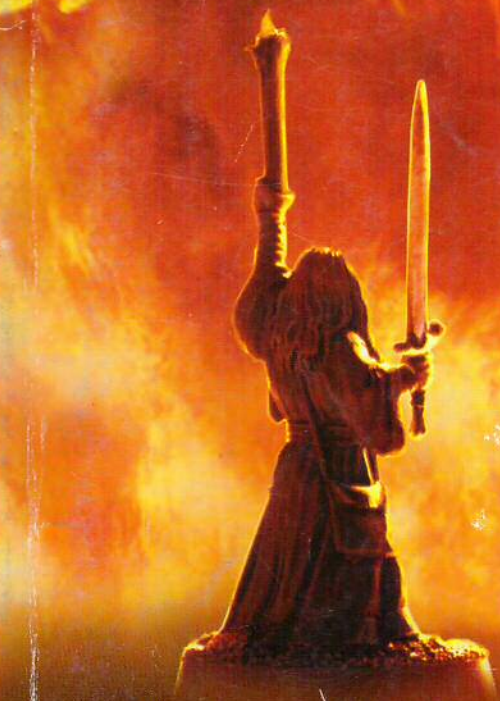


EXCLUSIVE! INTERVIEW WITH SEAN ASTIN

WHITE DWARF



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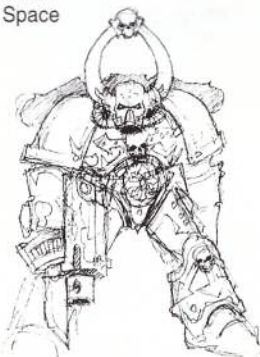
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Returning from months of relentless fighting on Albion, the High Elf Prince Aethis Flamebearer receives grave tidings from White Lion scouts high in the mountains of Ulthuan.

Led by Lahmian Vampires, the legions of the Undead are marching unopposed on Tor Achare, the capital of Chrace.

Prince Flamebearer's forces are weary from the relentless campaigning and the long march home. Will the High Elves prevail, or will the Lahmians have new minions to add to their unholy ranks?



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EDITORIAL

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

My editorial last issue focussed mainly on the work to rebuild Warhammer World and our exhibition hall.

Work is in its final stages as I write this and we hope to be bringing you a full report on how it was constructed as well as the amazing finished product next issue. In the meantime, feast your eyes on these early photographs

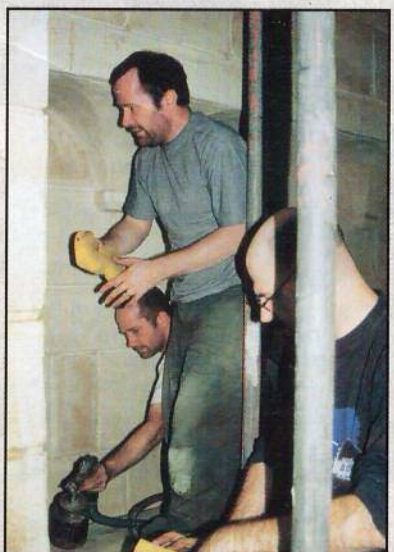
showing the scale of the job at hand. The first event to be held in the new-look hall will be Cry Havoc on 27th January. Call Mail Order for details.

Right: Work underway on the front of a tavern. I wonder which one it could be...

Below right: Dave Andrews and the Perry twins start work on 'weathering' the stone work.

Below and left: The mighty towers take shape.

Bottom left: The floor is paved with flagstones.



BLESSED RESPITE!

For the past couple of months, working on White Dwarf has been a living hell. The recent release of the new High Elves army book for Warhammer has seen us immersed in all manner of Elven frippery. It's almost had me at breaking point but luckily the Warhammer team has seen the error of their ways and provided us with an article for a real army...

Part two of our War of the Beard series focuses on the proud Dwarf

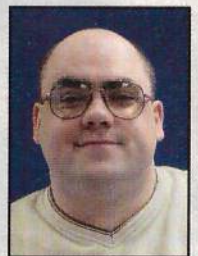
army standing resolute in the face of the lies and treachery of the weak Elven fops.

I was so taken with the mention of one of the greatest Dwarfs to ever draw breath, Brok Stonefist, that I asked the Warhammer team if they'd add a third part to our series. Luckily they agreed and next month we'll be bringing you the background and rules for Brok Stonefist and his nemesis Salendor of Tor Achare (hawk, spit!). Who knows,

we may even find space for another couple of characters from the War of the Beard...

Well, that's me out of space until next month. See you again next issue.

Paul Sawyer
Editor



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VERMINOUS TIDE APPROACHES



The new Skaven Assassins, sculpted by Colin Grayson.

Next month will see the release of the Skaven Armies book. Gaming tables across the world should expect to see an explosion of new Skaven miniatures. Colin Dixon, Colin Grayson, Mark Bedford and Dave Andrews have designed a massive

range of new miniatures including a few surprises. Alessio Cavatore and the rest of the Warhammer team have written the armies book, which includes new magic spells and items and variant army lists for each of the greater clans.



Skaven Gutter Runners

WARHAMMER ANNUAL 2002 CORRECTION

In the Daemon army list in the Warhammer Annual 2002, Exalted Daemons are erroneously listed as

1 Exalted Daemon. This is a mistake, there is no limit to the number of Exalted Daemons allowed in your army (other than the normal restrictions on characters).

BULLET POINTS

- GW artists Karl Kopinski, Paul Dainton and Alex Boyd are each working on pieces for the separate Chaos powers.
- The lucky winners for the VIP The Lord of The Rings cinema premiere were:

David Stokes – Bath
Daniel Lumley – Nottingham.

- Alessio Cavatore is putting the finishing touches to a new Wood Elf preview army list, which will appear in a future White Dwarf.
- Paul Sawyer, Phil Kelly, Gav Thorpe and Rowland Cox are currently busy converting their 58mm Inquisitor miniatures for a grand finale battle report. Studio Gamesmaster Graham McNeill is currently designing the multi-player scenario.
- Mark Harrison and Alex Hedström are currently sculpting new Bloodletters and Horrors for the forthcoming Chaos Armies book.
- In issue 265 we credited Gary Morley with sculpting the Devout Sisters. Having had the flesh stripped from our backs with a sound flogging, we would like to apologise to Brian Nelson, the true genius behind these gorgeous models.
- Tim Adcock is putting together an accessory frame for the new Chaos Land Raider. It will feature a new commander, a Havoc missile launcher and the Dirge Caster, a new weapon which can be attached to the Land Raider.

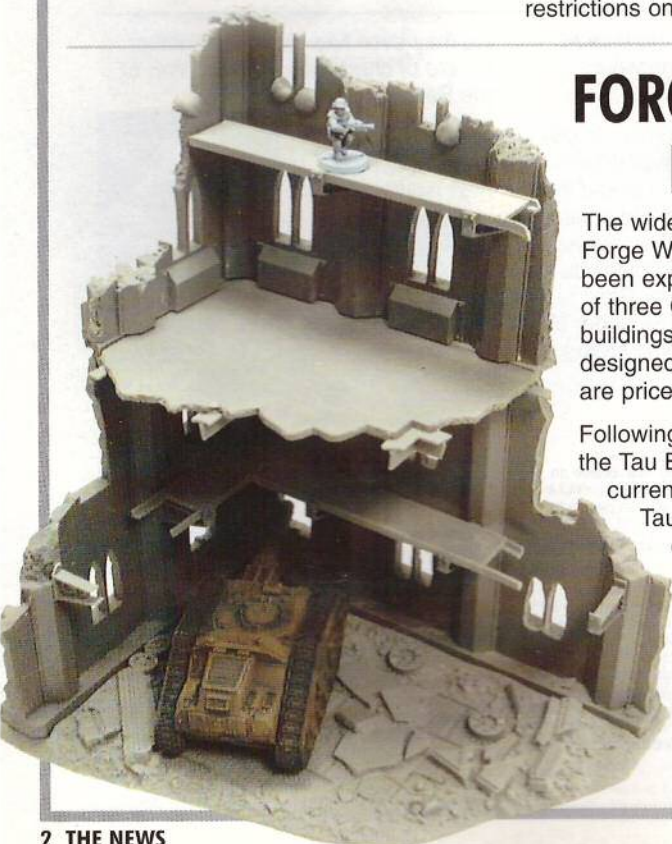
FORGE WORLD RUINED

The wide range of scenery that Forge World produce has now been expanded, with the addition of three Cityfight ruined buildings. These models are designed by Simon Harris and are priced from £30-£68.

Following the huge demand for the Tau Barracuda, Will Hayes is currently working on a new Tau ship, which is being designed to launch drones at the enemy's lines.

More information is available on the Forge World website.

www.forgeworld.co.uk



BUGMAN'S

Forge World have joined forces with Bugman's Bar to release a special new bust. The model of the legendary Dwarf brewer Josef Bugman has been sculpted by Sean Green.

Cast in bronze resin and mounted on a specially-made wooden base, it will only be available by visiting Bugman's Bar at GW HQ. It will be available soon, although a price has yet to be confirmed. What better reason to plan a trip to the new Warhammer World than to pick up one of these fine models!



FANATIC NEWS

At last we see the release of a magazine dedicated to Inquisitor! Exterminatus is available to buy in the stores from this month. The second issue is already at the printers and it promises to be a scorcher. Published in issue 2 will be the rules for Kal Jerico and his arch rival Kreiger 'Krash' Thax, allowing you to use these characters with the newly-released models. Warhammer Monthly will also be running a strip featuring Kal and Krash fighting it out. Rumour has it that we can expect to see a lot more of Kal in his own comic from the Black Library. Watch out for it over the coming months.

The models are available from Mail Order or the Online store.



PAGES FROM THE PORTAL

THE LORD OF THE RINGS INTERACTIVE MAP

The team are currently busy piecing together new pages for The Lord of The Rings site. They are in the process of creating an interactive map of Middle-earth, on which you will be able to explore Tolkien's fantasy setting.

SKAVEN PREVIEW

The web team will also be showing off some pre-release shots of the 'Eavy Metal Skaven miniatures. All servants of the Great Horned One should keep their eyes peeled.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS WEB BATTLE REPORT

As well as new The Lord of The Rings pages, there will be a new interactive battle report. It will be a re-fight of Matt Hutson and Rowland Cox's confrontation that was featured in White Dwarf 265. Will the forces of Evil prevail once more or will Rowland be able to lead the Fellowship safely through Balin's Tomb.

PERRY TWINS INTERVIEW

To coincide with the opening of the new Warhammer World, Michael Perry and Alan Perry have agreed to

be interviewed by the team about their involvement in the design and construction of this incredible hall.

ONLINE INDEX ASTARTES

Last, but by no means least, we will see the addition of the web team's own Index Astartes. This will be a family tree of each of the First Founding Chapters detailing their successors, background information and photos of squads.

Remember to keep checking up on our website, we keep on adding new and exciting features every week.

www.games-workshop.co.uk

GAMES DEVELOPER REQUIRED

Games Workshop's Design Studio is currently looking to recruit a new member into its busy Warhammer Games Development team. Our ideal candidate would meet the following requirements:

- *At least one professionally published game or game supplement.*
- *Graduate.*
- *Willing to work in an office, in Nottingham.*
- *Good communication skills with co-workers and the public.*
- *Intimate knowledge of the sixth edition Warhammer background and rules.*
- *Capable of working in a dynamic team atmosphere.*
- *Computer literate (Microsoft Word).*
- *Excellent skills in written English, time management and planning.*
- *Experience working in a creative team a bonus.*

For details of how to apply, contact:

Human Resources,
Games Workshop,
Willow Road, Lenton,
Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

Phone: 0115 916 8346

Deadline for applications: March 7, 2002

NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

WARHAMMER



**HIGH ELF
PHOENIX GUARD**
£5.00

**PHOENIX GUARD
COMMAND** £6.00

Phoenix Guard regiments
are a Rare choice, with
10+ models in a unit.

Trooper blister pack contains
three Phoenix Guard. Command
blister pack contains a Champion,
Standard Bearer and Musician.
Sculpted by Juan Diaz.

These models require assembly.



**HIGH ELF DRAGON
PRINCES REGIMENT**
£25.00

Dragon Prince regiments
are a Special choice, with
5+ models in a unit.

This boxed set contains
enough parts to make five
Dragon Princes, including a
Champion, Standard Bearer
and Musician. Sculpted by Alex
Hedström & Trish Morrison.

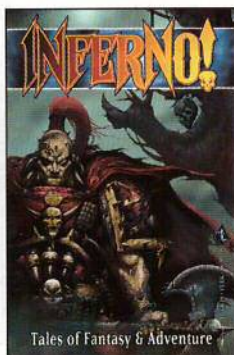
These models require assembly.

INFERNO! 29

£5.00

Published by the Black Library

Noted novel writer Robin D. Laws makes his Black Library debut in this issue with a grisly tale of the human vultures that prey on the bloody battlefields of Warhammer. Graham 'Nightbringer' McNeill relates the epic quest of three of Bretonnia's finest against the ancient evil of the Blood Dragon Vampires, while Clint Werner takes us to the black cliffs of Wrecker's Point where a ship returns from faraway lands bearing an unholy terror.



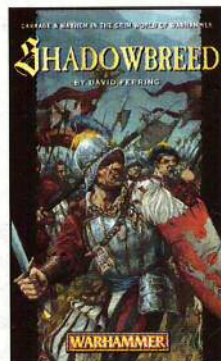
SHADOWBREED

£5.99

*The second in the Konrad trilogy
by David Ferring.*

Published by the Black Library

Five years ago, the boy Konrad first saw the Bronze Knight, harbinger of destruction and death for his true love and those dearest to him. Now, Konrad is no longer a child but a hardened mercenary confounded by dreams of the legendary hero Sigmar and fighting in a land far from his devastated home. And now when the evil warrior reappears, with him rides Konrad's chance for vengeance. This is the second book in the classic Konrad trilogy by David Ferring.



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IMRIK, DRAGON PRINCE OF CALEDOR £25.00

Imrik is a special character and counts as a Lord choice, but uses up two Hero choices as well.

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Sculpted by Alex Hedström and Trish Morrison.

This model requires assembly.



HIGH ELF ELLYRIAN REAVERS COMMAND £4.00

Ellyrian Reavers are a Special choice, with 5+ models in a unit.

This blister pack contains one Ellyrian Reaver command model, either a Champion, Standard Bearer or Musician. Sculpted by Gary Morley and Trish Morrison.

These models require assembly.



TECLIS £8.00

Teclis is a special character and counts as a Lord choice, but uses up a Hero choice as well.

This blister pack contains one Tyrion model. Sculpted by Gary Morley.

This model requires assembly.



OR VISIT OUR ONLINE STORE AT WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM

CHAOS SPACE MARINE SQUAD £15.00

Chaos Space Marine squads are a Troops choice, with 5-10 models in a unit.

This boxed set contains enough parts to make eight Chaos Space Marines, including an Aspiring Champion and a heavy bolter, plus a frame of mutations. Sculpted by Alex Hedström, Mark Harrison, Colin Grayson, Juan Diaz & Mark Bedford.

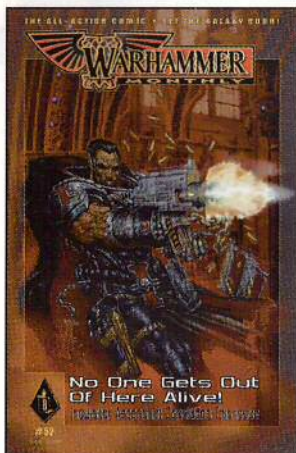
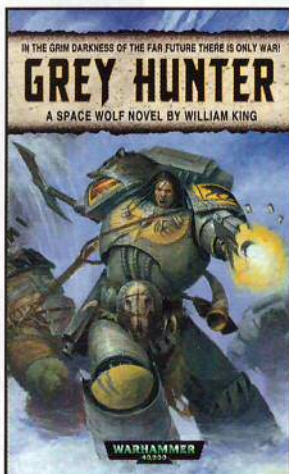


GREY HUNTER £5.99

A Space Wolf novel by William King
Published by the Black Library

The Space Wolves – headstrong warriors of legend in a dark galaxy of faceless war. Their strength and ferocity is such that the entire Chapter only needs to take the field together in times of direst threat or greatest peril. Such a time has arisen. Now Ragnar the young Blood Claw, full of fire and eager for glory, must prove his worth and seize his destiny if he is finally to earn the honour of the title of Grey Hunter.

This is the third book in William 'Gotrek & Felix' King's action-packed Space Wolf series that began with Space Wolf and Ragnar's Claw.



WARHAMMER MONTHLY ISSUE 52 £2.20

Comic published by the Black Library

The final showdown for Gravir and Defay in Inquisitor Ascendant. The last adventure in the third book of Titan begins where even the mighty God-Machine of Imperius Dictatio will be dwarfed by the power of the Chaos gods. Plus more Darkblade, and the noble Vampire Helmar returns in the continuing saga 'Of Ancient Blood'.



ANGEL OF VENGEANCE

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ULTRAMARINES EAGLE

(Antique Pewter)

Megabadge A1526P £5.00

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ADEPTUS ASTARTES

(Antique Pewter)

Megabadge A1525P £5.00

SANGUINIUS

(Antique Pewter)

Megabadge A1528P £5.00



These items are available from Mail Order or the **Battlegear.co.uk** website, which also offers mouse mats, wallets, CD holders and paperweights.

Products not shown at actual size.

DARK ANGELS TACTICAL SQUAD £18.00

Dark Angels Tactical squads are a Troops choice, with 5-10 models in a unit.

This boxed set contains ten Dark Angels including a Sergeant and a plasma cannon. Sculpted by Alex Hedström & Jes Goodwin.



INDEX ASTARTES COMPILATION £10.00

This full colour book compiles articles from the Index Astartes series published in White Dwarf, presenting a huge volume of background for the Space Marines, both loyal and traitor. Also included are expanded Warhammer 40,000 rules for four of the armies discussed: the Emperor's Children, Iron Warriors, White Scars and the ferocious Flesh Tearers.

The first in an ongoing series, the Index Astartes books will form the essential guide to the history of the Adeptus Astartes.

WHITE SCARS SPACE MARINE BIKE SQUAD £18.00

White Scars bike squads are a Troops choice, with 3-10 models in a unit.

This boxed set contains 3 bikers. Sculpted by Alex Hedström & Jes Goodwin.



WHITE SCARS SPACE MARINE COMMANDER £10.00

White Scars Commanders are Independent Characters and use up an HQ choice.

This boxed set contains one Commander. Sculpted by Alex Hedström & Jes Goodwin.



OR VISIT OUR ONLINE STORE AT WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM

To coincide with the release of the fabulous Dragon Prince models, this month Anthony Reynolds takes a look at the mighty Dragon Princes of Caledor, chronicling the history of these proud warriors who once rode the skies atop the most majestic creatures ever known...

THE DRAGON PRINCES

The rise and decline of the Dragon Princes of Caledor

Caledor is a sparsely populated, volcanic region in the west of Ulthuan that has been the homeland of the great dragons for thousands of years. In ancient days, when the Elves were at the height of their power, before the great split amongst the Elven race and even before the great wars against Chaos, Caledor was the mightiest of all kingdoms of Ulthuan. Many of the early Phoenix Kings came from Caledor and enjoyed great power and influence, reigning unopposed for almost four thousand years – for who could stand against the fury and power of the Dragon Riders of Caledor?

Far beneath the smoking mountains of the Dragon Spine Mountains, the dragons made their cavernous lairs. In those times, dragons were a common sight over Caledor and there was food aplenty to sustain their population. Larger, more powerful and more intelligent than the dragons of today, the Caledorian dragons enjoyed absolute supremacy of the skies. Their breath could melt the hardest metals, their claws could crush stone and some of the mightiest of their number were versed in the magic arts. The

dragons were the strength behind the line of Caledor.

It was the legendary Caledor Dragontamer who first earned the respect of the great wyrms. The most powerful Elven Mage of the time, Caledor travelled up into the dangerous, sulphurous mountains alone. He was gone for many days, and most feared that he had departed this world unto the next. Over a week later, a dragon of enormous proportions was seen in the skies, and the Elves cowered before it. It was Indraguir, the most powerful and oldest of the dragons, and on its back rode the weary Caledor. Tales differ about what occurred on the unstable volcanic mountainside. Many believe that Caledor bound the dragon to his will with his powerful magical arts and his natural affinity with the creatures. Others maintain that Caledor travelled to Vaul the Maker, the Elven god of smithing, and entreated him to create a magical metallic harness which he used to tame the ferocious creature.

The more conventional view that is favoured by modern scholars is that Caledor matched his strength against

that of Indraguir. Their meeting was said to have been an intense confrontation of wills, and in the end neither was able to overcome the other. It is said that Indraguir was impressed with the considerable spirit of the mighty Elven mage, and that Caledor respected the dragon's noble heart. With mutual respect, the two agreed to aid each other in times of trial.

Caledor's descendants named the desolate landscape Caledor in honour of their mighty forebear. Under Caledor's instructions, immense granite fortresses were built into the mountains, and the nobles who lived there dwelt in close contact with the dragons of the region, the alliance benefiting both races.



Thus the line of the Dragon Princes was born, and Elf and dragon existed alongside each other in mutual respect. Together, they rode the hot thermal air currents thrown up by the volcanic landscape. Though there were but few Dragon Princes, riding atop their fearsome dragon steeds, they were unmatched amongst all Elves in the arts of war. The line of Caledor gained great political power, for none of the other Elven regions dared challenge them. These first Dragon Princes were not only mighty warriors but also powerful mages, and they would descend on their enemies from the clouds with fire, magic and lance. None could stand before them.

It was a time of danger and strife in the lands of Ulthuan, for the powers of Chaos were sweeping over the lands in a nightmarish horde, destroying all in their path. The powers of the Old Ones that kept the forces of Chaos at bay had faltered, and an uncontrolled mass of magical energy flowed over the world, Daemons following closely in its wake. In this major conflict, almost four thousand five hundred years before the

coming of Sigmar, thousands of Elves lost their lives, and Ulthuan was a place of terror. The realm of Caledor was the only part of Ulthuan to successfully stand against the Daemons, chiefly thanks to the Dragon Princes.

The legendary Aenarion, wielding more power than any mortal being in known history, journeyed to Caledor and met with the Dragon Princes. With these mighty warriors at his side, Aenarion set out to rid Ulthuan of the Chaotic presence. The Elves flocked to his banner, hope filling their heavy hearts. Leading the armies of Ulthuan, the Dragon Princes rode at the forefront of every battle, descending on the creatures of Chaos with fury, and a time of intense conflict began. It soon became clear to Caledor that no matter how great a warrior Aenarion was, he could not stop the sickening tide of Chaos, and something drastic had to be done, or the Elves would slowly be overwhelmed and eradicated completely.

Caledor put into motion a terribly dangerous and risky plan that would cripple the forces of Chaos. Aenarion and Caledor argued for days and nights over this decision although, in his heart, Aenarion knew that this fight against the dread forces of Chaos was a battle that he could not hope to win. Eventually overcome by despair and hatred, Aenarion drew the Sword of Khaine from its altar, where it had lain embedded since the world itself was created. Forged by the god Vaul for the death god Khaela Mensha Khaine, the blade was the most deadly weapon in existence and could not be wielded by mortals. Capable of slaying daemons and gods alike, Aenarion became an unstoppable figure of death as he wielded it, but, though he slew many foes, still he could not stop the inevitable wave of Chaos.



Caledor gathered around him the greatest and most powerful of all the mages of Ulthuan, and journeyed to the Isle of the Dead to begin their desperate ritual. For days and nights they chanted, the greatest convocation of magic ever seen. The greater gods of Chaos directed their minions towards the small isle, and the nether-creatures launched an intense attack on the spell-shields erected to protect the chanting mages. Many Elves fell under the brutal assault, their minds flayed, but the most powerful continued their dire work. Aenarion moved to defend the isle, and the armies of Ulthuan travelled with him. The sun was darkened, so great were the numbers of dragons that filled the skies, and Elf and daemon fought and died on the banks of the Isle. As the daemons were slain, their bodies faded into nothingness, disappearing from this plane of existence; the Elven bodies littered the Inner Sea, to sink to the sea floor, and their corpses were washed ashore for weeks to come.

As the spell, the likes of which has never been seen again, began to take effect, the seas began to rage violently and the skies were ripped asunder by great lightning shows that danced across the heavens. The minions of Chaos flew into a frenzy, frantically struggling to resist the Elven magic that threatened their very existence. Energy pulsed through the earth and the sky, and the Elves felt a terrible sensation as the power ripped through their souls. An immense cloud of twisting energy appeared in the sky, swirling with increasing velocity. Like a giant, inverted tornado, it began to suck the magical energy from the air itself. The earth was torn apart under the immense pressure, and trees and rocks were sent hurtling into the spinning maelstrom in the sky.

In those terrible moments, the world lost both the god-like Aenarion and Caledor Dragontamer. In finishing the powerful banishing spell, Caledor had sacrificed himself. Daemons began to wither and blink out of existence as the magic sustaining them was sucked away to the extreme north and south poles of the world. Simultaneously, the Isle of the Dead itself faded from view. The mages' terrible sacrifice to repel the powers of the daemons had resulted in them being trapped in a loop, out of time with the rest of the world. Here, for eternity, they would relive their last moments in the great battle against Chaos. It was to be the end of the great times of magic amongst the Elves.

With the passing of these two great heroes, the Elves were further disheartened when it was learnt that Aenarion's wife, the Everqueen, had been slain by the servants of the Dark Gods. The forces of Chaos were

routed, but the Elves were leaderless. Eventually, Bel Shanaar was chosen to take the throne over Aenarion's son Malekith, and a time of exploration and rebuilding began. This was not to last, however, for the evil-hearted Malekith began his plotting, culminating in the death of the Phoenix King at his own hands.

Following Bel Shanaar's death came the time that was to be known as the Reign of Caledor. With the power of the Dragons at their backs, the nobles of Caledor were the natural choice for the leaders of Ulthuan, and they were well respected as fearsome warriors and proud tacticians.

Early in Tethlis the Slayer's reign as Phoenix King, the dragons had started to become increasingly scarce. The eldest of the dragons were the first to disappear, and it was soon discovered that they were in a deep sleep beneath the mountains of Caledor. Towards the end of Tethlis's reign, the dragons had become so rare that there were barely enough for the Dragon Princes to ride into battle, and those that did remain were young and inexperienced.

There has been much speculation on the reasons behind the dragons' great sleep, though no one has ever come up with a definitive answer. One possibility relates to the reduction of magical energy pervading the air in the years following Caledor Dragontamer's magical vortex. Some believe that their sleep patterns are directly related to the temperature of Caledor itself, for it is said that Caledor as it stands today is much cooler than it used to be. Whatever the case, these days the sight of a dragon over Caledor, once so common, is a particularly rare sight.

In times of dire need, the Dragon Princes journey into the halls of the sleeping creatures, and attempt to wake the great beasts. More often than not this ends in disappointment. When a dragon does wake, it is usually one of the younger creatures, and will generally return to its lair to sleep within a matter of weeks.

While the majority of the Dragon Princes in these later times may never ride the great dragons, their armour and equipment bears testimony to their great traditions. Their splendid dragon-headed helmets are easily recognisable, and their entire armament is designed so as to resemble the great firedrakes that are an integral part of the Dragon Princes' history. Proudest of all the people of Ulthuan, they form a distinctive and powerful element of the High Elf armies. Although they are nowhere near as devastating as they were in times long past, the Dragon Princes, mounted on swift-moving Elven steeds, are still some of the most skilled

and brave warriors within all of Ulthuan.

The Dragon Princes await the day when the dragons will wake from their sleep and once again crowd the skies. It is said that the Loremasters have foreseen a time of darkness to come, a time when a dark tide will flow across the world once again. In this great time of need, their prophecies say that the dragons will rise, and that the Dragon Princes will once again lead the armies of Ulthuan against the hordes of evil. The people of Caledor believe that Imrik, the mighty descendant of Caledor Dragontamer, will be the one who will fight at the forefront of this epic battle, that it will be he who will awaken the great creatures, and that the great dragons will follow him just as they did his ancestor some four thousand years earlier.

DRAGON PRINCE IMRIK, LORD OF DRAGONS

Prince Imrik is the last direct descendant of the great Caledor Dragontamer, and in him is concentrated all the power and nobility of the great house of Caledor. His proud bearing and unmatched battle prowess harkens back to the ancient times when the Dragon Princes were at the height of their power. Imrik has walked the ancient halls and the mountains of Caledor for centuries on end, mourning the decline of his heritage. He is one of the few Dragon Princes who is still able to wake the sleeping dragons from the caverns beneath the mountains. However, even he can only stir a few of the majestic creatures from their slumber at any time, and he attempts this only in times of great need – for each time a dragon is roused, it is harder to wake it again once it falls back into its dreams. The mighty firedrakes recognise the spirit of Caledor living within Imrik, and hold a deep respect for him. The dragon Minaithnir has a particularly strong bond with the prince, and is the only dragon who will wake from his slumber whenever Imrik calls. Borne upon the back of this mighty and ancient creature, Imrik descends on his foes with ferocity, striking terror in their hearts at the glorious sight. When Imrik's ire is raised, he is a fearsome opponent and his pride and fiery temperament are legendary. A staunch defender of his people, he fights furiously against any who threaten his land or his people. Imrik is the pride of his homeland, representing the ideal combination of strength and nobility to the scattered people of Caledor, yet they mourn that he is the last of that proud bloodline and fear the day that he is taken from them.



Led by Imrik, the High Elves charge their hated kindred, the Dark Elves.

The ice-cold wind whipped at Imrik's hair, which flowed out in a contorting golden wave behind him. Through gaps in the clouds beneath, he could see the movement of armies far below, tiny figures arrayed on the blighted earth, obscured slightly by the lashing rain that poured down on the plains. The shining ranks of his comrades could be seen, their bright armour contrasting markedly with the dark landscape. Moving against them were the black-armoured forms of the hated Druchii, the dark kin of the High Elves. Imrik thought that from his vantage point they looked like a vicious horde of scuttling insects, crawling menacingly over the ground.

A deep rumbling sounded from within the chest of Imrik's proud mount, the ancient grey-tinged dragon Minaithnir. The Dragon Prince, soul-bonded to the mighty creature, instantly became wary, his sharp eyes gazing over the clouds that billowed around him. Spying a dark shape through the gloom, Imrik narrowed his eyes, his teeth clenching. With a soft, almost imperceptible whisper, Imrik directed the dragon upwards. Beating his mighty wings, the dragon soared higher into the air, entering another layer of damp cloud. Passing through the cold blankness, dragon and rider came out suddenly into bright sunshine.

The pair rose straight into the air, flying towards the sun. Abruptly, the dragon turned gracefully, serpentine tail coiling majestically. For a fraction of a second the powerful beast hung motionless in mid-air, before plunging downwards. Tucking his wings back tightly, Minaithnir plummeted into the clouds, bursting through them with tremendous velocity.

Directly below the diving creature was an immense dark shape. As one, Minaithnir and Imrik screamed a challenge, their cries indistinguishable. In shock, the gleaming black dragon beneath them rolled to the side desperately, almost throwing its rider from the ornate saddle. A roaring burst of flame erupted from Minaithnir's gullet, rolling over the black creature's scaled torso, which blistered under the furnace-like heat. Imrik's glowing lance descended towards the Dark Elf rider, a menacing figure enclosed in black plated armour. The Dark Elf twisted in the saddle away from the lance, swinging his shield up to knock the weapon aside. With a deft rotation of his wrist, Imrik changed his aim towards the centre of the shield. The glowing weapon punched straight through the emblazoned shield, tearing through the metal and sinking deeply into the Dark Elf's shoulder. The lance tip tore through the dark armour, pushing through the Druchii Highborn's flesh and smashing out the other side. The Dark Elf howled in pain, his grey eyes burning coldly with hatred within his enclosed helm.

The two dragons clashed in mid-air, Minaithnir scoring great gouges in his foe's side with vicious claws. Its cry echoed through the heavens, and it snapped its huge jaws at the Dragon Prince's steed. The dragons and riders began tumbling towards the earth, picking up speed as the entangled combatants struggled. Releasing his grip on his lance, Imrik drew his sword in a swift movement, striking towards the Dark Elf rider. With the lance still

deeply embedded in his shoulder, the Highborn parried Imrik's attacks with considerable skill as they tumbled ever closer to the ground. The immense wyrms slashed at each other with huge taloned claws, and struggled to latch onto the other's neck with their jaws.

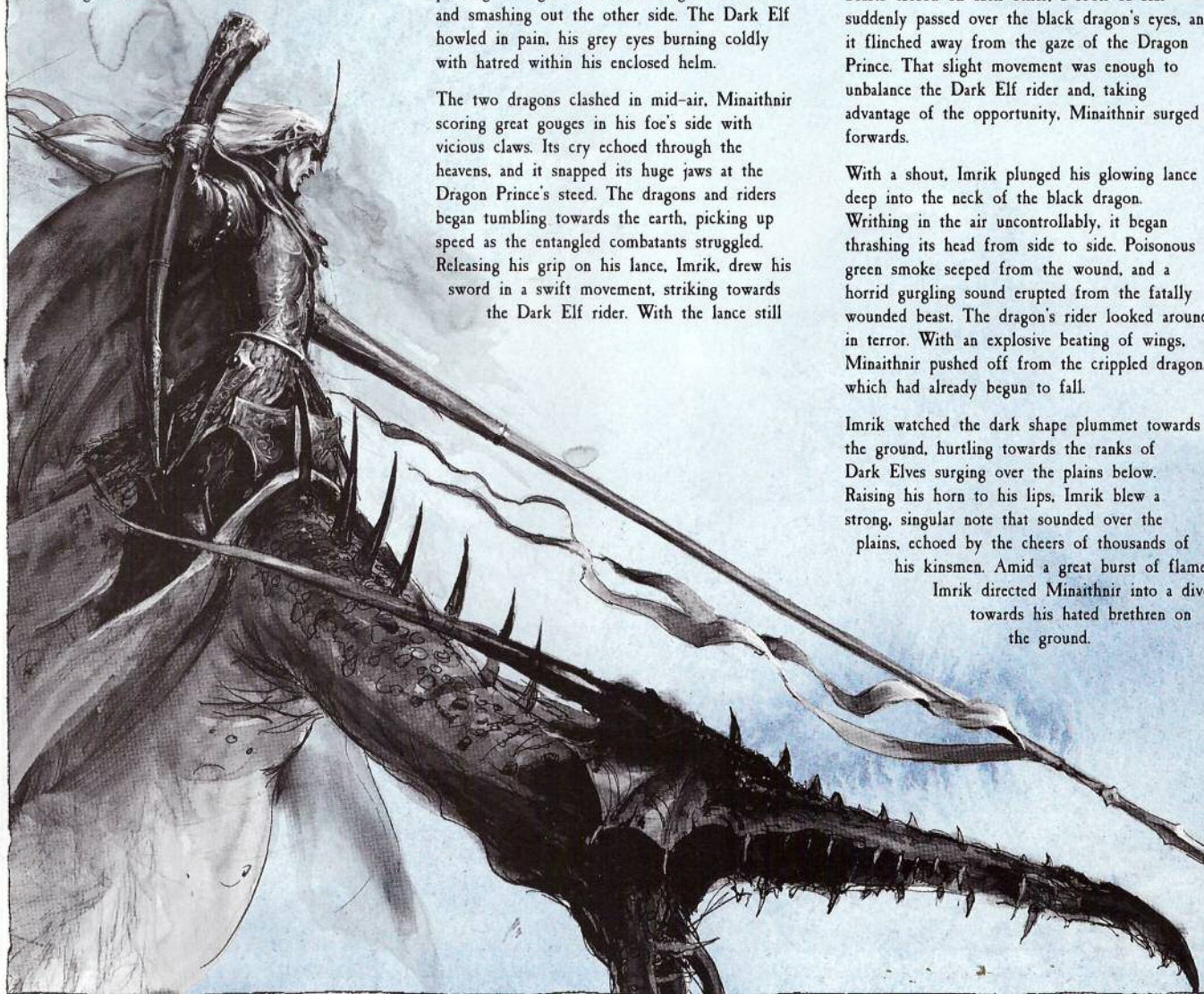
As the ground raced up to meet them, the two dragons kicked away from each other, and their descent halted. As they pulled away, Imrik deftly grabbed his lance with his left hand, wrenching it from the Dark Elf's body as the two dragons separated. The Dark Elf gritted his teeth against the pain. They swung low over the battlefield, turning sharply to face each other.

Crimson blood dripped from vicious wounds, mingling with the rain and falling upon the armies of Elves below. Imrik glanced down, seeing hundreds of faces turned upwards to witness the mighty duel above their heads. Billowing green smoke drifted from the black dragon's flared nostrils as it glared in hatred at its rival. With a tremendous bellow, the two dragons once again raced through the darkened sky towards each other.

As the creatures neared, Imrik locked his gaze onto the black dragon's eyes, whispering into the creature's twisted, evil mind. As the mighty beasts closed on each other, a look of fear suddenly passed over the black dragon's eyes, and it flinched away from the gaze of the Dragon Prince. That slight movement was enough to unbalance the Dark Elf rider and, taking advantage of the opportunity, Minaithnir surged forwards.

With a shout, Imrik plunged his glowing lance deep into the neck of the black dragon. Writhing in the air uncontrollably, it began thrashing its head from side to side. Poisonous green smoke seeped from the wound, and a horrid gurgling sound erupted from the fatally wounded beast. The dragon's rider looked around in terror. With an explosive beating of wings, Minaithnir pushed off from the crippled dragon which had already begun to fall.

Imrik watched the dark shape plummet towards the ground, hurtling towards the ranks of Dark Elves surging over the plains below. Raising his horn to his lips, Imrik blew a strong, singular note that sounded over the plains, echoed by the cheers of thousands of his kinsmen. Amid a great burst of flame Imrik directed Minaithnir into a dive towards his hated brethren on the ground.



REIGN OF THE DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

Caledor the Conqueror Phoenix King III

1-550

(Imperial Calendar -2749 to -2199)

Grandson of the great Caledor Dragontamer, the Dragon Prince Imrik was chosen to wear the Phoenix Crown with the passing of Bel Shanaar of Tiranoc. Upon his crowning, Imrik took the name of Caledor the First, who was to become known as the Conqueror. He was a great King and a mighty warrior. He took power during a time of tragedy, as Aenarion's son Malekith was struggling to take control of Ulthuan. Caledor's own brother had been murdered by the mad yet brilliant Malekith.

A great civil war erupted. Over the next 500 years, vicious war raged across the fair Isle of Ulthuan, crippling the already beleaguered race. Caledor fought off countless assassination attempts in his campaign against Malekith and the people of Nagarythe, and thousands died in these wretched times. The height of the conflict came as Malekith attempted to undo the spells enacted by Caledor Dragontamer and the other mages that had banished the daemons to the Realms of Chaos. In his delusions, Malekith believed that the daemons would act with him, and that with their aid he could at last take control of the Phoenix Crown.

Malekith's black sorcery far surpassed the skills of the Mages struggling against him, and the dark gods watched gleefully as the binding spells were slowly torn down. At the last moment, Caledor Dragontamer and the other lost mages on the Isle of the Dead burst into reality, sending their power flowing into Nagarythe, before being sucked back into their torturous existence. Malekith's sorcery was blunted, and the realm of Nagarythe ripped apart by earthquakes and tidal waves. As his land was rent into pieces, the Witch King used his magic to keep his great cities afloat, creating the mighty Black Arks, and settling in the lands of Naggaroth to the west.

For the next century, Caledor led the people of Ulthuan against Malekith, battling him on the seas and on the northernmost parts of Ulthuan. It was Caledor who had the foresight to begin the construction of the great fortress-gates in the north, and he continued to fight his carefully sustained campaign

against the Witch King. Caledor even had the strength of spirit to resist the call of the Blade of Khaine, which had been the downfall and curse of Aenarion and his bloodline.

Caledor passed away in the midst of battle, fighting against overwhelming odds on the seas. His ship had become separated from the main fleet by freak storms, and was set alight by Dark Elf raiders. Caledor took his own life rather than fall into the hands of the sadistic Malekith.

Caledor the Second Phoenix King IV

1-598

(Imperial Calendar -2198 to -1600)

Although Caledor the Second was a heroic fighter, with a skill at arms harkening back to the time of heroes thousands of years earlier, he lacked the foresight and wisdom of his father. His reign as Phoenix King started well, with the trade routes between the Dwarfs opening up for the first time since the sundering. For a time, things went well, with the Elves of Naggarothi being pushed back by the now well-established Elven navy. It wasn't long, however, before the terrible conflict of the War of the Beard began, which was to prove disastrous for both peoples. The Dragon Princes once again fought at the head of the Elven armies, and many heroes perished in this wasteful war. One of these was the Dragon Princess Liandra, who gave her life to defend the Phoenix King from Dwarf treachery. Eventually, Caledor the Warrior fell in single combat with the Dwarf King Gotrek. The Dwarf King took the Phoenix Crown as payment for the Elves' arrogance, which was to be a point of resentment between the races forever afterwards. The Dwarfs still hold the Phoenix Crown, deep within the mountainous hold of the Everpeak.

Tethlis - The Slayer Phoenix King VI

1-304

(Imperial Calendar -996 to -692)

The noble blood of the Dragon Princes flowed in the veins of Tethlis the Slayer, and as such he was a mighty and respected warrior. Before he came to the throne, he had already acted as the general of the armies of Ulthuan during the reign of his predecessor Caradryel the Peacemaker.

Tethlis was a single-minded and determined individual who was fully

focused on punishing his evil-hearted Dark Elf brethren who had slain so many of his kin. He fought the most sustained war against Naggaroth that the Witch King had ever experienced, determined to end his rule once and for all. The High Elf standing army swelled to a previously unseen level and, with his brilliant tactical mind, Tethlis slowly wore the Dark Elves down. He was as ruthless and cold as no other Elf was, and his qualities of leadership and battle-skill combined to make him a serious threat to the reign of the Witch King. No prisoners were taken, no plea for mercy listened to, and it wasn't long before the Dark Elves were finally pushed from the shores of Ulthuan.

With this achieved, Tethlis organised to take the fight to the Dark Elves on their home soil. The greatest armada ever seen left the shores of Ulthuan, and thousands upon thousands of High Elves stormed the blackened shores of Naggaroth. The battle was bloody and brutal, with Dark Elf and High Elf fighting in bitter mêlée in the knee-deep, icy water that soon was running red. Thousands died as arrows and crossbow bolts darkened the skies, yet under Tethlis's cool generalship the High Elves made a secure foothold on the shore. With the rest of the army able to land safely, the High Elves soon began to turn the battle in their favour, and it turned into a wholesale slaughter, with tens of thousands of Dark Elves chopped down without mercy.

Had the dragons of Caledor been active then Tethlis' assault may have proved to be the end of the Dark Elves altogether, but without the ferocious creatures, the High Elves could not exploit their victory quickly enough. Within days of this victory, Tethlis himself was dead; rumours abound of how he died, and many believe that an assassin's poisoned blades killed him. Others hold that he tried to draw the Sword of Khaine and was cut down by his own bodyguard, for the Elves long remember the doom that befell Aenarion.

With most of the dragons having entered their long sleep, the power of Caledor and the Dragon Princes diminished, and so it was that Tethlis was the last of the Caledorian Phoenix Kings.

This month sees the release of two special characters from the High Elves Armies book, the noble Dragonlord Prince Imrik and the fantastic new Teclis model. Here we show you how our team painted the models.

'EAVY METAL MASTERCLASS



**PRINCE IMRIK,
DRAGON PRINCE OF CALEDOR**

Imrik painted by Neil Green

ASSEMBLING THE MODEL

The model was put together in a dry run assembly before pinning the tail to the body. Prince Imrik's lance arm was pinned into place and he was then pinned onto a flying stand for easy access. Both models were then given a Chaos Black undercoat before painting over the areas where the spray failed to catch with watered down Chaos Black paint.

PAINTING THE DRAGON

The scales and wing membranes of the Dragon were given a basecoat of Regal Blue. An equal quantity of Skull White was then added to this for the first highlight stage before a small

amount of Skull White was added to the mix for the final stage.

The wing membranes were then given a watered down wash of an equal parts mix of Black and Blue Inks.

The Dragon's skin was painted with a basecoat of Regal Blue. Three parts Regal Blue was then mixed in with one part

Bleached Bone for the initial highlight stage. A second highlight was applied using equal quantities of Bleached Bone and Regal Blue. Next, more

Bleached Bone was added to the mix until it was now three parts to one part Regal Blue. The final highlight stages were made by adding Skull White to the mix until the final highlight was roughly three parts Skull White to one part mix. Bleached Bone paint that had been highly watered down was then applied in two or three coats to the skin sections.



Bestial Brown was used as the basecoat for the spines, horns and teeth of the Dragon. This was then highlighted with Snakebite Leather. Bleached Bone was added to Snakebite Leather in an equal quantity and then Bleached Bone alone was



used for the next highlight stage. Final highlights were painted on using Skull White before a thinned down glaze of Brown Ink was applied to the base of the horns, teeth and spines.

To paint the inside of the Dragon's mouth, a basecoat mix of equal quantities Red Gore and Vermin Brown was applied. Small amounts of Elf Flesh were added for each successive highlight stage. This was then given a wash with a thinned-down mix of equal parts Red Ink and Chestnut Ink. Purple Ink was added to the wash and applied to the darker recesses of the mouth.

PAINTING PRINCE IMRIK

Imrik's Armour was painted with a basecoat of Regal Blue. Mithril Silver was then added to the colour, starting



with just a small amount and gradually building the amount in the mix with each successive highlight stage, up to roughly three parts Mithril Silver to one part Regal Blue. The armour was then given a wash with thinned down Blue Ink before a final highlight of Mithril Silver was applied to the edges of the armour.



The Gold trim on the armour was painted with a basecoat of Dwarf Bronze. These areas were then highlighted with Shining Gold. An equal parts mix of Shining Gold and Mithril Silver was applied as a final highlight. These sections were then given a wash with watered down Brown Ink.

The lighter colour of Imrik's robes and the various sashes on the horn and lance were painted with a basecoat of Bronzed Flesh and Scorched Brown mixed together in equal quantities. Bronzed Flesh on its own was applied



to the creases of the robes leaving the recesses of the folds with the basecoat showing. Bleached Bone was then painted on as the next highlight. A mix of equal parts Bleached Bone and Skull White was then applied before a final highlight of Skull White on its own.

The saddlecloth was painted with a basecoat of Shadow Grey. This was then mixed in equal parts with Fortress Grey, flowed by a highlight of Fortress Grey on its own. Skull White was then



added to the mix for successive highlights, using a final highlight of Skull White on the most prominent parts of the cloth.

The face was painted with a basecoat of watered down Vermin Brown which was applied in two or three coats. Dwarf Flesh was then added to the basecoat mix so that it was roughly three parts Vermin Brown to one part Dwarf Flesh. More Dwarf Flesh was added to the mix along with a drop of water to ensure the thinned consistency, until the mix was equal parts Dwarf Flesh and Vermin Brown.

A watered-down Dwarf Flesh was then painted on. The face was then given a wash with a watered down mix of Purple Ink and Flesh Wash before being re-highlighted with Dwarf Flesh.



Elf Flesh was added to Dwarf Flesh then Elf Flesh on its own was applied. The final highlight was done by adding a small amount of Skull White to the Elf Flesh.

The blue sections on the trim of the cloth and underside of the cloak were



painted with a Regal Blue basecoat. A small amount of Shadow Grey was added to this followed by a wash with Blue Ink. To finish, Shadow Grey was then used on its own to paint a pattern on the hem of the cloak.



The horn was painted with a basecoat of Bronzed Flesh and Scorched Brown mixed together in equal quantities. Bronzed Flesh on its own was applied for the first highlight stage, followed by Bleached Bone. A mix of equal parts Bleached Bone and Skull White was then applied before a final highlight of Skull White on its own.



A basecoat mix of equal parts Scorched Brown and Bronzed Flesh was used to paint

Imrik's hair. More Bronzed Flesh was added to this for the first highlight until the mix was approximately three parts Bronzed Flesh to one part Scorched Brown. An equal quantity of Bleached Bone was added to the mix and applied followed by giving the model a wash with thinned Brown Ink. The final highlight was Bleached Bone with a small amount of Skull White added.

TECLIS, HIGH LOREMASTER OF THE WHITE TOWER

Teclis painted by Kirsten Mickelburgh



ASSEMBLING THE MODEL

For easy access to the model, the staff arm was attached to a flying stand and painted separately. Both parts of the model were then given an undercoat with Chaos Black spray before using thinned down Chaos Black paint to go over any areas the spray had missed.

PAINTING THE MODEL

Fortress Grey was used as a basecoat to paint the robe. Increasing amounts of Skull White were added to this, finishing the highlights with Skull White on its own.



The rim of the robe was painted with Codex Grey, adding a small amount of Skull White for a single highlight stage.



The blue cloak was painted with a basecoat of Regal Blue. Enchanted Blue was added to this in equal amounts for the first highlight stage. This was followed by adding Ice Blue for the final highlights. The entire robe was then given a wash with Blue Ink.



The silver sections of the model – on the sword, helm, dagger and staff – were painted with a Chainmail

basecoat. This was then given a wash with a thinned down mix of Black Ink and Blue Ink. A second layer of Chainmail was then painted on before highlighting with Mithril Silver.



The gold sections of the model were painted with a basecoat of Tin Bitz followed by a highlight of Shining

Gold. These sections were then given a wash with thinned down Brown Ink. A second layer of Shining Gold was then applied and final highlights were made using Mithril Silver.



Teclis' skin was painted with a basecoat of Dwarf Flesh. This was then given a wash with thinned down Bestial Brown, followed by a second layer of Dwarf Flesh. Highlights were painted with Elf Flesh, finishing by adding a small amount of Skull White to Elf Flesh.



FINE DETAIL

The wooden staff was painted with a basecoat of Snakebite Leather. The first highlight stage was Bubonic Brown followed by adding Bleached Bone to this for successive highlights.



A basecoat of Dark Flesh was used to paint the boots, with a small amount of Bleached Bone added to this for the highlight stages.

