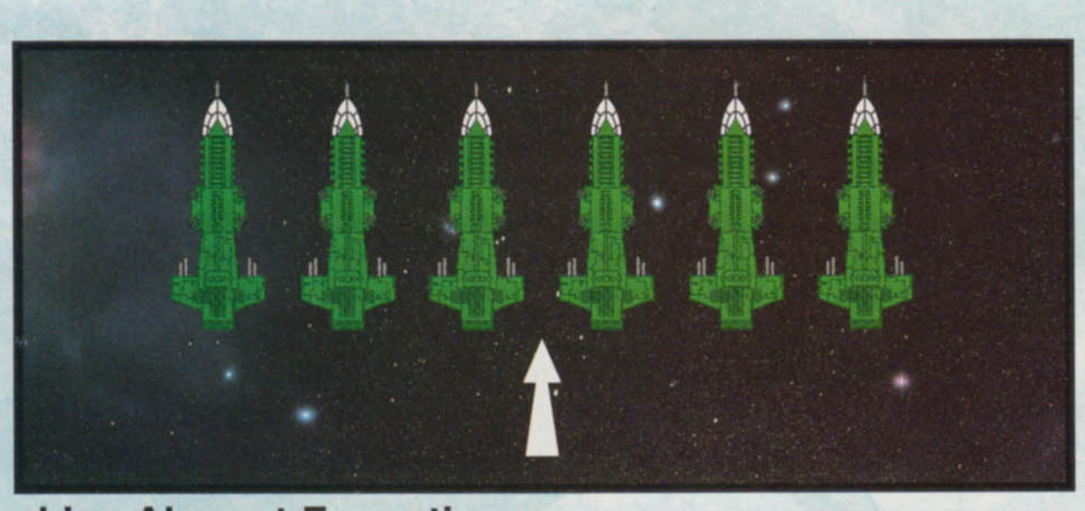
"Er, the basic fleet formation is a line, sir?"

"Yes cadet, ships fight in lines. They fight in lines because their weapons are mounted on the sides of the ships. This is the way it is now and the way it has always been."

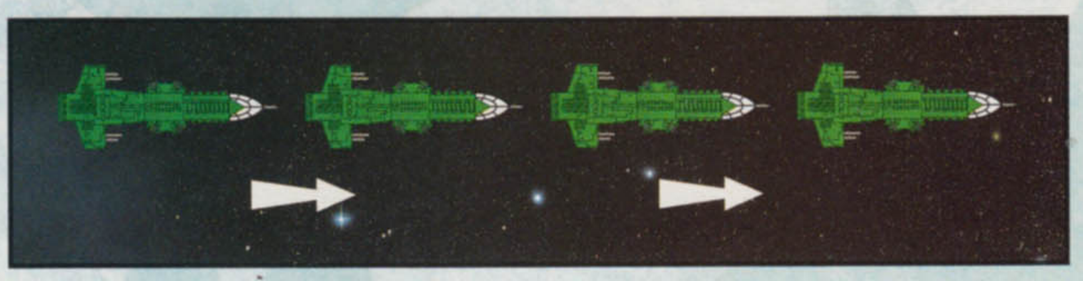
The Battle Formation

"The tradition of the Imperial Navy dictates that ships fight as part of a specific formation, as laid out within the 'Tactica Imperium'."

Capital ships can be divided into two basic types: ships whose primary firepower is forwards and ships who fire mainly to the sides. Forward firing ships should attack in a 'line abreast formation'. Put any side-firing ships in the battlegroup on the flanks of the formation. Similarly, side-shooting ships should be placed in a 'line astern formation' with any forward-firing vessels leading the formation. These formations maximise firepower while each ship's vulnerable quarters are protected by the next spacecraft in the chain. Getting the right formation is critical for victory. If you have a large battle group with equal numbers of each type of warship then it is worth considering forming two mutually supporting battlegroups, one fighting line astern and the other line abreast.



Line Abreast Formation

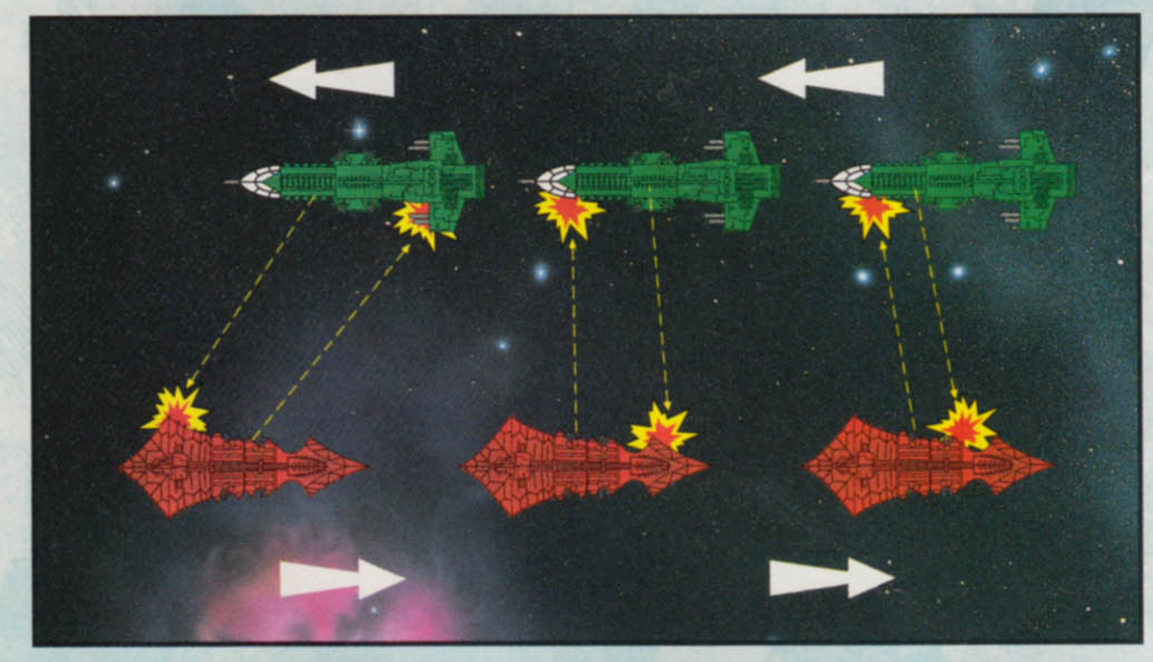


Line Astern Formation

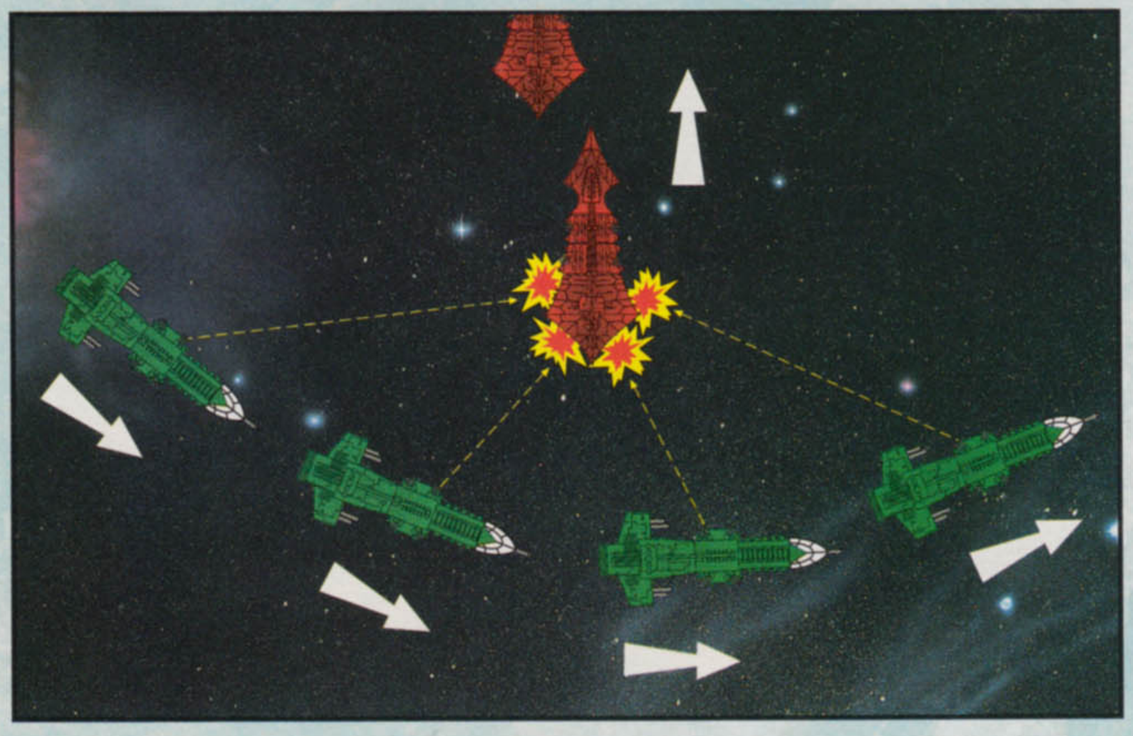
Manoeuvre

"A ship is obliged to remain a part of its given formation. Commissars have standing orders to shoot any captain who leaves the battle line without the express orders of the Admiral."

Spaceships move every turn, so the battlefield is in constant flux. You are obliged to manoeuvre whether you want to or not. The first rule is stay in formation. Manoeuvre the formation as a whole to bring the enemy under fire in a favourable tactical position.



Two 'line astern' formations cross each other's paths and inflict little damage upon each other's fleet.



An Imperial fleet crosses the 'T' of a Chaos fleet and inflicts crippling damage upon one of their ships.

Engagements where lines of two equal fleets fire at each other while cruising in parallel lines are almost always indecisive. Each ship fires at its opposite number, knocking down shields and occasionally inflicting the odd point of damage. Only lucky critical hits will have significant impact. The ideal position is to manoeuvre so as to sail across the flank of the enemy line. This is known as 'crossing the T'. The ideal flank to choose is the enemy stern – then he cannot shoot back!

But even if you cross a flank where the foe is able to shoot back, he is still toast. By swinging round, you should be able to get maybe six ships into a firing position. He will be able to fire back with maybe two. You have six to two, a three to one advantage, yes? Well no, actually you have a nine to one advantage. An ancient scrivener called Lanchester calculated that combat firepower is equal to the square of the number of units. So six firing ships are actually 6x6 or 36 points of firepower. Two ships equal 2x2 or 4 points of firepower; 36:4 equals 9:1. Burnt toast.

Terrain

"Ships never encounter each other in the empty space between the stars. They do not go there and if they did they would never find each other. Spaceship combat occurs in strategic star systems, and solar systems are not empty."

Planets make wonderful terrain for a cunning attacker. They block fire over a considerable area so planets can be used as shields while your battlegroup closes on an unsuspecting opposition fleet. More importantly, a planet's gravity well can be used to pivot capital ships through an exceptionally tight turn in order to cross the T of an enemy formation.

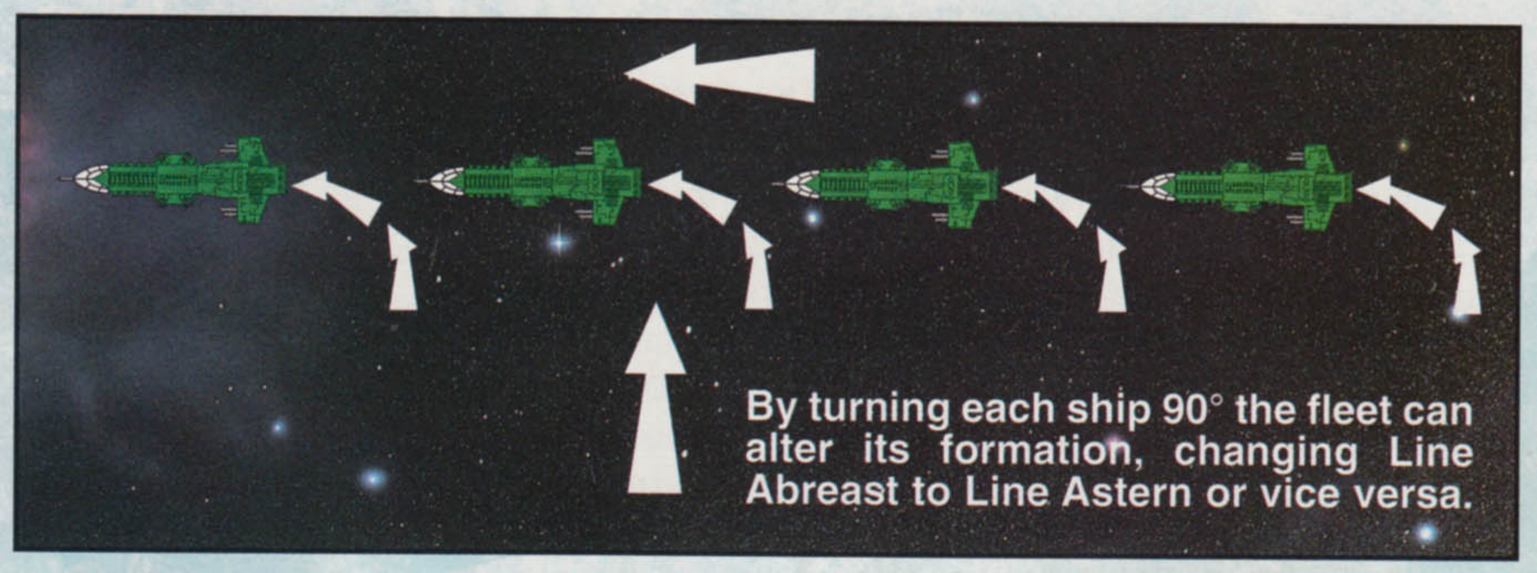
Asteroids lack those wonderful gravity wells but can still be used as shields.

> "Take, burn or destroy the enemy fleet!"
>
> Fleet Admiral Mourndark

Escaping Disaster

"The Scheer manoeuvre is a classic tactic taught to all cadets of the Imperial Navy. Named after Grand Admiral Scheer, he twice used it to avoid unfavourable combat with heretic Warlord Salitarius at the Battle of Jute."

So despite all your best efforts, you are outmanoeuvred and the fiendish opposition is about to cross your T. This is the perfect moment for the Scheer manoeuvre. Each ship turns 90° simultaneously to form a new line on an escape heading. The Scheer manoeuvre enables you to maximise manoeuvrability without sacrificing fleet formation.



By turning each ship 90° the fleet can alter its formation, changing Line Abreast to Line Astern or vice versa.

Capital Ships With Torpedoes

"Torpedoes are long range missiles carried by ships. A typical anti-ship torpedo is over 200 feet long and powered by a plasma reactor which also acts as a sizeable portion of its warhead."

Many Imperial ships of the line carry a decent sized forward battery of torpedoes on what is otherwise a side-firing ship. There is a good reason for this but to explain this seeming anomaly we have to study both the properties of capital ships and torpedoes. Capital ships markedly lack the flexibility of escorts. There is very little possibility of such a ship pivoting and dashing in against the enemy to launch a sneak torpedo attack, and to do so would wreck fleet formations. Besides torpedoes are best used in mass to saturate an enemy position. Then, whichever way the enemy battlegroup twists or turns, some hits will be scored.

The best chance Imperial capital ships have of launching a substantial torpedo attack is early on in the encounter. Deploy the ships in line abreast and close on the enemy in that formation. At the critical moment launch all torpedo waves together, on intersecting tracks, at the opposing line. The Imperial capital ships should then start a 90° Scheer turn to swing into line astern, so as to rake the enemy with gunfire. With luck the torpedoes will score hits but whatever happens, the foe's formation will be disrupted for the following attack. Turn the battle line a second time to cross the enemy T. Victory will follow.

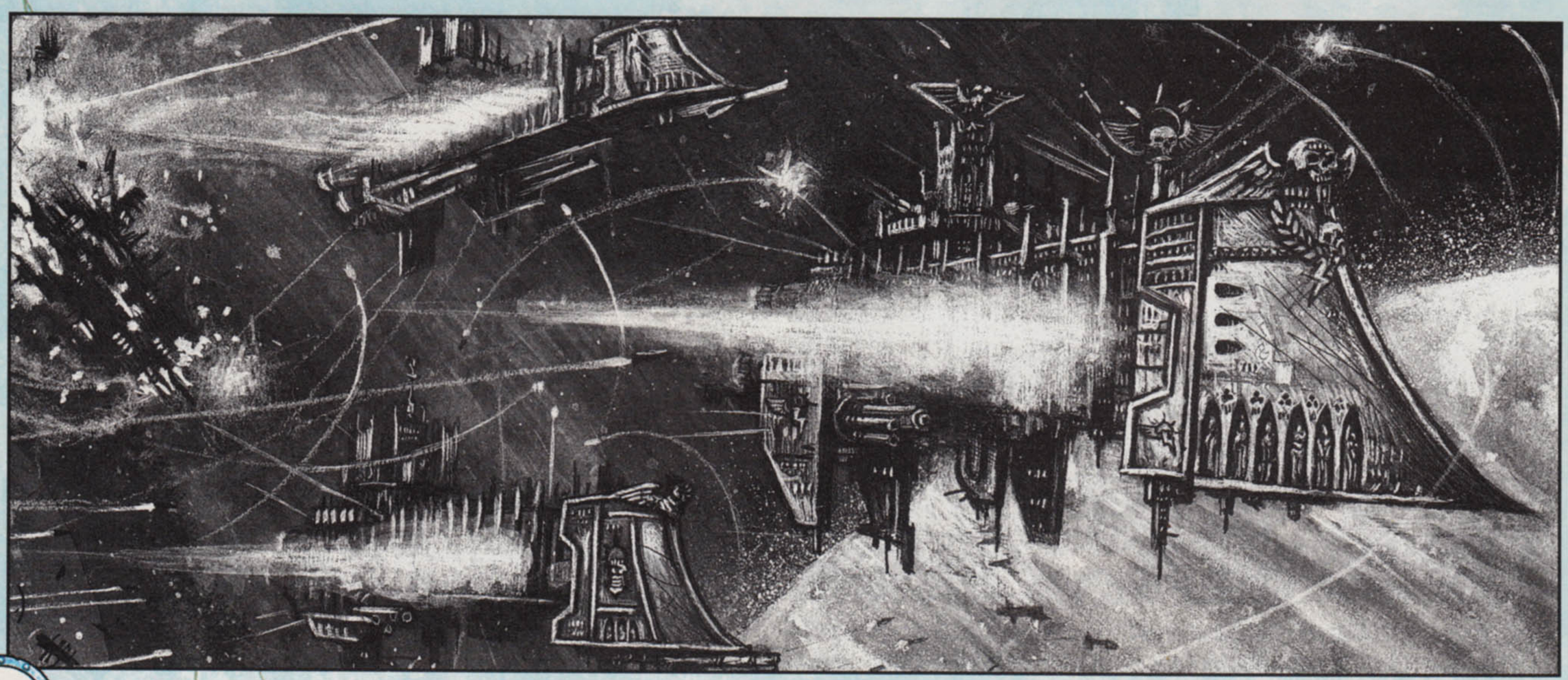
Escorts

"When a battle fleet first cruises into a star system, its escorts are put into forward and flanking positions to detect and neutralise traps."

Never, never, never, try to use escorts as ships of the line. By definition escorts cannot stand up to the fire of a capital ship. Escorts should prevent enemy bombers, mines and torpedoes reaching your line before battle is joined. If they locate the enemy battle line, then they should fall back behind friendly capital ships. A useful position is for them to guard the flanks, particularly around the rear of the ships of the line.

Escorts are only sent against capital ships in two circumstances. The first is to pick off crippled foes. Crippled enemy capital ships that fall out of the opposing line should be shadowed by friendly escorts. This achieves the immediate effect of making it difficult for the crippled ship to disengage and the escorts should try to work their way around to the rear of the crippled ship and blast it out of space.

The second circumstance where escorts might be sent in against the enemy line is in desperation. For example, when forced into a Scheer turn it is often helpful to make torpedo runs on the foe. Anything to distract your opponent for those critical moments when your capital ships are vulnerable.





Carrier Warfare

"Attack craft vary in size from sleek one-man fighters to lumbering heavy bombers. Attack craft make difficult targets for warships, their small size and high speed enables them to evade the worst fire."

If you command a battlegroup with only one carrier then it is probably best placed somewhere safe in the centre of your line. In the early stages of the combat, probably the most useful action it can take is to launch combat air patrol (CAP) fighters to act as additional escorts for your battle line. CAP is particularly good at taking out torpedo and bomber attacks. Later on in the battle, it may be a good idea to launch bomber strikes. These will be too weak to have much impact on the main engagement but they are useful for impeding the disengagement of crippled warships and even launching attacks on them or unwary enemy escorts.

If you are fortunate enough to command three carriers, consider forming an independent battlegroup of the carriers with protecting escorts. Position them behind your main battle line in a place of safety but close enough to influence events. First launch a fighter CAP and locate them with the escorts. Then build up a strike by launching bombers. Resist the urge to send each bomber wave against the despised foe as soon as they are spaceborne. Instead, set up a holding pattern around the battlegroup until you have a significant force. Then at the critical moment release the strike as a single attack. At this point, judge how much of the CAP to allocate as strike escorts – remember faint hearts don't win battles. It may also be politic to send the carriers' escort ships after the strike to pick off crippled ships. The motto of the carrier admiral is 'all or nothing', hit them with a deluge not droplets.

When To Break Formation

"Successful completion of the 'break' manoeuvre could earn Imperial Admirals the privilege of being shot on their own bridge by the Fleet Commissar, though this will often depend on the reason for the Admiral's breaking of formation."

There are only two valid reasons for breaking formation. The first is that you have been soundly beaten and your entire fleet faces imminent destruction. At that point you signal break convoy and flee, and the fleet explodes apart like a shoal of fish threatened by a shark. If your opponent stays in formation he can only kill a few before the others flee or disengage. Which brings us to the other reason for breaking formation, to sound general chase when you have your opponent soundly defeated. The object is to smash as many ships as possible before the panic-stricken, contemptible foe can escape your righteous fury.

Summary

1. ***Form into a line of battle***
2. ***Manoeuvre to cross the enemy's T***
3. ***Use terrain to mask fire and manoeuvre***
4. ***Concentrate fire***
5. ***Stay in formation until the foe is beaten***
6. ***Hit them with a deluge of ordnance not droplets***

Lord Rethmon dropped his persona like an uncomfortable cloak as soon as the door of his personal cabin swung shut, sealing him into a private world. He crossed the floor with a rolling sailor's gait acquired under the light of a thousand foreign stars. On the table stood a single green bottle of wildsnake. Rethmon justified the expense of the imported liquor by telling himself that it was a reminder of his humble origins in the underhive. And an Imperial servant needed to be humble, especially if he was a venerated Admiral. In moments of self-knowledge, Rethmon admitted that he also liked the taste.

The black synthskin slipped on the bottle as he tried to draw the cork. Cursing, the admiral peeled off the glove to reveal an astonishingly normal human hand. Rethmon flexed the hand a couple of times at 59˙ beats to the minute before laughing out loud. If you wanted to teach cadets, first you had to get their attention.

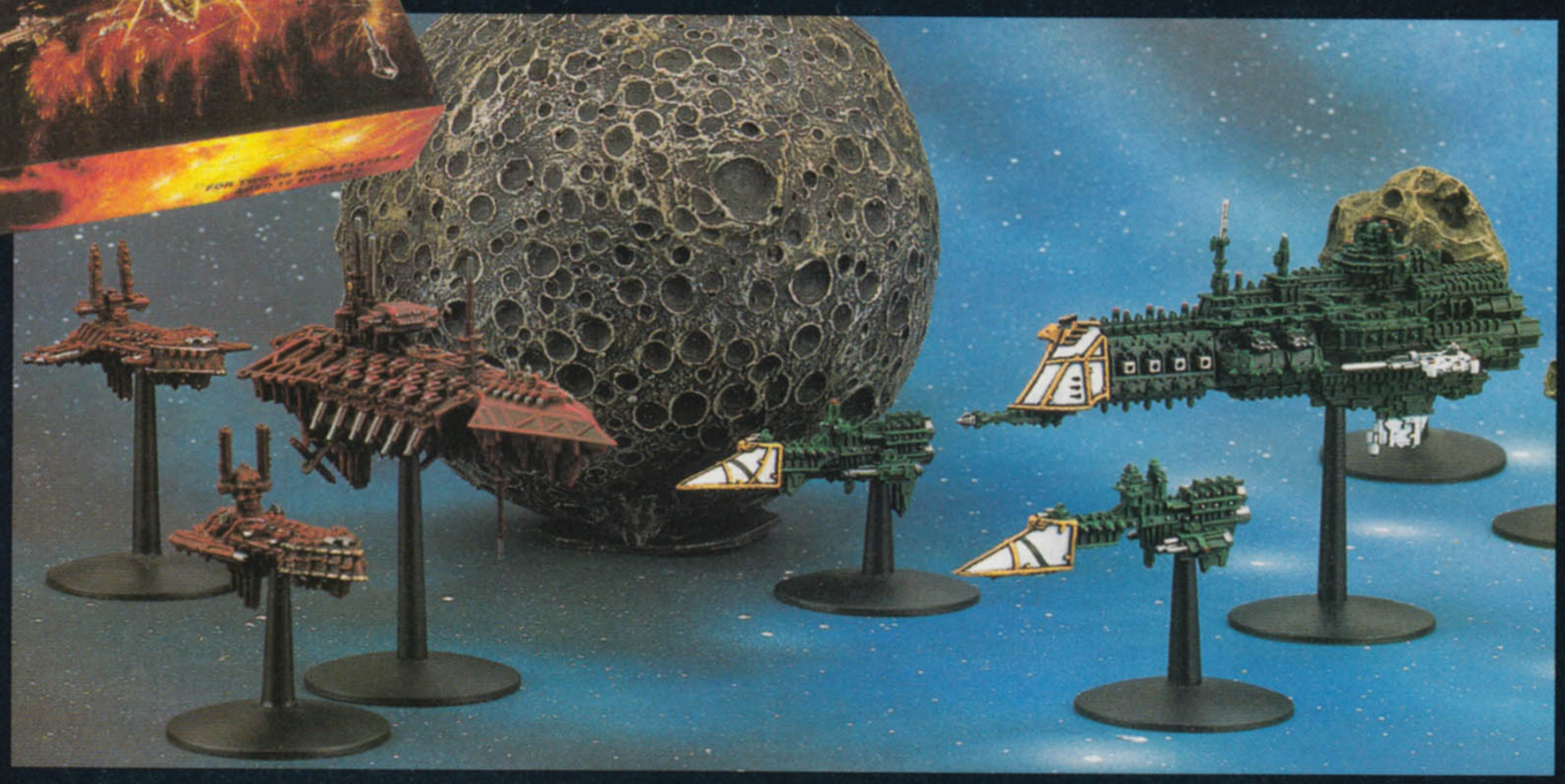
BATTLEFLEET GOTHIC™

SPACESHIP BATTLES IN THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

Battlefleet Gothic, the game of spaceship combat, is set during the Gothic War in the 41st Millennium; a grim time when the Imperium of Man battles for survival in a hostile galaxy. Battlefleet Gothic allows you to command fleets of warships in deadly conflict among the stars, though whether as Mankind's saviour or its destroyer is up to you!



Available now, the Battlefleet Gothic boxed game contains everything you'll need to get started. You can choose to command the fleets of the Imperium or one of its deadly enemies. The game provides the rules, scenarios and all the fleet lists you need to fight a battle, and guides you through how to paint the highly detailed, plastic Citadel Miniatures spaceships included in the box and then how to put together your own Battlefleet.



▲ Using a moon for cover, the blood red Chaos fleet prepares to unleash a devastating broadside at the unwary Imperial fleet.

The Battlefleet Gothic boxed game contains:

- Battlefleet Gothic rulebook with campaign rules
- 4 Imperial cruisers (multi-part kits)
- 4 Chaos cruisers (multi-part kits)
- 12 assorted dice
- Fleet Registry roster pad
- 2 plastic range rulers
- Over 100 game counters
- Two reference sheets
- Getting Started guide with exclusive comic strip



Contents and components may vary from those illustrated. Models supplied unpainted and unassembled. Glue and paints not included.

THERE IS NO PEACE AMONG THE STARS – AVAILABLE NOW FOR £40

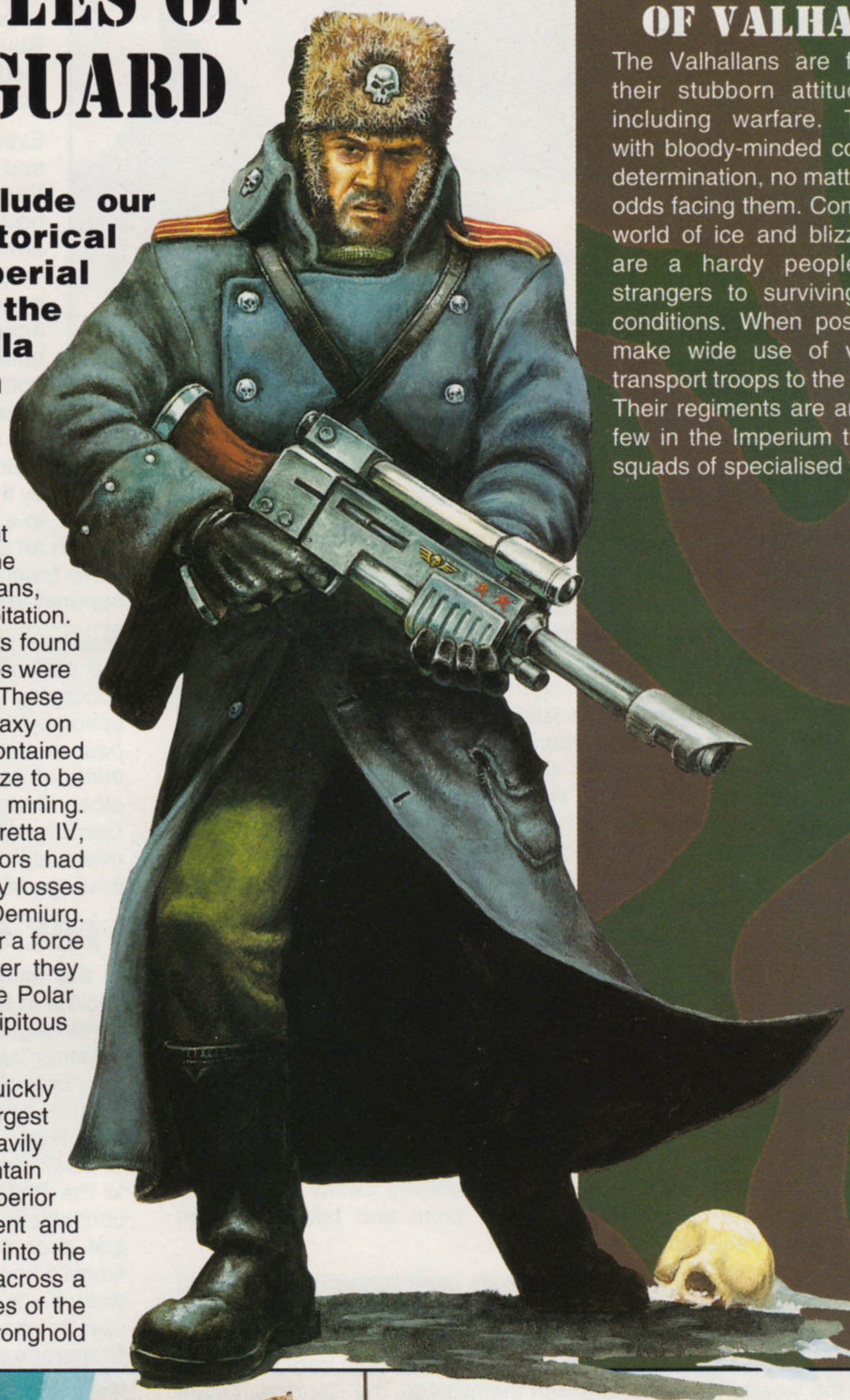
GLORIOUS BATTLES OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD

PART 3



Gavin Thorpe

This month we conclude our delve into the historical battles of the Imperial Guard with a look at the Ice Warriors of Valhalla and the feral Rough Riders of Attila.



THE VALLEY OF DEATH

When the Explorators of the Adeptus Mechanicus discovered the Poretta system in 365.M40, they thought the Machine God had answered their prayers. Of the system's five worlds, three were inhabitable by humans, each with mineral-dense mountain ranges ripe for exploitation. Unfortunately, upon closer investigation the Tech Priests found that someone had got there first. Their first landing parties were attacked by a race known to humanity as the Demiurg. These squat semi-humanoids normally drifted through the galaxy on gigantic asteroid-harvesting ships. However, the ore contained within the young worlds of Poretta was too much of a prize to be passed by and they had landed their ships and started mining. The Demiurg had adapted well to the conditions on Poretta IV, the largest inhabited world and, though the Explorators had nearly 5,000 Tech Guard with them, they suffered heavy losses trying to capture the mountain passes occupied by the Demiurg. Magos Strixta, in charge of the Explorators, sent word for a force of specialist mountain fighters. Almost six months later they were joined by two Valhallan regiments raised from the Polar Guard – ice rangers brought up from birth in the precipitous mountain ranges of southern Valhalla.

