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EDITORIAL

Editor: Paul Sawyer
Managing Editor: Guy Haley
Senior Designer: Paul Rudge
Content Editor: Greg MacGregor
Layout Designers: Christian Byrne and Nick Kyme

CONTRIBUTORS

Gavin Thorpe, Alessio Cavatore, Anthony Reynolds, Graham McNeill, Andy Hoare, Pete Haines, Matthew Ward, Phil Kelly, Matt Keefe, Jervis Johnson, Steve Cusinskey, Adrian Wood, Andrew Stewart, Matthew Hudson, Colin Grayson, Dave Thomas, David Andrews, Andy Sharman and Karen Miksza

REPROGRAPHICS

Dave Musson, Sean Cutler, Marc Elliot, Ian Strickland, Simon Burton, Kris Jagers and Lee Sanderson.

ARTWORK

John Blanche, Alex Boyd, Paul Jeacock, David Gallagher, Nuala Kennedy, Paul Dainton, Neil Hodgson, Karl Kopinski, Stefan Kopinski and Mark Gibbons.

CITADEL DESIGN TEAM

Jee Goodwin, Brian Nelson, Juan Diaz, Aly Morrison, Alan Perry, Michael Perry, Tresh Morrison, Mark Harrison, Alex Hedderon, Colin Grayson, Dave Thomas, David Andrews, Tim Adecock, Gary Morley, Steve Saleh, Martin Footitt, Seb Perbet and Felix Paniagua.

'EAVY METAL' TEAM

Keith Robertson, Neil Green, Mark Jones, Kirsten Williams, Neil Langdown, Darren Latham, Kevin Asprey, Pete Foley and David Rodriguez.

GAMES WORKSHOP DIRECT SALES

www.games-workshop.co.uk/storefront
Tel: 0115 91 40000 Fax: 0115 916 8002
E-mail: Hobby/Specialists@games-workshop.co.uk

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www.gamingclub.org.uk E-mail: cluborg@games-workshop.co.uk

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www.forgeworld.co.uk Tel: 0115 916 8177 Fax: 0115 916 8044

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FREE THIS ISSUE!

This momentous issue carries three great freebies – one for every 100 issues of the White Dwarf's life!

Of particular note is the fabulous artwork by Adrian Smith of the Emperor confronting Warmaster Horus on his Battle Barge. This remarkable piece is the cover art for Sabertooth Games' collectible card game based around the events of the Horus Heresy and is used with their kind permission.

<http://sabertoothgames.com>

This and other superb Horus Heresy artwork is also found in the Black Library's 'The Horus Heresy volume 1: Visions of War'. Volume 2 (pictured right) is released this month!

www.blacklibrary.com



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EDITORIAL



So, White Dwarf is finally 300 issues old. But, as with all Dwarfs, he's only just getting going. 300 is a momentous number for any magazine, especially so for such an institution as this fine organ (stop sniggering, Byrne).

I'd considered a short succinct look at what was in this current issue but that fiend Haley insists I have two pages to fill. He's young and relatively new. He'll learn from his mistakes, no doubt...

First Issue

Way, way back in the mists of time when I was into role-playing I'd buy miniatures from one or two local shops. One of these was Asgard on High Pavement in Nottingham. A dingier more forbidding store I could not imagine – a far cry from the Games Workshop Hobby Centres of today and thank Grungni for that! However for all its 'atmosphere' it was a veritable treasure trove of miniatures. I bought my first ever miniature here – a Citadel Miniatures Slime Beast with sword (pictured



below – the sword is now long gone) – but also my first copy of White Dwarf.

White Dwarf 16 was a massive 32 pages long, of which 12 were adverts. Back then in December 1979 it was still bi-monthly and all black and white bar the covers. However, it was a role-player's only real way of keeping up with the latest news and ideas (no internet back then, you see). Highlights of this issue were stats for adding the denizens of Stephen Donaldson's *Chronicles of Thomas Covenant* into AD&D. A scenario for Gamma World, a review of Games Day V (I) and the ever popular Fiend Factory and Treasure Chest features. Oh, how the magazine has changed!

First issue as editor

From humble beginnings as editor of the now defunct Citadel Journal I was given the chance to take on the big one – White Dwarf. A daunting prospect indeed and one I accepted with trepidation. My first issue as editor was WD215. Published in November 1997, models such as the

plastic Eldar Falcon Grav Tank had just been released as had the new Bretonnians and Wood Elves for the 5th edition of Warhammer. Gorkamorka (remember that), the game of Orky vehicle combat, was still going strong.

Seven years on and it's scary looking back at what we did back then layout-wise...

Favourite article

Way too many to choose from but one stands out for me – the Epic Space Marine Battle Report in WD143. When I first read this it blew me away. It not only had a good backstory to the game but evocative photography and, best of all, boxed-out tips and rules clarifications. Awesome.

And now I'd like to thank...

I don't usually go all luvvy but I think WD300 is an appropriate place to say a few thank yous. The following have had a great influence on my time as editor and also on the magazine as a result.

First up is former White Dwarf editor Robin Dews. Robin's sage advice

Paul Sawyer's very first issue, WD16 – bought in the stone age – was full of role-playing articles, mostly on AD&D. It contained only 20 pages of hobby material! This is that very copy – dog-eared but much loved.





helped me greatly during my formative years as editor. His direction and considered viewpoint was always a calming voice in the storm and I appreciated it greatly.

Another whose experience and opinion has been of colossal help is Alan Merrett (GW IP manager and author of *Insignium Astartes*). Alan has been with Games Workshop since the dawn of time and only a fool would dismiss his insightful ramblings (and rants!). Alan's passion for all things Games Workshop are a constant inspiration to those on the receiving end of his inspiring speeches.

From a Games Workshop perspective, the biggest vote of thanks has to be made to all the chaps who have helped put the magazine together over my time as editor – the likes of Phil Kelly, Nick Davis, Graham Davey and the Grand Warlord himself, Adrian Wood. Unbeknownst to you, the readers, the White Dwarf team hasn't always been at full strength numbers-wise and during those dark days two games should be honoured as helping to produce the quality magazine you all expect through sheer persistence and many long hours. Matthew Hutson and Paul Rudge take a bow, we couldn't have done it without you.

The unsung heroes of White Dwarf

are the GW Reprographics department and Sean Cutler in particular. Sean labours long and hard to prepare our files for print and is effectively the 7th Dwarf (he'd have to be Dopey though – he supports Nottingham Forest).

On the same subject it would be remiss of me to not acknowledge the efforts of the current White Dwarf team in producing this issue. 50% bigger than usual and with three freebies all within the same monthly timeframe – I'm proud of them (don't tell 'em I said that though – I have a reputation to maintain after all). Helped admirably by the UK Studio's Karen Miksa, Paul Foulkes and Andrew Sharmen they've all done a great job under Mr Haley's Iron rule and all within deadline despite me dragging my feet on writing this editorial.

Heartfelt thanks (by way of an apology) really have to go to my long-suffering family. They've had to put up with my trusty excuse of 'I need to paint this stuff for work' as I cloister myself in my painting room only to emerge for food and drinks and, occasionally, sleep. My wife, Julie accepts this as part of the package of being married to a hobbyist where we both know I take liberties sometimes (sorry dear...). My two girls, Catherine and Holly think it's cool that Daddy paints for his job – Catherine has already

started painting a few of my cast-offs. Now if we can just get her painting Dwarfs by the regiment...

One final but very important thank you is to you, the reader. Not merely for continuing to collect White Dwarf each month but for your most valuable feedback on what you do and don't like in the magazine. For instance, you told us you wanted fewer adverts in the mag so we've dropped the vast majority. Thanks for all your emails, letters and comments on the various internet forums I frequent.

Back to the real world

Right, that's enough gratuitous backslapping! So, what have I been up to this month? Happily I've finished those pesky river-borne Goblins and their rafts for Bugman's Lament. I never want to see another greenskin ever again! Instead I'm getting back into my Tyrannid army.

Paul's first issue as editor. Featuring a complete game for Bretonnian heroes, it also pictured Paul in a black suit wielding a baseball bat – vital tools of the trade when keeping the White Dwarf production team in line.

With the updated version of Warhammer 40,000 now released it is time to focus on my hive swarm again. Starting with a large swarm of Gaunts with scything talons followed by another large swarm of Gaunts with scything talons. It's going to be a long month...

Games Day 2004

As I write this Games Day has just been held. It was good to meet plenty of new faces as well as the regulars. One welcome observation made by myself and many other veterans of the event was that the average age seemed to be much higher than previous years and the whole event felt very much like a convention, a celebration of the Games Workshop hobby. It all made for a very good day and I for one can't wait until next year's event. But I guess I'm going to have to.

See you next month,

Paul 'Fat Bloke' Sawyer
Editor



RISE OF THE REVENANT

NEW ELДАР TITAN GLIDES IN

Coming soon from the workshops of Forge World is a Warhammer 40,000 scale Eldar Revenant Titan.

This is the first Eldar Titan to be released from Forge World. Gliding into battle on its jump jets, this ancient war machine is totting some serious firepower, with two punishing Pulsars and a Revenant Missile Launcher.

The Eldar Revenant is a complete resin model and measures a giant 12" (300mm) tall. The Master Model is by Will Hayes, with the crew models sculpted by Simon Egan.

There's also an Epic scale Revenant coming soon. See page 5 for details of this monster's little brother.

Right: The slender, yet immensely powerful, Revenant. A giant in comparison to a Warhammer 40,000 Eldar Guardian.



HEED THE WAR CRY!

Two brand new expansion sets for Sabertooth's WarCry Collectable Card Game are out this month.

The Harbingers of War booster packs bring 120 great new cards into the game and also introduce six formidable Harbinger cards.

The second release is the new battle box. Death and Honour includes two pre-constructed army decks – one of which is the Empire, the other the much-awaited Vampire Counts.

One of the new cards from the Vampire Counts army deck – Black Knights.



A MIDDLE-

School clubs are a great way to play

Richard Coxon is a dedicated Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 player, strange then that he should now be captain of The Lord of the Rings gaming club at his school of Abbotsholme. Richard, 16, tells us how this happened.

"The first time I went to the Lord of the Rings club, I had no models, no idea what to expect or even exactly where the club was taking place."

The club Richard was interested in joining was founded by Mark Wells, the Chief Governor of Abbotsholme and it was Mark that directed Richard to where the club activities took place. Once there, Richard found no difficulty in getting started, "I quickly settled in and that first week we painted Uruk-hai for the club army. Since then I've gone whenever I can and have enjoyed

every second," Richard tells us. The idea behind school clubs is to have a place where like-minded pupils can enjoy the hobby together and contribute to the running of the club by painting, modelling and gaming. The clubs also have a formal structure to ensure they are run properly and club members are called upon here too to vote for a club captain and club secretary. It is a testament to Richard's achievement at the club given the short period he's been a member that he was voted club captain, whose important job it is to see the club runs smoothly.

"It was a real honour and I've had lots of fun fulfilling this role."

This new experience taught Richard that it is easy to get involved with school clubs. Even setting them up

DEFEND THE SHIRE!

THE SCOURING OF THE SHIRE

This is the definitive supplement for the Hobbits," says Mat Ward, author of the forthcoming Scouring of the Shire book for The Lord of the Rings strategy battle game. "It's based on the final chapters in the book, which were not seen in the film," Mat explains. The emphasis of the first half of the supplement is on the events defending the Shire against the ruffians battling to control it at the behest of Sauron, whereas the later sections bring in scenarios involving other heroes and villains, including such familiar names as Gandalf and Aragorn.

One of my favourites scenarios is one about Frodo's journey to Rivendell," Mat says. "It involves Rangers of the North, Elves and Aragorn trying to rescue Bilbo from Sauron while he races against the other

side of the board. It was a great way to revisit some favourite characters from the game." As well as a number of new scenarios, profiles in the book will cover all manner of Hobbit heroes and warriors. The background aspect of the book includes a Hobbit history, which details incidents when the Hobbits have been called into battle, such as the famous Battle of Greenfields, featuring Bullroarer Took!

A range of new miniatures will accompany the book, dominated primarily by Hobbits designed by Michael and Alan Perry and a new Orc model, Gollimbur, designed by Gary Morley.

Scouring of the Shire, is centred around small-scale skirmishes similar to the feel established in the original Fellowship of the Ring version of the game, launched back in 2001, providing even more gaming options to The Lord of the Rings enthusiast.



Above: A Hobbit Sheriff from the Scouring of the Shire.
Below and left: Two of the new Hobbit Militia models.



THE PATH TO REDEMPTION?

Ben Counter is knee-deep in writing the third novel in the Soul Drinkers series for the Black Library. Crimson Tears returns to the ex-communicate Soul Drinkers Space Marines as they battle for redemption in the eyes of the Emperor. Look out for the Crimson Fists, who make a star appearance – but are they the looking to help the Soul Drinkers or destroy them?

Crimson Tears is due for release in early February 2005.

www.blacklibrary.com



EARTH EXPERIENCE

games as one pupil found out

It isn't be hard, as he explains, "I just don't be afraid to ask a question or head teacher where you can set up a club of your own. Then I can make it and make sure all your members have fun."

Richard's advice when setting up a club is to run a few initial painting sessions. All members can paint a miniature and so feel more like they are part of the club, plus you can make models for gaming with!

Richard has received lots of great feedback and advice from teachers, his headmaster and Governor in his school. He's a great example of how there are loads of good reasons to start a club, to face the challenge of learning on new and tough opponents to hone your gaming skills, taking part in painting up your own and the club miniatures. Or,

like Richard, you can find out about a game system you've never played, "During my time at the club, I've

played loads of games and painted Elf and Uruk-hai armies, which I'm really proud of."



Richard (left) takes on Games Workshop's Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay with his Elf army.

DO YOU WANT TO SET UP A CLUB?

Has Richard's experience with school clubs inspired you?

If you want to find out about school clubs, whether it's to join or set one up yourself then you can contact the Games Workshop Community Team on:

0115 9168380

Or e-mail: schools@games-workshop.co.uk

There is a pack available that has everything you need to get you started with your own club.

It includes ideas on competitions, the smooth running of campaigns and some practical guidelines and advice for the basic day-to-day running of a gaming club.

SWIFT AND DEADLY GRACE

You could be forgiven for thinking this dynamic model is a new Warhammer 40,000 Aspect Warrior, but the forthcoming Eldar Revenant for Epic is all Titan. The Revenant, designed by Martin Frobitt, is part of the great range that will be released alongside *Swordwind*, a supplement currently in production for Epic. Unique beside its monstrous peers, the Eldar Revenant's agility is reflected in its graceful pose.

"It's more manoeuvrable than other Titans," Matt Keele, co-author of the new supplement with Jervis Johnson, tells *White Dwarf*. "Smaller than its behemoth-like brethren and equipped with jump jets, the Revenant can glide over terrain without difficulty. 'Jas Goodwin alluded to it being like a dragonfly,'" Matt says.

The Eldar are the main protagonists in *Swordwind* and an entire range of warriors, tanks and Titans are planned for the supplement – including some cool new troop types as well as a few redesigned favourites. "There are some new designs for the super heavy tanks," Matt reveals, "and completely new tanks, like the Storm Serpent."