FINISHING TOUCHES

The book on the staff was painted with Bestial Brown. The pages were painted with a basecoat of Scorched Brown with Bleached Bone added to this for successive highlight stages.



The runes on the book were taken from the High Elves Armies book and stand for life and death.

The runes on the hem of the robe were first painted with Chaos Black



and then painted Skull White, leaving a thin outline of black showing.

The decoration on the white section of the robes was painted using a basecoat of Chaos Black. Skull White was then applied, leaving a small outline of black before Red Gore was painted over the white. Fiery Orange



highlights, finishing this process with Fiery Orange on its own.

Gemstones Painting

High Elf models are often decorated with precious gems and jewels, especially champions and special character models. Here is the method that the 'Eavy Metal team use to paint them.

1.



From a Chaos Black undercoat, paint 3/4 of the gem Red Gore.

2.



Paint half your gemstone Blood Red

3.



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

4.



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



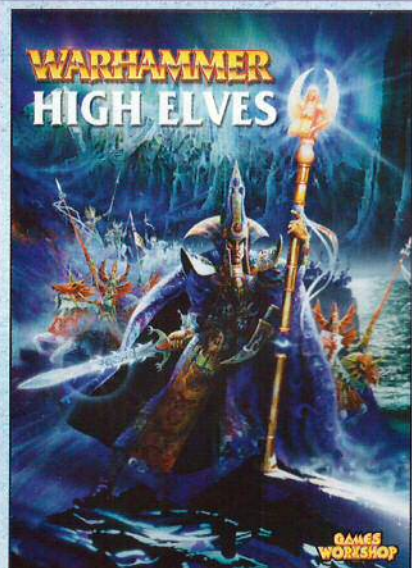
A simple alternative for painting gems is to apply several coats of Red Ink over a white basecoat.



Another alternative is to paint the gem red and add a white spot to the top of the gem as a highlight.



HIGH ELVES



High Elves Armies Book

£10.00

An ancient and proud race, the High Elves have refined their martial skills and magical prowess over the centuries.

They have watched empires rise and fall, and ferociously repel all who seek to conquer their homeland.

This 80 page book contains a complete history of the High Elf race along with special rules, magic items and spells, and a complete army list allowing you to field an army of proud High Elves.



High Elf Shadow Warriors

£5 Blister

Even in times of relative peace, the Shadow Warriors are never at rest. They constantly patrol the barren shores and bleakest hills as they watch for the inevitable Dark Elf raiders; the evil Druchii who sank their homeland beneath the waves. Each blister pack contains three Shadow Warriors.



Tyrion, Defender of Ulthuan

£1

Prince Tyrion is the greatest living warrior of the High Elves. He is descendant of the first Phoenix King, and some Elven bards say that he is in fact Aenarion reborn, so valiant and skilled is he. He is the protector of the Everqueen, and defender of all of Ulthuan. Riding his powerful elven steed, Malhandir, and wielding the mighty sword Sunfang, Tyrion is one of the greatest warriors in the Warhammer world.



High Elf Warriors

£15 boxed set

The majority of warriors in High Elf armies are citizen militia rather than professional soldiers. This militia is a form of part-time army in which all take their turn to serve, every Elf providing his own battle gear in defence of his home and country. As his familiarity with the horrors of battle grows, he will eventually be promoted to the Spearmen. This boxed set contains enough parts to make sixteen High Elf Spearmen or High Elf Seaguard, including Champion, Standard Bearer and Musician.



High Elf Silver Helms

£15 boxed set

The Silver Helms are formed from the sons of High Elf nobility, given a chance to fight the enemies of the High Elves and possessing the means to equip themselves in all the expensive panoply of a fully armoured horseman.

In these troubled times all nobles must prepare themselves for war, and teach their sons the ways of the sword and bow as well as the finer arts such as poetry and song.

The Silver Helms are named for their traditional tall helmets, which are polished to a mirror-like sheen and worn with gleaming white robes. This boxed set contains eight Silver Helms, including Standard Bearer, Musician and Champion.

High Elf Repeater Bolt Thrower **£10 Blister**

The 'Eagle's Claw' bolt thrower, as the repeater is usually called, is a versatile weapon and by far the most common of these devices. It is lightly made, though sturdy, and is easily portable. In battle the Eagle's Claw can shoot either a single bolt or a hail of steel-tipped death. This flexibility allows High Elf armies to halt their enemies whether they are heavily armoured knights or teeming hordes of rabble.



High Elf Archers

£15 boxed set

When they are inducted into the citizen levy, keen-eyed young Elves will begin their training in the Archers. Lacking the battle experience of their older brethren, they fight from a distance – experiencing the carnage of war from a relatively safe place. This boxed set contains sixteen High Elf Archers, including Standard Bearer, Musician and Champion.

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Models shown at actual size.

Index Astartes

First Founding



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

FOR THE EMPEROR

Space Marine Chaplains

by Anthony Reynolds

Space Marine Chaplains are the spiritual leaders of the Adeptus Astartes. They accompany their brother Space Marines into battle, chanting liturgies and exhorting them to great feats of bravery. They are terrifying and sinister figures, garbed in black ceramite power armour, and wearing their death's head masks. Ferocious and devoted, they are inspirational Space Marines who are found wherever the fighting is thickest. They lead their brethren from the fore, and perceive battle as the highest form of worship in the galaxy. The Chaplains rejoice in the slaughter of their enemies, rendering praise to the Emperor and to the founder of their Chapter as they fight.

Chaplains and the Ecclesiarchy

"Rejoice! Let the glory of battle envelop us! Let our enemies fear us, for we are the Emperor's wrath!"

*Chaplain Remataan,
Imperial Fists Chapter*

For over ten thousand years the Ecclesiarchy has been a powerful organisation within the Imperium. The Imperial Cult preached by the Ecclesiarchy, also known as the Ministorum, has become the sole official religion within the Imperium, and it wields tremendous power. Its influence is enormous, and the followers of the Ministorum are zealous and unwavering in their belief and faith. The Ecclesiarchy is notoriously xenophobic and aggressive towards any perceived taint within Humanity. Any deviancy from the teachings of the Imperial Cult is dealt with harshly. Persecutions are frequent throughout the Imperium as the Ecclesiarchy attempts to maintain its powerful position, stamping out any cults and religions that could threaten its authority.

The Cults of the Space Marines were formed long before the Ecclesiarchy became a powerful force within the Imperium, and they hold to their beliefs stubbornly, disdaining the fanatical ravings of the Ministorum. Their ideology features fundamental theological differences from the teachings of the Ecclesiarchy. The main point of contention between the Space Marines and the Ecclesiarchy occurs in how they perceive the Emperor. To the Ecclesiarchy, the Emperor is a god, the most divine being, the Saviour of Mankind and its eternal guardian. The Space Marines revere the Emperor as a brilliant, inspired man, but a man nonetheless. This forms a major schism between the two organisations.

Some amongst the Ecclesiarchy see the Space Marines as dangerous, heretical deviants, and certainly Wars of Faith have been fought for far less. However, the Space Marines are unfailingly loyal to the Emperor, even if they do not recognise his divinity. At the same time, the Space Marines are to

be revered for they share aspects of their genetic structure with the Emperor himself. An uneasy truce has developed between the Adeptus Astartes and the Ministorum, though occasional disputes shatter this wary peace.

The Chaplains of the Space Marine Chapters are gifted with their sacred Rosarius by the Ecclesiarchy in recognition of the link between the two organisations, though this is little more than a symbolic gesture of peace between them. Most commonly, this powerful protective amulet is worn around the neck in the form of an ornate cross, and it is sometimes referred to as their 'soul armour', capable of protecting them even from a direct hit by a lascannon.

Codex Roles within the Chapter

"At battle's end, speak the Liturgy in a clear voice. Respect the bravery of the living. Give the Rite of Passage to the fallen. Honour the battle gear of the dead. To do all this with reverence, even when exhausted by battle and weary from the field, is the duty of the Chaplain. It is his burden and his satisfaction."

*Interrogator-Chaplain Isiah,
Dark Angels Chapter*

Space Marine Chaplains are important figures within the Chapter, and they are well respected by their Brother Marines. They have a strong bond with the other members of the Chapter, featuring heavily within the daily lives of the Space Marines from an early stage. They are one of the first faces encountered when new recruits join the Chapter as neophytes, and it is the Chaplains who preside over their indoctrination. The Chaplains teach them of the Chapter's cult beliefs, and direct them in memorising the various hymnals and liturgies that they are required to know. Though notoriously strict and fiery individuals, they are also renowned for their sense of duty and responsibility for their Brother Marines. They fight with inspired passion and belief, ever watchful for the well-being of their comrades.

The Chaplains are the spiritual leaders of their brethren, and guide the Space Marines in the oaths of loyalty sworn to the Chapter. Praise is rendered to the Emperor and the Primarch for the inception and existence of the Adeptus Astartes, although the way each is perceived varies from Chapter to Chapter. The Emperor is recognised as their founder and the saviour of Humanity, but is most often regarded as an awe-inspiring man by the Adeptus Astartes. Some Chapters worship their Primarch as a god or demi-god, while others praise them as superior, yet mortal beings, mighty heroes from an age long past.

The central shrine where prayer and worship is conducted is called the Reclusium, and it lies within the Chapter's fortress monastery. It is a

place of particular cultural and spiritual reverence. This most holy place contains ancient artefacts and relics of particular significance, often holding fragments of the Primarch's armour, as well as the battle gear of heroic figures from the Chapter's history. Company and Chapter standards hang from its hallowed walls. The Chaplains lead their sermons within the vast Reclusium, rousing the Space Marines with their passionate exhortations. The battle barges and strike craft of the Chapter's fleet also hold towering cathedrals within their armoured halls, enabling Space Marines to confirm their devotions when far from the Chapter's Fortress Monastery. Indeed the majority of the Chapter is often scattered across the galaxy, fighting in campaigns that may last hundreds of years. However, the Chaplains preach

a very practical minded form of worship, and the presence of a formal chapel is not always necessary. The Chaplains accompany their battle brothers in their crusades, guiding them spiritually wherever they may be. They lead them in prayer and ritual, whether it be within the Reclusium, aboard a strike craft or in the midst of battle itself.

Devotional Armour

The archaic and ornate armour that the Chaplains wear may be hundreds, if not thousands of years old. They are revered pieces of equipment, and are perceived as mobile shrines in themselves. The black armour is frequently decorated with an array of ancient tokens and embellishments, often in the form of purity seals, devotional pendants and such. These

Chapter Approved. Access Level: 8b seventy-three

Space Marine Chaplains and equipment M41

Chaplain Devotional Death-Masks



Wolf Priest Ulrik the Slayer
note: Wolf Helm of Russ



Ultramarines Chaplain Bracius



Blood Angels Chaplain Lemartes
Guardian of the Lost



Auto-reactive shoulder pads with
Chaplain Badge of Office - Death's Head



Chaplain Xavier's Salamander mantle

Plasma Pistol
cross ref: 3XX
M31 armoury



Chaplain Borrinoff of the Aurora Chapter



Crozius Arcanum - Staff of Office
Note: Space Wolves variant



Rosarius - 'Soul armour'
cross ref: 1Xz
Gifts of the Ecclesiarchy

sigils come in a range of forms, often appearing as winged skulls, the Imperial Eagle or other Chapter-oriented symbols of dedication. The face plate of the Chaplain's helmet commonly resembles a death's head skull, inspiring fear in the enemy, as well as respect and devotion in their comrades.

Part of the formal regalia that the Chaplain carries is his staff of office, the potent Crozius Arcanum. This arcane and most holy of items is used in official ceremonies and worship, and is often topped with an Imperial eagle or winged skull. The staff is carried to war by the Chaplain, reflecting the ritual importance of battle to the Space Marines. The Crozius incorporates a powerful energy field, enabling it to punch through all forms of armour with ease, smiting the Chaplain's enemies in bright bursts of energy and faith.

Glorious battle is seen as the highest form of worship for the Chaplains. Their primary role is as inspiring, spiritual warriors, and they are chosen from amongst the most fiery and devoted of Space Marines. They lead their brothers from the fore, chanting the liturgies of battle while they slay their foes, exhorting their fellow Space Marines to greater feats of arms in the name of the Chapter and the Emperor.

They encourage their battle-brothers to relive the glories of the Emperor, each warrior aspiring to the miraculous feats their founding father was capable of.

Chapter Variations

"Acknowledge death as it approaches, but do not succumb to its touch, for your purpose is great..."

*Chaplain Hanius,
Blood Angels Chapter*

Chaplains are the purveyors of the Chapter's cult, ensuring its continuation and survival within the Space Marine ranks. The Codex Astartes dictates the role that the Chaplains play within the Space Marine Chapter, as epitomised by the steadfast Ultramarines Chapter. However, the cult beliefs have been in existence for over ten thousand years, and over this time the various Chapters have branched apart, each respective cult following their own path with their own unique belief system. As a consequence, the roles that the Chaplains play will often vary between the different Chapters.

The Interrogator-Chaplains of the enigmatic and secretive Dark Angels Chapter are a sinister variation from the traditional Codex. They are driven solely by the pursuit and reclamation of their damned brethren, the Fallen. The

Chapter is fanatically consumed with the finding of these heretics, and those who are captured are handed over to the Interrogator-Chaplains. Hidden within the depths of the Dark Angels fortress monastery, known as the Tower of Angels, these menacing Space Marines undertake their grisly duty as they attempt to draw a confession from the lips of the Fallen. The Interrogator-Chaplains give a quick death to those rare few who repent, and lingering torment to those who do not. For each of the Fallen who confesses his sins, the Interrogator-Chaplain may add a single black pearl to his sacred Rosarius. The most successful of all the Dark Angels Interrogator-Chaplains was the great Master Molocia, who died after three hundred years of service to his Chapter. Throughout his illustrious career, he secured ten black pearls for his Rosarius, an achievement unmatched within the Dark Angels' ranks.

The role of the Chaplain within the Iron Hands Chapter is fulfilled to an extent by the Iron-Fathers, who also carry out the role of elite Techmarines. Their beliefs have altered over the millennia so that they hold a particular reverence for the mechanical, and this has seeped into their cult beliefs. The Iron-Fathers are rumoured to spend a time of apprenticeship on Mars, home planet of the mysterious Adeptus Mechanicus. There are those within the Ecclesiarchy who see the Iron Hands as corrupted, for they appear to venerate the Machine God more than the Emperor himself. The mutual distrust between the Iron Hands and the Ministorum has erupted into bloodshed on several occasions and, not surprisingly, the Ecclesiarchy refuses to gift the Chapter with the sacred Rosarius.

The Chaplains of the tragically flawed Blood Angels are the guardians of the Chapter, constantly vigilant for the first signs of the Black Rage amongst their battle-brothers. The Black Rage afflicts some members of the Blood Angels before a battle, their minds becoming unhinged as they relive the moment of their Primarch's death. On the eve of battle, the Chaplains move amongst the Space Marines as they are engaged in their prayers and devotions. They chant the Moripatris, the Mass of Doom, and carefully check for the first signs of the terrible curse. Those who succumb to the affliction are removed from their brethren to become a part of the Death Company. They are led into battle by the Chaplain himself,



and their madness and frenzy lends them superhuman strength and powers of resilience. They tear into the enemy without hesitation, shrugging off wounds that would make even their hardened battle-brothers fall. They would rather seek death in battle than risk succumbing to the even more debilitating catastrophe of the Red Thirst. Dark rumours can be heard that those who fall to such depths are kept atop the Tower of Amareo on the Blood Angels' home planet of Baal. Here they are said to exist for all time, howling for the living blood that they crave. The Chaplains are said to administer to these degenerates, although what actually becomes of the twisted creatures is a secret known only to the Blood Angels Chaplains themselves.

The Wolf Priests of the ferocious Space Wolves Chapter fulfil the dual role of both Chaplain and Apothecary of Codex Chapters. They adorn themselves in wolf totems, and often wear an intimidating wolf skull helm over their heads. They minister to both the physical and spiritual well-being of their wolf-brethren, and they are fully responsible for the indoctrination and recruitment of young 'Blood Claws' from amongst the fierce, nomadic seafaring people of their icy home world, Fenris. They can often be seen from afar, watching from a high vantage point as the native warriors battle each other. They pick suitable candidates from amongst those who display particular promise and bravery.

The beliefs of the Space Wolves Chapter more closely resemble those of the hardy, feral tribes than those of strictly Codex Chapters. They hold great respect for personal bravery and great deeds, but have little regard for inherited power. They do not venerate the Emperor as a divine being, although this is not particularly unusual amongst the Adeptus Astartes. The Emperor is revered as the only warrior to ever have bested their Primarch, the headstrong Leman Russ, in hand-to-hand combat. They have little more than contempt for the Ecclesiarchy, although the Wolf Priests will often wear the sacred Rosarius. However, their Rosarius is altered to represent a wolf totem rather than an Ecclesiastic icon. When they call on the Emperor and their Primarch in battle, it is not so much to seek their aid, but rather to call their attention so as to witness personal deeds and accomplishments.

WOLF PRIEST ULRIC THE SLAYER



Ulric is an ancient and revered figure, held in awe by his fellow Space Wolves. As a young Blood Claw, full of unrestrained fury, he fought in the First War for Armageddon where he earned a fearsome reputation. He engaged the enemy on the ash wastes of that tortured planet as part of the Great Company of Wolf Lord Krugor. Despite his relative lack of experience, he fought with astonishing skill and savagery. In one conflict he dispatched three traitorous World Eater Space Marines, earning the dubious honour of the respect of the corrupted Legion, who praise martial skill above all else. Ulric has recruited many Space Wolves who have gone on to become mighty warriors. Greatest of these are Logan Grimnar, the current Great Wolf, and the impetuous and tactically brilliant, if unorthodox, young Ragnar Blackmane.

ULTRAMARINES CHAPLAIN CASSIUS



Cassius is the oldest living Space Marine within the faithful and valourous Ultramarines Chapter. Approaching four hundred years old, he fought by the side of the current Grand Master of the Ultramarines, Marneus Calgar, as they fought off the Tyranid Hive Fleet Behemoth. He is heavily scarred, his skin weathered and leathery, and his hair pure white. Despite his age, he fights with inspired passion and ferocity, and leads the warriors of the Ultramarines into battle against the enemies of the Imperium still. His age has tempered his battle skills with great wisdom, and his counsel is well respected amongst his brethren. He has a particular hatred for Tyranids, to whom he has lost so many battle brothers. He leads daring attacks against them whenever possible, totally fearless of the towering monstrosities, and inspiring his companions to remarkable feats of bravery.

SALAMANDERS CHAPLAIN XAVIER



Chaplain Xavier was said to epitomise the Salamander ideal more completely than any other Space Marine in the long history of the proud Chapter. A great upholder of the Promethean Cult, he encouraged dedicated acts of endurance and belief, and it is said that he slew with his bare hands one of the ancient, monstrous salamanders native to his home world of Nocturne. Xavier could spur his battle brothers to great acts of fortitude and resilience, and it is said that when he led them, the Salamanders never fell back before an enemy. He was killed whilst leading a heroic counter-attack against the twisted members of a Dark Eldar raiding force that had ravaged numerous settlements across the jungle-world of Drykeena. Mortally wounded and pierced by countless blades, he fought on, stubbornly refusing to fall. Only once all his foes were vanquished, their bodies piled around him, did he let his grievous wounds overcome him. His body was returned to Nocturne by his brethren, and his name is spoken with reverence.

ASMODAI, MASTER INTERROGATOR-CHAPLAIN OF THE DARK ANGELS CHAPTER



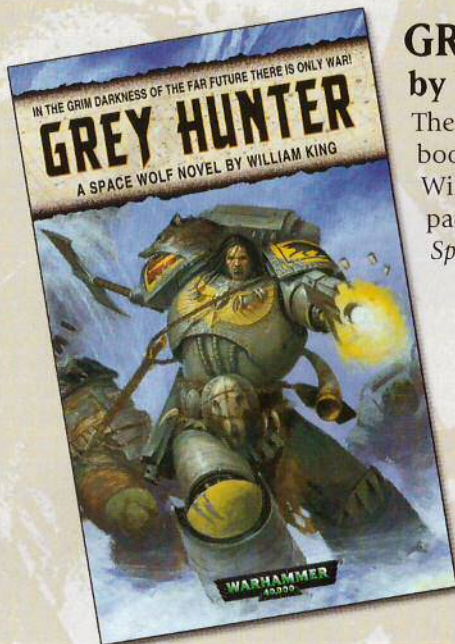
The Interrogator-Chaplains are specialists in their vicious field, but none is more adept than the sinister Asmodai. Such is his fearful reputation that the enemy would rather die than fall into his hands. Rumours of the horrific tortures he can inflict abound, and it is said that he can keep his victims alive for weeks on end as he subjects them to increasingly agonising torment. He is single-minded in his devotion to this dire responsibility, and he makes use of the horrific Blades of Reason to encourage the Fallen to repent their sins. The Blades are etched with labyrinthine neural-wires which cause unbelievable pain to the nerve fibres they sever. Though they cause intense pain and anguish, their effects are not fatal, and so the torture may continue virtually indefinitely, until the subject is both physically and mentally broken, and willing to confess his foul crimes.

BLOOD ANGELS CHAPLAIN LEMARTES, GUARDIAN OF THE LOST



Chaplain Lemartes is a particularly strong-willed figure within the battle-hungry Blood Angels Chapter, leading into battle those of his damned brothers who have succumbed to the Black Rage. Lemartes is himself affected by the tragic curse, although through supreme strength of will he is able to have some control over its fury. The authority he commands is matched only by Commander Dante himself, and such is his respect amongst his brethren that he is able, with a word, to restrain the blood-frenzied nature of even those under the influence of the Black Fury. Equipped with his terrifying death mask, he is a fearful figure of doom, a nightmare to behold as he charges into combat, unleashing the full fury of his barely contained rage.

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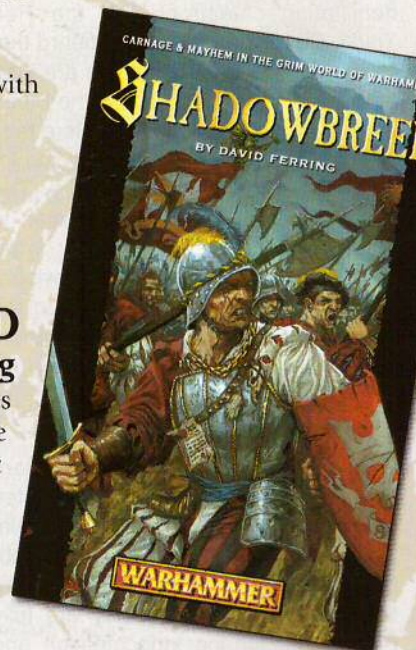
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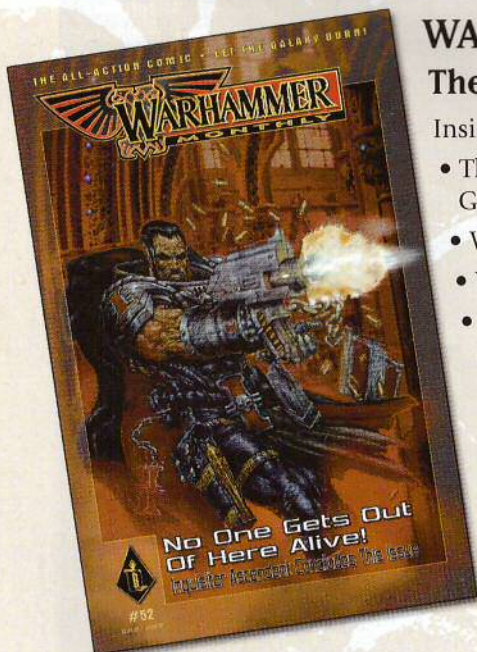
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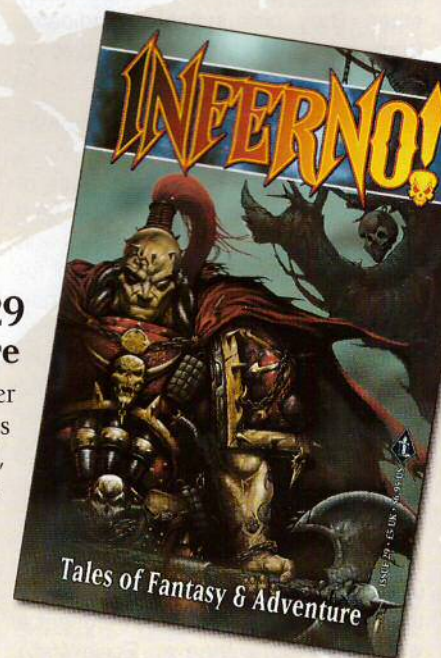
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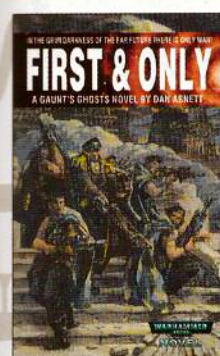


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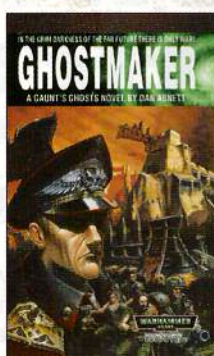
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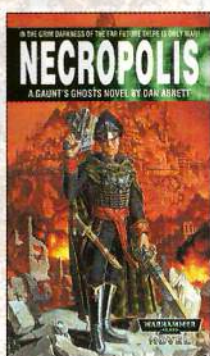
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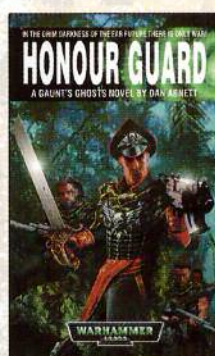
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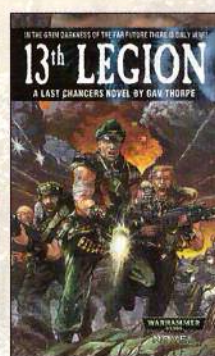
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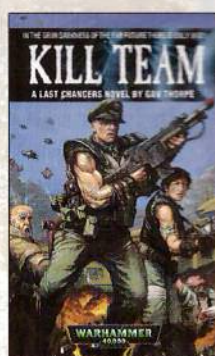
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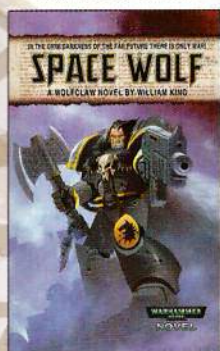
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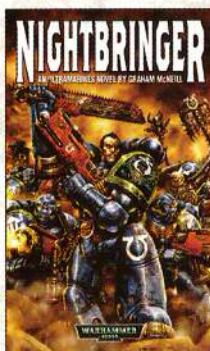
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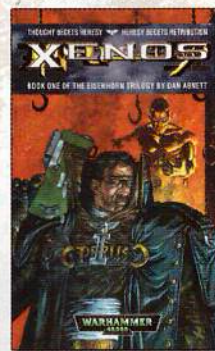
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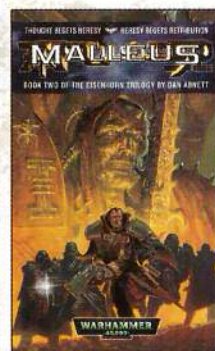
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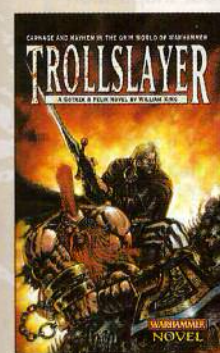
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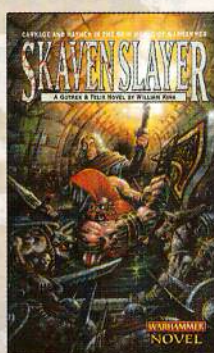
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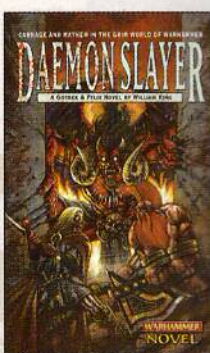
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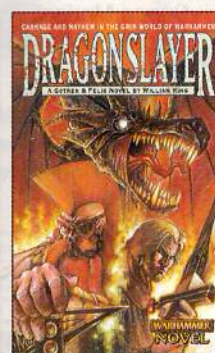
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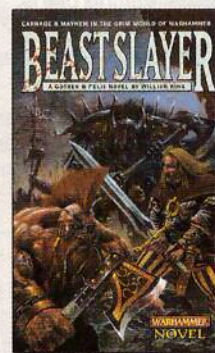
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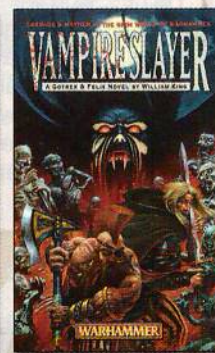
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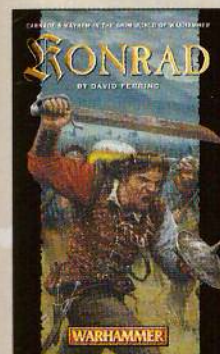
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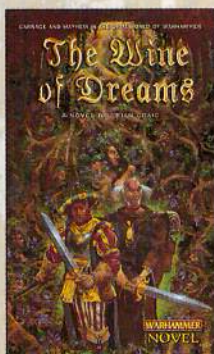
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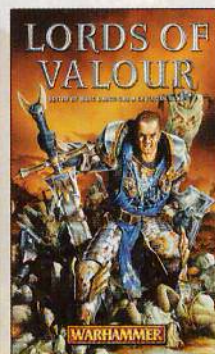
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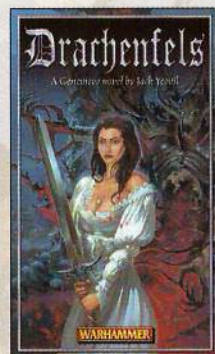
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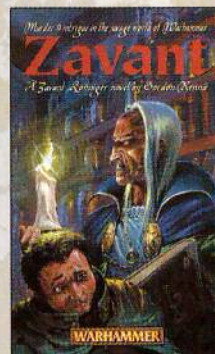
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The Chaos Space Marines boxed set is a fantastic new addition to Games Workshop's extensive plastic model range. We caught up with Citadel miniatures designer and project leader Jes Goodwin to find out more about the process behind their creation.



Jes Goodwin leads our plastics design team. He recently finished work on the Chaos Space Marines and has now turned his eyes towards Chaos for Warhammer...

Jes: The chance to come back and redevelop the Chaos Space Marines is one that everybody here at Games Workshop has been eagerly anticipating. The project was, in reality, born from the new design of the Space Marines frame created for the release of Warhammer 40,000 back in 1998. Working with Games Developers Andy Chambers and Pete Haines, who were busy putting plans together to design the new Codex Chaos, the miniatures design team decided to go back to basics and approach the new plastics from a fresh perspective. We had already realised the potential of the ball and

socket design with both the Space Marines frame and the Chaos Space Marine bikes. When I was working on the Chaos Space Marine bike project I used the basic Space Marine dimensions and altered them to a theme more fitting with Chaos. We knew for a fact that the Space Marine frame was extremely versatile, and having already seen successful results from the Chaos Bike, we decided that this would be a good starting point for us to design the Chaos Space Marines. After all, in background terms they are basically warped versions of standard Space Marines. To this extent much of the groundwork had already been done. There would be no need to rework the anatomy or dimensions of the Chaos Space Marines as we could use the existing Space Marines as our starting block.

The trainee miniatures design team had already showed a great deal of promise under the tutelage of Gary

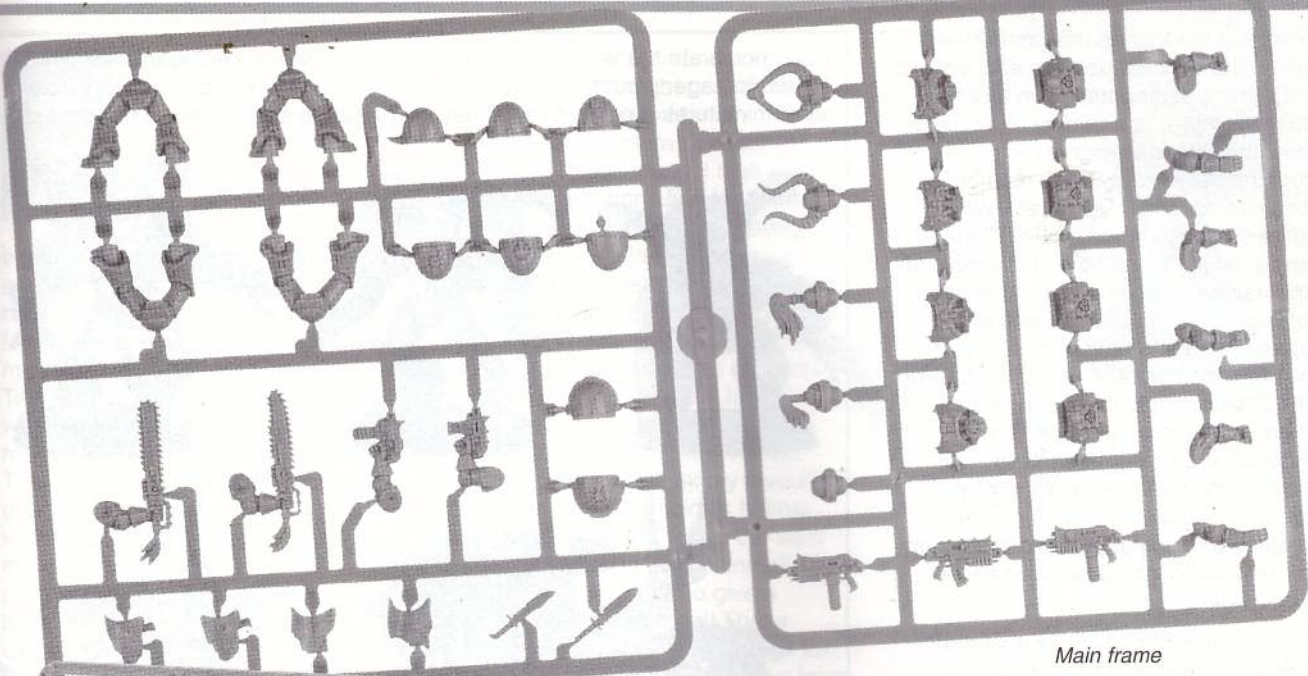
Morley and so it was that we decided to hand over to them the task of reworking the Space Marines frame to create a new Chaos Space Marines frame. I had developed some sketches back in 1995, which I gave to the designers to use as their basic concepts. We also came together to discuss new ideas as to what themes we were looking for. One idea that we agreed upon was that the new Chaos Space Marines should maintain an archaic feel, merging together some of the stronger themes that existed in the current Warhammer 40,000 and Warhammer ranges. Elements from the Chaos Terminator range were the closest to what we considered to be archetypal Chaos Marines. This allowed us to draw our inspiration from these models, attacking the Chaos Space Marines as a single ideal, rather than one that fitted into a distinct Chaos power. We felt it important that the new frame should represent Chaos Undivided using

TRAITOROUS PLASTICS!

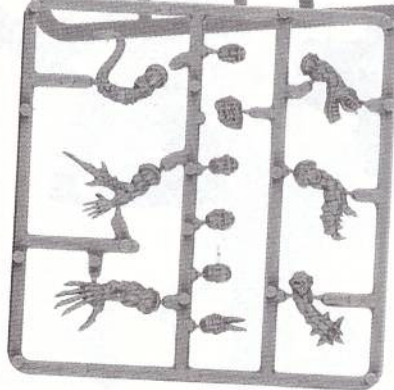
THE NEW CHAOS SPACE MARINE MODELS



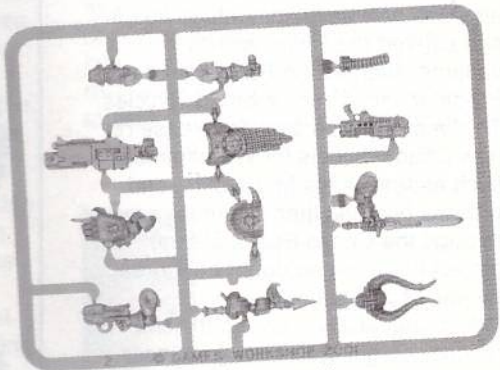
A Black Legion squad, made from the contents of the Chaos Space Marine box set.



Main frame



Mutation frame



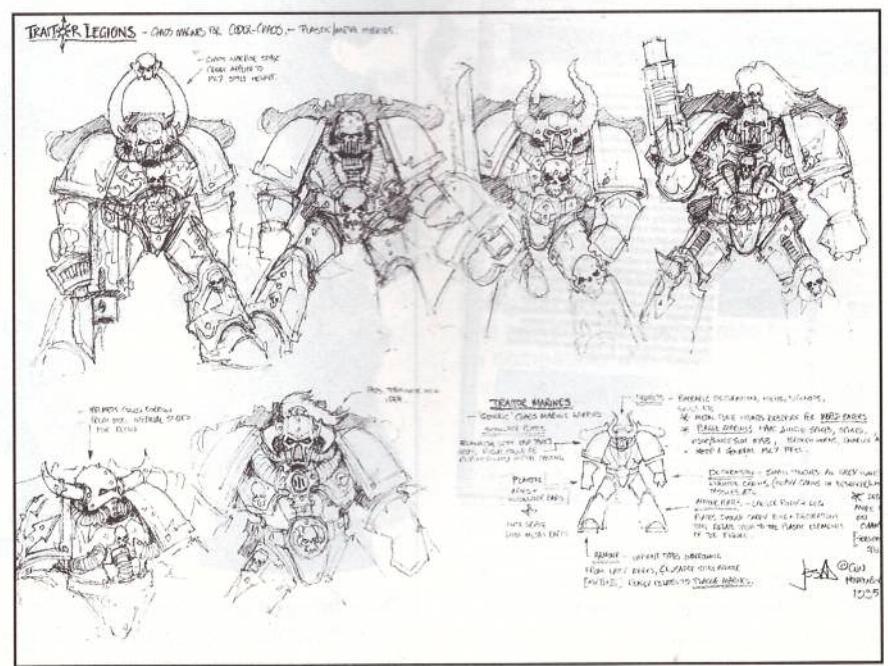
Command frame

barbaric and archaic themes for the models.

At this stage in the project the trainee designers began sculpting. They took Space Marines resins and filed off any details that were specific to the Imperium, such as the eagle chestplate and purity seals, then set about adding detail to each individual part, reworking them to fit in with the Chaos theme which we had already decided upon.

The compatibility of the Chaos Space Marine pieces also extends to using the standard Space Marines frame. Andy Chambers is currently working on creating rules for renegade Space Marines that will allow modellers endless possibilities to use the existing ranges together. As the new range is plastic and therefore easily workable, the cross-compatibility really adds a new dimension to both ranges. It is very easy for the modeller to cut off Chaos insignia so that each piece is interchangeable with his own army's theme.

As you can see, the new Chaos Space Marine frames are packed full of extras, and the possibilities for poses and conversions are endless. The mutations frame is hugely useful, not only for Chaos Space Marine players but also for those players collecting Chaos armies for Warhammer.



Some of Jes Goodwin's concept sketches.

In much the same way as we have seen with the Land Raider, we will also see new developments to adapt and convert the Rhino and its variants, such as the Razorback and Predator, into Chaos themed vehicles. This year will also see the release of new Chaos models for Warhammer, such as the Chaos Marauders, and with the barbaric theme running through the Chaos Space Marine project there will no doubt be a great degree of compatibility and interchangeability between the two ranges. It's going to be a great year for all Chaos fans and I for one look forward to seeing how the modellers and gamers convert and adapt our new range.



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A collection of 11 Warhammer 40,000 miniature models, specifically Orks, arranged in a grid-like fashion on a white background. The models include: three Orks in the top row; a large Ork riding a heavily armored, gold and black motorcycle in the middle row; an Ork holding a chainsword and another holding a power sword in the row below; an Ork emerging from a circular hatch in the center; an Ork holding a power sword on the right; and three Orks in the bottom row, including one with a large axe. The models are painted in various shades of grey, black, and gold.

28 TRAITOROUS PLASTICS



Juan Diaz: I was responsible for the design of the shoulder pads and weapons on the main frame. I took the archetypal symbols of Chaos, such as the

eight-pointed star, skulls and arrows, and worked these onto the pads. We had decided upon a more ancient feel to the weaponry and so, drawing my inspiration from the Chaos Terminator weapons, I first came up with the idea of adding ammunition magazine chains to the weapons. They portray a more barbaric feel to the boltguns. This then developed into sculpting daemonic mouths on the ejection ports followed by adding exhaust ports to the weapons. I added elements of these themes to the other weapons such as the chainswords and power fist, which also feature the exhaust ports. My favourite piece in the whole range is the power fist. It took me the longest to create but the finished pose is spectacular. I also designed the Chaos icon on the power fist so that it would be easy to file off for use in standard Space Marine armies.

Jes: The Space Wolves command frame had allowed us a great deal more versatility, and designing a Chaos command frame along the same lines seemed like too good an opportunity to miss. After seeing the great results that the team had achieved on the main frame we decided to give them an opportunity to expand on their skills by developing this themselves.



Alex Hedstöm: I drew a great deal of my inspiration for the design from Jes's early sketches, adding small details of my own to the models as I sculpted

them. Much of the groundwork had already been done for us with the design of the Space Marines frames so it allowed us more freedom to work on our own ideas. I took each of the helmets from Jes' sketch and worked these around the existing Space Marine helmets. I also designed the accessory packs with the parts hanging off ragged cloth which could quite easily be painted to represent flayed skin to continue with the barbaric theme. I had a great deal more of my own input when I designed the parts for the command frame. I think my favourite pieces are the Champion's helmet and the Champion's torso; the visor on the helmet and the chainmail tabard were designed to give a definite Warhammer feel. These elements were then merged with the basic elements of power armour from Warhammer 40,000. The two pieces were designed to work together, but will stand out just as well when combined with the other parts on the frame.



Mark Harrison: I was given the task of working the torsos and legs on the main Space Marine frame to fit with the Chaos theme. The first part of this involved filing

away the kneepads of the Space Marine legs and replacing them with the greaves of the Chaos Space Marines. I also had to take details such as the eagle insignia off the breastplates. Once these tasks had been done I was free to add Chaos iconography onto the models. I designed the legs and bodies so that each torso fitted a specific leg, but I also ensured that they could be used in any combination. This allows the modeller a greater versatility.

On the command sprue I developed the weaponry. The plating on the plasma gun was inspired by Khârn the Betrayer's weapon. I also took elements from Juan's work on the frames such as the exhaust and chain fed ammunition, and



incorporated them into the weapons I was sculpting. The heavy bolter was designed to work very differently from the Space Marines' version, with a trigger at the rear of the gun. The plain design combined with the ammunition belt gives the weapon a very archaic feel.

Jes: At the same time, Mark Bedford was handed the task of designing a mutations frame that would once again merge the elements of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 together. The whole team now work to design a great deal of flexibility into all of our plastic ranges. The mutations frame would be designed to work with the Chaos Warriors as well as the Chaos Space Marines.



Mark Bedford: I took a great deal of inspiration for the mutations frame from a wide variety of sources. Some was from our own artwork and imagery, such as the concept sketches that

Adrian Smith had been working on, others came from general horror films and even from computer games imagery. We knew we wanted to move away from the old comical imagery of tentacles which looked as though they had just emerged from the depths of the ocean, yet still wanted to retain severely mutated forms.

I designed the frames to cover each of the aspects of Chaos, from the claws of Slaanesh to the poxes of Nurgle, but without any single piece being too overtly themed towards one power. The models also had to be compatible with both Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 so I was careful to avoid the use of any imagery that would tie them down to one system. I am pleased with the end result and look forward to seeing them appear on a wide variety of models in the near future. I think my personal favourite is the mutated head that is splitting off into two visages.



WORD BEARERS

DEEP RED
ARMOUR

BACK PACK
SPIKES FROM
COCKTAIL
STICKS

HEADS AND TORSOS FROM
IMPERIAL SPACE MARINE
FIGURES E.G. - CHAPLAIN

UNDEAD KING'S BANNER
POLE

PARCHMENT
CUT FROM
FOIL OFF
TOMATOES
PUREE TUBES
OR WINE
BOTTLES

USE
WHITE
DWARF
FOR
BANNER
IDEAS

FOR DEEPER
RED
BRUSH
RED ON
BLACK
BASE

UNDEAD
WEAPON
BANNER
HELM
CRE

PIN HEADS TO
SECURE PARCHMENT

DAB
RED PAINT
OF
COLOUR FOR
DAPPLE EFFECT

WICK HAND
FROM ORG

SHADE
GOLD WITH
GREEN

SHADE
GOLD WITH
RED

UNDEAD
BANNER POLES

MODEL POTTY OR
PLASTICENE
FUR HANGINGS
FROM
SHOULDER
PADS

CUT DOWN
PLASTIC
SKELETON
HEADS
FOR PAD
HELMETS

NIGHT
LORDS
DARK BLUE
GOLD TRIM
LIGHTNING
EFFECTS

CHAOS
KNIGHT
HELMETS

UNDEAD
MACE

INVENT
CHAPTER
SYMBOL
USE WHITE
DWARF FOR
IDEA
OR
ADAPT
TRANSFER

HOBGOBLIN
HEAD
CUT TO
FIT
PAD

FINE
JEWELLRY
CHAINS

BLACK
LEGION
BLACK ARMOUR
METAL TRIM

INVENT YOUR OWN CHAPTER
COLOURS - CREATE DIFFERENT
PAINTED ARMOUR EFFECTS - CRACKED
OR CRAZY PAVING - TRY MARBLING
BY ALLOWING COLOUR TO DRIP OR RUN
- DRIP COLOUR ONTO WET SURFACES -
TURN RANDOM SHAPES INTO FACES -

BLEND CONTRASTING COLOURS
INTO BASE COLOUR FOR DRAMATIC EFFECT

CHAOS SPACE MARINES OFFER THE PAINTER AND CONVERTER THE CHANCE TO CREATE WILD AND INDIVIDUAL MODELS - ADD PARTS FROM OTHER MODEL RANGES - EXPERIMENT WITH PAINT EFFECTS - MIX COLOURS AND MAKE EACH MODEL DIFFERENT AND UNIQUE - HERE ARE SOME IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR YOU TO TRY.

ALPHA LEGION

BLUE METAL TRIM
SCALE PATTERNS PAINTED
ONTO ARMOUR

NIGHT GOBLIN BANNER
POLE AND SMALL
DRAGON HEADS
FOR HYDRA
FELT ON STANDARD
OR TROPHY POLE

PLASTIC SKELETON
HEADS ON TROPHY POLE
HAND WEAPONS CUT
FROM FANTASY FIGURES
EPIC DAEMON OR
CHAS BEASTMEN

ASPIRING CHAMPION
HEAD CUT FROM
KISLEV ARCHER -
PLUMES MODELLED FROM
PLASTICINE SET WITH VARNISH

CONVERT
SPACE MARINE
CHAPLAINS - FILE
OFF IMPERIAL
BADGES - ADD
SPIKES
AND
PLUMES

SCALE
ARMOUR CUT
FROM PLASTIC
HIGH LIFE

SCALE
PATTERNS
OF SKULLS

CHAOS KNIGHT
TORSO - ADD
MARINE
ARMS -
PADS

FIST BANNER
POLE CUT
FROM ORC
MORGLUM

KISLEV BANNER
POLE -

BEASTMAN HORNS - COCKTAIL
STICK SPIKES - TEXTURED
PLASTICINE FOR FELT

SKAVEN
HEAD
TROPHY
POLE

PLASTICINE
SEALS - FILL
PARCHMENT
STREAMERS

BEASTMAN AXE
AND HEAD

INVENT
UNUSUAL
COLOUR
SCHEMES

CUT UP AND
PAINT ONTO
TRANSFERS
FOR PAD
DESIGNS

MODEL ROCKS
AND CRATERS
ONTO BASES WITH PLASTICINE

IRON WARRIORS



CHAOS SPACE MARINES

First amongst the legions of twisted renegades and traitors serving the Chaos gods, the Chaos Space Marines wage an unrelenting war on the Imperium they once served.



Chaos Space Marine Lord £6

Mightiest of the Chaos Space Marines, Chaos Lords are rewarded by the foul Chaos gods for their countless vile deeds.



Chaos Space Marine Icon Bearer £4

This warrior carries the foul Icon of Chaos into battle, spreading terror amongst the enemy.



Chaos Space Marine Sorcerers £4 each

Gifted with lethal psychic powers by his patron god, a Chaos Sorcerer is able to blast his foes with warp-spawned energies. A powerful ally and dangerous enemy, many Chaos Space Marine raiding parties are led by an experienced Sorcerer.



New! Chaos Space Marines £15 boxed set

Chaos Space Marines are deadly warriors, combining the skill and genetic engineering of a Space Marine with the bloodthirst and cruelty of Chaos.

They wage an unrelenting war against those who remain loyal to the Emperor, who they see as an undeserving usurper to the rulership of Humanity. Well armed and armoured, Chaos Space Marines are amongst the most deadly warriors in the galaxy.

This boxed set contains eight Chaos Space Marines, including heavy bolter, plasma gun, Aspiring Champion, and Mutations frame.



Chaos Space Marine Bikers £18 boxed set

Chaos Space Marine bikers make excellent reconnaissance troops and are used to launch deadly raids behind enemy lines.



Chaos Space Marine Havocs £4 each

Havocs perform the same function in Chaos Space Marine armies as Devastators do for their Imperial counterparts.



Chaos Space Marine Raptors

£4 each

Masters of the hit and run tactic, Raptors drop from the sky to swiftly massacre weaker units before soaring off to find new targets. Equipped with archaic jump packs, and specially modified armour, these deadly warriors sow fear and confusion among all they attack.