The Valhallan Polar Guard regiments I and II quickly established a landing zone in the foothills of the largest mountain range, where the Demiurg were most heavily concentrated. They pushed inwards along several mountain valleys and met with slow but steady success. Their superior numbers, combined with specialist mountain equipment and weapons, allowed them to push the Demiurg further into the jagged peaks. After two months of fighting they came across a major valley that stretched for nearly the whole 700 miles of the mountain range's length. The Demiurg had built their stronghold

ICE WARRIORS OF VALHALLA

The Valhallans are famous for their stubborn attitude to life, including warfare. They fight with bloody-minded courage and determination, no matter what the odds facing them. Coming from a world of ice and blizzards, they are a hardy people and no strangers to surviving in harsh conditions. When possible, they make wide use of vehicles to transport troops to the battlezone. Their regiments are amongst the few in the Imperium that include squads of specialised tank riders.



Using the tanks for cover, the Valhallans advance.



Valhallans begin an assault along a narrow ice precipice.

at its north-western end – a bunker complex hewn into the rock with heavy weapons towers covering the approaches along the valley.

Commander Yurov of the Polar Guard II was in charge of the assault. After a sustained orbital bombardment from the Adeptus Mechanicus' fleet and the Navy transports that had brought the Valhallans, Yurov's Polar Guard attacked. The regiment was broken into three detachments. The largest, consisting of four companies, pushed forward along the main valley floor. The second battle command of three companies attacked from another valley to the west of the Demiurg's position. Finally, a single company of elite Valhallan Mountain Rangers was to scale the cliffs and ridges to the north of the Demiurg and attack the aliens from behind. The Rangers were under the command of Alexi Rausko, a grey-haired Captain with fifty years mountain fighting experience.

Rausko and his men faced a fearsome prospect – scaling several cliffs, one of which was nearly 300 feet high, in the face of enemy fire. While the heavy weapons squads provided covering support, the Rangers started to tackle the steep slopes. Their mountain guns, able to fire accurately at high trajectory but light enough for easy movement, laid down a barrage that kept the Demiurg sheltering in their bunkers. Only sporadic small arms fire troubled Rausko's Company as they swiftly climbed towards the first of their objectives – a heavy weapon post that was raining fire down upon the Companies attacking from the west. Once they had reached the summit, the Rangers swiftly overran the Demiurg weapons crews, killing half of them and taking the rest prisoner, to be dealt with later.

Having taken the promontory, the Rangers used lightweight block and tackle to swiftly move their heavy guns from their original position to the captured summit, from which they could target the main Demiurg defences, another 1,000 feet above their position. With barely a pause to help the weapons teams establish themselves, the Rangers moved on to their main objective – a secondary gateway into the Demiurg complex. This time, the Demiurg were more tenacious in their defence and had recovered from the orbital bombardment. Many Rangers were wounded by concentrated heavy weapons fire as they struggled up through the snow drifts and across treacherous ice sheets, clawing their way forward with ice picks and spiked boots. Rausko himself was hit twice by enemy bullets but refused any medical treatment, claiming it 'was just a scratch or two' and that there were men in more dire need of attention.

Eventually, Rausko's Rangers attained the postern gatehouse and fought hand-to-hand with the Demiurg. The grizzled Rangers finally ousted the tough Demiurg from their dug-in positions but were unable to force their way into the heavily armoured bunker entrance. As the main attack forces of the Valhallans reached the main gate of the complex, Rausko saw an opportunity to end the battle swiftly. There was a route open around the very tip of the mountain, above the Demiurg bunkers, which would allow his men to attack the defenders from behind their emplaced defences. However, if a sizeable force was to sally forth from the postern entrance, it would be his men that found themselves caught in a trap. Leaving a platoon of his fiercest fighters to hold back any counter-attack by the Demiurg, Rausko led his men on the relatively easy climb to a ridge overlooking the aliens' base. The Demiurg did indeed launch an attack from the rear gate but the Rangers platoon stationed there fought valiantly to keep the Demiurg pinned down within a few hundred yards of the gatehouse.

Rausko's plan worked perfectly. Faced with the superior numbers of the Valhallans and taking heavy casualties from Rausko's men occupying a superior and unassailable position, the Demiurg had no option but to surrender, although the stubborn aliens fought for another hour to preserve their highly developed sense of honour. Nearly two-thirds of the Rangers had fallen in the assault and almost half of the other Companies. However, with their main stronghold lost, the Demiurg could no longer supply their other outposts. The Demiurg eventually abandoned Poretta and the Valhallans were given the privilege of founding the first Imperial settlements in the system.

THE CAPTURE OF CARDINAL NAMIL

In the early 39th Millennium, warp storms enveloped a number of sectors in the Ultima Segmentum. When the region was re-contacted some eighty years later, Imperial officials discovered that several systems had formed an anti-Imperial coalition, headed by renegade members of the Ecclesiarchy. The spiritual leader of the so-called Holy Alliance was a Cardinal called Namil, from the relatively poor world of New Rest. Armies were mustered as soon as possible and soon the Imperium was fighting against the heretics on half a dozen worlds. It fell to the Brigant XV to contest New Rest itself, amongst them several contingents of Attilan Rough Riders. The war had been in progress for just over a year when Colonel Orto of the Brigantines learned of Namil's base of operations, in a small town in the heart of New Rest's wastelands (some say an Assassin brought him this information, others say it was a traitor within the rebel Cardinal's own ranks). The Emperor's servants needed to strike swiftly, but they had a woeful lack of armoured vehicles to make the journey. Instead, Orto turned to the Attilans. Gathering all the Rough Riders he could, Orto placed them under the command of Hengal Kamir (forefather of the renowned Mogul Kamir). Their orders were simple – capture Cardinal Namil.



Lances levelled, the Attilans charge.

Riding for twenty hours, with only short breaks in which to eat and drink, the Attilans reached the town just before dawn the next day. They were unsure where Namil's base was but it was reasonable to expect it to be in the rundown Imperial monastery on the southern outskirts of the town. It was here that they struck first, only to find the building was in fact the main barracks. Waking from their sleep to find nearly two hundred vicious Attilans standing over them, most of the rebels gave up without a fight. The Attilans disarmed the renegades and set them to walking out into the desert. Of Namil, there was no sign. As the Attilans continued to sweep through the town, the alarm was raised and soldiers began to stumble from billets all across the town. Bloody street fighting ensued, not normally a good place for cavalry who prefer an open field for a good decisive charge. The Attilans, though, are brought up on raiding and pillaging one another's temporary settlements and their hunting lances and whirring chainswords took a heavy toll on the insurrectionists. They destroyed what small pockets of resistance sprang up, sending the survivors marching into the wastes after their comrades.

Kamir finally found Namil, protected by a small but elite bodyguard, in a tavern on the northern slopes of the town (which occupied a mile-wide bowl-shaped depression). Riding into the building itself, they smashed into the Cardinal's men and slew all of them within the space of minutes – one colourful story tells of Kamir urging his horse up the stairwell to chase a squad of fleeing enemies! Kamir himself bound Namil and hung him over the back of his horse. It was then that the Rough Riders' scouts returned from the east, reporting a large armoured column heading to relieve the town. Knowing he was unable to withstand such a force and conscious of the traditional hit-and-run tactics of his people, Kamir led his men back into the desert, rounding up the prisoners they had taken earlier (nearly 1,200 men).

With the loss of their figurehead, most of the rebels threw down their weapons and surrendered, trusting to Imperial mercy (some were executed but most ended up swelling the ranks of the Penal Battalions). New Rest fell shortly after the raid and with its loss, the other renegade worlds capitulated as well.

MORAI KOTEN'S CHARGE

When Morai Koten's Golden Hunters (officially the Attilan XVI regiment, raised 276.M36) was sent to Farstar, it was to use their speed and flexibility to combat the Eldar raiders who had been constantly harassing the infantry and armoured forces of the Imperial Guard regiment already stationed there. Three weeks after they arrived, the Attilans were to face the Eldar in numbers for the first time, in a battle that took place in the rolling hills north of Farstar's largest spaceport.

In time-honoured fashion, the Attilans arrayed themselves in a long battleline, eager to sweep down upon the Eldar. The alien raiders seemed equally willing for a confrontation as they sped over the hills and ridges in their light skimmers, howling battle-cries and brandishing their vicious weapons. The scene was set for one of the most savage battles in the Imperium's history.

As the two armies sped towards one another, Morai Koten suddenly realised what the Eldar commander's plan was. The alien war leader had gathered most of his heaviest troops on his right, planning to encircle and smash the Attilans' left flank and then destroy the rest of the Imperial army. Knowing his enemy's intentions, Koten was able to swiftly devise a plan that would turn the advantage of the flank attack into a deadly trap. He detached a small part of his force to circle quickly behind the enemy, using the lay of the land to shield them from Eldar eyes. At the same time, the left flank was to fall back in the face of the aliens' assault, drawing them on further. The centre of the Attilans' line, led by Koten himself, was to hold at all costs.

As the Eldar pressed their attack, their strong right wing becoming further isolated from the rest of their army, Koten struck. Mustering his own household of 150 of the regiment's best fighters, he led a charge straight into the Eldar centre, running down their leader as the sudden counter-attack met the enemy advance head on. Without pausing, Koten led his contingent through the Eldar battleline and around the back of their right flank. War drums and horns sounded the attack and the mounted warriors of the Attilan left flank, who had been retreating from the Eldar, suddenly spurred their mounts into a ferocious charge. Even as the surviving Eldar from their own left flank prepared to attack Koten's rear, the detached Rough Rider force appeared behind them, catching them totally unawares. The three Attilan forces met in the middle of the battlefield, with mounds of dead Eldar and Attilans littering the grasslands. The Attilans broke into small units to relentlessly pursue the scattered Eldar, mercilessly cutting them down where they caught them. Koten himself took thirty six heads that day, and even now the tale is sung around Attilan campfires to honour the glory of Morai Koten.





ATTILAN ROUGH RIDERS

The nomadic, feral tribes of Attila make a great recruiting resource for the Imperial Guard and they are without equal as Rough Riders. Brought up in the saddle, Attilans have no respect or need for a man who cannot ride a horse, and they are physically strong and have tremendous powers of endurance. Although ill-disciplined and hard to command, the Attilans' barbarity is a bonus on occasion; many a foe has stood horrified as a unit of Attilans bears down upon on them, howling blood-curdling battle-cries and decked out in grisly trophies of victory.

ICE WORLD CAMOUFLAGE SCHEMES



Ice Blue, Fortress Grey, Enchanted Blue



Skull White, Ice Blue, Enchanted Blue



Ice Blue, Enchanted Blue



Skull White, Ice Blue

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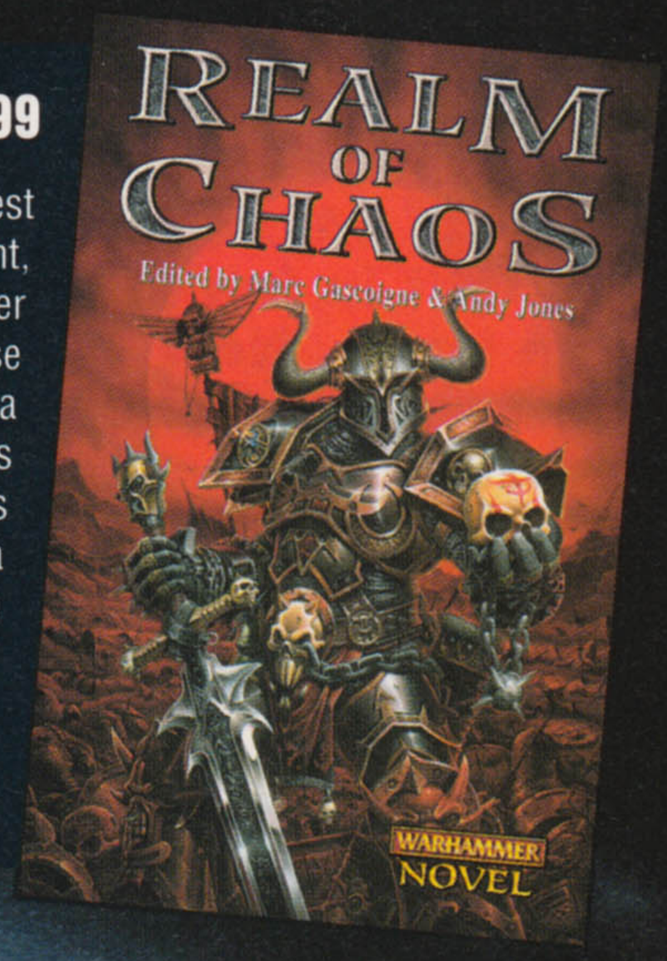
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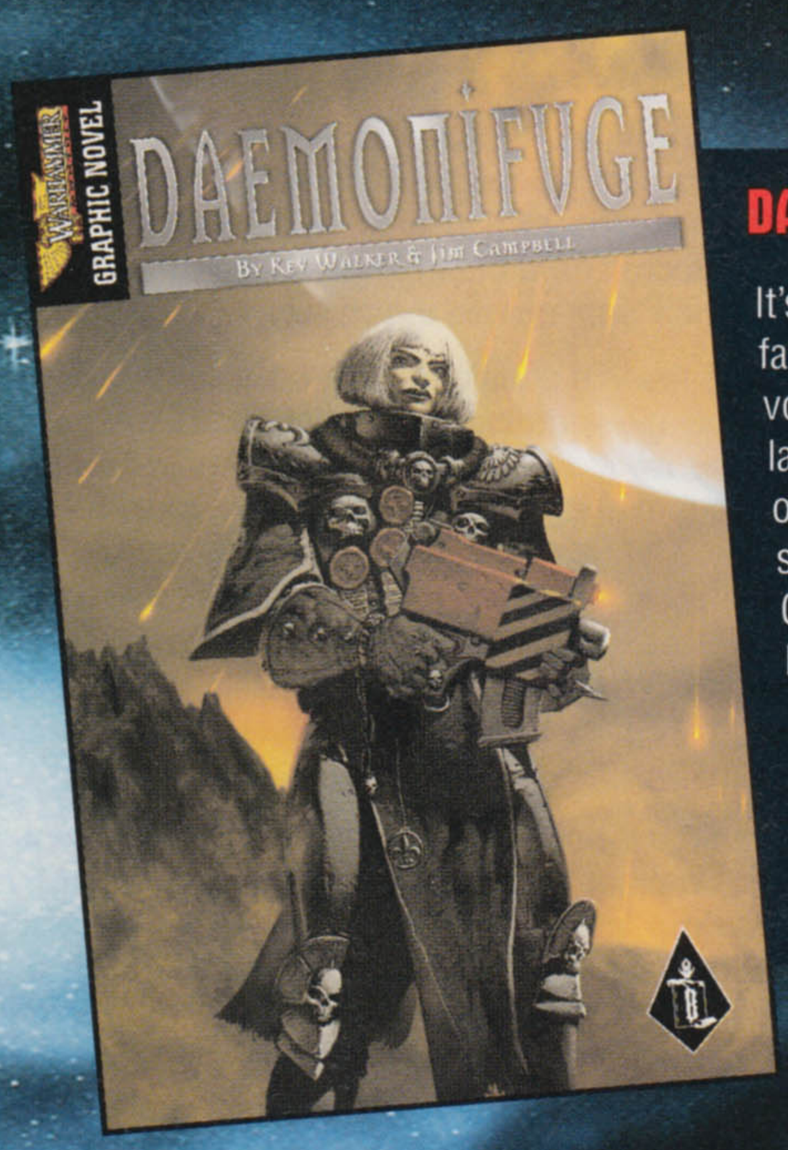
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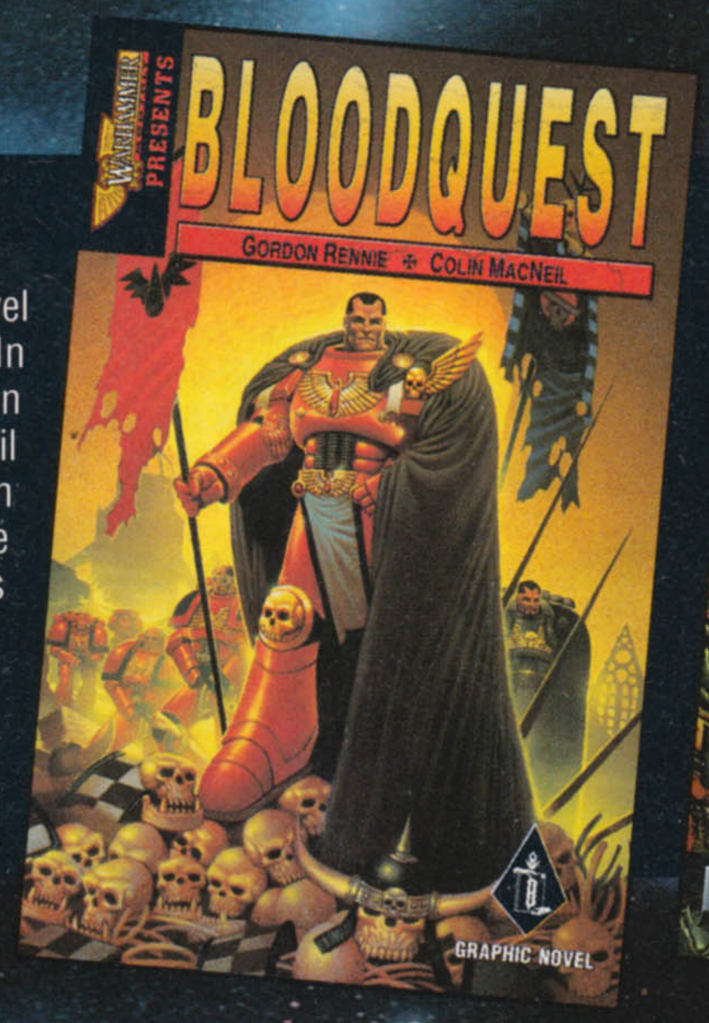
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STORM TROOPERS

STOP THAT TALKING IN THE BACK RANKS! Hutson, down and give me twenty! That's right in full kit... Against all expectations you 'orrible lot have made it through basic. Now you are ready to protect the Pax Imperium, Emperor help us. For your final briefing we'll take a look at our very own special forces, the Storm Troopers. If some of you serve well and do your duty you might even end up fighting with them...










SERGEANT


SERGEANT

Designed by Mark Bedford

The Storm Troopers are the Imperial Guard's elite, the special forces. Unlike other Imperial Guard they are recruited from all across the Imperium and wear a distinctive uniform which is instantly recognisable by other Guard units. Although they are formed into different regiments just like other Imperial Guard, they rarely serve as one force in one place. Instead individual companies or even squads are sent to the war zones to bolster the fighting strength of the regiments already there. They are welcomed by most Imperial generals as they provide a core of ultra-trained, well-equipped squads that can be spread across an entire battle front as needed.

Storm Troopers are mainly recruited from the orphan sons of Imperial officials who are brought up by the Schola Progenium (Imperial Missions). Many Inquisitors, Commissars and high-ranking Guard officers find their unbreakable faith in the missionary orphanages. They also recruit hard bitten Imperial Guard veterans and take their pick of the best fighting men from across the galaxy.

Those that join the Storm Troopers receive additional training and have access to more sophisticated equipment than most ordinary Imperial Guardsmen. Indeed they are the only Guard units to be issued with hellguns – these weapons are a more powerful version of the lasgun and must be constantly maintained and repaired if they are to work properly. The relatively small number of Storm Troopers makes it possible to keep enough spare hellguns in reserve to re-equip them where necessary. They also wear heavier field armour than most Imperial Guard units. This carapace armour not only increases the wearer's survivability in a fire fight but is also crammed full of technological devices such as targeters, heads-up tactical displays and foe proximity alarms.

Storm Troopers are trained for covert missions and to spear-head assaults, so they don't usually carry heavy weapons as these would only slow them down. Many of their missions call upon them to drop into enemy held installations to destroy a specific target such as a communications centre or to eliminate an enemy commander. When they are used to spear-head assaults they drop in front of the main advance to take and hold vital objectives such as bridges or crossroads, often holding out against superior odds until the more regular Imperial Guard forces can break through to them.

As much of their work is done behind enemy lines where they can sow confusion amongst the enemy, most Imperial Guardsmen don't usually witness them fighting. This, coupled with their special treatment, privileges and elite status does cause a certain amount of rancour amongst the regular Guardsmen and has earned them colourful nicknames, such as 'Glory Boys' and 'Big Toy Soldiers'. This is mostly brought on by jealously as most Guardsmen want to join the Storm Trooper corps, so much of this gibing is good-natured and Guardsmen are generally thankful if a squad is assigned to their sector.



Storm Troopers assault an Ork-held trench.



Storm Troopers advance through a ruined building.



Nick Davis

Nick Davis's Storm Troopers (left) are painted in a very simple but effective colour scheme of Midnight Blue and Chaos Black. The colour scheme is based on actual special forces night attack uniforms (see insert).

His Storm Trooper squad contains several conversions including a comm-link, Medic and a converted Sergeant. He also plans to paint a platoon of Storm Troopers with a Command section and Marksmen!



STORM TROOPER CAMOUFLAGE SCHEMES

The Storm Troopers are called upon to fight on many battle fronts, in many different environments. Here are a few examples of known Storm Trooper camouflage schemes.







DESERT



Vermin Brown, Scorched Brown, Space Wolves Grey



ICE WORLD

Skull White, Ice Blue



JUNGLE

Snot Green, Chaos Black, Goblin Green



URBAN

Codex Grey, Chaos Black, Skull white

The wind was a howling gale around Storm Trooper Sergeant Rayner as he dropped by grav-chute through Kajar VI's atmosphere. Looking down he could see the twinkling lights of the Ork campfires on the ground growing rapidly closer. Glancing around he could see nothing of the rest of his squad in the pitch black. Rayner adjusted a dial on his belt, increasing the resistance of the grav-chute and slowing his descent. He unslung his hellgun and aimed downwards, activating the artificial eye of its targeter. He was fifty yards up now and descending quite slowly, in the tactical read-out thrown up onto the visor of his helmet he could make out the Orks sitting in their camp.

Locking a heat-sensitive filter into place on his helmet, Rayner could suddenly see the other nine Storm Troopers around him. They must have slowed up earlier, for the squad was a good twenty yards above him still. Ignoring them for the moment, he turned his attention back to the ground and took aim with the hellgun. He eased his finger onto the trigger and squeezed softly. The hellgun spat a bolt of energy into the huddled Orks, smashing through the exposed skull of one of them, spilling brains onto the snow-choked ground. They looked around in panic and confusion as he dropped right on top of them, his heavy boots smashing the face of another to a bloody pulp before his landing sent up a cloud of snow around him. He started shouting oaths to the Emperor, his helmet pickup and the external vocaliser amplifying it to a deafening bellow which sowed further anarchy amidst the Orks.

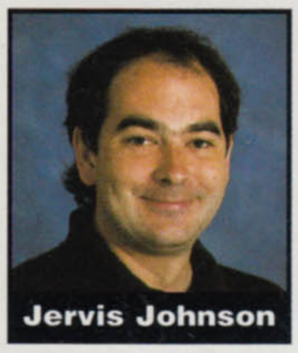
Around Rayner, the shots of the other Storm Troopers flashed from the darkness, sending the Orks scurrying in all directions to grab their weapons and seek cover. He could hear their war-cries as well now, sounding strangely flat and distant across the cold, desolate wastes of Kajar. He levelled his own weapon and blasted it point-blank into the stomach of a greenskin charging towards him with a massive axe held above its head, the blade glinting red in the firelight. The Ork continued its charge for another pace before Rayner's second shot to its chest sent it sprawling sideways, the axe flying from its dead fingers. A warning proximity chime inside his helmet made Rayner spin on his heel to see another Ork hurling itself at him. He stepped to one side and kicked the burning logs of a fire into its face, setting its ragged clothing alight. The others had landed now and they formed up beside Sergeant Rayner, sweeping methodically through the camp, tossing frag grenades into the fires and detonating the crates of ammunition stacked haphazardly around them. In the near-blackness the Storm Troopers advanced, silent now, with determined purpose, cutting down any greenskin they found, shrouded from return fire by the darkness. A lucky shot rang off Rayner's chest plate once, but he didn't even give it a second thought.

He ordered the ceasefire and glanced around. Seeing no sign of the greenskins, Rayner judged the position secure and activated his comm-channel transmitter to report the area cleared. The squad watched the perimeter cautiously in case the Orks manage to muster a counter-attack but there was no sign of the enemy when the shuttle roared down on quadruple tails of plasma, melting the snow as it landed with a thump amongst the Storm Troopers, ready to take them back up to the orbiting transport. As he double-timed up the embarking ramp, Rayner looked at the chronometer display in his helmet and was glad to see that the whole operation had taken less than ten minutes. Another job well done.

By Gav Thorpe

DEFENDERS OF HUMANITY

IMPERIAL GUARD GARRISONS


Jervis Johnson

The Imperial Guard are well known for the large offensives they take part in but they are also involved in much smaller operations, such as guarding Imperial planets. These forces are often quite small compared to the Imperial Guard's large fighting formations. Jervis gives some ideas on how to collect an army based on a garrison force.

One of the things I was very keen to get across in Codex Imperial Guard was that, while the Imperial Guard often take part in huge campaigns as part of enormous Imperial armies, just as often a company or regiment will be the sole defenders of an Imperial planet or system. There were a number of reasons why I wanted to do this. One was that I wanted to dispel the myth that all the Imperial Guard ever does is fight in these big battles. I also wanted to explain what happened when a campaign had finished. Most importantly, however, I wanted to get across that the Guard is made up of ordinary people just like you and me, who happen to be willing to give their lives in order to defend their fellow citizens from terrifying alien creatures and other threats. The humanity of the Imperial Guard, both in terms of race and their self-sacrifice, is a great part of their appeal to me and I was very keen to try and get other Imperial Guard players to view their army in the same way, rather than looking on their Guardsmen as just being cannon-fodder or 'faceless grunts' that can be sacrificed willy-nilly in order to achieve an objective.

This article expands on these themes and shows how they can help you create a really interesting army, hopefully sparking off ideas for special scenarios and campaigns.



IMPERIAL GUARD GARRISONS

"By order of the Emperor and in recognition of their services to the Imperium during the pacification of Betta-Hydropolis 9, the 23rd Bruttiam regiment is assigned to guard and protect the Imperial Citizens and Imperial Possessions in the Xenthorp System. May the Emperor guide and protect them in this their sacred duty."

While it's true that Imperial Guard regiments are raised to fight in major campaigns, when (or if) a campaign is over, the troops that took part will often be settled somewhere in the sector where they were fighting, to act as a garrison and to defend the inhabitants against any further attacks that might occur. Sometimes such units will be used to protect the settlers of a newly reclaimed planet, or even be used to conquer and then settle such a planet themselves as part of an army of conquest.

Under such circumstances the Imperial Guard regiment becomes a small garrison force that protects and is part of the community on the planet or system where it is located. What's more, as many such human colonies are very small (about a third of Imperial worlds have a total population numbered in thousands rather than millions), the size of the garrison will often only be a company or regiment of troops, backed up by some local planetary defence forces.

A regiment or company assigned to garrison duty is typically both smaller and more diverse than a similar formation that is part of an Imperial Guard army. This is understandable as units assigned to garrison duty have, literally, been through the wars and the casualties they have suffered will have greatly reduced their strength from that at which they started. Over time, the regiment will begin to lose its distinctive appearance as equipment and uniforms wear out and are replaced with local alternatives. It is also common practice for regiments that have fallen below combat strength or lost all of their senior officers to be placed under the command of other regiments and are effectively incorporated into them. Because of this, a regiment assigned to garrison duty may bear little resemblance to that which left its home world many years before.

COLLECTING A GARRISON

"This world is your home now, these people are in your charge. It is now your duty to protect both in the Emperor's name."

Aside from being interesting in terms of the background and character of the Imperial Guard, garrisons make a great basis for collecting a really interesting Imperial Guard army. A good example of an Imperial Guard garrison is the 23rd Bruttiam regiment which is described in the Imperial Guard Codex and which is reprinted here. The 23rd is typical of the smaller Imperial Guard garrison forces that are scattered throughout the Imperium and serves as a good starting point if you fancy designing your own garrison force. Coming up with an organisation chart and

XENTHORP MAJOR GARRISON

CIC: *Col. Milon* ***Adjutant:*** *Cpt. Chratus* ***Quartermaster:*** *Cpt. Tarentine*
Engineering Officer: *Lt. Lucanian* ***Regimental Commissars:*** *Commissar Thesprotian, Commissar Chaonian*

Local Scouts & Rough Rider Platoon, 9th Cardosian[1]
1 Officer, 25 Enlisted Local Scouts[2]*, 12 Rough Riders*

Fire Support Squad, 116th Catachan[3]
1 Junior Officer, 6 Guardsmen, 1 autocannon, 1 heavy bolter

Regimental Vehicle Pool
1 Chimera, 3 staff cars, 1 'Tigermoth' skimmer, 3 'Longhaul' transports[4]

Inter-Planetary Transport (Cpt. Coulson)
Xenthorp's Pride[5]

1/23rd COMPANY

Company HQ Platoon (Cpt. Molossian)
1 Officer, 1 Commissar, 23 Guardsmen, 2 lascannon, 1 autocannon, 2 heavy bolters, 3 mortars

B Platoon: *1 Officer, 31 Guardsmen, 1 missile launcher*

E Platoon: *1 Officer, 35 Guardsmen, 1 missile launcher, 1 heavy bolter*

H Platoon: *1 Officer, 36 Guardsmen*

I Platoon: *1 Officer, 31 Guardsmen, 1 lascannon*

K Platoon: *1 Officer, 18 Guardsmen, 1 autocannon*

2/23rd COMPANY

Company HQ Platoon (Cpt. Epirote)
1 Officer, 1 Commissar, 9 Guardsmen, 2 mortars

F Platoon
1 Officer, 45 Guardsmen, 1 missile launcher, 1 heavy bolter

G Platoon
1 Officer, 34 Guardsmen, 1 missile launcher, 1 heavy bolter

H Platoon
1 Officer, 41 Guardsmen, 1 missile launcher, 1 heavy bolter

L Platoon
1 Officer, 37 Guardsmen, 3 lascannon

3/23rd COMPANY[6]

Company HQ Platoon (Cpt. Barca)
1 Officer, 5 Guardsmen

B Platoon: *1 Officer, 16 Guardsmen*

D Platoon: *1 Officer, 20 Guardsmen*

23rd ARMOURED SUPPORT COMPANY[7]

Company HQ (Cpt. Cauf)
1 Leman Russ

B Squadron: *2 Leman Russ*

C Squadron: *1 Hellhound*

K Armoured Fist Platoon:
1 Officer, 27 Guardsmen, 2 missile launchers, 1 heavy bolter, 3 Chimera

LESSER XENTHORP GARRISON[8]

6/23rd COMPANY

Company HQ Platoon (Cpt Hanno):
1 Officer, 23 Guardsmen, 3 autocannon, 2 mortars, 1 lascannon, 1 Local Guide

D Platoon: *1 Officer, 32 Guardsmen, 1 missile launcher*

I Platoon: *1 Officer, 35 Guardsmen, 1 heavy bolter*

C Platoon: 17th Malcomb[9]
3 Officers, 45 Guardsmen, 3 heavy bolters, 2 lascannon, 1 mortar

Steamer Escort Detachment[10]
1 Officer, 17 Guardsmen, 2 heavy bolters, 1 Subordinate Adept, 17 Menial Adept

IMPERIAL MONITORING STATION 88/999c ALPHA GARRISON[11]

Lt: Gisgo

H Platoon, 6/23rd Bruttium
1 Officer, 44 Guardsmen, 1 lascannon, 1 mortar, 1 heavy bolter

Monitoring Station Adminstratum Adepts
1 Prefectus, 1 Ordinates, 2 Scribes, 2 Ciphers, 1 Curator, 19 Menials

23rd BRUTTIAM REGIMENTAL HISTORY

The current regiment is the third to have borne the name. It was raised in 983.M41 in response to an Administratum decree requesting troops to take part in the Third Araklionid War. The regiment took part in the invasion of Betta-Hydropolis 9 and bore the brunt of the fighting for the Floating Gardens and the subsequent siege of the Palace of Ice. Following the pacification of Betta-Hydropolis 9 the regiment was retired from front-line duties and has since been on permanent garrison duty in the Xenthorp system.

Since taking up their duties in the Xenthorp system the 23rd has seen relatively little combat, other than the minor policing and population control duties one would expect from a garrison force. Notable exceptions are the elimination of an Eldar raiding force that attacked Xenthorp Minor in 987.M41 and the 23rd's involvement in the capture and arrest of Decius Mus, better known as the Arch-Heretic of Auscum, in co-operation with Space Marines from the Lords of Wrath Chapter in 995.M41. In both cases the 23rd performed their duties with valour and skill. Lt Hesprix, commander of the Space Marine detachment that took part in the Decius Mus operation, singled out the 3rd Company, also known as 'Barca's Commandos' for special praise, saying that "they showed commendable fortitude and ability for human warriors who had not undergone genetic enhancement".

Since then the 23rd Bruttiam regiment has not taken part in any major actions, but all indications are that they continue to maintain a high level of preparedness should the need arise.

NOTES

[1] The 9th Cardosian Regiment was largely wiped out in Col. Zurinev's abortive 'Grand All-Conquering Raid'.

[2] The local scouts are mounted on Xenthorpian 'laxmoots', a local riding beast noted for its evil disposition and foul odour.

[3] No record as to how this unit came to be attached to the 23rd Bruttiam exists. It seems likely that an admin error led to them being transported to Xenthorp Major instead of the Hiatus 15.