A lot of models from the previous Eldar range will be re-released for the campaign. And if that's still not enough for you there are also plans for more new Epic Eldar models, in addition to these coming out for *Swordwind*. These will be staggered over the coming couple of years, so keep your eyes peeled for them on these pages in due course.

THE DYING AND THE LOST

The Eldar and Dark Eldar are bitter enemies and never the twain shall meet... unless it's on the pages of this superb new Collectors' Guide! These bitter enemies are gathered together for the first time in a new volume, which contains a complete range of available Eldar components. As with other Collectors' Guides, models are divided into current, classic and collectors categories.

Along with the tragic Eldar this book comprehensively covers the Dark Eldar and Harlequins too. Additional hobby material, including a short conversion article on the Harlequin Vyper and some brand new background for the Dark Eldar, is also contained within.



Above: A Harlequin by Jes Goodwin – one of the great collector's pieces in the book.

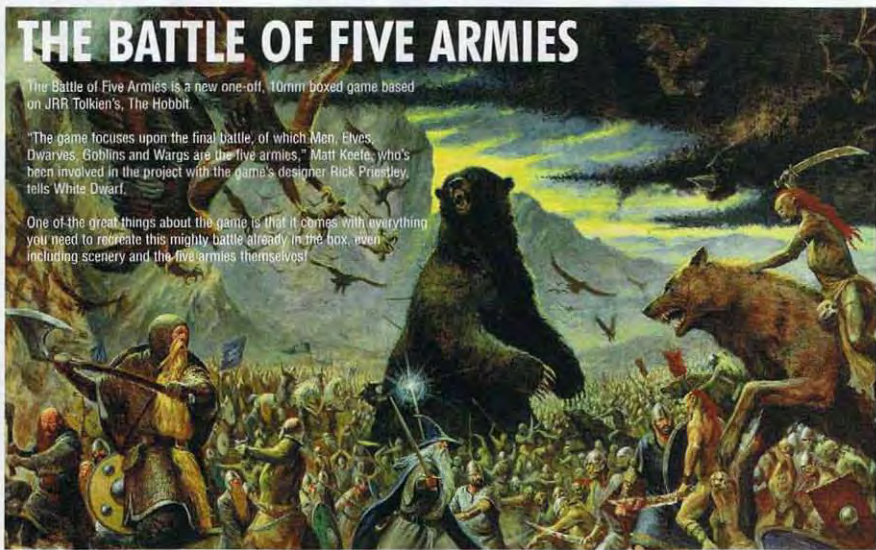


THE BATTLE OF FIVE ARMIES

The Battle of Five Armies is a new one-off, 10mm boxed game based on JRR Tolkien's, *The Hobbit*.

"The game focuses upon the final battle, of which Men, Elves, Dwarves, Goblins and Wargs are the five armies," Matt Keele, who's been involved in the project with the game's designer Rick Priestley, tells *White Dwarf*.

One of the great things about the game is that it comes with everything you need to recreate this mighty battle already in the box, even including scenery and the five armies themselves!



THROUGH THE MISTS OF ULTHUAN

From the island shores of Ulthuan comes a brand new High Elf Repeater Bolt Thrower. The plastic kit is highly detailed with a multi-part plastic crew and even comes with a bolt rack! This cool new model was priced from

the grasp of the miniature designers and is part of a new range of High Elf models. For the definitive developments on these forthcoming miniatures, keep checking the White Dwarf news pages...

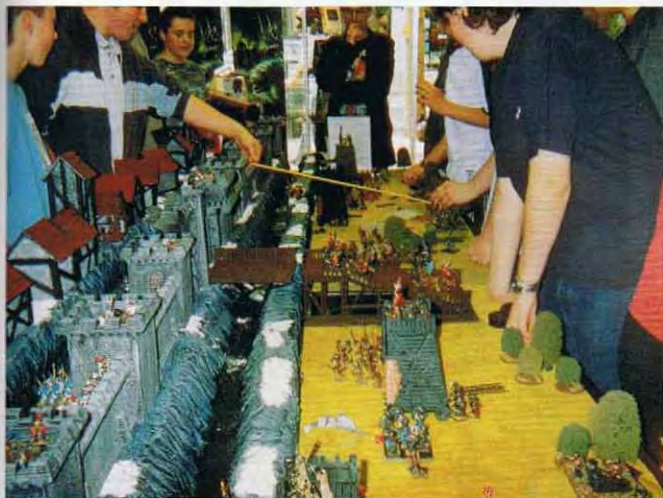


AS THE STORM PASSES

At the climax of the Storm of Chaos, great battles have been fought at the gates of Middenheim all across the country. Most Games Workshop Hobby Centres ran games of some kind, and at Games Workshop Plymouth, the final epic clash was fought in the form of a massive siege game, where Archaon's horde of Chaos attempted to break the City of the White Wolf.

The battle, which took place on the 28th of August, was the culmination of weeks of intense fighting to decide the fate of the Empire and was played over a massive table with over 40 gamers!

The game ended in a victory to Chaos, with both Valten and Archaon slain.



GAMING CLUB NETWORK

The Gaming Club Network continues to grow strong and this month Games Workshop welcomes two new clubs to the fold. In case you don't know, the GCN is a group of Gaming Clubs working hand in hand with Games Workshop to bring new gaming clubs to an area near you.

The new clubs are:

Bridgend YMCA Games Club

Nuneaton Model and Games Club

For further information and contact details e-mail:

clubguy@games-workshop.co.uk



FANATIC MAGAZINE 6

The latest Fanatic magazine includes the release of the all-new Dwarf Death Roller and other Secret Weapons for use in Blood Bowl.

Also in this issue:

- Space Marine Fleets – Matt Keefe and Andy Chambers revise the Space Marine fleet list for BFG.
- Epic Characters – the art of basing your Epic Character stand.
- Scenario Generator – a simple but effective system to create scenarios in Inquisitor.
- The Caverns of Jericho – Inquisitor game report at Conflict Edinburgh.
- From Across the Steppes – background, rules and scenarios for the Kiteslayer Ranger in Mordheim.
- Dead or Alive – rules for Outlaw gangs in the Necromunda Underhive.
- Ships in Warmaster – expanded nautical rules.
- Tears of Ice – part two of this High Elf campaign for Warmaster.

BEASTS OF CHAOS

With their twisted forms, twisted minds and terrifying powers, the beasts of chaos are the most dangerous of all. They are the embodiment of the four Great Powers of Chaos: Khorne, Tzeentch, Slaanesh and Nurgle.

These twisted, bestial creatures are the most powerful of the Great Powers of Chaos. They are the embodiment of the four Great Powers of Chaos: Khorne, Tzeentch, Slaanesh and Nurgle.

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Army home pages: Every army for both Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 will have a home page. Here you can find links to material for your army.

Art and galleries: Great shots of miniatures and desktop artwork.

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Terrain-building: A whole range of scenery articles will be available online, covering everything from beginners' to advanced projects.

Rules: Read up on rules for classic special characters and new missions.

COMMUNITY

With their twisted forms, twisted minds and terrifying powers, the beasts of chaos are the most dangerous of all. They are the embodiment of the four Great Powers of Chaos: Khorne, Tzeentch, Slaanesh and Nurgle.

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The illustrious webteam (from left to right): Dave Allen, UK Web Developer; Mark Chambers, UK Online Manager; Owen Rees, UK Web Team Leader and Rik Turner, UK Web Developer (and yes, Chambers is a raving loon – Ed).

JUST THE BEGINNING

When the site is launched in a few weeks you will find a lot of the old content, some new content and also some small alterations to the site in the way it works and what it can do for you.

I'm not going to spoil everything now though, as next month I will be going into greater depth about how we designed the site, what it will do for you and what excitement the future holds...

For the launch date of the new site visit our current news page at www.games-workshop.co.uk/news

And you can sign up for our infamous newsletter online at www.games-workshop.co.uk/inqulistor

Do this and we will send all the news straight to your inbox!

The new website also offers pages such as a Community page and gaming variants like Cityfight.

THE VIKINGS GO TO WAR!



Guy: If you've ever tried to game at 9.00am on Sunday morning with a hangover in Denmark, then chances

are you've been to Giant Fanatic, Denmark's biggest gaming event. Held in wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen, Giant Fanatic 7 was, well, giant and full of fanatical gamers who congregated from all over Europe for a weekend of gaming and, for the older ones, booze like only vikings can.

"We originally set the event up to promote our shop, Fanatic," says Jonas Faering, co-founder of the happening. It's Sunday night after the tournament, the organisers, plus yours truly, are round at a referee's house, where his mum has just cooked us all a giant dinner. "In fact," continues Jonas, "Giant Fanatic 1 was really a kind of grand opening for Fanatic, but it has just grown from then."



Guy games away. (this is before he went to the pub.)

Many of those involved have known each other for years, all growing up in the same suburb. They've worked like troopers, mostly for free. As the event began at 6pm on Friday, there are more than a few nodding heads round the table. And that doesn't include the hours they put in before. Giant Fanatic requires several months of planning, it's huge.

More than 200 players attended. Each played nine individual games of Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000, Mad. I know this because I played too (see below for my rampage through space). Playing so much is amazing fun, but also gruelling, especially after a few jars of unexported Carlsberg Export.

Complicating things for thickies like me are the Danes' tournament selection rules. This year both major systems had two pages of additional restrictions. This is the kind of thing that gets games developer's beards bristling with outrage. But the Giant Fanatic chaps are not critical of the game. "We do it for variety," says Jonas.

"Every year we do something different. GF 6 had 'Beard Points' for beardy armies, this year we went for restrictions. We do this to stop the hobbyists bringing the same army all the time. We also use different missions. It forces people to use different tactics."

The event is more than the tournament. Amidst the wargames tables wend hundreds of visitors and a TV crew. There's a painting competition and participation games. Jakob Nielsen, winner of a small armoury's worth of Golden Demon Slayer Swords, is on hand to give advice, while the frenzied shouts of happy speed painters occasionally swell to a crescendo, drowning out the rattle of dice.

THE GAMES

Game 1



Time: Friday, 7.30pm
Opponent: Christian Brygger
Army: Orks
Points: 1,700

We kick off with my Speed Freeks versus footslogging greenies. Much accurate Basilisk fire later, Christian concedes defeat. We finish late, so don't get to the pub until 12.30. The only drawback to a great game (made greater by victory!).

Game 2



Time: Saturday, 9am
Opponent: Um...
Army: Er...
Points: Two 700 points games.

Game 2 went badly... I'll level with you. I missed game 2. This is because upon leaving the venue the previous night we asked "What time does the event start?" only to be told "10am". The event did start at 10am, but the TOURNAMENT began at 9am. So I am entirely blameless, and the fact I was playing drafts until 5am in a bar with a Danish film director has nothing to do with it. Sorry to Martin Worm!

Game 3



Time: Saturday, 11am
Opponent: Gil Surepi
Army: Space Wolves
Points: 1,200

The next game was against my fellow GWR Gil. (I might add that he missed his first game too). It was a hard fought clash using the Rules of Engagement, which ended in a draw.

Game 4



Time: Saturday, 2pm
Opponent: Martin Lottrup
Army: Dark Angels
Points: 1,700

After I'd had a quick nap, I was again fighting for objectives, this time on a swampy table plagued by earthquakes. Despite a good start, the Dark Angel's firepover took its toll, leaving not an Ork on the table.

Game 5



Time: Saturday, 7pm
Opponent: Jonas Hedegaard Nielsen
Army: Dark Angels
Points: 1,200

My still slightly sore head, and not my poor grasp of tactics, accounted for my Orks drawing against this second band of Dark Angels. At 10.30pm we concluded. Time for a pub visit.

Game 6



Time: Sunday, 9am
Opponent: Anders Malmby
Army: Dark Eldar
Points: Two 700 points games

After a sensible night, Sunday proved a less painful experience. Ander's Kabal presented me with a foe every bit as swift as myself. In the end, a fortuitous Dark Eldar Fall Back move in the Shooting phase prevented my Orks assailing into the objective. Curses! Follied by my own burnas. One game each, another draw.

THE WHITE DWARF TEAM



LAND OF GIANTS

OGRE KINGDOMS ARMY SET

There is one belief that unites Ogres across the world, beaten into them at infancy and carried with them to the grave: might makes right. A strong creature may take what he likes from a weaker creature, including his flesh.

An entire army of Ogres is a fearsome prospect upon the field of battle. Hailing from a treacherous land of inhospitable landscapes teeming with large and deadly beasts, the Ogres have grown strong and brutal. Their bellows sound like thunder over the battlefield as they wage war in a mass of a near-unstoppable muscle and violent intent.

Sculpted by Brian Nelson, Alex Hedström, Steve Saleh, Adam Clarke and Trish Morrison. This army boxed set contains: 1 Ogre Kingdoms Tyrant, 8 Ogre Kingdoms Bulls, 24 Ogre Kingdoms Gnoblar, 3 Ogre Kingdoms Hunters, 4 Ogre Kingdoms Ironguts, 8 Ogre Kingdoms Gnoblar Trappers, 3 Ogre Kingdoms Yhetees.

These models require assembly.

OGRE KINGDOMS ARMY SET £130.00

Denmark kr1,750.00 Sweden kr 2100.00

The boxed set includes this special edition Ogre Tyrant.

AVAILABLE EARLY WITH THIS ARMY DEAL

WARHAMMER ARMIES: OGRE KINGDOMS

Inside the Ogre Kingdoms army set is a copy of Warhammer Armies: Ogre Kingdoms, available before its official release!



GROMBRINDAL, THE WHITE DWARF

This legendary Dwarf hero can be yours but only for a short time. Pun intended...

As old as the mountains, Grombrindal, the White Dwarf is a hero like no other. Wielding the mighty Rune Axe of Grimnir, the White Dwarf has slain many foes in countless battles across the ages. At the very gates of the High Elf cities did he battle against the Phoenix King, in the War of the Beard and he is the scourge of Orcs and Goblins all across Old World.

To celebrate the 300th issue of White Dwarf magazine a new special edition miniature of the legendary Grombrindal, the White Dwarf is now available. The White Dwarf is immortalised as a special character with full rules and background on page 104 of this very magazine.

The White Dwarf miniature, sculpted by Juan Diaz, is only on sale from the 27th of November to the 31st of January and is limited to 4,000 castings supplied on a first come, first served basis. The White Dwarf is sure to sell out fast, so using the phone, website or instore order point instead of the post may help ensure you don't miss out.



ORDERING THE WHITE DWARF

You can order the special edition White Dwarf miniature from Games Workshop, priced £6, from the following:

THE INTERNET:

www.games-workshop.co.uk/storefront

BY PHONE:

0115 91 40000

FAX:

0115 916 8002

THE IN-STORE ORDER POINT:

At any Games Workshop Hobby Centre.

POST:

Games Workshop Direct Sales,
Willow Road, Lenton,
Nottingham, NG7 2WS.