Chaos Terminators

£5 each

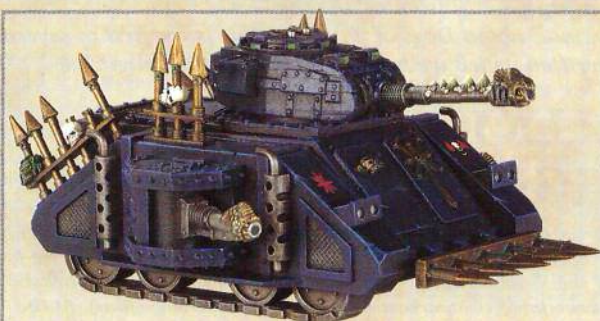
The most savage and worthy warriors amongst the Chaos Space Marines will sometimes be gifted with a suit of Terminator armour, turning them into even more awesome combatants. Protected by thick ceramite armour and armed with a variety of archaic weaponry, Chaos Terminators have been the bane of the galaxy for countless millennia.



Chaos Obliterators

£4 each

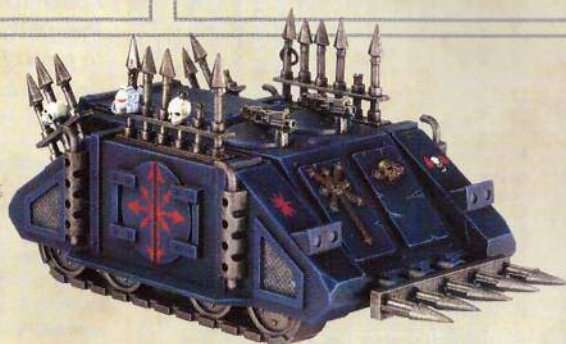
Able to morph their body into any weapon they want, Chaos Obliterators are one of the most enigmatic of Chaos Space Marine units.



Chaos Predator

£18 boxed set

The Chaos Predator is a modified version of the Chaos Rhino transport vehicle, fitted with extra armour and upgraded to carry an assortment of heavy weapons. Some Chaos Predators have survived over thousands of years, their armoured hulls and weapons mutated beyond recognition.



Chaos Rhino

£12 boxed set

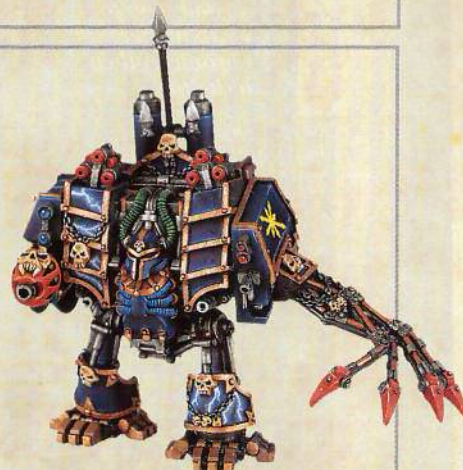
The Rhino is one of the most common of all Space Marine vehicles. It has been in service since long before the Horus Heresy, and machines taken into the Eye of Terror by the Chaos Space Marines following Horus's defeat are still in use thousands of years later.



Chaos Land Raider

£30 boxed set

Many vehicles used by the Chaos Space Marines date back over 10,000 years to the founding of the Imperium. Of these, the Land Raider is the most deadly, able to transport a squad of Chaos Space Marines or Chaos Terminators into battle within its near-impenetrable hull.



Chaos Dreadnought £25 boxed set

The Chaos Dreadnought is one of the most homicidal and dangerous foes to plague the Imperium.



Chaos Space Marine Battle Force

£50

The Chaos Space Marine Battle Force contains:
 10 Plastic Chaos Space Marines
 12 Khorne Berzerkers
 4 Chaos Space Marine Bikes
 1 Rhino
 1 Chaos Spiky Bitz frame
 1 set of Gothic Ruins

ALL THE MODELS SHOWN ON THESE PAGES ARE AVAILABLE FROM YOUR LOCAL GAMES WORKSHOP STORE, INDEPENDENT STOCKIST, MAIL ORDER (0115 91 40000) OR AT www.games-workshop.com

Models not shown at actual size

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

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

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

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



Warhammer chronicles

Presented by Gav Thorpe

I have scoured the globe for this month's delights and have unearthed a legendary mercenary general from across the World Pond. Marc Mann is, to put it bluntly, mad about Dogs of War, and this is the first of several articles he has written which we hope to feature in this magazine.

DOGS OF WAR SPECIAL CHARACTERS

Background information for these characters can be found in the old Dogs of War book. The Dogs of War army list and Regiments of Renown can be found in WD251 & 2, in the Warhammer Annual 2002 or on the Games Workshop website (www.gamesworkshop.com/warhammerworld/warhammer/dogsofwar). At the moment, these rules may only be used with permission of your opponent, but please try them out and give us your feedback so that perhaps this might change in the future. A Dogs of War army may take the following characters.

MYDAS THE MEAN

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mydas the Mean	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	8
Sheikh Yadosh	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	7
Bodyguard	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Pay Chest	-	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-
Horse	8	3	-	3	3	1	3	1	6

Points: 320

Weapons: Hand weapon.

Armour: Shield, heavy armour.

SPECIAL RULES

The pay chest: The pay chest is taken into battle so that Paymaster Mydas can keep an eye on its whereabouts. Sheikh Yadosh, a wealthy Arabian moneylender who has accompanied Mydas since his days in Sartosa, is given the task of keeping the pay chest secure during battle. Placed on a light carriage ridden by Sheikh Yadosh, the pay chest inspires acts of heroism and bravery amongst mercenaries, hoping that by such acts they will be paid a bonus. The pay chest counts as a chariot in all respects, with the following exception. When the pay chest charges into combat, it inflicts only D3 impact hits. In addition, any friendly units within 6" of the pay chest may re-roll any failed Psychology tests. The pay chest has an armour save of 5+.

The pay chest may act as a separate unit from Mydas and his bodyguard on the battlefield.

Mydas's Bodyguards: This bodyguard, made up of hand-picked galley slaves from pirate men-of-war, always accompanies Mydas the Mean. These bodyguards were freed from their former masters by a very generous portion of gold, and they are all deeply grateful for their freedom and are ferociously loyal to the Paymaster. All of these men are very large, muscular, bronzed and hardened by years of labour as oarsmen in a man-of-war. The following rules apply:

The bodyguards must be at least 9 models strong, not including Mydas and Sheikh Yadosh. The points cost for the first 9 models are included in the points cost above. You may add up to 15 more models at 11 points, for each additional model.

The Bodyguards are equipped with heavy armour, halberds, and hand weapons.

The Bodyguards have a Standard Bearer and a Musician.

The entire Bodyguard unit is *stubborn* as long as a Paymaster Mydas is alive.

No other character in the army may join Mydas's Bodyguards.

When setting up, deploy Mydas and his Bodyguards at the same time as the other characters.

MAGIC ITEMS

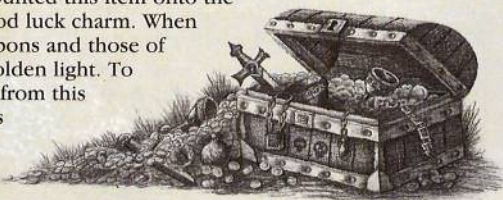
Treasure Map

Mydas has drawn a map to all of his hidden pay chests on the back of a piece of parchment inscribed with a number of Lizardman glyphs on the reverse side. The parchment contains a trust spell, which empowers the holder to be trusted by those who would otherwise do him in. The map has different effects for each battle; roll a D6 to determine the effect.

- 1-2 Mydas's Bodyguards add +1 to their combat resolution.
- 3-4 Any friendly unit may use Mydas's Paymaster Battle Standard ability up to 18" from Mydas instead of the normal 12".
- 5-6 One friendly unit chosen at the start of the battle has a +1 to hit in close combat for the rest of the battle.

The Crest of Mydas

A priest of Myrmidia forged the runes on the Crest of Mydas. Mydas the Mean mounted this item onto the lock of his pay chest as a good luck charm. When he goes into battle his weapons and those of his men glow with a dull golden light. To represent this, every attack from this unit counts as magical, thus able to wound ethereal creatures and so on.



Mydas the Mean counts as both a Hero and a Special choice. If you choose to field Mydas the Mean in your army, he is the army's Paymaster. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him.



LUCREZZIA BELLADONNA

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lucrezia Belladonna	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	6

Points: 380

Weapons: Sword and stiletto dagger.

Mount: Barded warhorse.

SPECIAL RULES

Master Sorceress: Lucrezia Belladonna is one of the most powerful sorceresses in Tilea. She is a Level 4 Wizard and may choose either the lore of Shadow or Death.

Stunning Beauty: Lucrezia Belladonna's beauty has an amazing effect on the human mercenaries in the army. To represent this, any human unit within 8" of her automatically rally – they stop fleeing and rally as soon as they are within 8". This affects fleeing troops during the opponent's turn as well. This does not affect any troops that are immune to psychology.

Expert Poisoner: Lucrezia Belladonna is rumoured to be an expert at preparing poisons. No one has ever lived to tell if this true or not. To represent this poisonous skill, use the following rules:

Lucrezia's Kiss: She has been known to kiss the weapons of a hero who she takes as her champion. To represent this, any one character or unit Champion gains Killing Blow due to the potency of the poison in her lipstick.

Stiletto dagger: All of Lucrezia's attacks are Poisoned Attacks. She also carries a stiletto dagger which counts as an additional hand weapon.

Potion of Pavona: At the beginning of the battle, Lucrezia may give the potion to any one character, unit Champion, or take it herself. Roll a D6 and if you roll 2+ choose that number of that model's characteristics to improve by +1. For example, You roll a 4 and you choose to improve the model's WS, T, W, and I. You cannot apply this bonus to the model's Leadership and cannot increase a characteristic by more than one. If you roll a 1, the model loses one wound; if this kills the model then it counts as a casualty for all purposes.

Phial of Poison: Lucrezia hires an 'agent' prior to every battle. This agent will sneak into the enemy camp and attempt to poison the enemy leaders. To represent this, roll a D6 at the beginning of the battle for each enemy character. A roll of 4+ means that the character has been poisoned and starts the battle with one Wound less than normal.



Lucrezia Belladonna can be taken as a Lord choice, but she will use up one of your Hero choices as well. She must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for her.



Each of these famous Mercenary generals will always lead their Mercenary army. Only one of these heroes may be fielded in a single army.

Borgio the Besieger can be taken as a Lord choice, but he will use up one of your Hero choices as well. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him. He must be the army's General if taken.



BORGIO THE BESIEGER - MERCHANT PRINCE OF MIRAGLIANO

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Borgio the Besieger	4	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	6

Points: 250

Weapons: Mace of Might, lance.

Armour: Armour of Brazen Bronze, shield.

Mount: Barded warhorse.

SPECIAL RULES

Difficult to Slay: Borgio the Besieger has an almost unnatural ability to withstand pain and injury. If he is reduced to zero wounds, then do not remove the model, but lay it on its side and leave it in place. At the end of the phase, roll a D6. On a 1-3, he is removed as a casualty as normal. On a roll of 4 or more, he stands back up again with a single Wound remaining.

Beloved General: Borgio the Besieger was beloved by his men, and the people of Miragliano. To represent this, any friendly unit within 18" may test on Borgio's Leadership. This rule replaces the normal rules for Generals found in the Warhammer rulebook (page 102).

Magic Banner: Borgio the Besieger is the Merchant Prince of Miragliano, and because of this one unit of Pikemen or Heavy Cavalry may carry a 50 point Magic Standard. This rule does not apply to Regiments of Renown.

MAGIC ITEMS

Mace of Might

Borgio made this weapon out of a cannon ball that hit him square in the chest, yet did not kill him. From that point on it has become his good luck charm. If Borgio rolls a 6 to hit with this weapon, that hit will be at Strength 10.

Armour of Brazen Bronze

This counts as a suit of heavy armour that also conveys a Ward save of 5+.

Monstrous Mask Helm

This Helm causes fear.

Ghazak Khan can be taken as a Lord choice, but he will use up one of your Hero choices as well. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him. He must be the army's General if taken.



GHAZAK KHAN - TERROR OF THE EAST

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghazak Khan	4	7	6	4	4	3	6	4	9
Warghan	9	5	0	5	5	3	4	2	5

Points: 350 (Ghazak Khan 305 pts, Warghan 45 pts)

Weapons: The Red Scimitar and a bow.

Armour: Heavy armour and a shield.

Mount: Ghazak Khan rides the giant wolf, Warghan.

SPECIAL RULES

Warghan: Warghan is a monstrous wolf that Ghazak Khan uses as a mount. Warghan causes fear, has thick fur giving it a 4+ armour save, and counts as a monstrous mount.

War Cry of the Steppes: When Ghazak Khan charges, he lets out a mighty war cry that freezes the hearts of his enemies. To represent this, any unit that he charges will not be able to stand and fire or flee as a Charge response. This does not affect a unit that is immune to psychology.

Quell Animosity: Ghazak Khan is such a fierce general that even the most unruly Greenskin thinks twice about acting up when he is close by. Any friendly Orc or Goblin unit within 6" of Ghazak, so long as he is not fleeing, may re-roll a failed Animosity test.

MAGIC ITEMS

The Red Scimitar

This sword has a -3 save modifier and any model wounded by it loses D3 wounds rather than just one.

Daemonhead Helmet

A powerful wind demon is magically bound to defend the wearer of this helmet if he is ever wounded. To represent this, once Ghazak Khan has lost a wound, he gains a 4+ Ward save and Magic Resistance (1) for the remainder of the battle.



LORENZO LUPO - MERCHANT PRINCE OF LUCCINI

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lorenzo Lupo	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9

Points: 300

Weapons: Sword of Lucan.

Armour: Heavy armour, Shield of Myrmidia.

SPECIAL RULES

Fights on Foot: Lorenzo is a very eccentric man, in that he prefers to fight on foot in the style of his ancestors. He always takes his place at the front ranks of his pikemen or leads his soldiers on his men-of-war. This is very inspiring to his men, and they are eager to fight for and defend their Merchant Prince. To represent this, when Lorenzo is in the front rank of any infantry regiment (including Regiments of Renown) he adds +1 to the combat resolution for that unit. If, for any reason he leaves the front rank, they lose that bonus.

Mighty Athlete: Lorenzo follows many of the classical athletic pursuits that his ancestors practised, and as a result he is a very well-built, muscular man. He regularly rows across the Tilean Sea, wrestles the mightiest opponents or runs from one end of his principedom to the other. To represent this, roll a D6 to determine which pursuit he has been following prior to joining the army.

D6	Pursuit	Effect
1-2	Running	+1 Toughness
3-4	Wrestling	+1 Attack
5-6	Rowing	+1 Strength

Magic Banner: Lorenzo Lupo is the Merchant Prince of Luccini, and because of this one unit of Pikemen or Heavy Cavalry may carry a 50 point Magic Standard. This rule does not apply to Regiments of Renown.

MAGIC ITEMS

The Sword of Lucan

This sword has the ability to ignore armour saves.

Shield of Myrmidia

This shield has a 6+ armour save which is combined with other armour as normal. In addition, every enemy model in base-to-base contact with Lorenzo loses one Attack.

Ring of Luccina

This is a bound spell with Power Level 5. This spell requires no power to cast; all the power needed is in the ring itself. When cast, all fleeing friendly troops within 8" of Lorenzo will rally automatically.

Lorenzo Lupo can be taken as a Lord choice, but he will use up one of your Hero choices as well. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him. He must be the army's General if taken.



This month's 'Eavy Metal Showcase brings you a selection of the finest Warhammer 40,000 miniatures. Many of the models on these pages have won statuettes at Golden Demon competitions worldwide.

'EAVY METAL SHOWCASE

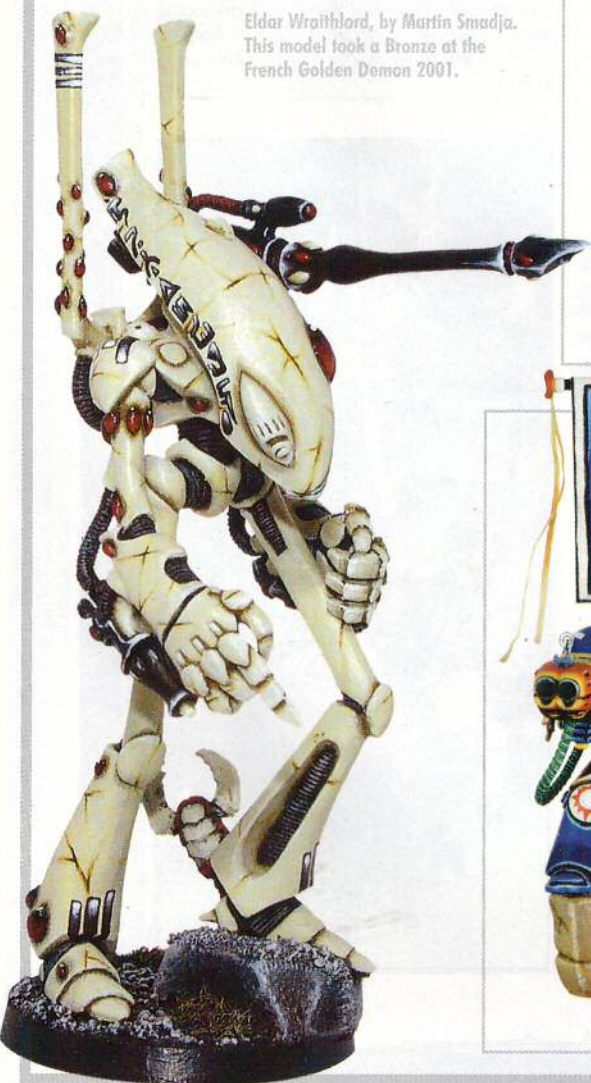
Dark Eldar Lord, by Brian Shaw



Tyrannid Bio Beast, by Jason Richards. Jason won the Warhammer 40,000 Large Monster category at the US Golden Demon 2001.



Eldar Wraithlord, by Martin Smadja. This model took a Bronze at the French Golden Demon 2001.



Captain Invictus, by Bobby Wong



Ork Warboss, by Mike Anderson





Maximus, painted by Bobby Wong, features interchangeable heads! This model won a bronze at the US Golden Demon 2001.



Tyranid Cornifer, by Guillaume Girard. This took the Silver in the Monster category of the French Golden Demon 2001.



Ravenborn Commander, by Scott Smith.



Ravenborn Space Marines



Ravenborn Bloodclaws



GAMES WORKSHOP

Here is a list of Games Workshop stores and independent stockists in Northern Europe. Each of the independent stockists has a large range of Citadel Miniatures blister packs and boxed sets, as well as boxed games, rulebooks and supplements for Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000. Stores marked in **red** are Games Workshop stores, while stores marked in **blue** are elite stores and stock the full Games Workshop range. Stores marked in **green** stock a range of Lord of the Rings products.

A full list of all Games Workshop stockists is available on our website: www.games-workshop.com

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GW HAARLEM, Gierstraat 29. ☎: 023 551 7677.
GW NIJMEGEN, Stikke Hezelstraat 48. ☎: 024 322 4700.
GW ROTTERDAM, Van Oldenbarneveltplaats 452. ☎: 010 280 0268.
SPELKWARTIER ARNHEM, Nieuwstad 34-36, Arnhem. ☎: 026 3517 669.
SPELKWARTIER ZWOLLE, Luttekestraat 36, Zwolle. ☎: 038 4216 385.
SPELLEKIJN VOF, Voorstreek 3, Leeuwarden. ☎: 058 2131 112.
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Index Xenos



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ULTIMATE PREDATOR

An investigation into
the Genestealer menace

by Phil Kelly

The insidious threat of the Genestealer has spread like a plague across the galaxy, infecting thousands of worlds with the taint of the Tyranid race. Often the precursor to a major invasion, the extermination of these highly dangerous aliens wherever they are found is of utmost importance to the Imperium.

Physical Characteristics

As the first of the Tyranid organisms known to have been encountered by the Imperium, there is more documented information on the Genestealers' nature than any other species populating the grotesque armies of the hive fleets. The majority of Genestealers encountered thus far have exhibited similar behavioural patterns and near identical physiology. However, certain specimens have been found to have evolutionary biomorphs, showing categorically that Genestealers do not conform to a strict biological template. One of their most disturbing traits, that which gave rise to their name, is the ability to assimilate the genetic pattern of their host species.

Genestealers, like virtually all Tyranid organisms, are characterised by their six limbs and resilient carapace. They are bipedal, able to move with lightning speed on their reverse-jointed, clawed lower limbs. The upper sets of limbs are distinctly different, the foremost pair ending in razor-sharp claws capable of slicing through even Tactical Dreadnought armour (ref. MGP.Macragge. 1stComp.qv). Their secondary limbs are typically shaped like gnarled hands, allowing the Genestealer to manipulate objects, climb and even operate simple devices such as touch-panels. The number of digits differs depending on the parent organism. Despite their dexterity, these secondary limbs are still more than capable of ripping a limb from its socket. The thickly-muscled tail appears to be vestigial, although could aid the balance and agility shown by all variations of the species.

The colour of the Genestealer varies depending on its parent hive fleet, specimens having been reported ranging from bone-white to jet black. Perhaps the most successful strain of Genestealers is typified by a blue-indigo coloration. This strain has been encountered on numerous space hulks and is possibly specifically nomadic; bio-engineered purely to infect new hosts.

A Genestealer's head is characteristically bulbous and houses

a disproportionately large brain for such a single-minded creature. Its jaws are lined with viciously sharp teeth, all designed for ripping and tearing; like other Tyranids they only have incisors, not molars.

Within its maw is its reproductive apparatus, the ovipositor, through which the Genestealer implants its seed into a host. This takes the form of a thick, flexible proboscis that ends in a diamond-hard tip able to break through bone with relative ease. The throat of the Genestealer is thick with muscle allowing it to shoot the ovipositor from its mouth with incredible force and speed.

Their carapace, along with the density of their internal skeleton, typically thickens with body mass; a Genestealer whose host was Orkoid will typically be tougher than one born of Eldar gene-stock. Underneath this is the fibrous muscular sheath that can be compared to standard flak armour in terms of durability. These layers provide a considerable degree of protection; combined with their naturally tough physique it is possible for a Genestealer to charge headlong through a volley of lasgun fire and survive. As with other Tyranid organisms, they typically have an open circulatory system with haemolymph flooding the intercellular spaces. This system is host to unnumbered phage cells, believed by the Magos Biologis of New Hallefuss research facility to be digestive systems. These allow them to feed on the nutrient-rich end product of a Tyranid invasion. Closer investigation shows the phage cells to have a dual purpose, acting in a manner similar to fibrinogens in the human bloodstream and clotting the liquids that seep from any wounds that the Genestealer has suffered (ref.MBfI277.anticoagulant.hellfire.qv).

Another physiological anomaly that Genestealers display is the redundant respiratory and circulatory systems inherited from their host. Furthermore, they exhibit vestigial digestive systems. Some specimens even have complete stomachs, although these are superfluous, given the efficiency of the phage cell. These expendable

systems allow the Genestealer to sustain considerable non-lethal damage and still function. It is widely known by Imperial forces that those coming into conflict with Genestealers should direct their fire towards the thorax and abdomen of the beasts, as even with several extremities missing they are still highly dangerous opponents.

Thanks to the capture of live Tyranid specimens by the Draco Legion of the Adeptus Astartes, it is known that Genestealers are able to feel pain and react adversely to its application, either becoming incredibly aggressive or cowed into temporary submission. Genestealers have a tremendous tolerance for cold, allowing them to survive in deep space, hidden within the bowels of the space hulks they typically infest. They are even able to survive in a vacuum for a short space of time. To truly exploit the space detritus it inhabits, a Genestealer has great longevity and also the ability to endure long periods without nourishment. A Genestealer can also enter a torpid state at will, lowering its metabolic rate dramatically. Therefore, they are able to survive long periods of inactivity and hardship until new prey enters their lair.

Home World

Due to the fact that the Genestealers were the first of the Tyranid organisms to be encountered, it was widely believed that the site of their discovery, the moons of Ymgarl, was their home world. The initial description of the Genestealer, by Sergeant Justus Miale, describes the creature as having six limbs, two of which culminated in clawed arms, aggressive and bipedal. The Ymgarl creature had a long muscular tail and a tough sinuous body. Its face was a mass of sensitive feelers and tendrils surrounding a circular mouth filled with inward-pointing teeth, although the ovipositor is practically identical.

Extensive post-extermianus archaeology on the now barren surface of Ymgarl has revealed fossils of the Csith, a large leech-like organism that could well have been the preferred host for the Ymgarl Genestealer, thus explaining the differences in physiology.

Originally, Genestealers were thought to be indigenous lifeforms and, although the aliens were deadly they were believed to pose no real threat to

the Imperium. Hence no active xenocidal campaign was undertaken at the time. However, it has since been ascertained that this is not the case. Genestealers were found in a number of distant locations in practically every Segmentum over the following centuries, including aboard an increasing number of drifting space hulks.

Shortly after this discovery, Hive Fleet Behemoth invaded from the galactic south-east. Entire armies of Genestealers were seen in the midst of the Tyranid forces at the Battle of Macragge, attacking in unstoppable waves, time and time again overwhelming even the most well-defended locations with their speed and unwavering ferocity.

A vigorous investigation by the Inquisition, commissioned by Inquisitor Kryptmann, subsequently discovered that the Genestealer is a vanguard organism; the precursor to a full-scale Tyranid attack. This explained their

presence aboard the space hulks, immense agglomerations of debris and wrecked craft that float ponderously through the warp, periodically reappearing in real space. Most space hulks are empty, lifeless shells. However, a significant number have been found to contain rare and archaic machinery, or relics from the Dark Age of Technology. Such a prize is without price, and no amount of risk is unjustified in its retrieval. As a result, Explorators, treasure hunters and pioneers have been known to board a space hulk in the hope of uncovering such devices. Unfortunately they often uncover nests of Genestealers, which proceed to impregnate them before allowing them to return to civilised worlds. In this manner the Genestealer spreads the Tyranid infection across the galaxy.

Combat Capabilities

Genestealers do not rely purely on their deadly speed and vicious, ripping





claws to defeat their enemies. They are possessed of considerable intelligence, comparable to that of *Lupus Fenrisii*, and are able to coordinate stealthy attacks and set traps when hunting their prey. It is postulated that they convey information telepathically since no other form of communication has been observed thus far. This 'brood intelligence' is thought to be akin to the gestalt consciousness of the Hive Mind, only on a far smaller scale. The Genestealer brood can therefore act as an autonomous unit, able to function light years away from the synapse control of the larger Tyranid creatures.

Much of the Imperium's information on the combat abilities of the Genestealer has been supplied by the 1st Company of the Blood Angels. They have performed numerous expeditions into the depths of space hulks such as *Spawn of Execration*, *Charybdis*, *Immeasurable Hatred*,

Sin of Damnation and *Harbinger of Despair*. Decorated with the Blood Star after his success in leading missions into the heart of two of the aforementioned hulks, Captain Lorenzo of the Blood Angels has filed comprehensive reports on the tactics used by these aliens and the lethal threat they pose.

The Genestealer will not hibernate until it is absolutely familiar with its surroundings, including in-depth knowledge of the ventilation systems, sewers and other crawlways that surround the space hulk's corridors. In this way they can surround and ambush their prey, whose knowledge of the spaceship's labyrinthine passageways is often woefully inadequate. This allows them to close incredibly rapidly, denying their foe the opportunity to cut them down with ranged weaponry. Once the Genestealer is in close combat, it utilises its clawed forelimbs to rip apart its opponents. The three claws on

each forelimb are incredibly sharp and diamond-hard, able to slice through bulkheads and cut through the thickest armour. Combined with the awesome strength afforded by the efficiency of the Genestealer's musculature, it is quite feasible for a Genestealer to rip its way through the side of a Chimera to get to the troops inside. The survivors of a Genestealer attack are inevitably heavily armed, forewarned and well-trained, or a host carrying purestrain seed.

Although the characteristic claws of the Genestealer are its primary weapons, certain variations in the xenomorph's form have been reported across the galaxy. Long, stabbing talons occasionally replace the Genestealer's secondary limbs, and several specimens have been found on Ork-infested hulks with thicker carapaces. In 234921.M41, a Genestealer was captured that carried virulent inorganic poisons and haemotoxins in sac-like pouches on its arms. Another known genus can shoot thick, barbed strands of sinew into their victims to keep them from moving freely as the Genestealer closes in for the kill. These 'flesh hooks' are dispatched from the ribcage by a sharp intercostal muscle spasm, and can also aid the xenomorph in climbing walls and other vertical surfaces. Presumably these traits are either inherited in part from the host species, or bioengineered by the Hive Mind in its eternal quest for ever more deadly soldier-organisms.

Technology

Genestealers have evolved specifically to fill a close assault niche. No specimens have been reported as possessing any of the biological weapon-symbiotes typical of Tyranid Warriors. As with all of the Hive Mind species, what technology they do have is purely biological, advances such as the aforementioned flesh hooks more than compensating for their lack of conventional equipment.

Threat Index and Imperial Policy

The Imperium no longer underestimates the threat posed by Genestealers, and their extermination has been given the highest priority.

If a single Genestealer or even an organism carrying the alien's seed is allowed to reach an inhabited world, they can infect its populace with

alarming speed, quickly spreading genetic corruption and unthinking devotion to the father organism (ref.MD346.Coratinorum.int.qv). This will eventually result in a clique of hybridised slaves, ranging from a small coterie to a major rebellion. Once this has attained significant size, the collective psychic resonations of the cult's members shine like a beacon through the warp, attracting the rest of the hive fleet. In this manner the Genestealers ensure that their parent hive is guided to areas of plentiful biomass and abundance of suitable prey species. Without a populous planet the cult cannot spread; the psychic signature of the Genestealers remains dim, and the hive fleet does not expend valuable energies journeying to barren or sparsely populated systems.

The efficiency of this approach is without question, as Genestealers have been encountered across the length and breadth of the galaxy. The

Imperium has long since realised that the destruction of Genestealer infestations wherever they are found is of the greatest importance, as it could feasibly prevent entire hive fleets from descending upon a system. Space hulks are boarded whenever they appear by squads of Space Marine Terminators, who will not stop until they have either eradicated every sign of Genestealer infection from the craft or have all perished in the attempt. The High Lords of Terra have issued an unprecedented eighty-two decrees ordering the Genestealers' extinction via the most extreme methods available to them. In point of fact, Exterminatus, whereby all signs of life are scoured from a planet via the use of powerful cyclonic torpedoes, is thought to be the only truly effective method of dealing with a Genestealer infestation. The Imperium shows no hesitation in the use of this apocalyptic tactic. Even an unconfirmed rumour is enough to merit an extended

investigation, but one confirmed sighting is enough to warrant Exterminatus. In 345087.M39, the Salamanders Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes finally used this method to cleanse Ymgarl and its moons of any sign of life, but by then this was just one world among hundreds that harboured the alien threat.

When a Tyranid invasion is underway, the military might of entire Segmentums is mobilised to repel it in all-out war. Only with total commitment, sacrifice and dedication can Imperial troops ever hope to stem the tide of a hive fleet. The Tyranids are so pure of purpose that they cannot ever be bargained with, diverted or exploited, and Genestealers exemplify this.

Social Structure

Amongst such a single-minded race as the Tyranids, Genestealers have an unusually complex and advanced social structure once their infection

FIRST CONTACT

+++ EXCERPT +++

"Trojan lunar research base hadn't responded for well over two days and, as usual, I got the short straw. Me and the boys got up there as quick as we could given the circumstances, but I reckoned we were probably too late. Anders' reports are usually tiresomely punctual. So I made sure that we were fully equipped, and we took every weapon we could lay our hands on.

Leaving the shuttle, we tried close range vox-contact, but still we got nothing. Guardsman Atrai kept telling us they were simply absent without leave, the constant ennui or those damned Csith-leeches eventually driving them away from that barren hellhole. I'm a little less green, so I had my lasgun up and ready when the first one came for us.

A sinuous, many-limbed xenomorph, with a nest of tentacles instead of a face, sprinted from the shadows. It was hissing, and it moved so fast that I knew pretty quickly that I only had one shot. I made it count, luckily, and the thing stumbled. That brought my squad enough time to flame it and put it down: it stopped writhing eventually. We bagged it up... it was larger than a man, and six-limbed like an insect. It had an exoskeleton, but

the rest of it was leathery and moist. Thin strands of mucous drifted from its tendril-mouth. It was the ugliest son of a grox I have ever set eyes on. As we were carrying it back to the shuttle, it came to life again, its claws ripping through the thin plastic and eviscerating Guardsman Horast. We dropped it like a hot stone and fell back, that oaf Gulao hosing it down with so much burning promethium that the guys in the lab would have found out precious little had we stopped to scoop up the remains. I made sure he took point.

The research station was deserted. Only in the refectory was there any sign of a struggle: there was some kind of barricade over the far door but it had been smashed apart. We found Sigsman's body in there. He'd hung himself from the pipes with his own belt. Some of the guys were getting a little freaked out, but since Gulao had toasted our original catch, we had no real choice but to move into the network of tunnels beneath the base.

We found Anders down there, just standing there, stock still. He was facing away from us, peering down the dark tunnel. He wasn't responding. I span him round, possibly a little too forcefully.

His eyes were empty, staring up at us with no hint of recognition, and his face was ringed by small discs of discoloured flesh.

I heard something dropping down behind us. Pretty much the whole squad had crowded round to see what was wrong with Anders, so the first they knew of the second xenomorph's attack was a bloodcurdling scream from Guardsman Hadio. It was cut off sharply as a three-clawed hand burst through his neck. Gulao turned only to get a face full of tentacles, they whipped around his head and stuck fast. We shot the damn thing anyway. It kind of shuddered for a second and then fell off Gulao, ichor seeping from a dozen wounds in its torso. Gulao was in shock, but to my astonishment it hadn't killed him.

I'd had enough, so I ordered the evacuation. We had our specimen, genuinely dead this time, and we had Anders. Needless to say we made all speed back to the shuttle and left immediately. I recommend further investigation, despite the fact that quarantine didn't pick up any contagion in that last check. I just have this feeling in my gut..."

+++ EXCERPT ENDS +++

has been allowed to spread. At a fundamental level, a purestrain Genestealer brood is uncomplicated by such nuances, with no one alien having any more importance than another. Just as a group of biological cells or a swarm of insects, they function in perfect unison, lacking the concept of self. However, if a single Genestealer has successfully impregnated a target on a populated world, a bizarre and perverse family structure grows up around it, ensuring its safety and ascendancy as the nexus of the resultant cult.

The Genestealer responsible for the initial infection implants its egg into a Human, or indeed any other creature. The Genestealer's gaze has a hypnotic effect on its prey, allowing it to close in and implant an egg beneath the skin. In fact 'egg' is something of a misnomer; it actually acts more like a cancer, altering the host's genetic structure and in particular its reproductive system. The victim itself is not subject to any debilitating effects, actually increasing in strength and health as the infection takes root. When the victim mates, its offspring will be hybrids – part Human, part Genestealer. The hybrid child does not consume its parent, as with more inefficient parasites. One of the changes wrought by the infection is the absorption of part of the host creature's brain. During this foul process the parent is shorn of any free will, reduced to the role of slave to its unborn child. Once the infant is born, the parent will go to any length, even suicide, to protect its offspring. In the parent's mind, the child is hale and hearty, a specimen of physical perfection. In reality, it is a repugnant, mewling crossbreed, discoloured features twisted into a fanged mask. This mockery of the family unit is incredibly disturbing – a message from the Great Devourer that even ties of kith and kin will be consumed and assimilated by the Hive Mind.

The offspring of these unholy unions then interbreed, flocking together in the darkness until a sizeable cult surrounds the purestrain Genestealer at its centre. This patriarchal figure grows older and larger on the adulation and support of its cult, becoming even more grotesque and developing a level of intelligence comparable to that of a human. More and more hybrids are born, with varying degrees of genetic corruption. Some could even pass for human, although they have a marked

tendency toward hairlessness and heavy bone structure, and their stare is extremely unsettling. Others may bear close resemblance to their forefather, and a rare few are born as true Genestealers. Needless to say, the degree of mutation is not an issue among the cultists; the procreation of their hideous group overcoming all feelings of revulsion or propriety.

Many of these hybrids are able to exercise the human intelligence stolen from their genestock, learning quickly how to utilise conventional weaponry and infiltrating military and political institutions to further the aims of the sect. Worshipping their Patriarch as a god, they stop at nothing in their corruption of the dominant command structure. To this end, leaders of the cult direct their purestrain brood-kin to impregnate influential figures within the local authorities and planetary defence forces. Those implanted subsequently lose all free will, lying,

murdering and blackmailing to further their power, the better to tear down organisations from within when their true masters descend from the stars.

When the cult has grown to significant size, the psychic beacon that emanates from the cult's Patriarch ensures that a hive fleet will finally descend upon the doomed world. As the cult comes into range of the Hive Queen's psychic control, it becomes utterly subservient to the Tyranid invasion, and the underground cult will explode in bloody and violent revolution. This uprising is sometimes contained by the ruling forces, but usually by the time the Tyranid fleet arrives, the victim world's defences are rife with confusion and insurrection. The destruction of the cult is of no consequence to the Hive Mind, but this devastating preliminary attack can cripple the world's defences even before the first mycetic spore enters the atmosphere.

Genestealer Brood **Genofixed species**

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Genestealer	16	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	6+

Brood: The brood consists of between 6 and 12 Genestealers.

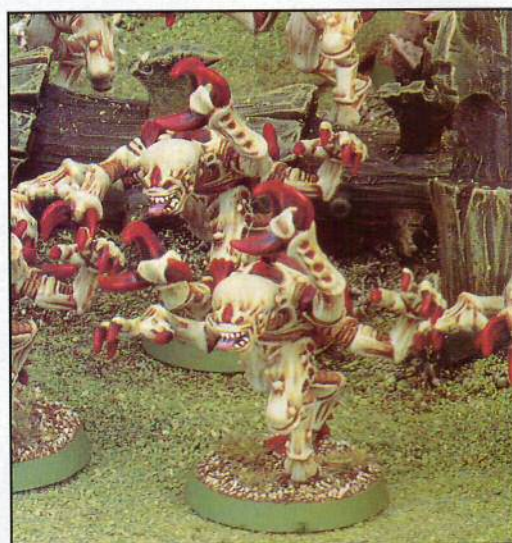
Bio-weapons: Genestealers have rending claws. Depending on the host species, Genestealers show occasional mutability and the whole brood may be equipped with up to one bio-weapon or biomorph enhancement chosen from the following list at the points cost indicated per model.

- *Scything talons* (+1A) 6 pts
- *Flesh hooks* 2 pts
- *Implant attack* 4 pts
- *Toxin sacs* (+1S) 6 pts
- *Extended carapace* (+1Save) 3pts

SPECIAL RULES

Infiltrate: Genestealers are intelligent and stealthy. They will take advantage of any opportunity to creep closer to their prey before springing ferociously into the attack. To represent this, Genestealers may *infiltrate* in scenarios where the Infiltrate scenario special rule is being used. If the mission does not allow units to use the Infiltrate rules then the Genestealers must set up normally with the rest of the army.

Brood Telepathy: Genestealers have their own brood telepathy which allows them to function independently without the influence of the hive mind. Because of this, Genestealer broods outside the range of any Synapse creatures do not use the Instinctive Behaviour rules and instead take Morale checks and Pinning tests just like ordinary troops.



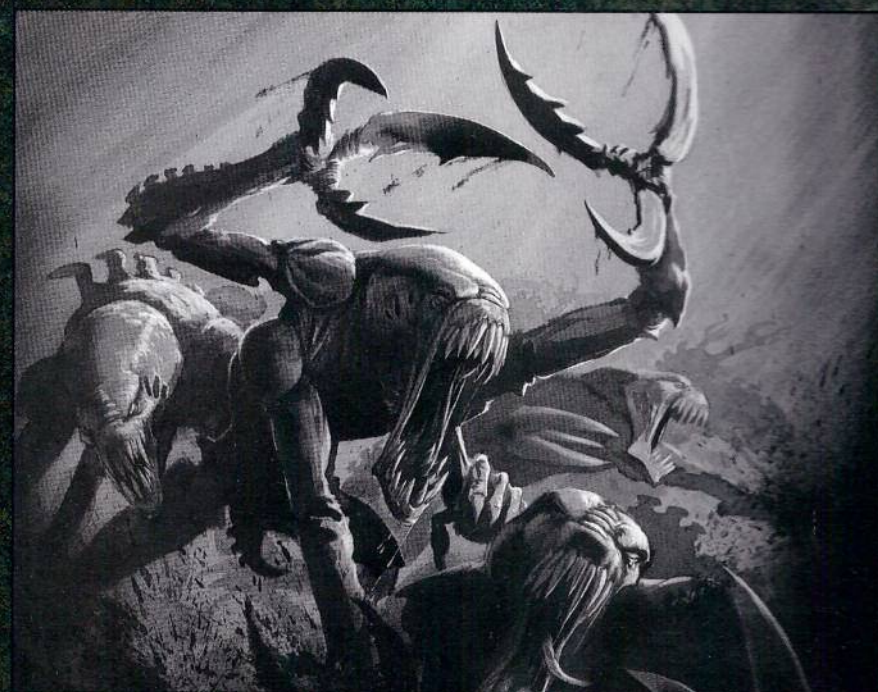
ICHAR IV: THE COMING OF HIVE FLEET KRAKEN

Over two hundred years after Hive Fleet Behemoth, the initial incursion of Tyranids into the galaxy, certain members of the Adeptus Administratum began to question the necessity of maintaining such a powerful military presence in the galactic south-east. Reports of terrorism and revolution were cited as symptoms of civil unrest due to the rancour of a populace living in the conditions of an armed camp. However, the most vocal of those to espouse these theories and recommend the withdrawal of military presence from the sector were either from these same regions or had travelled there at some point. Fearing subversion, the Inquisition ordered an investigation, fully expecting to find evidence of heresy. This began with a purge of all who had been in contact with the worlds of the eastern fringes, with tens of thousands incarcerated to stop any possible infection spreading. Although this met with success, the Inquisition eventually uncovered the most widely-spread Genestealer infection to have plagued a civilised world.

Ichar IV, the hub of an industrial system vital to the Imperium, was the first world to come under the vigilant eye of the Inquisition. Years before, a religious sect, known as the Brotherhood, had caught the hearts of hundreds of workers with its promise of the Emperor's return and a place at his side. The Brotherhood's charity and mercy became widely known, and their authenticity seemed unimpeachable even when under full-scale investigation by the Ecclesiarchy. They appeared to have commendable faith in the Emperor, and were ultimately granted the right to build the Cathedral of True Faith in the centre of Lomas, Ichar IV's capital city.

Shortly after its completion, civil unrest started to bubble to the surface, and Brotherhood preachers whipped the populace into a zealous frenzy with word of the Emperor's imminent arrival. Rioting broke out and the Adeptus Arbites were called in to restore order, but were fired upon from hidden gun nests in the Cathedral. Great mobs of howling rebels fell upon them and they were forced back. When the Arbites requested back-up from the Planetary Defence Force, most of them rebelled, reinforcing the followers of the Brotherhood and plunging the city and ultimately every other on Ichar IV into civil war. The tendrils of corruption reached far and deep, and each and every official was assassinated, be it by a sniper's rifle or a Genestealer's claws. The Brotherhood announced the new theocratic government a month before the first of the Inquisition arrived.

Inquisitor Agmar wasted no time in getting to the root of the problem, correctly surmising that the rebellion was a well-



orchestrated plot and requesting the assistance of the Ultramarines chapter from nearby Macragge. In the interim, Agmar led several raids into the heart of the Brotherhood's territory as total war raged throughout the cities. Each new expedition uncovered more about the true nature of the Brotherhood, and when Inquisitor Agmar finally uncovered a brood-nest, his worst suspicions were confirmed.

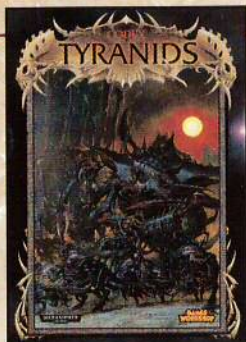
The next few months saw a major Imperial offensive launched all over Lomas, with the forces of the Ultramarines deploying straight into the seething heart of the Brotherhood's forces. A strike force of twenty Terminators were teleported straight into the nave of the Cathedral of True Faith, and cut a swathe through the assembled acolytes. A counter-attack was quickly mounted, all semblance of Humanity disappearing from the Brotherhood's forces as a howling tide of hybrids, degenerates and cultists fought back with suicidal frenzy. The Terminators were resolute, however, and pressed on into the shadowy crypts of the cathedral.

The rotten heart of the Brotherhood headquarters was a network of dank tunnels, disgorging wave after wave of ravening Genestealers toward the Ultramarines. Scores were cut down by the Terminators' weapons, heavy flamers preventing flank attacks; the Ultramarines had fought this foe in the confined tunnels of space hulks many times before. The Genestealers' numbers seemed near infinite, and the Terminators fell one by one until there was barely a handful left. Nevertheless, they pressed on, eventually

penetrating through to a massive vaulted chamber with ribbed walls arching far above, and moist, chitinous protuberances jutting from every surface. In its centre sat the bloated, sickening form of the cult's Patriarch, the first Genestealer to spread the infection to this blighted world. A horde of monstrosities poured towards the Terminators, the true-born of the cult, and battle was joined. The Librarian of the Ultramarines squad fought his way to the Patriarch, every nuance of will forcing him on against impossible odds. Unable to best the lightning-fast creature in hand-to-hand combat, the Librarian commanded his men to open fire on them both, a maelstrom of storm bolter shells ricocheting from the Librarian's armour but detonating in the vulnerable areas of the Patriarch's swollen flesh. The Librarian took the opportunity afforded by the distraction to slay the Patriarch with his force axe. With its death, the brood was thrown into confusion and subsequently slaughtered by the Terminators.

Ichar IV was under Imperial control within the month. However, both the Ultramarines Librarian and the Astropaths of the system felt the Patriarch's death scream resonate throughout the warp, and some even claimed to feel a subtle change, a distant shift in the noisome currents of the Immaterium.

Less than a fortnight later, the full force of the Great Devourer fell upon the Eastern Fringes as Hive Fleet Kraken began to consume everything in its path.



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The Imperium first encountered Genestealers on the moons of Ymgarl long before they were alerted to the approach of the hive fleets. Only with time has it been determined that Genestealers are vanguard organisms of the Hive, created to seek out and undermine potential prey worlds by infiltration. Genestealers are legendary close combat opponents with lightning fast reflexes and deadly claws, capable of ripping straight through adamantium.



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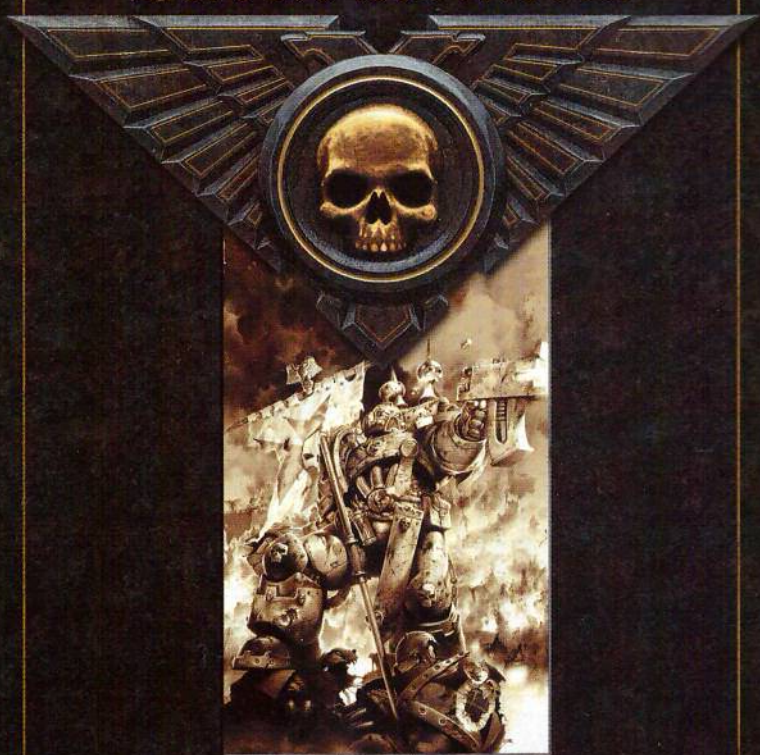
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FOR THE EMPEROR!

Index Astartes



A holy tome focusing on the
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Index Astartes

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Compiled from White Dwarf, Index Astartes details aspects of the Emperor's elite warriors, the mighty Space Marines, and their treacherous brethren, the Chaos Space Marines, in the kind of depth not possible in a normal Codex army book. Amidst these pages you can find tales of heroism and betrayal from the earliest days of the Imperium of Mankind – ancient legends which have been lost to Humanity over long ages of Imperial history. Chapter & Legion histories and colour schemes are detailed, with specific rules and army list variants to help with collecting and gaming using the Space Marine organisations within.

This first Index Astartes compilation includes the following articles:

- The creation of a Space Marine
- The Codex Astartes (Space Marine Chapter organisation)
- Dark Angels First Founding Chapter
- Emperor's Children Chaos Space Marines
- Iron Warriors Chaos Space Marines
- White Scars First Founding Chapter
- Flesh Tearers Successor Chapter
- Space Marine Dreadnoughts
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This is the first in a series of supplements for the Warhammer 40,000 game. You will need a copy of Codex Space Marines, Codex Chaos Space Marines, Codex Dark Angels and Codex Blood Angels to make full use of the additional gaming material presented in this book.

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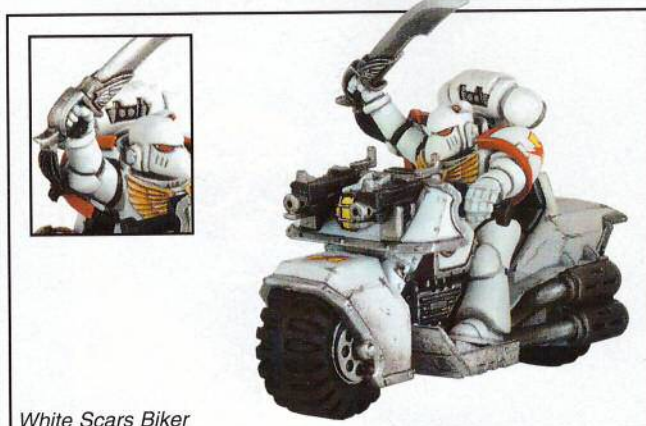
You can now get your hands on the fantastic new White Scars models, and full rules and background for these lightning attack specialists can be found in the new Index Astartes compilation.