[4] The staff cars, skimmer and transport vehicles are non-military vehicles of local design. The 'Longhaul' is capable of transporting two squads of Guardsmen and their equipment.

[5] Xenthorp's Pride is a civilian system ship on permanent secondment to the 23rd Regiment. Although originally unarmed, it has been upgraded to carry a single gun-deck.

[6] This company is also known as 'Barca's Commandos'. It is the only company to still have any functioning plasma weapons (three Mk97 'Necromunda pattern' plasma guns).

[7] The 23rd Armoured Support Company is a hybrid formation made up of all of the 23rd Regiment's surviving armoured vehicles (with the exception of the Regimental HQ Chimera).

[8] Currently C platoon is based at Lesser Xenthorp's Shuttle Port, while the rest of the garrison is based at the mining site.

[9] C Platoon consists of survivors of the 17th Malcomb Regiment. The rest of the regiment were wiped out by a virulent form of Pratt's Scurvy.

[10] Ore from the mines is transported in a river steamer manned by an Administratum crew. The escort detachment is drawn from units in the rest of the garrison. The heavy bolters are mounted fore and aft on the steamer.

[11] The monitoring station is one of the moons of the Xenthorp 10, so all military personnel are equipped and trained in the use of type 97 pressurised combat suits. In addition, the garrison's heavy weapons have been equipped with recoil suppressors and air-feeds to allow them to operate in the conditions that prevail.

UNDER-STRENGTH SQUADS

If you look at the organisation chart for the 23rd Bruttiam regiment you'll notice that some squads must be under-strength (ie, they must have less than ten men). It is standard practice in the Imperial Guard to try to keep squads at full strength and this is achieved by joining together units from the same platoon which have suffered casualties to form full strength squads. For example, if a platoon that had four squads at the start of a battle lost twenty men, then the men would be reformed into two squads of ten men each.

Of course there will be times when it's impossible to form full strength squads without having 'left-overs'. In such cases, the extra men will be used to form an under-strength squad and will be fielded as long as it has at least six men (if reduced to five men or less it will be placed on reserve duties until replacements are available to make it up to six men or more). This aspect of the organisation of the Imperial Guard is ignored in the standard army lists, as it's rather fiddly to use and to be honest, doesn't result in units that are all that effective. However, players that wish to incorporate such units into their games can make use of the following new rule.

Under-strength Squads: One squad in each Imperial Guard infantry platoon can be fielded with less than ten men, down to a minimum of six models. Reduce the cost of the squad by 5 points for each man less than ten in the squad. In scenarios where it's important to know if a unit has been reduced to half strength or less, the squad counts as if it started with its full ten men, even though this wasn't actually the case.

Up to one Storm Trooper squad, one Heavy Weapons squad and one Armoured Fist squad can also be fielded as under-strength units in an army. The same rules apply, except that Heavy Weapon squads can be reduced to a minimum of four models rather than the minimum of six on other units.

Designer's Note: The rebate you get for models left out of a squad is less than their actual cost (ie, you waste points). I've done this deliberately to balance out the increased flexibility that having reduced sized squads allows a player.

background like this isn't all that hard and it adds immeasurably to the colour and depth of an army. It also provides inspiration for paint schemes, camouflage patterns and unit markings, not to mention ideas for interesting conversions and such like (more of which below). The trick is to start off by coming up with an interesting set of locations for the garrison to, erm, garrison and then imagine how this would affect their appearance and equipment. It's also fun to come up with some specialised or elite units (like Barca's Commandos). If you get stuck for ideas then take a trip to your local library and have a look through some of the military history books and geography books for ideas. For example, the names of most of the characters in the 23rd Bruttiam regiment came from a book about the Punic Wars fought between Rome and Carthage in the Second Century B.C. Science fiction and fantasy novels can also provide inspiration and, of course, there's always the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook and Codexes to refer to.

One of the advantages of picking a garrison force for such a project, rather than a regiment that is fighting as part of a large Imperial Guard army, is you can make the force fairly self-contained and restrict it in size so that you could (possibly) collect the whole regiment. Even if you don't want to collect the entire regiment (and let's face it, few players are quite that mad!), you can still collect an army that represents a part of the garrison. For example, you could put together an army to represent the Company HQ and B and E platoons of the 1/23rd company, plus a Leman Russ from B squadron of the Armoured Support Company and a squad from the Armoured Support Company's Armoured Fist platoon. This gives you a perfectly good core Imperial Guard army but it will be an army with an interesting background that will give it a depth that other armies may lack, even if they have exactly the same models and are painted just as well.

The point I'm making is that by coming up with a little bit of a background for your army you can make it much more interesting to collect and use. The other thing it does is to make the army more 'real'. You'll find that the simple process of naming characters and units will make them come to life. What's more, as you start playing battles you'll find that the characters and units develop a history based on the way they perform in the games that you play; certain characters and units will turn out to be noble and heroic, while others will turn tail and run at the first sign of trouble. After a while you'll find yourself thinking of the units and characters more like they were real people than miniatures, and your games will be all the more enjoyable for it.



Yet to replenish their casualties, an under-strength Mordian Iron Guard squad continues to patrol the streets where it is garrisoned.



A Catachan garrison mans the defences on an Imperial death world.

CAMPAIGNS AND SCENARIOS

"Muster the platoon, Sergeant, we've got visitors..."

One of the things that the Games Development team tends to go on about a lot is the importance of making up scenarios and a story for the battles you play, and in my experience devising things like the organisation chart for the 23rd Bruttiam can provide plenty of inspiration for this kind of thing. For example, a one-off scenario based on the capture of Decius Mus could be a lot of fun to play, while a scenario based on an attack on Imperial monitoring station 88/999c would allow the use of special rules to cover fighting in an airless, low-gravity environment (in fact it's so inspiring that I've included an example scenario based on just that with this article!). You'll find that scenarios like this work best if you're part of a group of at least three players. This allows one of the players to devise a scenario and the others to play it, thus avoiding any accusations of bias. If you only have a single opponent then devising a special scenario together as a team effort can work just as well and is almost as fun a way to spend an evening as actually playing a game. I highly recommend you give it a try.

Aside from one-off special scenarios, garrison forces lend themselves well to campaign games. As an example, a mini-campaign based on the Dark Eldar raid on Xenthorp Minor could be very interesting. This could either be run as a 'tree campaign' (see page 158 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook), or with a little more time and effort as a map-based campaign. The latter choice would have the advantage of adding more depth to the background of the garrison by providing maps of some of the locations where they operate. Garrisons are well suited to map-based

"Captain!" The door to Immelman's office burst open and one of the tech-adepts almost fell into the room. "Captain, it's Lordan! Something's happened to him." Immelman was out of his chair and through the door incredibly quickly for a man of his weight and bulk. The tech-adept trailed in his wake, still talking. "Younger's on the comm-link now," he gasped, "he says Lordan's been killed. He's dead, Lordan's dead!"

By now they had reached the communication centre and Immelman could hear Younger's fresh, clear tones coming in over the comm-link... "definitely dead I tell you. He's been hacked to pieces, for the Emperor's sake, it's not the kind of thing you can make a mistake about, you fool!"

"Younger," barked Immelman, grabbing the comm-link, "Is there any evidence as to who did this?"

"None sir, I've never seen anything like this before. It's just too horrible to describe..." Younger's voice trailed off into silence.

"Easy son," soothed Immelman, "We'll get back-up to you in a couple of minutes."

"Thank you si..." Younger's reply was suddenly cut short.

"Younger... Younger! Reply damn you!" But Immelman already knew there would be no answer. Spinning round he saw that Sergeant Burghan had just entered the room. "Muster the platoon, Sergeant," ordered Immelman "we've got visitors..."

ATTACK ON MONITORING STATION 88/999C

ATTACKER'S OVERVIEW

You are to launch a surprise attack against an enemy strongpoint and eliminate it before enemy reserves can react.

DEFENDER'S OVERVIEW

Your forces are holding a well defended strongpoint. Your task is to guard the strongpoint and hold off any enemy attack until reserves can move up to support you.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

This mission uses the *Deep Strike*, *Fortifications*, *Infiltrators*, *Obstacles*, *Reserves*, *Sentries* and *Victory Points* scenario special rules.

Forces: Each player has a 750 point force using the Raid Force Organisation charts, chosen from their respective army lists. Neither player is allowed to choose anything from the Heavy Support section of their army list and no vehicles, bikes or mounted troops may be used by either side.

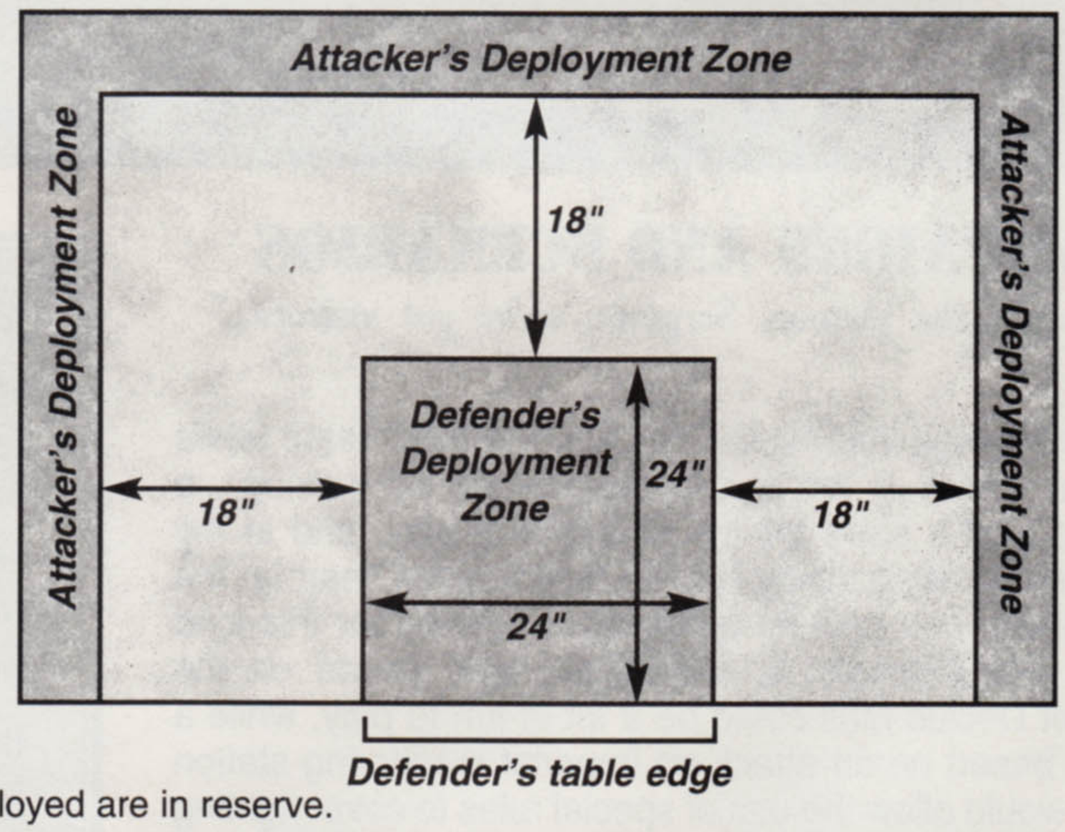
Low Gravity: This battle takes place on a small moon with low gravity. Because of this, all units may ignore terrain as if they had jump packs, although the distance they can move is still the same as normal.

No Atmosphere: It is assumed that all models are equipped with pressure suits or re-breathers to allow them to operate in the airless atmosphere on the moon, even if this isn't shown on the model itself. The increased vulnerability of models in such an environment is represented by reducing their saving throw by one point (eg, a model with a 5+ save is reduced to 6+, while a model with a 6+ save would get no save at all).

Designers Note: The no atmosphere rule applies to all models in any army, no matter how strange this may seem (yes, even Daemons or Avatars!). This keeps things nice and simple and avoids arguments about which models need to 'breath' and which don't! It also applies to invulnerable saves.

SET-UP

1. Each player rolls a dice. The winner chooses a long board edge.
2. Mark a 24" square area central to the defender's edge of the board, as shown on the map. This is the defender's deployment zone.
3. The defender may position fortifications in his deployment zone, forming the strongpoint. He must include at least one bunker in his defences.
4. The defender positions his sentries. These are placed within 18" of the outside of his deployment zone. The number of sentries varies depending on the defending army (see the scenario special rules).
5. The defender places his obstacles. They may be placed anywhere on the tabletop up to 18" away from the attacker's deployment zone.
6. The defender deploys any of his HQ or Troops units in his deployment zone. He does not have to deploy them all, but he must deploy at least one unit. Any units not deployed are in reserve.
7. If the attacker has any Infiltrators then they may be deployed anywhere outside the defender's deployment zone. Other units must be placed at least 18" away from the defender's deployment zone. Any forces not deployed at the start are in reserve.
8. The attacker gets the first turn.



MISSION OBJECTIVES

The attacker must crush the defenders, and gains +200 victory points for each bunker he destroys.

The defender needs to hold out until his reserves arrive and gains +200 victory points for each bunker occupied only by his troops when the raid is over.

At the end of the game add up victory points. The highest score wins.

RESERVES

When the defender's reserves arrive they move on from the defender's board edge. The attacker's reserves move on from any of the other board edges.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for four turns after the alarm has been raised.

LINE OF RETREAT

Units forced to fall back will do so towards their board edge by the shortest route possible, using the normal Fall Back rules.



Bo Tolstrup has converted his Rough Riders to ride giant lizards. This is a great way to add individual flavour to your army.

campaigns, because they are not too large and because the campaign can have a limited objective. Trying to collect together the models that will allow you to fight a war being waged by an Imperial Guard army is well beyond the range of most wargamers unless they are members of a big club, while the time taken to fight such a campaign to a conclusion means that it almost invariably fizzles out before it has been finished. On the other hand, a small raid (or even quite a large one) against a garrisoned planet is much more achievable and should be 'finishable' before the players start to lose interest.

MODELLING IDEAS

"Local scouts are mounted on Xenthorpian laxmoots, a local riding beast noted for its evil disposition and foul odour."

Last, but by no means least, devising and collecting a garrison force can provide plenty of inspiration for players that like converting and scratch-building models. The Warhammer 40,000 galaxy is a big place and 10,000 years is a long time. At some time or somewhere just about anything you can think of has been tried. The Codexes and army lists we provide can only scratch the surface of this wealth of different material, so we heartily encourage players to invent their own things to add into the game.

Depending on your experience and inclination, the things that you can add to your army to give it its own character can range from the reasonably straight forward to the completely and utterly over the top. As an example of the simpler type of option, converting Rough Riders so that they are riding something other than a normal horse is quite straight forward. The example of the Catachan Rough Riders, converted by Bo Tolstrup, is shown above and provided the inspiration for the Xenthorpian laxmoot used by the Xenthorp Garrison.

Players who are slightly more adventurous may consider taking models that aren't really meant for Warhammer 40,000, painting them up in Imperial Guard colours and using them in their games. Along similar lines more adventurous players might consider heavily converting existing Citadel models into completely new machines, or even making their own models from scratch (hardened veterans will remember Rick Priestley's infamous deodorant bottle hover tank from many years ago). Of course if you do this then you'll have to make up your own rules for the vehicle, or alternatively just say it 'counts as' a vehicle covered by the normal rules. For example, a scratch-built or converted tank could simply be counted as a Leman Russ in the games you play. (As an aside, there was a great example of this at last year's Canadian Grand Tournament, where a player had made a flying Rhino(!) by replacing the track units of a normal Rhino with the side wings from a Falcon kit. It sounds weird but it looked stunning, and the player was able to use it in his games by the simple expedient of saying that it 'counted as' an ordinary Rhino.)

Sometimes you'll find that ideas for converting models and ideas for special scenarios or campaigns go hand in hand. When I was writing up the notes for the 23rd Bruttiam, I got quite excited about the possibilities for games using the steamer on Xenthorp Minor. Something like this would not only require the scratch-building of the boat model but would also require special scenery and special scenarios in order for it to happen, so it's really the kind of thing that would have to be done as a group project. It would be really cool though!

CONCLUSION

"No army is big enough to conquer the galaxy. But faith alone can overturn the universe."

As I hope I've shown in this article, the Imperial Guard are a lot more than simply the sledge-hammer force which the Imperium uses to crush its opponents. It's true that the Guard is an immense force but the galaxy is a huge place and even the Guard's massive resources are stretched very thin defending the scattered settlements of the Imperium against alien attack. Often all that stands between the citizens of the Imperium and a horde of alien creatures bent on their destruction will be a platoon or two of Imperial Guardsmen. The fact that these Guardsmen stoically take on this duty, even against the most hideous dangers, makes them, to my mind at least, the most brave of all warriors in the Warhammer 40,000 galaxy.

Fortunately for us gamers, this aspect of the background offers all kinds of possibilities and ideas that can help give an Imperial Guard army real character and depth. It also expands the possibilities players have for exploring the huge diversity of the Warhammer 40,000 universe in their games, both in terms of converting models for their army and also ideas for scenarios and campaign games to play.

Jervis

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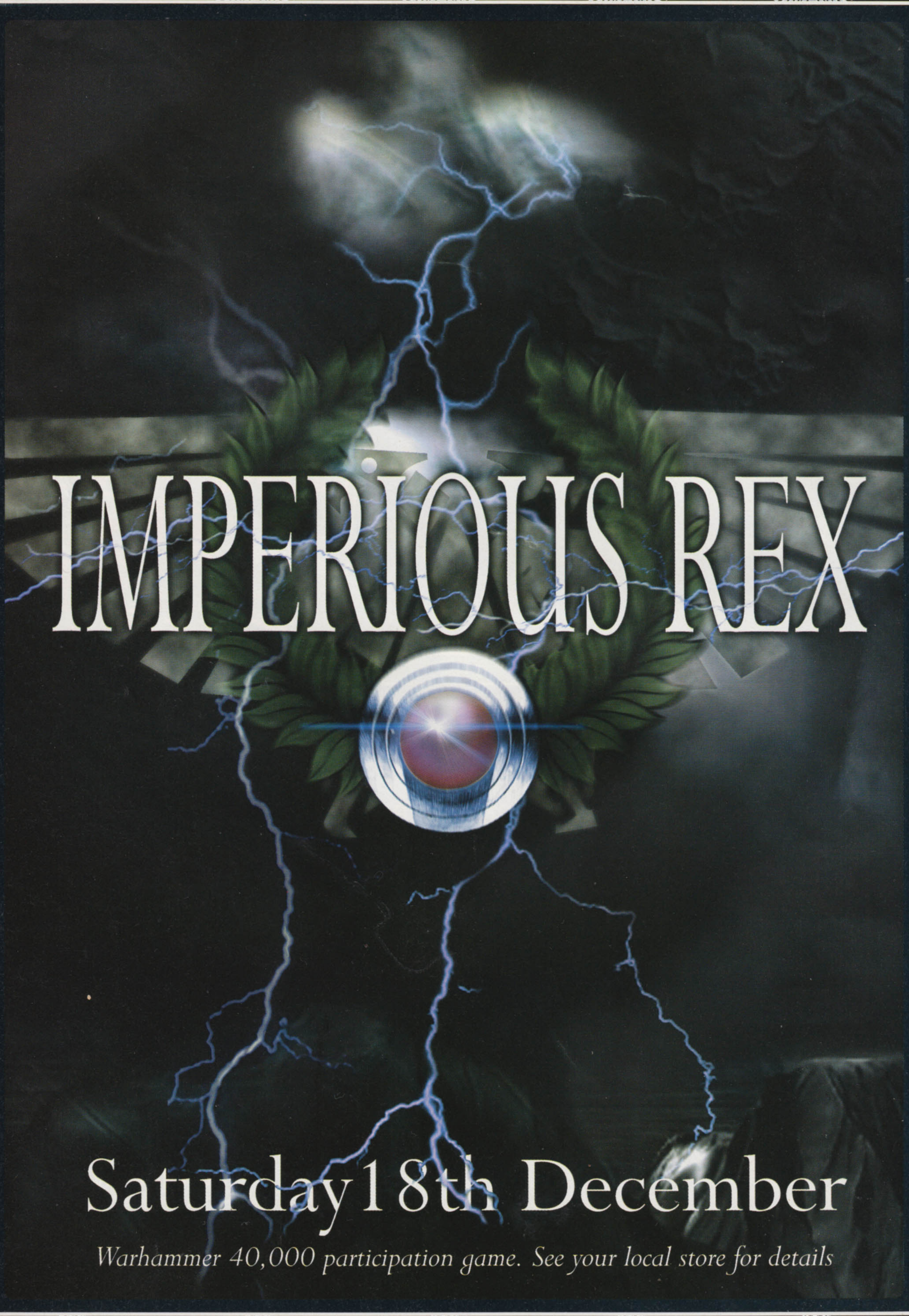
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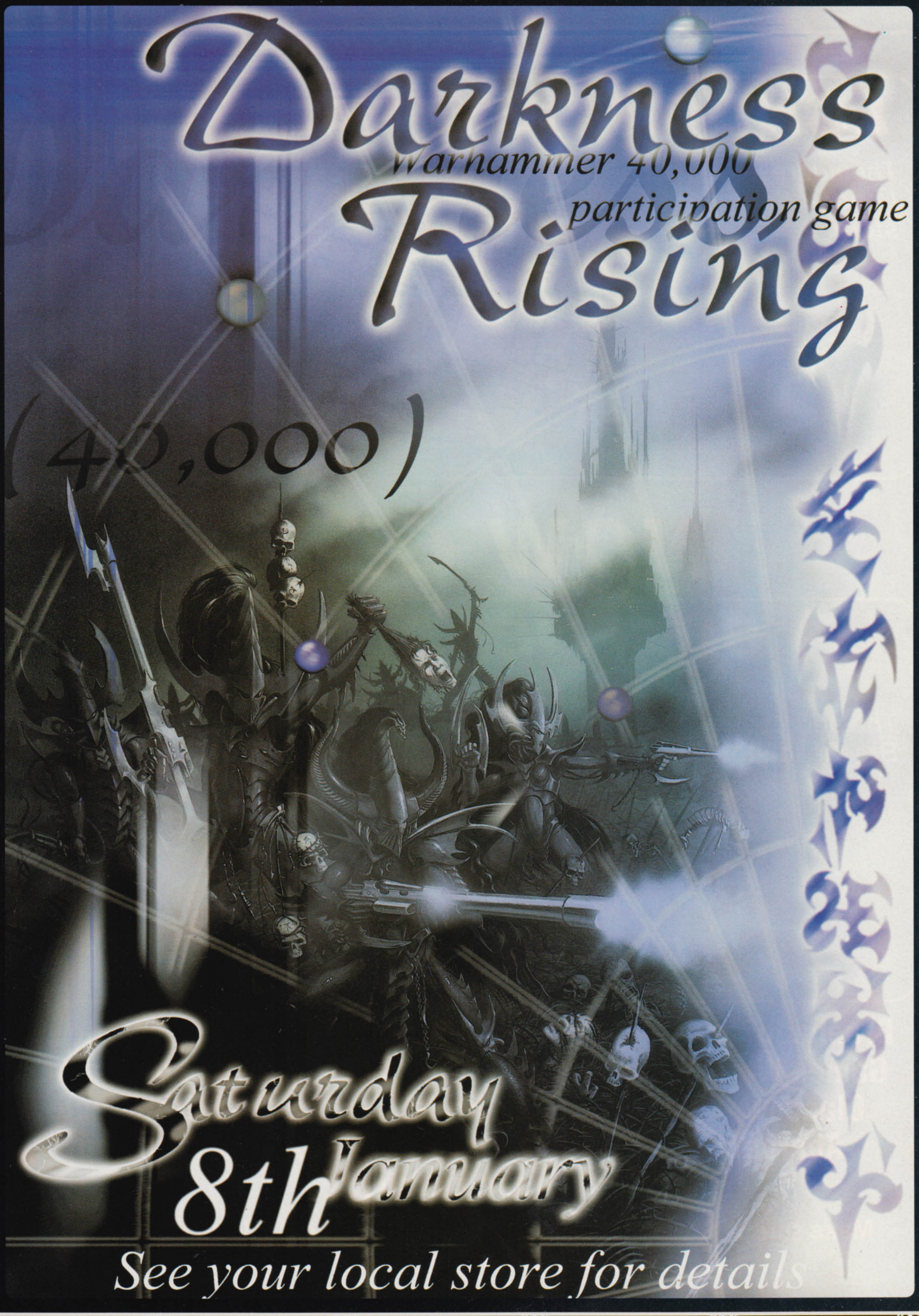

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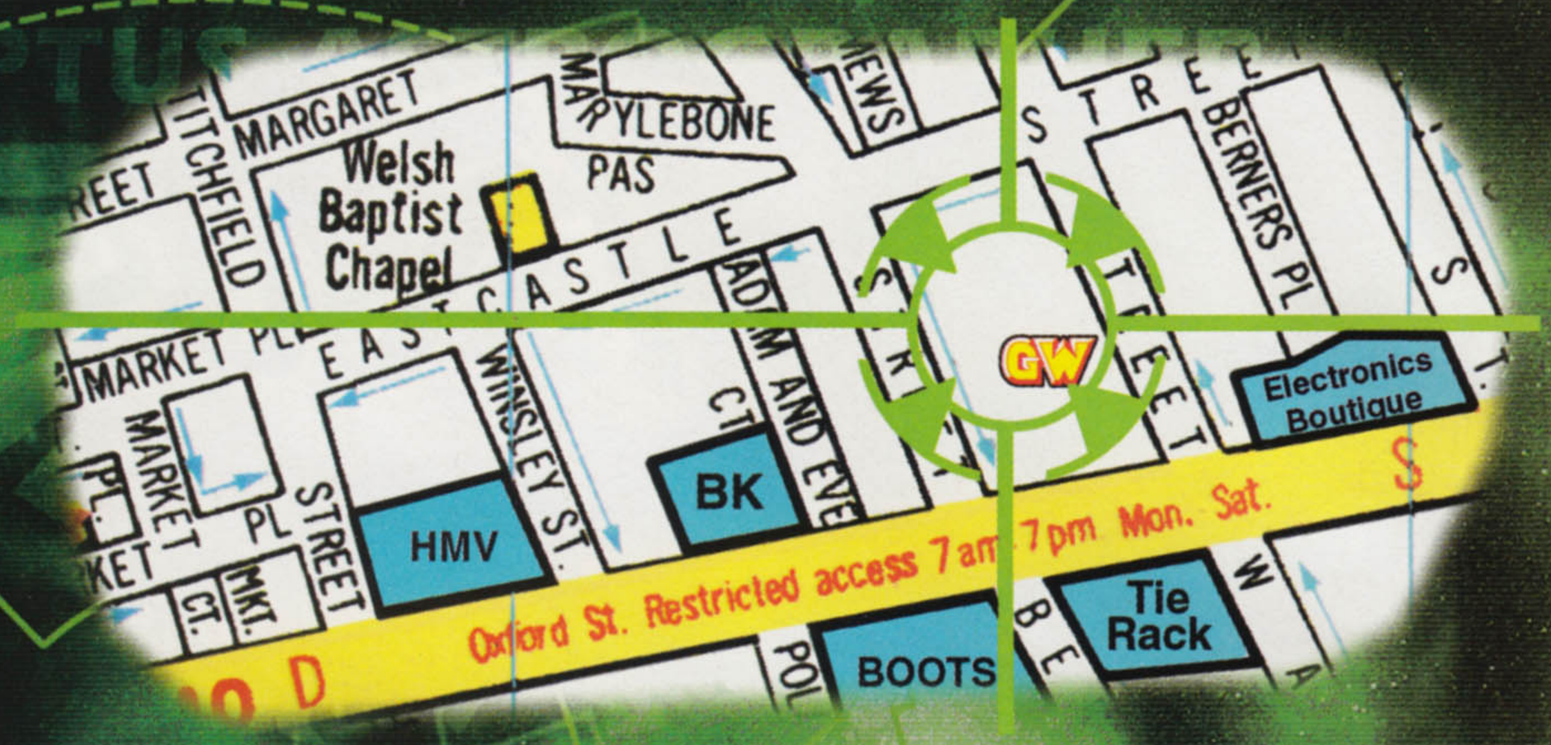


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WARHAMMER®

MIKE WALKER has his own 'unique' view of Warhammer. This month he takes a look at the finer points of hand-to-hand combat...

It all started when Alan wanted to drop a rock on Stuart. Well more precisely when one of Alan's dive bombing Terradons wanted to drop a rock on Stuart's Liche (who rejoices in the name Eyeless Bitterbreath).

Alan was in the middle of using his Lizardmen to carry out his bimonthly slaughter of Stuart's army of the Briefly Buried. The question as to whether or not the Terradon could attack Eyeless led to quite a lengthy debate.

Alan's Terradon was mounted on a large round plastic flying base and is allowed (as is any attacking model) to direct its attacks against any figure whose base it is touching.

Stuart argued (with the same emotion and intensity as Perry Mason defending an innocent man) that since the round base only touched one of his models and that model was not Eyeless, his Liche could not be subject to avian-released missiles or any other attack from the giant bird.

Alan (infused with all the arrogance and authority of Kavannagh QC) contended that the accused round base was merely representative of the area occupied by the giant flying reptile and that any figure whose base was level with the edges of the circle (see diagram 1) was a legitimate target.

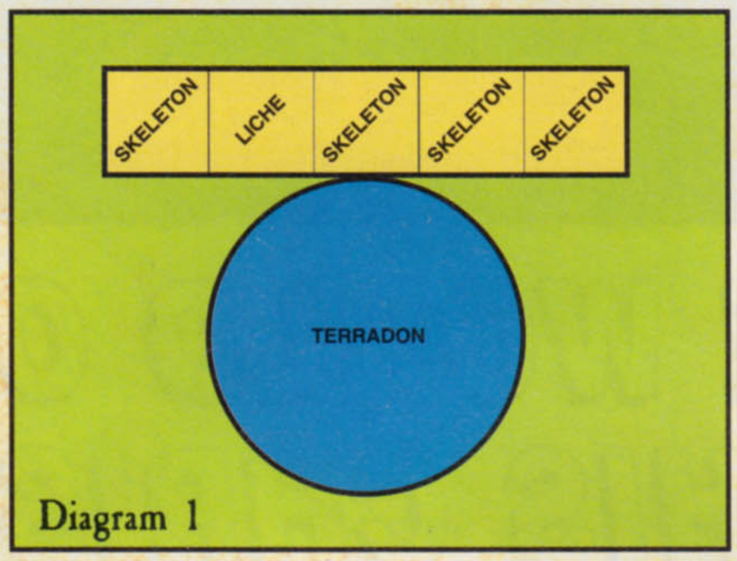


Diagram 1

The debate followed the usual pattern of each participant using intellect, then logic, then volume, then sarcasm and finally name calling to make their point.

Whilst most observers flirted momentarily with Stuart's assertion, a majority came down on the side of Alan, with Eyeless duly suffering a partial concussion as a result.

The whole incident got me thinking. A few days later, during a brief pause in Wiltshire's seemingly constant Summer precipitation, I was outdoors mercilessly hacking through an over enthusiastic lawn with my petrol mower. Finding that such a task required only sixteen or so brain cells to complete satisfactorily, I was able to devote the rest of my thoughts to a consideration of the term 'touching' and its impact on Warhammer close combat.

This article is drawn from my musings on that balmy afternoon. It is just my thoughts on a number of interesting combat situations and how we resolve them locally. None of the solutions or interpretations we have come up with are 'official' (including the one discussed in the introduction), but I hope most will be interesting.

This article would have been longer but my mower somehow ended up 'touching' a nice display of pansies in one of the flower borders and I had to increase the brain cell quotient devoted to the task in hand to avoid unnecessary marital hardship.

The starting line up

You've declared the charge. Your opponent has announced his charge response. Now all you need to do is shove your troops into contact.

WAIT!!!



A mixed Skink and Kroxigor unit charges the Dark Elves.

Touching Problem

How much thought and consideration do you put into this activity?

Do you immediately push your unit forward without concern for which models will end up fighting each other?

Do you sometimes ask your opponent to move your unit into contact?

Do you start to ease your unit forward with a ruler, curse, pick up the Standard Bearer and the other six models you have knocked over, start pushing again, redress the ranks as you cross a high-friction piece of table top, mentally note that you really ought to get movement bases sorted out for units bigger than thirty figures, reject the ruler as a sensible option and finally resort to picking each figure up and placing them individually in position adjacent to the target unit?

Or do you carefully look at the unit you are charging to see if there are any characters present? Do you think about which of those characters you want to avoid or concentrate attacks on? Do you line your troops up to give you the maximum advantage in the forthcoming combat?

In order to examine this area of Warhammer tactics we need to look at a limitation imposed upon the charging player.

On page 21 of the rulebook there is an important little sentence that goes:

'When a unit charges an enemy the player must endeavour to bring as many models into combat as possible.'

Our local interpretation of this rule is that the charging player is not only obliged to maximise the number of his own figures that get into contact, but he must ensure as many enemy figures as possible can fight as well.

To explain this a bit better I have selected a typical tabletop encounter (diagram 2 below). Here we have Rats Putin, Craig's Plague Priest, leading his unit of Plague Monks in a charge against the shortly to be routed Dug Bugman and his Brewers.