WHITE DWARF

CHIEF LIBRARIAN TIGURIUS

Rumoured to be guided by the Emperor himself, Tigurius is a figure shrouded in mystery. He among the most powerful of psykers, and of such foresight he may choose his powers after both forces have deployed. Furthermore, Tigurius wears the formidable Hood of Hellfire, which acts as a psychic hood and doubles the range of any psychic powers he uses.

Sculpted by Mark Harrison. This blister pack contains one complete Tigurius model.

This model requires assembly.

CHIEF LIBRARIAN TIGURIUS £8.00

Denmark kr 100.00 Sweden kr 120.00
Euro € 13.00





SPACE MARINE WHIRLWIND £20.00
 Denmark kr 250.00 Sweden kr 300.00
 Euro € 35.00

SPACE MARINE WHIRLWIND (MK 2)

The Whirlwind is rightly feared for its ability to deliver a devastating salvo of missiles into the enemy ranks. At its most effective against infantry, the Whirlwind is often employed as long-range support, pitched at the edge of the battlefield while its more aggressive armoured brethren grind forward. The Whirlwind is a versatile tank in that it is equipped with both Vengeance and Castellon missiles, the latter capable of laying swathes of deadly mines to impede the enemy's advance.

Sculpted by Tim Adcock. This plastic boxed set contains one complete Space Marine Whirlwind with various weapon options.

This model requires assembly.



SPACE MARINE VETERANS

Having fought in countless battles in the name of the Emperor's greater glory, Space Marine Veterans are skilled and grizzled warriors. They are the masters of innumerable battlefield techniques and as such can be utilized in a variety of specialised roles. Space Marine Veterans also have access to an extensive range of wargear, including lightning claws and power weapons.

Sculpted by Juan Díaz. This blister pack contains 2 complete Space Marine Veterans. These models require assembly.

SPACE MARINE VETERANS £6.00
 Denmark kr 75.00 Sweden kr 85.00
 Euro € 10.00



FANATIC



EPIC: IMPERIAL GUARD CHARACTER PACK.....£7.00

Sculpted by Mark Bedford and Aly Morrison. The Imperial Guard character pack contains 1 Supreme Commander strip (top) and 2 of each Command strip (bottom).



MORDHEIM: KISLEV RANGER.....£5.00

Sculpted by Mark Harrison. This blister pack contains 1 Kislev Ranger.



BLOOD BOWL: DWARF DEATHROLLER.....£18.00

Sculpted by Aly Morrison. This blister pack contains 1 complete Dwarf Deathroller.

This model requires assembly.



BLOOD BOWL: DWARF WITH BOMB.....£4.00

Sculpted by Aly Morrison. This blister pack contains 1 Dwarf with bomb.



BLOOD BOWL: DWARF WITH CHAINSAW.....£4.00

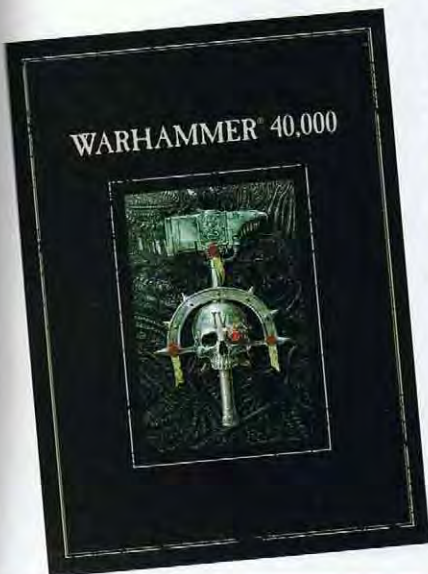
Sculpted by Aly Morrison. This blister pack contains 1 Dwarf with chainsaw.

WARHAMMER 40,000 SPECIAL EDITION RULEBOOK

This special hardback collectors' edition of the latest Warhammer 40,000 rulebook boasts a black leather-bound cover embossed with a silver icon and border. It also features silver foil page edges and a blood-red page marker, and comes in an embossed black leather slipcase with a numbered certificate.

WARHAMMER 40,000 SPECIAL EDITION RULEBOOK.....£50

Denmark kr 650.00 Sweden kr 750.00
Euro € 80.00



ADVANCED ORDERS

Want to get your hands on all the coolest new miniatures as soon as possible? Then look no further. All of the miniatures below are available to advance order from the date below, ensuring you get them as soon as they are released in our Hobby Centres. See Ordering Direct on page 203 for details of how to order.

OGRE KINGDOMS BULLS	27th NOV
OGRE KINGDOMS BATTALION	27th NOV
WARHAMMER ARMIES: OGRE KINGDOMS	27th NOV
OGRE KINGDOMS GNOBLARS	27th NOV
OGRE KINGDOMS TYRANT	27th NOV
OGRE KINGDOMS LEADBELCHERS	4th DEC
OGRE KINGDOMS HUNTER	11th DEC
GNOBLAR TRAPPERS	11th DEC
SPACE MARINE TECHMARINE AND SERVITORS	11th DEC
SPACE MARINE SERVITORS	11th DEC

THE HISTORY OF WHITE DWARF

GUY HALEY TAKES A LOOK AT HOW THE WHITE DWARF GOT TO BE THE BIG FAT FELLOW HE IS NOW

White Dwarf is now the biggest selling gaming magazine in the UK, with editions all across the world, and a huge pool of readers. But it wasn't always so. Even legends have to begin somewhere. Our story begins once upon a time (January, 1975), in a land far, far away (Shepherd's Bush), where three school friends were living in a peasant's cottage (grotty flat). Though they were very poor, and didn't often eat well, they were right happy, for they spent a lot of

time playing games. Board games and wargames of all kinds were their pleasure, and they would often play until the coming of dawn was heralded by the hooting of rush hour cars failing to go anywhere. After a while they decided to abandon their career of doing not very much, and go into business; they would make games, and take them to market, thus fulfilling their dreams of a) wealth beyond their wildest dreams, b) gaming and c) glorious continued idleness...

This is, of course, the story of how Games Workshop was founded by Steve Jackson, Ian Livingstone and John Peake. Nearly 30 years on, their tiny cottage industry has become a multi-national behemoth. In 1985, when Ian Livingstone wrote an article about Games Workshop's tenth anniversary, he said he hoped that Games Workshop would one day become the number one games company in the world as "it is already the second". Well, it is number one now.



But we are not here today to regale you with the history of Games Workshop. No, we are here to hear the tale of the legendary White Dwarf, who, having reached 300 issues this very month, can be said to truly be a venerable longbeard.

But who is this White Dwarf? What does he do? Which pub does he drink in? And how does he keep his beard oh-so-shiny white?

OUR GLORIOUS ORGAN

White Dwarf was launched in 1977 by Ian Livingstone and Steve Jackson as a follow up to their fanzine, Owl & Weasel. This four page pamphlet – “by gamers for gamers” had perhaps the most momentous impact on the company of any single thing. Without Owl & Weasel, you see, there would be no Games Workshop. Somehow a copy of this esteemed rag ended up on the desk of a chap called Brian Blume in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. How it ended up there, nobody is quite sure. Perhaps it was all part of some strange Tzetzian scheme, for Brian Blume was one of the co-founders of a company called TSR. He was pretty impressed by Owl & Weasel, and so sent a copy of his latest game, Dungeons & Dragons, to the lads in London. They played the game and became instantly hooked, despite the initial incomprehensibility of the rules.

Until this point Games Workshop had been exactly that, a workshop making traditional games. The three friends had been making solitaire sets out of cheap breadboards and the like, utilising Peake's skills as a craftsman, and abusing their tenancy agreement by using their flat as a factory.

Perhaps it was the excitement of D&D – which Ian Livingstone once called “armchair theatre” – or perhaps it was Ian and Steve's desire to avoid having sawdust constantly in their eyes, hair and lungs. Whichever it was, they decided that here lay the future, and resolved to get in touch with Blume and his partner Gary Gygax and sell D&D.

Sadly the third member of their merry band, John Peake, decided, perhaps rashly, that he didn't like this turn of events and so left the fledgling company, thus condemning himself forever to the status of “fifth Beatie”.

Ian and Steve's first order for the game was only six copies, but soon their business grew. Their landlady, now really ticked off, kicked them out, and so followed a period where the two chums were forced to live in Steve's van, showering at a squash club. It didn't really matter, as they would soon be millionaires.

Steve and Ian had lucked out. Dungeons & Dragons was the gaming manifestation of a huge groundswell in fantasy. Though many put this down to a certain Mr Tolkien, it was actually an ex-lawyer called Terry Brooks who, with his trilogy the Sword of Shannara, brought fantasy to a mass market. Soon many other trilogies began to crowd bookshelves, and gaming systems began to pop up like mushrooms. The role-playing boom had begun.

Ian and Steve needed a magazine to promote their new product. Though Owl & Weasel did a thoroughly good job – issue six was a D&D special – after a while it became obvious that they needed something bigger

A BRIEF HISTORY OF WHITE DWARF

JANUARY 1975

Ian Livingstone, Steve Jackson and John Peake start making traditional games. Galactic Games and Games Garage are thankfully rejected as titles for the company in favour of Games Workshop.

FEBRUARY 1975

Owl & Weasel, the White Dwarf's dad, is first published. It lasts 25 issues.

JUNE 1977: ISSUE 1

White Dwarf, ‘The Science Fiction and Fantasy Games Magazine’ is launched upon an unsuspecting world. At this point it is bi-monthly. 4,000 copies are printed. All are sold.

JUNE 1977: ISSUE 7

White Dwarf gets its first colour cover. Looking at it now, it's a bit weird.



AUGUST 1982: ISSUE 32

The magazine goes monthly. It will remain so for the rest of time.

SEPTEMBER 1983: ISSUE 45

The first Warhammer article is published. Called ‘Thistlewood’, it concerns the struggle between King Amias and the evil wizard Vassago. Dwarfs are involved, helping King Amias win, thus establishing the number one unwritten rule of White Dwarf: ‘Dwarfs are the best’.

1986

Ian Livingstone steps down after nine years and hands the baton on to new Editor Ian Marsh. Paul Cockburn, Mike Brunton, Sean Masterson, Phil Gallagher and Simon Forrest follow. Like kings, some of these chaps lasted mere months, others years. Jamie Thomson, who did a lot of Ian's work towards the end, deserves an honourable mention.

My favourite White Dwarf

Anthony Reynolds

Issue 113, with the Space Hulk box art on the cover. This issue had an awesome Space Hulk article which resulted in me bugging my mum for months until she got a copy of the game sent across to Australia for Christmas. It also had a great How to Paint Citadel Miniatures article, which I studied for hours, and it did actually improve my painting. It also had a detailed Narrative Generator for Chaos Warbands, which was jam-packed with exciting possibilities. Nostalgia aside, it is still a really cool issue.



Phil Kelly

My favourite by a long shot would have to be issue 127. Even just looking at the cover with that dragon staring out leaves me with a heady pang of nostalgia; I even remember cycling home from my local gaming store with the issue held in my teeth! This was the first White Dwarf to feature the Eldar in any detail – my lord there's a lot of detail there – and with Jes Goodwin's concept sketches of the Aspect Warriors and the excellent fiction within I was an Eldar addict from that point on.

and, dare I say it, slightly more professional. In July 1977, White Dwarf was born. A healthy baby weighing in at nearly two-score pages. It had a slightly jaundiced cover, but the Dwarfling's stubby white beard was an omen of his coming greatness.

Ian stayed on editing White Dwarf for nine years, a mammoth run that has yet to be beaten. But even this dynamo could not continue helming the Dwarf. He was at the time writing the famed Fighting Fantasy game books as well as being a company director, so in 1986 he handed over power to Ian Marsh, beginning a long succession of illustrious editors.

THE ROLE-PLAYING DAYS

White Dwarf remained primarily a role-playing games magazine for many years, covering a wide variety of systems by numerous companies. In those heady days there was a film review page, a book review section (by the prolific Dave Langford who, years later, would be working for me on SFX – it's a small world), and comic strips. Warhammer arrived relatively late on the scene, the first article on the system being published in WD45. Originally conceived of as something exciting to do with your RPG miniatures, no-one had any idea of how big it would become.

Eventually role-playing games fell out of favour with the public. Towards the end many role-players were children, and when the fad eventually wore off, boy did it wear off.



Matt Keefe

I shall have to plump for White Dwarf 162, as it contained the Chaos Dwarf army list for Warhammer. The little chaps had been introduced the previous month but it was the army list that really cemented it for me. It's also got the Golden Demon winners for that year in it – a fine White Dwarf tradition. All the issues from that Robin Dews run (probably best remembered for the Epic articles of the time) are great, and this is a really good example of such – a bit of everything in a charmingly random order.

My favourite White Dwarf

Gavin Thorpe

I'm torn – it's either 117, which was the first issue I collected in the run that has led up to the present day (my arrival as a proper gamer); or it's 127, the Eldar issue... Lots of Jes' concept sketches, all the new background, a cool army list, Aspect Warriors and all the rest. Oh, and the full page Avatar illustration. Okay, it'll have to be 127, I guess (sorry, 117, no 127, er...).



Gaming went from being great to geeky virtually overnight, and a craze that had spawned comics, cartoons and innumerable companies collapsed. There were several other gaming mags at the time, and they faltered and died alongside the games they supported. Games Workshop itself was

suddenly faced with a lot of businesses selling off their own games, and it eagerly snapped up the rights or licenses to such classics as Runequest and Paranoia. It produced lavish hardback books of these systems, only to find they did not sell as well as they once had.



From black and white, through two-colour, to our current glorious full colour pages, White Dwarf has always striven to improve himself!



There are many reasons for role-playing's collapse. One was that the 1980's was a time of great recession. Not only were RPG's cheap entertainment, but they were also escapist. Computer games, spawned alongside RPG's, were becoming cheaper and increasingly sophisticated. There was a religious and social backlash in the States after a suicide was, erroneously, blamed on the influence of this 'devil's' pastime. One of these incidents was dramatised in *Mazes and Monsters*, a ludicrously reactionary TV movie starring a very young Tom Hanks.

But perhaps most importantly, role-playing games required a huge commitment on the part of its players. The Dungeonmaster's role is an unenviable one, as a good adventure requires almost as much work as a short novel. Life's pace was speeding up, and getting people together on a regular basis to do something so time consuming became more and more difficult. It is no accident that many games these days, and not only Games Workshop's, are card or miniature-based affairs, one-off games of which can be played in full in an evening. A couple of years ago my old company was looking into creating a gaming magazine. Market research at the time suggested that there were fewer than 5,000 active role-players in the UK, not many more than when Ian Livingstone first published White Dwarf.

GOING IT ALONE

By the time issue 100 rolled around, White Dwarf was very much a company product with, bar the odd article, only Games Workshop games being featured in its pages. This in itself did not affect the diversity of the magazine greatly, as the range of games GW then made was huge. The release of Warhammer 40,000: Rogue Trader in issue 93 helped with this change in focus, as now GW had two proprietary universes to play with. But there were also many more. Besides fighting in the worlds of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 you could try to save New York in under 60 minutes in the solo adventure Chainsaw Warrior; race cars across the blasted post-apocalyptic wastelands of America in Dark Future; or kill a dragon in the classic Talisman. In fact, Games Workshop went a bit bonkers, making so many different kinds of games it is difficult to list them all. Perhaps the oddest were the Troll games, a series of board-based affairs with such delightful names as Oil Dat's my Leg! and Trolls in the Pantry, each accompanied by a cassette of squeaky Goblin songs.