LIGHTNING STRIKE

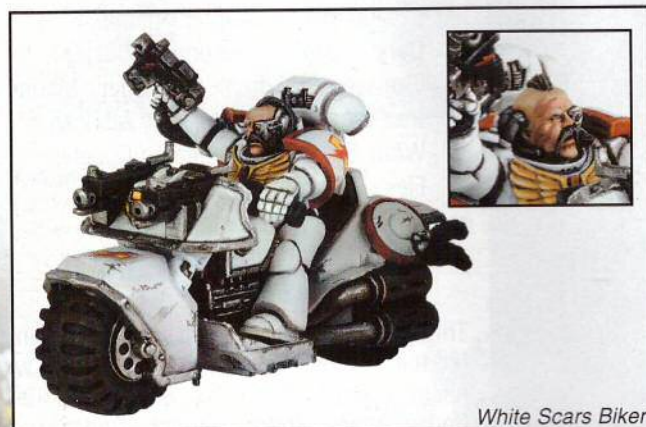
The White Scars reinforcements ride in!



White Scars Commander with power lance



White Scars Biker



White Scars Biker



White Scars Biker



Led by their Force Commander, a White Scars strike force speeds across the battlefield.

Seglei Khan bent low over his bike as he hurtled along the pitted landscape, head bowed as he pushed the growling machine to its absolute limit. Wind whipped his long topknot and the horsetails attached to the bike's fairing as he rode hard up the side of the ridge, launching it over the edge and down the dusty dune on the other side, a barbaric grin on his ritually scarred face.

Twenty metres behind him thundered a massive herd of Boarboyz, whooping battle-cries and discharging their crude weapons into the air. Huge, brutish Orks clad in furs and skins, each of them riding a burly, bad-tempered boar, stampeded along the ridge after Seglei, intent on killing him and feasting on his corpse. The dust cloud which the great horde generated could be seen for miles, as Seglei had predicted. Those closest to him were riding bio-mechanical monstrosities, ugly, smoke-belching hybrids of hyper-violent boar and hurtling greasy machine. Turning in the saddle to loose a few shots from his bolt pistol, Seglei took in the sheer number of Boarboyz his pass had drawn from the camp. The entirety of the Ork cavalry herd, the shock troops of the recent Feral Ork invasion, were on his tail. At their head was a giant of an Ork warboss, almost as porcine as his bionic mount, howling in glee as he plunged a red lever deep into his steed's shoulders. The cyboar accelerated as a cocktail of drugs that would have no doubt killed a Krootox coursed through its system, forcing it onward with alarming speed. Incredibly, and despite the skill with which Seglei was riding, the cyboars were gaining ground.

Leaning forward once more, Seglei aimed straight for another ridge, where the ground levelled out into a wide plateau. He hit it hard, his bike roaring into the air as he slotted another magazine into his bolt pistol with practiced speed. He came down without slowing on the dusty earth near a curving, shallow trench, the scent of stolen Ork fuel acrid in his sensitive nostrils. The howling Boarboyz were almost upon him, pouring over the ridge in a snorting, bawling tide. Seglei reached for the flamer clipped to his back. Timing was critical. At the last possible second, he fired into the fuel-filled ditch alongside him, a wall of billowing flames licking at his wheels as he slammed

the bike across the trench. A ring of fiercely burning fire roared in a wide circle around the Boarboyz, trapping them and filling the air with squeals of fright and bellows of rage. Slewling to a halt, Seglei could see the Boarboyz milling around in disarray, trying to control their confused steeds. He reached for his vox-link, and spoke a single word.

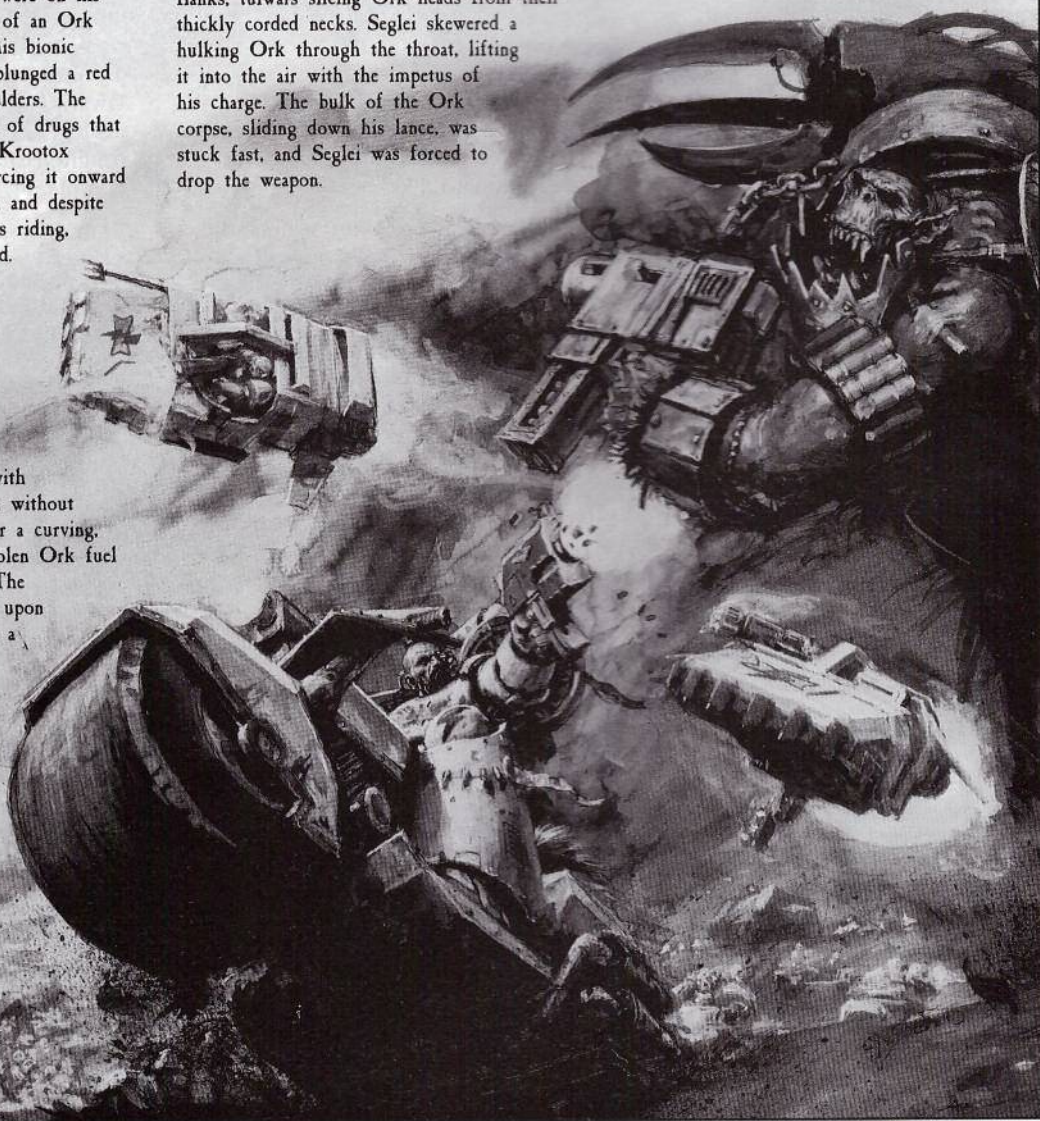
"Now."

A phalanx of shining white bikes crested the ridge of the plateau behind him, the throaty roaring of powerful engines filling the air as Seglei's brotherhood stormed forward. They surrounded the ring of flame, fanning out until the Boarboyz were encircled completely. As one, they opened fire, twin-linked bolters discharging into the trapped Orks. The noise was deafening, the pungent stench of burning fur thick in the air.

"For the Khan and the Emperor!" shouted Seglei, surging forward toward the inferno. As one, the White Scars bikers roared over the trench, bursting through the wall of flame, bolters hammering death into the milling Orks. The slaughter began, power lances spitting cyboars through their armoured flanks, tulwars slicing Ork heads from their thickly corded necks. Seglei skewered a hulking Ork through the throat, lifting it into the air with the impetus of his charge. The bulk of the Ork corpse, sliding down his lance, was stuck fast, and Seglei was forced to drop the weapon.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw that the giant Ork Warboss had regained control of his heavily augmented steed and was charging headlong towards him. Wheeling, he gunned the accelerator, bolters chattering but failing to slow the cyboar's maniac charge. They were on a collision course, and the thing would not drop. The Ork roared, raising its immense, crackling claw. At the last moment before impact, Seglei slammed on the front brakes and leaned, the heavy rear wheel of his bike flying up and round to connect with the Ork's armoured jaw. The sheer momentum of the Greenskin's charge smashed it from its mount, its neck broken. Driving close, Seglei pushed the flamer into the Ork's lolling jaw and pulled the trigger.

An hour later, the fires were still burning as the White Scars rode away from the scene of the battle. Every last Ork corpse was aflame in the trench. Seglei led the phalanx away from the site, the smouldering head of the Ork warboss strapped between the twin bolters of his bike.



Continuing on from last month's War of the Beard article, Anthony Reynolds brings us the second instalment. The awesomely powerful War of Vengeance Dwarf army list allows you to recreate the heroic battles of this time.

THE WAR OF THE BEARD

Part II: The Dwarfs' War of Vengeance

In the mists of time, before the rise of Man, a tragic war was fought between the Dwarfs and the Elves, two powerful races at the pinnacle of their strength. This was a time of legendary acts and powerful magic, and countless heroes rose and fell over the course of the War of the Beard, known amongst the Dwarfs as the War of Vengeance. Set against the backdrop of this epic conflict, the Dwarf legend Brok Stonefist and the masterful Elven Lord Salendor fought each other numerous times during this bitter war, each one refusing to back down from the other. Thousands of years later, in these days of decline for both the Dwarfs and the High Elves they would be regarded as two of the mightiest warriors in the known world, but in their own time there were many legendary individuals just as powerful as them. Thousands of lives were lost in the brutal and uncompromising clashes between Brok and Salendor, and they are remembered by their descendants with fierce pride.

Brok Stonefist of Karak Azgul was a mighty warrior, ancient even at the time of the War of the Beard. He had led his clansmen to countless victories early in the tragic conflict and became much hated and feared by the Elves who fought his armies. Brok rose to his position from humble beginnings, spending several decades as a messenger, running communications along the ancient tunnels connecting the various Dwarf holds that in times of old were still in use. He knew the tunnel layouts like no other living Dwarf, and seemed to have a mental map of everywhere he had travelled. As his beard grew longer and decade upon decade rolled past, he was sought out by many Thanes and Lords to lead mining expeditions into unknown territory, and soon became renowned for his subterranean navigational skills.

When the war broke out against the Elves of Ulthuan, Brok was called upon to guide forces from Karak Azgul beneath the plains and attack the Elves from behind their lines. On one such mission, Elven arrows struck down the Thane leading the army, and Elven cavalry encircled the Dwarfs, who then formed a defensive shield

wall. Seizing the initiative, Brok screamed a warcry and stormed out of the shield wall. Without thinking, the Dwarf warriors leapt after him, a counter-attack that shocked the Elves who were hacked down before they could react. With Brok at the forefront, the Dwarfs managed to punch their way through the Elf line and make a fighting retreat back to their tunnels. Once there, the Dwarfs looked to Brok for leadership, and reluctantly he accepted. That night Brok led the sorely depleted Dwarf force through tunnels that had not been in use for hundreds of years, and directed the miners to excavate to the surface. The tunnels came up in an undefended area, and Brok led the Dwarfs on a savage surprise attack against the same Elf army they had fought earlier that day, crushing them completely.

From that day forth, Brok was greatly respected by those who followed him. He was given the honorary title of Ungdrin Ankor Rik, Lord of the Tunnels, and over the next hundred years became one of the most accomplished of all the Dwarf generals in the War of Vengeance. He led the Dwarfs of Karak Azgul to countless victories, and earned a fearsome reputation amongst the Elves. They named him Arhain-tosaith, which translates roughly as 'the shadowy one of the earth'.

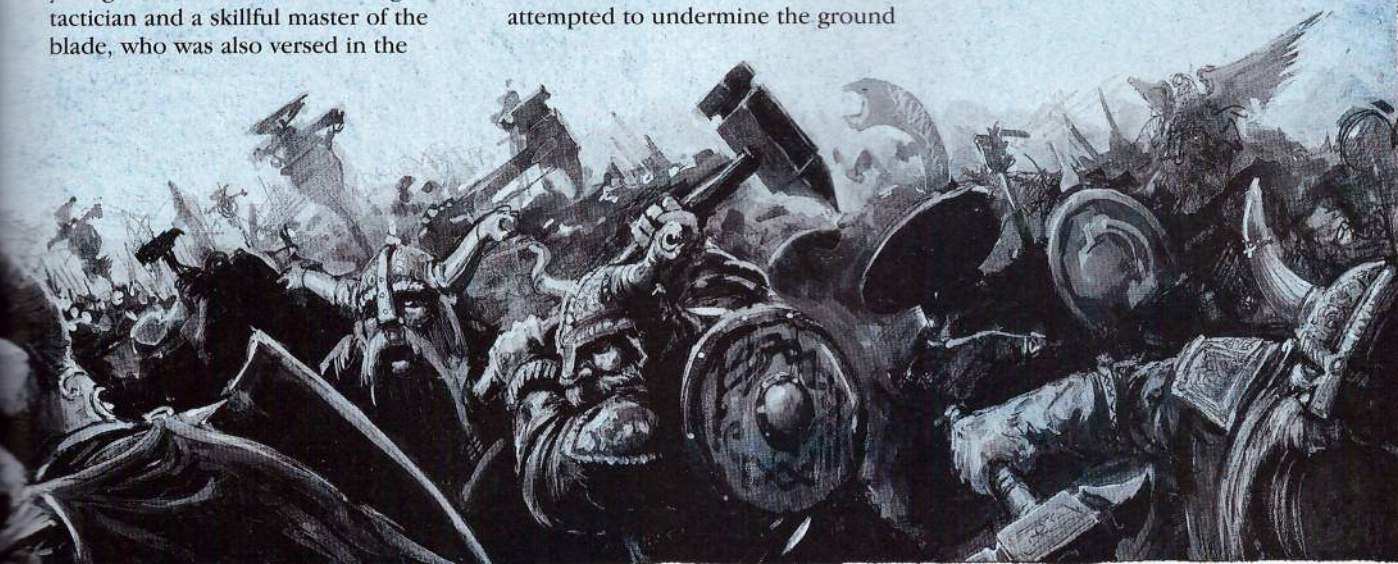




It was only when Brok Stonefist faced the armies of Lord Salendor of Tor Achare, who would become his ultimate nemesis, that he was ever matched on the field of battle. Salendor was a young and brilliant Elf Lord who led his troops with a mastery far beyond his youth, having been alive barely two centuries. The young Salendor was a calculating tactician and a skillful master of the blade, who was also versed in the

magic arts. His cool demeanour and quick strategic mind served him well against Brok, and the two quickly became fierce rivals. Whenever the armies of Karak Azgul appeared behind the forces of Salendor he managed to counter the attack, and every ploy Brok attempted was efficiently responded to by the young Elf. At the Battle of Blind River, Brok attempted to undermine the ground

beneath the feet of Salendor's army that was marching through the night. Rumoured to have been gifted with mystical prescience, Salendor realised the ruse at the last moment. He sent a troop of Ellyrian Reavers galloping over the traps and the ground collapsed behind them as they raced through the night. When the



dust-covered Dwarfs launched their attack from the subterranean tunnels, they found the Elves waiting for them with spear and bow.

Over the next hundred years, Brok and Salendor clashed numerous times in the midst of bitter combat, and the meeting of these two mighty heroes was always an epic confrontation that could last hours on end. Neither foe could overcome the other, and neither backed down an inch in these contests. Brok was as strong as the mountains themselves, and it is said that no Elf ever moved as swiftly as Salendor, as if he knew every move that his foe was about to make even before his enemy did. The pair sought each other out in battle whenever possible, hacking their way through countless enemies to face each other in single combat.

It was in the great battle of Athel Maraya that the pair had their final confrontation. Several Dwarf armies, including a strike force led by Brok, besieged the doomed Elf city. Miners guided by Brok tunnelled beneath the fair city walls, undermining them and causing several wall sections to collapse, creating breaches that the Dwarfs marched through. Dragons circled the elegant towers, descending in devastating attack runs through the

city streets, incinerating hundreds of Dwarfs who were cooked inside their red-hot armour. Brok and his battle-seasoned troops came to the surface in the middle of the city, striking with brilliant timing to coincide with the fall of the walls, and confusion filled the streets. The Dwarfs fought fiercely for every inch of ground they gained, suffering horrendous casualties from archers within the towering buildings, dragon-fire and desperate Elf militia who were fighting to protect their own homes and families.

Dwarfs bearing torches and flaming brands lit fires, which combined with the dragon-fire, resulted in a rapidly spreading inferno, turning the city into a deadly furnace. Both sides of the battle were forced to abandon the city or face being engulfed within it. Just as these fires took hold of the centre of the city, Brok came face to face with Salendor for the final time. As the city burned down around them, the two warriors weaved a deadly dance of sword and axe,

ignoring the entreaties of their comrades to flee the city. Elegant bridges toppled and delicate towers collapsed, raining a fiery shower of debris around the heads of the combatants, but still they fought on, ignoring all but the movements of their foe. Eventually, the Dwarfs and Elves were forced to flee the intense heat, leaving the two heroes battling until the city was completely engulfed.

Thus the two rivals are remembered, neither willing to back down from the fight, and the flaming city falling around them until they were consumed. Amongst the Elves, it is said that even after death, the two rivals continue to wage their war, battling each other through the millennia as ghostly shades. Amongst the Dwarfs of Karak Azgul, Brok is revered as the pinnacle of Dwarfishness, personifying the stubborn fighting spirit of his people. Both will live on in memory as two of the most brave and uncompromising warriors of their people.

If you have read this story, and now want to recreate the battles of Brok Stonefist and Lord Salendor of Tor Achbare then you are in for a treat. We all thought the story of these two adversaries was so inspiring that we have decided to include the rules for them in White Dwarf 267. Games Development have been put to work and are now frantically writing!



WAR OF THE BEARD DWARF ARMY LIST

This army has been created so that you can recreate the War of the Beard, a tragic time of epic battle between two proud races at the height of their power. It was a time of mighty heroes, powerful magic and epic confrontations. This army may only be chosen when fighting an army chosen from the High Elf War of the Beard army list, featured in last month's White Dwarf – these armies would be far too lethal to play against a regular army!

CHOOSING CHARACTERS

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

CHOOSING TROOPS

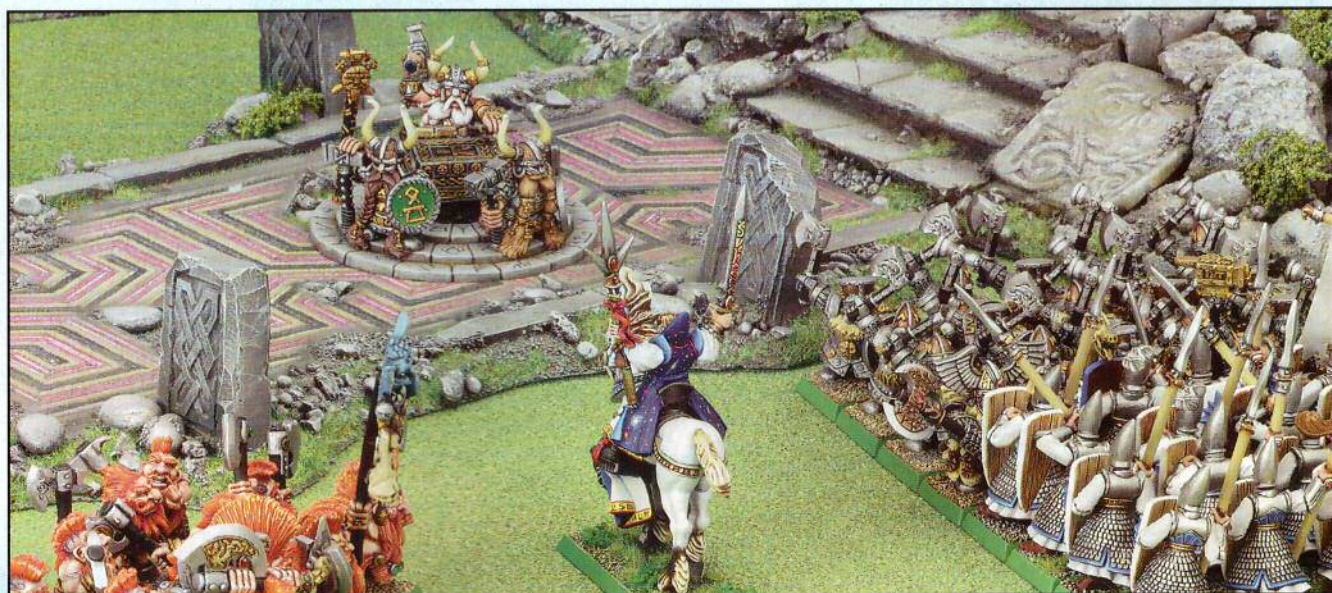
Army Value	Core	Special	Rare*
< 2,000	1+	0-5	–
2,000-2,999	2+	0-6	–
3,000-3,999	2+	0-7	–
4,000-4,999	4+	0-8	–
each +1000	+1	+0-1	–

* Note: No rare choices may be chosen in a Dwarf War of the Beard Army

DWARF WAR OF THE BEARD SPECIAL RULES

- War of Vengeance Dwarfs *bate* all Elves.
- No model may take Dwarf handguns or pistols. No cannons may be used.
- Dwarf Rangers and Hammerers may not be chosen.
- Each Runesmith and Runelord in the army gives the Dwarf player an extra two Dispel dice in the enemy Magic phase rather than one.
- A single unit of Longbeards and a single unit of Ironbreakers may be chosen as Core choices. In addition, any number may be chosen as Special as normal.
- Any unit of Longbeards that has the Army General within it will act as his bodyguard, and become stubborn (see page 85 of the Warhammer rulebook).
- Dwarf Lords may take up to 150 points of runic items chosen from the Weapons, Armour and Talisman lists.
- Runelords may take up to 175 points of runic items chosen from the Weapons, Armour and Talisman lists.
- Daemon Slayers may take up to 125 points of runic items chosen from the Weapons list.
- Thanes and Engineers may take up to 75 points worth of runic items chosen from the Weapons, Armour and Talisman lists.
- Runesmiths may take up to 100 points worth of runic items chosen from the Weapons, Armour and Talisman lists.
- Dragon Slayers may take up to 75 points worth of runic items chosen from the Weapons list.
- Champions in units of Longbeards and Ironbreakers may take up to 25 points worth of runic items chosen from the Weapons and Armour lists.
- Dwarf Warriors and Miners may take a runic standard worth up to 50 points.
- Longbeards and Ironbreakers may take a runic standard worth up to 75 points.
- In addition to their normal runes, all Anvils of Doom come with either the Rune of Doom (see page 51 of the Dwarf Armies book) OR the Rune of Reflection and cost 235 points. If a double 1 is rolled when attempting to cast the Rune of Doom, the Dwarf Magic phase ends immediately and all remaining dice are discarded, no other adverse effects occur.





A High Elf mage confronts a Dwarf Anvil of Doom.

DWARF RUNES SPECIAL RULES

The Dwarfs of old knew many secrets that have since been lost, and the Runesmiths had a mastery of their art that is almost unfathomable. The following rules can only be used for War of the Beard games.

MASTER RUNES

Several of the Master Runes were able to be crafted by many more Runesmiths in the times of the War of Beard than in later times, and so are more common. The following Master Runes **do not count as Master Runes** in a War of the Beard army, and so more than one of each may be taken in a single army. Remember that the other usual rules for Rune Items (see the Rule of the Runes, p.19 of the Dwarf Armies book) apply as normal.

Weapon Runes:

- Master Rune of Skalf Blackhammer
- Master Rune of Alaric the Mad
- Master Rune of Breaking

Armour Runes:

- Master Rune of Steel
- Master Rune of Gromril

Runic Talismans:

- Master Rune of Balance (one dice may be removed from the enemy's magic pool per Rune of Balance)
- Master Rune of Spite

RUNIC TALISMANS

RUNE OF SPELL-HATING 50 Points

Runelords – One use only

The art of creating this difficult rune has been lost in time, although at the time of the War of Vengeance, the most powerful Runesmiths were familiar with its intricacies. It is capable of shutting down even the most powerful of sorceries.

This rune may only be played once per battle, and will stop enemy magic instantly. The rune may be played to automatically dispel one enemy spell – there is no need to roll. This rune is even able to dispel a spell cast with Irresistible Force

RUNIC STANDARDS

MASTER RUNE OF VENGEANCE 80 Points

This ancient rune focuses the Dwarfs' innate hatred of magic into a devastating punishment against any who dare to use it against them. Even before the Mage manages to draw the magical energy needed to cast his spell, lightning bolts leap from the sky, dancing towards him with a devastating crack of light.

When a spell is targeted against a unit with the Master Rune of Vengeance, but before the effects of the spell are worked out, the Dwarf player may choose to use the rune against the casting Wizard. For each Power dice that the Wizard has used to cast the spell, he

takes a Strength 4 automatic hit. If the Wizard is still alive, the spell is cast as normal.

ANVIL OF DOOM

RUNIC POWER

RUNE OF REFLECTION

Casting value: 8+

With a mighty blow, the Runelord strikes the anvil with a resounding crack. Power arcs across the battlefield, striking towards an enemy wizard, who suddenly loses control of his powers.

This spell can be cast on any enemy Wizard within line of sight. One randomly determined spell of the Wizard's is automatically cast on the Wizard himself and the unit he is with (if appropriate). If the Wizard casts Drain Magic on himself, it will be cast at Level 2. If Vault's Unmaking is cast on the unit, the Dwarf player may choose which item is nullified.

NEW OPTION FOR DWARF LORDS

THRONE OF POWER 65 Points

Instead of fighting on foot a Dwarf Lord may choose to be carried to battle atop one of the great Thrones of Power.

The Throne of Power is carried by four sturdy Veterans, which gives the Dwarf Lord an additional four normal WS5, S4 attacks. Any attacks against the Throne must be resolved against the Dwarf Lord himself. The model cannot join a unit. The Throne has Magic Resistance (2).

Note: For those cunning players out there, NO you may NOT take any of the Albion magical items in a War of the Beard army – they haven't been

found yet! Also, we have found that games with War of the Beard lists work best when they are at least 3,000 points in size. This allows you

and your opponent to select lots of characters, elite regiments and special magic items, giving much more of an epic feel to the battle.

Morgrim Elgidum, the Elfdoom, stepped up onto the large, icy rock. His nail-studded boots sounded sharply in the silence of the cold, crisp air. Unconsciously stroking his full beard, he gazed over the edge of the precipice. Through the slowly drifting clouds he could just make out tiny figures on the plains far below. His cold, grey eyes narrowed, and he felt the slow-burning rage inside him flare. The news had arrived that morning that the High King's son, the proud warrior Snorri Halfhand, had been slain; cut down dishonourably by the black-hearted Elven King Caledor. Snorri was Morgrim's young cousin, and the pair had fought and feasted at each other's side on many occasions. Tomorrow, Morgrim and his stalwart kin would face the treacherous Elves on the plains and crush them utterly. They would march relentlessly through the night, descending along the twisting mountain paths through the darkness, their desire for vengeance pushing them ever onwards.

Turning, the proud Dwarf Lord surveyed his kinsmen as they marched down through the deepening chasm, some fifty feet from his position. The steady beat of hard boots on stone and deep resounding chanting echoed up towards him as darkness slowly descended. Smiling grimly to himself, Morgrim stepped off the rock, sinking up to his knees in the snow that had begun to fall again, and began to work his way back to join his comrades.

A deafening roar suddenly echoed up from behind him, and Morgrim swung around, pulling the heavy, rune-encrusted axe from his back. Standing looking over the cliff-face, the hellish noise got louder until, with a tremendous burst of air an immense blue dragon screamed up over the precipice from below. Squinting his eyes against the biting cold wind, Morgrim snarled up at the immense creature as it shot into the sky overhead. An armoured figure rode upon the back of the proud creature and, seeing Morgrim below, gestured towards him with an ornate lance. The dragon twisted effortlessly through the air, coiling lithely overhead to face the lone Dwarf. It plummeted from the sky, dropping through the falling snow towards Morgrim, immense talons poised to strike and the Dragon Prince's lance aimed squarely at his chest.

A flurry of crossbow bolts streaked through the air towards the diving creature, ricocheting harmlessly off its gleaming blue scales. Huge, slitted eyes filled with intelligence and cunning were locked on the Dwarf Lord. As it neared, it reared up so as to pass over the Dwarf, and several black-shafted bolts punched into its soft underbelly. It screeched, more in shock than actual pain, and veered to the left. The skilful Dragon Prince compensated for this sudden movement, changing the angle of his lance, and struck out at Morgrim as the dragon swept overhead.

Holding his double-headed axe tightly in steady hands, Morgrim slashed it across his body with astounding swiftness, shattering the lance that descended towards him. Runes on the axe-haft left a glowing trail of light through the air. With a lightning follow-up move, Morgrim whipped the axe over his head, cutting a deep gouge along the dragon's hind leg as it rolled through the air above him.

Although he could hear the shouts of his comrades, who were running heavily through the snow to reach him, the grim Dwarf knew they would not arrive in time to aid him. The dragon rose into the air, turning gracefully before descending towards him once more. Pulling up sharply just before the Dwarf Lord, the creature opened its mouth wide, its jaw overextending and its chest expanding with a sharp intake of air. A burst of roaring flame billowed out of the serpentine maw, rolling over Morgrim. Steam rose in a great hissing cloud as snow and ice melted under the furnace, but the grim figure remained untouched. Flames gushed around him harmlessly as ancient runes on his armour and helmet glowed brightly.

Frustrated, the dragon lurched towards the Dwarf with a savage roar, eyes filled with malevolence. Snow and ice remained untouched by the heat in a perfect circle around

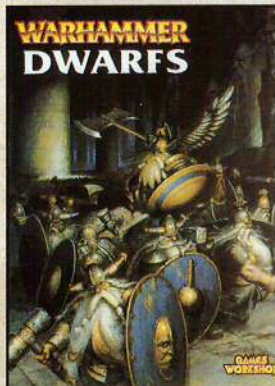
Morgrim, who let out a roar of his own, raising his axe high above his head. The dragon lunged forwards, its head darting out to snap at the lone figure. Morgrim swung his axe in a powerful arc, impacting with the side of the blue dragon's head just as it came into range, cutting deeply into the tough, scaled skin and battering the dragon to the side. Leaning forwards in his saddle, the Elven rider slashed his sword towards the Dwarf, but the attack was smashed aside with a disdainful swat of the axe. Leaping forwards, Morgrim struck a thunderous blow with the ancient rune weapon into the dragon's neck. The decorative blade bit deep into the sinuous creature, nearly severing its head.

The dragon jerked backwards with a gurgling screech, dark blood pattering into the perfectly white snow. It crashed down into the ground, thrashing wildly in its death throes. The Dragon Prince tried frantically to free himself of the harness holding him to the saddle, but before he could manage the buckles, the dragon rolled over the edge of the precipice. Just as it fell, the Elf looked up and locked eyes with Morgrim. Behind the ornate helmet, Morgrim could see pale grey eyes filled with fear, and the next moment the flailing pair disappeared from view, plummeting down into the clouds.

The Dwarf stood looking over the drop, his eyes cold. As his kinsmen arrived breathless at his side, they gazed at their Lord in reverent silence. Eventually he turned to face them. "Tomorrow," he said in a gravelly voice. "Tomorrow, the field of battle will be awash with Elf blood. We will take a heavy toll to make them pay for their treacheries."

Without another word Morgrim turned, shouldering his bloody axe and began walking.





Warhammer Armies: Dwarfs £10

The essential guide for putting together a Dwarf army. Inside you will find a complete army list with troop types, special rules, background information, painting tips, and more.



Thorek Ironbrow, Dwarf Runelord & the Anvil of Doom

£18

The Anvils of Doom are ancient devices forged with great skill by the Runesmiths of old in the bowels of Thunder Mountain. The Anvils are objects of great power, and in times of extreme need a Runesmith can use them to unleash fire and lightning upon his foes. With a mighty blow of his hammer the Runesmith can release the Anvil's power and lightning strikes as mighty energies unfurl. The Anvils used in the War of the Beard are inscribed with the Rune of Doom, a powerful enchantment which fills the Dwarf army with a righteous fury that is terrible to behold.



Dwarf King Alrik £12

The Dwarf King of Karak-Hirn, Alrik is carried into battle on a great shield carried by his loyal followers. Bearing Karak-Hirn's Book of Grudges, and the Axe of Retribution, Alrik is an inspiration to all Dwarfs.



Dwarf Lord £5

An ancient and powerful warrior, the Dwarf Lord leads the Dwarf army into battle. Carrying formidable rune-inscribed weapons, they are more than a match for any foe.



Dwarf Runesmith £4

Runesmiths are accorded great status within their stronghold. Able to forge powerful runes upon weapons, armour, and war machines, they tame the winds of magic during the midst of battle.



Dwarf Engineers £4 each

Engineers construct and repair Dwarf war machines, and often accompany their creations onto the field of battle. Here they can fine tune the cannons and bolt throwers, enabling them to fire more accurately, and cause the most destruction to the enemy.



Dwarf Longbeards £5 Command £6

Dwarfs are taught from an early age to respect their elders, and the oldest Dwarfs in the stronghold are accorded the greatest respect. Their beards must stretch down to the floor before they are given the prestigious title of Longbeard. Their age and experience mean that they have invariably seen it all before, and they constantly complain of how things are never as good as they were in the old days. This makes them impossible to *panic*, and they are resolute on the battlefield. Each blister pack contains 3 Dwarf Longbeards.



Dwarf Slayers £5 **Command** £6

Shamed by a personal tragedy or failure, a Dwarf may take the Slayer oath. Slayers seek a glorious death at the hands of a worthy adversary, and so constantly fight the most dangerous monsters and creatures the Old World has to offer. Blister pack contains 3 Dwarf Slayers.



Dwarf Dragonslayers £5 each

The most skilled and maniacal of Dwarf Slayers will gradually become more fierce and powerful as they slay even greater enemies.



Dwarf Daemonslayer
£6 each

Few Slayers live long enough to be named Daemonslayer. Those that do are legendary fighters.



Dwarf Miners £5 **Command** £6

Dwarfs are skilled miners, and can dig tunnels at incredible speed. Networks of mines and tunnels they have created run through every mountain range and in battle, they use their knowledge of them and mastery of the pick axe with deadly intent. Blister pack contains 3 Dwarf Miners.



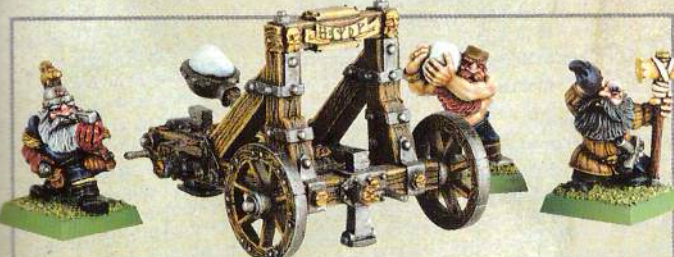
Dwarf Warriors £15 boxed set

In times of war the clans muster together and form into regiments. These warriors are expected to maintain their own armour and weapons, which are often ancient family heirlooms that have been handed down through the generations.



Dwarf Ironbreakers £5 **Command** £6

The Ironbreakers guard the deep abandoned tunnels from the numerous dark creatures that would otherwise invade the hold. They spend much of their time below ground in the deepest, least visited parts of the stronghold. Because of the extreme danger of their duty they wear fine suits of gromril armour to protect themselves. Blister pack contains 3 Dwarf Ironbreakers.



Dwarf Stone Thrower £10

The Dwarf Stone Thrower is a well maintained piece of Dwarf artillery. Capable of smashing apart enemy units with pinpoint accuracy, these machines pre-date the Dwarf invention of blackpowder by many centuries.



Dwarf Bolt Thrower £10

A stalwart artillery piece, in use by Dwarf armies since before the War of the Beard, a well maintained bolt thrower is capable of piercing the toughest monster hide, or even skewering several ranks of an enemy formation, making them a useful addition to the Dwarf army.

**AVAILABLE FROM YOUR LOCAL GAMES WORKSHOP STORE, INDEPENDENT STOCKIST,
GAMES WORKSHOP MAIL ORDER (0115 91 40000) OR www.games-workshop.com**

Models shown at 60% actual size.

Glass crunched underfoot as Inquisitor Lichtenstein stepped into the dimly lit interior of the gutted building. Dust motes danced in the stagnant air, glittering in slatted shafts of moonlight streaming through the broken boards nailed across the windows. It had once been the Treasury building, home of the Office of Imperial Outlays, but was now little more than a burnt-out shell. During the riots, hundreds of mutants had rampaged through its columned halls, burning, looting and murdering the Imperial Pursers within.

Lichtenstein's eyes scanned the space before him, alert for any sign of mutant scavengers. He had no desire to be in this place any longer than was necessary. This close to the mutant ghetto in the north of Karis Cephalon was not a healthy place to be for a pureblood human. He could smell the acrid smoke of the ghetto's cooking fires and fancied that he could hear the low hum of mutant voices. Yes, the sooner he was done here, the better. Ghaustos drifted alongside him, fresh spikes of blessed silver piercing his cold flesh where Lichtenstein had strengthened the pentagrammic bindings upon the daemonhost.

"The one called Kessel is here," hissed Ghaustos.

"Where?"

"Ahead. In the chamber beyond."

Lichtenstein nodded and moved as silently as he could through the ruined vestibule, careful to avoid patches of broken glass and cracked marble tiles. The message to meet Kessel in this blackened ruin had come yesterday on his personal vox-caster, and how the venerable Inquisitor had known how to key into it was just one of the things Lichtenstein wanted an answer to.

"Do you really think Kessel will just hand Dimitri over to you?" asked Ghaustos.

"I believe so. I sensed no duplicity in his words. It's more a question of what he wants in return."

"Why even bother then? Surely you can find another machine-priest."

"Possibly, but I know Dimitri, I can control him, and his knowledge of the Noctis Labyrinthus is irreplaceable. Besides, I don't have time to find another trustworthy tech-priest, if there is such a thing, before Gryx expires. Surgeon Monque cannot keep him alive indefinitely."

Lichtenstein snatched his antique stub pistol from its worn leather holster as a figure emerged from a wide archway before them, silhouetted in the moonlight.

"You will have no need of your weapon, Inquisitor Lichtenstein," said the figure.

"Kessel?"

The figure nodded, but Lichtenstein did not lower his weapon, instead thumbing back the hammer and aiming at Kessel's face.

"Give me one reason why I shouldn't just shoot you right now."

Kessel chuckled. "You won't shoot me."

"No?"

"No, not while I have something you want in my possession."

"How do I even know Dimitri is still alive? I watched that daemonhost of yours boil the blood in his veins. For all I know he is dead."

Kessel shook his head before continuing. "Yes, Loa Gorg used rather more force than I would have preferred in subduing the Magos, but you know full well that no priest of the Omnissiah would put himself in mortal danger without a memory retrieval faculty in action."

Lichtenstein relaxed a fraction. He had hoped that Dimitri would have some form of internal cogitator. He lowered his pistol, easing the hammer down, and holstered the weapon.

"Very well, if Dimitri is alive, prove it to me."

Kessel snapped his fingers and called, "Logan, bring him in."

Lichtenstein felt the floor vibrate as something heavy rumbled into sight from the same archway Kessel had emerged from. Lichtenstein saw the Skitarii warrior that Dimitri himself had taken out in their recent battle roll forward. His legs were gone, replaced with what looked like the track unit of a Praetorian battle servitor.

The skin around his face and arms was blackened and blistered where chemical fire had scorched it and his face was twisted in hatred. Magos Dimitri marched beside him, his movements awkward. He might have survived his wounding at the hands of Kessel's daemonhost, but his body was obviously having trouble in adjusting to the artificial signals it was receiving from the recovered memory engrams. The Praetorian warrior's massive gun never drifted from Dimitri's back and Lichtenstein could sense his desire to open fire on the Magos.

There was something else too, other minds within this building. But who they belonged to, he could not tell. Mutants? Or something worse?

"So what do you want, Kessel? You wouldn't have gone to the trouble of arranging this meeting if you didn't want something from me."

"True," agreed Kessel, "I do want something from you. Your help."

"My help? With what?"

"You and I are not so different, Lichtenstein. We could achieve much were we to join forces."

"Why should I agree to such an arrangement?"

"Because there are forces at work on this world who seek a terrible and powerful weapon known as the Angel, a relic from the Dark Age of Technology. If it were to fall into the wrong hands it would spell doom for Karis Cephalon. Already agents of the dark powers have released a diabolical creature from the depths of the planet and the portents all point to a time of coming darkness unrivalled since the Reign of Blood."

"I have greater concerns than a single world, Kessel. What do I care for Karis Cephalon?"

Before Kessel could answer, a bolter round punched through his shoulder and spun him from his feet. Blood spurted from the wound and the Inquisitor fell, rolling behind a pile of debris.

Lichtenstein ducked behind a fluted pillar, unsabbing his combat shotgun and racking the slide. A hail of bolter rounds

sprayed the room, blasting chunks from the pillar and ricocheting from the walls. A stone chip scored across Lichtenstein's cheek, drawing blood.

"Treachery!" he roared.

"Yes," shouted Kessel, "but not of my doing."

A sudden quiet descended on the chamber and Lichtenstein heard the throaty roar of a huge chainblade rasping to life. Even before the voice rang out, he knew who it would belong to.

"Lichtenstein! Traitor! Come out and face your judgement!"

Lichtenstein cursed under his breath.

Tyrus... He should have known the zealous Inquisitor would soon be on his trail. He risked a glance around the pillar, seeing Dimitri standing immobile in the centre of the chamber.

"For the Emperor's sake, Dimitri, get into cover!"

Like an automaton, the Magos moved behind another wide pillar. Ghaustos drifted into a pool of shadow, his outline blending with the darkness, and Lichtenstein could feel the creature begin to draw psychic energies into its body.

Above him, descending a wide flight of stairs, was Tyrus, resplendent in his elaborately tooled suit of black power armour, power knife crackling with lethal energies. Behind Tyrus came the red-robed Redemptionist, Malicant, who leapt the balustrade, his face shining with fanatical piety as he swung his roaring eviscerator and sprinted towards Dimitri's hiding place.

Kessel's Praetorian rolled forwards, raising his massive weapon, and a roaring burst of gunfire sawed through the stonework of the stairs. But Tyrus was untroubled; his armour was proof against all but the most powerful weapons. His bolt pistol spat and the Praetorian reeled, his weapon spraying the far wall with bullets.

Lichtenstein broke from cover, running to intercept Malicant. Bullets stitched a path towards him from Tyrus's pistol. He dived and rolled into a crouch, firing his shotgun in controlled bursts, squeezing the trigger and racking the slide in quick succession.

Tyrus shouted oaths of holy fire as the shells broke against his sanctified armour and a howling blast of frozen air engulfed him. Ghaustos swept forward, concentrating his powers into a spike of psychic chill and driving it into Tyrus's chest. But Tyrus had learned from his previous encounter with Ghaustos and his armour was inscribed with protective sigils that shielded him from warp-spawned magicks. He swung his pistol to bear, but the daemonhost disappeared within the shadows before he could fire.

Malicant brought his eviscerator around in a brutal arc, the screaming weapon aimed at Dimitri's neck. A burst of sparks flared as Lichtenstein's flame-wreathed daemonsword intercepted the blow. The Inquisitor reversed his slash, the gnawing teeth of his blade tearing a deep gash across Malicant's chest. The robed zealot screamed and slashed at Lichtenstein, uncaring of the hurt done to him. Lichtenstein parried the blow and spun inside his guard, hammering his elbow into Malicant's cheek and tearing the golden mask from his face. Malicant fell, his skull cracked open, as Lichtenstein continued his charge, grabbing Dimitri's robes and hauling him towards the windows. Bolt pistol fire blasted chunks from the floor beside them.

Lichtenstein leapt, swinging his sword and smashing the boards across the nearest window to splinters. Dimitri followed him and the pair crashed from the building in a halo of splintered glass. Lichtenstein rolled to his feet in time to hear Tyrus's booming voice.

"You only postpone the inevitable, Lichtenstein! You will be purged of your treachery!"

Lichtenstein heard yet more gunfire from the Praetorian and guessed that with Tyrus' fanatic down, Kessel could make his own escape. Lichtenstein owed him nothing. He had Dimitri back and would be able to repair Gryx; that was all that mattered.

As they made their way into the darkness of Karis Cephalon, Lichtenstein knew that Tyrus was a fool for thinking that his search for the Librarium Hereticus was entwined with the Ruinous Powers. There was an ancient evil returning to the galaxy that would make the threat of the warp pale in comparison, and the knowledge contained within the Librarium's damned walls held the key to Mankind's salvation.

Lichtenstein would allow nothing to stand in his way of his quest. Not Tyrus, not Kessel, nor any of the misguided, blinkered fools in the Inquisition who lobbied to declare him Extremis Diabolus.

He would save Humanity alone.

A RADICAL ENCOUNTER

BY GRAHAM MCNEILL

Following on from Jeppe Danning's amazing Lizardmen army in last month's White Dwarf, we now bring you Keith Stockburn's Air Cavalry. This army really caught our eye so Space McQuirk got the lowdown on how Keith created it.

KEITH STOCKBURN'S AIR CAVALRY

Warhammer 40,000 Grand Tournament 2001 Best Army

Keith Stockburn has built up quite a reputation at his local Games Workshop store in Leeds. Hailing from Harrogate, he first entered the Games Workshop hobby over fifteen years ago after wandering into his local shop out of pure curiosity. At first he dedicated all his time to modelling and building up his conversion and painting skills. But after many years in the hobby, he has started to enjoy the gaming side, and it was at the Warhammer 40,000 Grand Tournament 2001 that we spotted his amazing Imperial Guard army, and knew that we had to feature it in White Dwarf.

Keith has entered the Warhammer 40,000 Grand Tournament for the last three years. His first foray was with a Legion of the Damned army, and for his second venture he took an Imperial Guard army, much of which formed the basis of his new force. It was the amazing amount of conversions and attention to detail that caught the judges' eyes at this year's event. As a result, he walked away with the trophy for the best army. We asked him how he went about designing the 1st Catachan Cavalry 'Airmobile'.

Keith: I have always been interested in the Vietnam War, and when I went

to a modelling convention and spotted a grab bag of metal Catachan figures I couldn't resist them. I have long been into the painting aspect of the hobby and spend most evenings relaxing by painting figures. Having just finished my Legion of the Damned army, I started thinking about my next modelling project.

Painting is a great way to relax after work. One evening sat in front of the box, watching the movie *Apocalypse Now*, my inspiration came to me. I thought it would be great to create an alternative army based on the Mobile Air Cavalry in the film. I wanted to create a model that would be the





Keith's 'Eradicator' gunship which he uses as a Leman Russ Exterminator.





'Cerebus', which represents a Hellhound tank.

Warhammer 40,000 equivalent of a Huey helicopter. Taking a basic Land Speeder as the frame for the conversion I cut it just behind the cockpit with a razor saw. I extended the model using one of the palette sections from the Warhammer 40,000 battlefield accessory frames for the flooring and then built up the underside of the vehicle to match the original underside of the Land Speeder using successive layers of plasticard. I had to make a new back section for the engine housing, again using plasticard to achieve this. I then ran a length of sprue down the centre of the vehicle to create a top rail.

I thought that the heavy bolters from the Space Marine Attack Bike would make excellent door guns. The pilots I converted by cutting the legs off the Space Marines already moulded on to the kit, then used some green stuff to remodel the chair. I took the legs off the Catachan Jungle Fighter gunner models and used the body from the Exterminator kit for the top half.

Being somewhat a perfectionist in my work, it took me a week to achieve the finished model.

I had made the first model as an experimental piece, but was happy with the result and knew that I wanted to head in this general direction with the rest of my army. The Tournament was over six months away so there was no need to rush any work, and I knew that in that amount of time I could construct a good sized force.

It was whilst modelling the first of the gunships that I came up with a unique name for the model. I decided to call the model the 'Eradicator' and field it as an Exterminator variant using the 'Counts As' rule so that I could field it in my games.

The next model that I started work on was the 'Hippogriff'. I knew that I wanted this model to be used in the Tournament as a Chimera variant, (hence the reference to a mythological creature in the name of the vehicle). It was with this in mind that I started the conversion. Once I had designed the first of my conversions, the rest came

pretty easily. I used the same basic process as the first, but simply gave the model different gun mountings to represent its role as a troop transporter rather than a gunship.

Once I realised that I could use this conversion technique as a construct for any variant of tank, there was no stopping my creativity. I applied the technique to designing a Hellhound variant which I called a 'Cerebus', boxing in the centre section with plasticard to represent the fuel tanks.

It was then that an even more ambitious plan sprang to mind. I decided to make a Basilisk variant. Using a similar process to the one I used to make the Eradicator, I cut off the rear engine housings and fixed two of them together. I then assembled the Basilisk gun and platform as usual, but built up a base from plasticard, finally assembling the cockpit as I had done with the others. I decided that a fitting name for this vehicle would be the 'Gorgon'.

In my bitz box I had an old Citadel Miniatures Judge Dredd figure riding a hoverboard which gave me the inspiration to create my own unique variation of the Rough Riders. I had no idea how to go about getting any more of the surf boards as Mail Order no longer stocked them. So taking some thick plasticard, I made a template which I then used to create the rest. I cut them out with a jigsaw, used a file to shape them, and then I used a pin vice to make the air



*Rough Riders mounted on scratch-built hoverboards.**



Keith's Command squad. Check out all the cowboy hats!

propulsion holes. The main purpose of this particular unit is as a mobile response squad designed to take any table quarters.