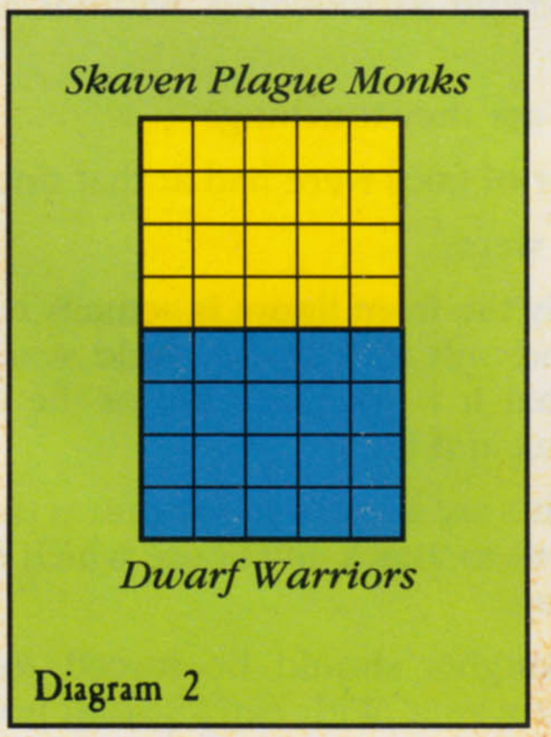


Diagram 2

Craig obviously wants to make contact in a way that enables all five of his front rank models to fight. As you can see from the diagram this is exactly what has happened.

According to our reading of the rule on page 21, if Dug and his troops were to ignore Dwarf tradition and actually launch a charge, then I reckon the units would line up in exactly the same way. I am compelled to involve as many Plague Priests in the fighting as possible.

Now let's have a quick look at a situation when there are several options available for the attacking unit. In our second typical tabletop encounter we have Scott's Dryads about to go all willowy and then slice through some of my Dwarf Crossbowmen and an attached Runesmith.

The diagrams below (Diagrams 3 & 4) show a couple of Scott's options. Note that in the second he has two Dryads lining up against the Runesmith giving the leafy haired ones twice the chance of displacing his brains a little to the left of his skull.

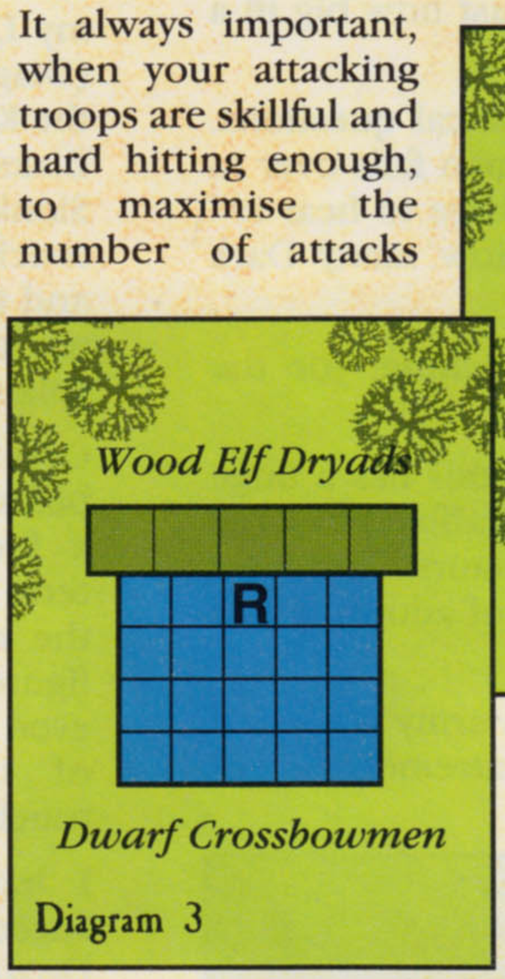


Diagram 3

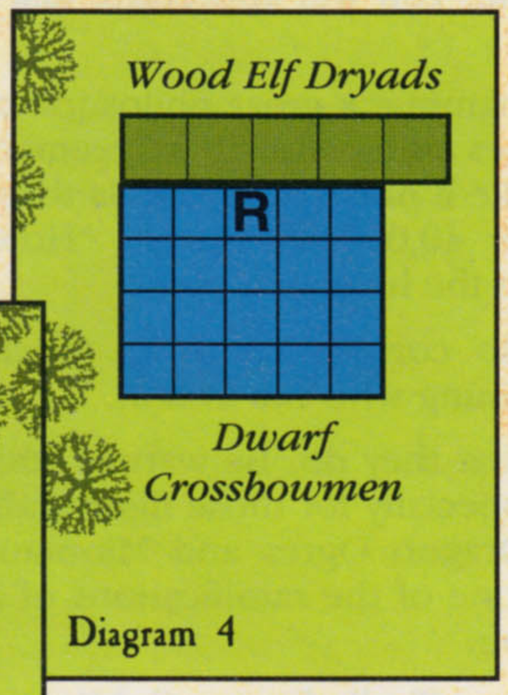


Diagram 4

It always important, when your attacking troops are skillful and hard hitting enough, to maximise the number of attacks that can be directed at key character models. Generals, Wizards and and Battle Standard Bearers are all required to stand in a unit's front rank, right where you can get at them. Beware of wasting attacks against characters that are near impossible to hurt. Experience will tell you if two Snotlings or two Steam Tanks are needed to stand a chance of inflicting a reasonable amount of damage.

One more thing to consider in this section. The target choices of models that are not actually touching but are still allowed to fight. Typical examples of this type of warrior are Spearmen, Pikemen and Kroxigors that are stood behind Skinks.

In diagram 5 we have a unit of Little Dave's High Elf Spearmen (allowed to fight in three ranks if they do not charge) about to repel the attack of my somewhat fragile Dark Riders. Included in the ranks of the Dark Elf cavalry is Valdak Murner, a Dark Elf hero. The question I have for you is, in the diagram shown, how many spearmen could attack Valdak?

We would allow nine of them to have the chance of perforating my hero. The rule we have adopted in these cases is that soldiers in back ranks that are allowed to attack can attack any model that the figure in the front rank in front of them could attack. Therefore those stood behind the three central Spearmen are all eligible for a go at Valdak.

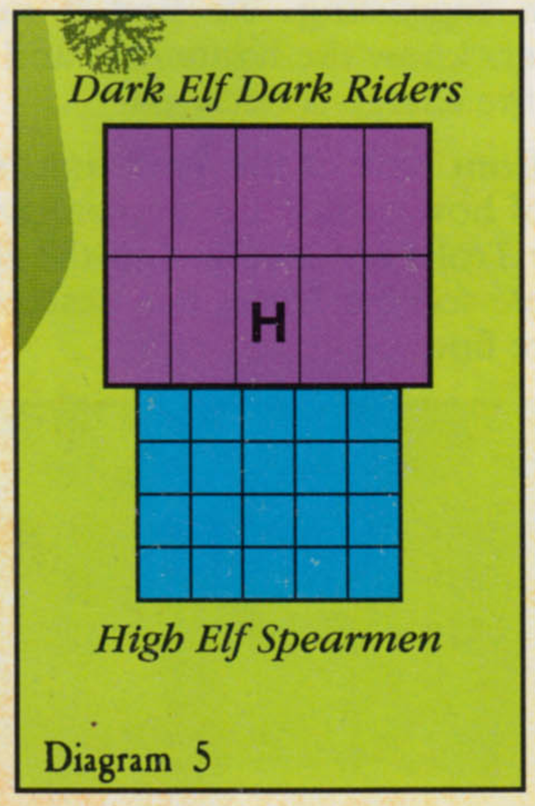


Diagram 5

Onto the next section of this article to consider the implication of the pointy bits of the bases on which our figures stand...

Taking the corners

Now this is a big one. You will appreciate just how big in a moment.

This is one of Warhammer's great philosophical questions. One of the great ones along with "If a Treeman falls over in a forest, does it make a noise if no one is there to hear it?" and for Warhammer 40,000 enthusiasts "How many Dark Angels can dance on the head of a pin?"

This question is, do corners count as touching, for the purposes of determining who can attack?

Our house rule is that they do. Be warned, this has a huge impact on melee, especially for those figures affixed to large bases like Trolls, Dragon Ogres and Minotaurs. The next diagram will make one of the ramifications of adopting this ruling obvious to you.

Here we have the four Trolls from a Goblin army (Diagram 6), overcoming their stupidity to launch an extremely violent attack on my almost harmless Black Ark Corsairs including Captain Boldfinger, a Dark Elf Hero.

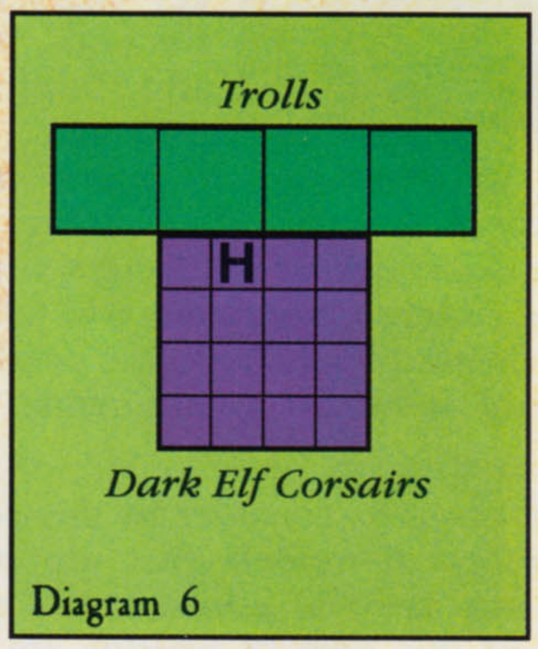


Diagram 6

As you can see, if both units have a front rank of four figures, all the figures on both sides will fight, even though the Trolls have bases which are twice the size of their opponents'. The acceptance that corners touching also allows a greater choice of targets for any model. Here it means that two Trolls can attempt to club or vomit Boldfinger to death.

If the Elves charge the Trolls, following the rule we looked at in the previous section, then the units will still line up in the same way.

It may seem grossly unfair to expect the Corsairs to line up in a way that allows the Trolls so many extra attacks. But play anyone around here and they would expect it.

How rigorously you want to enforce this sort of thing is up to you and your fellow players, here we try and comply with most of what I am suggesting. We find it makes things simpler if both players know the limitations and options for the charger, before the charge is declared.

Interestingly if the front rank of the Troll unit is only three wide then choices of how to line up are somewhat greater. So long as all three Trolls are involved in the fighting, any position is acceptable for the Elves. For example both the following lineups are fine.

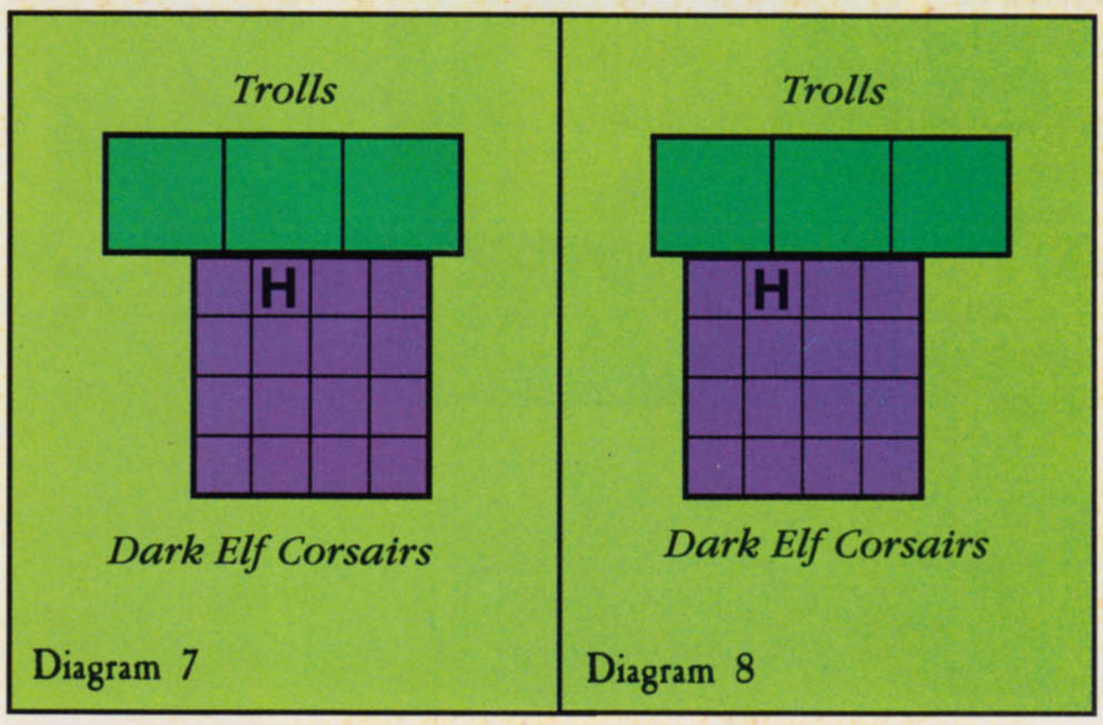


Diagram 7

Diagram 8

The only difference in the two line-ups is that in the first Boldfinger can only be attacked by one Troll.

Here we have one of Alan's hugely successful mixed Skink/Kroxigor units about to beat up a unit of Dark Elf Crossbowmen and Blaksol, my Dark Elf Master Sorcerer (Diagram 9). Note that both the Kroxigors can pick on the Blaksol if they want to. The Skink Champion has a corner touching the Master Sorcerer and this allows Kroxigor two to make an attempt to splatter the magic user.

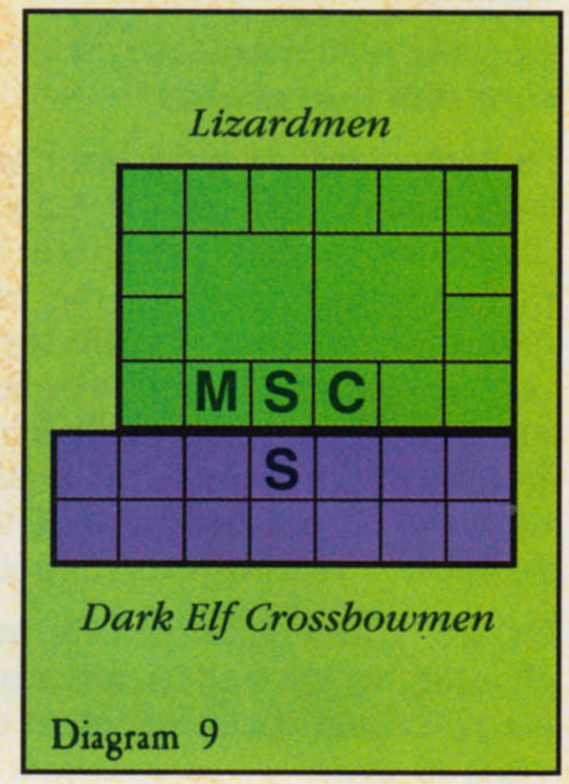


Diagram 9

One final thought on corners before moving on. There are a few occasions when the term 'adjacent to' is used in the rules. We reckon that a figure is 'adjacent to' another even if only the base corners of the two models are touching.

I have an example. If the Skink Standard Bearer is successfully killed by Blaksol using the Dark Magic spell *Death Spasm*, then the recipients of the resulting attacks (with this spell every adjacent model receives a hit from the flailing limbs of the dying figure) will be the Skink Champion and Musician, both the Kroxigors and Blaksol, plus two of the Dark Elf Crossbowmen.

Having sorted out touching models, adjacent models and models in back ranks that can fight, we began to relax. Then Ron bought a Bretonnian army, started setting his troops up in Lance and Arrow formations and we were off again.

Some knights came riding by

After reading, re-reading, thinking, reading, eating some more crisps, re-reading, considering, reading and finally wiping the grease stains off the Bretonnian book, we came to understand the following:

There are these knights and they are allowed to fight in this triangle formation. All the knights along the sides of the triangle count as touching, without actually touching, and can fight.

But who are they touching?

A number of goes were had at that one.

The best were:

Since only the front figure is actually touching anything, that model and only that model could select to attack one of the figures that it is touching. All of the other knights have to attack rank and file.

The knights are all behind the one at the front, therefore they can choose to attack any figure which the knight at the front is touching.

All the knights should be forced to fight whoever their opponent wants. With extra strong horses, a formation that gives huge benefits in combat and all this praying to the lady business they are quite hard enough to beat, thank you very much.

All these provided simple solutions to the problem, so naturally we agreed on something far more complicated.

I have selected a recent tabletop situation to illustrate our solution. Ron's Knights of the Realm led by Sir Kutt Braykerr are about to plough through my Runesmith Thorri Thortackle and his unit of underachieving Dwarf Hammerers.

The rule we eventually came up with was; any Knight model allowed to fight (ie, the ones along the sides of the triangle) would count as touching any model that they would touch if the rest of their unit was removed and they were moved directly forward into contact with the enemy. So in the example (diagram 10):

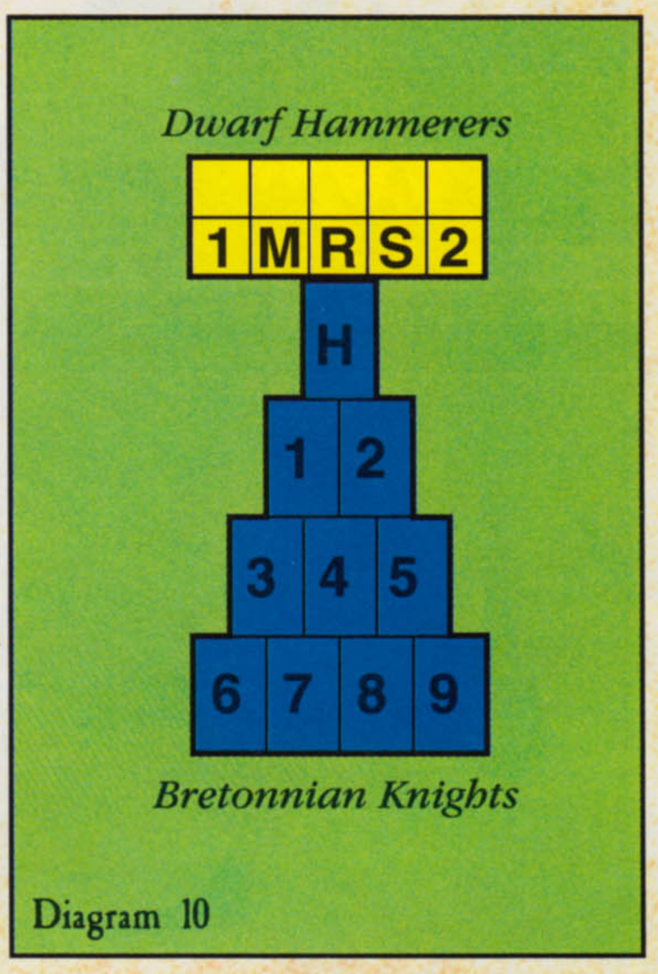


Diagram 10

Sir Kutt Braykerr can attack and be attacked by Thorri, the Standard Bearer and the Musician.

Knight 1 can attack and be attacked by the Musician and Thorri.

Knight 9 can attack and be attacked by the Standard Bearer and Hammerer two.

Naturally we apply the same rules when fighting bowmen arranged in the jolly annoying Arrow formation.

So, resplendent in their new house rules, covering the intricacies of whom they could attack in close combat, Ron's knights began a campaign full of virtue, honour and the sound of lances penetrating soft bodies.

All went well until some weeks later an attack was launched on Sir Kutt Braykerr and his unit of Questing Knights. Ron revealed that Sir Kutt had a Virtue of Knightly Ardour and declared a counter charge!

A stunned hush settled over all the nearby gaming tables. Concerned and worried Warhammer players began to whisper "counter charge, counter charge." Rolling the words around in their mouths as if tasting a new and faintly unpleasant flavour of chewing gum.

This was a new concept for the players present and they shuffled nervously forward until they stood hushed and curious around the table supporting the offending knight. Gradually the tension eased as discussion of the situation began, rulebooks were brandished and consulted, comforting hot drinks were provided and all the necessary visits to the toilet were completed.

The assembled players began to appreciate the uniqueness of the situation. Here was a circumstance when the attacking and defending units moved towards each other at the same time. The initial shock of it all began to subside and then there was the realisation of yet another problem that needed to be wrestled with.

With both sides charging who decides how the units get lined up?

Obviously the attacker, cried all the non-Bretonnian commanders.

Ron disputed this and then proved more difficult to break than a unit of Dwarf Slayers. After threats, bribes and penalties failed to produce an acceptable resolution the final arbiter was brought in – luck.

So it was decided that upon each occasion when chargers are met by counter charging knights, a dice would be rolled by each side, the winner gaining the right to line up the combatants.

We had overcome this final Bretonnian puzzle – battles once more were fought by commanders confident that we knew how to line up units engaged in combat and happy that we knew exactly which models could fight.

Summary

Well that's about it. I hope you have enjoyed this peek at the workings of our Warhammer group.

I am always fascinated to learn how other people play Warhammer. If you lasted to this point in the article then to some extent you must be too. I suspect much of what I have said is how players resolve combat anyway. I offer these ideas in the hope that for some players there is now an alternative available if they want one.

Well I've got to go. Stuart wants to lodge an appeal to reverse the Eyeless/Terradon verdict. The appeal is based on non-disclosure of a prejudicial plaintive sidebar or something like that. Stunned by Stuart's unexpected display of legal acumen, Alan could only mumble in reply something about a dancing baby.

The case continues…

Alan was a little unhappy about being compared with the somewhat geriatric Kavannagh QC. When asked which fictional barrister he would like to be compared with, he immediately suggested Ally McBeal. I leave you to draw your own conclusions.

I am reasonably certain that the independent observers were swayed by the strength of Alan's argument and not by the fact that we had all suffered humiliating defeats at the hands of Stuart and Eyeless in the previous few weeks.

Those who have been paying attention to the examples I have chosen may be getting the impression that my Dark Elf and Dwarf armies have not been performing too well in recent tabletop encounters. I know it is all too easy for a general to blame his army, but I have in my last eight battles found myself in command of a force about as dangerous as a slightly miffed hamster, with the same propensity for violence as the staff of Grace Brothers and the resilience of a recently blown bubble.

Mike

Touching Dilemma

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Issue 4

MORDHEIM™

Town Cryer



Published on the first Angestag of each Mannslieb.

4 Groats

KHAZALIDS COME IN SEARCH OF TREASURE



Dwarf Treasure Hunters search ruins after promises of untold wealth

The grim Dwarfs from the ancient empire in the Mountains at the Edge of the World have come to Mordheim. Could their motive be to claim the strange rocks known as wyrdstone?

The Dwarfs' skills certainly aren't to be underestimated. Several warbands have already crossed their paths.

Reinhold, last surviving member of his Reiklander warband, reported that they attacked without motive, pinning his men down with deadly fire from handgun and crossbow. "I was lucky to survive," Reinhold reported. "I tried to save my warband, but they were ruthlessly cut down by those uncaring stunties."

ROYAL VISIT A GREAT SUCCESS

The Burgermeister of Ostermark has deemed the Elector Count of Sylvania Vlad von Carstein's visit to the city and surrounding settlements a great success. The Count and his entourage were apparently impressed with the area's many night spots as they were seen going out on the town after sunset on more than one occasion.

Here Within



Treasure Hunters from the ancient empire of the Dwarfs come in search of wealth.

Ye sightings of more warriors offering their services to warbands exploring the city.

The strange followers of the Elector Count of Sylvania arrive in search of the precious wyrdstone.

More Witch Hunters flock to the city to reinforce the zealous Templars of Sigmar in their quest to vanquish evil.

Ye Editor Speaks



Hail, patron of Town Cryer, and greetings from my distant home in the north. Having tasted the pleasures of the Northern Wastes I am refreshed once more and ready to continue my editorial duties. The big news is that Sylvanian envoys have arrived in Mordheim. As a follower of the right honourable Elector Count Vlad von Carstein myself, I welcome the sons of Sylvania to Mordheim. No doubt their arrival will make sure that no more blood will be wasted on the streets of Mordheim. Elsewhere in this monthly publication we will also detail the rules and background of the Khazalid Treasure Hunters, the Dwarfs of the World's Edge Mountains. In various encounters they have already proven their worth in the streets of Mordheim, and will no doubt be welcomed by the many devotees of this race.

Much of my time of late has been filled with pondering the finer points of swordsmanship. Some of my colleagues have written to me and suggested that the current parry rule could be replaced by a rule which states that a warrior capable of parrying an enemy attack may force his opponent to re-roll one of his successful hits. If he would normally be able to make two parries, he may impose this re-roll on two of the attacks. If you wish to try this method on the battlefield, you are free to do so with my blessing.

This is all I shall write this night. When both moons are full again, we shall meet once more.

Should you have any comments or contributions, Town Cryer welcomes your submissions and queries. Write to the following address:

Town Cryer,
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Willow Lane,
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Nottingham,
NG7 2WS.

See you in thirty nights.

Tromes

Contents

IN THE RUINS 4

More warriors flock to the city this month. Warbands can now add Dwarf Troll Slayers and Halfling Cooks to their ranks as Hired Swords. The Witch Hunters cause is strengthened with the arrival of a new Witch Hunter Captain and Warhound along with a fanatic Warrior-Priest.





DWARF TREASURE HUNTERS 6

With the promise of untold wealth available to anybody strong enough to survive in the ruins, Dwarf warbands have come to Mordheim. Mark Havener describes how you can recruit a warband of these stout warriors of the mountains and take them treasure hunting into the ruins of the city.

PURGE THE UNCLEAN 14

The Witch Hunter warband of Colin Harvey. Colin started his warband when the first rules in progress were published in White Dwarf. Colin explains how he went about converting the models to make his unique warband.





IMMORTAL THREAT 16

Vlad von Carstein, Count of Sylvania, has sent his Undead minions to Mordheim in search of wyrdstone. Graham Davey gives advice about the strengths and weaknesses of the Undead followers and shows us how he went about collecting his warband.

In the ruins

SIGMAR'S HOLY CRUSADE GROWS IN STRENGTH



A devout Warrior-Priest purges the foul Skaven.

Witch Hunter Captains are reinforced by Warrior-Priests and the finest Warhounds

Obsessed with cleansing the city of heretics, more Witch Hunters have arrived in Mordheim. With inspired speeches it does not take long for them to recruit a warband so that they may venture into the ruins and burn all evil in the name of Sigmar. Warrior-Priests can be seen fighting alongside them, carrying out their edict to cleanse Mordheim of Chaos filth.



A Witch Hunter Captain sends forth a faithful Warhound.



FIERY-HAIRED KILLING MACHINES GO IT ALONE

Not content with the death and destruction caused when fighting alongside their own kin, the fearsome Dwarf Troll Slayers can now be found hiring out their services so that they may fight against the most dangerous denizens in all of Mordheim. With no thought for their own safety, it is a brave warrior who follows one of these oath-bound Dwarfs into a battle. But it is better to fight alongside one than face one in close combat.

HALFLING COOKS SHOW SKILL WITH KNIVES

Ye finest cooks in all the known world have been seen fighting as hired swords in the ruins of our city.

Halflings may not be the toughest of fighters but their skill with the bow should not be underestimated, as many a warrior has discovered. One thing is for sure though, any warband hiring one of these plucky young fellows is guaranteed a slap up meal at the end of a day's fighting.



Blood on the Streets

Buildings require assembly. Citadel Miniatures not supplied.

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Dwarf Treasure Hunters

Dwarfs are a grim and exceptionally proud people. They respect three things above all others: age, wealth and skill. It is no surprise then that these grim warriors can be found in Mordheim searching for fame and fortune. Mark Havener gives full rules for including Dwarf warbands in Mordheim.

Occasionally a Dwarf noble will find himself in desperate times. His family hold may have been overrun by Goblins or Skaven, or he may have somehow disgraced himself and been banished. Other Dwarfs know these warriors as the Dispossessed. Dwarfs are a proud race and it is against a Dwarf's nature to lose himself in despair. Instead, a noble who finds himself in such dire straits will gather together a group of his closest friends and kin and go treasure hunting, hoping to accumulate a large enough hoard to establish his own holding. At this time, the largest source of wealth in the Known World is rumoured to be a city in the Empire. The city is known as Mordheim...

Special Rules

All Dwarfs are subject to the following special rules.

Hard to Kill. Dwarfs are tough, resilient individuals who can only be taken *out of action* on a roll of 6 instead of 5-6 when rolling on the Injury chart. Treat a roll of 1-2 as *knocked down*, 3-5 as *stunned*, and 6 as *out of action*.

Hard Head. Dwarfs ignore the special rules for maces, clubs, etc. They are not easy to knock out!

Armour. Dwarfs never suffer movement penalties for wearing armour.

Hate Orcs and Goblins. All Dwarfs *hate* Orcs and Goblins. See the psychology section of the Mordheim rules for details on the effects of hatred.

Grudgebearers. Dwarfs hold an ancient grudge against Elves from the days when the two races fought for supremacy in the Old World. A Dwarf warband may never include any kind of Elven Hired Sword.

Incomparable Miners. Dwarfs spend much of their lives underground searching for precious minerals, and they are the best in the world at this kind of work. In the city of Mordheim they apply similar skills to the search for wyrdstone. When checking for wyrdstone at the end of a game, add +1 to the number of pieces found for a Dwarf warband.

Absolute silence hung over the feasting hall like a burial shroud. The celebration had lasted for days, ever since the invading Goblin tribes had been repulsed. The people of Karak Azar had not had much cause for rejoicing over recent decades so all were making the most of this rare occasion; songs were sung that had not been heard in these halls for a generation, and legendary quantities of the most precious Dwarf ales were being drunk.

That was until young Lord Orrick had entered the hall. Orrick was the youngest son of King Kurdan, ruler of Karak Azar. To say the two sometimes clashed would be an understatement.

"What did you say, lad?" asked the aged king in a steady voice. "My old ears must have misheard you."

"I merely asked what we are celebrating for," slurred the younger Dwarf. He lacked his father's ability to appear sober regardless of the amount of drink he had imbibed. "We beat them this time, but they'll be back, mark my words. And next time we might not be so lucky."

"Lucky?" roared the enraged king, half rising from his chair. His hearthguard seated to either side exchanged worried looks yet rose with him. Would noble blood be spilled in the hall this night?

"How dare you speak to me of luck? It was Dwarf courage and fighting skill that drove off those green-skinned hordes. This hold has never fallen to invaders, and never will! Not while I draw breath!"

"All I am saying is that times are changing, and we must change with them! You speak of skill – but the age-old tactics that our ancestors employed are the same ones we still use today. Eventually a canny foe will figure out our methods, and this kingdom will fall!"

"Do you not have any pride in your ancestors, lad?" The Dwarf king was nearly silent now, his voice barely above a whisper. Those who knew him well realised that this was a dangerous sign, and more worried looks were exchanged throughout the room.

"Ancestors be damned!" the young prince exclaimed, slamming his fist into the hard stone of the feasting table. "Over the last generation half a dozen Dwarf holds have fallen to their enemies. I'm quite sure their rulers thought just as highly about the outdated strategies of their forefathers. We must abandon the old ways, before it is too late for us all!"

Though he had been flushed with drink before, the ancient ruler's face had been drained by his son's last outburst. To his ears, the words his offspring had spoken were the worst desecration imaginable – disrespect of the ancestors.

"Get out." The words were barely audible, even in the silent hall. "Leave this kingdom never to return. Your name shall be stricken from all records. You are no longer the son of King Kurdan of Karak Azar."

Dwarf equipment lists

The following lists are used by Dwarf warbands to pick their equipment.

Dwarf Warrior Equipment List

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 gc
Mace	3 gc
Hammer	3 gc
Axe	5 gc
Dwarf axe	15 gc
Sword	10 gc
Double-handed weapon	15 gc
Spear	10 gc
Halberd	10 gc
Gromril weapon*	3 times the cost

Missile Weapons

Pistol	15 gc

Armour

Light armour	20 gc
Heavy armour	50 gc
Gromril armour**	75 gc
Shield	5 gc
Helmet	10 gc

Thunderer Equipment List

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 gc
Mace	3 gc
Hammer	3 gc
Axe	5 gc
Sword	10 gc

Missile Weapons

Crossbow	25 gc
Handgun	35gc
Pistol	15 gc (30 for a brace)

Armour

Light armour	20 gc
Heavy armour	50 gc
Shield	5 gc
Helmet	10 gc

*Any weapon a Dwarf may normally purchase may be bought as a Gromril weapon instead. This multiplies the cost of the weapon by 3. For rules on Gromril weapons see the Mordheim rulebook. Note that this price is only for a starting warband, as it represents the Dwarfs outfitting themselves at their own stronghold. Later purchases of Gromril weapons are done using the price chart in the Mordheim rules.

**The price of a suit of Gromril armour is cheaper for a starting warband to represent the relative ease with which Dwarfs can find such items in their own stronghold. Later purchases of Gromril armour must be done using the normal price chart in the Mordheim rules.

Dwarf skill table

	Combat	Shooting	Academic	Strength	Speed	Special
Noble	✓	✓		✓		✓
Engineer	✓	✓				✓
Troll Slayer	✓			✓		✓

Choice of warriors

A Dwarf warband must include a minimum of 3 models. You have 500 gold crowns which you can use to recruit and equip your warband. The maximum number of warriors in the warband is 12.

Noble: Each Dwarf warband must have one Noble: no more, no less!

Engineer: Your warband may include up to 1 Engineer.

Troll Slayers: Your warband may include up to 2 Troll Slayers.

Dwarf Clansmen: Your warband may include any number of Dwarf Clansmen.

Dwarf Thunderers: Your warband may include up to 5 Dwarf Thunderers.

Beardlings: Your warband may include any number of Beardlings.

Starting experience

A **Noble** starts with 20 experience.

An **Engineer** starts with 10 experience.

Troll Slayers start with 8 experience.