MAY 1987: ISSUE 89

Expanding page counts mean this is the last issue of White Dwarf to be 'saddle-stitched', ie, with a stapled-on cover. After this the magazine becomes 'perfect bound' allowing us to write things on the spine.



JUNE 1987: ISSUE 90

White Dwarf is ten years old. The readership is now past 50,000. Ian Livingstone celebrates this in an article which I have borrowed heavily from. Holding on to a magazine for 17 years is sometimes wise.

SEPTEMBER 1987: ISSUE 93

The first Warhammer 40,000 article is printed, it is a general introduction to the system. As a measure of how far things have come, it includes lots of pictures of Space Marines with slogans written upon their armour that would embarrass an American GI. And there are Squats, many, many Squats.



APRIL 1988: ISSUE 100

The 100th issue hits the newsstands. There were no useful articles for me to copy. Thanks to then-editor Sean Masterson for that!

NOVEMBER 1988: ISSUE 107

White Dwarf changes size, becoming smaller and squatter, as is only appropriate.

Battle reports have been a staple of White Dwarf for many years now.



FREE! FREE I TELL YOU!

The White Dwarf has always striven to make you happy, and towards that aim he has been surprisingly generous for a Dwarf. No hoarding of the gold pieces in the halls of WD. Over the years the magazine has come with a loads of freebies, from booklets to posters to miniatures and more. Among the more unusual items we have sent your way are paint pot stickers and even entire card buildings. Perhaps the weirdest of all, though, was the infamous issue 95 flexidisc. Gaming has always had its fans in the biking and Heavy Metal communities, so perhaps it was only logical that we should choose to mount a record by very heavy metal band Sabbath on our cover. Or maybe it was just plain nuts.

Here's an extract:

*"From their holes and caverns creep,
Ten million Orc and Goblin feet.
With hungry hearts and sharpened knives,
They come to take your worthless lives."*

Why Orc and Goblin feet would be creeping about without the rest of the greenskin is beyond me, as is how they'd carry a knife or indeed have hearts. That aside, it's chilling. I didn't sleep properly for a month when I heard it. Not because of the terror of the thing, but because my ears were ringing.



With only Games Workshop games now featured, the magazine could no longer ethically review other companies' products, so the reviews and advertising of 'outside' games gradually dropped away.

This period saw the first Battle Report. 24 Hours at Carik Mound was published in White Dwarf 107 and detailed a marathon charity game of Warhammer. These were to become a firm favourite in the magazine, and now there is never a month without one.

But as time went on, Games Workshop changed, focus began to shift. The range of GW's products began to narrow, and the games were set more often within the worlds of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000.

CHANGING TIMES

Issue 140 saw the arrival of another long-serving editor, Robin Dews. Robin took over in 1991 when the publishing industry was undergoing a great period of upheaval. These were the days when whole swathes of people who had job skills relating to printing were laid off across the country as computers made their abilities obsolete. This was a good thing for Games Workshop, not because loads of people got fired down on Fleet Street, but because new technology meant GW could begin to produce ever-more sophisticated books and magazines. White Dwarf changed massively because of this, becoming more varied and colourful with page layouts that were as eye-wateringly bright as they were impressive.

Games Workshop was also really beginning to take off. New stores were opening every month across Britain, and new branches of Games workshop were becoming established all over the world. The company was growing massively, and all the while White Dwarf was there, letting all you readers know about the exciting things going on.

THE NOW

Jake Thornton reigned a while after Robin Dews moved on, overseeing the 'Fat Dwarf' period, when the magazine became much larger and incorporated a set of card sheets (most of our games back then had tons of card counters in them). Jake left after a triumphant run, leaving the magazine in the hands of a series of caretakers. Then, in



My favourite White Dwarf Rick Priestley

I think I have would have to be issue 1 – it had a really interesting article on a game called Warlord which I subsequently bought from GW in Hammersmith. I'm sure I have the magazine somewhere – also the copy of Warlord, together with the first ten issues of the magazine. When it comes to editors I would raise a glass to Simon Forrest – the man who taught me how to spell millennium.

1998, current editor Paul 'Fat Bloke' Sawyer took over from issue 215. This was again to mark a change in the way the magazine was run. Games Workshop is a business and, like many groupings of people, is not infallible. There had been a long period where the company's customers had gradually changed from the hairy role-playing biker to youngsters. Many games – HeroQuest, Space

Crusade and others – were aimed at this age group. But this left GW open to the same problem that had finished off role-playing games. It was realised that we'd been neglecting the hobby side of our hobby, and all across the company moods were changed. From now on, this would be a hobby for all.

Paul took this idea to the centre of the magazine. The gaudy layouts of the infamous 'Red Period' were ditched in favour of a more restrained look. Paul also began to publish an increasing number of articles from hobbyists. The hobby had grown hugely, and now there were thousands of people with beautiful armies and tactical skills to show off.

The way the magazine was put together also changed. Historically, White Dwarf had been made in the Games Development studio, with everyone downing tools to help out. The foreign editions, of which there are now six, (in Germany, Australia, France, Spain, Italy, and the USA – these are all unique, not merely translations), choosing their articles from this central resource. Until last year the UK WD team laid out all these articles, producing the whole magazine for the UK alongside. But from 2003, White Dwarf UK would be run like the other editions of the magazine, and it moved into the UK company. No longer would the games designers be distracted from their games designing, instead they now produce a set number of articles for use in all White Dwarfs.

It's been an unsettled 18 months for the old boy. He's been sawn in half and had a load of new underlings to deal with. We've also been working hard on a new look, the results of which you hold now. Now with loads of hobby material inside, White Dwarf is at last a publication worthy of veteran gamers. A new era is beginning...

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Many people wonder what became of Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone. As time went on they gradually retreated from the company, handing management duties over to Bryan Ansell, founder of Citadel Miniatures, in 1985. Both of them continued to write, then edit, the highly popular range of 'choose your own adventure' Fighting Fantasy Game books. Role-playing for the lonely. They also dabbled in other forms of gaming entertainment, most notably Steve Jackson's FIST, an interactive telephone game. Using 1988's new-fangled technology of touch-tone dialling, FIST could magically spirit you away into a telephonic dungeon. Much fun was had by those not paying the telephone bill.

They both eventually quit, having become more than comfortably rich.

After a long period of enjoying himself, Ian Livingstone decided to go back into gaming, and now runs EIDOS, the computer games publisher behind the hit games series Tomb Raider. He went back to his fantasy roots when EIDOS released an adaptation of Deathtrap Dungeon, one of the most enduring of the Fighting Fantasy Game Books.

As for Steve, he carried on doing his own thing. Rumours that he lives in a Tracy-island style secret base are unfounded.

A few years ago I interviewed Ian Livingstone at EIDOS, where he revealed that he and Steve still game together like they did in the old days, having added computer games to their repertoire. They're also still friends with John Peake, who, Ian maintained at the time, never regretted his decision to leave Games Workshop.

AUGUST 1991: ISSUE 140

Robin Dews, third longest serving editor, joins the magazine. He pushes through a big reform of how the magazine works, bringing in new technology and making the magazine run three months ahead of publication. He did this so the studio had time to get everything done, and he would have time to sleep. "My wife tells me I was the only man she knew to suffer from PMT," says Robin. That's monthly deadlines for you.

OCTOBER 1995: ISSUE 190

Jake Thornton takes over from Robin, who goes on to become Very Important.

NOVEMBER 1995: ISSUE 191

White Dwarf gets another overhaul, with a new look and a card section. At the time the games we made had so many counters that at halfway point through a battle it looked like your table had been wallpapered by an insane philatelist. It is also the height of the infamous 'Red Period', where everything – miniatures, guns, banners, boxes and White Dwarf itself were a fiery orange-red. So much so we launched a paint called Blood Angels Orange, rather than a Blood Angels Sanguine Red. This madness continued for some time.

AUGUST 1996: ISSUE 200

Jake thoughtfully writes a detailed history of White Dwarf. Very useful.

DECEMBER 1997: ISSUE 216

The card section goes, partially because it was really difficult to do! Jake also moves on to pastures new at this time, finding employment elsewhere before coming back years later to work for Fanatic.

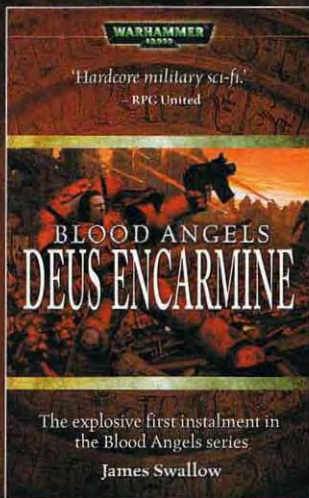
DECEMBER 1998: ISSUE 215

Paul Sawyer takes over. He will remain top Dwarf for many years.



DECEMBER 2004 : ISSUE 300

Oh look! You're holding it. You're one of the 80,000 people that buy White Dwarf every month. Thanks!



BLOOD ANGELS: DEUS ENCARMINE

by James Swallow

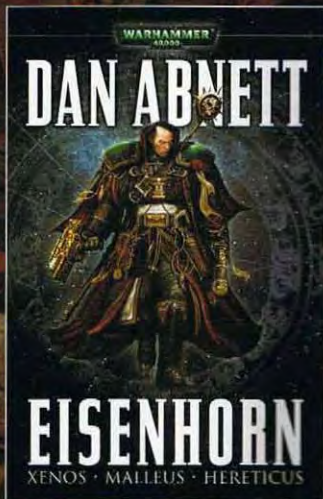
On the battlefields of the far future, Blood Angels Brother Rafen must make a difficult choice when his brother Arkio begins to act strangely. Is he divinely inspired, or is it something far more sinister?

Star Trek: Voyager writer James Swallow pens this dark tale of future combat

Novel • £5.99

Dan Abnett is back with a tense, gripping three-part odyssey. *Hard-boiled detective story* meets the dark future of the 41st millennium as Inquisitor Eisenhorn and his team investigate conspiracies both personal and galactical. Collecting *Xenos*, *Malleus* and *Hereticus* in one volume, *Eisenhorn* shows why Dan Abnett is the best in the business!

Novel • £7.99



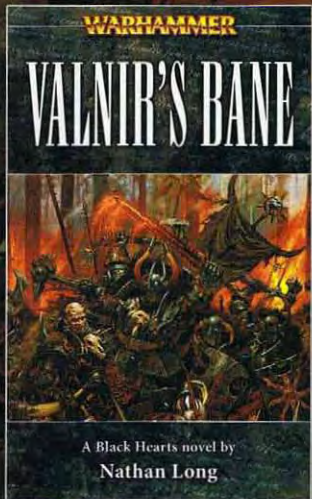
EISENHORN

by Dan Abnett

DAN ABNETT

EISENHORN

XENOS • MALLEUS • HERETICUS



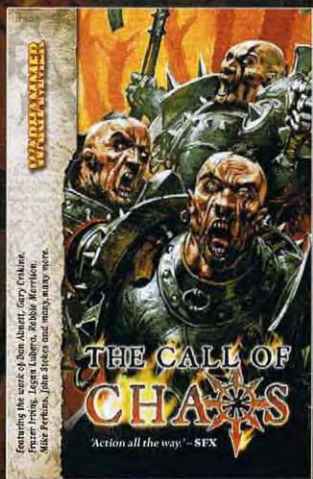
VALNIR'S BANE A BLACK HEARTS NOVEL

by Nathan Long

It's the job no one wants to do, but Reiner Hetsau and his fellow criminals are sentenced to death and don't have much of a choice. Deep in Chaos territory, Reiner and his cut-throat colleagues must find an ancient artefact before the enemy do!

Edge-of-your-seat thrills from veteran Hollywood screenwriter Nathan Long.

Novel • £5.99



THE CALL OF CHAOS

edited by Marc Gascoigne and Christian Dunn

Collected from the pages of Warhammer Comic, The Call of Chaos is another of our pocket-sized graphic novels. Packed into this 208-page book are tales of heroism and carnage set in and around the Storm of Chaos written by some of the most exciting names in the comics industry such as Gary Erskine (The Authority), John Stokes (The Invisibles) and Frazer Irving (The Authority).

Pocket-sized Graphic Novel • £7.99

THE HORUS HERESY VOL. II: VISIONS OF DARKNESS

text by Alan Merrett

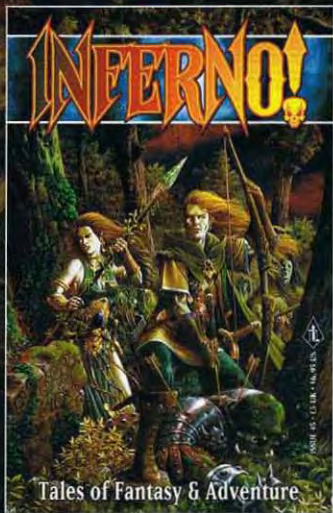
The follow-up to the sell-out Horus Heresy Vol. I is now here! Continuing a comprehensive account of the long and bloody history of the greatest war the universe has ever known, this book is packed with stunning art.

Artbook • £15.00

THE HORUS HERESY VOL. II: VISIONS OF DARKNESS



Don't miss the **Horus Heresy Vol II Collector's Edition** available for a limited time in a deluxe hardback format. See the Black Library website for more details.



INFERNO! 45

edited by Marc Gascoigne and Christian Dunn

Four storming tales from the worlds of Warhammer! The Blood Ravens from Dawn of War make an appearance in the *Altar of Cyrene*, the monstrous Skaven spell doom in *Rottenkreig*, witch hunters chase a bloodthirsty killer in *As Dead As Flesh* and the Space Wolves must face an unknown foe in *Engage the Enemy*. Plus a treatise on the nature of magic from Marijan von Stauter, the author of *Liber Chaotica*.

Fiction Anthology • £5.00

THE BLACK LIBRARY. READ TILL YOU BLEED

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN



Games Workshop's artistic visionary John Blanche talks about what inspires him when bringing new worlds to life, preferably without ever using the colour blue.

By Guy Haley

"I distinctly remember being told what I liked was all well and good, and I had a romantic spirit, but it would never earn me a living, so there was no point in doing it." So speaks John Blanche. As he is now the Art Director of Games Workshop, you can't help but think his teachers at art college might feel a little foolish now.

John's life is a strange story almost worthy of Dickens, a writer he has a great deal of respect for (like another favourite writer of his, Mervyn Peake, he was an artist too), going from working class kid with a love of toy soldiers to some kind of artistic demiurge.

Among 'shared' fantasy and science fiction universes, those of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 are perhaps some of the most evocative. As an artist

and director of artists, John has played a major role in shaping these worlds, or 'alternative histories' as he prefers to call them. Partially owing to his sensibilities, these twin game worlds have become dark and dangerous places, contrary to the glossy, High Fantasy universes favoured by US writers, populated by steel bikini-clad blondes.