Finally, I created the Command squad. I started with the Sly Marbo figure, converting the model to give it a pointing arm and a Space Marine Captain's storm bolter, and finished it off by designing a cowboy style hat from green stuff. The hat theme

became a feature throughout my Command squad.

As far as playing at the Tournament, all went pretty well even though I ranked very poorly. All I can say in my defence is that I am far more dedicated to modelling than I am to gaming, and I think it showed through on the day. One of the best aspects of the day was the sheer amount of people who came up and examined

my army. I had to spend the first few minutes of each game explaining to my opponents which of my gunships counted as what vehicles, and what each converted weapon actually was. Then, whilst playing the game I would have to repeat this to each inquisitive spectator who wandered by.

I'm now working on my next army, converting two Dwarf Gyrocopters into a special assault copter...!



This massive 'Gorgon' is used as a Basilisk when Keith is gaming.

WELCOME TO THE HALL OF HEROES

Games Workshop's Online League of Gaming Champions

Step inside and see the results of mighty battles fought all across the United Kingdom. Here we record players' mighty triumphs and not so glorious defeats in their quest to climb higher and higher in the Hall of Heroes. This is the place to track the progress of your fellow warriors and see how they compare to your own valiant deeds.

The Hall of Heroes currently supports four of our battle game systems – Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, Battlefleet Gothic and Warmaster. In addition, there is space for Games Workshop to proclaim our hobby legends and feature their deeds for all time.



HOW DO YOU JOIN THE HALL OF HEROES?

By playing in Gaming Club and Grand Tournaments you will automatically be entered into the Hall of Heroes. After each Gaming Club Tournament you will need to fill out a Bloody Aftermath Card and mail the lower half (the Gaming Club Tournament Report Card) back to Games Workshop. These cards are what we need to enter in your information (so make sure it is all correct!). It's that easy!

The Hall of Heroes is your chance to see how your progress in Gaming Club Tournaments matches up against players from all over the United Kingdom. As you rise in rank in the Hall of Heroes, you'll become eligible for all kinds of special accolades. What are they? We aren't telling, otherwise it wouldn't be a surprise! The most important thing to remember about the Hall of Heroes and Gaming Club Tournaments is that it's all for fun. It's an excuse to finish that army, get out and meet new gamers, and a chance to showcase those squads and units which you've spent hours working on. Remember, if you take everything here too seriously you've missed the point. Have fun and play!

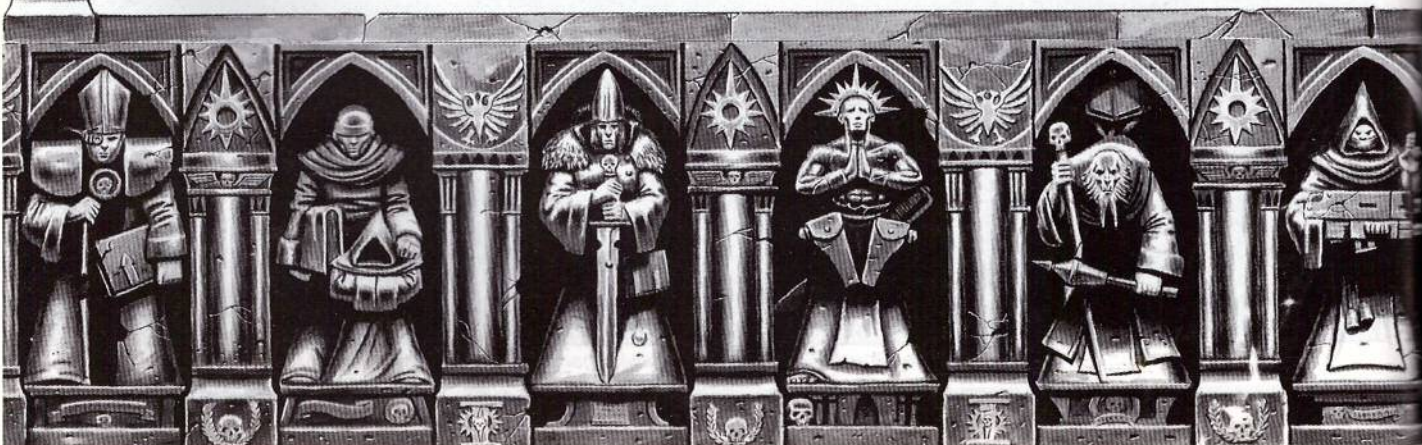
HOW WE SCORE THE HALL OF HEROES

Valour Points are awarded to individuals in the Hall of Heroes for a number of reasons. Most notable are those awarded for participation in tournaments.

If you play in any UK-based Games Workshop sanctioned event, including the Grand Tournaments, you will be awarded points in the Hall of Heroes. This is done once your Bloody Aftermath Card is received at Games Workshop HQ in Nottingham.

Points are awarded based on the size of the event you attended, rated by how many people took part. You will gain points for the following things:

- Turning up to play the whole competition – the bigger the event, the more you score.
- Finishing having scored in the top half of the competition.
- Winning the Overall Champion award in the Tournament.
- Winning the Most Sporting Opponent award in the Tournament.
- Winning the Best Army award in the Tournament.
- Winning the Best General award in the Tournament.



The scores are broken down by gaming system. Therefore, if you play in different games you will be able to see your ranking in each system.

The Hall of Heroes also has a few extra features, including:

- The ability to click on a player name and get their Hall of Heroes history.
- The ability to look at the ranking in any listed tournament by clicking on the tournament name.
- A neat notes feature that reminds you how many of each award type a player has won.

LEGENDS

The final area on the Hall of Heroes that is well worth mentioning is the Legends section. At the moment this is an empty space. However, here is where we want to recognise great hobby achievements and the most effort shown in the Games Workshop hobby. Over the next few months, the first nominations for the accolade of Legend will be coming in. This isn't about being top of the Hall of Heroes. It's about being recognised for being a great contributor to the whole community of gamers. The Legends will be appointed by the High Lords of Terra. Let none spurn their deeds!

HALL OF HEROES			
WARHAMMER	WARHAMMER	WARMASTER	GOthic
WARHAMMER 40,000			
The Warhammer 40,000 Hall of Heroes			
16-30 Points		Space Marine Scout	
Name:	Value:	# of Events:	Notes:
Mark Humphreys	23	1	Most Sporting Opponent
Thomas Lohdeja	23	1	Overall Champion
Keth Stockburn	18	1	Best Army
Alexander Fennell	16	1	Best General
5-15 Points		Recruit	
Name:	Value:	# of Events:	Notes:
Robert Uter	12	2	
Michael Marlow	10	1	Most Sporting Opponent
Adam Wiley	8	1	
A Sam Unger	8	1	
Age Hengstbauer	8	1	
Alan T Moore	8	1	
Alastair Fiddell	8	1	
Andrew Hume	8	1	
Andrew McInnes	8	1	
Andrew Parsons	8	1	
Andrew Thompson	8	1	

Tournaments of all sizes and types are invited to submit results to the Hall of Heroes. Whilst many of the players go to the Grand Tournaments, there is a huge event circuit to enjoy too!



The Call of Khaine was the first sanctioned Gaming Club Tournament. The results are now in the Hall of Heroes.



Richard Roberts scored bonus Valour Points when he took home the Overall Winners certificate. It's always worth going for the other awards too – Best Army, Most Sporting Player and Best General all get bonuses.



Every Games Workshop store is a centre for gaming, painting and modelling. No matter what your level of experience, from complete newcomer to experienced veteran, you'll find something to interest you.

Throughout each week, the focus of the store is aimed towards different gamers' needs. If you browse over this page, you will be able to see which activities suit you best.

This month, our stores are featuring the latest new releases for the noble High Elves, not to mention the release of the new Chaos Space Marines boxed set.

Some stores are unable to stay open late or open on Sundays.

Please contact your local store for details.



Chaos Space Marine Lord
£7 from 1st March

ADVANCE NOTICE

Please note that the prices on blisters marked C, D, E & G will be changing in March. Now is the time to get hold of these great miniatures!

From 1st March 2002 the UK prices will be as follows:

C - £5 D - £6 E - £7 G - £9

GAMES WORKSHOP STORES

What's going on at your local store?

BEGINNERS SUNDAY

Sundays are especially devoted to helping those new to the hobby. If you want to learn about the world of Warhammer or lead a squad of Space Marines into battle, all you need to do is come along! To help those just starting, we run our special Beginners' programme, where we can help you take your first steps into the Games Workshop hobby.

This month we are running introductory weekends for all our core systems. So if you have just received a game for Christmas, come along and learn how to paint and play. We are running The Lord of the Rings on the 19th and 20th January, Warhammer on the 26th and 26th January, Warhammer 40,000 on the 2nd and 3rd February. See your local store for details.

WARLORDS SATURDAY

Every Saturday our stores play a massive Warlords game. Whether you're a complete beginner or a seasoned veteran, everyone is welcome to take part.

The Saturday Warlords game is the highlight of the store's gaming schedule. All through the week leading up to the game you can get information on the Saturday game - just ask the staff about what's

happening and where to sign up. Then simply turn up on the day, bringing along whatever models you can, to join in the fun!

Saturday is also the day when new products are released, so make sure you're there to check out the latest new miniatures hot from the forges of Games Workshop.

GAMES NIGHT THURSDAY EVENING

Most Games Workshop stores stay open late on Thursday's so that you can play your favourite games.

Thursday's games feature team participation battles for you to take part in, painting workshops for those who know the basic principles and want to develop their painting skills, and a forum for gamers to talk about the hobby. Come down to your local store on Thursday to join in, particularly if you've just graduated from our Sunday Beginners' program.

VETERANS TUESDAY EVENING

Some Games Workshop stores run Veterans' Nights. They are aimed at older gamers with plenty of experience on the battlefield. You can play games against equally experienced Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 opponents, share ideas about all aspects of your hobby and also play Games Workshop's more specialised gaming systems. This month you can also take part in the Winter War campaign.

To play, check with the store to see if they have the space that evening and what they may be able to provide. Then just bring an army, and an opponent, and play!

This is a list of Games Workshop. Give them a call to find out more details, including what events are going on in the store. We also have Games Workshop stores in 16 different countries across the world (and independent stockists in even more). Call Mail Order on 0115 91 40000 to find out where they are! Most Games Workshop stores are open seven days a week and open late for gaming evenings, but please contact your local store for more details.



ENGLAND

ALTRINCHAM: Unit 1, 17 Grafton Street.

Tel: 0161 929 9896

BASINGSTOKE: 3 Potters Walk, Wote Street. Tel: 01256 466 050

BATH: 30 Upper Borough Walls. Tel: 01225 314 414

BEDFORD: 10 Greyfriars. Tel: 01234 273 663

BIRMINGHAM: 116 Corporation Street. Tel: 0121 236 7880

BLACKPOOL: 8 Birley Street. Tel: 01253 752 056

BLUEWATER: Unit 052B, Upper Thames Walk, Bluewater, Greenhithe, Kent. Tel: 01322 427880

BOLTON: 36 Acresfield Mall, Crompton Place. Tel: 01204 362 131

BOURNEMOUTH: 24 Post Office Road. Tel: 01202 319 292

BRADFORD: 4 Piccadilly, Bradford, BD1 3LW. Tel: 01274 739 430

BRENT CROSS: Unit F9, Lower Mall (near Fenwicks), Brent Cross Shopping Centre. Tel: 0208 202 4979

BRIGHTON: 7 Nile Street. Tel: 01273 203 333

BRISTOL (CENTRAL): 13 Broad Weir. Tel: 0117 925 1533

BRISTOL (CRIBBS CAUSEWAY): Unit 129 (next to M&S), Upper level, The Mall at Cribbs Causeway. Tel: 0117 959 2528

BROMLEY: Unit 8, The Mall, Bromley. Tel: 0208 466 0678

CAMBRIDGE: 8 Bridge Street. Tel: 01223 313 350

CANTERBURY: Unit 5 Iron Bar Lane. Tel: 01227 452 880

CARLISLE: Unit 2, Earls Lane. Tel: 01228 598 216

CHELMSFORD: Unit 4C, Phase 2, The Meadows Centre. Tel: 01245 490 048

CHELTHAM: 16 Pittville Street. Tel: 01242 228 419

CHESTER: 112 Foregate Street. Tel: 01244 311 967

COLCHESTER: 2 Short Wyre Street. Tel: 01206 767 279

COVENTRY: Unit 39, Upper Level, Cathedral Lanes Shopping Centre. Tel: 02476 227 311

CROYDON: Unit 35, Drummond Centre (outside the back of the centre), Keeley Road. Tel: 0208 690 4600

CRAWLEY: 11 Broadway. Tel: 01293 552 072

DARLINGTON: 78 Skinnergate. Tel: 01325 382 463

DERBY: 42 Sadler Gate. Tel: 01332 371 657

DONCASTER: Unit 10, The Colonnades. Tel: 01302 320 535

DUDLEY: Unit 36, Merry Hill Centre, Brierley Hill. Tel: 01384 481 818

EALING: 52D St Saviours Mall, Ealing Broadway Centre. Tel: 0208 840 0171

EASTBOURNE: 13 Terminus Road. Tel: 01323 641 423

ENFIELD: 3/5 Genotin Road. Tel: 0208 363 3238

EXETER: 12 Paris Street. Tel: 01392 490305

GLOUCESTER: 35 Clarence Street. Tel: 01452 505 033

GRIMSBY: 9 West St Mary's Gate. Tel: 01472 347 757

GUILDFORD: Unit 1, 9/12 Tunsgate. Tel: 01483 451 793

HAMMERSMITH: 161 King Street. Tel: 0208 846 9744

HARROGATE: 29 Beulah Street. Tel: 01423 564 310

HARROW: 296 Station Street. Tel: 0208 861 2350

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: 16 Bridge Street. Tel: 01442 249 752

HIGH WYCOMBE: Unit 29, The Octagon Centre. Tel: 01494 531 494

HULL: 30 Paragon Street. Tel: 01482 589 576

IPSWICH: 2nd Floor, Debenhams, Waterloo House. Tel: 01473 210 031

KENSINGTON: Shop 7, Lancer Square, Kensington Church Street. Tel: 0207 937 7011

KINGSTON ON THAMES: 33 Fife Road. Tel: 0208 549 5224

LEAMINGTON SPA: 22 Park Street. Tel: 01926 435 771

LEEDS (CENTRAL): 12-16 Central Road. Tel: 0113 242 0834

LEEDS (WHITE ROSE): Unit 28D, White Rose Centre. Tel: 0113 272 3470

LEICESTER: Unit 2, 16/20 Silver Street. Tel: 0116 253 0510

LENTON: Willow Road, Lenton. Tel: 0115 916 8410

LINCOLN: Unit SUA, Saltergate (on outside of Waterside Centre). Tel: 01522 548 027

LIVERPOOL: 47 Lord Street. Tel: 0151 258 1404

LOUGHBOROUGH: 22 Biggin Street. Tel: 01509 238 107

LUTON: 12 Park Street. Tel: 01582 417 474

MAIDENHEAD: 2 Blandy House, 3/5 King Street. Tel: 01628 621 854

MAIDSTONE: Unit 6, 1/9 Pudding Lane. Tel: 01622 677 435

MANCHESTER (CENTRAL): Unit R35, Mardsen Way South, Arndale Centre. Tel: 0161 834 6871

MANCHESTER (TRAFFORD CENTRE): Unit H2, Festival Village, The Trafford Centre, Trafford Park. Tel: 0161 747 2121

MIDDLESBROUGH: Unit 33, 39 Dundas Street. Tel: 01642 254 091

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A vertical decorative border with a light tan background. It features a central column of symbols: a fleur-de-lis, a coiled snake, a spider, and a stylized 'Z' or 'N' shape. The border is framed by geometric patterns, including a diamond shape at the top and a zigzag pattern at the bottom.



THE FALL OF MIRAGLIANO

Interpreted and penned by Scribe Alessio Cavatore.

3 Brumoso

Mio Principe, I have received encouraging news regarding the Alliance's campaign against Remas. Here in Miragliano we all know that the troops you are leading form the best part of the Alliance army and are winning fame and fortune for our city. As you ordered, I am compiling this journal, recording the most important events in Miragliano since you left, ready for your perusal when you return victorious.

Until today it has been business as usual, and Umberto's advice and my own have been rarely needed. Young Prince Giuliano has handled the day-to-day decisions without much ado. I have to say that he reminds me of you at the beginning of your illuminated reign - it seems so long ago now.



Today, though, disturbing news has reached the court. Border patrols have reported an increase in Skaven activity in the Marshes. Villages have been attacked and mercilessly destroyed. The rat-men haven't been so bold for quite a long time, I wonder what can have stirred them? Perhaps the prophecies of Nozmaldus are

really coming true, as some prophets of doom are preaching to the crowds. Anyway, I still refuse to accept that the gods would abandon the world into the hands of the Dark Powers.

Umberto advised the Prince to dispatch three squadrons of cavalry to tackle this threat. We also put the Sewer Guard on maximum alert, since the number of rats in the city has been steadily increasing for months now. We are thinking of organising a cleansing operation in the sewers before their numbers grow too high. I sincerely hope this is nothing serious; I am old enough to have seen the last full-scale assault of the Skaven and I still have nightmares about it. May Verena protect us!

9 Brumoso

Mio Principe, we are receiving many reports of skirmishes being fought between our cavalry patrols and the Skaven. This dire news is carried by a constant stream of refugees who are leaving the countryside in the West and coming to the capital for shelter. We are preparing a camp outside the walls for them. The gates are shut and the orders are to quarantine them. The cleansing operation in the sewers is being carried out.

13 Brumoso

Mio Principe, the plague has struck! Since yesterday a most grievous infection is spreading through the poorest areas of the city. The camp outside the walls is full of diseased men and a few might have slipped inside the city with the help of relatives before rumours of the plague started.

The operation to flush the vermin from the city seemed to be a success for a while, but the Sewer Guard has reported more and more incidents where whole groups have disappeared or have had to retreat under attack by thousands of rats that seemed driven by a superior intelligence. Some of their wounded have also shown the

symptoms of the disease. This sickness causes high fever and delirium, but it's rarely fatal for men in their prime, and for that we are raising prayers of thanks to Shallya. Many nobles are already leaving the city with their closest followers in an attempt to avoid the contagion, heading for the relative safety of their villas in the countryside.

17 Brumoso

Mio Principe, the town of Tramaglino has fallen to the Skaven! The few survivors that made it to Miragliano have stories of a vast horde of rat-men. We have recalled all the troops from the borders and are preparing for a siege. Messengers have been sent for help to Pavona and to the Alliance's army where you are. May they reach you before it is too late! The pestilence continues.

23 Brumoso

Mio Principe, the Skaven army has encircled the city and it is many thousands strong. We are cut off from all help. The vermin attacked at night. Thousands of them destroyed the now empty camp outside the walls and started to fill the moat with trees, earth and all sorts of debris they have scavenged from our lands. Our cannons and crossbows have made them pay in blood for their nocturnal activity, but their leaders seem not to care about casualties, as if they were intentionally adding the corpses of their warriors to the materials filling the moat. Now, in this grey overcast day, they are sitting just out of range of our guns, preparing themselves, I'm sure, for another night of bloody toil. Ominous sounds and unnatural green lights fill their camp.

24 Brumoso

Mio Principe, in another night of hellish activity and death, the moat has been completely filled at several points. The attack will come soon. The young Prince Giuliano has been a very inspiring presence for the men, walking all night along the walls, directing the fire of the artillery and encouraging the crossbowmen. He has made me proud. All through the day we could hear a disturbing

sound coming from the distance in the West. It is like the toll of a bell, but this bell is no herald of joy and its sound is discordant and full of chilling menace.



25 Brumoso

Mio Principe, as predicted the attack has come tonight. Hordes of mangy rat-men hurled themselves against the walls with hundreds of ladders. The walls and defences that Leonardo and Borgio designed have been the death of countless Skaven. In a lethal crossfire, hails of crossbow bolts cut them down, grapeshot and cannon balls ripped them to pieces, stones thrown by our men crushed them and gallons of boiling oil and tar burned them alive. And yet they still kept attacking. Through frenzied ferocity and sheer weight of numbers some of them made it onto the walls and there the men of the Guard, led by your son, met them with steel. They repelled the Skaven assaults, killing them in their hundreds and suffering very few casualties in return. Cries of victory saluted the retreat of the enemy at dawn. Great was our joy, but greater was our sorrow when the light of the day revealed that the numbers of the enemies around the city did not seem diminished at all by the night's onslaught. And still the cursed bells keep ringing, louder and nearer.

Umberto has analysed the attack and privately he told me that he believes it to have been only a test of our defences, made up of the poorest Skaven troops. The fact that they were not supported by any of the infamous war machines that this evil race is known to build supports his theory. I'm afraid that we have just seen the beginning of this.

26 Brumoso

Mio Principe, once again the night has given us no rest, the rat-men being as active as usual. The constant vigils at night-time, the effects of the pestilence, the great number of rats scurrying in the streets and the ever-present tolling of those sinister bells are all draining the morale of our troops and of the population.

Still, we have decent reserves of food and ammunition and we still have hope that the messengers have made it through and that some help will come from outside.

27 Brumoso

Mio Principe, the Skaven are inside the city! Last night they attacked through the sewers, appearing from culverts and canals. At first it was only a few of their elite infiltrators, clad in black and armed with lethal poisoned weapons. They attacked our cisterns and granaries, burning and poisoning as they went.

Our troops managed to push them back underground. The Sewer Guard and many volunteers pursued them to discover the point where they had broken into our sewer system and to try to seal the entrance with explosives, continuing the battle underneath the city. But it was a trap! In the dark gutters our men were attacked by hundreds of rat-men and, according to the few fragmentary reports I've heard, this time the Skaven made ample use of their evil sorcery. Green fumes had been released into the sewers, billowing vapours that kill if inhaled or even if they come into contact with the skin

and eyes. Our men died in those stinking tunnels and the Skaven erupted once again into the city's streets. These were by far better warriors than the ones that had attacked the walls - well equipped, armoured rat-men, together with lumbering monsters and huge ferocious rats, poured into the streets. With them they had machines that spout green fire and other horrible weapons made by their evil wizards who were there too, commanding the rat-men and blasting away our troops with their terrible powers.

From the main balcony in the citadel I can see the outer city burning, hear the screaming of the dying and smell the stench of death enveloping the city like a shroud.

The attacks on the walls have also been renewed, so that our troops cannot abandon their positions to help the fight in the streets. This is no mindless assault, but a well-coordinated plan that certainly demonstrates how cunning our enemies are.

This time the troops carrying ladders and grappling hooks advanced under the covering fire of hundreds of the long-barrelled Skaven arquebuses, targeting our men from the



cover of their crude pavises — I never knew they had so many! May the gods protect us!

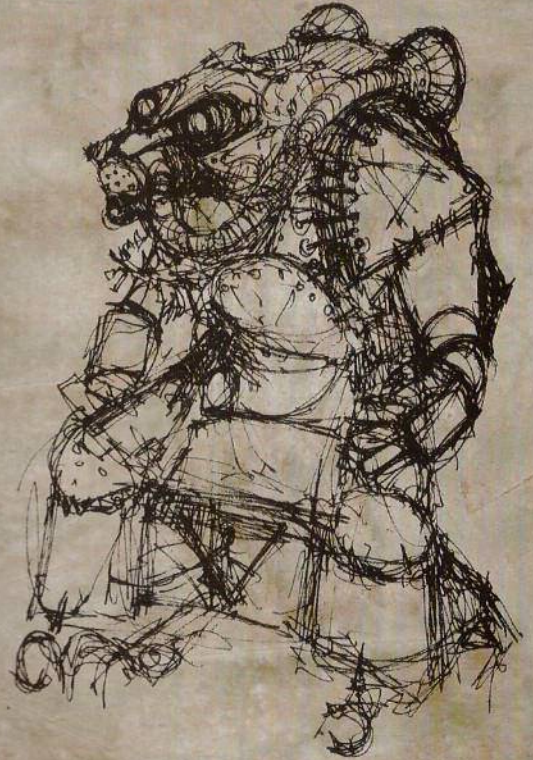
Three strange platforms were pushed forward from the rat-men lines, carrying large bells, and on top of each is a Skaven wizard, screaming loud in their foul language. The bells started to toll and I immediately recognised the awful sound we have been listening to for so many days. Only this time it was louder, more powerful in its evil force. Soon the vibrations reached an unbearable level, many men on the walls falling on their knees clutching their bleeding ears, others jumping down into the burning streets in panic. Eventually the barrels of the cannons themselves started to vibrate in unison with the sound of those bells, and then long cracks appeared in them and even on the very walls, which can withstand the direct hit of a great cannon! The young prince ordered the artillery to open fire on those devilries with all the cannons that could be brought to bear and that were not too damaged by the vibrations. Many balls simply bounced off those unholy bells, making them ring even louder, if that is possible. At last one ball must have found its mark, as one of the bells exploded. A sense of relief filled our men, but, immediately after, one entire section of the walls collapsed under the effects of the eerie cacophony. With a huge roar, the Skaven threw themselves towards the breach. Now everything is in chaos, and the fight is inside the walls.

29 Brumoso

Mio Principe, Miragliano is lost. The young prince Giuliano and whatever is left of our army have fallen back to the citadel. Umberto has sacrificed his life in a noble last stand in the main square, in order to allow more men to retreat into the citadel. I pray for his soul and those of his brave men. The gate is shut and outside the city is burning. The accursed Skaven are slaughtering hundreds of people. Mostly they kill the old, the sick, the wounded, taking women and children away. I don't want to imagine what dreadful fate awaits them. Our beautiful city is being ransacked and looted, and anything they cannot steal

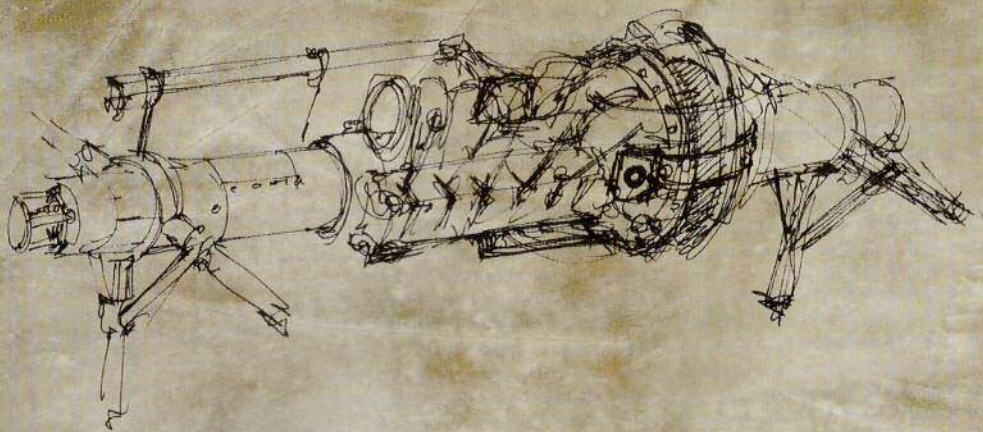
is burned to the ground by these hell-spawned creatures. They don't fight to conquer, they fight to destroy! At the moment they don't seem interested in attempting any attack on the citadel, they are too busy with the razing of the city.

There is nothing we can do but pray for help. Have the gods abandoned us?



30 Brumoso

Mio Principe, last night the Skaven broke through from the sewers into the deepest dungeons of the citadel, just next to the magazine. It would have been the end if it had not been for sergeant Micco Pietra, who was standing watch. He ordered the other guard, a young soldier, to run upstairs to raise the alarm while he rushed inside the room, a torch in his hand. What followed was an act of heroism that must be remembered! The magazine exploded in an enormous blast that rocked the entire citadel, burying the Skaven under the collapsing lower floors and eliminating



for a long time any chance of further attacks from underground.

We have been saved, but this also means that our cannons have only a few rounds left. The sacking of the city continues; the citadel is completely enveloped by the thick smoke rising from the ruins. Not content with burning, the rat-men are now knocking down most of the stone buildings and the outer walls. Despair fills our hearts as the ringing of the bells continues.

31 Brumoso

Mio Principe, today the Shaven army has formed a huge circle all around the citadel and bombarded us with everything they have. The defensive magic in the walls has protected us from the worst and their missiles and spells have done very little damage. We fired our last shots and are now out of powder and crossbow bolts; we can only wait and brace ourselves for whatever will come next.

This is the end, my Prince! We watched helplessly as the enemy rolled forward a new monstrosity towards the gate of the citadel. It looks like a cannon, but at its back a pulsating block of some evil magic stone is suspended between strange mechanisms I don't understand. The creatures pushing the cannon stopped about two hundred yards from the gate and then the Shaven lines opened up and the rat-men bowed low, making way for a creature that was likely the general of this verminous horde. A huge Shaven wearing a most weird suit of armour and covered

in a vast array of weapons and strange devices advanced solemnly to the gun, wicked lightning playing around its body. Behind it came a dozen similarly equipped Shaven - probably more wizards, but of a lower status. They took up position around the cannon, in a half circle facing the gate. The Shaven leader raised its one normal hand (the other one being a horrible mechanical limb) to the controls on the side of the cannon and the contraption started to emit a droning buzz. The chief wizard then moved back to the centre of the half-circle and one of its underlings took its place near the gun. At an order from the leader, the Shaven pulled a big lever and the gun emitted a small beam of green light that hit the steel gate of the citadel. A puff of smoke was all that they obtained and the Dwarf runes on the citadel's gate burned bright red, defying the evil magic of the rat-men. Taunting cheers rose from our men on the citadel, apparently irritating the Shaven leader quite a lot, because he left his position and strode to the gun, hitting with all his strength the lower wizard. The huge claw sliced through the chest of the Shaven and it fell in a pool of its own blood. These creatures never stop to amaze me with their cruelty. Then the general spent some time on the gun's controls and finally went back to the circle and ordered another wizard to fire the gun. In a tense silence the creature lowered the lever again, and this time the evil machine worked all too well. A blinding bolt of lightning surged from its muzzle and impacted on the gate like thunder. The machine continued

to fire bolt after bolt, and soon the gate was red hot, its runes shining brighter than ever. The Skaven leader and the other wizards started chanting and soon green lightning flashed from their outstretched weapons, converging towards the strange gem powering the gun, which at this point was spinning wildly as more and more power was poured into it. The barrel of the gun was now white with heat, but unfortunately so was the gate, and suddenly one of the runes disappeared, its powers exhausted by the incessant assault. Immediately after, all the other runes faded away and the gate started to melt. Soon the gate was just a pool of



Two days later, when Prince Lorenzo reached the ruins of Miragliano at the head of his army, all that was left standing of the once proud city were the scarred ruins of the citadel. There the Prince found the head of Bernardo da Noli on a pike in front of the citadel's gate. No bodies were recovered, only a few charred bones, and of the young Prince Giuliano no trace was found. It is said that, mad with grief, Prince Lorenzo wept tears of blood, cursing the silent skies.

The mercenaries which constituted most of his army abandoned him, seeing that there was nothing left that the Prince could pay them with. The contingents of the other cities of the Alliance, terrified by what they had seen, made their way back home to defend their own territories. They offered succour to the desperate Prince, but he

liquefied metal on the ground – the way to the citadel was open and the Skaven leader ordered the final assault.

I can hear the clamour of the fighting in the lower halls of the tower where we are. They are coming and soon it will be all over. The young Prince Giuliano is ready to die with sword in hand. Forgive me if you can, mio Principe, I've failed in my duty of protecting him and your city in your absence. Soon I'll receive the ultimate sanction for my failure. I'll hide this book in the secret safe in the fireplace, in the hope that it can reach you intact. May the gods have pity on our souls!

Your devoted servant

Bernardo da Noli

refused. With the few loyal soldiers he had left he rushed in hot pursuit of the Skaven army that, loaded with looted treasures and slaves, was retreating back towards the Blighted Marshes. The Prince and his followers reached the Skaven rearguard on the outskirts of the marshes and, although severely outnumbered, charged them. Nobody could stand against the crazed Prince – the Skaven routed and were cut down mercilessly, but the main Skaven army had already disappeared into the marshes.

Without stopping, Prince Lorenzo advanced into the Blighted Marshes calling the name of his lost son. The perennial mists that cover those accursed swamps closed behind him like a heavy curtain, marking the exit of the House of Miragliano from the stage of Tilean history.

THE HORDES OF SKAVENBLIGHT

Greetings-greetings, manlings! The Skaven have once again risen from the tunnels of the Under-Empire and now threaten to overrun the world. Prepare for the rule of the Horned Rat...

A sneak peek at the forthcoming Skaven book



Clan Moulder Packmasters and Rat Ogres



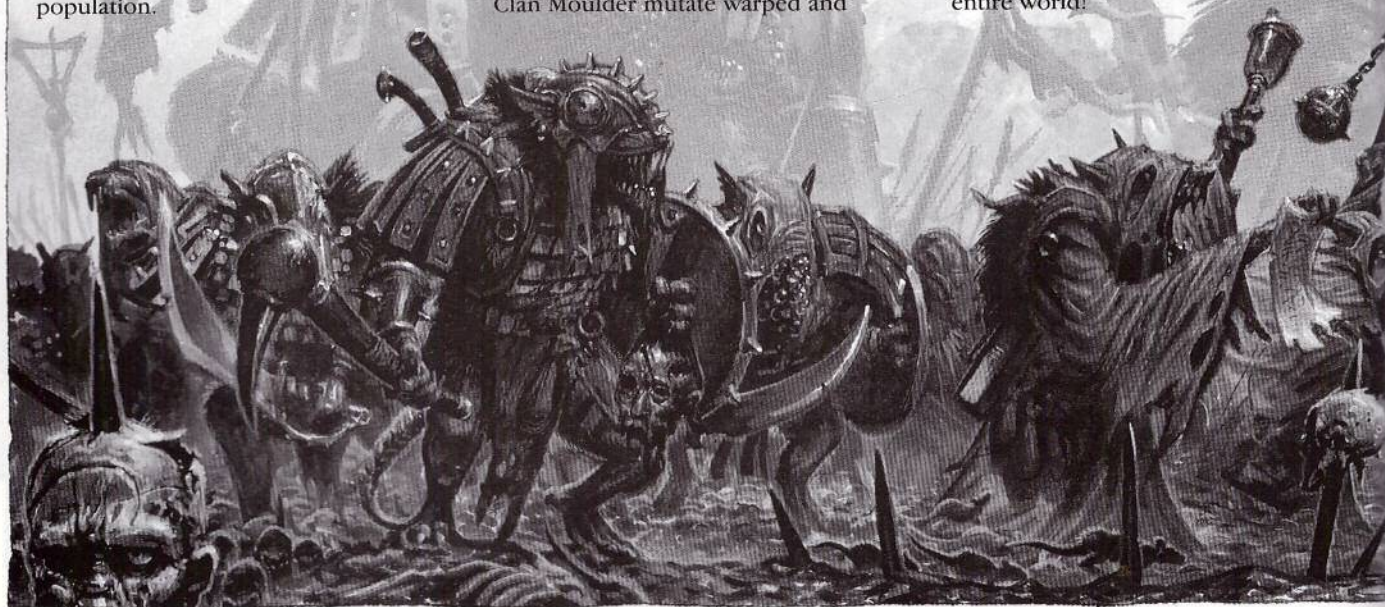
Clan Pestilens Plague Monk

The vile and malevolent Skaven gnaw through the roots of the Old World like a malignant cancer. Their Under-Empire spreads ever outward from its sprawling capital of ancient evil, Skavenblight. Seething hordes of vicious rat-men lie hidden waiting to bring the final apocalypse upon the unsuspecting realms of Men. Skaven society is dominated by a structure of clans, with the Warlord clans making up the bulk of the population.

Black-clad Assassins of Clan Eshin slink through the sewers and enforce the rule of the Council of Thirteen with terror and murder. Rabid Plague Monks brew magical pestilences and are known as the disciples of disease, dedicated to spreading their plagues throughout the Old World. Insane, Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre build devastating weapons of mass destruction with their knowledge of science and magic. Foul Packmasters of Clan Moulder mutate warped and

deadly war beasts to unleash upon their foes. These are the four greater clans that are available to the Warlord clans, for a price...

Powerful Grey Seers are the prophets of the Horned Rat and agents of the Council. Through the ancient and evil lords of the Council, the Horned Rat himself, dark god of the Skaven race, guides his children to their ultimate destiny of complete mastery of the entire world!





Grey Seer Thanquol

The Skaven Armies book is soon to be unleashed, to the untold delight of many a Skaven Warlord and Grey Seer. Included will be background and rules that will allow you to field the rat hordes in Warhammer games.

The book brings new machinations from the foundries of Clan Skryre, such as the recently created Warp-lightning Cannon which unleashes its unnatural warpstone-powered lightning upon the foe. Also recently created is the Ratling Gun. Crewed by a team of two, this is a multi-barrelled, rapid firing weapon which can support the Clanrats in a similar way to the dreaded Warpfire Thrower teams.

There is new Skaven magic as well, with spells like *Plague* and *Death*

Frenzy. Appropriately Skaven cast with Irresistible Force on a roll of 13!

Notable changes to the Skaven army are that Clanrats make up the bulk of the force and this governs the number of more specialised units available to you. Night Runners and Tunnel Runners are new units for Clan Eshin.

The new metal miniatures to be released include a magnificent Screaming Bell, Rat Ogres, Assassins, Stormvermin, Ratling Guns, Gutter Runners and chattering Rat Swarms.

Thanquol returns to destroy anyone who gets in his way, and is assisted by his bodyguard Boneripper, whose remains were recovered by Clan Eshin assassins and reanimated by the sorcerous magic of Clan Skryre.

At a glance Thanquol saw that most of the Dwarfish units had formed up in squares ready to resist the two-pronged Skaven attack. The initial Skaven rush had reached the Dwarfish line. It had broken against it like the sea crashing down on a rock but the Stormvermin, at least, were still fighting. As more Clanrats and Slaves poured into the mêlée, slowly the weight of numbers was starting to tell. Even as he watched, one closely packed Dwarf unit started to break up and the mêlée became close and general. Under such circumstances, the greater number of Skaven was a considerable advantage.

Thanquol saw one Dwarf warrior bludgeoned a Stormvermin with his hammer, only to be leapt on from behind by a Skavenslave. While the Dwarf frantically tried to dislodge his clinging foe, he was dragged down like a deer surrounded by hounds by

the rat-man's fellows. As he disappeared under the pile of Skaven bodies, he managed a last blow with his hammer, smashing a Clanrat's skull and sending blood and fragments of brain everywhere. Thanquol felt no pity for the dead Skaven. He would gladly make such a trade for a Dwarf life. There were always plenty more stupid warriors where those had come from. Thanquol knew that out of all Skaven, only he was truly irreplaceable.

Thanquol watched happily as the green blaze flung from a warpfire thrower incinerated a clutch of Dwarfs, melting their armour, causing their beards to ignite, reducing them first to skeletons and then to wind-blown dust within mere heartbeats. He was considering rewarding the weapon team when they themselves vanished in an enormous green fireball, killed by their own malfunctioning weapon. Still, thought

Thanquol, at least they served the greater purpose... his purpose.

Slowly but surely, across the whole battlefield the tide was turning in favour of the Skaven. The Dwarfs were well-disciplined and brave in their foolish way, but they had been caught unprepared. Many of them were unarmoured and equipped only with the hammers they had been using to work with. They were inflicting incredible casualties on the Skaven but these were meaningless. Thanquol did not care if they slaughtered his entire force, just so long as the Dwarfs were all dead by the end of the evening. So far, he congratulated himself heartily, things were going just exactly as he planned.

Excerpt from *Daemonslayer*
by William King



FORCES OF THE TAU



CODEX TAU

£10.00

This 64 page book contains everything you need to field a force of technologically advanced Tau, and their savage Kroot allies. Featuring background for this new race, painting and modelling guides, and full rules for the new models and weapons featured within, this is an essential purchase for any Warhammer 40,000 enthusiast.

KROOT SHAPER £4.00

Kroot Shapers lead the vicious Kroot carnivore squads in battle. The Shaper will often be armed with the most valuable equipment available, bartered or looted from the many warzones his squad has served in.



TAU FIRE WARRIOR TEAM

£15.00

Cautious but efficient, Fire warrior teams are ever-present in Tau armies. Armed with deadly pulse rifles, they are more than a match for any troops in a firefight. Deadly at long range these Tau can hold off even the most determined attackers. Boxed set contains twelve Fire warriors and two gun drones.



KROOT CARNIVORE SQUAD

£15.00

Kroot Carnivore squads are the most common auxiliaries serving alongside the Tau armies. Their self-sufficiency and unparalleled fieldcraft are a major asset to the Tau and a useful contrast to their more technologically dependent masters. This boxed set contains sixteen Kroot Warriors.



KROOT HOUNDS

£4.00

Kroot Hounds are ferocious in battle and are notoriously bad-tempered beasts. They are commonly attached to Kroot Carnivore squads. Blister pack contains two Kroot Hound models.

KROOTOX

£8.00

Krootox Herders lead their charges into battle, laying down a devastating volley of fire from the Kroot guns mounted on the Krootox's back. They are also brutal close combat opponents who most enemy troops will avoid at all costs.





XV-88 BROADSIDE BATTLESUIT

£15.00

Experienced veterans can wear Broadside Battlesuits and are the most heavily armed of all Tau ground troops. Broadside teams utilise a heavily modified version of the Crisis Battlesuit armour. The standard jetpack is removed, which frees up weight for the incorporation of some extremely powerful heavy weapon systems.

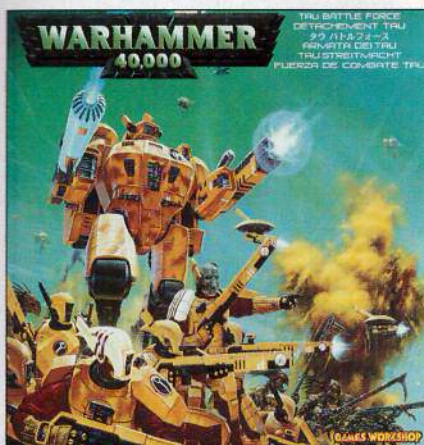
Broadside teams must be able to engage and destroy heavily armoured targets and, consequently, are equipped with the most devastating weapons in the Tau arsenal.



DEVILFISH TROOP CARRIER

£18.00

The Devilfish troop carrier is the workhorse of the Tau ground forces, and is able to carry up to twelve Tau warriors.



TAU BATTLE FORCE

£50

The Tau Battle Force boxed set is an excellent way to start your Tau army, or add extra troops to an existing Tau force. It contains the core forces needed to build your army with two Troops choices, the Tau Fire Warriors squad and the Kroot Carnivore squad. The Elite role is taken by a full squad of XV8 Crisis Battlesuits, and the Gun Drones provide a much needed Fast Attack squad. An essential purchase for the Tau general.

The Tau Battle Force boxed set contains:

12 Tau Fire Warriors, 12 Kroot Warriors, 3 XV8 Crisis Battlesuits, 10 Gun Drones and 1 set of Jungle Trees.



AVAILABLE FROM YOUR LOCAL GAMES WORKSHOP STORE, INDEPENDENT STOCKIST, GAMES WORKSHOP MAIL ORDER (0115 91 40000) OR www.games-workshop.com

Models shown at 60% actual size.

Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend Andy Chambers has been busy overseeing his underlings' work on Codex Necrons recently, but found time this month to expand the ever-growing archives of Chapter Approved.

Andy Hoare, one of Games Development's new boys, has taken a break from the all-consuming horror of the Necron threat and turned his attention to the jungle-dwelling Kroot.



CHAPTER APPROVED

PRESENTED BY ANDY CHAMBERS

Greetings loyal citizens and welcome to this month's Chapter Approved. This issue sees Scrivener Hoare bringing us details of a new alien force selling their mercenary services across the warzones of the galaxy. Adept Hoare is currently under observation by the Inquisitors of the Ordo Xenos for his traffic with such creatures, but also brings us details of an addendum to that mighty tome the Codex Astartes, in the form of a codex revision for the Dark Angels.

KROOT MERCENARIES by Andy Hoare

"Do not reject out of hand the mercenary. Consider that each one of these scum is worth three to you: one more on your side, one less on your foe's side, and one more worker in your ordnance smithies."

Magnate-General Constantine Beaumont,
231st Viscount of the Argentium IV General Staff

The Kroot are expert jungle-fighters and trackers, who can be found fighting as mercenaries across the Ultima Segmentum and beyond. The majority of Kroot warriors fight as mercenaries in the armies of the Tau. Their integration into the Tau empire requires them to provide troops to the Tau military, and furthermore attempts to prohibit them from fighting alongside the armies of other races.

Kroot evolution depends on their absorbing the genetic traits of other races, selectively inheriting the most desirable. They do this through eating specific prey animals to ensure that the next generation take on certain characteristics of that animal. Unfortunately, the Tau insistence that the Kroot fight exclusively for them would lead to a disastrous stagnation, as they have absorbed the traits of most of the creatures from within the Tau region. To collect as wide a range of characteristics as possible, they secretly despatch entire armies of mercenaries to fight alongside other races in order to expose themselves to creatures and environments not found in Tau space.

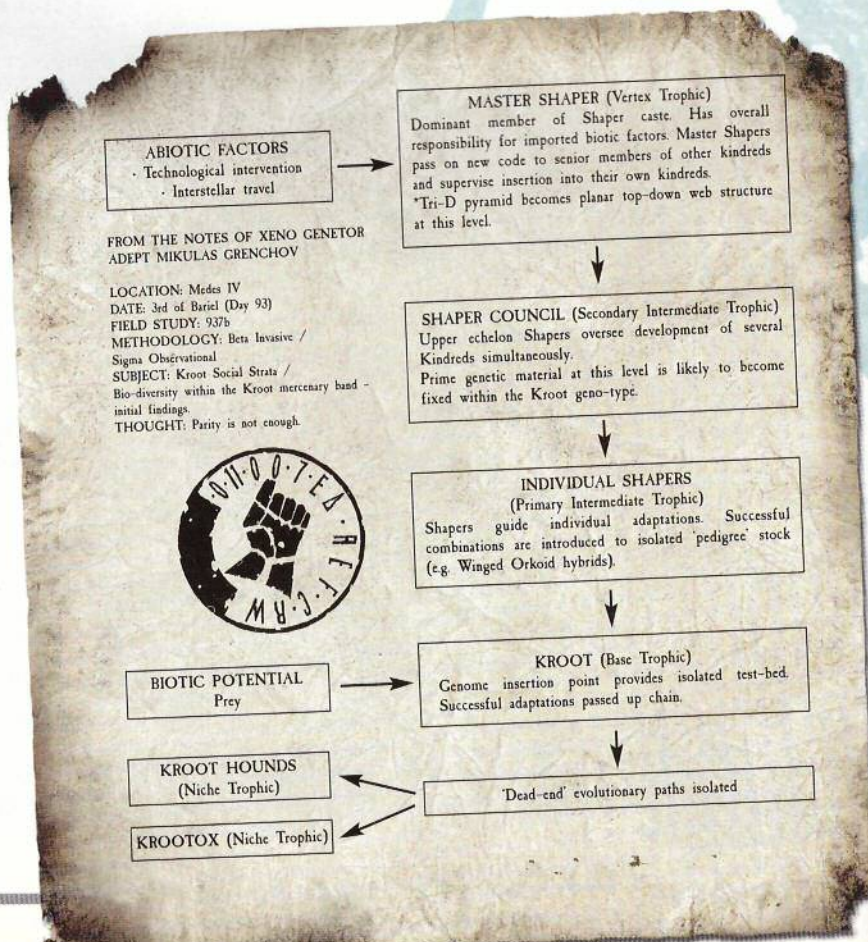
The result is that each of these mercenary bands develops separately to the mainstream of Kroot society. When they periodically return to the Kroot home world of Pech, they bring with them a wealth of new traits to be absorbed by the race at large. These itinerant bands often appear radically different from the standard Kroot,

having absorbed all manner of outlandish genetic data.

KROOT SOCIETY

Kroot society is based on the kindred, and each mercenary army mirrors this in its organisation. The kindred fulfils the battlefield role of a squad, but represents something far more fundamental. A kindred is an extended family group, who develop together under the direction of the Shaper; an individual who is able to guide the group down a particular evolutionary path by determining their diet.

Senior Shapers form councils, whose role is to oversee a group of kindreds, thus insuring a level of homogeneity within the species. An individual known as the Master Shaper, who sits at the top of this pyramid-shaped organisation and guides it in all matters, leads each council. Kroot mercenary armies are led by Master Shapers who seek the infinite variety of the galaxy, leading their kindreds into every warzone imaginable in an effort to absorb the abilities of the lifeforms occupying those war-torn areas.



KROOT MERCENARY SPECIAL RULES

There are two ways to use Kroot Mercenaries in your games of Warhammer 40,000. The first way is to use a number of Kroot squads as auxiliaries to your main force. In order to do this you must first have filled all of the compulsory force selection criteria applicable to the mission with your main army. Furthermore, you may not include more Kroot squads than you have Troops choices in your own army. For example, in a Standard Missions game you must take an HQ and two Troop choices for your army before filling any additional force organisation slots with Kroot Mercenaries. In this example, you could choose any two Kroot Mercenary squads. The following armies may **NOT** make use of Kroot Mercenaries:

Space Marines, Necrons, Sisters of Battle, Tau, Tyranids.

After all compulsory slots have been filled the following units may be added to your army from the Kroot Mercenaries list:

- 0-1 HQ choices
- 0-1 Elites choices
- 0-2 Troops choices
- 0-1 Fast Attack choices
- 0-1 Heavy Support choices

In games of 2,000+ points, instead of making the above additions, a second detachment may be chosen from the Kroot Mercenary list.

The second way to field Mercenary Kroot is as an army on their own. If you take this option you will be rewarded with a highly individual force tailored to your playing and modelling styles in a way few armies can match. Having said this, the Kroot are far and away better off fighting battles using the Jungle Fighting rules. In this respect they make an excellent adversary for the Catachan Jungle Fighters, and are quite capable of taking on just about anyone in this environment. Be warned though, if you field a Kroot Mercenary army in 'normal' conditions you will need quite a lot of troops; especially if you plan a headlong charge into Space Marine bolter range!