Dwarf Clansmen start with 0 experience.

Dwarf Thunderers start with 0 experience.

Beardlings start with 0 experience.



1 Dwarf Noble

85 gold crowns to hire

Dwarf Nobles are fortune seekers who have recruited a band of like-minded Dwarfs and set off from their stronghold in search of riches. A Dwarf Noble is well respected by the members of his warband. Often he is a member of one of the noble families of the lost Dwarf strongholds, dreaming of collecting enough treasure to restore the former glory of the Dwarf Kingdoms.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	5	4	3	4	1	2	1	9

Weapons/Armour: A Dwarf Noble may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Dwarf Warrior equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Leader: Any models in the warband within 6" of the Dwarf Noble may use his Leadership instead of their own.

0-1 Dwarf Engineer

50 gold crowns to hire

Dwarf Engineers are respected members of Dwarf society. It is they who design and build the complex war machines and devices which have made the Dwarfs famous.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Weapons/Armour: A Dwarf Engineer may be armed with weapons chosen from Dwarf Thunderer equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Expert Weaponsmith: A Dwarf Engineer is a master of mechanical devices. By using stronger construction materials and time-tested secrets of Dwarf engineering, a Dwarf Engineer can increase the distance the warband's missile weapons can shoot. All the warband's missile weapons have 6" added to their range, as long as the Dwarf Engineer is in the warband (the modifications require constant maintenance).

0-2 Dwarf Troll Slayers

50 gold crowns to hire

Troll Slayers are members of the morbid Dwarf cult obsessed with seeking an honourable death in combat. Having committed some unforgivable crime or been dishonoured in some way, a Dwarf will forsake his home and wander off to die fighting the enemies of Dwarfkind. Troll Slayers are insanely dangerous individuals, psychopathic and violent. There are however few better fighters in the Known World, so they are much sought after by Dwarf treasure hunters.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Weapons/Armour: Troll Slayers may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Dwarf Warrior equipment list. Slayers may never carry or use missile weapons or any form of armour.

SPECIAL RULES

Deathwish: Troll Slayers seek an honourable death in combat. They are completely immune to all psychology and never need to test if fighting alone.

Slayer Skills: Troll Slayers may choose a skill from the Troll Slayer Skill table instead of the normal skill tables when they gain a new skill.

TROLL SLAYER SKILLS

Dwarf Slayers may use the following Skill table as well as any of the standard Skill tables available to them.

Ferocious Charge: The Slayer may double his attacks on the turn in which he charges. He will suffer a -1 'to hit' penalty on that turn.

Monster Slayer: The Slayer always wounds any opponent on a roll of 4+, regardless of Toughness, unless his own Strength (after all modifiers due to weapon bonuses, etc.) would mean that a lower roll than this is needed.

Berserker: The Slayer may add +1 to his close combat 'to hit' rolls during the turn in which he charges.



Matthew Hutson's Dwarf warband Cragbrow's Steelfists defend their treasure horde from the foul Undead.

Splinters flew toward his face as another crossbow bolt embedded itself into the door frame that Reinhold was using as cover. Damn but those stunties were good shots! As he quickly glanced outside, he could see that both Dieter and big Klaus lay prone in the middle of the street. They might have appeared to be sleeping if their poses weren't so awkward, and of course there was that bolt through Klaus' right eye socket. If the big man was still alive, he'd not be using that eye again.

The worst part of the whole situation was that it was all the result of a silly argument. Reinhold and his mates had met the Dwarfs at the Halfling Hotpot, a local tavern and well-known meeting place for those of Reinhold's occupation. The two groups had actually gotten along quite well at first. Klaus had been able to keep up with the incredible drinking capacity of the smaller Dwarfs, and this caused them to accord him a certain measure of respect. Of course, with strong drink comes lack of judgement, and Klaus was no exception. He began to make fun of the Dwarfs' small stature and overall dour appearance, which was bad enough, but then he made a very unfriendly remark about the Dwarf leader's mother, and that was all the diminutive warriors could stand. The Dwarfs had not made a scene at the tavern, as such locations were regarded as holy ground to groups like themselves, but they had not forgotten Klaus' words, and had called out Reinhold and his warband in the street the next day.

And now here they were, with Reinhold's band occupying buildings (or the dirt!) at one end of the street, and the Dwarfs occupying the other. Most of Reinhold's band were holed up in a building on the other side of the street – he could see Gunter, their hired Warlock, attempting to cast something at their adversaries through one of the windows. A second later there was an explosion somewhere down the street and Reinhold could hear curses and a few muffled screams of pain. Gunter was not given much time to enjoy his handiwork, as suddenly three crossbow bolts struck him in the chest. Reinhold could see the mage look down in shock and surprise at the deadly quarrels protruding from his body, and then he slumped down out of the old veteran's sight. 'Damn' thought Reinhold, 'I always told him he gawked too much!'

"This is bad, very bad," the mercenary muttered under his breath. As he looked around at his surroundings, he noticed something he had not seen when he first entered this building – another door. He took a look back out in the street at the warriors he had fought with through a dozen battles. Most were dead or dying. The dwarfs had begun moving down the street, looting the dead and taking prisoners. They were moving cautiously now, but soon they would be at this doorway, entering this building, and he would be at best their prisoner. "Time to disband this warband," whispered Reinhold as he backed to the other doorway and safety.

Henchmen (Bought in groups of 1-5)

Dwarf Clansmen

40 gold crowns to hire

These are Dwarf warriors in their prime: tough, stubborn and brave warriors who can be relied on to hold their own against any foe.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Weapons/Armour: Dwarf Warriors may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Dwarf Warrior equipment list.

0-5 Dwarf Thunderers

40 gold crowns to hire

Dwarf Thunderers are experts at using missile weapons. Many an Orc or Goblin has died by the sting of a crossbow bolt or a roaring handgun bullet shot by a Dwarf Thunderer.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Weapons/Armour: Thunderers may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from the Dwarf Thunderer equipment list.

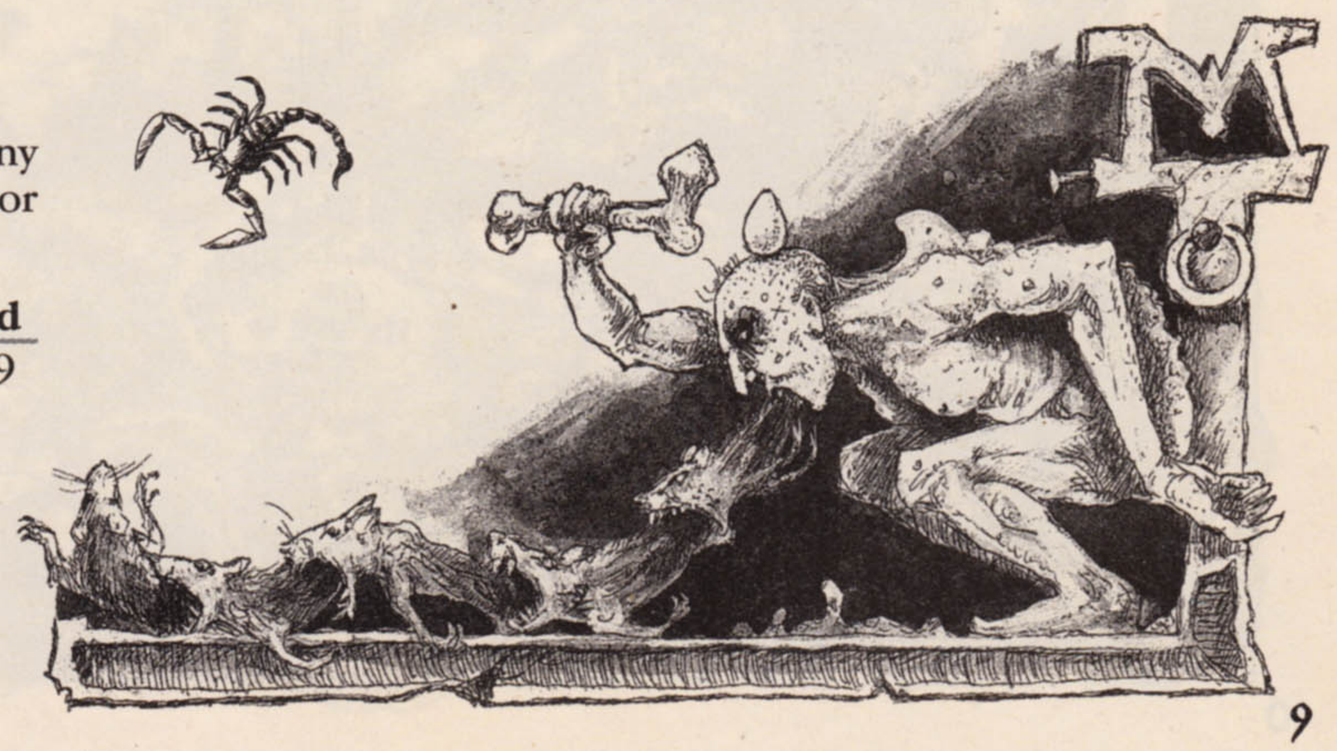
Beardlings

25 gold crowns to hire

These are young Dwarfs who have joined the retinue of an experienced Dwarf treasure hunter hoping to make their fortune.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	3	2	3	4	1	2	1	8

Weapons/Armour: Beardlings may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from the Dwarf Thunderer equipment list.



Special weapons

Dwarf axe

15 gold crowns

Availability: Rare 8 (Dwarfs only)

Dwarf axes are smaller-hafted weapons made of lighter (but stronger) materials than normal axes. Dwarf Warriors are specially trained in their use and are able to use them as deftly as a Human warrior might wield a sword.

Range	Strength	Special Rule
Close Combat	As user	Cutting Edge, Parry

SPECIAL RULES

Cutting Edge: Dwarf axes have an extra save modifier of -1, so a model with Strength 4 using a Dwarf axe has a -2 save modifier when he hits an opponent with the axe in close combat.

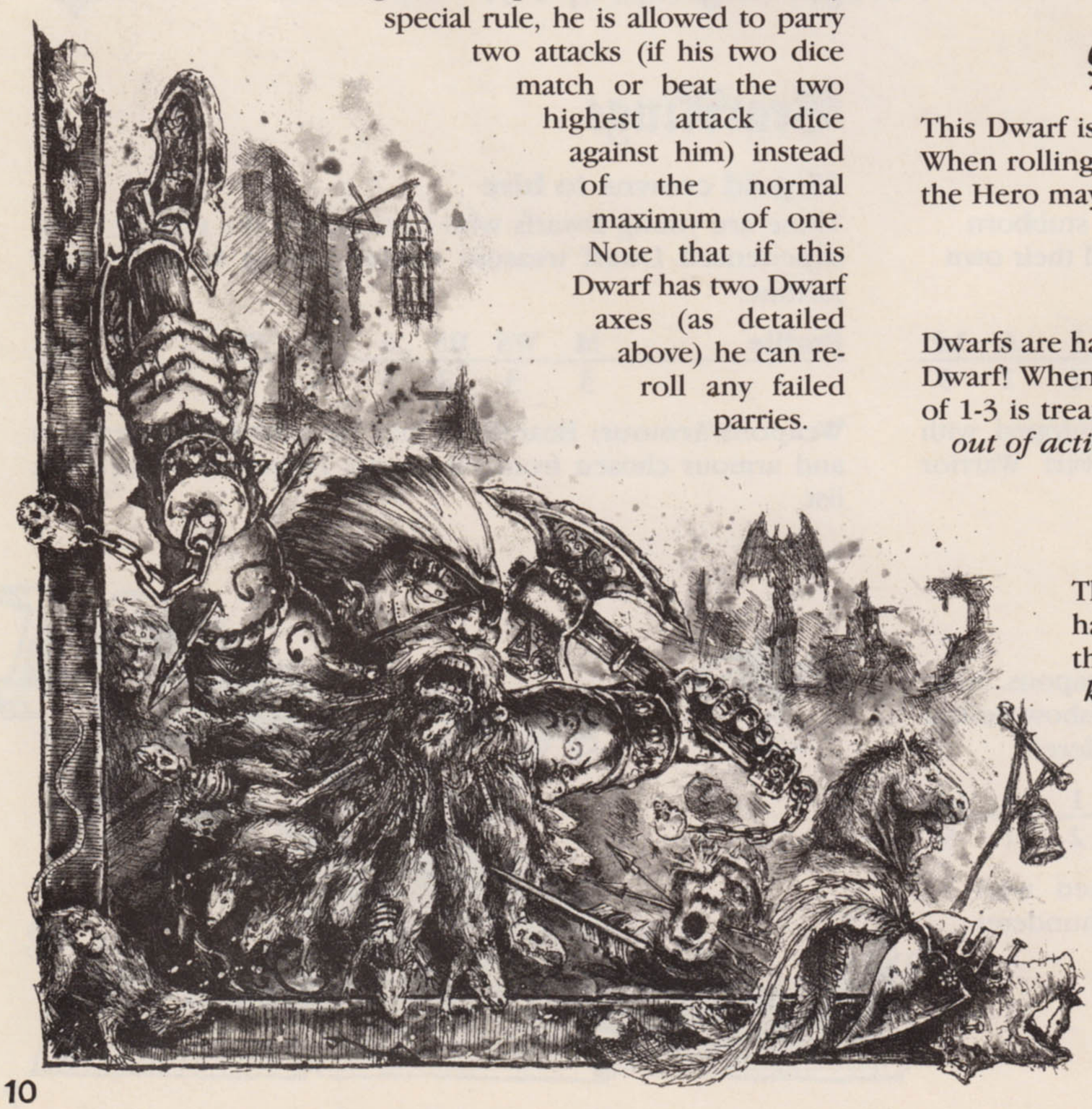
Parry: Dwarf axes offer an excellent balance of defence and offense. A model armed with a Dwarf axe may parry blows. When his opponent rolls to hit, the model armed with a Dwarf axe may roll 1d6. If the score is greater than the highest to hit score of his opponent, the model has parried the blow and that attack is discarded. A model may not parry attacks made with double or more its own Strength – they are simply too powerful to be stopped. A model may not parry more than one attack in a single close combat phase; a model armed with two Dwarf axes (or a Dwarf axe and a sword, etc) does not get to parry two attacks but may instead re-roll a failed parry.

Dwarf special skills

Dwarf Heroes may use the following Skill table instead of any of the standard Skill tables available to them.

Master of Blades

This Dwarf's martial skills surpass those of a normal warrior; he has fought unscathed against hordes of Orcs and Goblins. When using a weapon that has a Parry special rule, this hero parries successfully if he beats or matches his opponents highest 'to hit' roll, not just if he beats the roll. In addition, if this warrior is using two weapons that have the Parry special rule, he is allowed to parry two attacks (if his two dice match or beat the two highest attack dice against him) instead of the normal maximum of one. Note that if this Dwarf has two Dwarf axes (as detailed above) he can re-roll any failed parries.



Extra Tough

This Dwarf is notorious for walking away from wounds that would kill a lesser being. When rolling on the Heroes Serious Injury chart for this Hero after a game in which he has been taken *out of action*, the dice may be re-rolled once. The result of this second dice roll must be accepted, even if it is a worse result.

Resource Hunter.

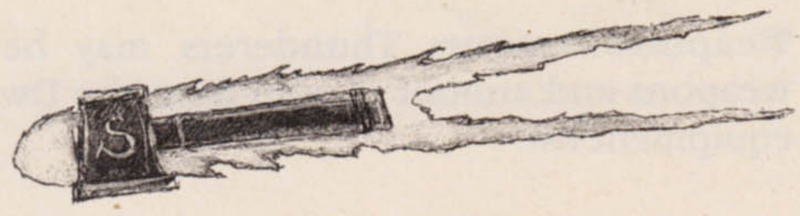
This Dwarf is especially good at locating valuable resources. When rolling on the Exploration chart at the end of a game, the Hero may modify one dice roll by +1/-1.

True Grit

Dwarfs are hardy individuals and this hero is hardy even for a Dwarf! When rolling on the Injury table for this Hero, a roll of 1-3 is treated as *knocked down*, 4-5 as *stunned*, and 6 as *out of action*.

Thick Skull

The Hero has a thick skull, even for a Dwarf. He has a 3+ save on a D6 to avoid being *stunned*. If the save is made, treat a *stunned* result as *knocked down* instead. If the Dwarf also wears a helmet, this save is 2+ instead of 3+ (this takes the place of the normal Helmet special rule).





Sample Warbands

This warband is typical of a starting group of Dwarf treasure hunters. It has as many Heroes as possible, to maximise Exploration rolls from the beginning.

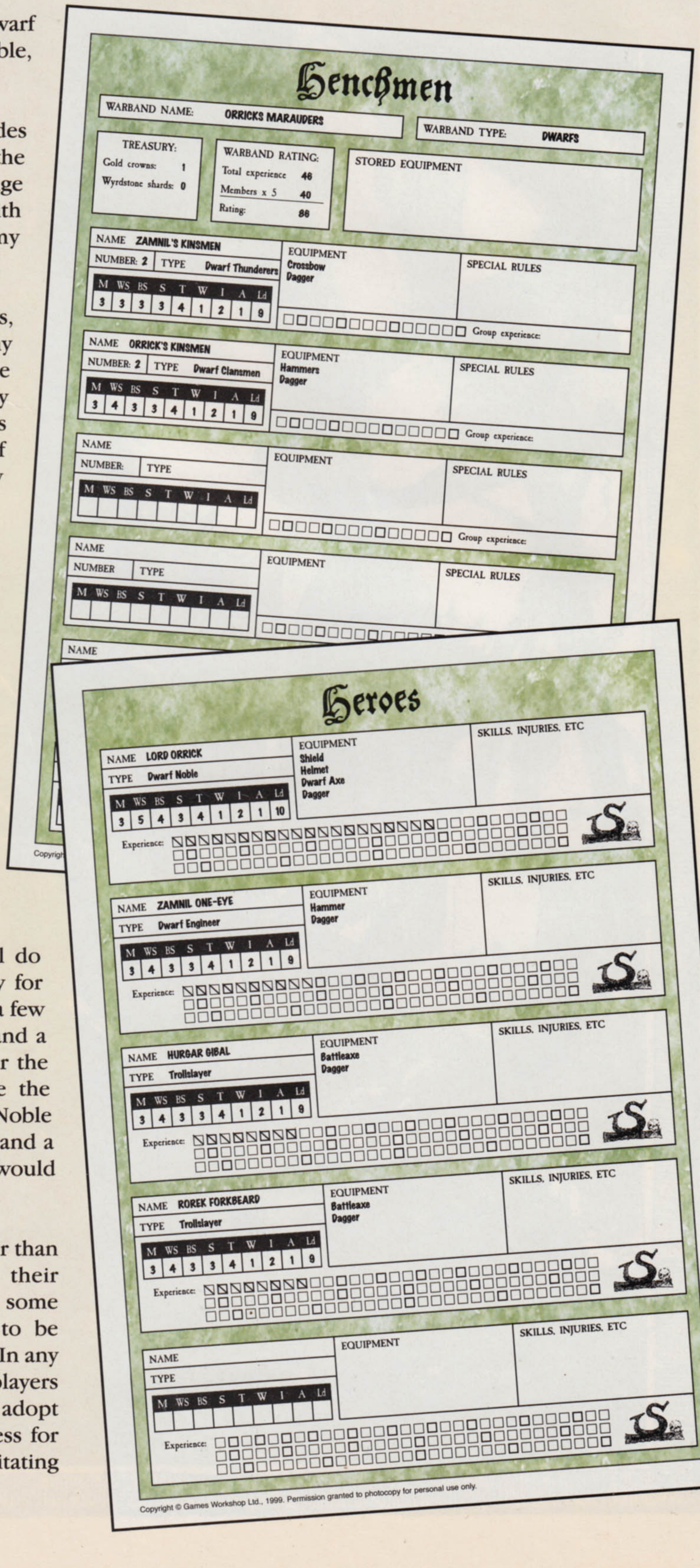
To back up the hand-to-hand troops, the warband includes two Thunderers with crossbows. The presence of the Engineer means that these missile weapons have a range of 36"! This will allow the Thunderers to fire with impunity from outside the range of most enemy missile weapons.

The general strategy this warband should use is obvious, the Clansmen take the front to absorb an enemy warband's initial charge, followed closely by the Noble and Troll slayers. The Engineer should hang slightly back, his special ability is too valuable to risk unless matters become desperate. The Thunderers will of course be at the rear, firing at the enemy troops as they advance.

As this warband gains more wealth and experience, the player can purchase more warriors and upgrade the equipment of the members of the warband. Top priority should be placed on getting the warband above eight members, as this will increase the number of models that must be taken *out of action* before the warband is forced to start taking Rout tests. More helmets can be given to the members of the warband – these items are extremely useful for Dwarfs. The 'Hard to Kill' special rule all Dwarfs share means that they will receive more *stunned* results on the Injury table than warriors of other races, and helmets will give them a save against this. They should prove quite formidable in close combat.

A few Dwarf axes scattered throughout the band will do wonders toward keeping the warriors alive, especially for the Troll Slayers, who are not allowed armour. Adding a few more Thunderers with crossbows will make the warband a serious ranged threat and pistols can be purchased for the Clansmen, the Noble and the Engineer to maximise the latter's special ability. An especially wealthy Dwarf Noble might well want to purchase a suit of Gromril armour and a Gromril weapon should he come across them, as he would want to return such items to 'proper Dwarf hands'.

The Dwarfs can be a challenge to play, as they are slower than most races and are very often outnumbered by their opponents. However, to counter this the Dwarfs have some very nice special abilities that make them a force to be reckoned with, both in close combat and at long range. In any case, they are a very enjoyable warband to play... players must however be cautious and make sure they do not adopt too much of the Dwarf's dour attitude (or his fondness for strong drink), as such things can prove quite debilitating during a game!



Henchmen

WARBAND NAME: ORRICKS MARAUDERS

WARBAND TYPE: DWARFS

TREASURY: Gold crowns: 1; Wyrdstone shards: 0

WARBAND RATING: Total experience 48; Members x 5 40; Rating: 88

STORED EQUIPMENT

NAME	NUMBER	TYPE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	EQUIPMENT	SPECIAL RULES
ZAMNIL'S KINSMEN	2	Dwarf Thunderers	3	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	Crossbow, Dagger	
ORRICK'S KINSMEN	2	Dwarf Clansmen	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	Hammers, Dagger	

Group experience:

Heroes

NAME	TYPE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	EQUIPMENT	SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC
LORD ORRICK	Dwarf Noble	3	5	4	3	4	1	2	1	10	Shield, Helmet, Dwarf Axe, Dagger	
ZAMNIL ONE-EYE	Dwarf Engineer	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	Hammer, Dagger	
HURGAR GIBAL	Trollslayer	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	Battleaxe, Dagger	
ROREK FORKBEARD	Trollslayer	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	Battleaxe, Dagger	

Experience:

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Thorgrim leads his warband through the ruins in search of treasure.



An Engineer uses his skills to improve the range of a Thunderer's crossbow.

Thorgrim's Mercenary Miners

Rowland Cox's warband theme is that of a roving band of Dwarf Miners. Where possible he has used models armed with picks, counting them as axes in terms of the rules.

Cragbrow's Steelfists

Matthew Hutson has made use of bits from the Mordheim accessory sprue to personalise his warband. He wanted the warband to have a strong emphasis on shooting, so has included three Thunderers and, where possible, given his Heroes missile weapons. Of course, when the warband does get into hand-to-hand combat the Noble, Troll Slayer and Clansman should be able to hold their own.



A Dwarf Thunderer holds his own against the Reiklanders.

Cragbrow's Steelfists cautiously advance down the twisting streets of Mordheim.

Colin Harvey's Witch Hunter warband explores a ruined building.

Colin: Way back in WD223 there appeared the first rules in progress for what became Mordheim, City of the Damned. As soon as I saw the Witch Hunters I knew I had to put together a warband of these devout servants of Sigmar. Their dark, sinister image blended with their religious belief in cleansing the world of the tainted really appealed to me. At the time, however, there were few figures available in the puritan style I wanted, which was a blend of crusaders, knights and the monastic orders. I therefore had to convert the majority of the models...



For the Warrior-Priest I sculpted more hair and added litany papers onto the Empire Grand Theogonist model. I also added a shield and icon device to his breastplate.







The models I used for the Witch Hunters were the Imperial Reiksguard Knights on foot. I used heads and hats from the Warhammer Quest Witch Hunter and the new Johann van Hal special character, leaving enough of the Reiksguard helmet to create the mask and collar. With a few weapon swaps and converted shields, the look I wanted was achieved. The hardest part of the conversions was sculpting on the Witch Hunters' hair to cover up the previous details.

Purge the Unclean

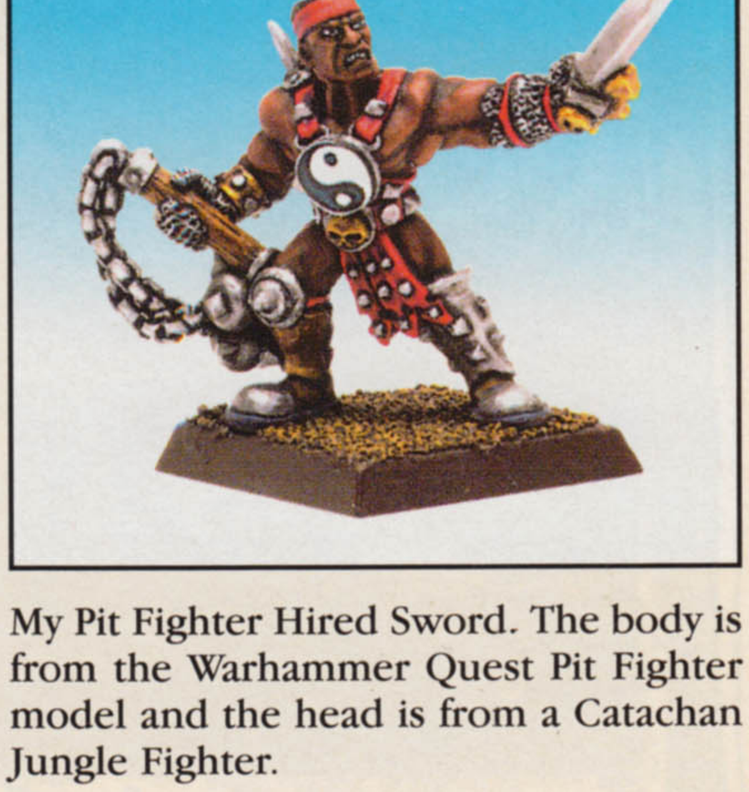
Ye exquisite warband of talented artisan Colin Harvey.



The Monks (these models can easily be used as Zealots under the new rules) were made from Bretonnian Squires, with heads filed and re-modelled for the monk style haircut. To these I added necklaces and amulets bearing the same cross symbol that runs throughout the warband.

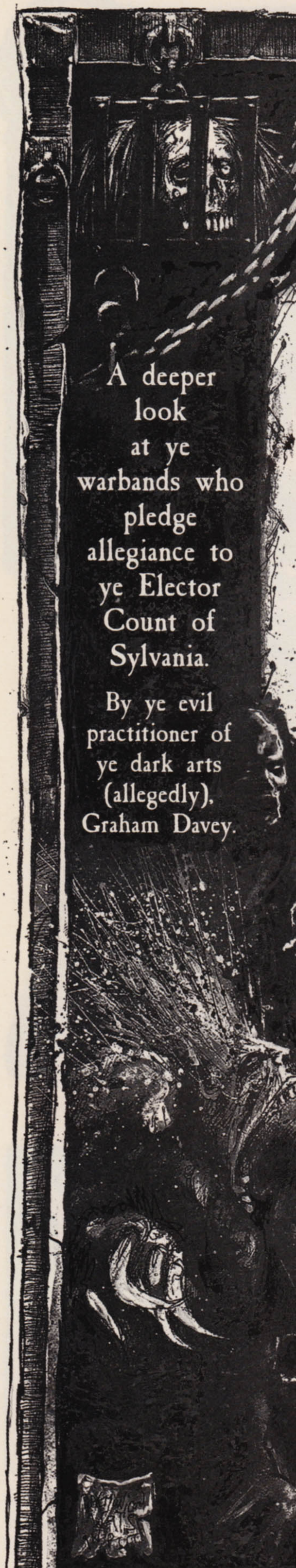


I converted the Flagellant by adding pieces from the Zombie sprue, which gave him relics and trophies so that he looks more like a prophet of doom.



My Pit Fighter Hired Sword. The body is from the Warhammer Quest Pit Fighter model and the head is from a Catachan Jungle Fighter.

Immortal Threat



Vlad von Carstein, the Count of Sylvania, is shrouded in mystery, for although he is a powerful contender to the throne it is rumoured that he is involved in foul necromancy. The truth is that he is a Vampire who has sent his Undead minions to the City of the Damned to collect the magical wyrdstone. This is so one day he may raise a powerful Undead army and conquer the divided Empire. Graham Davey's Undead warband journeyed into the ruined city many times during playtesting and now he shares his dark wisdom...

So you wish to become a servant of the dread lords of the night? Then rise forth from your deathly slumber and follow...

The lure of dark magic and the elegant but deadly Vampires have always appealed to me, so when everyone at the Studio started playtesting Tuomas's new game I quickly decided to start an Undead warband. The Undead are close combat fighters. Their Heroes have access to bows but I don't tend to use this option. They also have some very specialised troops – only the lowly Dregs could be called even vaguely 'normal', and they will soon improve as they gain experience – everything else you can take has a tasty set of special rules. All this makes for very dynamic battles as you march, run and shuffle relentlessly forward, hunting down your prey.

In every warband you must have a Vampire as your leader. Although mere weaklings compared with the infamous Vampire Lords who rule Sylvania, these are still the most powerful leaders available in the game – the only ones to have more than one Wound or Attack in their starting statistics. If you buy your Vampire two hand weapons it will have three Attacks right from the start. Alternatively, if you're expecting tough foes, try boosting its Strength with a halberd. Either way, you will have a true combat monster in your starting warband.

Your other Heroes include Dregs and one Necromancer. Both of these start out with 'average' human statistics but in a campaign they will become more and more useful, as they are one of the few things in your warband that can gain experience. For this reason it is worth keeping them protected in your first few games. The Necromancer, of course, has access to some quite nasty spells, which can really spoil your enemy's day. However magic can be unreliable, so don't rely on him to win the game for you.

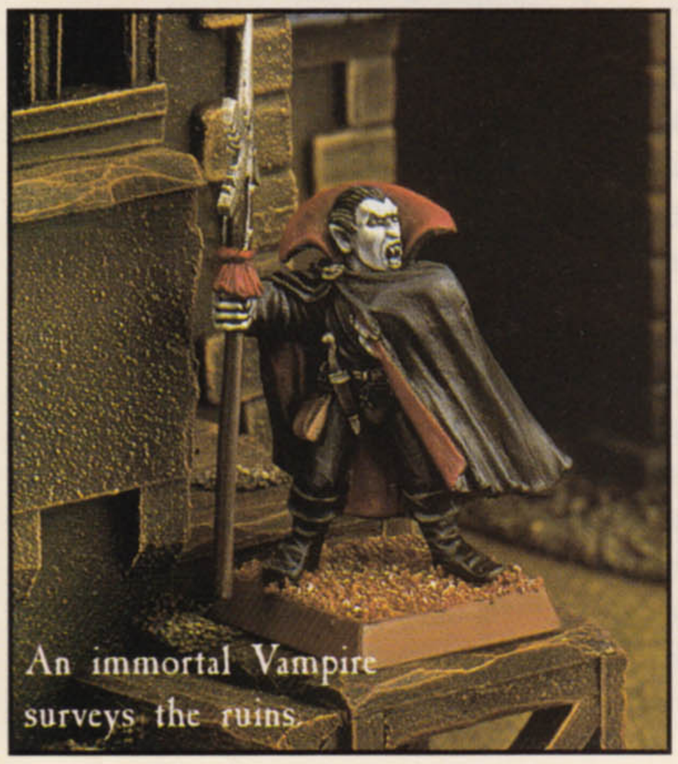
Zombies are the most common of the Undead, corpses animated by dark magic. They are very cheap to hire (summon) and at first glance their statistics seem rather weak. However, they have a long

The Vampires in Mordheim are thralls of Count Vlad von Carstein who seeks to gain enough power from the magical stones hidden in the ruins to summon a huge Undead army. If he is successful, he will raise all the dead between the World's Edge Mountains and the borders of Stirland and go to war with the divided rulers of the Empire.

During dark, moonless nights, black coaches arrive at the gates of Mordheim carrying coffins. Ghouls scuttle from their hiding places to greet them and corpses are stirred by a voice which the living cannot hear. Following the commands of the Vampire, they hunt for shards of wyrdstone.

The night belongs to the Undead and in Mordheim it is always night.