Though it was the emergence of role playing games in the 1970s that helped to give birth to Games Workshop, the men of GW were soon pushing their games away from the sub-Tolkien worlds of roleplaying. Early RPG's were kind of the American dream writ large, cartoon versions of the frontier, where adventurous spirits could wrest vast

fortunes from unfortunate Ores by the application of a big axe, even becoming Gods if sufficient foes were felled. Not so in Warhammer and the science fantasy universe of Warhammer 40,000, places populated by flawed characters, where the only path to glory is dark and diabolical, and the gods are forever hungry.

"To me fantasy is much darker than American High Fantasy, certainly more violent, and more oppressive. But it's also very real," says John. "I didn't see fantasy being occupied by shiny characters, it was all very Dickensian. Fantasy denizens to me all look like Fagin. Everybody has an eye-patch and a wooden leg, dirty fingernails, and worn

"I didn't see fantasy being occupied by shiny characters, it was all very Dickensian. Fantasy denizens to me all look like Fagin."

Classic Sister of Battle
By John Blanche

"I really strove with this particular painting, because it would be wrong for me as an artist to have just painted a squad of Sisters of Battle. When I start I still don't know how some elements of the painting will turn out, such as the background. I want to be surprised when I'm doing it. I want to be entertained, amazed and astounded. At the time, I didn't realise the importance the picture would have. But a lot of the characters that are there in the background have actually been resurrected. They still occupy artwork that happens today. Some are even miniatures. It's an iconic piece that broke a mould. There's a bit of a homage to Rembrandt there also, a Rembrandt character. I like taking classical art and inserting it into my own work."



clothes. And thereby lies the strength of it. It is evocative, there is so much background there, the universes are so strong."

John explains that Games Workshop worlds are inspired a lot by the real world. Further, he maintains that the Games Workshop game worlds are extensions of Northern European culture. "History is fascinating. I constantly find that real life is far more bizarre, far weirder, than what you can conjure up with your own mind. In fact, the resonance isn't just history, or the history of Western Europe, but it echoes through our past, right back to Paleolithic times. It's a very Northern European thing. Skulls crop up all the time, for instance, in Northern European art. Why? These things have always fascinated me, and they find their way into my pictures. You don't see it so much in Southern Europe. If I were better with words, I might write a book about it."

Would Gothic be the right word?

"Yes, and no. Gothic means lots of things. You have the architectural style, from the Early Middle Ages, which then

"I was seriously ill a few years ago. It really was a matter of life or death. And as I lay there I thought 'what will I leave behind?'"

became something else in the Late Middle Ages, and was then reinvented by the Victorians, and they applied to all sorts of stuff. Then we have what we call Games Workshop Gothic, which is inspired by, but is none of these things." The word "Gothic" itself comes from the Goths, a group of ancient Germanic tribes, which brings us neatly back to Northern Europe. John himself is a living extension of this tradition. His major influences include Rembrandt, Albrecht Dürer and Hieronymus Bosch. He even goes so far as to put altered versions of figures from their paintings into his own. "The thing is," he says, "you carry those people with you. I'm not so excited by Bosch anymore, I don't go out and look at his work, but it is part of me, I suppose, these days."

The influences are there to see. For instance, John still rarely uses blue, his works executed in the earthy orange and red tones favoured by his heroes.

However, his head is not only turned by the Germanic.

"The best painting I have ever seen in the flesh, and a lot of people look at me aghast when I say this, is the Mona Lisa by Da Vinci. I was astounded because I thought it was so much bigger. It's tiny. They keep it in the Louvre, in this big box, and you have to look through bullet-proof glass at it. You have to push your way through crowds of people. But when I saw it I was transfixed, I thought, 'God that is incredible!' To the same extent I like the Pre-Raphaelite Edward Burn Jones. Lawrence Alma-Tadema also. He was a very big Victorian artist, he came from Belgium, but he was actually knighted by Queen Victoria. He was one of the few foreigners to be made a Sir. And I have read accounts of them throwing away his paintings in the 1950's because they regarded them as being purely chocolate box covers! But I've seen a couple. I saw one in a



Space Marines by Jim Burns

"Early on we were using famous people like Chris Achilleos, Peter Jones and Jim Burns. We were happy to work with them, and they were very happy to work with us. But all we could do was really describe what we wanted,

we could not involve them in building these alternative histories. Jim Burns's painting is really only illustrating what we had as miniatures at the time. And it became hard even to control that. (By the way, one Marine

is inspired by a photograph of Al Pacino!). He's a great guy, Jim Burns, such a professional. But we try not to use freelancers – we simply don't have hours to devote to describing what a Space Marine looks like."



Hamburg museum. You stand 15 feet away and you're looking at a photograph, and you walk up close and you're seeing paintbrush strokes. It is emotional, painterly and textural and photographic at the same time, the guy's a genius! But the person who really had more impact on me than anybody else has to be Rembrandt. He can do the lot. Again, he can paint almost photographically, and at other times he can be very loose and expressive."

This conflict, and its resolution, between emotional expressionism and the painter's craft crops up several times as John talks. In some ways, it seems to have driven his development as an artist. He says that when he was younger he was concerned mostly with photographic realism, but this has changed somewhat.

"Those painterly brush strokes express raw emotion, whereas tight controlled painting is, to some extent, just purely a visual record. To put a bit of emotion into it gives the painting lots of warmth and a dynamic that you don't get from photographic rendering. Once I started to appreciate that in fantasy art... I mean, a person I used to dislike was Frank Frazetta. I used to think, 'It's just done dead quick. He's a great artist but he just doodles them off.' And then, one day I thought, 'Actually, the guy's a genius!' After that I started to look at different things in art. I started to appreciate even some contemporary art, not all of it, because a lot of it's awful.

Rather than just look at the surface, I started to look into art and feel some of the emotional values of the artist."

Strangely, neither seemed to be particularly favoured by his teachers at college, which just goes to show that while art is a fundamental part of human life, the people who define it as such are horribly afflicted by fashion.

"They tried to unteach me at art college. I was a working class lad from a council estate. I went to a secondary modern school, and I worked very hard to get into art college. When I arrived there it was full of quasi-intellectuals, and the big word at the time was existentialism. I didn't know what it meant, and nobody would tell me what it meant. I wanted to draw pictures. It was just horrendous. A lot of my colleagues had unhappy experiences at art college, because the teachers tried to steer them towards what they consider to be high art, and the craft, the exercise of rendering, is frowned upon, which is just extraordinary."

This is not something that has held back John, nor the likes of Dave Gallagher, Alex Boyd, Karl and Stefan Kopinski, or Paul Dainton, some of Games Workshop's enormously talented artists.

"That leads me to my conviction. I go to a lot of exhibitions and galleries. I don't go to them all, but when I go to them I think there's work that we're producing in our studio now that can stand up

Third Edition Warhammer 40,000 cover – Black Templars by John Blanche

"I worked through my Christmas holidays painting that one. It took a number of months. Not full working days. Now there's a thing, I've got a very strange position here, because I'm a number of people. One of the people that I am is part of the management team, part of the structure that analyses and delivers and makes demands of other people. One of the people I am is somebody who does conceptual sketchwork, coming up with fresh ideas, driving the imagery, provoking corners and laying down baselines for people to build on top of. And the other person I am is an artist, pure and simple. Putting those three things together time wise can be very hard."

alongside some of these great, great artists."

It's this reverence for the output of the Design Studio that has led to the creation of The Gallery at Warp Artefacts: an online repository for the very best Games Workshop artwork. The fine art prints available from The Gallery were personally selected by John and represent both a historical record of the Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 games and are a testament to the talents of the studio artists.

continued on page 30...



Skaven regiment box cover by Karl Kopinski

"This is one of about six box covers we did at once. It's satisfactory because it's a representation of the box contents, it is the plastic miniatures. But, probably for the first time, it made them individual characters. They are the plastic miniatures, yet they are not. They're what the plastic miniatures

represent in your mind, put into very emotional context.

I remember we were desperate to put full art on box covers, and that is very difficult to achieve, because we have so many boxes, and you can't just do one. You have to try and roll

it out. It was something silly like 'do us a box cover in two weeks'. You say that to an artist and they'll look at you aghast because they want to do the best job they can, but if you put pressure on people who have the ability and the experience to do professional work quickly, then they emotionally loosen up."



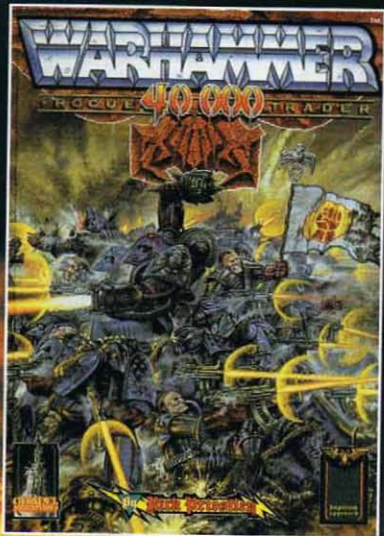
Empire versus Orcs, Warhammer 6th edition rulebook by Alex Boyd

"This is not by me, but there is a large part of me in a lot of the work that gets done by other artists because I am part of the briefing process, though hopefully it's not so much a brief as a more of a relationship, a communication. I had a very strong vision for Warhammer. I wanted it to be very dark, and I wanted a linked series of pictures in the book, to get at some kind of theme, presented throughout from a human viewpoint. The human viewpoint for fantasy obviously is the Empire, so we kicked off the volume with the legend of Sigmar and the pseudo-Bayeux tapestry. The full-page plates are all Empire based, they're all Empire troops versus some kind of enemy, which gives it a very strong base. But I never did any myself. Hence the sort of dilemma between being a manager and being an artist. You cannot do everything all the time."

**Right: Warhammer 40,000 Rogue Trader cover – Crimson Fists
by John Sibbick**

**Below: Marine Codex cover – Crimson Fists update
by Dave Gallagher**

"John Sibbick is probably the world authority, in terms of being an artist, on dinosaurs. He does lots of dinosaur books. He hadn't quite embarked on that career when he did that cover for us. Very quiet man, very humble man. That was the first freelance commission for Warhammer 40,000 that we did. It was commissioned for the cover. The vision behind it was to be an archetypal last stand. The mighty, knightly warrior, facing overwhelming odds. That painting has been brought up to date by Dave Gallagher. So you see an updating of the Marine armour marks, I always forget them, because I'm terrible with numbers. But again, you know they're going to die, that it's a last stand. There are three missiles in the background coming straight for those Marines, a lot of people miss that, but when you see them, you know every one of them is going to die."





WITCH HUNTERS by Karl Kopinski

"Here you can see how the artists have taken some of Warhammer 40,000's imagery a step further, having absorbed everything that has gone before. That's the whole joy in working for Games Workshop. The artists have worked together for a number of years to the extent that all their styles have kind of merged. They're producing... I'd hate to use the word house style, because a house style kind of represents something that has walls, that is confined. I wouldn't wish our artists to feel confined, but it's the closest thing to having a house style that Games Workshop has ever had."

Still, GW's artists are not entirely free. They can't just make their own stuff up. They are, John says, illustrators, with deadlines to meet. But they are also one of Games Workshop's primary engines when it comes to dreaming up new weirdnesses to unleash on the tabletop, a process that can also be seen at work in the fiction published by The Black Library. They help the worlds live, and more, they are part of what pushes their evolution forward.

"I go to a lot of exhibitions and galleries... I think there's work that we're producing in our studio now that can sit alongside some of these great, great artists."

"The push and shove of it is those technical restraints, but the pleasurable side of it, the organic growth side of it is trying to make our art visionary, make it lyrical, give it a narrative. That's my personal sort of driver, not just filling spaces in a book with pictures. Recently I went to the Turner exhibition in Birmingham. I love Turner's work, but I'd say 90-95 per cent of it was very dull. I feel I know why. Turner, like everybody else, had to earn a living, so he was doing commissions for wealthy people, classicist pictures showing their estates and their houses and the people around them. Only when Turner had the freedom to truly express himself could he let go. So I was looking at his work and thinking: 'Hey, he'd have loved to have worked for Games Workshop!'"

John now describes himself as living in the worlds he has helped to create. His own time is spent working on sketch books, explorations of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000. "So I have

something to leave to my family. I was seriously ill a few years ago. It really was a matter of life or death. And as I lay there I thought 'what will I leave behind?' I've done loads of work but lots of it is lost, or kept in a drawer."

Confronted with mortality, John works harder to deepen our fictional universes. A more powerful case for the lure of Warhammer you will not find. Fortunately for us, the man is a genius.

Many more examples of Games Workshop's artwork, drawn from our extensive archives, can be found at www.warpartefacts.com. You'll also find a number of the paintings are available as fine art prints.

John

WARHAMMER



Bugman's Lament:
Our campaign
continues with
Across the Sol.



**Bretonnia in
Flames:**
A full map campaign
set in the fair realm
of Bretonnia.



Hard as Stone:
The Origin of the
White Dwarf
revealed at last!



**A Tale of Four
Gamers:**
Four men, four
armies, one hobby.

Feeding Time!

Phil Kelly gives us a peek at *Ogre Kingdoms*, the latest Warhammer Armies book, which details a race of unparalleled gluttony.

A way to the east of the Old World lie the savage Ogre kingdoms. Amongst the frozen and desolate mountains of this realm live the Ogres; big, ugly, brutish monsters who excel at two things: eating and fighting. An Ogre is easily recognised by his massive frame and

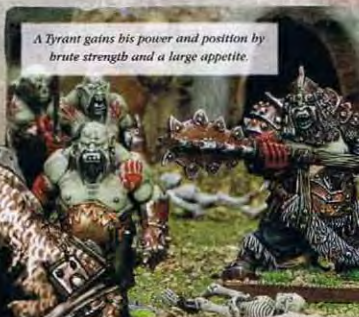
boulder-like gut, but anyone that comes across one would do well to stay out of its path, for an Ogre will club to death and messily devour any living thing it can catch. The Ogres come from a number of kingdoms scattered throughout the Mountains of Mourn and beyond. They travel the world

fighting as mercenaries and picking on those weaker than themselves, which is pretty much everybody. To the dismay of the civilised races, the Ogre populations have got so large that they have begun to foray into the outside world not in small groups, but in their hundreds.





Warhammer Armies: Ogre Kingdoms is a brand new army book covering an entirely new race for the Warhammer world. The Ogre Kingdoms army is a massive blunt instrument that smashes into the enemy lines with the force of a ton of bricks. It is a hard-hitting army that excels at close quarters but is often outmanoeuvred and outnumbered on the battlefield. Nevertheless, with some of the most powerful monsters and characters in the Warhammer game at its disposal, the Ogre Kingdoms army is a deadly prospect even when fighting on the enemies' terms.



A Tyrant gains his power and position by brute strength and a large appetite.



Ogre Tyrant

TYRANT

Tyrants are the dominant males of Ogre society. As with many of the less civilised races of the world, the Tyrant is generally the biggest, strongest, fiercest and most capable of the Ogres in a given tribe.