Strategy Rating: To represent the fact that the Mercenaries fight when and where someone else tells them to, they use the following chart to determine Strategy Rating when fighting on their own:

D6 roll	Strategy Rating
1-3	1
4-5	2
6	3

Eaters of the Dead: Kroot are extremely voracious carnivores and will often let a defeated enemy escape while they feast on the flesh of the fallen. Master Shapers and Shapers, and squads led by them **MUST** consolidate, as it is their responsibility to ensure that the bodies of the fallen enemy are not wasted.

Fieldcraft: Kroot are naturally adept in arboreal environments and gain +1 to their cover save in woods or jungles. Kroot in woods or jungles do not have to make a difficult terrain test, they can always make a normal move. If they do not move in the Movement phase, they may see and shoot through 12" of woods or jungle terrain rather than the 6" that would normally be the case.



Mercenary Kroot advance through a rocky valley.

Infiltrate: If the squad does not contain a Krootox, it may infiltrate if the mission permits it. See the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook for the Infiltrate scenario special rules.

Kroot Hounds and Krootox: Some squads may have Kroot Hounds or Krootox attached. They count as a single unit and must keep normal coherency. Both Kroot Hounds and Krootox gain the benefit of the adaptations and rules of the parent Kroot unit.

KROOT HOUND SPECIAL RULES

Release the Hounds: Whilst the Kroot themselves rarely pursue a beaten enemy, the Kroot Hounds will pursue viciously for a while before returning to their unit. If the enemy fall back from close combat with a Kroot unit, each Kroot Hound will inflict a single automatic Strength 4 hit.

KROOTOX SPECIAL RULES

Attached Herd: Krootox whose parent Carnivore squad falls back will accompany it. If the entire Kroot Carnivore squad is wiped out, the Krootox will disperse and are removed as casualties. Krootox will move with their parent unit at the same speed, each staying within 2" of a Kroot. If the combined unit is engaged in close combat then the Krootox fight as if they were part of the parent unit.

Note: The Krootox only has a Toughness of 3 for determining whether a weapon is capable of inflicting an instant kill, so weapons of Strength 6 or higher will kill them outright. In practice the blast will have killed the Kroot rider, leaving the Krootox to wander off harmlessly. Remove the model as a casualty.

HYPERACTIVE NYMUNE ORGAN ADAPTION

Certain kindreds can purchase the hyperactive nymune organ adaptation at an additional points cost. This ability allows the model to Fleet of Foot. In the shooting phase you may declare that a model is going to run instead of shoot. Roll a D6. The result is the distance the unit may move in that shooting phase. This move is unaffected by difficult terrain or any other shooting restrictions.

SIGNATURE EVOLUTIONARY ADAPTATIONS

If you are fielding an army consisting entirely of Mercenary Kroot, rather than taking them as mercenaries for another force, then you may purchase a special Evolutionary Adaptation. You may choose a single

Signature Evolutionary Adaptation for your Mercenary Kroot army. This represents the specific evolutionary path on which the Master Shaper has led his band, directing them to feed on specific prey in order to gain the characteristics of the creatures native to the warzones in which the band must fight. Choose one adaptation from the list below, and apply it to every Kroot in the army. Krootox and Kroot Hounds do not benefit from these signature adaptations.

Bold: By concentrating on hunting prey known for its courageousness, the squad adds +1 to its Leadership characteristic, up to a maximum of 10.

Points cost: +1 per Kroot

Chameleon: Having feasted upon the flesh of chameleonic reptiles, the band has gained a limited ability to blend into its surroundings. All models have a 6+ cover save when in the open.

Points cost: +1 per Kroot

Fast Reflexes: Many creatures rely on their fast reactions to avoid predators and this band has inherited some of this speed. All models have +1 Initiative.

Points cost: +1 per Kroot

Nocturnal: The band has inherited excellent night vision, and may re-roll the dice to determine how far it can see in a Night Fighting Mission.

Points cost: +1 per Kroot

Ork Hybrid: Often referred to as 'Green Kroot', all models increase their Toughness by +1. Strength 8 is needed to Instant Kill models with this adaptation.

Points cost: +2 per Kroot
+5 per Shaper & Master Shaper

Sixth Sense: These Kroot display an unnerving ability to predict imminent danger. If targeted by any template, blast or ordnance blast weapon, models under the template count as being partially covered – therefore only hit on a D6 roll of 4+ (including flamer hits which do not usually allow partial hits).

Points cost: +2 per Kroot

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

In missions that use the Sentries scenario special rule, 8 Kroot warriors with no Evolutionary Adaptations are used as the sentries.

KROOT MERCENARY ARMOURY

Kroot mercenary armies fight alongside a score of races across a thousand war-zones. As payment for their services these Kroot often obtain weapons not available to them when fighting alongside the Tau.

Shapers and Master Shapers may have up to two single-handed weapons, or one single-handed weapon and one two-handed weapon, chosen from the list below. You may also pick up to 40 points of extra wargear for each Shaper, and 80 points for the Master Shaper. Items marked with an asterisk (*) may be taken only by a Master Shaper and Shaper Council members.

Those weapons not described in this army list may be found in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

SINGLE-HANDED WEAPONS

Close combat weapon	1 pt
Bolt pistol	2 pts
Slugga	1 pts
Splinter pistol	1 pts
Shuriken pistol	2 pts
Power weapon	15 pts

WARGEAR

Melta bombs	6 pts
Krak grenades	2 pts
Frag grenades	1 pt
Auspex	2 pts

TOTEMS

Kroothawk totem* (max one per army, all-Kroot Mercenary armies only)	25 pts
Veneration charm	15 pts
Mark of the Favoured Child* (max one per army)	25 pts
Surefoot charm	10 pts
Blood of the Stalker	20 pts

TWO-HANDED WEAPONS

Bolter	2 pts
Splinter rifle	2 pts
Shuriken catapult	2 pts
Shoota	2 pts
Meltagun*	13 pts
Plasma gun*	15 pts
Flamer	6 pts
Storm bolter	5 pts
Eviscerator (a powerfist with 2D6 armour pen.)	25 pts



KROOT MERCENARY WARGEAR

KROOT RIFLE: A basic slug-thrower relying on chemical propellants and the transfer of kinetic energy, adapted by the Tau to fire a charged pulse round supplied by them. The Kroot rifle is fitted with blades near the muzzle and stock. These are a throwback to early traditional Kroot fighting staves. The incredible hand speed that a Kroot possesses due to its unique musculature makes these blades effective assault weapons and Kroot with Kroot rifles accordingly count as having an additional close combat weapon. The Kroot rifle is a two-handed weapon, and therefore cannot be combined with another weapon in close combat.



SPLINTER RIFLE: This two handed weapon is fitted with similar spikes to the Kroot rifle, and when used by the Kroot confers an extra attack in close combat. The same restrictions regarding the use of additional close combat weapons apply.

KROOT GUN: The Kroot gun is a larger, unwieldy version of the Kroot rifle, lashed to the back of the Krootox and fired in battle by the rider.

KROOT HUNTING RIFLE: This is a variant on the standard Kroot weapon, and counts as a sniper rifle. The additional close combat attack granted by the spiked attachments is lost.

Weapon	Range	Str	AP	Type	Notes
Kroot rifle	24"	4	6	Rapid Fire	See above
Kroot gun	48"	7	4	Rapid Fire	
Kroot hunting rifle	36"	X	6	Heavy 1	Sniper rifle

AUSPEX: An auspex is a short-ranged scanner used to detect hidden troops. If enemy infiltrators set up within 4D6" of a model with an auspex, then that model is allowed to take a 'free' shot at them (or sound the alarm in a Raid scenario). If the model is part of a unit then the whole squad may shoot.

These shots are taken before the game begins, and may cause the infiltrators to fall back. The normal shooting rules apply.

TOTEMS

KROOTHAWK TOTEM: A fetish used in ancestor worship ceremonies providing foresight and wisdom. You may re-roll the dice to determine who gets the first turn of the game.

VENERATION CHARM: Valuable tools and possessions are often placed in the case of the Shaper's ancestors, who he prays will guide him in their use. A veneration charm must be applied to a specific weapon carried by the character, and counts the weapon as master-crafted. A master-crafted weapon follows the normal rules, except that you may re-roll one failed To Hit roll per turn for an attack made by the master-crafted weapon. Note that you may not master-craft grenades.

MARK OF THE FAVOURED CHILD: The ancestors have clearly marked this character as bound for great things. The character gains a 4+ Invulnerable save.

SUREFOOT CHARM: This charm often takes the form of a wind-chime or cluster of small bells adorning the Shaper's rifle barrel. The sound made by the charm, although unnoticeable to other races, allows the Shaper's kindred to follow his lead when stalking the enemy. The character and any squad he joins may roll two dice and pick the highest when rolling to Fleet or Foot using the hyper active nymune organ adaptation, picking the highest result to determine the distance moved.

BLOOD OF THE STALKER: Some kindreds daub themselves with the blood of local predators before battle. This has the effect of augmenting their already prodigious ambush skills. In missions where the Kroot can infiltrate, the character and his kindred may deploy D6" closer to the enemy than indicated in the scenario set-up instructions. For example, in a Recon mission, infiltrators may set-up anywhere outside of 18" from the enemy. The Blood of the Stalker allows the unit to deploy anywhere outside of 12" to 17" from the enemy, depending on the roll.

HEADQUARTERS

1 MASTER SHAPER 38 POINTS

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Master Shaper	38	4	3	4	3	3	4	3	10	5+
Kroot Hound	6	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	8	6+

Equipment: Kroot rifle. He may replace this with, or choose additional items from, the Armoury.

Options: The Master Shaper may be accompanied by up to 2 Kroot Hounds.

Independent Character: The Master Shaper is an independent character and follows all of the independent character special rules as given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Evolutionary Adaptations: The nymune organ regulates the Kroot metabolism, and the Shapers often manipulate this in order to boost the energy levels of the warriors. The Master Shaper may receive the hyperactive nymune organ adaptation at +5 points. This allows him to use the Fleet of Foot rules.

If he is not accompanied by Kroot Hounds and has not taken the hyperactive nymune organ adaptation, he may be given wings at +15 points. See the Vulture Kindred entry for details of this adaptation.

Minor Psyker Abilities

One of the roles of the Master Shaper within Kroot society is to provide a focus for the practice of ancestor worship. Those individuals with a particular gift may gain the blessings of their long-departed predecessors and manifest shamanistic powers.

If both players agree to their use then the Master Shaper may purchase Minor Psyker Powers, paying for them from his wargear allowance. Details of these powers can be found in Chapter Approved, page 66, White Dwarf 258.



A Master Shaper rules over a mercenary band. He negotiates contracts with employers, leads his warriors in battle and directs their evolutionary development. He will often be armed with the most valuable equipment available, bartered or looted from the many warzones his band has served in.



0-1 SHAPER COUNCIL 30 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Shaper	30	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	9	5+
Kroot Hound	6	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	8	6+

Squad: The Council consists of 3 to 5 Shapers.

Equipment: Kroot rifle. The Council members may replace their rifles with, or take additional items from, the Armoury.

Options: Two Kroot Hounds may be taken for each Shaper.

Evolutionary Adaptations: All Council members must receive the same adaptations.

The Council Members may receive the Hyperactive nymune organ adaptation at +4 points per member, allowing them to use the Fleet of Foot rules. The Kroot Hounds receive this adaption for free.

If the Council are not given the hyperactive nymune organ and are not accompanied by Kroot Hounds they may be given wings at +10 points per member. See the Vulture Kindred entry for details of this adaptation.



A Shaper Council sits below the Master Shaper in the chain of command within a mercenary band. Each Council member is responsible for a number of kindreds, coordinating their evolution with the other members of the band to obtain the desired mix of skills and abilities. The Council can be a fearsome adversary as, like the Master Shaper, they have access to a wide range of weapons and equipment.

ELITES

HEADHUNTER KINDRED 10 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot	10	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+

Squad: The kindred numbers 10-20 Kroot.

Equipment: Kroot rifle.

Options: The entire kindred may be equipped with frag grenades at the cost of +1 point per model.

Character: One Kroot must be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of +21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armoury.

Evolutionary Adaptations: Having fed upon the most poisonous of creatures, these Kroot may choose to attack with either their basic strength, or with their special poison attack. If they choose to use their poison attack then they may make a single attack (even if they assault) that will always wound on a 4+ (armour saves are allowed as normal).

The entire squad may receive the hyperactive nymune organ adaptation at +2 points per member. This allows them to use the Fleet of Foot rules. All squad members must receive the adaptation.



These Kroot are the result of their predecessors feeding upon the most poisonous creatures they could hunt.

They are capable of spitting a highly corrosive acid at close range, burning the exposed flesh of their foes and causing horrific injuries.





The Stalker kindreds have sought out the stealthiest of predators living within the depths of the galaxy's jungle death worlds. By matching their skills against these creatures and eating the kills, they have become amongst the most deadly of ambush specialists to be found in any warzone.



STALKER KINDRED 11 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot	11	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+
Kroot Hound	6	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	8	6+

Squad: The kindred numbers 10-20 Kroot. 1-5 Kroot Hounds may be attached.

Equipment: Kroot warriors and Shapers carry Kroot rifles.

Options: The entire kindred (excluding Kroot Hounds) may be equipped with frag grenades at +1 point per model.

Character: One Kroot **must** be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of +21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armoury.

Evolutionary Adaptations: The kindred has concentrated on hunting forest dwellers, and gained an expertise in wooded environments far in excess of their already prodigious fieldcraft. The squad may set up using the Ambush rules found on page 20 of Codex Catachans.

TROOPS



The Carnivore kindred represents the core of the Kroot Mercenary band. They are flexible in battle and their Shapers are always on the lookout for fresh foe whose special abilities they can inherit.



KROOT CARNIVORE KINDRED 8 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot	8	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+

Squad: The kindred numbers 10-20 Kroot.

Equipment: Kroot rifle.

Character: One Kroot **must** be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of +21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armoury.

FAST ATTACK



The Kroot species has an avian ancestry, and these kindreds have resurrected this aspect of their evolutionary development by eating the flesh of winged hunters. Although not suited for extended flight, their wings allow them to spiral on the warm updrafts above the jungle canopy and then swoop down upon the heads of their enemies.



VULTURE KINDRED 12 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot	12	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+

Squad: The kindred numbers 10-20 Vulture Kroot.

Equipment: Each Vulture Kroot is armed with a Kroot rifle.

Options: The entire kindred may be equipped with frag grenades at +1 point per model.

Character: One Kroot **must** be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of +21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armoury.

Evolutionary Adaptations: These Kroot have evolved small but functional wings that allow them to glide short distances. The squad moves as if equipped with jump packs, with the exception that they do not test for accidents when moving through woods or jungles. They may also Deep Strike if allowed to do so by the mission being played. In missions that do not use the Deep Strike scenario special rules, the kindred must deploy with the rest of the army.

SIGNATURE ADAPTATIONS

Having spent many years together fighting through the most hostile environments in the galaxy, many kindreds within a mercenary force inherit common characteristics. Through feeding on native fauna the whole force will gain attributes that bind them together and provide a strong sense of identity.

Signature Evolutionary Adaptations provide an opportunity to go to town modelling the unique abilities acquired by your mercenary band. The Ork Hybrid adaptation is an opportunity to combine elements of the Ork Boyz frame with parts

from the Kroot Carnivore set, really customising your force.

You don't have to apply these adaptations, however, as simply applying a bold, consistent colour scheme to your band will give the unified feel a Kroot band would have after fighting together on strange worlds for several generations. When applying an overall colour scheme, try to emphasise individual kindreds with slight variations. By way of an example, my Kroot are all painted Scaly Green, but each kindred has differently coloured spots, mottles and stripes.



KROOT HOUND PACK 8 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot	8	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+
Kroot Hound	6	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	8	6+

Squad: The pack numbers 10-20 Kroot and **must** contain at least half as many Kroot Hounds as there are Kroot warriors, up to a maximum of two Kroot Hounds for every Kroot.

Equipment: Kroot warriors and Shapers carry Kroot rifles. Kroot Hounds fight with their teeth.

Options: The kindred (excluding the Kroot Hounds) may be equipped with frag grenades at +1 point per model.

Character: One Kroot **must** be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of +21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armoury.

Evolutionary Adaptations: The entire squad may receive the hyperactive nymune organ adaptation at +2 points per member. This allows them to use the Fleet of Foot rules. Only the Kroot pay for the adaptation, and they must all receive it.

 Some kindreds have access to a larger proportion of Kroot Hounds than others. These are often fielded as fast moving packs, with the Kroot warriors unleashing the wild creatures upon their foe.



TRACKER KINDRED 18 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot Tracker	18	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+

Squad: The kindred numbers 5-10 Kroot Trackers.

Equipment: Kroot hunting rifle.

Character: One Kroot **must** be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of +21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armoury.

SPECIAL RULES

Native Cavalry: The Knarloc ridden by the Tracker is a Kroot strain native to the jungles of Pech. The Trackers follow the rules given for cavalry in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook, with the exception that they may always move through woods and jungles without the need to test for accidents due to moving through difficult terrain.

Native Trackers: The Trackers are expert at hunting their targets in the dense jungle undergrowth. Each model counts as being equipped with an auspex.

Infiltrators: Trackers may infiltrate as per the scenario special rules in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook, and may make a free move after both sides have set up, but before the first turn.

 Trackers are most frequently used as mounted scouts, but also play a light cavalry role on the battlefield,

where they can harass the enemy with their ranged weaponry or charge an exposed flank should the opportunity present itself.



HEAVY SUPPORT



Some bands have access to the Kroot hunting rifle; a variant of the standard Kroot rifle adapted to fire longer range and more precise ammunition. These weapons are often fielded by small squads who can provide covering fire for their fellow Kroot as they advance across the battlefield.



Krootox Herders lead their charges into battle, laying down a devastating volley of fire from the Kroot guns mounted on the Krootox's back. They are also brutal close combat opponents who most enemy troops will avoid at all costs.



Being native to a world largely covered in forests and jungles, the Kroot have learnt the value of luring their foes into a well-prepared trap. They will often set up these stake-filled pits well in advance of a battle and draw their enemy towards them using a specifically selected 'bait' squad.

0-1 HUNTER KINDRED..... 8 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot	8	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+

Squad: The kindred numbers 5-10 Kroot.

Equipment: Kroot hunting rifle.

Character: One Kroot **must** be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of + 21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armoury.

KROOTOX HERD..... 8 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot	8	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+
Krootox	50	4	3	6	3(5)	3	3	3	8	6+

Squad: The herd numbers 10-20 Kroot and **must** contain at least half as many Krootox as there are Kroot, up to a maximum of one Krootox for every Kroot.

Equipment: Kroot rifle. Krootox are armed with a Kroot gun.

Character: One Kroot **must** be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of + 21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armoury.

PUNJI TRAPS 15 POINTS PER TRAP

	Str	AP
Punji Pit	4	6

Set Up: Punji traps are set up using the special rules that can be found on page 21 of Codex Catachans. Between 1 and 5 traps may be set up as a single Heavy Support choice.

Ignore Cover Saves: Punji traps ignore cover saves.

Pinning: Any unit that suffers one or more casualties from a punji trap must test for pinning.

Special rules: Punji traps are generally a small pit containing sharp stakes and covered with foliage. Place the small Blast marker over the model that triggered the trap so that the hole in the marker is over the model. Any models fully under the Blast marker are hit automatically, and any partially under are hit on a 4+.



A Kroot Mercenary warband assists the Imperial Guard in staving off an Eldar assault.



FILE: W:
REF: Terra/OrdXen/830740322.
AUTHOR: Aide Secundus to the
Bureau of External Threat Evaluation
and Analysis, Genetor Qulon.
TITLE: Kroot itinerants – initial data gathering.

Report logged 367997.M41
Inquisitor Chan.

The 'Seven Wings Coalition' has roamed these regions north of Ultramar for the past three decades. In this period these mercenary Kroot have been reported as having taken part in over two dozen major campaigns. By my best estimate, the band's Master Shaper, one Jlyanko Chagrill, leads close to two thousand warriors. My sources have observed that after the Coalition's involvement in the Chthonian Wars, in which they fought for three blistering seasons in the vitrified groves of Hades IX, the entire force had gained the ability to fight effectively in temperatures far higher than any Imperial soldier short of a Space Marine could hope to match. I recommend further investigation, and request aid in allaying this potential threat before it grows out of hand.

Report logged 487998.M41
Genetor Lukus Anzion.

I have determined that the DNA of every Kroot kindred contains a certain amount of Orkoid material. However, Master Shaper Lucu Trosk has evidently taken every opportunity to hire his mercenary band to employers fighting against Orks. His intention can only be to absorb as much of their genetic make-up as possible. All Trosk's

warriors are large brutes, with green skin and pronounced, thickset jaws. The warriors of the band refer to themselves as Lucu's Ladz and fight primarily for teeth and with large, loud weapons.

Report logged 897998.M41
Extract from Segmentum Command
operational rolls, Ensign <purged>

977.M41 – Dictator Class Cruiser Manifest Destiny – extended long-range patrol sweep of the Hangman's Void region, Ultima Segmentum. Seven months into mission, ship's long-range scanners detected residual comm-traces of alien origin. Cruiser's Master of Auguries divined the source of the signal as the fourth world of system classified KV/0348.

Site investigated – a small group of Kroot appear to have been stranded on the world. Somehow, a Dark Eldar raiding force had discovered their presence and assaulted the aliens with typical arrogance, certain that the primitive treetop settlement would make an easy target.

Evidence suggests that the pirates were drawn into the densely wooded areas surrounding the village, where they were ambushed piecemeal and completely annihilated.

Addendum: This same Kroot band was later identified fighting alongside human pirates and, less than twenty years after their absorption of the Dark Eldar DNA, seemed to have inherited all the speed, viciousness and capacity for wanton cruelty that is characteristic of the Eldar's dark kin.

The Kroot shaper led his kindred through the dense undergrowth, his tongue flicking in and out of his beaked mouth as he tasted the air. His heightened senses picked up the presence of the Gaunts before he actually saw them skulking through the undergrowth up ahead. At his unspoken command the

Kroot warriors sunk into the jungle foliage, their keen eyes regarding their foe with intense curiosity.

A series of clicks and whistles in the Kroot tongue indicated the warriors' desire to get to grips with this new enemy, to feast of its flesh and add its strengths to their own.

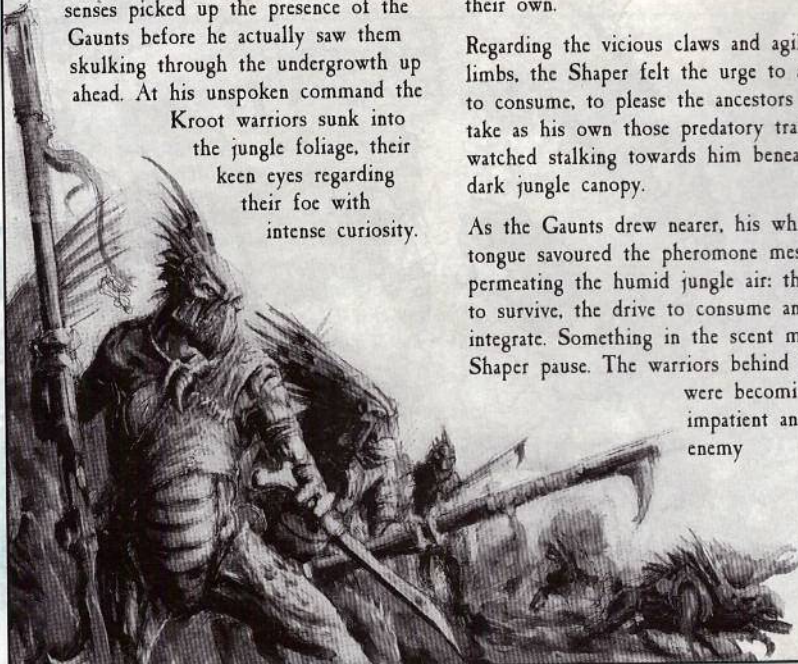
Regarding the vicious claws and agile limbs, the Shaper felt the urge to attack, to consume, to please the ancestors and take as his own those predatory traits he watched stalking towards him beneath the dark jungle canopy.

As the Gaunts drew nearer, his whipping tongue savoured the pheromone messages permeating the humid jungle air: the lust to survive, the drive to consume and integrate. Something in the scent made the Shaper pause. The warriors behind him were becoming impatient and the enemy

were getting closer. High pitched whistles from behind told him his kindred was almost beyond the point where he could control their carnivorous appetites and with an angry series of warbling clicks he silenced the impatient warriors. He needed more time to consider the meanings in the enemy's musky scent.

In a moment of instinctive insight, the Shaper sensed what was wrong with the enemy's scent: they too were predators who survived by consuming their foes, by taking within themselves the traits of those they defeated so that successive generations could survive and prosper in an ultimately hostile world. Something in this was wrong, something about this foe made it imperative that their spirits must not be allowed to mingle with those of the Kroot.

Lacking the time to fully explain his terrible realisation, the Shaper saw the aliens were too close, and had no option but to order the attack. He just hoped he could exert enough control over his kin to suppress their carnivorous instincts.



MODELLING KROOT MERCENARIES

KROOT TRACKER

The idea for a mounted Kroot came from a suggestion by Verms on the Warhammer 40,000 Games Development forum on the Games Workshop website, and it sounded so good I just had to try it. Half an hour later and the conversion had turned out really well, so I worked up the army list entry and there you go – democracy in action!

The conversion is really quite simple. You will need one of the plastic Cold Ones, a Krootox head, a Kroot Carnivore from the boxed set, and some green stuff. Clip off the Cold One's front legs to show the creature's avian ancestry, and remove the head, replacing it with the Krootox head.



You'll need to fill the gaps around the neck and shoulders with some green stuff, and you might like to try modelling the scales. Next make a simple saddle using a rectangle of green stuff. The rider only needs a little conversion to make him sit properly on his mount – I just cut the left leg at the hip and repositioned it slightly back. I used a modelling knife to round off the soles of the rider's feet, as these will be visible when he's sitting atop the beast. The remainder of the conversion is simply a matter of assembling the rider and loading him up for a long scouting mission using the excellent accessories on the Kroot Carnivore frame. Remember to clip off the spikes on the rifle to indicate that the rider is armed with a hunting rifle.



VULTURE KROOT

This is a really simple conversion. Gently bend the model's legs so it appears to be either swooping down or about to launch itself into the air; either way try to keep the pose as dynamic as possible. The wings are from the Harpy from the Dark Elf range and just need to be mounted on the back at an angle consistent with the movement suggested by the positioning of the legs.



Sergeant Hastor's squad advanced at a tortuously slow pace through the dense, insect-ridden forest undergrowth. Why a regiment

founded on an arid mining world would be posted here, the sergeant didn't dare ponder; far be it for the non-commissioned ranks to fathom the workings of the Departmento Munitorum.

From further down the trail came a sudden outburst of angry shouts, soon turning to terrified screams.

Hastor ordered his squad forward, hearing the rest of the platoon on either side charging headlong towards the sounds of battle. The last scream died as

Hastor and his squad broke through the line of bushes into a wide, sunbathed clearing. The entire squad came to a shocked halt as the guardsmen took in the scene before them.

Strewn about the ground were the bodies of the rebels. Crouched over each body was a tall, savage alien,

and they seemed to be...

Someone vomited. Hastor levelled his lasgun at the nearest alien and his squad followed his unspoken order, nine lasguns each acquiring a target.

The nearest alien turned its blood-flecked face towards the sergeant, fixing its predatory gaze on him for what seemed an age. Finally it issued a long, sibilant hiss that in any language could only be considered a warning.

Hastor stumbled back, his squad raising their weapons...

"Hold your fire!" The captain came striding into the clearing, his command group spreading out and forcing the horrified guardsmen to lower their weapons.

"They're on our side!"

USING A DARK ANGELS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

For some time now we've been hearing grumblings regarding the mysterious battle-brothers of the Dark Angels. Collating players' opinions on Codex Dark Angels, it seemed that of all the third edition lists this was the one which players felt was most in need of some revision. There were two main areas we kept hearing about: points values and the intractable rule. So after some head-scratching in Games Development I set about drawing up a set of modifications that would sort out the problems and put the Dark Angels back where they deserve to be (they are after all, the first of the First Founding Chapters). The rules presented below are an official modification to Codex Dark Angels. All rules not mentioned here remain exactly as presented in the codex. Thanks to Shadowguard and the Bolter and Chainsword forum for their feedback on these changes.

Deathwing: Deathwing Terminators are reduced in cost to 47 pts each.

Dark Angels Armoury: The following items may be used by models wearing Terminator armour – *Book of Salvation*, *Standard of Devastation*, *Standard of Fortitude*, *Standard of Retribution*, *Sword of Secrets* (the Sword of Secrets is the most well-known example of Dark Angels artificer weaponry, other swords of different names but identical game effects are also available to Dark Angels Grand Masters).

The Lion Helm: The Lion Helm is a unique and revered item. You may only include one in your army.

Characters wearing Terminator

Armour: To equip a hero, Librarian or Chaplain with Terminator armour costs +10 pts, rather than 25 pts. This does not include weapons.

Master of the Deathwing: Disregard the entry under the Dark Angels Hero section. Any independent character may be equipped with Terminator armour. All HQ characters in an all-Deathwing army must wear Terminator armour, and may be accompanied by a Deathwing Command Squad. Any HQ character wearing Terminator armour may lead an all-Deathwing army.

Deathwing Command Squad: The veterans of the Deathwing have access to finely crafted suits of Terminator armour that hark back to the earliest days of the Imperium. These suits are capable of being fitted with specialist equipment not available to Terminators of other Chapters. An Apothecary may choose a narthecium and/or reductor, a Techmarine may choose a servo-arm and/or signum and a Standard Bearer may choose any of the Dark Angels standards, even though these items are not marked with an asterisk. They may take other choices from the armoury, but these must be marked with an asterisk as normal. Deathwing Command Squads may only be fielded in an all-Deathwing army.

Ravenwing Command Squadron: The Master of the Ravenwing may be accompanied by a Ravenwing Land Speeder Squadron if he is mounted on a Land Speeder, or a Ravenwing Bike Squadron if he is mounted on a bike. Ravenwing Land Speeder Command Squads may not take Apothecaries, Techmarines or Standard Bearers: they are effectively a normal squadron acting as an honour guard. Ravenwing Bike Squads may take character upgrades as normal.

Ravenwing: Ravenwing Land Speeders are reduced in cost to 55 points each. The Ravenwing Land Speeder may replace its heavy bolter with a multi-melta at +15 pts. The Ravenwing Land Speeder may also be fitted with an assault cannon at an additional cost of +25 pts.

Ravenwing bikers are reduced in cost to 40 pts each.

Ravenwing Attack Bikes are reduced in cost to 70 pts each if equipped with a multi-melta, or 55 pts each if equipped with a heavy bolter.

Battle Company Squadrons: In addition to the Ravenwing being equipped to employ bikes and Land Speeders, the sixth company can call upon brethren trained to ride Space Marine bikes into battle, and the seventh company has access to Space Marines trained in the use of Land Speeders.

A Dark Angels force may choose Bike Squadrons, Attack Bike Squadrons, Land Speeders, Land Speeder Tornados and Land Speeder Typhoons from Codex Space Marines for the cost specified there. These vehicles may not 'jink' and do not re-roll difficult terrain tests, as they are not members of the Ravenwing (and therefore wear dark green livery rather than the black of the Ravenwing). They may not be used in an all-Ravenwing army.

Note: Land Speeder Typhoons are not fielded in all-Ravenwing forces. Ravenwing pattern Land Speeders are optimised for long-distance reconnaissance operations: the added

weight and power requirements of the Typhoon weapon system would compromise the vehicle's effectiveness in this role.

Tactical Squad: The Dark Angels are the oldest Space Marine chapter, and as such have access to many ancient and revered weapons. A Dark Angels Tactical squad may replace its lascannon with a plasma cannon for no extra points cost.

Dark Angels Librarian: Dark Angels Librarians may have either the psychic power *Smite* OR *Weaken Resolve*.

The Dark Angels Librarian is reduced in cost to 80 pts.

Intractable: This special rule applies to all Dark Angels with the exception of the Deathwing, who are already Stubborn, and members of the Ravenwing. Intractable models that fail a Morale check as a result of taking 25% casualties in the enemy Shooting phase will not fall back as per the normal Morale rules. Instead, they will not be able to move in their next Movement phase, or assault in their next Assault phase, but may fire as per the normal shooting rules. All other Morale checks are taken in accordance with the rules given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. A unit that fails its Morale check as a result of the enemy shooting at it while it performs a Sweeping Advance will fall back using the normal Fall Back rules.

Note: These Intractable rules completely replace those given in Codex Dark Angels.



ANGELS OF DEATH

In conjunction with the first volume of Index Astartes and the Codex Dark Angels update, we've made a new Dark Angels Tactical squad incorporating the lethal plasma cannon and a new Veteran Sergeant.

The fantastic new Dark Angels miniatures.



Dark Angels Tactical squad with the new Veteran Sergeant and plasma cannon.



The Dark Angels spring a trap on the unsuspecting Biel-Tan Eldar.

Sergeant Hezekiah threw himself flat in the shelter of a crater, hearing the nine brethren of his squad do the same an instant later. Las-fire seared the air mere inches above his head and raised small clouds of dust as it impacted on the shattered concrete crater edge.

Hezekiah's tactical display, superimposed over his vision by the machine spirit inhabiting his armour, demanded his attention with a blinking icon. New orders. The squad was to redeploy three kilometres to the south to relieve an Imperial Guard platoon that had been flanked and was now pinned in a deadly crossfire amongst the ruins of the warehouse district.

The sergeant communicated the new objective to his squad and waved them one at a time over the crater rim and across the street to the shelter of a burned-out Leman Russ.

In the scant seconds that Hezekiah was out in the open and exposed to enemy fire, he took in the scene ahead. The horizon was an inferno against which the great manufactories of Seraph Prime stood in stark silhouette. He knew that they had to pass through those skeletal ruins, and he knew that the route was the favourite hunting ground of the rebels' snipers and ambush units.

Hezekiah and his squad were now moving parallel to the front lines, tracing the shifting no man's land. The squad moved with the strength of purpose of Space Marines of the Dark Angels Chapter. They made use of available cover, but would not scuttle and cower like the lesser Imperial Guardsmen whose failing war the Dark Angels had come to settle. Seraph Prime was too important to fall into the hands of the alien-inspired rebellion, and Hezekiah had vowed not to waste a single drop of Dark Angels blood reclaiming the world for its weak lordlings; if any blood were to be spilt, it would be in the name of the God-Emperor of Mankind and his first-born son, Lion El'Jonson.

Less than a kilometre from the objective, a single shot rang out as the squad crossed five metres of open ground. Brother Mathia

had been hit in the chest just below the neckline.

Hezekiah and his brothers leapt for cover, anger rising in the sergeant's throat as he realised that the aim of the shot was no coincidence; the sniper had deliberately and maliciously destroyed the Space Marine's progenoid gland, the source of the gene-seed on which the future of the Chapter relied.

Replaying the last three seconds of footage from his armour's vid-log,

Hezekiah caught the briefest muzzle flare amidst the shadows of a blasted fourth story window in a building just ahead.

He knew that the

assassin would move immediately after making the kill, not wishing to attract return fire by risking a second shot from the same location. Hezekiah ordered his squad forward; they would cut off the sniper's escape route at the base of the building before he had time to set up for another shot.

Racing down a side alley, the squad came to a dead end. Hezekiah had no time to breach the wall with krak grenades, and instead carried on with his run, shouldering through the rockrete wall with the strength possessed only of an Imperial Space Marine. As the wall disintegrated, he crashed on through and took in the scene before him: the sniper had obviously hoped to draw the squad into an ambush, but had not counted on them taking the route that they had. Five metres before Hezekiah stood a ragged mob of rebels, lasguns covering the street outside – the street Hezekiah and his squad would have taken in pursuit of the assassin had they not chosen the more direct approach. Hezekiah dropped onto one knee, swinging his plasma pistol forward as he did so. His brother Space Marines appeared behind him as he pulled the trigger, and six bolters fired at the exact instant as his pistol filled the room with its plasma-fuelled glare. The rebels simply disintegrated in a red haze that lingered in the air and coated the walls with a damp, scarlet patina.

"Sergeant Hezekiah?" A voice called out from a barricaded ruin further down the street. "Thank the Emperor you're here."

Hezekiah and his squad worked their way carefully towards the Imperial Guard position, scanning the surrounding buildings for signs of more enemy snipers. As they reached the barricade, a young lieutenant stepped forward, his awe at the sight of the Space Marines competing with his relief at their presence.

"I'm Lieutenant Kasima of the Seraph 53rd Abhuman Auxillia. These are my charges." Kasima indicated a group of brutish Ogryns. Each trooper wore on its shoulder the Aquilis Imperialis: the symbol of the eagle by which a billion Human warriors lived and died.

Hezekiah removed his helmet and spat on the dusty ground before the quivering lieutenant.

"Brother Mathia did not give his life to a coward's bullet to save these... abominations." The sergeant's face contorted in hatred as he regarded the scruffy abhuman troopers. "They are no better than the scum rebels."

Turning his back on the beleaguered position, Sergeant Hezekiah addressed his squad.

"Brothers, we are leaving."



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For this month's Battle report we introduce the all new High Elves as they attempt to stave off an attack by the necrotic minions of the Lahmian Vampire Counts...

THE DEFENCE OF CHRACE

The High Elves have had a make-over. Not only in terms of rules and a fantastic new armies book (*not enough beards and runes for my liking though...*—ed) but also the host of splendid new miniatures which we've released alongside it. And, as tradition demands, we wanted to show how they performed where it mattered – on the field of battle. This month's battle report is straightforward yet with a subtle twist...

We decided to keep the scenario simple and thus chose the trusty

Pitched Battle. The armies would each be chosen to a 2,500 points limit. All very straightforward, until we reveal the players. The Undead will be commanded by Alessio Cavatore. Alessio has been Games Workshop Warhammer staff champion twice and, as well as working in the Warhammer Games Development team, he wrote the Vampire Counts book. You don't get better credentials than that!

The 'twist' is that the High Elf player is none other than Mark 'The Count' Raynor. Mark earned his nickname, not

just on account of his looks, but because he regularly wields an Undead army. With this year's Dark Shadows campaign he started to collect a High Elf army and did very well with it.

So, the scene is set for a classic clash between good and evil. Will Mark's new army win through or will the indomitable Alessio see off the sons of Ulthuan?

Read on and we'll see...

Sire, the tales are true – the dead walk amongst us and already they march through the entrance of the pass." The Elf warrior who addressed the prince was dressed in a white fur cloak, a trophy of the hunt he had once performed as his rite of passage.

Prince Aethis nodded in acknowledgement before turning to face a mage who stood by his side.

"Daramas, my brother, you have proved yourself as a wise mage on our voyage abroad. How do the winds of magic blow this woeful day?"

The mage raised his hand, his fingers forming some arcane symbols as he did so.

"By all accounts, good brother, they should favour us, for the winds of Ulthuan bless our kindred."

"Good," the White Lion warrior spoke out. This warrior did not show the courtesy that a Lord of Prince Aethis Flamebearer's position was due. He stood before a prince and addressed him as his equal, instead of kneeling as custom dictated. But the prince knew the White Lions to be loyal fighters and was not about to chastise him for his ignorance. "My scouts report that the force is led by vampires. We will need all the advantage we can get if we are to stop the march of these unholy creatures."

Prince Aethis's force had been marching back through Chrace towards Caledor after months of war when the band of White Lions, fierce and loyal hunters from the mountains, had halted their passage. The leader of the White Lions had informed the prince about the Undead horde marching without opposition towards Tor Achare, the capital of Chrace.

"We must stop them entering the city at all costs. With the main forces of Tor Achare fighting the Dark Elf invasion, the Undead could overrun the defences of the town with ease." The leader of the White Lions finished before rejoining his warriors.

The Prince suppressed his indignation at this uncouth warrior's ignorance of his rank. The White Lions were bodyguards to the Phoenix King himself and he doubted that they held much respect for a mere Prince. It would be something he would address after the battle; now was a time to unite his force. Standing on a small rocky outcrop, he turned to face the army. His troops were weary and tired of battle. For many months they had waged war on Albion and now they were eager to return home victorious to rejoin with their loved ones.

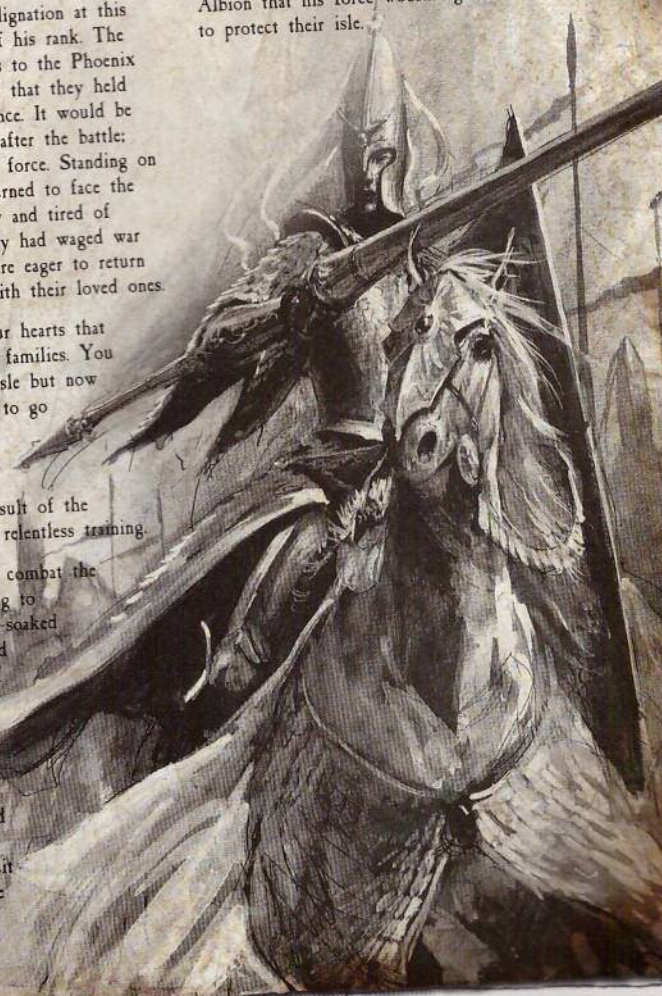
"My friends, I know in your hearts that you long to return to your families. You fought well on that dread isle but now I must ask you once again to go to war." He surveyed the ranks of his soldiers. They stood in perfect, motionless formations, a result of the discipline from decades of relentless training.

"On Albion we fought to combat the dark forces that were rising to conquer that accursed rain-soaked land. Now we must defend our home. The citizens of Tor Achare need our assistance and we cannot fail them in our duty."

He raised his huge sword high, the sight of the Prince in his mystical suit of armour, forged by the

gods who had once guided his people was truly awe-inspiring.

"We must not let them pass." With those words he leapt from the rock and joined the ranks of the Phoenix Guard. He knew from the courage that they had shown on Albion that his force would fight to the death to protect their isle.



DEFENDERS OF THE REALM



Mark Raynor: Alessio and myself had been talking about having a good old scrap against each other for some time and when the battle report

came around, it seemed like the perfect opportunity. However, being the one to use the High Elves rather than the Undead, my usual army, would certainly put a strange twist on the game. I had decided to collect High Elves during the Studio's Dark Shadows campaign a few months ago and had a fair amount of success with them; but facing Alessio – the man who had written the Vampire Counts Armies book and a very experienced gamer too: hmm, I supposed we would just have to see.

Starting with my characters I had the urge to choose an Archmage. These can be very nasty in the Magic phase, but knowing that Alessio was going to play with Lahmians, I reckoned that the Undead Magic phase would not be too domineering. So a Prince it would have to be; he should hopefully be able to handle himself in close combat against a girl! Then again we are talking about a High Elf here (Toughness 3) versus a Vampire Lord (Strength 5) so I thought that I'd better make sure. Since seeing the new magic item allocation from the Dark Shadows results, I'd been eagerly waiting to try out the Armour of the Gods that the High Elves had gained. It seemed that now was the chance. Topping this off with the nasty combination of the Swordmaster skill, great weapon and a Ward save, this guy was a force to be reckoned with. I'd seen the Battle Banner in the new High Elf army list and I needed to see

just how good this was. An extra D6 combat resolution was going to be a big bonus against Vampire Counts (losing by a big difference in combat could quickly crumble most Undead units) but to do this I would have to field an Army Standard Bearer, so this was my next choice. Having second thoughts about the Magic phase and knowing that Undead magic can be deadly, with Invocation of Nehek and Vanhel's Danse Macabre, I went for two Mages. I gave each a Dispel scroll and a few well-chosen magic items that should cause a few surprises and show Alessio just how good High Magic can be.

Right then – the troops next, and something nice and simple like a unit of Silver Helms, a unit of Spearmen and some Archers would be a reasonable start. A good variety of Core troops should be able to handle most situations that arise in a Pitched Battle scenario. To strengthen my battleline I needed some strong infantry troops, so I quickly filled my Rare choices by taking a unit of Phoenix Guard and one of White Lions. Both with a high Strength, these should be able to handle any infantry troops that Alessio could throw at me. As the Phoenix Guard already caused *fear*, I gave the White Lions the Lion Standard just to make sure they didn't automatically run away if they were outnumbered and lost a combat. Outflanking Alessio's army would give me a considerable advantage in the game and, if anything, High Elves excel at this. My final choices were based on this tactic, taking a unit of Dragon Princes and two Tiranoc Chariots to aid the Silver Helms when it came to manoeuvring around the enemy.

Well, that was the troops sorted, and with a choice selection of magic items scattered in various units, I was more than ready to overcome the vile Undead horde.

DEPLOYMENT

Hoping for some really offensive spells, I wasn't disappointed when one of my Mages received 'Fury of Khaine' and the other 'Flames of the Phoenix'. This would allow me to field them both in opposite areas of the board to cover anything on the flanks and provide a crossfire of potent magical offence in the centre. Next was the *Intrigue at Court* rule and this is where my fingers were tightly crossed. With all the Fear tests that I would need to be making during the game, the higher the Leadership that I received from my General the better. Thankfully, rolling a six meant that I could choose – and my Prince confidently strode forward to accept the responsibility.

Although Alessio got to choose his table edge for deployment, this didn't perturb me, knowing that I had only my unit of Archers for missile fire. Putting them in a line towards the left gave them a good view of the central battlefield and the left flank. My original plan was to deploy a strong, straight battleline with some flanking units towards each end, hoping to achieve a pincer tactic. However, with Alessio deploying his Dire Wolves and unbreakable Bat Swarms on the left flank, I ended up placing my elite unit of Dragon Princes out on a limb. I'd just have to hope that they'd get back into the game later.



The Dragon Princes use the cliff face to shield their flank.



TASTE THE BLOOD KISS



Alessio Cavatore:

Who can be afraid of an enemy that comes to battle clad in white bed gowns?

Surely those pesky pointy-eared snobs

will be no trouble for my unstoppable Undead horde!

First, my characters. I took a Countess (Isabelle) and give her all the seducing Lahmian powers I could afford. These are not only more characterful, but also a safer bet against the High Elves, because they have spells and magic items that can destroy enemy magic items, but cannot affect innate abilities.

Then I gave my Countess a handmaiden (Nicolette – a Thrall), as is appropriate for a lady of her rank. This would also give me access to more powers of seduction.

Of course, next came the mandatory second level Necromancer (Taediosus), who has two main jobs. First, he could help with my Invocation of Nehek spell (I always give this vital spell to at least two Wizards when playing the Undead) and secondly he would carry the two Dispel scrolls I would most probably need if Mark decided to go for a magic-strong army.

Finally the Wight Lord Ulfius with his magical Battle Standard (a War Banner) would lead the Grave Guard. That was easy. Now for the troops.

I definitely wanted to follow the theme of a Lahmian army, but we decided not to use the Lahmian appendix army for

simplicity's sake. Instead, I followed the spirit of the Lahmian list while using the normal army list: I wouldn't choose any troops that do not appear in the Lahmian list, so no Ghouls or Zombies (they smell and their sense of fashion is sooo bad!).

I started with a big solid unit of Skeletons with light armour and shields (a more than decent 4+ save in close combat) for my two Vampires to fight in.

Next a big unit of super-hard Grave Guard with shields for Ulfius to lead. Evidently these were the elite guards at the court of Countess Isabelle.

These two blocks of infantry would be the centre of my defensive line, but I also needed a fast flank that could deliver some punch, offence being of course the best defence. To perform this role I bought ten Black Knights, a Black Coach and a unit of Dire Wolves.

The rest of the points were spent on units that are less powerful but very useful and distracting and/or annoying for the enemy: big bats, small bats, an ethereal brigade of Spirit Hosts and a Banshee (very good to threaten missile units and units without a rank bonus, like chariots...).

DEPLOYMENT

Both my Wizards ended up having Invocation of Nehek and Vanhel's Danse Macabre spells – a very powerful combination!

I won the roll to determine who starts on which table edge and duly proceeded to deny the hill to the Elves to reduce the efficacy of their missile fire. I then deployed my entire army on my centre-left, leaving only the Dire Wolves on my right flank to slow down the advance of the Elves' left. The big and small bats would help the Dire Wolves to slow down the Elves on the right and hopefully take care of the Archers. I chose to attack in two waves, sending in the fast, hard hitting troops first (Black Knights and Coach). I deployed my infantry right behind them, with the intention of following up and using them to support the cavalry after it hit the Elven line in the centre, breaking the enemy into two parts (hopefully...).





THE WARHOST OF PRINCE AETHIS

CHARACTERS

LORD: Prince Aethis (125), hand weapon, great weapon (6) *Pure of Heart*, *Sword Master* (40), *Armour of the Gods* (35), *Guardian Phoenix* (25). **231 pts**
*Commands the unit of Phoenix Guard.

HERO: Commander Battle Standard Bearer Aeneran (95), hand weapon, heavy armour (4), *Battle Banner* (80). **179 pts**
*Assigned to the unit of Phoenix Guard.