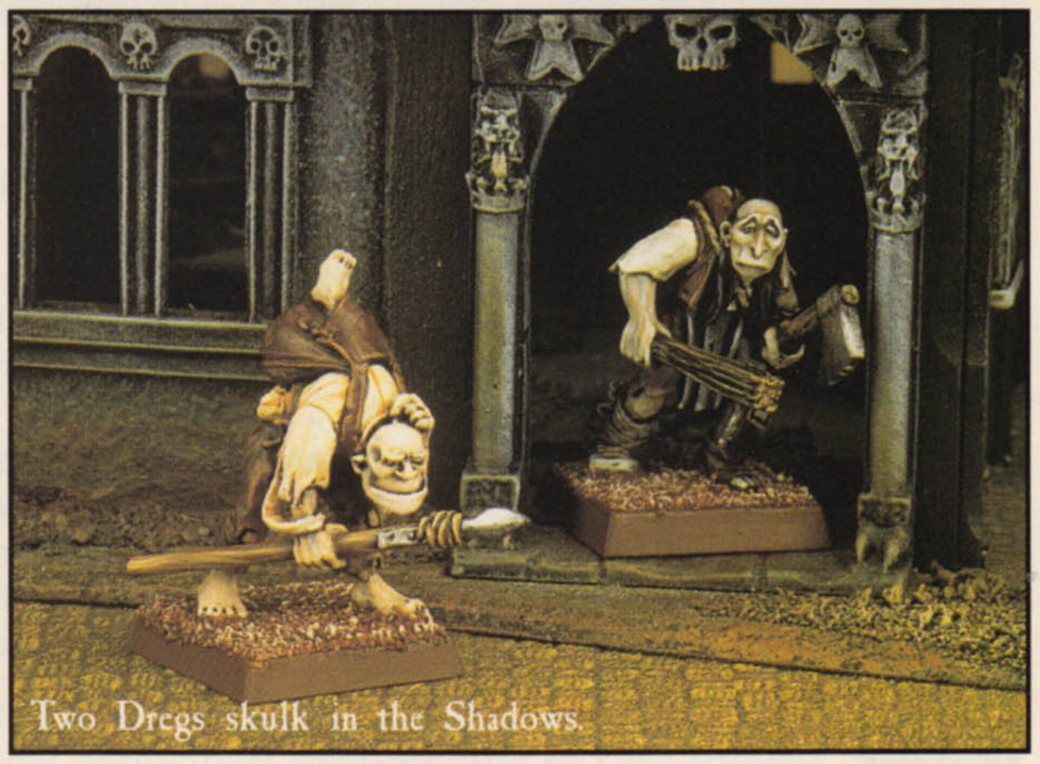
Lurking in the Shadows



An immortal Vampire surveys the ruins.



A foul Necromancer.



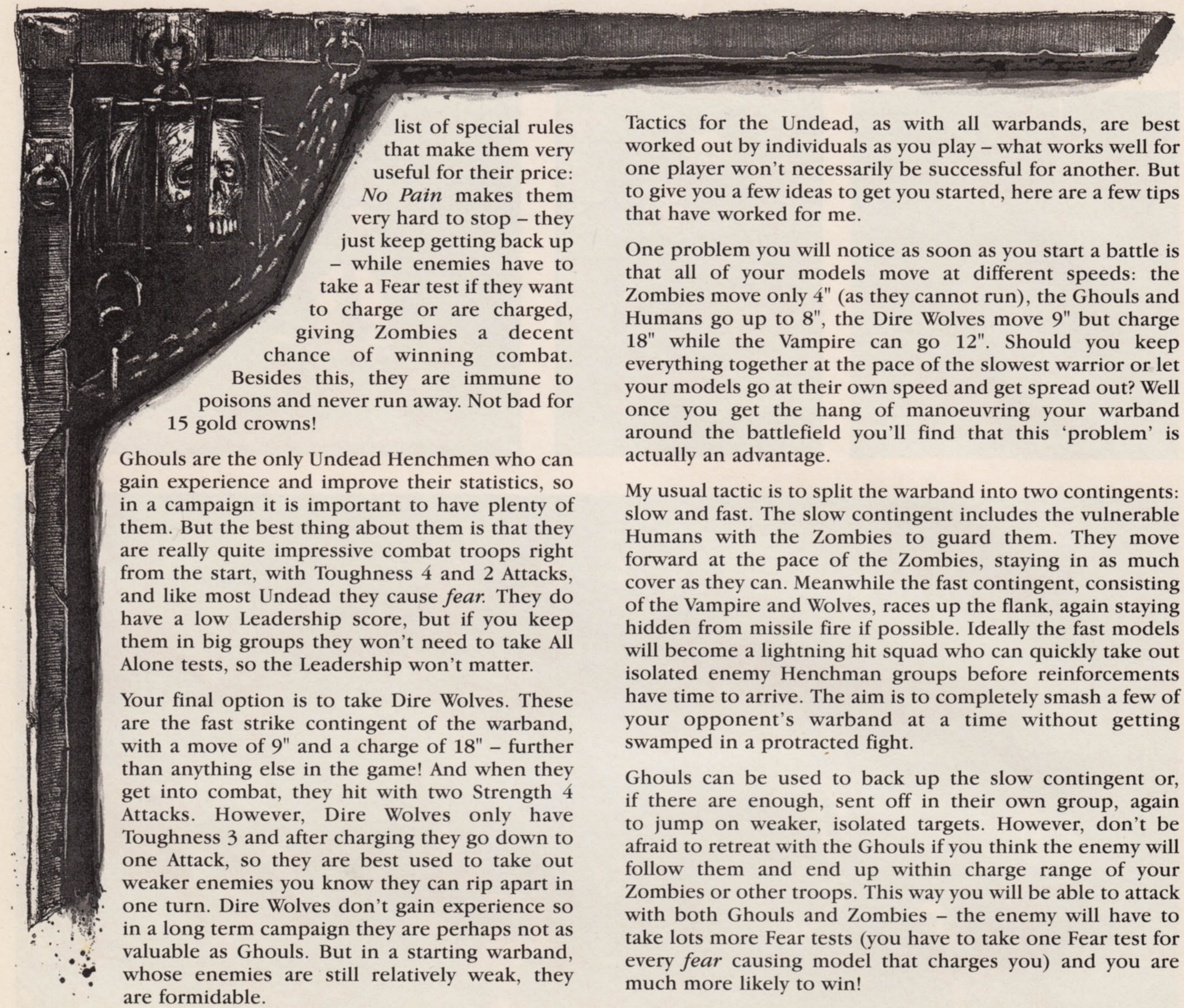
Two Dregs skulk in the Shadows.



The Undead trap a Marienburg warband.



A Vampire leads his Undead warband through Mordheim.



list of special rules that make them very useful for their price: *No Pain* makes them very hard to stop – they just keep getting back up – while enemies have to take a Fear test if they want to charge or are charged, giving Zombies a decent chance of winning combat. Besides this, they are immune to poisons and never run away. Not bad for 15 gold crowns!

Ghouls are the only Undead Henchmen who can gain experience and improve their statistics, so in a campaign it is important to have plenty of them. But the best thing about them is that they are really quite impressive combat troops right from the start, with Toughness 4 and 2 Attacks, and like most Undead they cause *fear*. They do have a low Leadership score, but if you keep them in big groups they won't need to take All Alone tests, so the Leadership won't matter.

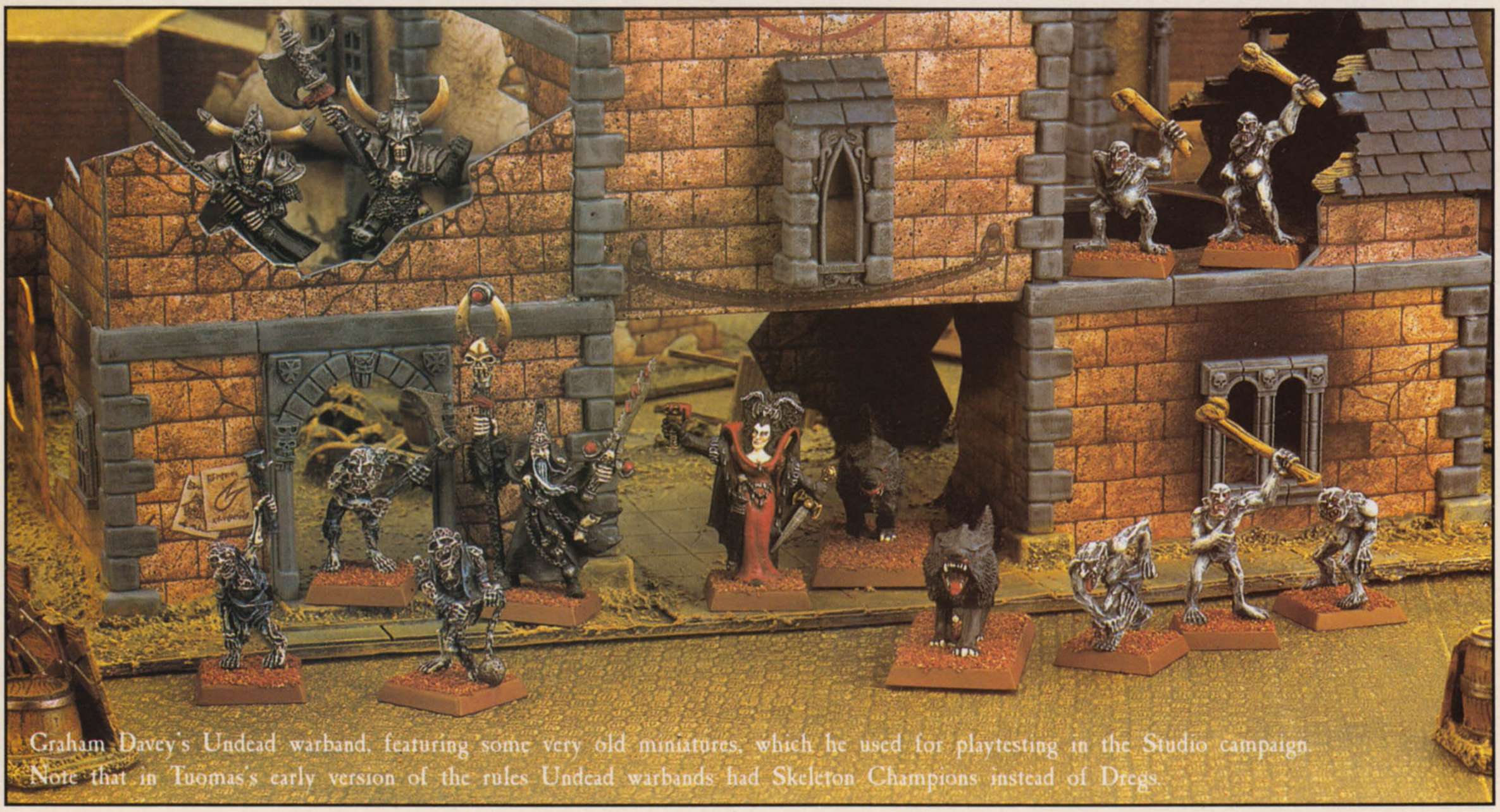
Your final option is to take Dire Wolves. These are the fast strike contingent of the warband, with a move of 9" and a charge of 18" – further than anything else in the game! And when they get into combat, they hit with two Strength 4 Attacks. However, Dire Wolves only have Toughness 3 and after charging they go down to one Attack, so they are best used to take out weaker enemies you know they can rip apart in one turn. Dire Wolves don't gain experience so in a long term campaign they are perhaps not as valuable as Ghouls. But in a starting warband, whose enemies are still relatively weak, they are formidable.

Tactics for the Undead, as with all warbands, are best worked out by individuals as you play – what works well for one player won't necessarily be successful for another. But to give you a few ideas to get you started, here are a few tips that have worked for me.

One problem you will notice as soon as you start a battle is that all of your models move at different speeds: the Zombies move only 4" (as they cannot run), the Ghouls and Humans go up to 8", the Dire Wolves move 9" but charge 18" while the Vampire can go 12". Should you keep everything together at the pace of the slowest warrior or let your models go at their own speed and get spread out? Well once you get the hang of manoeuvring your warband around the battlefield you'll find that this 'problem' is actually an advantage.

My usual tactic is to split the warband into two contingents: slow and fast. The slow contingent includes the vulnerable Humans with the Zombies to guard them. They move forward at the pace of the Zombies, staying in as much cover as they can. Meanwhile the fast contingent, consisting of the Vampire and Wolves, races up the flank, again staying hidden from missile fire if possible. Ideally the fast models will become a lightning hit squad who can quickly take out isolated enemy Henchman groups before reinforcements have time to arrive. The aim is to completely smash a few of your opponent's warband at a time without getting swamped in a protracted fight.

Ghouls can be used to back up the slow contingent or, if there are enough, sent off in their own group, again to jump on weaker, isolated targets. However, don't be afraid to retreat with the Ghouls if you think the enemy will follow them and end up within charge range of your Zombies or other troops. This way you will be able to attack with both Ghouls and Zombies – the enemy will have to take lots more Fear tests (you have to take one Fear test for every *fear* causing model that charges you) and you are much more likely to win!



Graham Davey's Undead warband, featuring some very old miniatures, which he used for playtesting in the Studio campaign. Note that in Tuomas's early version of the rules Undead warbands had Skeleton Champions instead of Dregs.

The Undead of Baron Ernst advance relentlessly on a warband from Reikland.

Below is Graham's starting warband for Mordheim, the warband of Baron Ernst. The warband can be easily split into two groups with the Necromancer, Dregs, Zombies and Ghouls moving down the centre and the Vampire and Dire Wolves attacking on the flanks.

Henchmen

WARBAND NAME: **ERNST'S GRAVE WARRIORS**

WARBAND TYPE: **UNDEAD**

TREASURY:
Gold crowns: 0
Wyrdstone shards: 0

WARBAND RATING:
Total experience 28
Members x 5 65
Rating: 93

STORED EQUIPMENT

NAME THE WAILING DEAD — **NUMBER:** 4 — **TYPE** Zombies

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	2	0	3	3	1	1	1	5

EQUIPMENT: None

SPECIAL RULES: Cause Fear, May not run, Immune to Psychology, Immune to Poison, No Pain, No Brain

Group experience:

NAME CLAN OF HUNGER — **NUMBER:** 3 — **TYPE** Ghouls

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	2	2	3	4	1	3	2	5

EQUIPMENT: None

SPECIAL RULES: Cause Fear

Group experience:

NAME ERNST'S PACK — **NUMBER:** 2 — **TYPE** Dire Wolves

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
9	3	0	4	3	1	2	1	4

EQUIPMENT: None

SPECIAL RULES: Charge, May not run, Immune to Psychology, Immune to Poison, Cause Fear, Unliving, No pain

Group experience:

NAME — **NUMBER** — **TYPE**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld

EQUIPMENT

SPECIAL RULES

Group experience:

NAME — **NUMBER** — **TYPE**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld

EQUIPMENT

SPECIAL RULES

Group experience:

NAME — **NUMBER** — **TYPE**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld

EQUIPMENT

SPECIAL RULES

Group experience:

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Heroes

NAME BARON ERNST — **TYPE** Vampire

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	4	4	4	4	2	5	2	8

EQUIPMENT: Halberd, Dagger

SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC

Experience:

NAME MARCUS RUBENS — **TYPE** Necromancer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

EQUIPMENT: Sword, Dagger

SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC

Experience:

NAME JAN KERMIS — **TYPE** Dreg

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	7

EQUIPMENT: Spear, Dagger

SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC

Experience:

NAME CORNELIS RENGER — **TYPE** Dreg

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	7

EQUIPMENT: Axe, Dagger

SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC

Experience:

NAME — **TYPE**

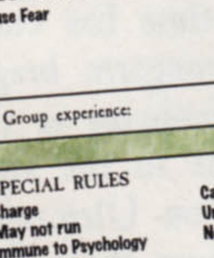
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld

EQUIPMENT

SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC

Experience:

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Town Cryer

HOLY CRUSADE

Beware Followers of Dark Gods



The Witch Hunters of THE UNFORGIVING shall purify you with fire and steel. There is no place for you to hide, not even in the twisted ruins of Mordheim.

ALL GOOD MEN, JOIN WITH US LEST YOUR SOULS BE LOST

FOR SALE

Elf bow

only one owner.

14 Gold Crowns

Contact Cragbrow at the HALFLING HOTPOT

Dargan Rockfist

· GREENSKIN ·

SLAYER

Expert at eradicating FOUL GREENSKINS



Fee 15 Gold Crowns for each contract

WANTED

Johann the Knife



For breaking out of

GAOL

on the eve of his hanging.

200 Gold Crowns

Collect the reward at the Wolfsburg Gaol.

· MISGUIDED ·

FOOLS

Your idle threats do not scare us, for your weak god Sigmar is nothing compared to the glory of the Shadowlord. Seek us out if you dare for we shall be ready. The Shadowlord will feast upon your decadent souls.

CEDRIC

The Scholar

Available to translate all ye olde text.

Dark tongues a speciality.

Currently residing at the ruined

Library Vault

FIGHTING PIT NEWS

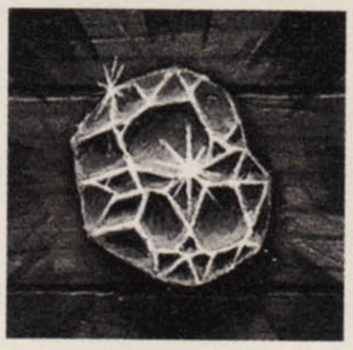
Rasputin's seven-fight winning streak came to an end when a Dwarf Noble going by the name of Cragbrow crushed his skull after a bloody fight.

If you think you have what it takes to beat the best why not come along to Thrugg's Arena at

Griffon Gate.

Thorgrim THUNDERBROW

EXPERT WYRDSTONE HUNTER



Residing at the

Red Wolf Tavern

GUEST ALES

The Golden Griffon Inn

now has the fine

BUGMAN'S ALE

the strongest of beverages.

This month's other guest ales:

CASTLEROCK XXX

BLOODWEISER

JOHANN SMYTHES

CALLING all REIKLANDERS

The time has come to put the strongarm braggarts from Middenheim in their place. Come to the sign of the fish on Ulriczeit and we will show them Reikland has the true claim to the throne.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

Johann's Emporium

The following goods for sale or trade.

Double-handed sword, Lantern, Apple, The Count of Ventimiglia's Misericordia.

Why not call in at ye olde Gatekeeper's cottage?

OBITUARIES

Marcaine, bolt in the eye from from a Dwarf crossbow.

Thorgar Gibal, Dwarf Troll Slayer died at the hands of a Reikland Youngblood.

Hans Babel, killed by the branches of a mutant tree.

Heinrich Sachs, assassinated by an unknown killer.

Walter Ruiz, Maurice Kubin, One-Eyed Teddy Mcgrue, Alberto Meidner. All Hung by the neck until dead.

WANTED

Mandred the Jester



For WITCHCRAFT most foul

Reward:

Redemption of your soul

Contact Adolf Muller, Priest of Sigmar.

Talion Sureflight

BEST

ARCHER

IN ALL THE WORLD

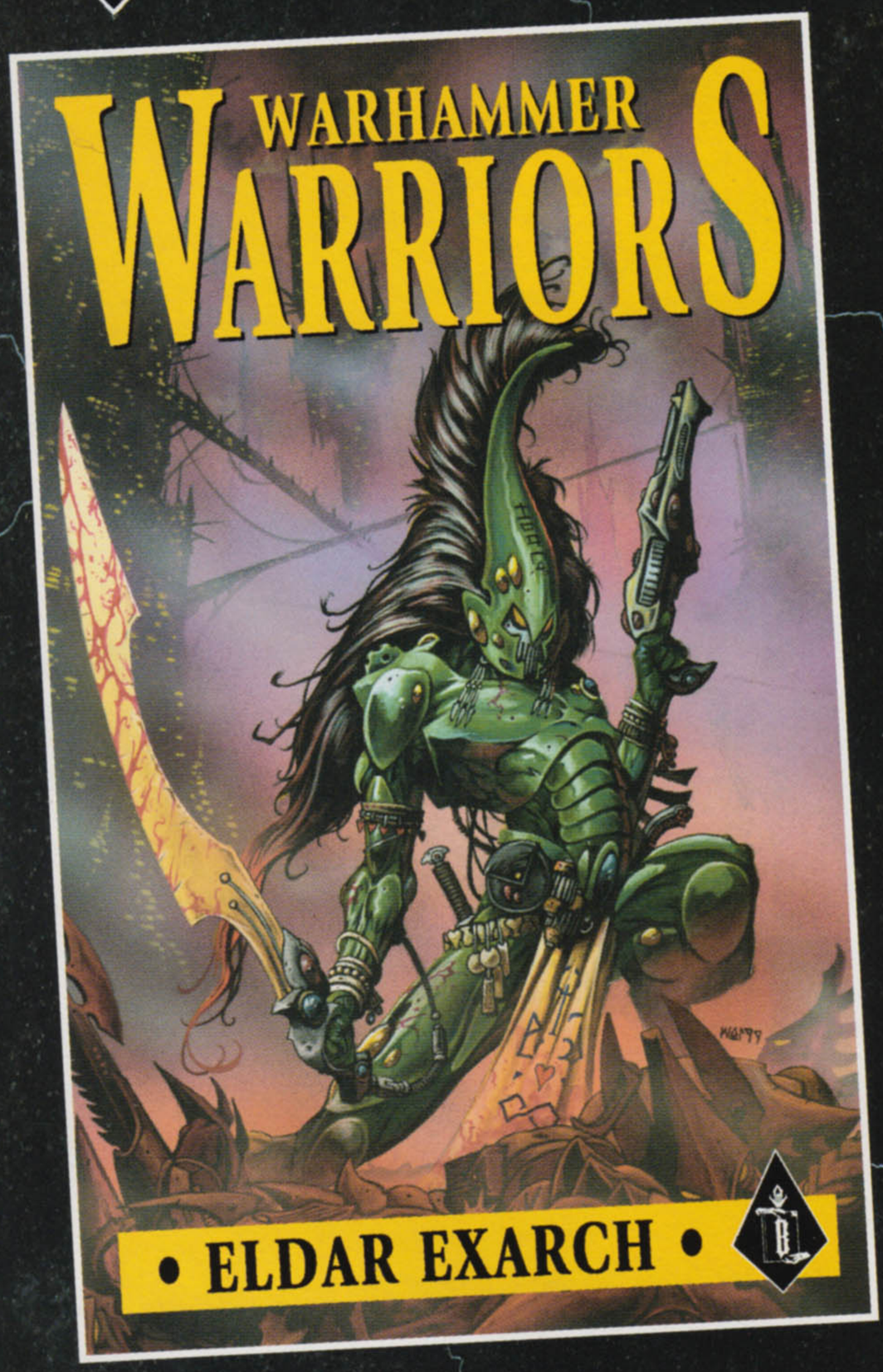


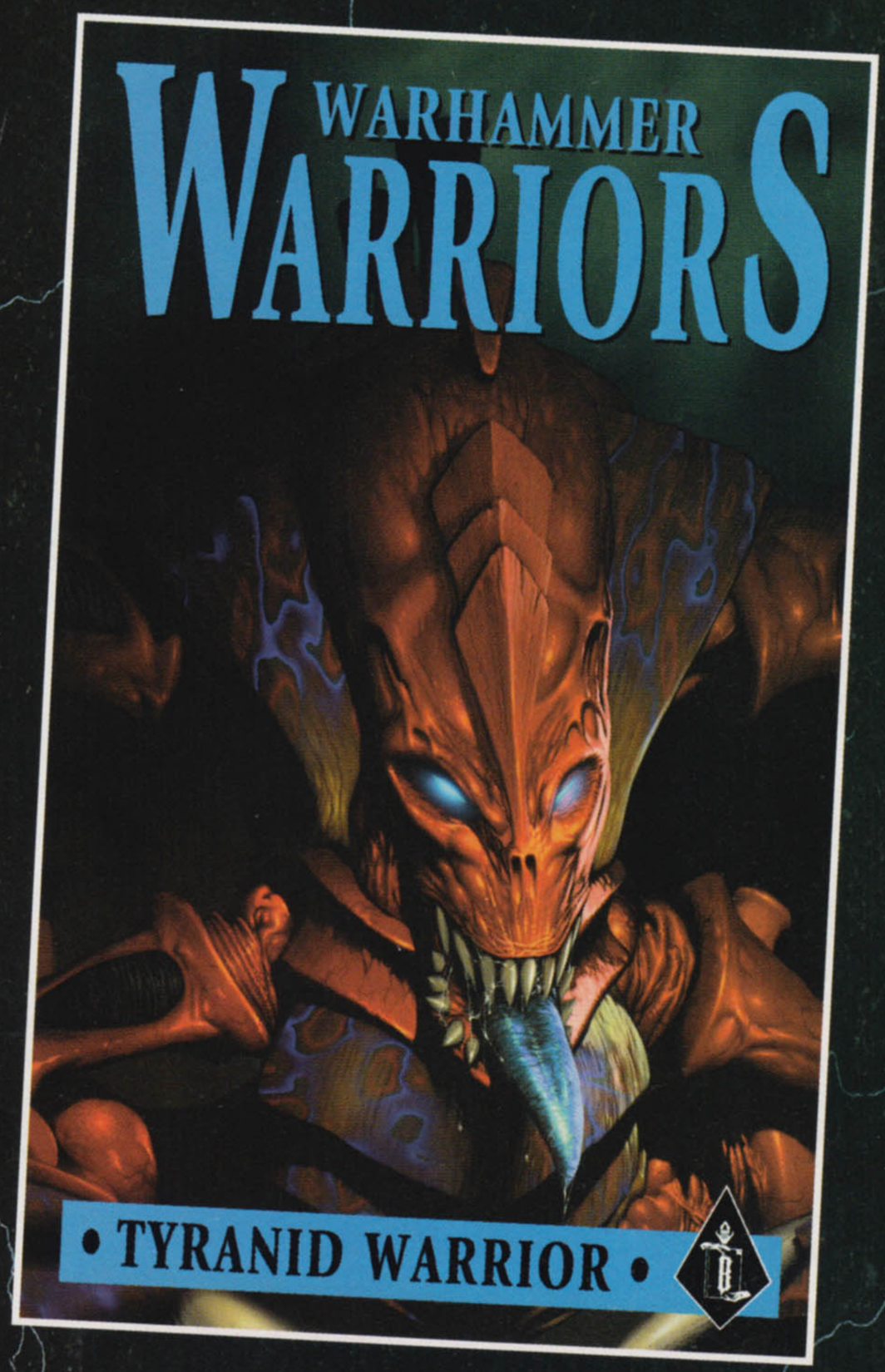
40 Gold Crowns

Only the most civilised warbands need apply for the pleasure of my company.

LET BATTLE COMMENCE

http://www.blacklibrary.co.uk

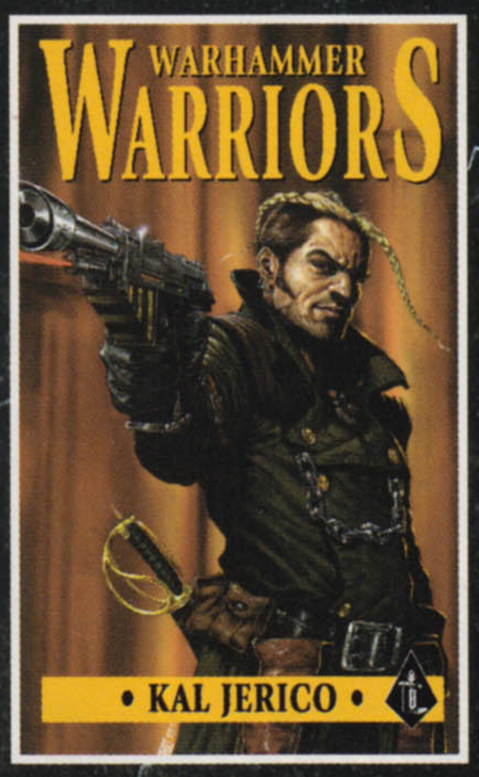


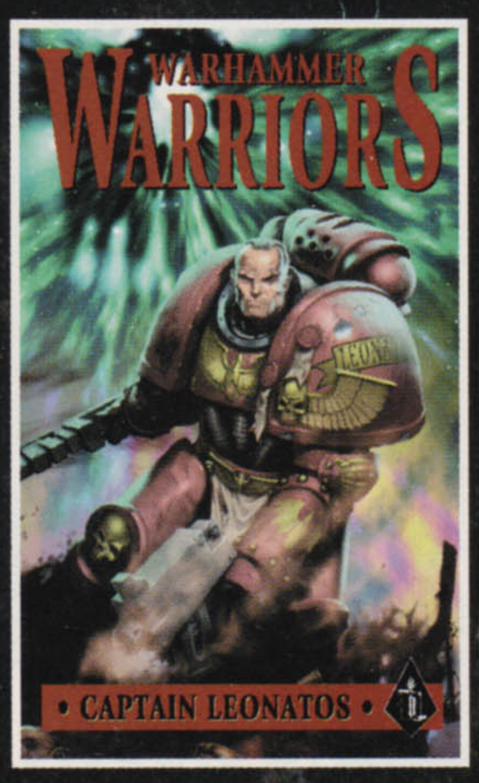


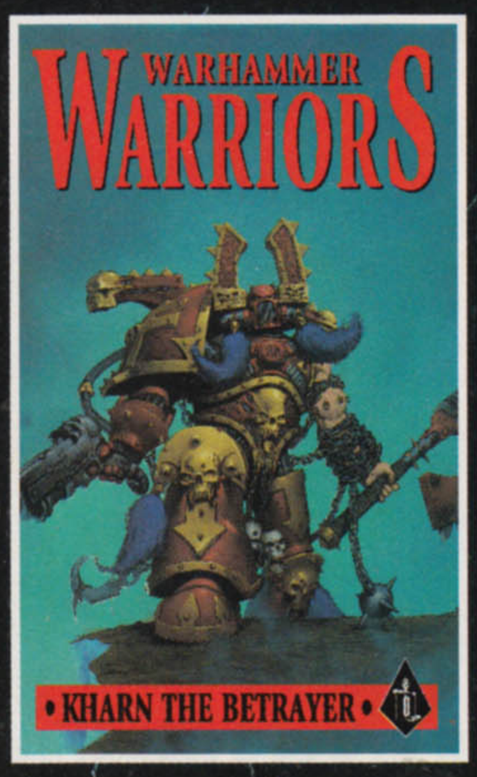
WARHAMMER WARRIORS

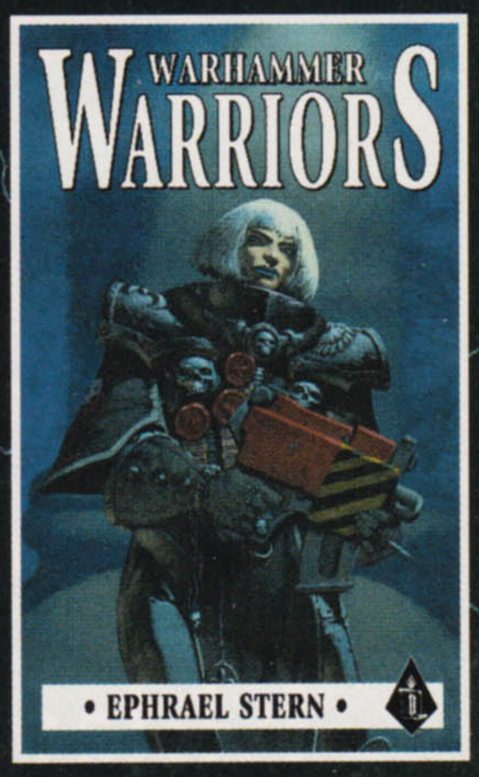
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Eldar boxed sets – available now!

Eldar models designed by Jes Goodwin. Guardians designed by Jes Goodwin and Mike McVey.

Bloodied Souls

A Warhammer 40,000 battle report by Gav Thorpe, Paul Sawyer, Nick Davis, Keith Robertson and Simon Shuker.

This month's battle report features the Dark Eldar and the Eldar of Biel-Tan in a huge 3,000 point battle. Gav Thorpe and Paul Sawyer took joint command of the Eldar while Nick Davis and Keith Robertson led their twisted kindred. We also came up with a suitable background for the battle to be based around, with the newly released Asdrubael Vect at the centre of the plot.

Asdrubael Vect has launched his crusade of terror and for his first victims he has chosen the Imperial world of Kurzon's Fall in the Segmentum Tempestus. The butchery that follows will be horrendous, and spurred by the devastation, the Cardinal of neighbouring Sanctus Prima will urge the Ecclesiarch to declare a War of Faith to purge all non-humans from the Orpheus sector. At this present time this includes the Craftworld of Biel-Tan, who risk being swept away by a wave of hate-fuelled human warships and soldiers. To avoid this fate they assemble the Swordwind Host to intercept Vect's force as it descends upon the Imperial settlement of Karlstown. As the amazed humans look on, the two alien armies clash in ferocious and merciless battle, Vect's initial prize forgotten when presented with the opportunity to slay his Eldar kin and take their souls. The bloodshed will be great. The souls will flow...

This battle was fought as a modified Recon scenario. To ensure that the battle was suitably hate-fuelled and bloody, the following modifications were made to the scenario:

- All units in both armies may attempt to regroup even when below 50% of their starting size.
- The players do not score Victory points for units that finish in the opposing deployment zone. Instead, they score +200 Victory points for enemy units wiped out or vehicles destroyed (note that these points are not scored for units that fall back off the table).
- The Dark Eldar player scores double Victory points for captured prisoners, because the essences of other Eldar are much more tasty!

"It's looking at me again, N'Akir..." hissed Asdrubael Vect testily, pointing an accusing finger at a ragged human slave on her knees not far from his throne.

"I will deal with it, master," the Haemonculi replied with an obsequious bow before grabbing the unfortunate victim with his clawed fingers and dragging it from his lord's presence. Vect gestured impatiently to No'Akei and as she approached he leant over on the arm of his throne to speak to her.

"How much fodder have we acquired so far?" he asked, running a slender finger along the Dracon's well-shaped chin.