The largest Tyrants are quite capable of wrestling a Giant to the ground or smashing their way through a fortified gate with their bare fists. If a Tyrant wants you as his next meal, then the only thing coming between you and his vast sprawling gut is a fast horse and an awful lot of luck.

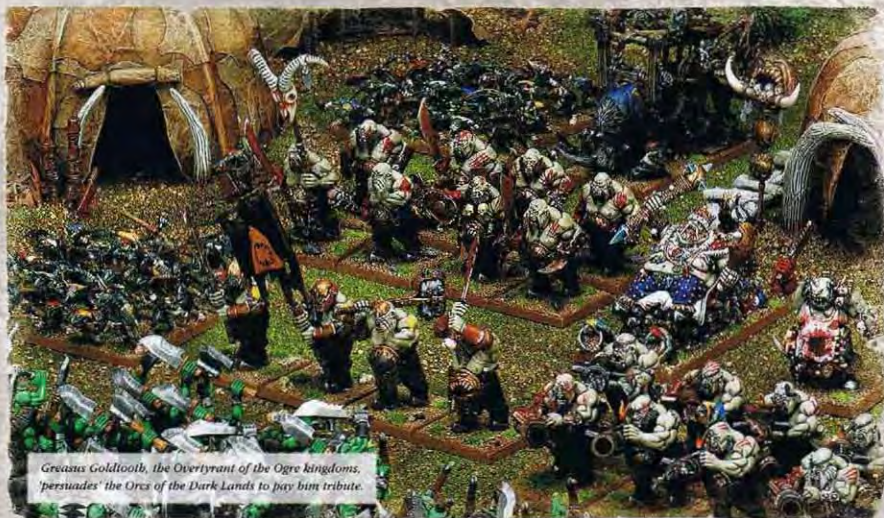


Hunter and Sabretusk.

HUNTER

Hunters are among the most massive and independent of their kind, and think nothing of single-handedly climbing to the peak of a mountain whilst tracking a wounded Great Mammoth or bull Rhinox. A Hunter is generally covered in a network of scars and tattoos, overlaid by the thick pelts of his prey as protection from the arctic conditions of the Mountains of Mourn. He decorates himself with the tusks, claws, fangs and skulls of the cave-beasts he has single-handedly killed and eaten. A Hunter will typically have a great beast's skull affixed to his gut-plate to illustrate his prowess.

It is not unheard of for a Hunter to keep a Sabretusk or two to help sniff out his quarry and help to bring it down. These giant, agile felines have massive tusks jutting from their lower jaws, used for ripping out the guts of their prey.



Greasus Goldtooth, the Overtyrant of the Ogre kingdoms, 'persuades' the Orcs of the Dark Lands to pay him tribute.

BUTCHER

Butchers are immense, corpulent hulks covered in offal and dried blood. They have appalling personal hygiene and like nothing more than wallowing in raw meat, guts and gore regardless of source.

Hideous and mean, Butchers are essentially the Ogre equivalent of a tribal shaman, although their role is more that of holy man than a traditional wizard.

They have a direct link to the Ogres' god, the Great Maw, and are able to channel a small portion of their deity's insatiable thirst for gluttony and violence in a practice known as 'gut magic'. A Butcher is also directly responsible for preparing his tribe's Grand Feasts, the closest the Ogres have to a religious festival.



Butcher

BULLS

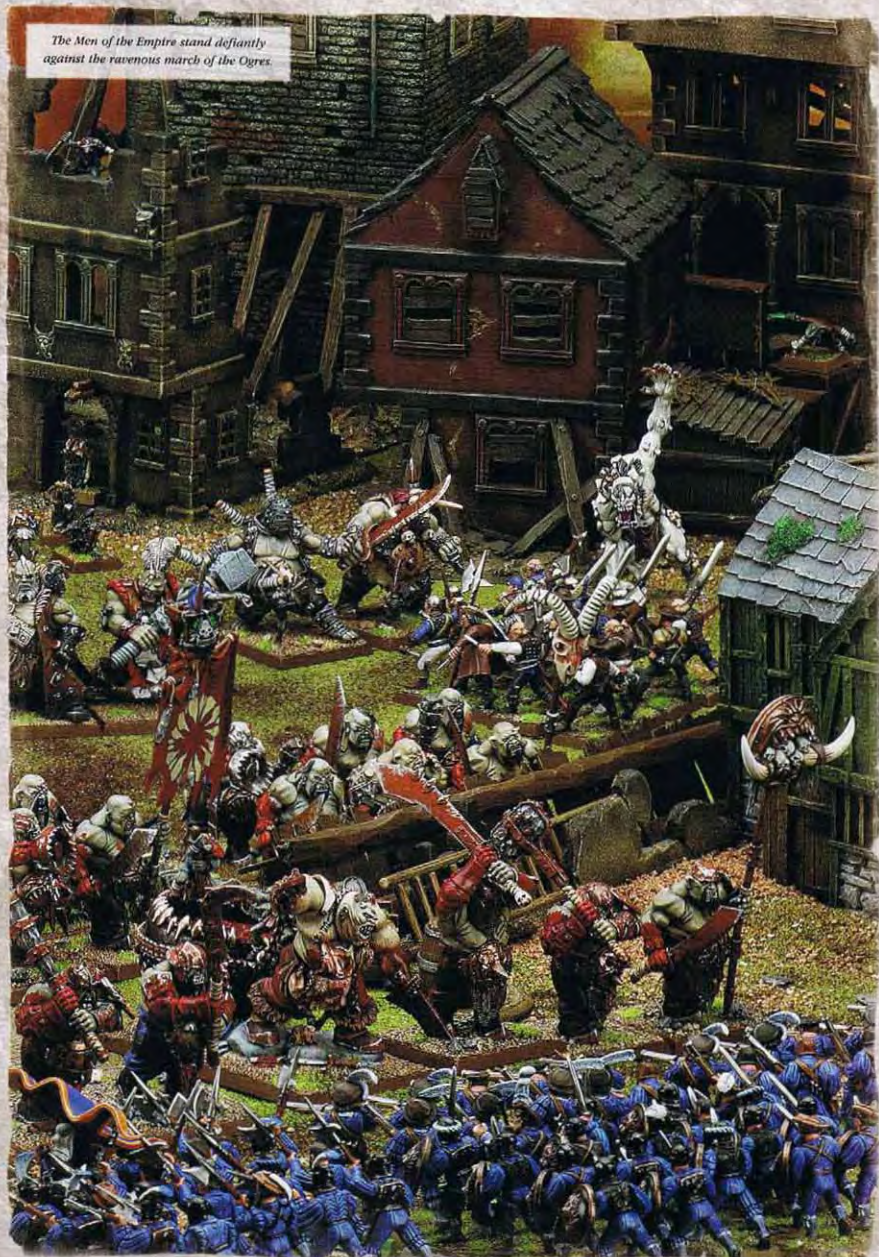
Big, brutish and extremely violent, Bulls stand over ten feet tall whilst retaining a massive girth and heavily set frame. The term Bull is used for all adult male Ogres. As such, Bulls make up the majority of any Ogre Kingdom, an unwashed mass of muscle and fat that can flatten landscapes as well as settlements when they gather in sufficient numbers. Every Bull's pride and joy is his gut. In Ogre society, a large gut is a sign of status and strength (after all, he's caught and eaten a lot of prey, or even other Ogres, to get that large), and the thick-set, aggressive

Crushers that lead each pack of Bulls on the battlefield are violent, wealthy and strong.



A unit of Ogre Bulls. These models are all plastic, you know.

*The Men of the Empire stand defiantly
against the ravenous march of the Ogres.*



BUGMAN'S



LAMENT



Nick Kyme

The nefarious Goblin King, Git Guzzler, and his Goblin army is secretly marching on the brewery of

Josef Bugman. Meanwhile our hero returns from the Empire aboard the river barge of Captain Grim Grunnson. In the third part of Bugman's Lament, Guzzler has sent Kap'n Skabend and his Goblin pirates to delay Bugman. Can the doughty Dwarf get past the Goblins in time to save his brewery?

Bugman's Lament charts the historic fall of Bugman's Brewery to an army of Goblin raiders and the events that led up to it. This is part three of the campaign, a skirmish upon the River Sol. A Dwarf barge carrying Josef Bugman is ambushed by Goblin River Pirates. Git Guzzler's army is preparing to assault Bugman's brewery, and the wily Git knows that destroying the place will be far easier if Bugman himself is sleeping with the fishes.

As usual we've provided rules for the main protagonists of the scenario as well as a number of unique units. These special characters and special units are not intended to be additions to the main army lists, but if you want to use them elsewhere, you should feel free to adapt them for your own scenarios.

Note that any special characters must be used as they are presented here and may not be given any additional equipment and/or magic items.

THE STORY SO FAR

A great and growing peril is about to engulf the Dwarfs of the Dragonback clan and their settlement in the southern fringes of the Empire. Within the forests a horde of Goblins is

amassing, gathered together by the will and might of the cruel Goblin King, Git Guzzler. The greenskin Warlord is intent on raising an army large enough to attack the settlement and destroy Bugman's Brewery. In this he hopes to gain enough renown and beer to assemble a large force and march upon the very Empire itself.

Git Guzzler's plan is already in motion and although restricted to small actions at first, it is now gathering pace. The Git has declared his intentions to attack Bugman. Already a trio of beer carts en route to the Empire have been ambushed by Goblin Wolf Riders. The brave Brewmaster, Bazrak Bolgan, who led the expedition has since regrouped his warriors and returned to the brewery to bolster the defences there.

Later Skeggi Threkkson, Bugman's most trusted captain and loyal friend, repelled an attack on one of the Dwarf watch towers that ring the lands around the Dragonback settlement, their beacons ready to warn of impending attack.

Here the Goblin Shaman, Grabnatz launched this second attack, desperate to destroy the tower with his mighty giant and fungus brew Goblins. Spying the Goblins emerging from the woods surrounding the Dwarf outpost, Skeggi gave the order to light the beacon. As the brazier flame atop the tower roared into life, Skeggi prayed that Bugman would see it and heed his warning before it was too late.

Meanwhile, upon the Sol, Bugman was returning from delivering a shipment of his precious ale to a far off town in the Empire. He was weary from the journey and eager to return to his brewery and get off the water.

The ship's captain, Grim 'Dead Eye' Grunnson, knew the dangers of the river and eyed the water suspiciously, an ill-feeling in his bones. Suddenly, there was a cry from the thick reeds lining the riverbanks. Reaching for his crossbow, Bugman turned to see that a band of Goblins were upon them, river pirates intent on sinking the barge and preventing his return for good.

MODELLING THE DWARF BARGE

By Chris 'Popeye' Bone



Boats and Beer. These are two subjects very close to my heart. So, I just had to make the Dwarf barge for Bugman's Lament. My inspiration came from the Mississippi river steamers of the 19th

century and I downloaded an image from the web for my design.

It had to be fairly big for some Dwarf on Grobi action. The template for the deck I made using Microsoft Word auto shapes which I printed onto A4 paper, placed onto a piece of pink insulation foam and drew around. The foam I then shaped using a hot wire cutter and smoothed down with sandpaper.

I used the same template to create the decking from 3mm thick balsa wood. I scored indentations along the grain of the soft balsa with a fine tipped biro and a ruler. I made the space between each line about 5mm apart. I then glued the balsa onto the foam with PVA woodworking glue.

The sides to the hull were made from 1cm wide strips of cereal packet card (in fact, I had to eat two whole packets of muesli without milk just to make this. Do not try this at home). You can glue around the sides with wood glue, but I used a hot glue gun as it's faster. I then curved the card between my finger and thumb and used pins to hold the strips onto the foam whilst the glue dried. I started from the bottom and glued another strip overlapping the first by 5mm. This gives a clinker-built effect.

Protective shields and railings I made from sides of the old Empire war wagon which I had left over from the Bugman's brewery carts (see WD298). Again using my superpowers I curved the metal to follow the curve of the boat. Arrrr!

The railings I made from siege ladders, which I curved and hot glued to the hull. The winch and loading platform was made using elements of the Siege Tower and the Dwarf Bolt Thrower. I then wound a length of fine chain round the winch and rustified it with Brown Ink.

The loading bays for the hold are doors from the Mighty Fortress, but you could make them from balsa. I glued on Dwarf shield bosses and icons for decoration.

Finally, I sprayed the decking black and then highlighted it successively with Bestial Brown, Bubonic Brown and Bleached Bone.



The railings - made simply from siege ladders.



The winch and loading platform.

SHIELD BOSSES

It's best to paint shield bosses whilst they are attached to the sprue. Spray them Skull White, then base coat with Shining Gold. Wash with Chestnut Ink wash and highlight with a mix of Mithril Silver and Shining Gold.





The prow of the Dwarf barge I made from the crouching statue that formed part of the original Dwarf Anvil of Doom model. A support from the Dwarf Stone Thrower completes this section of the barge.



The roof of the wheel house lifts off and for extra detail within, there's a table made from balsa with various items taken from the Mordheim Accessory sprue. The barge's wheel is a plastic spoked wheel.

SWIVEL GUNS

The four deadly swivel guns that protect the barge were made from a combination of a Bronzino's Galloper Gun Cannon for the gun itself and the base and shaft of a siege defenders rock dropper.

I glued the cannon in place of where the rock dropper arm would have been and cut the shaft down to Dwarf height.



SCENARIO THREE: ACROSS THE RIVER SOL

Dwarfs place little faith in water and the way in which rivers and seas can be used for trade and transport. It is only the clans of Barak Varr that embrace the nautical way of life, as their hold stands upon the shores of the Black Gulf. These Dwarfs produce the great wonders of the steamship and are looked on with amusement and even mockery by the other clans, whose trust is only in steel and solid ground.

However, the Dwarf expatriots of the Empire are more open-minded than most Dwarfs, and just as Bugman has adopted many other customs of the Reiklanders, so too does he employ the use of barges in

the transportation of his ales into the Empire. Flowing near his brewery, the Sol is ideal for transporting Bugman's merchandise into the heart of the greatest realm of men, and it is with great frequency that Bugman's barges trawl the great river, a tributary of the mighty Reik. Of course, such a journey is not without peril, and Bugman and his warriors are ever vigilant for bandits and thieves who might try to steal his cargo.

But on this day, the danger was direr still. For unbeknownst to Bugman, a battle was coming, a horde of Goblins with greater ambition than simple theft. The great Goblin King, Gif Gutzler, is assembling

his hordes and means to slow Bugman down before he can return and aid his soon-to-be imperilled kin.

It falls to Kap'n Skabend, a Goblin pirate of some infamy, to take on the Bugman's Barge with his Goblins, the River Ratz. His mission is to sink it and prevent Bugman from ever returning home. But as they attack, Skabend spies an old foe from his past aboard the Dwarf barge, the captain, Grim 'Dead Eye' Grunsson. Rubbing the hook he has in place of a hand, a reminder of his last meeting with Grunsson, he promises beneath his breath to take Grunsson's other eye, and finish what started between them long ago.