 **HERO: Mage Daramas** (95), hand weapon, extra level (35), *Ring of Fury* (30), *Dispel Scroll* (20). **180 pts**

 **HERO: Mage Amankhann** (95), hand weapon, extra level (35), *Jewel of Dusk* (15), *Silver Wand* (10), *Dispel Scroll* (20). **175 pts**

CORE

 **8 Silver Helms** (152), hand weapon, lance, barded Elven steeds, heavy armour (+16), shields (+16), *Standard Bearer* (14), *Champion* (14), *Musician* (7). **219 pts**

 **10 Archers** (120), hand weapon & longbow. **120 pts**



16 Spearman (176), hand weapon, spear, light armour, shield, *Standard Bearer* (12), *Champion* (12), *Musician* (6). **206 pts**



SPECIAL
8 Dragon Princes (208), hand weapon, lance, dragon armour, shields, *Standard Bearer* (18), *Drakemaster* (18) with a *Sword of Might* (15) and an *Enchanted Shield* (10), *Musician* (9), *Banner of Arcane Protection* (40). **318 pts**



2 Tiranoc Chariots, hand weapons, spears and bows. **170 pts**



RARE
19 Phoenix Guard (285), hand weapon, halberd, heavy armour, *Standard Bearer* (14), *Keeper of the Flame* (14) with a *Blessed Tome* (25), *Musician* (7), *Banner of Sorcery* (50). **395 pts**



19 White Lions (247), hand weapon, great axes, light armour, lion cloak, *Standard Bearer* (14), *Guardian* (14), *Musician* (7), *Lion Standard* (25). **307 pts**

TOTAL **2,500 pts**

COUNTESS ISABELLE'S ENTOURAGE

CHARACTERS

LORD: Countess Isabelle (205), hand weapon, extra level (35), *Seduction* (55), *Transfix* (20), *Gem of Blood* (25). **340 pts**
*Commands the unit of Skeleton warriors

HERO: Thrall Nicolette (80), hand weapon, *Domination* (40), *Beguile* (10). **130 pts**
*Assigned to the unit of Skeleton warriors



HERO: Necromancer Taediosus (65), hand weapon, extra level (35), *Dispel Scroll* (25), *Dispel Scroll* (25). **150 pts**

HERO: Wight Battle Standard Bearer Ulfus (85), heavy armour (4), *War Banner* (25). **114 pts**
*Commands the unit of Grave Guard



CORE

23 Skeletons (184), hand weapon & shield, light armour (+46), Standard Bearer (10), Skeleton Captain (10), Musician (5). **255 pts**



3 Bat Swarms **180 pts**



6 Dire Wolves (60), Doom Wolf (10). **70 pts**

SPECIAL



25 Grave Guard (300), shields (+25), Standard Bearer (12), Crypt Keeper (12), Musician (6), *Banner of the Barrows* (45). **400 pts**



10 Black Knights (230), hand weapon, lance, heavy armour, shield, nightmares, barding (+20), Standard Bearer (16), Hell Knight (16), Musician (8), *Banner of Doom* (50). **340 pts**



2 Spirit Hosts **130 pts**



5 Fell Bats **100 pts**

RARE



1 Banshee **90 pts**



Black Coach **200 pts**

TOTAL

2,499 pts



HIGH ELF TURN 1

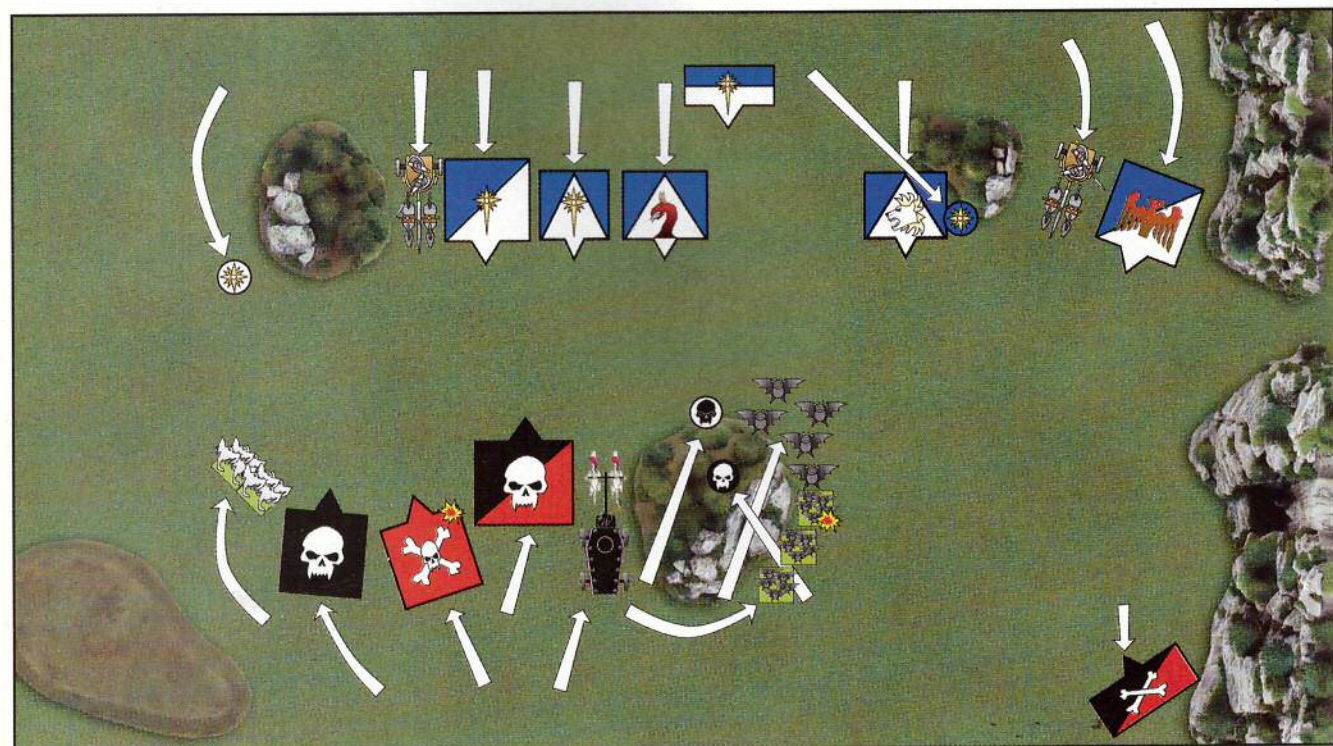


The High Elves line up in a disciplined formation to meet the Undead horde.

Mark: Knowing that I wouldn't be in range for a charge, I positioned my troops so that I would be able to charge next turn, and with a little estimating I ensured that Alessio wouldn't be able to charge me! To reinforce this plan, I pushed my

Mages ahead of the rest of my battle line. Now, with a little luck, I could begin to reduce the size of some of those nasty units of Undead with my High Elf magic. My first Mage called forth the arcane might of High Magic intent on bringing the *Fury of Khaine*

upon the Fell Bats – but I promptly rolled a double one for a Miscalculation and ended the Magic Phase. So much for the arcane might – I hoped that that was the last and only one. Poor shooting and no combat – a pretty unconvincing start!



UNDEAD TURN 1

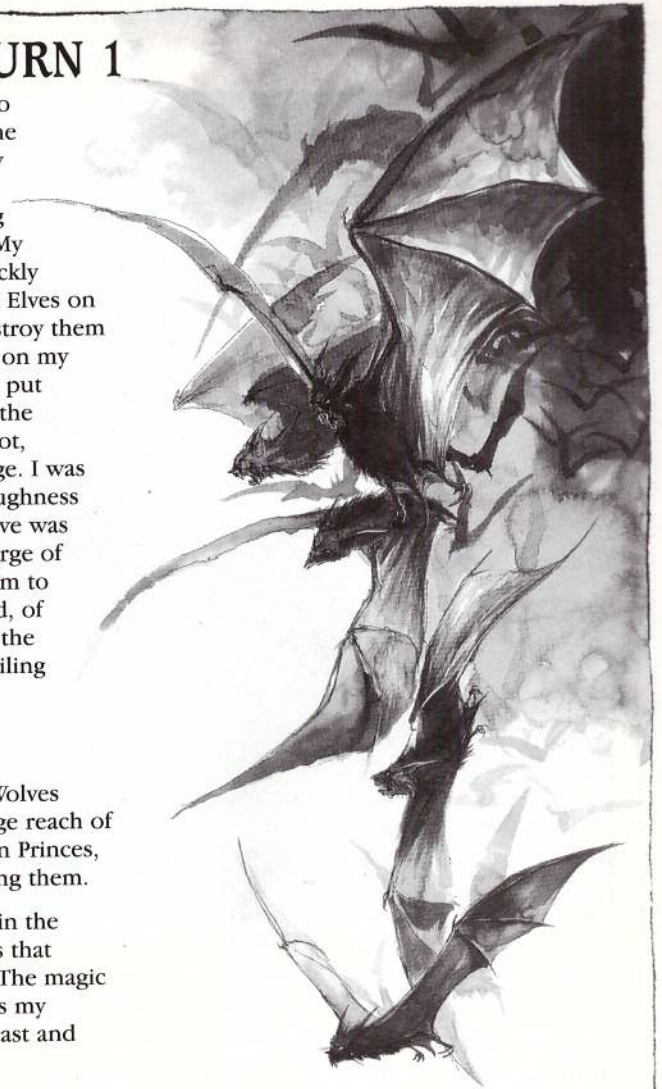
Mark winning the roll to go first robbed me of the initiative, but thankfully he decided to advance slowly and his Shooting phase was quite poor. My troops advanced as quickly as possible towards the Elves on the left, resolved to destroy them and then face the ones on my right. My Black Knights put themselves in range of the Silver Helms and Chariot, tempting them to charge. I was confident that their Toughness of 4 and 2+ Armour save was enough to take the charge of the Elves, exposing them to my counter-charge. And, of course, there is always the chance of somebody failing their Fear test, so that only one of the units charges...

On the right my Dire Wolves moved out of the charge reach of the Chariot and Dragon Princes, but still kept threatening them.

The Necromancer hid in the wood, having no spells that required line of sight. The magic phase was a disaster, as my Countess rolled a Miscalculation and suffered a Wound!



Alessio: I was really disappointed when the Elves' General turned out to be the Prince with Leadership 10. I would definitely have preferred a Leadership 8 Mage!



The High Elf archers prepare to unleash a deadly volley of missile fire into the approaching Fell Bats.

HIGH ELF TURN 2



The impact of the cavalry fails to break through the strong defenses of the Black Knights.

Mark: Alessio pushing his unit of Black Knights forwards was too tempting for me – I just had to charge them. In went both my Silver Helms and a Chariot

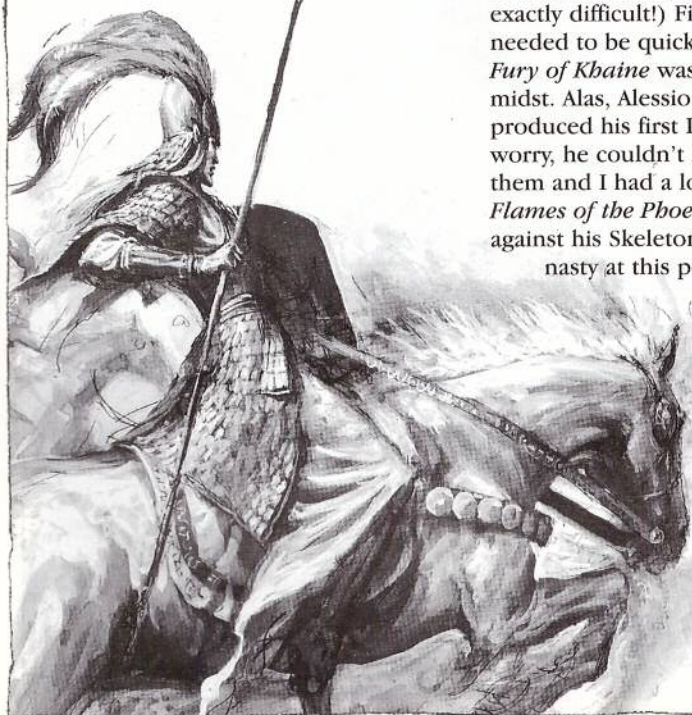
(I passed the Fear tests successfully) and, providing I did enough damage with my impact hits, I would smash through them and straight into the Black Coach.

This time I was confident that my Magic phase would prove a lot better than the last one, (well, it wasn't exactly difficult!) First those Fell Bats needed to be quickly eradicated and a *Fury of Khaine* was directed into their midst. Alas, Alessio promptly produced his first Dispel Scroll. Not to worry, he couldn't have that many of them and I had a lot more to come. A *Flames of the Phoenix* targeted against his Skeleton unit could be very

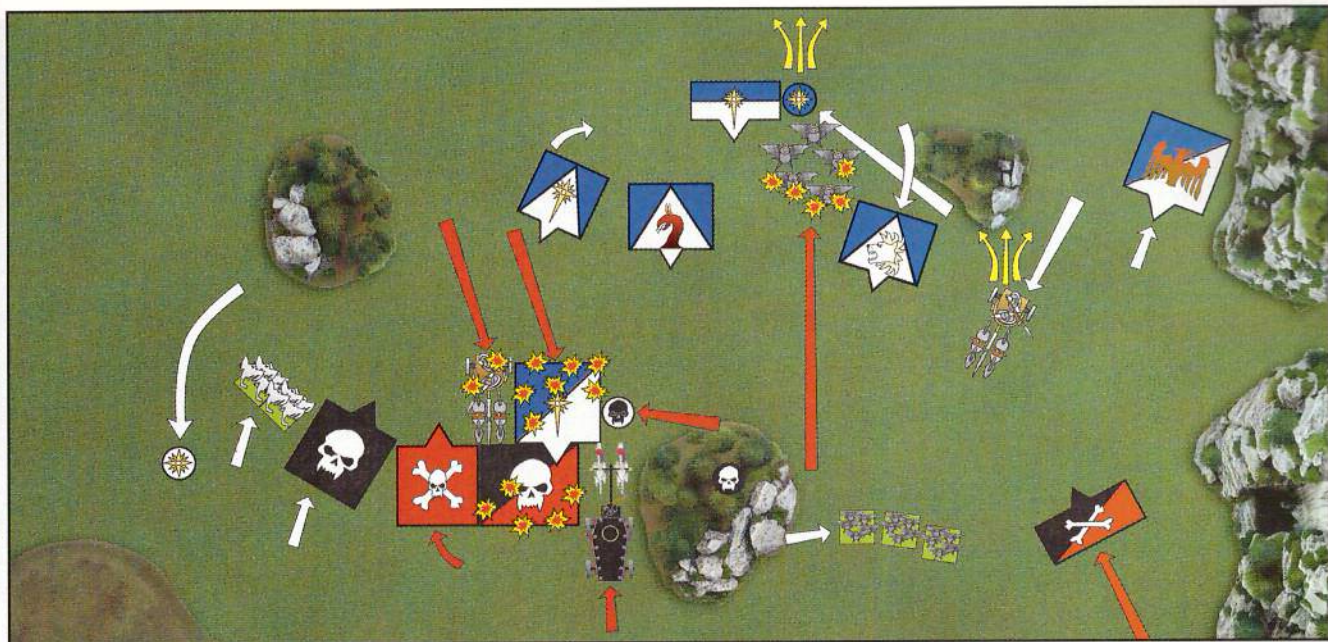
nasty at this point, reducing the effectiveness of his Vampire Lord's skeletal bodyguard. This time it was dispelled by

Alessio with his pool of Dispel dice, leaving him open to the rest of my magic with no dice left. I cast *Fortune is Fickle* upon his Necromancer. With a treble six rolled (where was it when I was casting *Flames of the Phoenix*?) any doubles that his Necromancer might roll would result in a Miscast; this might force him to use his Count instead and she wasn't doing too well with her magic at the moment. Last, but by no means least, I incited the power of the *Ring of Fury*, directing another bound *Fury of Khaine* at the Fell Bats. However, causing only four wounds meant that my archery would need to be on target if I had any hope of getting rid of them. It wasn't meant to be, however, as my Archers only managed one more wound. This left me at a disadvantage on the left flank with the Fell Bats capable of charging any of my units and characters.

The combat against the Black Knights didn't go my way either, with only four hits and one casualty from the impact hits. With little else from the rest of my men, this meant that the Black Knights were going nowhere. The only thing I could do now was take a charge from the Black Coach and hope for the best.



UNDEAD TURN 2



Alessio: The enemy had fallen into my trap! I immediately declared a charge with both the Skeletons and the Black Coach against the High Elf cavalry. The Banshee, afraid of the Phoenix Guard and the White Lions, also charged in, just to get out of the way. The Dire Wolves decided to charge the Chariot, but Mark cleverly fled, leaving my 'dogs' right in front of the Dragon Princes... uh-oh!

The Fell Bats also charged the Wizard that had killed some of them in the Magic phase. Eliminating this Wizard was vital, because he had two *Fury of Khaine* spells and I was really

afraid of what he could do in the next Magic phase! The dastardly fellow escaped death by fleeing out of reach of my vengeful bats! "I'll get him next turn!" I thought.

Good news in the Magic phase, as the Necromancer managed to heal the Countess back to her full quota of wounds, but in the Shooting phase the Banshee let me down badly.

The Chariot failed its Domination test against my handmaiden, so that the two Elves and the two horses stood there admiring the lovely Vampire who attacked them and caused them

two wounds! Unsurprisingly the Silver Helms and Chariot were defeated and fled. I decided not to pursue, so that I was still out of range of the infantry waiting behind them. The Banshee unfortunately was too close to the Phoenix Guard and decided to pursue into them, rather than be charged in the next turn (this would have been bad, allowing the enemy to overrun into my Black Coach!). The Banshee was sure to die, so I decided to try and take the enemy Battle Standard Bearer with me (after all he only has Toughness 3 and a 5+ Armour save!).



The Black Coach and a Vampire join the combat against the heavily outnumbered unit of Silver Helms.

HIGH ELF TURN 3

Mark: Overwhelmed in combat, it wasn't a surprise to see the Silver Helms and Chariot flee from the onslaught. With my Silver Helms unit below 25% of their initial number, there was no chance of rallying, and the first of my strongest units fled from the table. Luckily, all of the other units and characters that had fled last turn managed to rally.

For my charges, the only one I had was with the Dragon Princes into the Dire Wolves. Everything else was either rallying, in combat, or just out of range. I left the Spearmen where they were, allowing them to receive a charge if necessary. I wasn't worried about this as they would be fighting in three ranks. The Mage at the rear of Alessio's army, however, was becoming much more useful, steadily slowing Alessio's main units down to a crawl and creating a little congestion on that far flank.

With all the movement finished, it was time for the Magic phase, but before any dice had been rolled, the *Banner of Arcane Protection* in the Dragon Princes unit came into play. Any Undead model in base contact with the bearer's unit at the beginning of the Magic phase automatically takes a wound. With Dire Wolves having no Armour saves, all six of them crumbled into the ground and that



The Mage prepares to unleash a deadly spell to protect himself from the attack of the Fell Bats.

was before I rolled any dice! Next came the High Magic onslaught. Seeing the rear of the Skeleton unit, my first Mage cast *Flames of the Phoenix* into its midst but Alessio produced another Dispel Scroll. After fleeing the Fell Bats last turn, my other Mage decided it was time for retribution and unleashed another *Fury of Khaine* at the creatures flying towards him. This too was quickly dispelled from Alessio's Dispel dice pool, leaving me to successfully cast

Fortune is Fickle at his Countess.

Finally, a bound *Fury of Khaine* was targeted at the Fell Bats and with a generous eleven hits and five wounds, the remaining bats were fried to a crisp in mid-air.

After shooting at the Bat Swarms for a couple of wounds, it was time for combat and, after the nuisance of the Banshee disappeared from the battlefield, I decided to hold with my Phoenix Guard and prepare for the next turn..



The doomed Dire Wolves are charged by the valiant Dragon Princes.



UNDEAD TURN 3



The High Elves perform a tactical withdrawal.

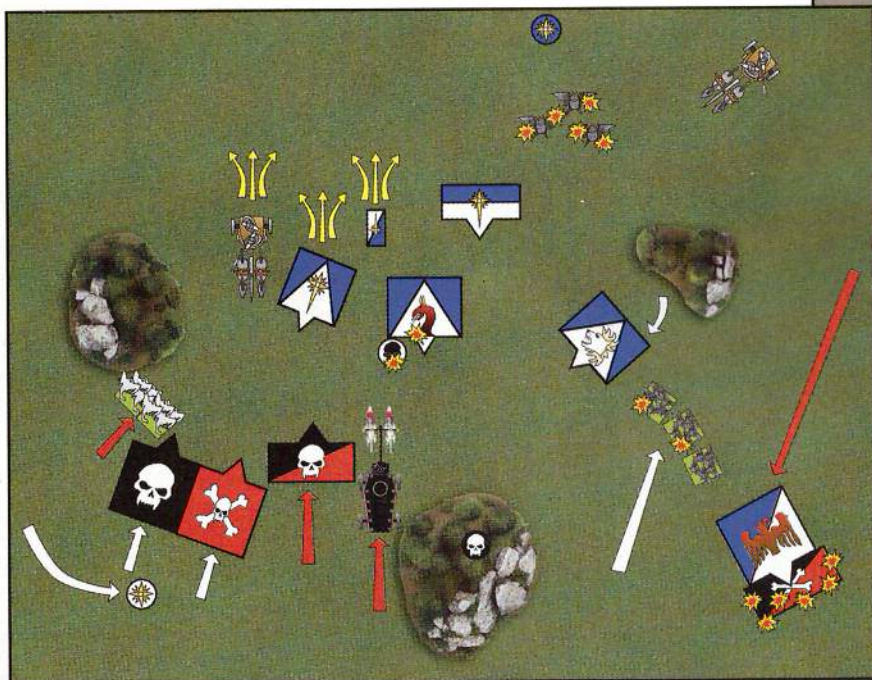
Alessio: That damned wizard! I was now really afraid of the High Magic barrage that was being thrown at me in each Magic phase. I charged the Black Coach and the Knights against the Spearmen and Chariot, but the cowardly Elves decided to flee once more, leaving my units right in front

of the Phoenix Guard. How frustrating!

My Bat Swarm advanced between the lethal Dragon Princes and the White Lions, with the intention of slowing both units down and threatening the archers and

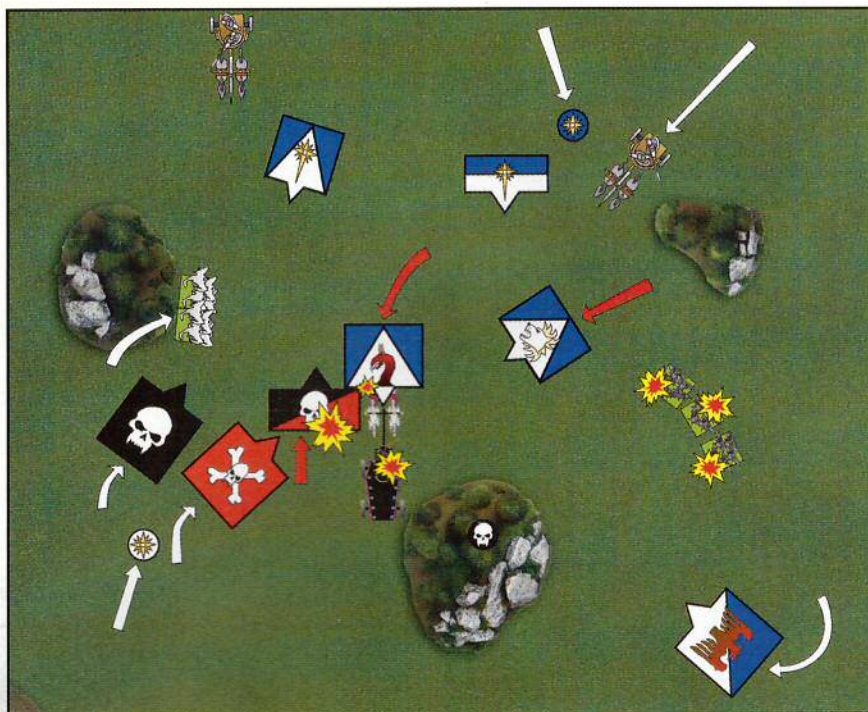


Mark's confident that his High Elves will rally.



the accursed Mage (if only his *Ring of Fury* would run out of power!). The other Mage was a nuisance as well, slowing down the advance of the Grave Guard and Spirit Host. I very much regretted my mistake of wasting my Banshee in the fight. It would have been better to keep her among my units, to tackle annoying things such as the wizard right behind my line. My Magic phase was easily neutralised by the Elves and the turn was over.

HIGH ELF TURN 4



Mark: At last the Undead were beginning to lose the strength of their solid battle line. With the Black Coach out in the open, the Phoenix Guard charged into its front and prepared to destroy it. The White Lions were also hoping for a chance to hack at it with their great axes, but although the Lion

Standard protected them from the terror that the Black Coach emanated, the distance was just too great and they failed their charge. Yet again rallying fleeing troops was successful and the High Elf Mage continued to be a thorn in Alessio's side by manoeuvring around the back of his troops.

The Magic phase began with *Flames of the Phoenix* cast into the Skeleton unit which was dispelled again but left Alessio with no more Dispel dice. A poor result of two wounds from my mage's *Fury of Khaine* spell was a disappointment but it was more than made up for by the *Ring of Fury*. With ten hits and eight wounds between the two spells, the Bat Swarms were severely damaged before my Archers ensured that they were wiped out. With the potency of magic weapons that I had within my Phoenix Guard, I knew that I should be more than a match for the Black Coach. Unfortunately, my dice rolling was abysmal and I failed to cause any wounds. In return the Wraith sliced into my Battle Standard Bearer and, with the wound that had been inflicted on him earlier by the Banshee, he dropped to the ground. The combat wasn't going quite as I had hoped.



UNDEAD TURN 4

Alessio: Strength 7! What?! An Elf with Strength 7? That was an evil combination that Mark had pulled (his Elf Lord had a greatsword and the *Armour of the Gods*) and my Black Coach was very much in trouble. Also, the Magic phase was unbelievable. I was losing one big unit per turn under the terrible combo '*Fury of Khaine – Flames of the Phoenix – Fury of Khaine*'. Help!

Out of sheer panic, I charged the Phoenix Guard with my Knights and realised my mistake too late. Most of my unit was in the Guard's front arc and so I had to charge them in the front, where the presence of the bulky Black Coach meant that only one of the Knights was able to make contact with the enemy. That was not good, not at all.

My infantry was advancing too slowly to turn the flank of the Elves, because of that annoying second enemy Wizard right behind them. If only I'd kept my Banshee!

Nothing happened again in the Magic phase and I went on to the close



Alessio and Mark are transfixed by the beauty of the Labmtan Vampire.

combat with one question in mind: would my Coach survive against the Elf Prince?

No it wouldn't, was the merciless answer. The Prince cut the Coach in two, (Strength 7 hits and Chariots do not mix well...), scoring a huge number of wounds that, combined with the ranks of the Elves, sorted out

my Black Knights as well. The only good result I had from the fight was the demise of the Elf Battle Standard bearer, so it had not been all in vain at least. Now, with the Phoenix Guard facing my Skeletons, the decisive clash seemed about to happen. My Vampires prepared for the coming fight...



Prince Aethis prepares to destroy the Black Coach.

HIGH ELF TURN 5

Mark: Alessio's desperate tactic of charging what he could into the Phoenix Guard was to prove, it seemed, a costly mistake. This time the Prince had not failed me and dispatched the Black Coach with a colossal Strength 7 hit, cleaving it in two. This result in Alessio's turn provided me with a clear charge into the Skeleton unit with the Phoenix Guard, the Spearmen and the Chariot oblivious to the *fear* that it caused.

The *Fury of Khaine* that my Mage was casting twice per turn was obviously beginning to cause Alessio some discomfort, and both attempts were dispelled by him. The *Flames of the Phoenix*, however, was given free reign to cause fiery death within the Grave Guard unit, inflicting five casualties and removing one of their ranks.

With my Archers unable to target anything, the Combat phase began with a challenge issued by the Countess. The Elven Prince boldly strode forward to accept the challenge and slay the mistress in mortal combat. Even though the Countess and her handmaiden tried numerous times to beguile and seduce the ranks of Elven warriors, each time they resisted and persisted in attacking the Undead horde.

The Tiranoc Chariot impacted with a huge five hits, all five causing casualties upon the Skeletons, but little more damage was inflicted by the remainder of my units' attacks. In the challenge, the Prince inflicted two wounds upon the Lahmian, only to be



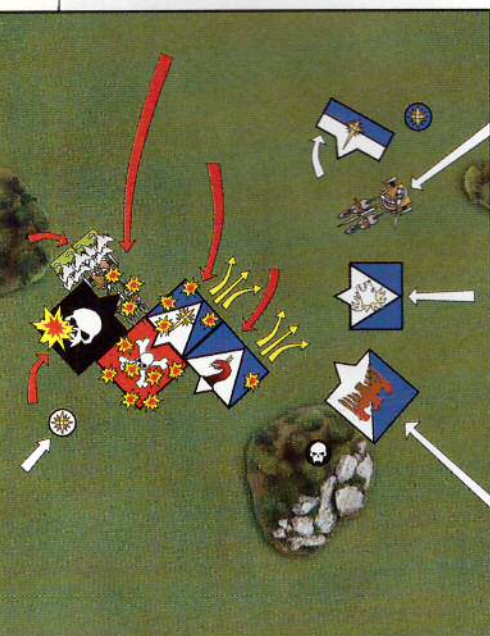
A Chariot smashes into the ranks of the Skeletons, shattering bone beneath it.

cursed with the Gem of Blood, one of the wounds rebounding and being inflicted upon him. Although I had won the combat, the Skeletons

remained with a sufficient number to handle the extra casualties, and I braced myself for yet another charge from the Undead.



The Lahmian Countess cannot charm the noble High Elf Prince.



UNDEAD TURN 5

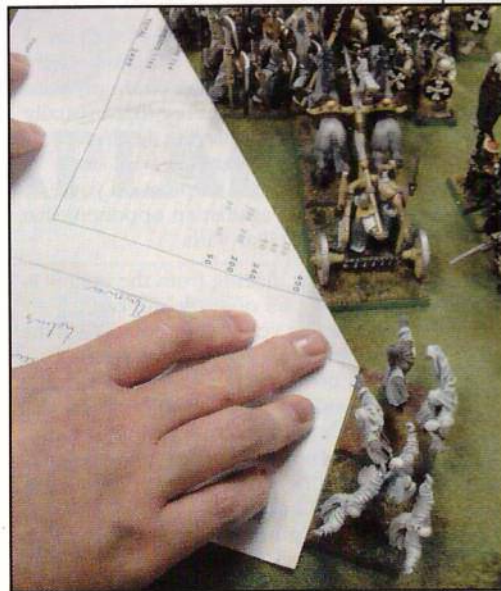
Alessio: My Vampire-led Skeletons had held splendidly against the three Elven units that had charged them. Now finally my Grave Guard and Spirit Host made it into the fray.

The Chariot was annihilated by the Spirit Host and Wights, but my Vampires did not fare too well this time. The Elves once more passed all their Leadership tests against their seductive powers, seemingly immune to the charm of my two beautiful Vampiresses.

The Handmaiden managed to kill a few Spearmen before being skewered and during the challenge between the Generals my Countess wounded the Prince, bringing him down to his last wound, just before the Elf drove his sword right through her heart,

dispatching her. Still, the combat resolution was in my favour and both Elven units broke and fled. Unfortunately my Skeletons couldn't catch the Phoenix Guard and Prince (damn! So many points out of reach!), but the Grave Guard wiped out the Spearmen. The test for the death of my General was fine and only the Spirit Host suffered a few wounds.

Unsure as to whether or not his spirit hosts could charge the Chariot, Alessio uses a cunningly simple yet effective method to determine that the Spirit Hosts could indeed charge the rear of the Chariot (an A4 piece of paper folded creating a 45° charge arc template).



GAME TURN 6

Mark: My last turn started well, with the Phoenix Guard rallying. I positioned my troops so that they would be able to face the charge of the Grave Guard. With little to dispel my magic, I succeeded in burning more of the Grave Guard with the *Flames of the Phoenix* and finally destroyed the Spirit Host with an irresistible *Fury of Khaine*.

The combined charge of the Dragon Princes and a Chariot was more than enough to see off the last of the Skeletons. The game was pretty much over for Alessio by now but with spiteful malice he charged the remaining Grave Guard into the White Lions and managed to kill the front rank and run them down after they failed their Break test. With the Prince

being *Pure of Heart*, the Phoenix Guard ignored their Panic test and all that was left was for the Wights to retreat to their barrows. Their only consolation was that the banners of the White Lions and the Spearmen would lie with the myriad of other treasures no doubt contained within these ancient, eerie tombs.

Prince Aethis surveyed the battlefield. Apart from the corpses of bats and the odd bone crumbling to dust there was little evidence to suggest that an enemy had been here at all. The bodies of his fallen warriors were enough to convince him that he wasn't imagining the horrors that he had witnessed.

Two of his warriors approached him. Between them they dragged the form of a withered old man. His face was withdrawn and the skin sunken in to his bones. Around his neck he wore amulets carved with ancient evil symbols.

"My Lord, we found this one cowering within a nearby forest. What would you have us do with him?"

Prince Aethis stared at the old man who struggled in vain to free himself, screaming for mercy.

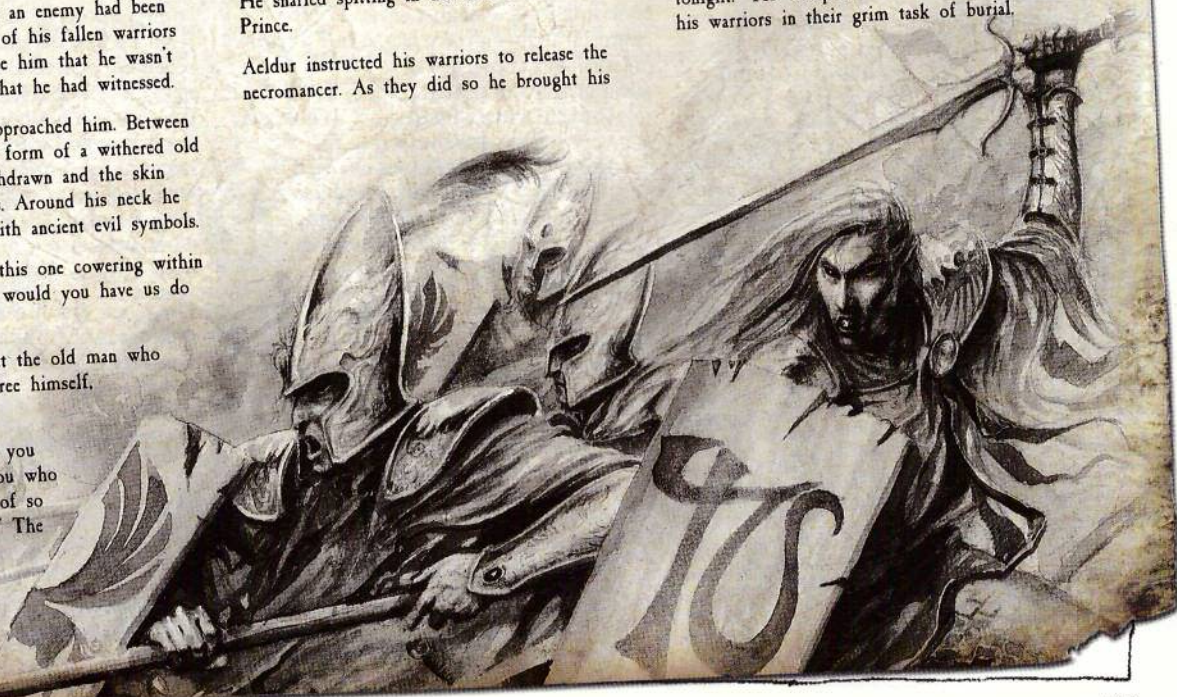
"Why should I grant you freedom, dark one; you who have ended the lives of so many of my people?" The Prince addressed the necromancer.

"Free me! You don't know what you do. My powers are vast and the gods I serve will strike you down unless you release me now." He snarled spitting in defiance at the Elven Prince.

Aeldur instructed his warriors to release the necromancer. As they did so he brought his

blade down and severed the evil magician's head from his body.

"The dead will rest in peace on Ulthuan tonight." He whispered as he turned to help his warriors in their grim task of burial.



TO THE VICTOR, THE SPOILS!

Mark: Alessio definitely plays with an Undead army very differently to myself and this kept me very much on my toes. Even with all the planning that I usually do before a game, playing against an army that you **are** familiar with can sometimes spring a surprise on you when you play against an opponent that you **aren't** familiar with.

Looking back, fleeing from the enemy is considered a bit of a risk and can sometimes be very detrimental. With the high Leadership that I had from my General however, this didn't really cause me too much of a worry and I knew that I had a good chance of rallying on the next turn. Besides on several occasions, it was definitely better to run drawing the Undead into an awkward position, rather than 'putting your neck on the chopping block' as the saying goes.

Positioning my Mage around the back of the Vampire Count's main battle line was another good tactic that paid off well, creating a big problem for the Undead, slowing down their movement to a meagre 4". This allowed me the time to get rid of the fast attacking units before the rest of the Undead army could arrive - the main plan that Alessio was apparently going to employ.

My domination in the Magic phase was a definite advantage. Knowing the considerable damage that High Elves can achieve from their magic can often be very daunting to an opponent, and can tip the scales in your favour. One thing that I will always remember from this game, though, is to make sure that I don't give away the surprise from some nasty magical item. My Army Standard Bearer carrying the Battle Banner was meant to provide me with a

considerable difference in the combat resolution, but blurting out its details to Alessio before even starting combat (even if I was gloating at the time) cost me dearly. Alessio took advantage of this information (who can blame him?) and concentrated all of the Black Coach's attacks against him, killing him and allowing his Black Coach to survive another turn. Fighting Alessio was an interesting experience and we had a lot of fun playing this game.



"Back, foul Undead!" Mark uses his magical skills to banish Alessio back to Games Development.

A HARD LESSON

Alessio: What went wrong? My main mistake, I believe, was not sending the Banshee after the Wizard on my extreme left. That caused the Spirit Host and, more importantly, the Grave Guard to enter the fray with at least a turn of delay, and that proved fatal. Charging my Knights into the front of the Phoenix Guard led by that awesome Strength 7 Prince was another bad blunder. Of one thing I'm sure: the next time I play

against High Elves I'll take a couple more Dispel Scrolls!

Mark played well, except for his first charge against my Black Knights, which was a bit risky. In particular I have to say that he did really well by slowing me down with his Wizard and especially by choosing to flee against several of my charges. That is a risky tactic, but it paid off well and allowed him to get some good charges in return. I really felt that the Undead's inability to react to charges is a very serious handicap (see for example my Dire Wolves charged by the Dragon Princes!). The biggest advantage of the Undead, *fear*, was reduced by Mark

getting his Leadership 10 General and, again, his 'skill' in not failing a single *fear*, *terror* or *Seduction* test throughout the game. On many occasions he rolled 9 or 10 and he thanked the fact that his troops were within 12" of the Prince.

Finally, Mark created some really devilish combinations of magic items, and the High Elf army is the best at that, receiving powerful magical artefacts at a discount price. He decided not to go for the classic missile-heavy army that I was expecting and came up with an army that was extremely powerful in the Magic phase as well as hard-hitting in close combat. His Prince was a real combat monster, proving too hard even for a Vampire Countess!

The game was fun anyway and, even if the forces of Ulthuan triumphed this time, we'll be back. One day we will get our revenge!



VICTORY POINTS

High Elves:	2,335
Undead:	1,312

Difference of: 1,023

Solid Victory

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Space Marine Chaplains

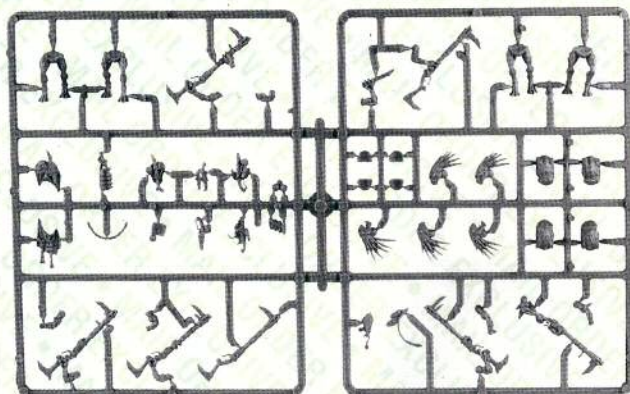
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Models shown at 60% actual size.

KROOT CONVERSION KITS



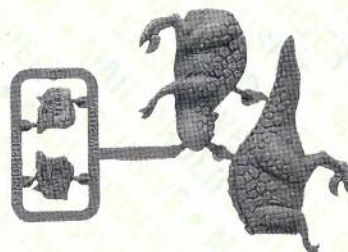
Kroot Carnivore Frame
(shown at 25% actual size)



Krootox Head 1
(shown at actual size)



Krootox Head 2
(shown at actual size)



Cold One Frame
(shown at 50% actual size)

Kroot Tracker Squad Conversion Kit

£30

Trackers are most frequently used as mounted scouts, but also play a light cavalry role on the battlefield, where they can harass the enemy with their ranged weaponry or charge an exposed flank should the opportunity present itself.

This conversion kit allows you to build five Kroot Trackers for use in your Kroot Mercenary army. The Kit includes two Kroot Carnivore frames, five Cold One frames, and five Krootox heads.



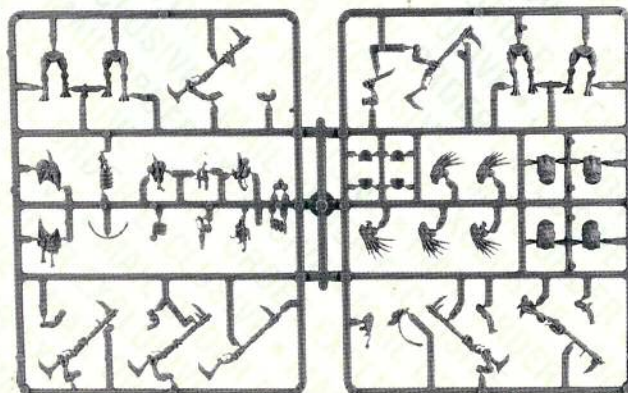
Completed Kroot Tracker
(Shown at 75% actual size)



Harpy Wings 1
(shown at actual size)



Harpy Wings 2
(shown at actual size)



Kroot Carnivore Frame
(shown at 30% actual size)



Completed Kroot Vulture
(shown at actual size)

Kroot Vulture Squad Conversion Kit

£27

The Kroot species has an avian ancestry, and these kindreds have resurrected this aspect of their evolutionary development by eating the flesh of winged hunters. Although not suited for extended flight, their wings allow them to spiral on the warm updrafts above the jungle canopy and then swoop down upon the heads of their enemies.

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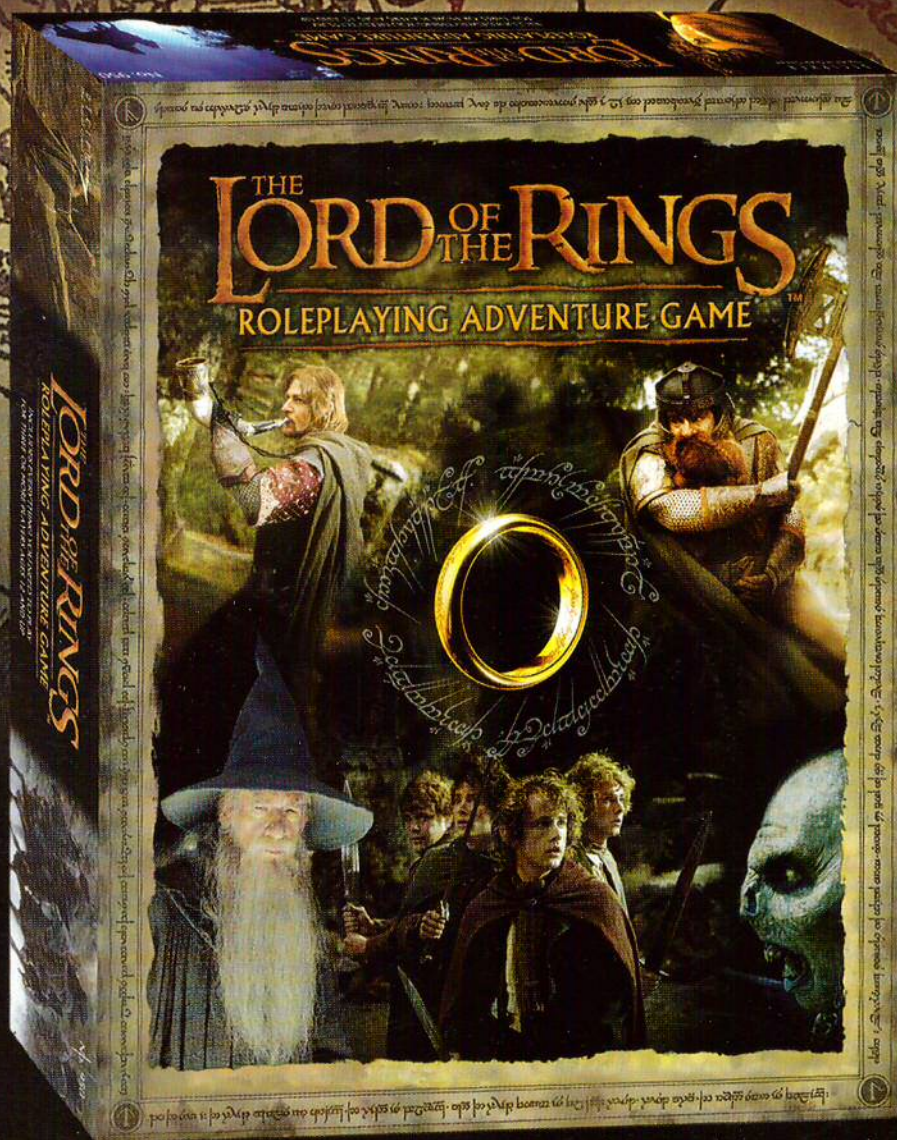
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THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

Editorial

Regular readers will have noticed that we're handling our support of the new The Fellowship of The Ring game a little differently to how we'd usually cover our Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 games. For a start The Lord of The Rings pages are upside down at the other end of the magazine. Also there's no need for new background material as some chap called Tolkien has already somewhat cornered the market in The Lord of The Rings literature. Not having to produce new fiction and history has given us a great opportunity to bring you more painting, modelling and scenery making articles – hurrah!

Where The Lord of The Rings game differs from our other games is that it's based on a film. This provides all manner of possibilities – not least of which is the chance to interview some of the movers and shakers of the movies. With our other game systems we can't just nip into the Eye of Terror and hold a dictaphone to Abaddon the Despoiler or hop over to Lustria and have a meaningful discussion with Lord Mazdamundi as he contemplates the fate of the Warhammer world. However, we most definitely can track down the actors and creative people who have put together one of the most amazing films of all time!

So far, we've been lucky enough to get a little time with Richard Taylor of special effects wizards Weta Workshop and last issue we managed an exclusive interview with Peter Jackson, director of the trilogy, as he took a break from working on The Fellowship of The Ring's musical score in London. All pretty exciting stuff! This issue we start with the first of our interviews with the stars of the films – Sean Astin, who plays Samwise Gamgee, Frodo Baggins' faithful companion. Future interviews with the likes of Viggo Mortensen (Aragorn), Billy Boyd (Pippin) and one of the project's core creatives, John Howe, are planned, so keep your eyes peeled and we'll see who we can hunt down in the future.

Until next month!



Paul Sawyer

Paul

Editor

2. New Releases

All of this month's The Lord of The Rings new releases.

6. A Stalwart Companion

An interview with Sean Astin who plays Sam Gamgee in the film.

17. King and Queen of the Woods

A look at Matt Parkes' stunning diorama based on the moment Frodo meets Celeborn and Galadriel.

18. Painting Masterclass

How our 'Eavy Metal team painted the Balrog.

Contents

12. The Bridge at Khazad-dûm

How we built our own terrain for this famous battle.



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WHITE DWARF

266 FEBRUARY

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR THE LORD OF THE RINGS



Bridge at Khazad-Dûm £40.00

Sculpted by Michael Perry and Brian Nelson.

The Bridge at Khazad-Dûm boxed set contains Gandalf the Grey and the Balrog.



Gandalf the Grey



Balrog

Gil-Galad £4.00 ▶

Sculpted by Gary Morley.



Galadriel and Celeborn £10.00 ▶

Sculpted by Brian Nelson. This blister pack contains Galadriel, Celeborn and the Mirror of Galadriel.



Galadriel



Mirror of Galadriel



Celeborn

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This blister pack contains two Dwarf Kings.



▼ Haldir £4.00

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"You shall not pass!"



Three Rings for the Elven-kings under the sky,
Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,
Nine for the Mortal Men doomed to die,
One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne,
In the land of Mordor, where the Shadows lie.
One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,
One Ring to bring them all, and in the darkness bind them,
In the land of Mordor, where the Shadows lie.

Three Rings for the Elven-kings under the sky,
Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,
Nine for the Mortal Men doomed to die,
One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne,
In the land of Mordor, where the Shadows lie.

BATTLE AT KHAZAD-DÛM



A STALWART COMPANION

An interview with the actor Sean Astin

Gordon Davidson and Brian Nelson recently met up with Sean Astin, the star who plays Sam Gamgee in the film trilogy. It was a great opportunity to delve behind the scenes of the new film...

GD: When did you first read *The Lord of The Rings* and were you a fan before you landed the roll of Sam Gamgee?

SA: I had never even heard of the books when I found out from my agent that Peter Jackson was doing an adaptation. I said "Lord of the Rings?" and was told, "Well you know *The Hobbit*..." I said I thought I might have heard of *The Hobbit* and, walking into a bookstore, I saw shelves and shelves dedicated to this man J.R.R. Tolkien. My eye gravitated right towards an Alan Lee illustrated version in three books and I went straight home and read 165 pages of the Fellowship in one sitting.

Obviously I was reading it with an eye towards Sam. I hired a dialect coach so I could learn a standard British accent with a little bit of a Cockney hue to it ("Alright mate, sure guv...").