"Six thousand creatures are being herded back to your palaces, great lord," No'Akei replied, eyes half-closed with pleasure as she felt the caress of Vect's fingernail, her voice a barely-heard whisper. She breathed languidly through pursed lips, her eyes meeting those of her master and she shuddered as his hand continued its course. "It is not much yet, but the Mandrakes report a large mon-kei settlement not far from here."

"Then we shall visit them, my dear champion," Vect announced, signalling for his attendants to lift his throne onto the Dais of Destruction. "Our mercies will not be delicate, our attentions shall not be tender."

Looking back he saw N'Akir, leading the slave away towards the others who were huddled together, their tears and wails sounding like music to the Dark Eldar Lord's ears. The human held her hands to her face, blood streaming between her fingers. Vect smiled – she would never look at him with those defiant eyes again.

卐 卐 卐

Vect looked with satisfaction at the host assembled around him, as they sped over the burning fields of the human world. The Raiders of his personal guard skimmed gracefully in front and beside him, while the Reavers occasionally sped ahead on bright jets, racing each other with gleeful shouts. The Lord of the Black Heart smiled, turning his gaze to the two Incubi who flanked his throne. They did not seem to notice his scrutiny, attentively looking around them, constantly alert for the first sign of danger. Vect's attention was drawn back to the Raiders and he saw Anuris' skimmer weaving between them, sideslipping closer to run alongside the Dais of Destruction. The Incubi were instantly ready, their punishers raised to protect their lord, but Anuris simply hailed Vect from the speeding raider.

"My lord, the Mandrakes report an enemy force moving to intercept us before we reach our prizes," the Archon informed Vect with a worried look in his eyes.

"So? They shall fall beneath our blades first," the lord called back with a shrug. "We should be glad that they spare us the tedium of hunting them down."

"My lord, they are the Biel-Tan," Anuris said, wringing his hands together, fearful of Vect's reaction to this news.

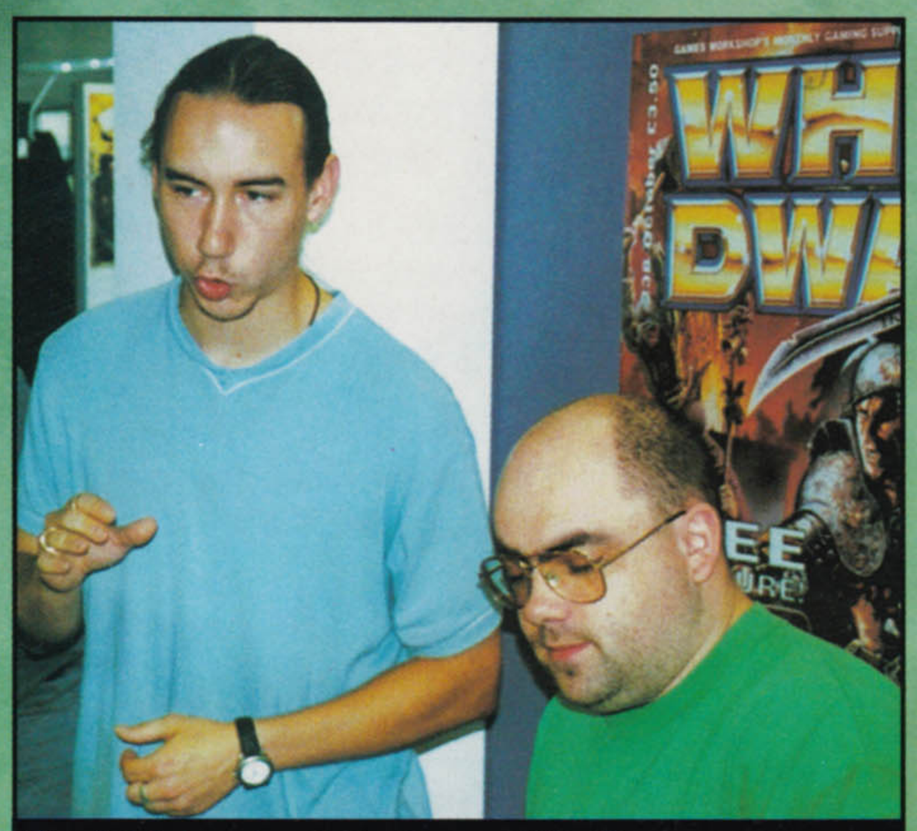
"The Biel-Tan?" he snarled. "Why are those misguided, meddling traitors here?"

"It seems that they intend to stand against us, my lord," the Archon concluded.

"They dare?" howled Vect, his fingers gripping the arms of his throne until the pallid skin of his hands was white. "I want them dead! I want to be feasting on their essence come nightfall! I want their bodies scattered to the ravens! I want their blood to toast my victory! I want their bones crushed to powder! I want to hear their screams ringing out, their life-breath bubbling red from their lips! They shall learn what agonies come to those who defy my will!"

When the Swordwind blows

Gav: Right, I've just got a few minutes before we kick off to note down some of my thoughts at the moment.



Paul thinks about strategy while Gav demonstrates how a Falcon grav tank sounds.

Firstly, I'd like to run through all of my excuses about any poor performance over the next few hours, so that I don't have to bother you with them later. Whilst the new Dark Eldar army has been built specifically to take to battle, our Biel-Tan force started as a much smaller army and over time has had more and more units added to it. As a result there are fewer Guardians than I'd have wanted. So, that's excuse number one. Excuse number two is claiming frailty on the grounds of ill health. A poor excuse I know, but my head feels stuffed with cotton wool, I can't stop yawning and my limbs are leaden... I will be making mistakes I'm sure (though I make mistakes when in the prime of fitness too!). Excuse number three is, erm... damn, I don't have a third excuse!

Right, after all that, what shall we do? Well, I haven't seen the battlefield yet and I don't quite remember the details of the Dark Eldar army. In these circumstances, it's best to go for a simple plan of action. I think we should endeavour to kill as many Dark Eldar as possible, as quickly as possible. Sounds simple? I hope it is. To do this, we have to focus on two things, which are the

Biel-Tan Swordwind Defender Host

founding principles of good generalship. We haven't talked about them for a while, so I might as well take this opportunity to do so.

The first thing is 'Maintenance of Aim'. This is just a fancy way of saying 'remember what you're doing'. In a cleanse mission, table quarters are all that count, so you should always bear in mind that that's how to win the battle. In this battle, killing the enemy is the most important thing. But in addition wiping out units scores bonus Victory points. To maintain our aim we should ensure that we don't just kill Dark Eldar, we need to wipe them out, unit by unit. Maintenance of aim also applies to your battleplan – if you're going to get stuck in and chew them up in close combat, don't suddenly decide halfway through to sit back and shoot it out. Maintenance of aim helps to clarify what you need to do every turn, so that you don't end up wasting units on needless or counter-productive tasks.

The other thing to remember is 'Concentration of Force'. To quote 'The Untouchables' – 'If he puts one of your men in the hospital, you put one of his in the morgue. If he pulls a knife, you pull a gun.' Basically, concentration of force means gang up on the enemy so that you are doing more damage than he is. If he has one unit shooting, make sure you have two units shooting back! This is the most effective way of breaking and wiping out units, bringing the firepower and close combat ability of several units to bear against a lesser number of targets. If you spread yourself willy-nilly across the battlefield, the damage you inflict will be more dispersed and ultimately will count for less. Deliver decisive blows to enemy units one at a time, that's how you win battles.

Well, there endeth the lesson, let's see if I can practice what I preach.



I want to hear their souls scream

Keith: Finally, after three months of blood, sweat and paint, a chance to play with the full 3,000 point Dark Eldar army that Joe and I have been painting. Having never played against Eldar let alone Farseer Gav Thorpe, I relied on the knowledge of Dark Eldar Lord Nick Davis to pick a suitable army and plan the strategy to wipe out the Biel-Tan and torture their souls.



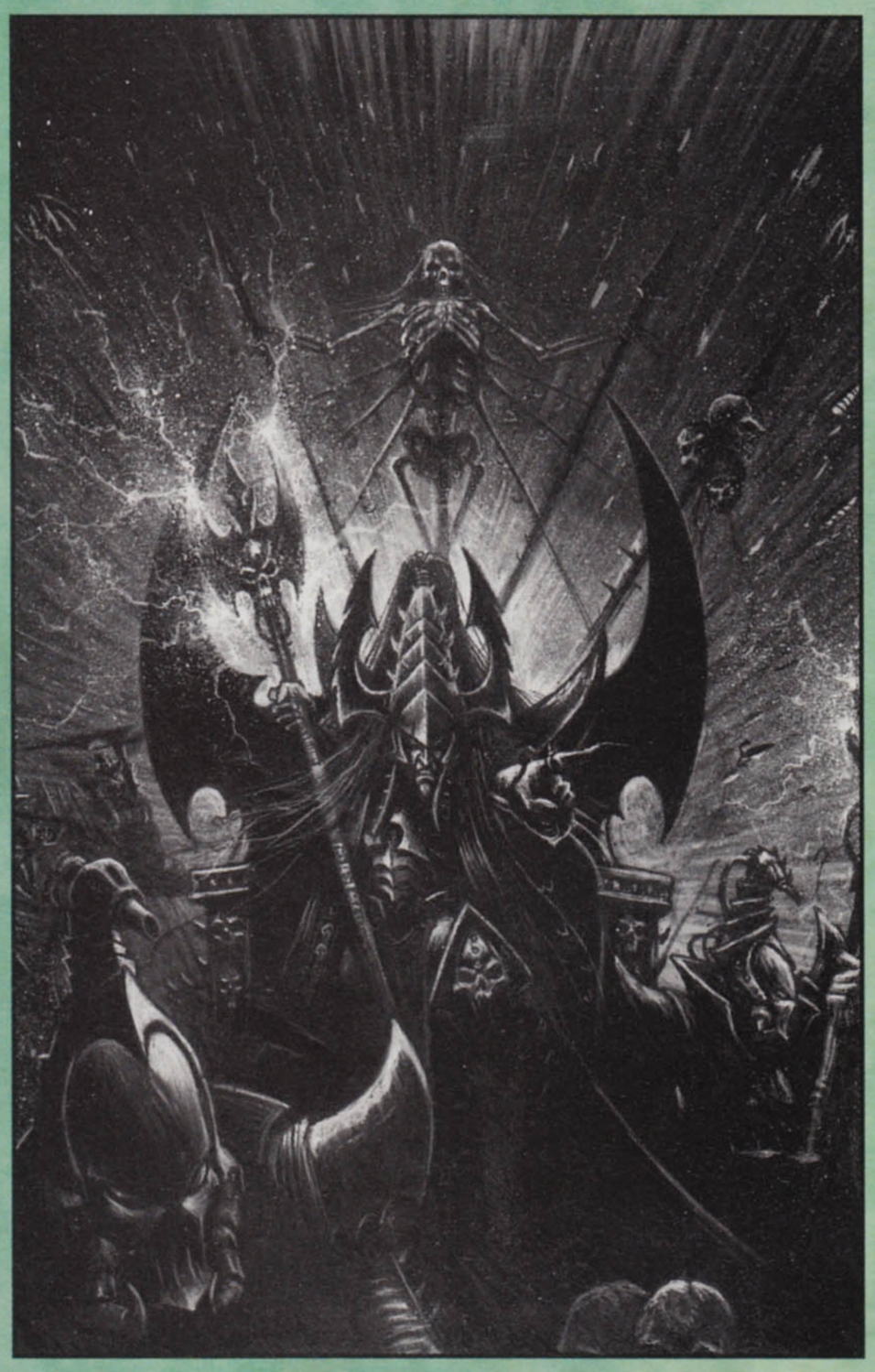
"Repeat after me, the golden rules are – strike fast – strike hard – strike first."

Looking over the Dark Eldar that had been gathered we knew we would have the weight of numbers and, in true Dark Eldar fashion, lots of Raiders. The terrain was laid out and Nick won the dice roll. He chose the edge with the best cover to hide the Raiders behind in case we didn't get the first turn. With the table edge chosen we decided on our game plan before the troops were deployed.

Nick: I've been looking forward to this for such a long time. A chance to use the new Studio Dark Eldar army (chosen mostly by me) against Gav Thorpe, who I won against in the Warhammer Players Society Club Challenge, and Paul Sawyer (although immediate lack of job prospects come to mind). Plus to make it even better we will be fighting against the Dark Eldars' mis-guided kin, the Eldar.

As I mentioned earlier in this issue I picked the army over three months ago. Keith (my fellow Dark Lord in this battle) and Joe Hill then spent all that time painting the fantastic looking army. At the

Asdrubael Vect's Kabal of the Black Heart



time I was not sure what foes the army would be facing. So I tried to pick a characterful army with lots of Warrior and Raider squads. In fact the Wyches could be detached from this force and used as an army in their own right! I think I have chosen an even army and now I just have to see how it fights. I won't go into a lengthy discussion of what troops I chose because it just came down to taking the models that I liked.

The only complication was taking Asdrubael Vect. I am not a big fan of taking special characters into battle, as I like to let my independent characters develop their own reputation and history. But this battle revolves around Asdrubael showing the other Dark Eldar why they should fear him, and with such a great model how could I possibly resist? We decided to place him in the centre of the Raider squadrons to shield him from unwanted attention, then when he gets close enough we'll unleash him on the Eldar and see what happens.

Now I am not noted for my complicated strategy so I am going to keep this nice and simple. The plan is to hit the Eldar first, fast and hard by attacking on the flank with everything we've got and then rolling up the entire battleline. I know it's going to be a tough fight, but if we keep up the momentum we should be able to win. After all, a Dark Eldar army kills more in hand-to-hand combat (much more fun) than it would ever do shooting (after all that's the Eldar's job). With all the Wyches, Raider squads and Asdrubael Vect to do the job we're ready for battle. Here goes nothing!





HQ

Asdrubael Vect

N'akir the Tormentor
SCISSORHANDS, DESTRUCTOR,
CRUCIBLE OF MALEDICTION

Thelaq
SCISSORHANDS, STINGER

ELITES

Wych Squad Madeb
9 WYCHES, 2 SHREDDERS, SHARDNET AND IMPALER,
HYDRAKNIVES, RAZORSNARE AND FALCHION
Succubus Madeb
AGONISER
Raider
DISINTEGRATOR

Wych Squad K'lell
9 WYCHES, 2 BLASTERS
Succubus K'lell
AGONISER
Raider
DARK LANCES

Mandrakes
5 MANDRAKES

TROOPS

Raider Squad Nhrakkez
9 WARRIORS, SPLINTER CANNON, SHREDDER
Sybarite Nhrakkez
AGONISER, SPLINTER PISTOL, HAYWIRE GRENADES
Raider
DISINTEGRATOR

Raider Squad L'oni
8 WARRIORS, SPLINTER CANNON, BLASTER
Sybarite L'oni Heartsplitter
POWER WEAPON, SPLINTER PISTOL, TROPHY RACK
Raider
DARK LANCES

FAST ATTACK

Hellion Squad Zourial
9 HELLIONS
Succubus Zourial
TROPHY RACK

Reaver Jetbike Squad Kori
7 JETBIKES, SHREDDER, BLASTER
Succubus Kori
AGONISER, GRUESOME TALISMANS

HEAVY SUPPORT

Ravager
DISINTEGRATORS

Ravager
DARK LANCES

Talos

HQ

Archaon Anuris Baneheart
AGONISER, SPLINTER PISTOL, SHADOWFIELD,
COMBAT DRUGS, HELLMASK
RETINUE
4 INCUBI, TORMENTOR HELMS, PUNISHERS
Drazhar
Raider

Dracon No'akei
AGONISER, SPLINTER PISTOL, TROPHY RACK
RETINUE
6 WARRIORS, 2 SPLINTER CANNONS, INCUBI, BLASTER

TROOPS

Warrior Squad Kainaq
9 WARRIORS, 2 SPLINTER CANNONS, 2 SHREDDERS
Sybarite Kainaq
AGONISER, SPLINTER PISTOL

Warrior Squad Jabud
9 WARRIORS, 2 SPLINTER CANNONS, 2 BLASTERS
Sybarite Jabud the Heartless
CLOSE COMBAT WEAPON, SPLINTER PISTOL

HEAVY SUPPORT

Scourges
8 SCOURGES, 4 SPLINTER CANNONS





HQ

Avatar of the Bloody-Handed God

Farseer Mirehn Bielann
SHURIKEN PISTOL, WITCHBLADE, SPIRIT STONES, RUNES OF WITNESSING, GUIDE, ELDRITCH STORM

Warlock Arthedril
SINGING SPEAR, ENHANCE

Warlock Laminidas
WITCHBLADE, CONCEAL

ELITES

Warp Spider Squad Erichnia
5 WARP SPIDERS
Exarch Kahli
TWIN DEATHSPINNERS, SURPRISE ASSAULT, WITHDRAW

Wraithguard Squad Ynieré
5 WRAITHGUARD

TROOPS

Defender Squad Norlechen
10 GUARDIANS

Ranger Squad Tuathanni
8 RANGERS

FAST ATTACK

Jetbike Squad Rehnion
6 JETBIKES, SHURIKEN CANNON

Vyper Squadron Lapiel
2 VYPERS, BRIGHT LANCE

HEAVY SUPPORT

Faolchú Erion
FALCON WITH SCATTER LASER

Jainan Tueren
WRAITHLORD WITH STARCANNON

Laoreth Reminil
WRAITHLORD WITH BRIGHT LANCE

HQ

Jain Zar
HOWLING BANSHEE PHEONIX LORD

Maugan Ra
DARK REAPER PHEONIX LORD

ELITES

Howling Banshees Squad Khainazahil
6 HOWLING BANSHEES

Wave Serpent

TROOPS

Defender Squad Alaedron
10 GUARDIANS

Dire Avenger Squad Akhail
4 DIRE AVENGERS
Exarch Asurilyn
POWER SWORD, DISTRACT, DEFEND

FAST ATTACK

Shining Spear Squad Aleathra
3 SHINING SPEARS
Exarch Bahrani
POWER WEAPON, SKILFUL RIDER, EVADE

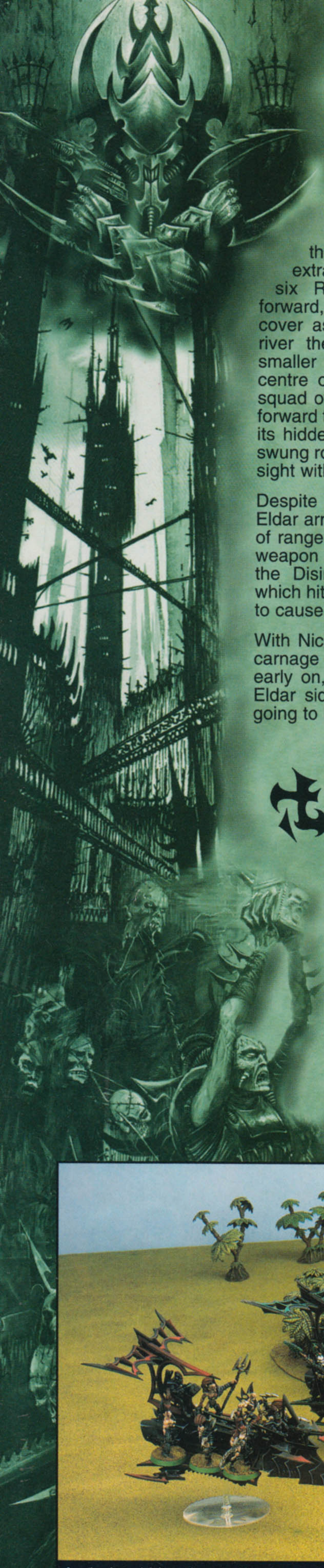
HEAVY SUPPORT

Fuenalchú Jarchorra
FIRE PRISM

Faolchú Lorchal
FALCON WITH SCATTER LASER

Dark Reaper Squad Morlenn
3 DARK REAPERS





Dark Eldar Turn One

The battle began when the Dark Eldar flank boldly flew forward halfway across the battlefield. The Reaver jetbikes took the lead, activating their turbo boosters to gain the extra momentum. Behind them the six Raiders and Ravager moved forward, trying to make as much use of cover as possible. On the right of the river the Dark Eldar Dracon led her smaller force toward the ruins in the centre of the battlefield while a single squad of Dark Eldar warriors were sent forward to tie up the extreme flank. From its hidden location the second Ravager swung round into the open to gain line of sight with its dark lances.

Despite the bold movement of the Dark Eldar army most of its firepower was out of range of its intended target. The only weapon that proved to be in range was the Disintegrator on the lead Raider, which hit the closest Wraithlord but failed to cause any wounds.

With Nick and Keith's first turn over the carnage looked as if it would begin very early on, and with no casualties on the Eldar side so far they knew they were going to be the first to suffer.





The Dark Eldar dash forward, taking cover in the ruins where possible.



Asdrubael Vect leads the huge force of airborne Dark Eldar in the attack.



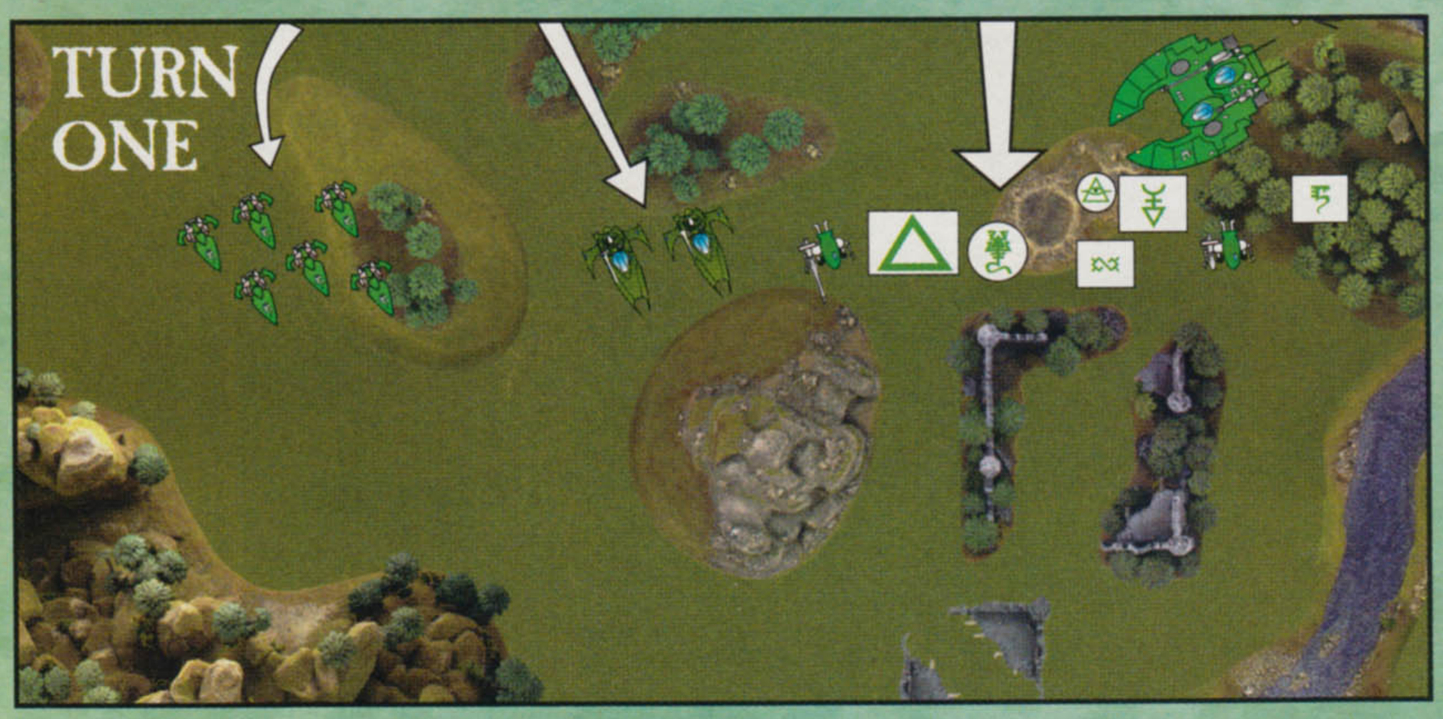
The Eldar begin to form a solid firebase.



Jetbikes move in on the Dark Eldar flank.



The Reavers are confronted by the Eldar Aspect Warriors.



Eldar Turn One

From their hidden positions the Eldar struck. With the Dark Eldar Reaver jetbikes an easy target, the Warp Spiders fired up their warp jump generators, materialising in front of the dark riders. To the Warp Spiders' left the Dire Avengers disembarked from their Falcon. The rest of the Eldar moved toward their dark kindred, the Dark Reapers accompanied by Maugan Ra. The Farseer dismounted from the Falcon and moved into the craters on the far side of the ruins. Hidden amongst the trees, the Guardians and Rangers readied themselves for the battle ahead. At the furthest end of the battlefield, away from the Dark Eldar's attention, the Wave Serpent silently carried its cargo of Howling Banshees forwards.

First blood went to the Eldar as one of the Wraithlords blew the lead Raider out of the sky with its starcannon, though luckily only two Dark Eldar Warriors died as the Raider crashed into the ground. The second Raider squad became shaken as the shots from one of the Falcons glanced off its hull. The Wych squad on the end of the Dark Eldar battle line did not fare as well though, as their Raider was destroyed by the Dire Avengers' Falcon, killing three of them in the explosion. The Reaver jetbikes also lost three of their number to shots from the Eldar Rangers and monofilament wire from the Warp Spiders' Deathspinners. The Warp Spiders then activated their warp jump generators, taking cover in the nearby clump of trees. On the other side of the battlefield the Vyper jetbikes shredded a single Warrior with a hail of shuriken fire.

Gav and Paul had caused a lot of damage to the Dark Eldar but the clash of close combat was fast becoming inevitable.

Dark Eldar Turn Two

Despite heavy casualties Nick and Keith still looked confident about their position.

The movement phase began with the Reaver jetbikes speeding around to face the Dire Avengers. Behind the Reavers the still functioning Wych Raider unloaded its passengers, who began to surround the Warp Spiders hidden in the foliage. The rest of the Raider force moved forward though more tentatively than in their previous turn, surmising that the ability to fire their weapons was more important than the extra 12" move. The Warriors and Wyches who had lost their Raiders did their best to keep up on foot. In the centre of the battlefield the Hellions and one of the Warrior squads moved into the cover of the smallest of the ruined buildings, with the Talos, Ravager and Dracon's retinue not far behind. On the left the remaining Warrior squad moved forward within weapons range of the Eldar Vypers.

The Dark Eldar's second shooting phase was much more successful than their first. It started with the Warrior squad on the far left gunning down one of the two Vypers with their splinter cannons. The Warriors in the ruins opened fire on the Guardians in front of them, massacring a total of six with splinter cannon fire. The Talos lashed out with its sting at the Warlock leading the Guardians but the Eldar's Rune armour saved him from harm. The Wraithlord that had destroyed the first Raider suffered a wound from a Ravager's disintegrator. Meanwhile, the second Ravager fired its dark lances at its only visible target, a lone Guardian, who was vapourised by the concentrated fire of the three anti-tank weapons. As the Reaver jetbikes hurtled toward the Dire Avengers they fired their blaster at the Aspect Warriors' Falcon transport, causing it to crash into the side of the Imperial landing pad. The nearby Wych squad also shot dead a Dire Avenger, taking their number down to four. The Warriors who had survived the destruction of their Raider fired their splinter weapons at the Warp Spiders in the cover of the vegetation. The accuracy of the weapons took its toll and five of the Aspect Warriors fell.

The sole survivor of the Warp Spiders was then assaulted by the elite Wyches. Because he occupied a defended position the Warp Spider was able to strike out first but missed his assailant and was taken down by the Wyches who took him as a captive as they consolidated back onto their Raider. Meanwhile the Reaver jetbikes had assaulted the Dire Avengers and killed two of the Eldar warriors for no loses of their own. Despite this the Dire Avengers held their ground.



The surviving Warp Spider fights against impossible odds.



The Reavers strike.





"How many ones are you going to roll?"

Eldar Turn Two

Though the defence near the landing pad was slowly crumbling the Eldar forces were still strong and Paul and Gav had the Wave Serpent with its Banshees to unleash on the Dark Eldar yet.

Gav began by using the Farseer to cast Guide on the Dark Reapers with his Runes of Witnessing. Then the Eldar forces started to push forward. The Wraithguard moved through the ruins of the large Imperial building with the Farseer close behind, while the Avatar led the remains of the Guardian squad down the gully on the left of the ruins. Behind this main attack the Shining Spears moved behind the cover of the jungle trees and the Fire Prism moved into a better firing position hovering above the river. On the left side of the battlefield the jetbikes, Vyper and Wave Serpent moved into position ready to strike in their next turn.

The primary targets for the Eldar were the Raiders – if they could remove this threat then the whole Dark Eldar attack would be slowed considerably. Both of the Wraithlords' ranged attacks failed to hit their chosen targets but this was made up for when Maugan Ra shot down a Raider with his ancient weapon, only five of the passengers escaping death when the transport careered into the river. Those who did survive were then picked off by the Eldar Rangers who killed two of the Dark Eldar Warriors and pinned the remaining three. The Dark Reapers then followed the example set by their Phoenix Lord by destroying the Wych Raider and killing eight of its passengers in the process. The Wraithguard fired at the Hellions in front of them, killing the two who were in range of their wraithcannons. A third Hellion lost control of his skyboard, crashing into the ruins when the Eldar Farseer cast Eldritch Storm on them, also resulting in the Hellions being pinned. The Dark Reaper Falcon fired at Vect's Dais of Destruction but only managed to disable one of its weapons. Finally with all other Eldar fire proving ineffective, the Fire Prism set its targeting matrix on the Archon's Raider, destroying it with ease and killing an Incubi in the explosion.

The stalemate between the Reavers and the Dire Avengers continued – though the Dark Eldar killed another of the Aspect Warriors, the Exarch's warrior powers continued to hamper their attacks. Although striking last, the Exarch then slew one of the bike riders and the combat remained unresolved despite the Dark Eldar advantage of numbers.



The Avatar leads what remains of the Guardians towards the centre of the Dark Eldar force.

The Hellions were whooping and screaming in their harsh tongue as they skimmed towards the ruins of the human building. The sight of them, their barbaric savagery and cruel laughs, made Mirehn Bielann's stomach lurch with revulsion. They were despicable creatures, trapped in a past best forgotten, best eradicated. They and the others of their kind should have died out millennia ago, but instead they had survived, leeching false life from their prey. Mirehn could not allow it to continue here. The safety of his own people was threatened by the actions of Asdrubael Vect and if he were not stopped the craftworld itself might eventually succumb to the murderous intentions of the vengeful humans.

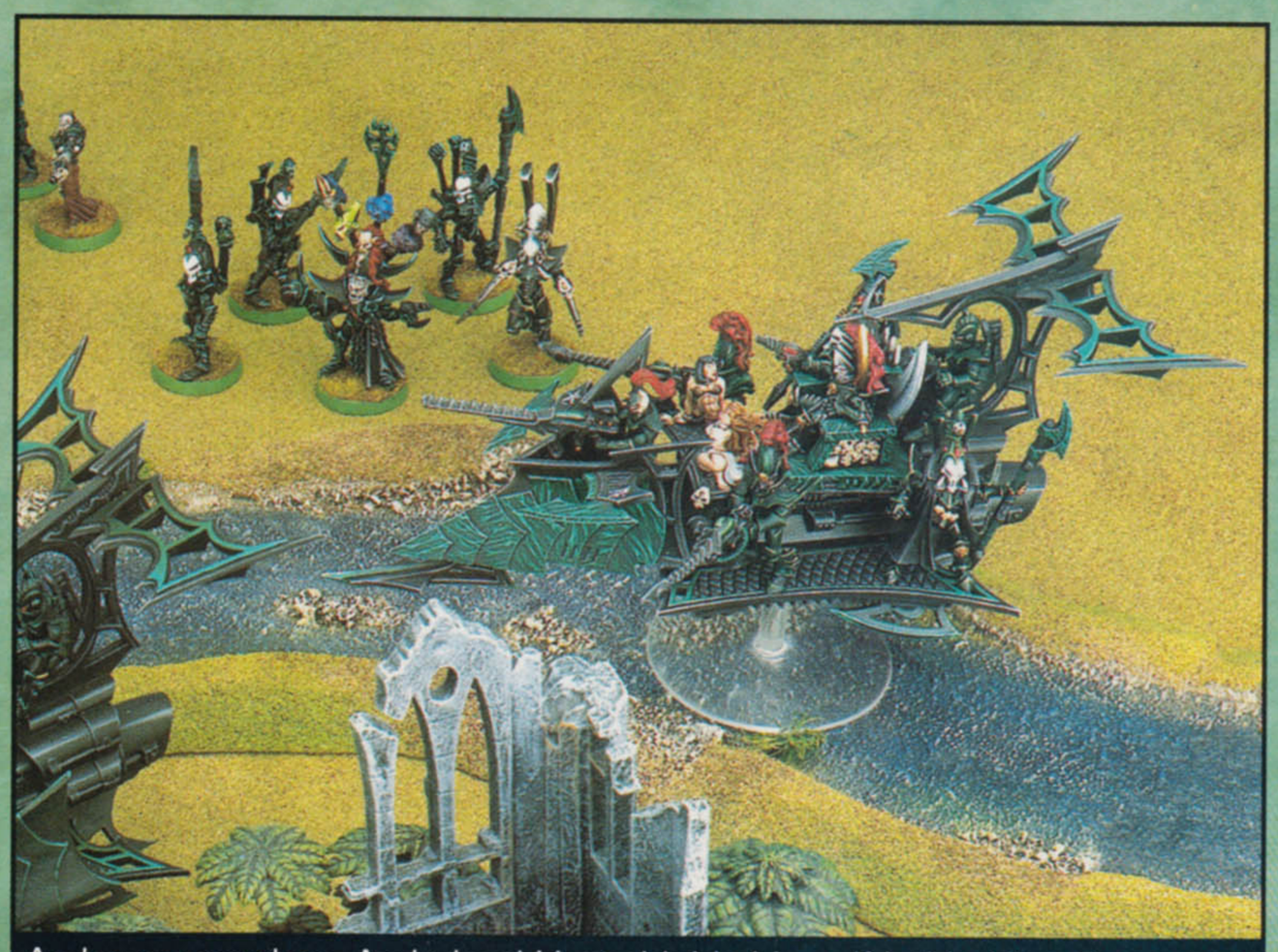
His gaze reached into the Hellions, seeing past their physical form and into the dark gulf that lay within them. They appeared to him as writhing shadows, a boiling mass of evil psychic energy that churned with inner turmoil. They were not his kin, had never been his kin. They were simply a threat that must be eliminated.