THE ARMIES

Grim Grunsson's Crew

Grim's Dwarf force is 400 points. It is led by Grim 'Dead Eye' Grunsson and Josef Bugman, who both count as the army general (so any Dwarf within 12" of either character may use their Leadership for psychology tests), and must be chosen from the list below:

CORE: Warriors, Crossbowmen, Thunderers.

SPECIAL: Slayers, 5+ Dwarf Sea Dogs (see special rules).

Kap'n Skabend's River Ratz

Kap'n Skabend's pirate horde is 500 points. It is led by Kap'n Skabend, Goblin Big Boss, who is the army general, and must be chosen from the list below:

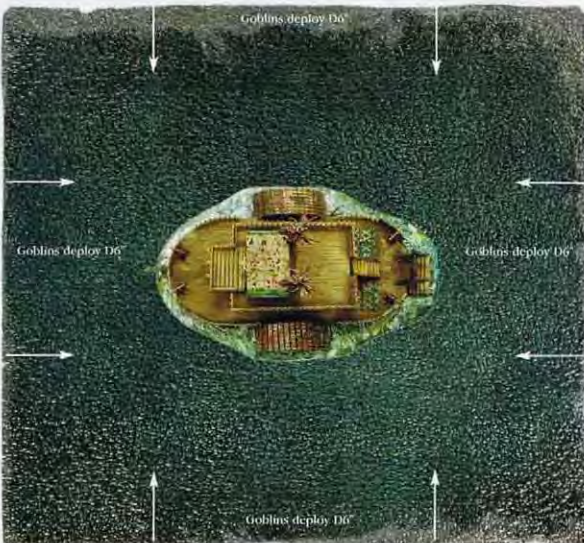
CHARACTERS: Slygit.

CORE: Goblins, Snotlings.

SPECIAL: 0-2 Harpoon Chukkas (see special rules), 0-2 Gob Launches (see special rules).

RARE: 0-3 River Trolls, Snotling Pump Raft (see special rules).

Note: All the rafts that the Goblins are riding upon, including Skabend's Atak Raft cost no points to take into account the fact that the Dwarfs are riding in Grim's battle barge.



RIVER ASSAULT

Kap'n Skabend and his River Ratz have launched a rapid attack against the massive Dwarf barge. Their wooden rafts are no match against its speed and power, but Skabend knows the river well and has chosen a spot where the barge must travel slowly through a narrow water course or risk being clogged up with long reeds and other river-borne debris.

He won't have much time, but if he can get his Goblins on board and breach the hull, he can scupper the

barge and Bugman will never make it back to the Brewery.

With the barge slowed, Grim Grunsson knows they are vulnerable to attack. As the Goblins launch their assault the Dwarfs must hold firm, to prevent them getting on board the vessel. If they can hold off the Goblins for long enough they will make it through the bottleneck and can head on towards home.

Bugman, together with his warriors and Grunsson and his crew, must repel the attack and traverse the Sol in time to reach the Brewery before it's too late.

Grim 'Dead Eye' Grunnson

Grim 'Dead Eye' Grunnson has been trawling the waterways of the Empire for many long years. Once an Engineer at Barak Varr he was disbarred from the guild for drinking engine oil and a penchant for building his vessels out of wood. Eventually he left the hold and took up work as a bargeman in the Empire with some of his kin. It was here that Grim finally found peace, or so he thought. On one fateful day he and his kinsmen were attacked by Goblin pirates in a carefully planned ambush. Upon the deck of his sinking barge, the 'Sea Hawk,' did Grim meet his nemesis. In the battle that followed between them, Kap'n Skabend gouged out Grim's eye but not before the doughty Dwarf took off the Goblin's hand at the wrist. Reeling from their injuries, the two of them broke away and the Goblins were finally put to flight, but only at great cost. Since that day Grim has been searching the waterways of every river in the Empire, hoping to find Skabend and repay old debts.

Grim Grunnson	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	6	4	4	4	2	3	3	9

Cost: 79 points

Equipment: Grim carries a brace of pistols and a hand weapon. He also carries a special Dwarf telescope.

Grim is a Dwarf Thane and uses up one of your Hero choices.

Special Rules

Enmity: Unknown to Bugman one of the reasons Grim made sure he was hired for the journey was that he secretly hoped to encounter Skabend and settle the grudge between them. Grim has a bitter hatred of Skabend and may re-roll any missed hits against him in every round of combat, not just the first, although he must accept the second result. Furthermore, if Grim and Skabend are within 8" of each other at the start of a turn, roll a D6. On a roll of 1 they are so enraged that they must BOTH move towards each other as fast as possible (Grim will even dive off the barge to get to Skabend). The player whose turn it is will move first and then the other player must move his character towards his nemesis in the following Movement phase.

Sea blood: Unlike most Dwarfs, Grim is totally at home in the water and having spent most of his life upon the river, is an expert swimmer (even for a Dwarf!). He may re-roll any Strength test when he is swimming and moves D6+2" (see special rules).

Magic Items

Dwarf telescope: Grim's telescope was a gift to him from his Engineer Guildmaster when he left Barak Varr. It is a special item rather than a magic item and as such it isn't affected by spells, other magic items, etc. that normally affect magic items. The telescope allows Grim to see further and aim his pistol from a greater distance with accuracy. Whilst firing a pistol Grim may add +D6" to the range.

MODELLING GRIM GRUNNISON

By Nick Kyme

Grim is based upon a Dwarf Slayer Pirate model. I wanted to make him stand out from the rest of his crew, so I gave him a jaunty hat and a Dwarf telescope.



I used the end of the telescope from the Dwarf Cannon Crewman and glued this to the end of a bottle the Slayer Pirate model was holding to make Grim's telescope.



I made the eyepatch from Green Stuff, sculpting a little skull to add extra detail. The hat was from the Empire soldier's sprue.



To show his affiliation to Bugman, I glued a small keg of Bugman's brew onto Grim's back.



0-1 DWARF SEADOGS

Points/model: 14

These rough and ready Dwarfs are Grim's indispensable crew. Carrying pistols in combat, they are well-accustomed to naval battles.

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

Unit Size: 8-16 (this is for comparative purposes only. Use it if you want to use the Dwarf Seadogs in your own regular games of Warhammer. In Skirmish, units do not adhere to their maximums and minimums).

Weapons and armour: Hand weapon and a brace of pistols.

(Note: Dwarf Slayer Pirate models make excellent Seadogs).



Josef Bugman

Bugman always accompanies his barges when they venture far out into the heartlands of the Empire. He is all too aware of the predations of human bandits and the other foul creatures that lurk in the forests next to the river. Though he knows nothing of Grim's ulterior motives, he is ready for battle with his trusty crossbow and rune axe when the Goblins fall upon them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Josef Bugman	3	6	4	4	4	2	4	3	9

Cost: 160 points

Equipment: Josef carries a crossbow and rune axe, and wears light armour and a shield.

Josef Bugman is a Dwarf Thane and so uses up one of your Hero choices.

Special Rules

Early days: As this mini-campaign is set before Bugman's Brewery was put to the torch, Bugman does not yet suffer from his greenskin grudge, nor is he the leader of his rangers. At this moment in time Josef Bugman should be fielded just as he is presented here.

Magic Items

Josef's Axe: Bugman's axe is an heirloom handed down to him by his father Zamnil. It bears the Rune of Cleaving and Rune of Fury (see page 20 of the Dwarfs army book for more details).

Bugman's Tankard: This tankard is a fabled item. It is said that so long as a Bugman of the Dragonback clan holds it, the beer within will never be drained, no matter how many draughts are taken. The magical properties of the tankard, combined with the invigorating effects of Bugman's brew within allow Josef Bugman to Regenerate.



Kap'n Skabend

Skabend is a malicious and calculating creature. He has plagued the rivers of the Empire for many long years and grown wily and cunning in that time. His River Ratz are loyal and fearful of him. He too, like Grim, is keen to catch up with his arch-enemy once more, having developed a persistent itch where his hand used to be. In battle he does all the trappings of a traditional pirate, even down to a small parrot-like squig called Skreek which sits upon Skabend's shoulder.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kap'n Skabend	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	3	7

Cost: 123 points

Equipment: Kap'n Skabend carries a hand weapon (which is a magic weapon) and pistol and wears light armour. He also has a hook hand (this adds +1 Attack and may be combined with either his hand weapon or pistol in close combat).

Skabend is a Goblin Big Boss and so uses up one of your Hero choices. Note he must always be taken with Stygit, his first mate.

Special Rules

Enmity: Skabend has a deep abiding hatred of Grim 'Dead-eye' Grumson, it was him that gave him the hook hand that causes him so much discomfort. As such Skabend is scouring the river, waiting for the day that Grim crosses his path again. Like Grim, if the two characters are within 12" of each other, roll a D6. On a roll of 1, Skabend will charge towards Grim, jumping into the water if he has to! Skabend hates Grim with equal venom and so may re-roll all of his missed hits in every round of close combat, but must accept the result of the second roll.

Skreek, Parrot Squig: A peculiar variation of the Squig, Skreek resembles a skinny, squig-like bird. His tiny wings are so small that he cannot fly very well but often flaps about in mid-air for a few seconds whilst he shouts warnings to his master. With this forewarning, Skabend is one step ahead of his enemies and can avoid their attacks. As such he has a 5+ Ward Save.

Troglobots: Skabend is drawn to the river like a moth to a flame. He is a distantly descended from a scarcely-known species of Goblins called Troglobots, which are natural river dwellers. Because of this, Skabend is almost semi-aquatic and swims with ease. He may always re-roll the Strength test when swimming and may swim up to a distance of D6+2" each turn.

Magic Items

Skabend carries Hacka's Sword of Hackin' (see page 30 of the the Orc and Goblin army book for more details).



Slygit

Diminutive even by Goblin standards, Slygit is Skabend's not-so-trusted first mate. The only reason Skabend keeps him around is that the rest of the River Ratz have got quite attached to him. He was once struck by lightning while they were out on the river in a storm and miraculously survived. Since that fateful night the River Ratz believed that Slygit was blessed by Mork and is regarded as something of a lucky mascot.

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

Cost: 45 points

Equipment: Slygit carries two hand weapons and his 'bana'.

Slygit is always found with Skabend. Together they use up one Hero choice.

Special Rules

Lucky git: Slygit is possibly the luckiest Goblin ever to have walked the face of the Old World. Certainly he has avoided death at the hands of his master many times! Slygit has a special save of 2+ against any spell, wound or attack that might otherwise kill him. If he rolls a 2+ then the Wound, spell effects etc. are ignored, although any other model in a unit with him is affected as normal.

Magic Items

Slygit's Bana: Slygit wears the Red Bana on his back. It waves in the air madly as he cavorts and jumps all over the place, and is a source of much pride to the River Ratz. All Goblins within 12" of Slygit may re-roll all failed panic and All Alone tests. Furthermore the River Ratz may ignore their first failed Rout test as long as Slygit is still on the board. However, he does not add +1 to Combat Resolution scores.

The Battlefield

The battle is fought over a 4' x 4' battlefield. This is a very unusual battle in that it is fought entirely on the river Sol, so the entire battlefield is surging water. The only 'static' feature of the battlefield is Grim Grunsson's Dwarf Barge which is placed in the centre of the table. It is matching the 'flow' of the river and so does not move for the duration of the game. The rest of the battlefield has no scenery (but debris can drift in later - see below).

Deploying for Battle

The entire Dwarf force is riding aboard Grim's barge and so must all be deployed upon it.

The Goblin pirates are all deployed on rafts (see below). They start the game deployed up to D6" from any board edge (roll separately for each raft).

The Dwarf force is deployed first.

Special Rules

The following special rules apply during the battle.

Skirmish. This is a Skirmish battle and follows all the rules given for Skirmish in the back of the Warhammer rulebook, but with the following amendments.

Shooting. There are no modifiers for shooting at Skirmishers or single characters.

Rout. The Dwarfs are bitterly determined not to give in and will fight until their last breath. As they also have nowhere to run, they are immune to Rout tests during the game.

Determined Dwarfs. The Dwarfs upon the barge are determined not to give ground to the Goblins and will protect the barge to their dying breaths. All the Dwarfs in this battle are immune to panic and All Alone tests.

River battle. The entire battle is fought on a large, dangerous and fast flowing river. The special rules given over the page apply for this battle.

MODELLING SKABEND & SLYGIT

By Paul Sawyer

Skabend is based on the Red Gobbo model from the Warhammer 40,000 Ork range. I added a gun from the Empire Militia sprue along with a hook and parrot from Long Drong.



Kap'n Skabend's pistol was built using a pistol from the Empire Militia sprue and the flared muzzle from the blunderbuss on the same sprue.



I had to carefully remove the parrot from Long Drong to act as Skabend's squig parrot. I then needed to resculpt a wing and the claws.



I made the eyepatch from Green Stuff. I used George Dellapina's tip (WD298) about letting the Green Stuff dry a little before sculpting.



I drilled into the back of the model, pinning in brass rod. The Banner was made from the top of the Banna Wava pole and the plastic Goblin sprues' Standard.

I modelled Slygit on the Banna Wava from the Warhammer 40,000 Ork range.



RIVER RULES

And you thought fighting on dry land was difficult...

Skirmish: The game is played using the Warhammer Skirmish rules.

River flow. The River Sol is a fast-flowing tributary of the Reik. Whilst Grim's barge can match the speed of the river easily, the Goblin rafts will be swept along by it if they don't paddle hard. The current flows east to west, against the barge.

At the start of each game turn after the first, roll a D6 and move all the rafts on the board that number of inches in the direction of the current. If a raft hits another raft they have collided. If they drift off the board they count as having pursued a fleeing enemy and may return at the start of their next turn.

Debris. The Sol has much debris floating down it. If the river flow roll is 4+, D6 pieces of debris, either barrels, crates, tree trunks or some other buoyant item, float down river from the east board edge at the speed of the river flow and will continue to float down at the start of each player's turn (debris is much lighter than a raft and so will move in both player turns). Each player rolls a D6 to determine where the debris comes on, with the highest roll choosing first with the choice alternating between players until all the debris is placed. The debris will move in a straight line from the point of origin until it collides with something or floats off the table.

Debris has no effect upon the barge and is destroyed upon impact but causes a Strength 2 hit against a raft.

Swimming. If a model is dumped (or dives – see the rules for Grim and Skaband above) into the water then in its next Movement phase it must swim (ie, it misses a phase if it hasn't moved already). To swim a model must roll equal to or under its Strength (a roll of 6 always fails). If successful it may swim up to D6+1" this turn. If it fails it must roll a D6 and score under its Armour Save to stay afloat (a 6 always fails) – otherwise they drown and are removed from the board as a casualty. The model may not move this turn and merely treads water, being gradually swept down the river. Any model swept off the board whilst in the water drowns and is removed as a casualty too.

If a model manages to reach a raft it may climb aboard automatically.

GOBLIN PIRATES

Kap'n Skaband and his Goblin River Ratz are a cunning breed of pirate. Borne upon rafts, they have a veritable arsenal of machineries to attack the ill-fated vessels that cross their path.

Rafts. All the Goblin pirates are mounted on crude rafts. Each raft can carry up to ten Goblins, has a Toughness of 4, 3 Wounds and may move up to 8" each turn. Every time the raft is wounded its speed is reduced by 2". Whatever speed the rafts are moving at, the Goblins on board may still shoot any missile weapons. They do not count as running if they move over 4.