I prepared the audition and went in, went on tape. I came back and tried reading but

I couldn't stop thinking about "What if I get the part...? What if I don't get the part...?" So I closed the books, put them down and waited to hear.

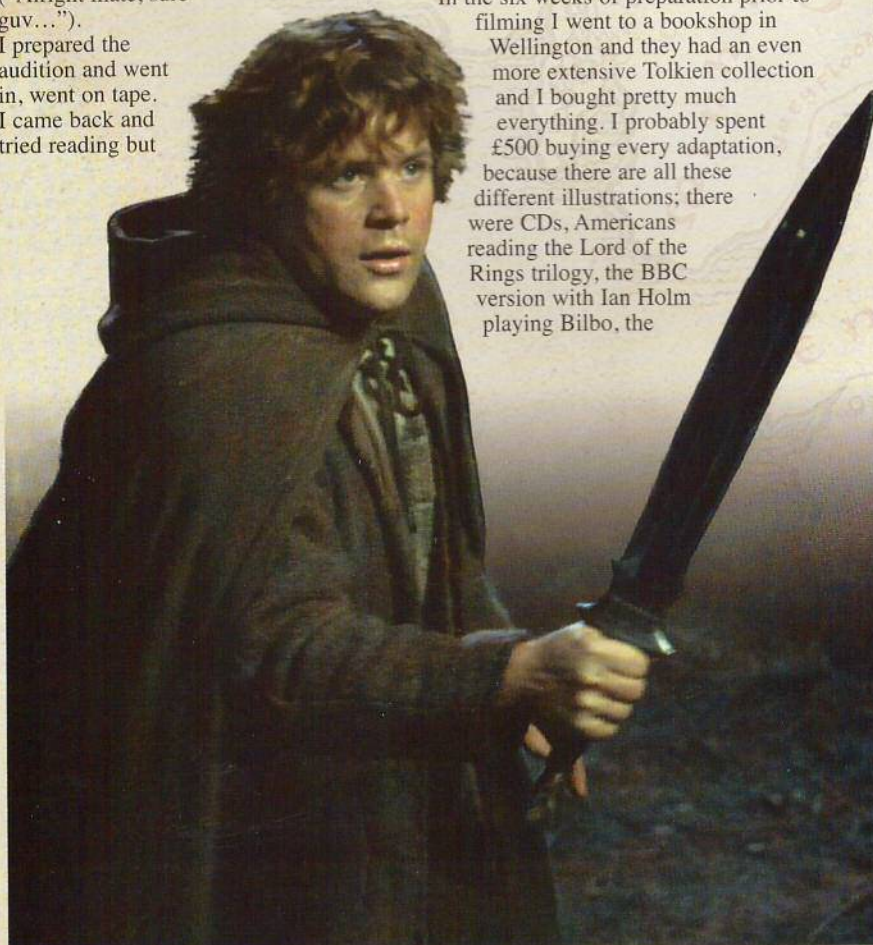
It was six or seven weeks before I heard that they'd called for quotes, which every actor knows means that you are in the running for a part. Then Peter Jackson came to Los Angeles and I had to audition more scenes. I still didn't continue reading the books and I had to wait another six to eight weeks before I finally got the job offer. After that I was able to go back to the books and read them, knowing that I didn't have to worry about getting the part – now I just had to worry about understanding the story!

I read and finished the Fellowship, and then it was time to go to New Zealand. In the six weeks of preparation prior to filming I went to a bookshop in Wellington and they had an even more extensive Tolkien collection and I bought pretty much everything. I probably spent £500 buying every adaptation, because there are all these different illustrations; there were CDs, Americans reading the Lord of the Rings trilogy, the BBC version with Ian Holm playing Bilbo, the

Ralph Bakshi animated version, John Howe's paintings, Alan Lee's paintings – anything I could get my hands on. I started again from scratch on the Trilogy and I re-read the first book and got a good 60-70 pages into *Two Towers*. But I wasn't enjoying it because I was reading it the way a soldier would read a manifesto on how to prepare for battle. It was instructive but not fun.

Then I got the *Hobbit* out and read it from cover to cover in maybe four to five hours. Finally, I had discovered the poetry of the stories, the beauty of the stories, the excitement of the stories. Everyone had said that *The Hobbit* is a children's story and that it isn't as complex as the trilogy. Maybe that is true, but to me when they finally had the battle with Smaug and that great finale – that was filled with so much strategy, political mystery, intrigue, gamesmanship and all of the stuff that fans of the trilogy know and love.

After that I was able to re-read the first book. I read the Fellowship three times and then *The Two Towers* and *The Return Of The King*. I still haven't read the *Silmarillion* and some of the others, but I bought a book of Tolkien's letters and read them before we started filming. They were hugely instructive in understanding the man's project and what he was aiming for. I felt like the



Sean Astin as Sam Gamgee.

books were a bible that I could connect with while we were filming. The thing that struck me about his letters was that he originally started telling the story to his son and then after his son fell asleep every night, he would go and write new bits – that's how the Hobbit came about. Then, during the Second World War, his son was in the army and Tolkien would write bits and send them to his son, who would read chapters for the first time out loud to the men in his regiment over in Europe. It's pretty brilliant!

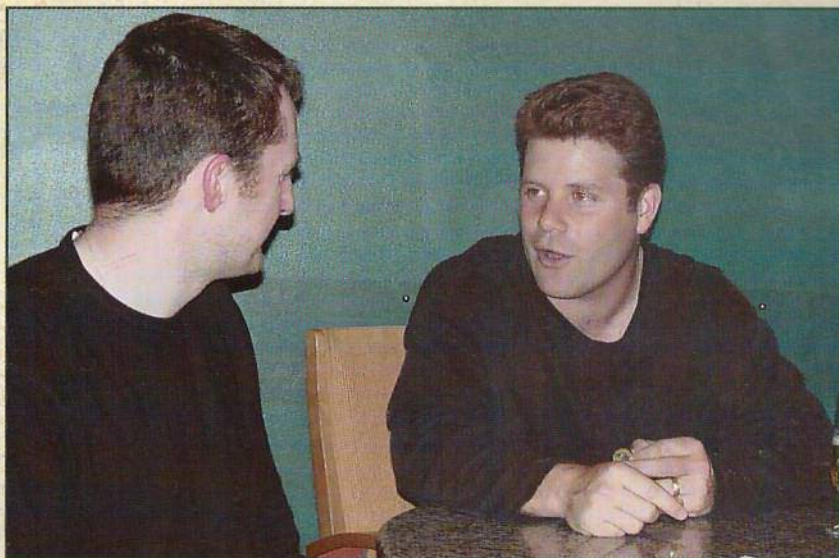
In fact Elijah Wood, who plays Frodo Baggins, had not read much of the books, though he knew the story and he had read the Hobbit as a kid. He was kind of embarrassed about not having finished the books. People were starting to gripe at him on the internet too and yet he had read the scripts thoroughly and knew the key points of the story well enough that even after I had read the books entirely from the Hobbit through to Return of the King, I did not grasp the story as strongly as he did. I'd come to him with passages in the make-up trailer and read to him; look at what Frodo does here, look at what Sam's relationship to Frodo is here...

I ended up reading the books from cover to cover a second time – so in total I read the Fellowship of the Ring four times, the entire trilogy twice and The Hobbit once, but the first chapter of the Hobbit eight times cause I kept reading it to different people. So I think it is fair to say that I have become a complete fan of the books.

BN: The Lord of The Rings and Tolkien's other works have an intense fan base – did you get caught up in that passion during the filming?

SA: Sam is kind of a no-nonsense character and when I was making the films I was kind of a no-nonsense actor. It was all about actually doing the work. Putting the feet on, putting the ears on, putting the hair on – getting it right. I know what sounds right in my own ear – and if I didn't hear it the right way or it didn't seem right, it would annoy me and I was not bashful about asserting myself and telling my bosses what I thought could be done better. I think that they appreciated that. I was respectful of their talent, artistry, accomplishment and all that but there was a very honest mentality.

It was also very hard, physically. We were filming in Rivendell on this set with an 80 pound wooden loom that they had built as a centre piece. I had decided that while they were filming a sequence with Arwen that I was going to go off with the book and just sit in this idyllic environment, this kind of utopian ideal, serene setting with the waterfalls and everything. The wind was blowing and I sat down and I opened



Sean Astin chats with miniatures designer Brian Nelson.

the book up... and there was a gust of wind and this huge loom fell on my head. I felt my chin on my chest and I was knocked out cold. By the time I came to there were four men lifting this thing off of me. The lump on my head was huge!

Then there was the cut that I got on my foot while we were filming one of the last scenes of the first film. I had to run into the water, and a bottle or a branch or something penetrated my prosthetic foot and sliced my real foot open. I had to be flown to hospital for stitches.

So at a certain point I felt much like Sam on his journey, concerned with my physical mortality, and while I could appreciate being involved in the epic grandeur of this film, mostly I just wanted to live through it!

I never really felt pressured by the fans but I did redouble my efforts to get it right, and hopefully the work that we did will stand up to the study of true believers.

GD: How pleased do you think they will be? Do you feel you have achieved a hit movie that is going to be popular to all; which will please both Tolkien fans and the mass market?

SA: For me personally, I only try to please myself. It may be very arrogant of me, but I believe that if I like it, other people will like it.

BN: You are your own harshest critic you mean?

SA: Well that is another way of putting it, but rather than critiquing my own work, I really want to enjoy it! When I see the playback of footage of what I have done, I know if I like it.

There were some things about the film that I was intensely sceptical of while we were making it. The Cave Troll, for

example, seemed like this 'thing' made with digital technology. That was the way I thought of it because I didn't understand how they were going to do it. I knew what my job was as an actor – it is the same job you have when you are on stage in the West End. You just believe, you inhabit a space, you commit to an idea and you make sure you find a way to achieve an emotional resonance with whatever it is that is actually happening. No, the thing that I was sceptical about was if the digital creature would look real. Was I going to believe it? But I saw 30 minutes of footage the other day and I believed!

The Cave Troll has emerged for the moment as my favourite character, along with Gollum. I just love the pathos of Gollum... it is actually something similar in the Cave Troll that even though he is trying to kill the Fellowship, he is sympathetic because he is shackled and there is this kind of look in his eyes... I don't even know if Tolkien emphasised it that much. They have created this big lumbering monster, who is stupid but in a sympathetic way, because you realise that he just doesn't understand what he is doing. He's got these big dopey eyes and at a certain point when he has been rendered immobile you look at him and you just think "Ah, this poor creature." I genuinely connected with him.

GD: When they finally kill him it's fantastic!

SA: I know but I felt sad for him too. He stumbles and falls and it just broke my heart.

GD: Hobbits are well known for their love of good living. Did you do much character study?

SA: No – while filming the movies I was never able to enjoy the life of a



From left to right: Sam, Frodo, Pippin and Merry face unknown danger at Weathertop.

Hobbit the way 'real' Hobbits do, but I did have to get fat – I put on two stone.

GD: What was the most memorable set you acted on during filming?

SA: It was a mountain range aptly titled The Remarkables. We would get there to work in the morning, and wow...!

GD: The costumes and make-up are fantastic, and some of the prosthetics were pretty scary, so were any of the evil characters in the film actually genuinely intimidating?

SA: Yeah, some of the New Zealand actors, the Maori guys, they are big, intimidating folks, but I always knew that underneath that exterior they have a heart of gold. So no, to me they weren't.

I went to visit the Helm's Deep set where they filmed about three month's worth of night shooting. If you can imagine hundreds of people working on the crew and hundreds and hundreds of people working as extras – these people hardly saw the sun for months! I remember driving out there one rainy night – it was cold and out on the causeway leading up to the gatehouse they were all cheering to get themselves revved up. Their facial expressions were not visible to the camera because they were behind six inches of foam latex and yet they still wanted to believe, so they were doing these tribal war chants before they filmed the scene. I was filled with a kind of excitement but no, I wasn't scared of them.

My daughter on the other hand was absolutely terrified by the Balrog when she watched the footage and she thought Lurtz was pretty freaky looking too!

GD: What was the most physically exhausting part of the film?

SA: Just the hours – it was not the typical twelve hour turn-around you get with the American Acting Union. That means, from the time they let you go to the time they can bring you back is twelve hours, so you always get a good eight hour night's sleep. On this shoot it was sometimes five or six hour turn-arounds. Just enough time to get your feet partially scrubbed off and go home to get four or five hours sleep, then come right back again. I have worked hard my whole life, I've made twenty movies and ten television shows, but never under those kinds of conditions. It took a lot out of me; I got to see where the men are separated from the Hobbits and I'm not sure which I turned out to be! There were times when I really thought I couldn't finish it, I would not be able to make it through, I would die doing this movie! The New Zealand crew also worked really long hours, but they would just keep going – I couldn't believe the dedication.

Usually, if you sign up for a big budget film you are looking at three to four months and on the absolute outside you are talking about five months. This one was fifteen months! It was an extraordinary commitment of time for an actor. There are a lot of parts of the books where Sam and Frodo split off, so I thought I'd have a lot of free time, but it wasn't that way at all. There were always four, five or six different units filming and they always had something for us to be doing.

GD: Why was the schedule so punishing? Was it just about trying to finish the filming on time?

SA: There is that old maxim that work expands to fill the time allotted, and whatever time we had to work on a

scene, we'd fill it trying to do it better. On the last day of filming, Randy Cook, who did the digital effects for Gollum and the Cave Troll and stuff, was actually directing a sequence with me. I mean Peter Jackson's biggest feat wasn't directing the film, it was directing 15 other directors to capture his vision. There were 2nd unit directors, 3rd unit directors, model unit directors, insert unit directors, pick up unit directors, scenic unit directors and all of them were marching in step to his ultimate vision. Anyway, I just remember Randy Cook not wanting to stop. We were filming a fight with Gollum on top of Mount Doom and it is basically me doing choreographed moves on my own, because Gollum is created digitally. We were on Take 30 or something and he just wanted to keep going and going. There were times when you had to scream yourself hoarse or run yourself tired and then go back and do it all over again. It was a full-on experience.

GD: Tell us about fighting Shelob.

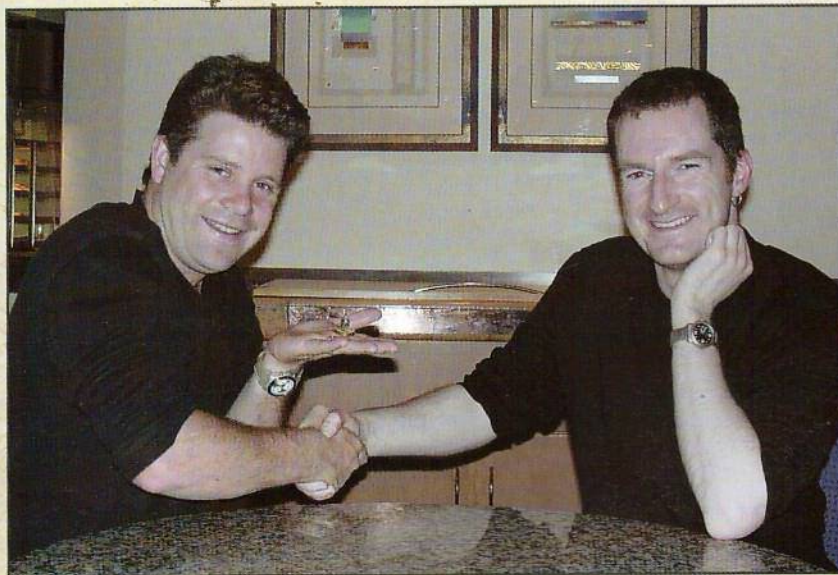
SA: I was so fat by that time and I had all the stuff that Sam carries – it was exhausting. It was three full days done together, mostly directed by a 2nd unit director or the stunt unit directors, according to Peter's notes and the storyboards that Peter had laid out. It is such a powerful image in the story and it is so clear when you read it that you know exactly what it should look like. The set was great, but it was very hot, and it was filmed from every angle and with lots of different perspectives.

GD: Was Shelob digital or an actual giant spider construct?

SA: They had both. But I can't wait to experience that fight sequence as part of the audience.

BN: Do you get a different view when you see a finished sequence? Does it feel different when you see it as a completed composition?

SA: At first it is a critical experience. You mostly see what was left out. I know when I film a sequence how I think it should look, how I would cut it. Obviously the director has this overall narrative in mind and I have my own character in mind and then the editors have their perspective and so ultimately it can never be exactly what you imagined. A lot of it goes over to trust; Peter and the editors are world class artists and technicians, so part of it is giving yourself over to their interpretation of the sequence. Usually the first time I see a movie I never like it. I will never forget the time I saw Memphis Belle; I just hated it with a passion, I thought it was horrible – I couldn't believe it. Then after two months I looked back at it and I liked it a little bit more and now I can actually



Sean congratulates Brian on sculpting his likeness in 28mm.

enjoy it like an audience member. But that was not the case with Lord of the Rings stuff – I thought it was brilliant. I was really happy with my own work in it, I really like it and I'm really proud of it. I think everybody has done a great job.

GD: Who was the joker of the set? Any pranks from the Hobbits themselves?

SA: Dom (Merry) and Billy (Pippin) were the jokers. Viggo was a joker too. And there was huge rivalry between the Humans and the Elves, they went after each other a lot.

GD: Had you worked with any of the other actors before you started filming? What was it like acting with such luminaries as Christopher Lee and Sir Ian McKellen.

SA: No, I hadn't worked with any of them. But I had been a huge fan of Elijah Wood even though he was only 18 when we started filming. I had seen almost all his movies and I really like his work. I admired him because I was a child actor too and he was such an exquisite example of someone's ability to carve out a career as a child performer with integrity and class.

I learned about a kind of grace and sophistication from Sir Ian McKellen that I hadn't experienced before, so I am grateful to him.

From Christopher Lee I learned that your posture when meeting someone is important. You asked whether I was intimidated by any of the special effects; no, but I was a little intimidated by Christopher Lee and his imposing form. He's just such a powerful entity. I learned something from everyone I worked with. Viggo never ceases to amaze me because I keep finding out all

these films that I love but didn't realise he was in.

GD: Had you heard of Games Workshop before you started work on the films?

SA: Well, I had heard that my 11 year-old adopted brother Kevin was a huge fan of the Harry Potter series, so I decided to try and capture his imagination with The Hobbit. But when I visited, he was busy playing with his toys in his room with his friend Nicholas. I got Nicholas talking about his hobby and I told him that I wanted to go to his house and see what he was working on. I turned up at his house and he had an old Lord of the Rings poster from the 60s or 70s on his door, that his dad had put up – he didn't really know what it was. He opened the door, and laid out in front of me were about 150 little figures. That

was my introduction to the world of wargaming. They sat down and showed me the painstaking details and their command of the world, their knowledge of all the names of the characters and their powers and I was floored, I couldn't believe it. That was my first experience of Games Workshop and the world of Warhammer. Then, when I received the sample for the Sam Gamgee model that you were doing, made by Brian, I realised there was a connection between this hobby that my brother was into and the Lord of the Rings trilogy. I can't wait to learn how the game is played and to discover the world.

GD: What do you think of the figures Brian sculpted?

SA: They are absolutely perfect, they really capture the essence of the character of Sam Gamgee as I understand it and as I attempted to portray it in the film. The pose is perfect for this size, and the level of detail; everything is spot on. I mean the feet are good, the hair on his head – I must say it must be a very difficult thing for any of the artists who have been working in the different mediums to capture and I think he has got it just right.

I'm drawn towards the idea that this could actually have been real at some point in history, maybe just beyond the scope of what we know now. There is the echo of eternity in these sculptures.

GD: Thanks for your time Sean!

Sam Gamgee is Frodo's most loyal companion.



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Medallion No. 1



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AOL Keyword: Lord of the Rings www.lordoftherings.net

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THE BRIDGE AT KHAZAD-DÛM

Scenery workshop – The Mines of Moria

It took the Dwarves countless years to mine, tunnel and carve their ancient kingdom known as Khazad-dûm. Here's how some of our U.S. staff shaved off a few centuries building our own section of the Mines of Moria!

Moria is the ancient kingdom of the Dwarves. In Middle-earth's distant past the Dwarves were a vast power and their many pillared halls were filled with light and great works of wonder. But ages ago the Dwarves were driven from their ancestral home by a great evil. In the Fellowship of the Ring movie, dire needs drive the Fellowship to undertake the dangerous journey underground into and through Moria.

Our journey into the mines here in the U.S. offices really started when Paul Sawyer asked for help with scenery making (okay, okay: we begged!). Our task – build the Bridge of Khazad-dûm! All of the scenes in Moria are action-packed, building up momentum to a classic confrontation: the stand of Gandalf against the evil might of the Balrog! Up to this point we had already built a

large number of Moria scenes as tabletop terrain (we're all Lord of the Rings fans at heart), and we jumped at the chance to construct the fateful bridge.

BUILDING YOUR OWN MINES

Rather than simply show you a detailed step-by-step approach to building the Bridge of Khazad-dûm, we've tried to incorporate all the techniques and ideas we've discovered while doing all of our Mines of Moria terrain.

We have to warn you though, once you start building you may have a hard time stopping!

The Bridge of Khazad-dûm is where the ultimate fantasy duel takes place – but before that the beleaguered Fellowship journeys down countless dark corridors, discovers the remnants of an ancient Dwarf/Goblin subterranean war, battles numberless Moria Goblins, leaps chasms, clashes with an enormous Cave Troll, and finally faces off against the underworld terror of the Balrog. To any wargamer worth their salt, that leaves endless possibilities for recreating your own fantastic adventures.

WORKING MATERIALS

- Wood boards (1' x 4') & plywood
- Insulation foam board
- Expanding foam sealant in a can
- Textured plasticard
- Paint & textured paint
- Polyfilla (gap filler)
- Sand & rocks (from garden)
- Hardboard

TOOLS

- Screws & screwdriver
- Hot wire cutter (foam cutter)
- Hobby knives, paint brushes, & scissors
- Circular saw & jigsaw
- Hot glue gun & glue

Right: The completed Bridge of Khazad-dûm. In order to win the scenario in the rulebook, the Fellowship must destroy the bridge that gaps the chasm and escape on the far side (and up the stairs on the board we built).

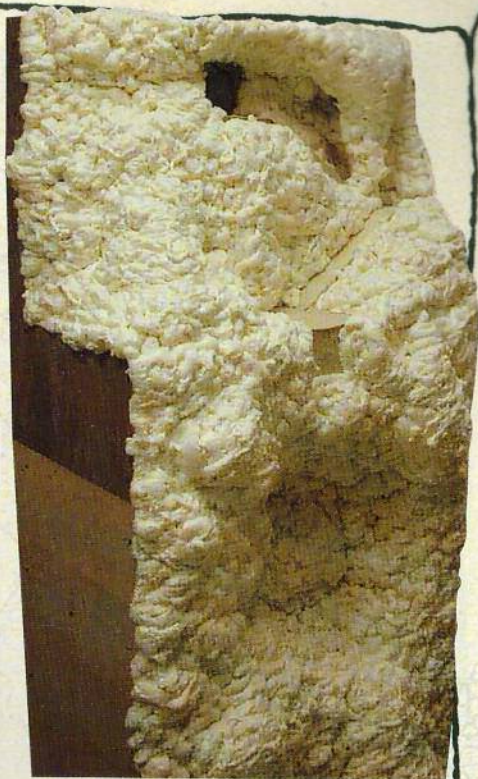
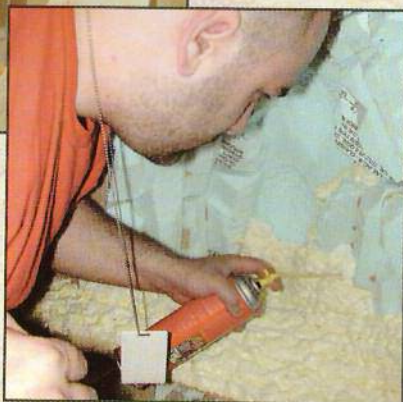




Left: Joe Krone adds detail to the basic frame.

Below: Expanding foam is sprayed onto our frame and slowly built upwards.

Right: The entire half of our chasm is covered with the foam – minus only a few details like a stone floor, and the steps, which are covered with masking tape to protect them.



LAST MINUTE PEP TALK

If you've never built any gaming terrain it is all too easy to take a look at the finished product and suppose that it was constructed using bizarre specialist tools and expensive, hard-to-find materials. You couldn't be more wrong! At the heart of every great terrain project is hard work, the ability to experiment and try new ideas, and the firm belief that all mistakes can, for the most part anyway, be covered with Polyfilla.

GETTING STARTED

We're supposed to tell you to have a plan, draw sketches, and meticulously measure everything. Er, best not to lie though. We had a rough plan and just started building. Given more time, better organised supplies (we ran out!), and no other work to get done, I'm quite sure the crew would still be chiselling away on new pitfalls for the Fellowship to endure and more wonders of the ancient Dwarf kingdom. To say that we had a set plan is a bit generous, but the overall goal was to bring to the tabletop some of the exciting scenes from the Fellowship of the Ring film.

FRAMEWORKS & OUTLINES

All of our terrain boards start out on a wooden frame. How big, small, or elaborate the table depends on work time, storage space and budget. One of the great things about The Lord of the Rings battle game is how different and varied the terrain can be – you can play some amazing games across a very small space. The slight twist is that for the Bridge of Khazad-dûm we've really built two separate vertical tables, and then connected them with a bridge. No worry though – even for the uncoordinated this is fairly routine carpentry. For those a bit nervous about getting started (or the super-detail

oriented) the exact dimensions and blueprint diagrams for our Moria terrain can be found on the Games Workshop website at: www.games-workshop.com.

The next step is blocking in some details – in most cases that means cutting out some insulation board and laying in rough shapes over the frame. Whether you are planning on paper, working from visions from the movie, or using your own made-up ideas, it's wise to pause at this point and take stock:

By blocking out the main areas you can start to envision your finished battle gaming board. We drew in large features (pillars, tombs, rubble piles, etc.) with a black marker. At this point many common sense problems crop up – is there enough room for models to manoeuvre around the board? Will it be fun and challenging to play? Do you have the time and materials to complete your job, or have you gone way too far?

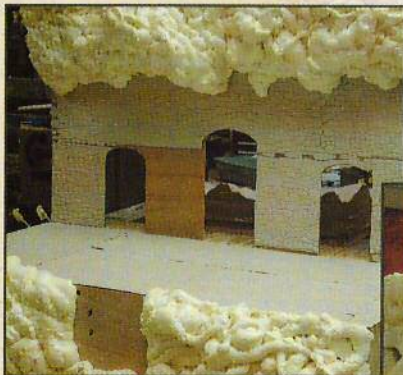
BUILDING UP THE ROCKFACE

With the frame and insulation board in place, it was time to build up the rocky shapes. Insulation board is a remarkable substance and can

be shaped, cut, melted and formed into a wide variety of terrain features – but for the solid stone look we wanted for the Mines of Moria, it would have taken forever to shape into rocky outcroppings. Our answer? A few cans of spray foam sealant! Normally used to fill holes or for insulation, this strange alien substance foams up, dries to a reasonably sturdy hardness, and comes a lot closer to forming the rocky look seen in the movie. It is readily available in most hardware/DIY stores, and is safe to use, providing you have a well ventilated area. As always, make sure you read any and all warning labels!



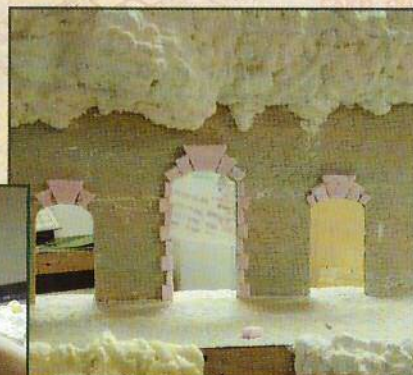
Our Bridge at Khazad-dûm was built by an army of volunteers who got together and carved, sanded and painted each night after work for about a week. These were: Jeremy Vetock, Joe Krone, Ty Finacchario, Drew Will, Jason Buyaki, John Conner, Dan Bartholemew and Rick Smith.



Left: Plywood, plasticard and then the expanding foam are added to the frame.

Below: After a drying period, textured paint is applied to the expanding foam.

Right: Keystones and the framed archways are added using pieces of insulation board.



STACKING STONES

Dwarves live in the mountains and are master masons and workers of stone – so in addition to all the rocks we built up out of expanding foam we wanted the Mines of Moria to look like workers had been toiling for ages carving out passageways and halls. There are many ways to represent a flagstone surface, by cutting out individual ‘stones’ made of thick card (cereal boxes are perfect), or by making shapes out of Polyfilla, but by far the fastest is to use pre-made plasticard. This option is not the cheapest, and those on a tighter budget may want to explore the less expensive, but more labour intensive options above!

We plumped for the plasticard, available from better hobby and railway modelling shops, which is cut with a hobby knife into the exact shape needed, and affixed into place with some hot glue. Gaps, odd spaces, and crevices can be filled in with single

stones cut from plastic or cereal box cardboard. Rough joints are then smothered with Polyfilla and allowed to dry.

DETAILS

What really makes great terrain tower over the ordinary is attention to details. The bulk of our time on all the Moria gaming boards was spent adding little touches, like the keystones around the arched doorways, small rubble heaps, the staircase carved out of the living rock, the bridge and more.

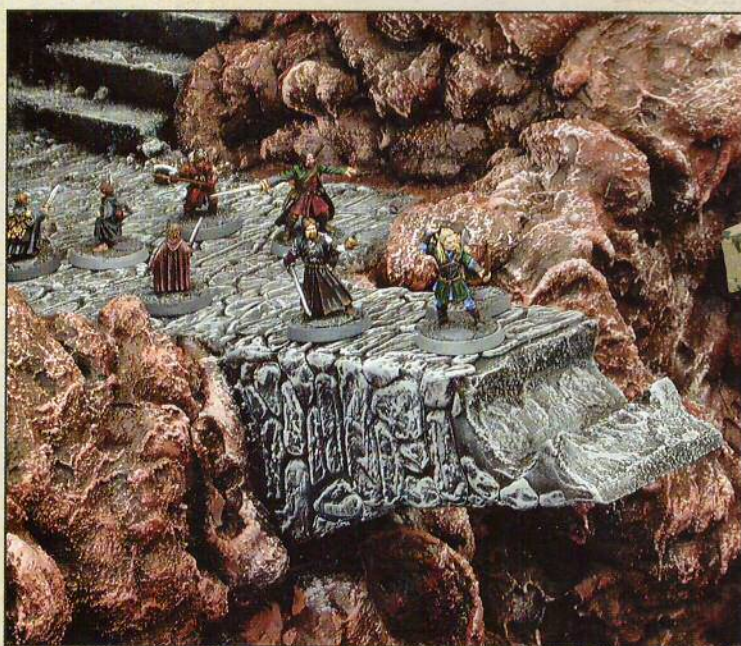
MAKING THE BRIDGE

As a last defence against invasion the Dwarves built a narrow bridge across a near bottomless chasm. Only a single person could walk abreast, making it easy to defend! In the movie, the fiery shadow of the Balrog erupts from the dark and confronts Gandalf the Grey,

who turns to make his heroic last stand on the bridge. With this kind of powerful imagery and such a dramatic scene, we spent some extra time on making the bridge of Khazad-dûm come apart!

WHY?

A key part of the film, and a much needed strategy in the tabletop battle game, is the destruction of the bridge! The bridge needed to be stable enough for models and still recreate the crumbling scene in the movie. To achieve this we built the bridge out of wood. That way, when the centrepiece had been removed, some pieces of the structure would remain anchored to each side of the Chasm. This involves tricky cuts, lots of sanding and a pin. If you don't want your bridge to come apart, you'll save yourself tons of work by using a single piece of insulation board which files much more easily, but it won't hold up if cut into pieces.



The Fellowship gets to the other side and destroys the bridge behind them – but at what cost?



Above: Two pictures of the bridge under construction. After cutting the shape out of wood and sanding it, the following step was to use a jigsaw to carefully cut the ‘ragged’ break line (and you can see where we pinned it for extra security). Next came the stone-textured plasticard to match the rest of the battle board, and difficult spots were filled in with green stuff.

Left: During the course of a game, our removable bridge really does add to the drama and the finality of the moment! The forces of evil can be so close to victory, only to tumble away into the black and near-bottomless pit of Khazad-dûm.



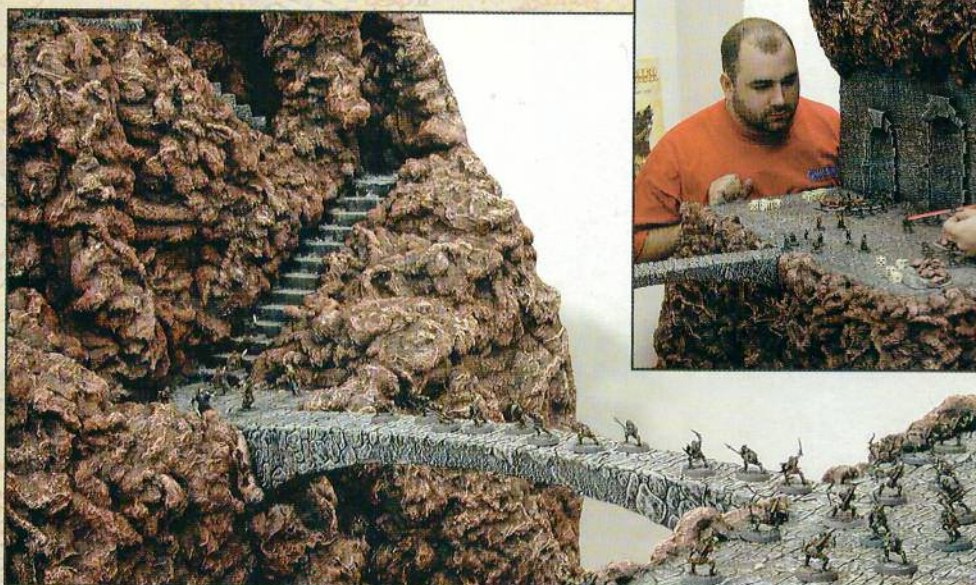
The flight from the Mines of Moria holds many perils.

PLAYING THE SCENARIO

Watching your terrain grow and take shape is rewarding – but nothing compared to actually playing on it! The Bridge of Khazad-dûm really makes for a spectacular and tense game. Can Gandalf wait long enough for his comrades to escape and still bring down the bridge?

Was all our hard work worth it? Absolutely! The scenario in the book is awesome, there are numerous ‘what-ifs’ still to try and, best of all, we want to run a linked scenario adventure using all our Moria terrain, from Balin’s Tomb, down the many staircases,

through the great pillared hall, and across the bridge. It will take all the Fellowship’s skills to survive. So what are you waiting for – start making some terrain of your own and get your adventurers onto the tabletop!

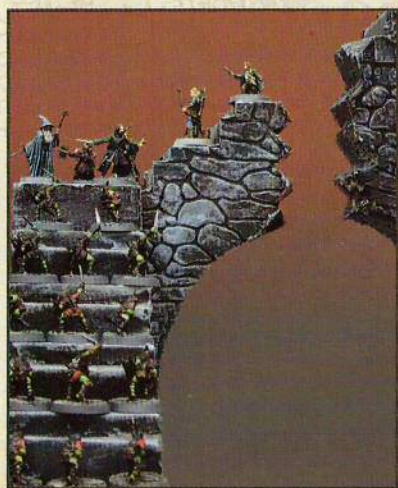


Left: And this is what it looks like if the Dark forces prevail – a horde of Goblins (and worse) tracking the Fellowship across the bridge!

UNFATHOMABLY VAST

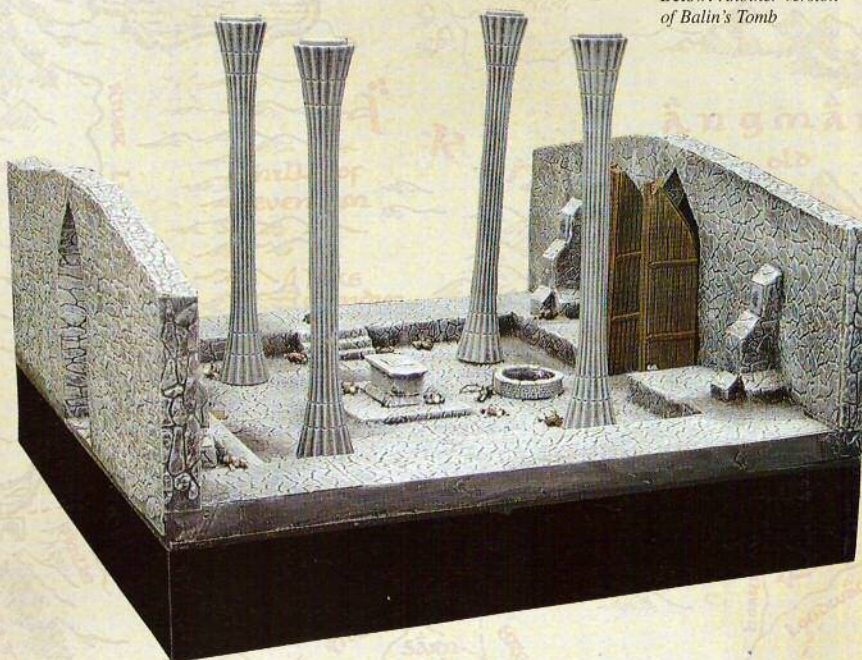
The Mines of Moria are a vast complex encompassing rough-hewn caves, great carved halls, mighty chambers and near endless stairs and passageways. Here are some photographs of just a few of the mighty toilings that have been going on in the US offices. For more detailed information, step-by-steps and schematic drawings, visit the Moria terrain section on our website at:

www.games-workshop.com



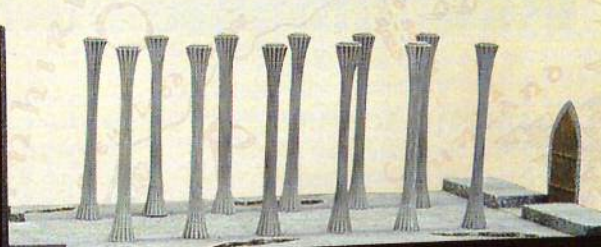
Above: Gandalf leads the party out of danger.

Below: Not only does the Fellowship have to fear the Moria Goblins, but there are plenty of pitfalls and dangerous gaps to cross. Special thanks to Ernie Baker who got all the Moria terrain-making started! Even if it did turn out crooked!

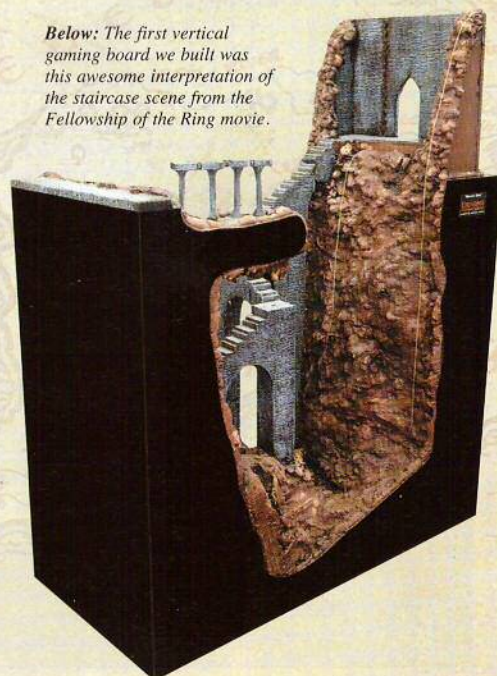


Below: Another version of Balin's Tomb

Below: Another long gaming board was made to fit perfectly into the stairs table – this section represents the long corridor of pillars. This way we have two separate scenarios or one very long one!



Below: The first vertical gaming board we built was this awesome interpretation of the staircase scene from the Fellowship of the Ring movie.



KING AND QUEEN OF THE WOODS

Lothlorien diorama by Matt Parkes

Matt Parkes, twice Golden Demon Slayer Sword winner, has put together this stunning showpiece diorama. He has based it on the moment Frodo meets Celeborn and Galadriel in the Wood Elf kingdom of Lothlorien.



Matt has converted Frodo to hold a staff and, using green stuff, has also sculpted the ring on a chain around his neck.



Celeborn and Galadriel, the King and Queen of Lothlorien.

PAINTING MASTERCLASS

The monstrous Balrog

The Balrog is the biggest release of our The Fellowship of The Ring miniatures in terms of sheer size. We thought it only fitting to show you how we painted this colossal model.

ASSEMBLING THE MODEL

After cleaning up the model by removing any flash lines and filing them smooth, the fit of all the parts was tested before starting to assemble the model. First, the wings were pinned together and then pinned to the body. As the assembled model is quite heavy, it is a good idea to pin it to a base. The separate components were then glued into place and any gaps were filled with green stuff. A small amount of shaping the green stuff to resemble cracked skin was required in some places. Finally, the model was given an undercoat spray with Chaos Black, followed by painting slightly watered-down Chaos Black over any areas that the spray had missed.



PAINTING THE MODEL



Any sections of the model that were going to be painted with a fiery flame effect, such as the sword and mane, were now painted Skull White. The recesses between the cracked skin and on the wings were also painted with Skull White. There was inevitably a small amount of paint overlap, but any mistakes were rectified at a later stage.

An equal parts mix of Fiery Orange and Orange Ink was then painted over the Skull White, followed by shading with a slightly watered-down mix of Fiery Orange and Red Ink. Red Gore was then added to the mix and applied as an ink wash to the flames on the sword and mane. A mix of two parts Golden Yellow to one part Skull White was painted on to highlight these sections, as well as the larger cracks in the skin. Skull White was then added to this mix for successive highlight stages. The flames were then given a glaze with a



watered-down Yellow Ink. Any areas where the paint had overlapped onto the wing or scales had to be carefully repainted with Chaos Black.





The Balrog's cracked skin was painted with a basecoat mix of two parts Chaos Black to one part Codex Grey. The first highlight stage was done by adding Codex Grey to the mix until the two colours were in roughly equal quantities. Final highlights were made by adding more Codex Grey until the mix was now roughly two parts Codex Grey to one part Chaos Black.



FINISHING TOUCHES



A small amount of Codex Grey was mixed in with some Chaos Black and painted onto the tips and edges of

the claws. Once the model had been varnished, these parts were then given a few coats of Gloss Varnish.



Two parts Chaos Black to one part Codex Grey was mixed together. This was then stippled onto the fleshy areas, such as the belly and arms. Codex Grey was then added to the mix until it was roughly equal parts, and then this too was stippled on as a highlight stage. Bleached Bone was added to this mix for the final stipple highlights.

FINE DETAIL

The horns were given a basecoat of equal parts Chaos Black, Bubonic Brown and Codex Grey. Bubonic Brown and Bleached Bone were added to the mix for the first highlight stage, followed by adding Bleached Bone for each successive highlight.



Sand was glued onto the base with PVA glue and then, once dry, given a Brown Ink wash. This was drybrushed with a mix of Snakebite Leather and Fortress Grey, and then flocked with static grass.

The stones on the base were painted Chaos Black, and then Skull White was added and drybrushed on in successive stages. The handle of the axe was painted with Scorched Brown, followed by adding Bestial Brown for the first highlight stage and then a small amount of Bleached Bone for the final highlights. The metal was painted with Boltgun Metal, then highlighted with Chainmail and Mithril Silver before applying a thinned down Brown Ink wash.



THE LORD OF THE RINGS

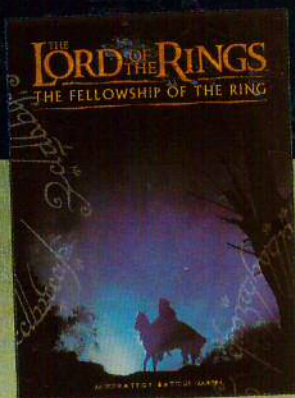
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THE LORD OF THE RINGS

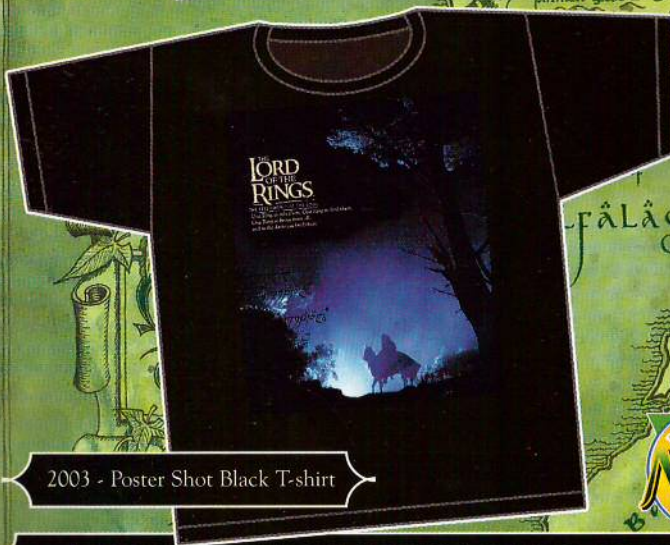
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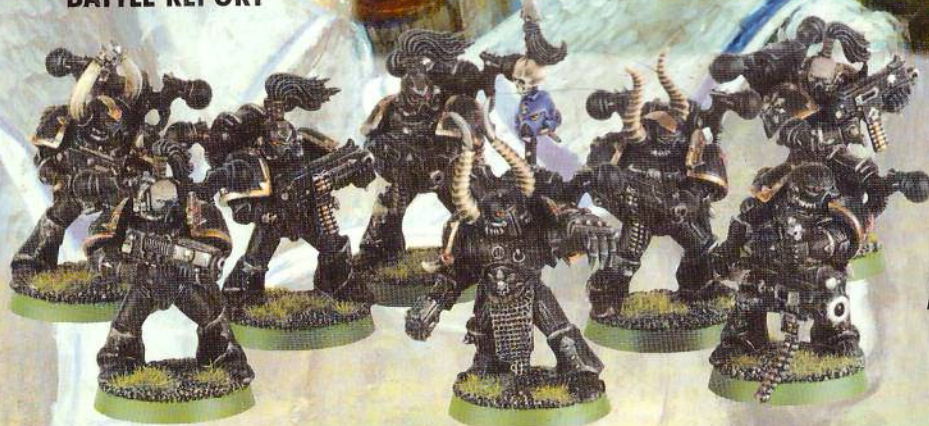
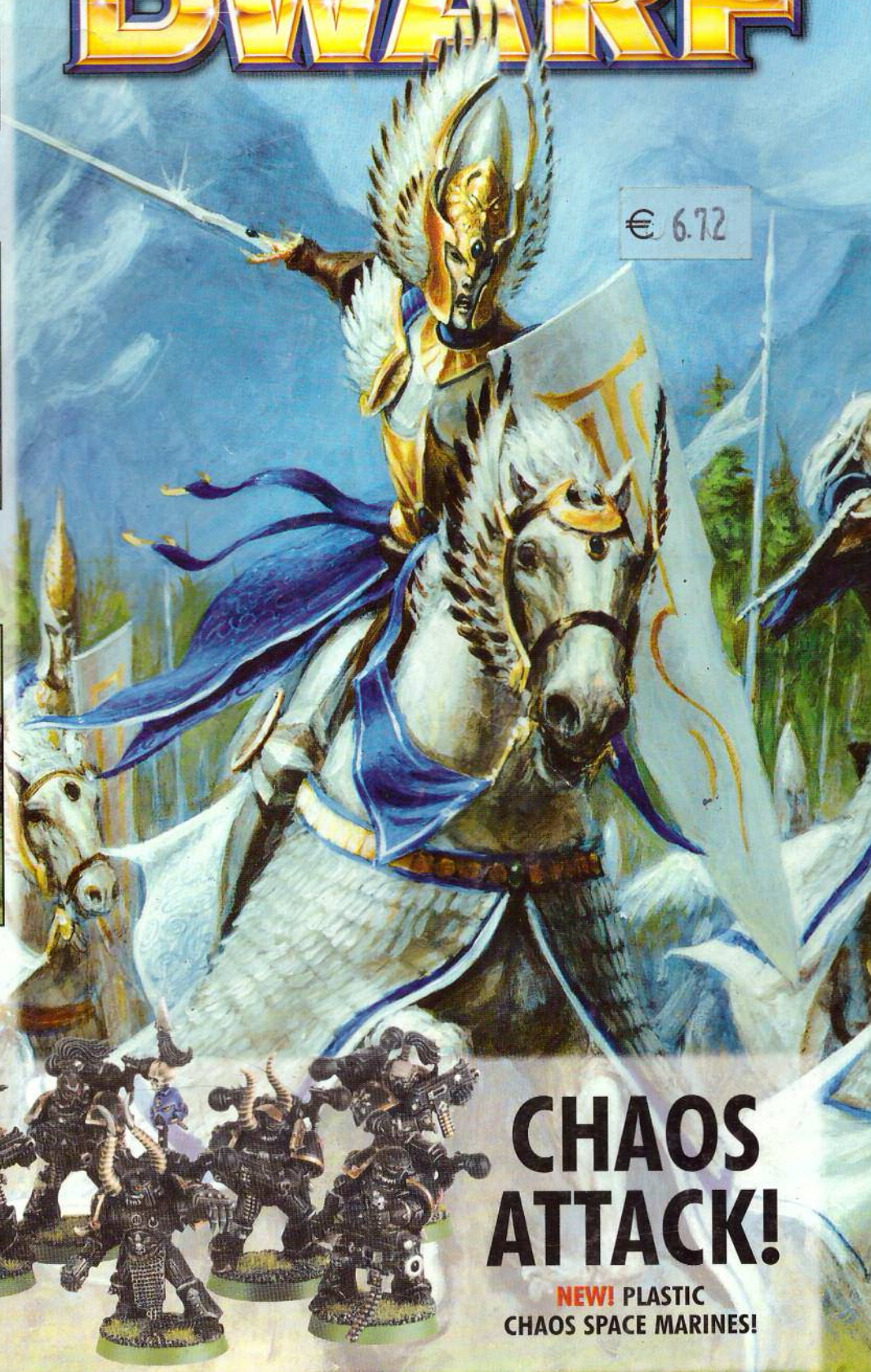
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