Raising his right hand, he pointed two fingers at the rapidly approaching Hellions. He began to gather his thoughts, his mind's energy coalescing into a single point which he then sent forward with a whispered word. He watched the bright spark of blue light that was his essence explode into a massive storm, tendrils of energy lashing out at the Hellions, ripping them from their skyboards, sending them tumbling to the ground. One of them was wreathed in the flowing psychic power, his body twisted and torn apart by the immensely destructive energies. As the Farseer withdrew the focus of his power, he smiled with grim satisfaction at the devastation he had wrought.

Dark Eldar Turn Three

Keith and Nick started the Dark Eldar turn by failing the reserve roll for the Scourges.

The Dark Eldar attack had been severely hampered but the battle still hung in the balance. The Raider attack force had been reduced to Vect, a Ravager, the Archon and his retinue and a depleted squad of warriors. Despite their loss of numbers they all pressed forward determined to get into combat where they had the advantage. Vect's Dais of Destruction took up position behind the Ravager to conceal him from view. The two survivors from the wrecked Wych Raider moved toward the Reaver and Dire Avenger combat. The only other movement came from the Talos and Warrior squads trying to get better firing positions and line of sight to the approaching Avatar.



As he approaches, Asdrubael Vect shields himself behind the Ravager.

The unsupported Warrior squad on the left opened fire on the Vyper with their splinter cannons, stunning its driver and gunner. The Talos' sting killed a Guardian and the Warlock leading the squad with relative ease. The Dark Eldar Mandrakes revealed themselves behind the Eldar lines and fired at the Guardians but managed to miss with all their shots! The Warriors in the ruins inflicted a wound on the Avatar with sheer weight of fire while the Dracon and her retinue finished off all but one of the Guardians accompanying the Avatar. The two Ravagers successfully destroyed both a Wraithlord and the Fire Prism that would no doubt have been a serious threat to Vect's Dais. The remaining Wraithlord took another wound from Vect's weaponry, leaving it with just one left.

During the assault phase the Mandrakes divided to attack two different targets, the Avatar and Maugan Ra. Three of the Mandrakes charged at the Avatar, who turned round and cut two of them in half. The third managed to miss with all three of his attacks and having lost the combat he fled toward the Dark Eldar deployment zone with the Avatar pursuing him. The two Mandrakes attacking Maugan Ra were quickly dispatched by the ancient Phoenix Lord. Meanwhile the combat with the Dire Avengers was finally won when the Reavers killed the last Aspect Warrior and the Exarch fled the combat only to be cut down by the bikes. The Wyches also pursued the Exarch but failed to catch him.

The Dark Eldar third turn had proved extremely bloody and the odds now looked to be in their favour.





Eldar Turn Three

This turn Paul and Gav began by casting Guide on the Falcon.

With the Eldar forces seriously depleted the movement phase was relatively brief. The Wave Serpent entered the fray, swooping around the corner of the large hillside to disgorged the Howling Banshees. The jetbikes moved around the other side, capturing the Dark Eldar Warrior squad between them and the Howling Banshees. The Avatar and single remaining Guardian moved toward the Dark Eldar position within the ruins. The Farseer moved into cover within the large Imperial ruins away from the attention of the Dark Eldar. Meanwhile the Wraithguard moved forward ready to engage the Dark Eldar by the river.

Despite the Farseer's assistance the Falcon only managed to stun the Ravager shielding Vect. The Wraithguard then finished the process by destroying the Ravager with their wraithcannons at almost point blank range. Maugan Ra targeted the Warrior squad near the river, killing the Sybarite and Haemonculi as they were the only two members of the squad in range of his shuriken cannon. Another member of the squad was killed by missile fire from the Dark Reapers in cover of the craters. The Eldar Rangers fired their needle sniper rifles into the Archon and his retinue, killing the Incubi and wounding the Haemonculi but the retinue passed its pinning test. The Farseer cast Eldritch Storm at the Warriors accompanying the Dracon, killing one of them. However even the powerful abilities of the Farseer are not unaffected by the perils of the warp and the Farseer suffered an attack from a malevolent psychic entity. Fortunately the attack lacked the strength to inflict any serious damage and he went unharmed. After the attack by the



The isolated Warrior squad is caught between the catapults of the jetbikes and the blades of the Howling Banshees.

Farseer the Warrior squad suffered the attention of the Eldar jetbikes and Wave Serpent, losing five of their number, leaving just one who fled the battlefield.

The Howling Banshees finally got their chance and assaulted the warriors in front of them. With the fierce Eldar striking first, the Dark Eldar didn't stand a chance. The Howling Banshees' power blades cut down the Sybarite and six of his followers. The two survivors were unable to touch their enemy and fled but they were easily chased down by the Banshees. Near the ruins the Avatar assaulted the fleeing Mandrake, killing him effortlessly and sweeping forward.



Gav checks to see if the Dark Reapers are in range of the remaining Ravager.

Dark Eldar Turn Four

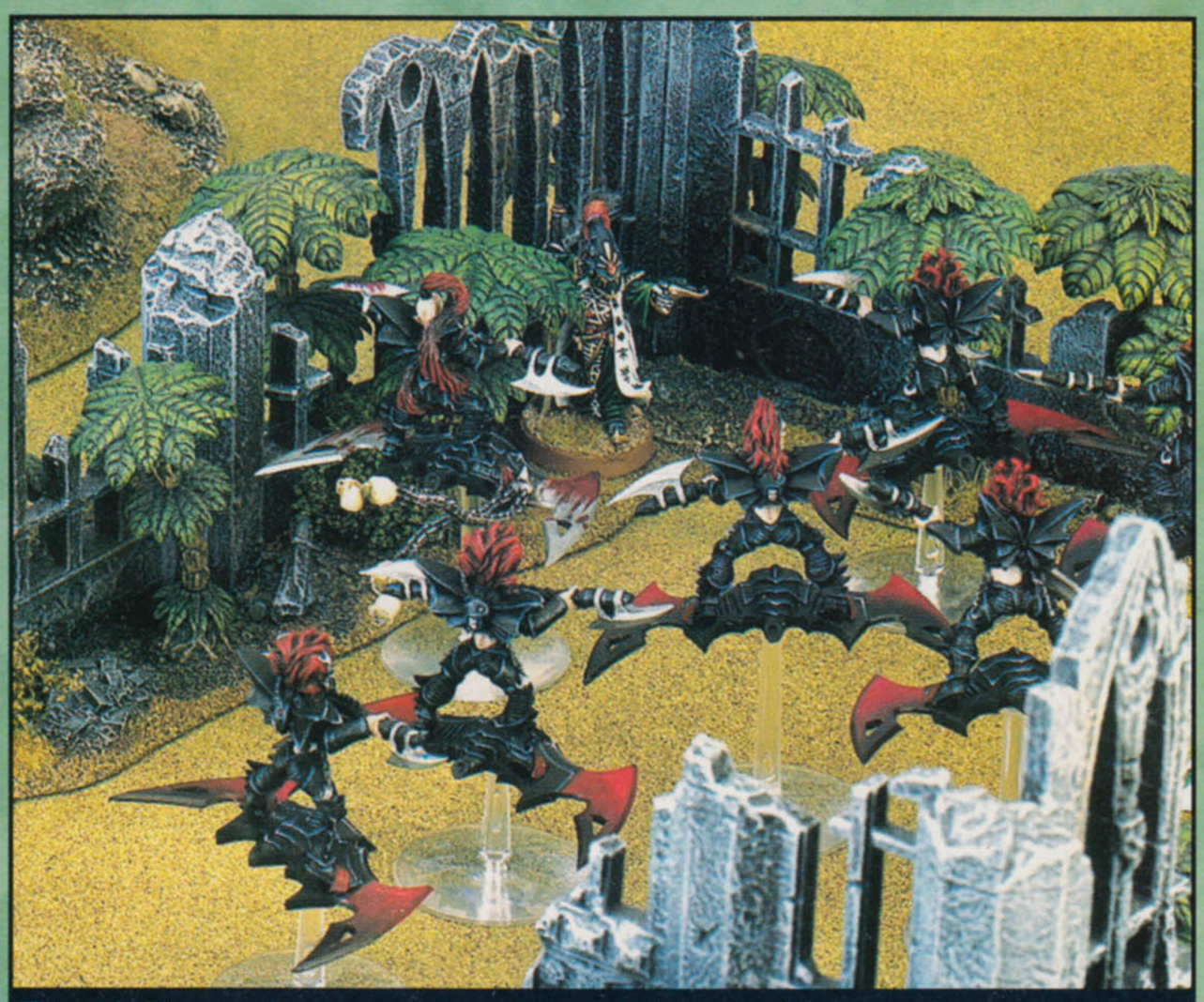
Both sides were experiencing major a shortage of troops and the game would be decided within the next one or two turns. Nick rolled the dice for the arrival of the Scourges and with a sigh of relief they finally showed up, landing directly behind the Eldar jetbikes. The Hellions sped forward having regained control of their skyboards after the Eldritch Storm attack. The Reavers positioned themselves facing off against the Shining Spear jetbikes. Everywhere else the Dark Eldar moved toward the Eldar ready to assault them this turn.

The Scourges opened fire at the jetbikes, scoring numerous hits with their splinter weapons but only succeeding in killing a single rider. The Avatar stood its ground as the Dracon and her retinue fired everything they had at it. When the dust settled the Avatar emerged wounded but still alive. The Warrior squad by the river managed to kill two of the Guardians in the cover of the trees with their splinter weapons. Seeing this as the turning point of the game Nick and Keith decided it was time for the Haemonculi to use the Crucible of Malediction. The released spirits crossed the battlefield but all the Eldar psykers passed their tests and were unaffected.

Seeing that it was going to take more to rid themselves of the Farseer, the Hellions swooped down and assaulted the Eldar psyker. The Hellions' combat drugs meant they would always strike first and they inflicted two wounds on the Farseer before he in return struck one of them from his skyboard. However the combat was won by the Hellions and the Farseer fled only to be caught and taken prisoner by the fast moving Hellions. Meanwhile the Talos engaged the Avatar who had swept into the Dracon and her retinue. The Dracon struck first due to her combat drugs and although she scored three hits she was unable to wound her immense fiery enemy. The Avatar then attacked the Talos but it was unable to wound. The Talos struck back with one attack killing the Avatar. On the other side of the battlefield Vect and the Archon with his retinue assaulted the Wraithguard. The Archon destroyed one of the Wraithguard with his Agoniser and Drazhar downed another two, though Vect failed to even hit the Eldar ghost warriors! The fearless Wraithguard held their ground despite their losses.



The Dark Eldar Scourges finally put in an appearance.



The Hellions take revenge on Farseer Mirehn Bielann.



Asdrubael Vect and Anuris Baneheart both assault the Wraithguard.



Eldar Turn Four

Combats were breaking out across the battlefield. The jetbikes who had survived the Scourges' attack on the previous turn spun around ready to deal death to their winged assailants. The Howling Banshees fleet footed toward the isolated Talos, with their Wave Serpent following close behind. The Wraithlord and Vyper jetbike also closed on the Talos determined to destroy it by sheer weight of attacks. The melee by the river was about to be joined by the Shining Spear Aspect Warriors as they moved out of the cover of the trees.

The Talos was hit by a barrage of weapons fire from the Wave Serpent but the Dark Eldar machine remained unharmed. The Hellions who had slain the Eldar Farseer in the previous turn came under the scrutiny of Maugan Ra, the Rangers and the Guardians. All six of the skyboarders fell from the air after being hit by a barrage of Eldar firepower. Both the Vyper and Falcon fired on the Ravager causing the crew to be stunned. As the Wraithlord approached the now surrounded Talos, it fired into the Dracon's retinue. Four of the Dark Eldar warriors were killed by the engulfing flamer shot while the lone Incubi fell to a blast from the Wraithlord's bright lance. With the loss of her entire bodyguard the Dracon fled for the safety of her own table edge. The jetbikes took revenge upon the Scourges for the death of their squad member, gunning down six of the Dark Eldar before assaulting them in close combat. By the river a single Dark Eldar Warrior was shot dead by the Shining Spears before they entered the massed combat with Asdrubael Vect.

During the assault phase the jetbikes failed to finish off the last of the Scourges who in return were unable to inflict any damage on the Eldar and the combat ended in a stalemate. The Talos was now completely surrounded. Jain Zar failed to wound the tough machine despite numerous hits. The Wraithlord struck with its mighty fists reducing the Talos to one wound. In return Keith managed to roll a six for the Talos' attacks and he declared all of them on the Wraithlord which was also on its last wound. Hitting the Wraithlord four times was still not enough however as the Talos failed to wound on all of its rolls. The escalating combat by the river was joined by the Shining Spears and the Guardian squad who had until now remained in the cover of the trees. The Dark Eldar Archon destroyed another two of the Wraithguard while the Shining Spears fought with Vect. Unfortunately the Shining Spears' laser lance attacks were unable to penetrate the energy field surrounding the Dais of Destruction. One of the bikes was smashed to the ground and they were unable to damage Vect's Raider. Holding aloft his singing spear the Warlock leading the Guardians struck out at Vect's Raider, the potent weapon cutting deep. The hit resulted in a catastrophic explosion harming not only Vect and the bodyguard on his Raider but also killing two Guardians unfortunate enough to be caught in the blast. The only other casualties of the combat came from a Guardian scoring a lucky hit on one of the Incubi.

With the apparent death of Vect the game seemed to be going in favour of Paul and Gav but it was in no way in the bag.



The badly wounded Avatar attacks the Dark Eldar Talos.



The Scourges' attack goes very wrong and the jetbikes retaliate.

Dark Eldar Turn Five

Nick and Keith had a definite struggle on their hands if they were going to win.

They began their turn by turbo boosting the Reaver jetbikes toward the combat by the river. All of the Wyches moved into the cover of the trees around the Imperial landing pad. The Warrior squad within the ruins followed the example of the Dracon and began to move away from the approaching Eldar forces as did the Warriors on the other side of the river, who provided the only shooting this turn by gunning down a Dark Reaper with their splinter cannon.

The jetbikes surrounding the Scourges managed to slay one of their enemy. The lone member of the Scourge squad fled 11" pursued closely by the jetbikes. The combat around the Talos continued with Jain Zar unable to wound the enemy before one of the Banshees was cut in half by the awful machine. In return the Wraithlord inflicted another wound on the Talos and the combat was won. In the melee by the river both the Archon and Drazhar were unable to achieve any kills though an Incubi did manage to destroy two of the Shining Spears with his punisher. The Shining Spear Exarch then cut down the second Incubi and Haemonculi. The Eldar lost the combat and the Guardians fled into the safety of the trees.

Eldar Turn Five

The process of mopping up the Dark Eldar began.

The jetbikes remained where they were, planning to finish off the Scourge with shuriken fire. Behind the Dark Eldar Reavers the Falcon swung around bringing its guns to bear. Having finished off the Talos, the Wraithlord and Vyper pursued the retreating Dark Eldar Warriors. In an attempt to finish the remaining combat once and for all, Maugan Ra moved forward while the Howling Banshees returned to their Wave Serpent.

The Dark Eldar Warriors on the right of the river suffered two casualties to Dark Reaper missile fire. The Warriors retreating form the ruins lost four of their number to Ranger needle sniper fire. The jetbikes killed the lone fleeing Scourge with a hail of shurikens. The Guardians who had regrouped fired on the Reaver jetbikes, slaughtering three of the four, the last one being shot out of the sky by the Falcon. Finally the Wraithlord vapourised the fleeing Dracon with its Bright Lance.

During the assault phase the Guardians rejoined the fray accompanied by Maugan Ra. The Dark Eldar Archon, attacked first, wounding Maugan Ra twice and leaving him on one wound. In return the Phoenix Lord managed to miss with all four of his attacks. Drazhar killed a single Guardian before they attacked the Archon, inflicting three wounds. The Shadow Field shorted out leaving a vulnerable Dark Eldar Lord on one wound. All other attacks missed their mark and the combat remained tied.

Asdrubael Vect was on his feet, firing with his splinter pistol into the packed mass of warriors around him. His two Incubi stabbed and slashed with their shimmering punishers at the misguided Biel-Tan. A squad of their Guardians charged towards him, even as the laser lances of a Shining Spears squad flared harmlessly off the shield protecting the Dais of Destruction. Then he noticed one of the Warlocks stepping through the Guardians, his psychic weapon blazing with power.

"Kill that one!" snarled Vect, pointing his pistol at the Warlock. Before anything could be done, the Warlock was underneath the Dais. A moment later there was a shriek of tearing metal and the Warlock's blade stabbed upwards through the front decking, carving a ragged gash along the modified Ravager. The anti-grav engines began to whine alarmingly and the skimmer lurched to the left, sending one of the Incubi tumbling to the floor. With a snarl, the female slave chained to the deck leapt upon the Incubi, the heavy links of her bonds snaking around his throat, her face contorted with revenge-fuelled delight.

"Curse you all!" hissed Vect, reaching back to touch a control on the arm of the throne. With a loud hum, the webway portal generator began to activate and within a few heartbeats the Dais of Destruction was surrounded by a coruscating black field of energy.

"My revenge will be sweet..." swore the Lord of the Black Heart as the webway field collapsed again, ripping him to safety and dragging a few unfortunates with him.



Warlock Arthedril inflicts crippling damage on the Dais of Destruction.

Dark Eldar Turn Six

The game seemed to be in the bag for the Eldar and the best Nick and Keith could hope for now was to win through the combat with the Archon and Drazhar.

Although the Archon and Maugan Ra attacked simultaneously, the Phoenix Lord missed with all of his attacks for a second time and he was taken out by the Archon. Drazhar killed a Guardian before being wounded by the Warlock.

The Guardians fled for a second time leaving just the Shining Spear Exarch locked in combat with Drazhar and the Archon.



The Dark Eldar survivors hide in the jungle.

Eldar Turn Six

The Howling Banshees disembarked from their Wave Serpent and fleet footed toward the melee hoping to be close enough to assault and finish the combat properly, but Gav rolled a 1 for their fleet of foot and they were left out of range.

The Wraithlord and Vyper singled out a Wych hiding in the cover of the trees, frying her with a bright lance shot. One of the fleeing warriors on the right of the river who had almost made it to the cover of the trees was shot dead by the Rangers.

The Guardians had regrouped and assaulted into combat again along with their Warlock. The Archon missed all of his attacks and Drazhar failed to wound the Exarch. The Guardians sheer weight of numbers took down the Archon, inflicting the final wound on him. The Eldar had won the combat and Drazhar fled, the Shining Spear Exarch catching him before he reached the river.

With that the game was won.

The River Runs Red

Keith: That didn't go quite to plan. Nick an I agree that we should have been more decisive in our actions by racing our Raiders 24" instead of just 12" on the second turn and got them into combat sooner. Alternatively we could have done what Gav and Paul did with their Wave Serpent and sent the bikes and the two Wych Raiders round the back of the firebase to strike directly into their flank on turn three.

Both sides knew there would be heavy casualties but I didn't expect to be almost wiped out. In the end we had to retreat some units to try to keep them alive. I think our best phase of the game came once we finally got Asdrubael and the Archon into combat, they steadily worked their way through the Eldar including Maugan Ra who was captured. I have a new dislike for Warlocks with singing spears, if we had realised how effective he would be we probably would have attacked him rather than the Shining Spears.

If I fought this battle again I would probably suggest dropping the Mandrakes and taking another Talos, replacing the splinter cannons in the Warrior squads with dark lances and using them as defensive squads to hold their ground in the centre.

There will be a next time...



"Who forgot the golden rules?"

Nick: When we both deployed our forces I took a look at all the Eldar firepower facing me and I thought for a second, forgot the battle plan and decided to try to take pot shots at the Eldar vehicles. What was I thinking? In short I hesitated and in the opening turn lost the battle for the Dark Eldar.

I should have kept to the plan of going in at full speed – in the second turn we would have been right on top of the Eldar and it would have all been over bar the shouting. This would have worked even better considering I lost considerably fewer Raiders in the first turn's shooting than I anticipated. In the end I lost all my Raiders to shooting and to trying to keep Asdrubael Vect alive. Still there were some bright points in the battle.

When the Archon and Vect ploughed into combat we had some good results. If we were a little luckier with the dice we would have destroyed Paul and Gav's carefully constructed firebase in a couple of turns. Still, even though the assault lost its momentum and was finally destroyed, we managed to inflict some damage and save a little face (capturing Maugan Ra, three Wraithguard and the Farseer helped). And let's not forget the Talos managing to eat an entire Avatar! This is the second time my Talos has done that to Gav's Avatar (we faced each other in the Warhammer Players Society Club Challenge). I think he will be giving them a wide berth from now on.

As for Asdrubael Vect, I'm still not too sure how to use him correctly. He is a strange mix of Ravager and Retinue with all the vulnerability and strength of a vehicle. He would have certainly cleared up the centre of the table if I had actually remembered what a singing spear did (we would have killed the Warlock first)! Losing him was the final blow from which I knew we would never recover. Any action after that was taken in spite rather than any attempt to win the battle. Still that is the way of things.

Well, that makes Gav and me equal on victories now. His strategy was sound and unlike me he stuck to his guns. Next time Thorpe, next time, Bwah, ha, ha, ha, ha.



Wrath of Khaine

Gav: Hoorah, hoorah! A costly victory, but a victory nonetheless. Battles between Dark Eldar and Eldar are always bloody affairs, as both armies can really deal out lots of punishment but can't take it. All in all, the impromptu plan that Paul and I had devised paid off.

Paul: Our plan was a simple yet inherently effective one – the refused flank. We intended to use the sheer size of the 12'x6' battlefield to our advantage by concentrating our entire army into one half of it. This would mean that we'd make those elements of the Dark Eldar force that deployed on the other half of the table travel further and thus present us with more opportunity to bring our guns to bear on them. In addition it meant that our force was nicely compact with units being easily able to support each other and finally it allowed us to have a greater flexibility in our firebase (we could pick and choose which units to press into the fray and which to give covering fire). To give Nick and Keith the illusion of a more spread out battleline we started by placing our more mobile units (the Falcons and the Fire Prism) on the refused flank as these would have the manoeuvrability to return to the main force. We also left the Warp Spiders on this flank to hold up any enemy units that threatened our flank.

As it happened the Dark Eldar had a similar plan but their refused flank was filled with squadrons of Ravagers and Raiders and this became a killing ground for us as our greater amount of heavy support smashed into the Dark Eldar troop transports time and time again, leaving big holes in the enemy army. Being a fledgling Eldar player myself (I'm painting an Iyanden Craftworld army) it was a pleasure to fight alongside Farseer Thorpe in such an entertaining game. By sticking to our plan throughout and sowing the seeds of dissension in the Dark Eldar commanders we had a great time, particularly as we added up Victory points.

Gav: Timing is very important in Warhammer 40,000 and particularly with the Eldar, because you must ensure that you attack in a concerted effort, rather than being taken apart piecemeal. Keeping a solid line of Guardians, Wraithguard and Wraithlords in the centre provided an 'anchor' for the more mobile units to act around, which was something the Dark Eldar did not have in this battle. This 'anchor' gives you a strong position to withdraw to if the attack doesn't go well or a reserve force to push forward once the attacking units have started opening up holes in the enemy army. Targeting everything possible at the Raiders and Ravagers also paid off eventually, forcing the Dark Eldar to slog across the large battlefield on foot and also because the Raiders were knocked out over a succession of turns, it meant the Dark Eldar arrived in smaller chunks rather than one all-conquering wave of death!



It's amazing what victory can do to you.

On the other side of the table, Nick and Keith did well to cause as much havoc as they did, given the fact that we had opted to defend against their attack and it is always more tricky to go on the offensive than the defensive. Nick admitted that just as the first turn started he changed his mind about his plan, instead of racing forward at high speed, he wanted to get some shots off from the Raiders' heavy weapons. It was this hesitation that cost the Dark Eldar the battle. In making a refused flank attack Nick and Keith were on the right track. However, because they advanced straight towards us, the advantage of their concentration of force was lost. I would have swept right around the landing pad, keeping out of sight and then fallen upon the left flank of the Eldar army in full force. Not only would this have kept the Raiders alive, an attack against a narrower frontage like this is always more effective than one which is more dissipated.

Another interesting point was the psychology of the players themselves. In true Eldar fashion, Paul and I were working in a dignified, harmonious manner, dividing the responsibilities between us. On the other hand, Keith and Nick were obviously overwhelmed with Dark Eldar suspicion and were arguing with each other, laying the blame on one another, trying to take overall command of the whole force and generally backstabbing the other commander *(just as it should be too! – Shukes).*

There was a lot to be said for the scenario itself at the end of the battle. On the whole it worked really well, with the exception of the victory conditions. As there was a flat 200 Victory points bonus for every destroyed vehicle, all those Raiders in the Dark Eldar army became a liability. For this reason, there are a number of ways you could modify the scenario to be a bit more fair (and this could equally apply to Recon as well). Rather than a flat 200 Victory points, destroyed units might be worth double Victory points instead. Another alternative is to say that vehicles that cost less than 75 points do not earn any bonuses. This would stop armies with lots of Raiders, Buggies, Vypers and so on from being unduly punished for having lots of cheap vehicles (or unduly rewarded in the case of Recon).

All in all, it was the titanic battle I expected it to be with lots going on and a butcher's bill to match. I thoroughly enjoyed myself (Nick and I had been taunting one another for the week leading up to the battle) and can only attribute the magnificent and splendidly won Eldar victory to sheer brilliance on the part of myself and Mr Sawyer.

All eyes turned to Jain Zar, seeking leadership from the ancient Phoenix Lord. The few numbed survivors had gathered together, their energy spent, unable to pursue the fleeing Dark Eldar as they sought refuge within the dank jungles of the human world.
"Did we do enough?" asked one of the Guardians, his shuriken catapult held limply in his fatigued hand.
"I do not know," replied Jain Zar, the sound like a melody of a dozen voices speaking at the same time. "I am not a Seer to walk the paths of fate. I am merely a warrior."
The Guardian, Alorni, looked at the human settlement in the distance. He wondered what the humans were thinking, whether they would still declare a holy war against the aliens who had turned their world into a battlefield. It was impossible for him to say, for the human mind is nothing if not unpredictable and illogical. There was nothing else they could do here. They had taken another step along the winding path of the future and only time would tell where it would lead. Whether it was towards security and survival or ultimate death and destruction for the Biel-Tan, Alorni did not dare guess.

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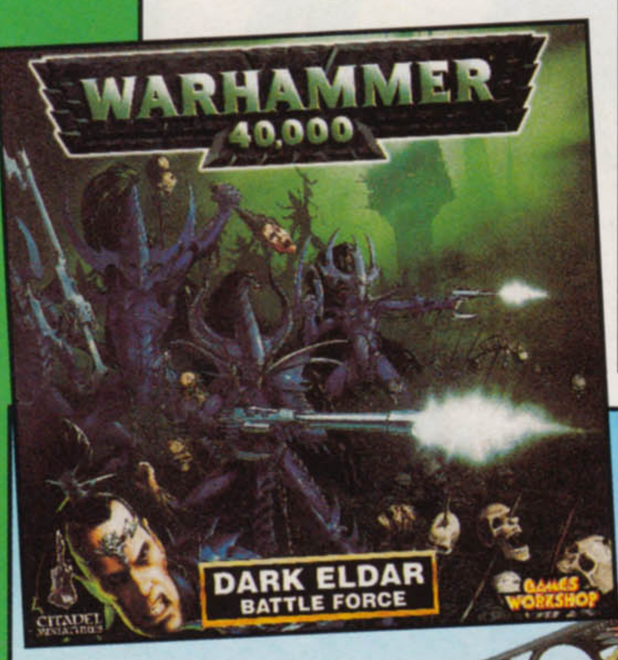


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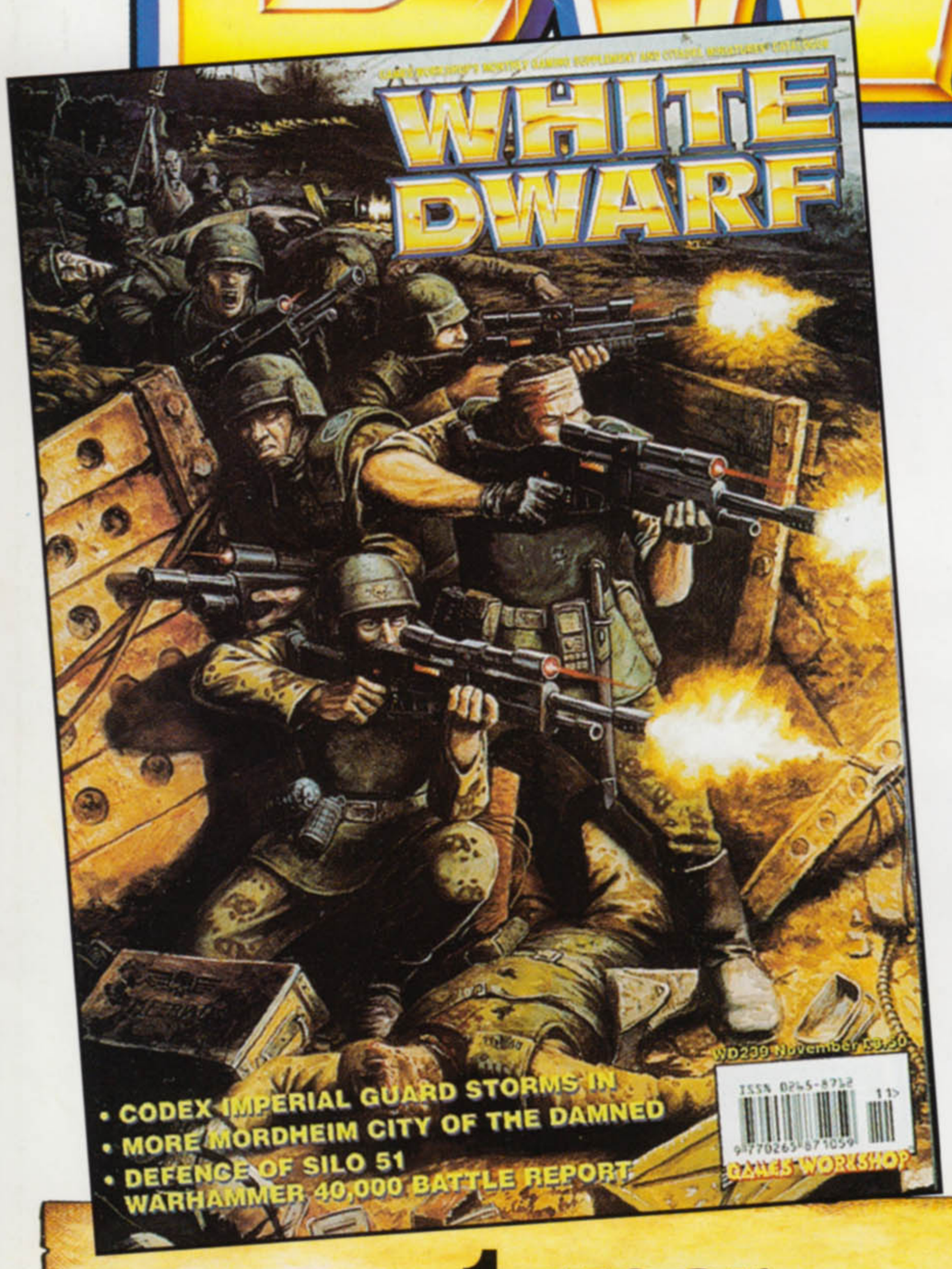
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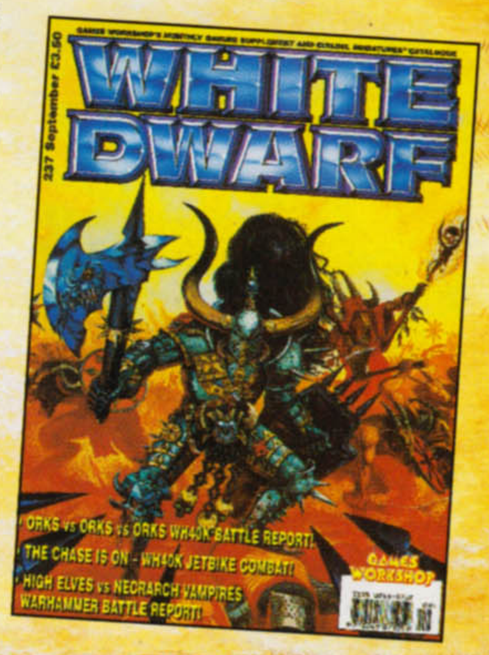
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