Losing control. The Goblins in the game do not suffer from animosity. However, they may lose control of the raft. At the beginning of the Goblin turn, the Goblin player rolls a D6 for each raft which currently has Goblins aboard. On a roll of 1, roll a D6 and consult the table below.



Collisions. If a raft hits the barge or another raft, then a collision has occurred. If two rafts collide, both

suffer a Strength 4 hit. If a raft hits the barge it suffers D3 Strength 5 hits. If a raft is wounded but not destroyed by a collision all the Goblins on board within 1" of the edge must pass a Strength test or are thrown overboard. Only make this test when a raft is wounded by a collision, not if it is shot at.

If a raft is destroyed for any reason then all the Goblins onboard are thrown helplessly into the water.

Gob Launchas. The Gob Launcha works like the Goblin Doom Diver, except it throws Goblins onto the deck of the Barge to wreak havoc and attack its crew. If the Goblanchas manages to land a shot on target on the deck, it doesn't cause any damage. Instead, place a Goblin model at the point of impact. The Goblin may not move or attack this turn, but if it lands on a Dwarf it has dived down from on high to attack! Place the Goblin in base-to-base combat. It counts as charging this turn. Any 'launched' Goblin charging in this way gains +1 to its to hit rolls and +1 Strength for that round of close combat only. If a Goblin lands on deck roll a D6. On a roll of 1 it has become caught in some rigging, landed in the funnel or suffered some other unfortunate accident and is removed as a casualty. Such Goblins yield no Victory Points. The Gob Launcha is assumed to have enough 'willing' Goblins onboard to act as ammunition. Each Goblin is armed with two hand weapons. The raft with the Gob Launcha on is assumed to be fully laden with its ammunition and crew and so no swimming Goblin may board it. There are three crew in total and these may be targeted by missile fire as normal. The raft may not attack the barge and may always move at full speed

RAFT ANIMOSITY TABLE

D6 Result

- 1 Spiralling.** The Goblins have lost control completely. Each Goblin must make a Strength test to stay on the raft or they will be flung off D3" in a random direction. Furthermore, the raft moves its full move in a random direction determined by the Scatter dice (use the arrow on the 'hit').
- 2-4 Woah!** The Goblins keep steering in the right direction but their speed is reduced by an extra D3" this turn.
- 5 Phew...** The Goblins just manage to keep the raft under control and may move normally this turn.
- 6 Put yer backs into it!** The Goblins pump the raft forward with vigour, eager to get to grips with the enemy. The raft moves an extra D6" this turn.

(Note: unmanned rafts automatically suffer a Spiralling result every turn).

but if the Gob Launcha moves over it" each turn it cannot score a 'hit' on the scatter dice (move the Goblin in the direction of the arrow instead). River flow does not count as movement for this purpose. Any Goblin fired from the Gob Launcha that lands in the water is removed instantly as a casualty; otherwise it is perfectly possible that they will land on other rafts. In this case add a Goblin to those already mounted upon it.

Snotling Pump Rafts. This moves and operates in the same way as a Snotling Pump Wagon. The Pump Raft has a large prow spike mounted on it which the manic crew use to try and ram enemy vessels. Any charge against the barge causes D6 Strength 6 hits but will not damage the Pump raft (it will sustain damage as normal if the barge rams into it due to the river flow). The Pump raft has no capacity for boarding and can only be used to attack the barge.

Harpoon Chukkas. The Harpoon Chukka is based on the Goblin Spear Chukka. It can be used to spear Dwarfs but it also has a length of rope attached to the harpoon that can be used to snare the barge and drag the raft closer to disgorge its Goblin crew. The Harpoon Chukka cannot fire if it moves as the crew are assumed to be piloting the raft, but note that river flow does not count as movement for this purpose. Any Harpoon Chukka that manages to score a hit against the barge may move an extra D6" towards the barge in a straight line immediately. This continues in each subsequent Movement phase until a Dwarf on the barge removes the harpoon by moving into contact with the edge of the barge that was hit. He may do nothing else that turn except remove the harpoon. A Harpoon Chukka raft may hold up to 10 Goblins and has 3 crew.

Skabend's Atak Raft. Skabend has a larger and more impressive raft than the other Goblins. It holds up to 20 Goblins. The raft is specially constructed to act as a kind of siege tower for attacking boats and has special rules when assaulting Grim's barge (see below). It has a Toughness of 5 and 4 Wounds. It ignores debris but still moves like the other Goblin rafts.

River Trolls. These creatures are well-adapted to fighting in rivers and do not use the rafts to move around (they would sink it!). They start the battle swimming and may swim 2D6" every turn and re-roll the Strength test to stay afloat. Whilst in the water they are immune to stupidity.

THE DWARF BARGE

The entire Dwarf force is riding aboard Grim 'Dead Eye' Grunnson's barge. It is a marvellous feat of Dwarf engineering, equipped with four deadly swivel guns.

Assaulting the barge. The barge is treated like a moving defended obstacle in many respects, akin to a floating

fortress. It can be assaulted in several ways as described below:

Goblins on rafts. All the raft Goblins are equipped with grappling hooks. A raft may assault the barge if they end their move in contact with it (no charges need be declared). All the Goblins on the raft may try to fight their way on board. The Goblins require a 6 to hit, as



DWARF BARGE

The Dwarf barge is a solidly constructed, steam-powered ship. Grim takes great pride in its smooth running and the maintenance of its deadly swivel guns. Crewed by Grim and his 'Seadogs', the rivermen of the Empire look at it with envy.

Dwarf Barge	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	-	-	-	5	7	6	-	-	-

Special Rules

Swivel guns: The barge is protected by four swivel guns, two at the stern and two at the prow. The swivel guns may be turned 360°.

They have the profile below:

Range: 18" **Strength:** 4 **Special:** Armour piercing, D6 multiple shots.

As the swivel gun fires a blast of shot, you do not suffer penalties for firing multiple shots. Any Dwarf model on the barge may fire a swivel gun, providing they have not run, or shot with another weapon that turn. They may only fire every other turn, and have to be reloaded by a model who must spend a whole turn doing nothing else.

Stout armour: The Dwarf Battle Barge has thick armour plates all around it, making it very difficult to damage. As such it has a 4+ Ward Save.

If they were attacking a defended obstacle. If they wound and injure their opponent then they climb on board (place the Goblin on the deck next to the Dwarf they are fighting) and will roll to hit as normal next turn. If a Dwarf injures a Goblin they are thrown into the water and will drown, in which case they are removed as a casualty.

Skabend's Atak Raft. The Goblins on the Atak Raft may also assault the barge in the same way as above. Skabend's raft has been specially designed to assault boats and has a hefty ramp which crashes down upon the deck, unleashing the Goblins within. Up to five Goblins may attack from the ramp and roll to hit as normal. Any wounded Goblin will remain on the raft ramp, and not fall in.

River Trolls. River Trolls may assault the barge by trying to climb aboard. Each River Troll must roll equal to or under its Strength to climb up the sides of the barge and will require a 6 to hit in close combat as described above.

Combat on the Barge. Whilst a raft is in close combat with the barge it will not be moved by the river flow, it is assumed the Goblins have affixed special anchors and are now moving along at the speed of the barge. The rafts can still be hit by other rafts/debris and will sustain damage etc, as normal. If, for whatever reason, a raft loses control and spirals away from the barge or is destroyed for whatever reason then the Goblins still aboard are dumped unceremoniously into the water.

If any raft hits the barge due to the river flow and is left in base-to-base contact they may not assault it that turn, they are too busy holding on for dear life!

Also, Dwarf units may always stand and shoot as a charge reaction when a raft is assaulting even if the enemy is under half its charge range due to the extra height afforded by being on the barge.

Any Goblin who has made it upon the deck of the barge and who is not in combat with a Dwarf may choose to attack the barge itself whilst on board by hacking into the deck, smashing up barrels etc. The barge only has a Toughness of 4 against these attacks as its deck is not as strong. It still has a save of 4+, but this is an Armour save.

MODELLING GOBLIN RIVER RAFTS

By Paul Sawyer



➔ My Gob Launcha (uses the rules for a Doom Diver) is a River Troll who uses a busted up chariot to propel terrified Goblins onto the enemy vessel. Occasionally they survive impact.

I removed the lower half of the Troll along with his club, attached the upper torso to a round base and applied quickdrying filler to said base. Then it was simply a case of cutting the haft off the chariot and pinning it between the Troll's hands.



➔ The Harpoon Chukka raft was a bit more involved. I won't repeat some of the more colourful phrases I uttered whilst sawing the barrels in two. The raft itself was made from various pieces of Warhammer siege equipment with the addition of a normal Goblin Spear Chukka on the prow. The Goblin with the eyeglass is a Warhammer 40,000 Ork Zzap Gun Spotter whilst the Goblin punter is from the Warhammer Goblin Chariot (his banner pole being cut and pinned at its base).



THE BATTLE

First Turn

If the Dwarfs won the previous battle, Skeggi's Warning, they get the first turn. If the Goblins won the previous battle they get the first turn. Otherwise roll a D6 to decide who goes first.

Game Length

The game lasts for five turns if the Dwarfs won the previous battle, seven turns if the Goblins won the battle and six turns if the battle was a draw.

Victory or Defeat

If the Goblins reduce the barge to zero Wounds it has sustained major damage

and will sink. Bugman will be forced to dock early and continue the rest of the way on foot, and the Goblins will win automatically.

If the Dwarfs manage to Rout the Goblin horde they will win automatically.

If neither condition applies by the end of the game use Victory Points to decide the winner. If the Goblins manage to reduce the barge to half Wounds they gain an extra 200 Victory Points.

If the Goblin player has more models on the barge at the end of the game they gain an extra 100 Victory Points, if the Dwarfs have more models they gain 100 Victory Points. No Victory Points are

awarded for table quarters. If one side wins by a clear 200 Victory Points then they are the winner. Any other result counts as a draw.

Victory Bonuses

If the Dwarfs win, Bugman gets across the Sol quickly and can reach the Brewery that much faster. His brewery may yet survive! The Dwarf player gains +1 to the roll to see when Bugman arrives in the final battle.

If the battle is a draw then no bonus is awarded to either side.

If the Goblins win Bugman will be delayed and suffers a -1 to the dice roll to see when and if he arrives.

IN TWO MONTH'S TIME...

Bugman's Lament returns in two month's time, when the final part of his saga will be played out upon the bloodied field of battle! Wicked Goblin King Git Guzzler, will launch his attack against the brewery itself, laying siege

to it with war machines, monsters and his Goblin hordes.

Led by the Dwarf hero, Durzak Dragonback, the Dwarfs are holed up behind the walls of the brewery, but

how long can they hold out? Will Josef Bugman and his warriors reach the beleaguered brewery in time?

Find out in two months when the fate of Bugman's brewery will be revealed!





Warhammer chronicles

The Sacred Hosts of the Lizardmen are spawned under particularly auspicious portents, and are always destined to perform a critical task in the great plan of the Old Ones. Andy Hoare delves deeper into the secrets of the masters of creation, bringing us background and official rules for these most blessed of Lizardmen armies.

WHAT IS WARHAMMER CHRONICLES?

Warhammer Chronicles takes a look at the Warhammer game and its world, introducing new scenarios, rules and army list entries of all types – frequently stolen from army books in progress here at the Studio – as well as providing occasional Question and Answer forums. It also acts as a forum for dedicated players of Warhammer who have produced inspired, well thought out and just plain brilliant additions to the game. If you've got something good for Warhammer Chronicles then write to us at the address given here.

Note: Please don't include rules queries with your letters, as the volume of mail means that in most cases we won't be able to send individual replies.

Warhammer Chronicles
Games Workshop
Willow Road, Lenton
Nottingham
NG7 2WS, UK

Many Lizardmen are said to be born under the influence of one or more of their gods, the so-called Old Ones. Such spawnings exhibit certain common characteristics and their members often share a singular fate. Lizardmen spawned according to the influence of Sotek, for example, are often red of hue and angry of character, while those spawned under T'epoc's inscrutable eye are often described as otherworldly and mysterious. Some may be created under the influence of several Old Ones, exhibiting a combination of characteristics. In the vast majority of instances, these combinations of characteristics occur only to single spawnings, and only to the hulking warrior creatures known as Saurus. There exist, however, references to entire armies spawned under the eye of a single deity, including not just the Saurus, but the smaller,

more nimble Skinks within their number.

These armies are known as Sacred Hosts. They are rare, and apparently spawned with some great duty to perform. Scholars have attempted to examine the Sacred Hosts of those deities that the Lizardmen venerate the most. To date they have been unable to uncover more than references to other deities, such as the 'warlike' Tlanxla, the 'lost' Xholankha, Xhoti, who chooses those destined for greatness and Itzl, the god of cold-blooded beasts. Finally there is the outcast Rigg, who is not venerated by any Lizardmen at all, but whose island temple in the mouth of the Amazon river is nonetheless attended to with great care.

These rules are official. The armies described herein can be considered balanced for all styles of play.





Chotec, the Solar God

Chotec is the god of the sun, and as such is imbued with a fiery energy that belies the cold-blooded nature of the race. His colour is a fiery orange, and his followers bear arms and armour of gleaming gold and carry icons that reflect the light of the sun in dazzling beams all around. It is the boundless energy of the servants of Chotec that makes them particularly dangerous to those who would intrude upon their domains. Many have made the mistake of assuming them to be as impulsive as all Lizardmen. Alas, this is not the case, as some have discovered to their doom.

One tale speaks of a mage of the Bright College who sought to travel to Lustria and fathom the nature of the servants of Chotec, for he had heard tell that their champions wielded the power of fire in a manner that he felt might rival that of his college. By all accounts, this mage was a conceited and arrogant individual, so convinced in the superiority of his own vocation that he could not conceive that the Lizardmen might prove his equals, let alone his superiors, in the Seventh Lore. Journeying to Lustria, the mage sought the servants of Chotec for many years, travelling the great waterways of the New World accompanied by an army of mercenaries hired at great cost by the Bright College. After almost a decade of searching, the Bright College ordered the mage to return, as his quest was proving anything but successful. In desperation, the mage resolved to

launch one more expedition into the jungles before returning home to Altdorf. He decided to head south along and make for Pahuax, but his flotilla was caught up in a storm and swept many hundreds of miles east before the currents that cross the Great Ocean swept him west and south, scattering the fleet against the Vampire Coast. The flotilla was hopelessly separated, but the mage spied a dark land on the southern horizon, wreathed in volcanic cloud. He concluded that it must be by the will of the gods that a mage of the Bright College be drawn to such a fiery place. Upon the blackened shores he observed a great host standing guard at the lip of a crater, from which an infernal glow issued, and determined that here at last he had found the servants of Chotec. He would challenge their leader, defeat him and prise his secrets from his dying mind.

The captain of the mage's ship had different ideas though, and refused to put to shore. The mage declared the captain in breach of his contract with the Bright College, issuing all manner of dire threats. The captain looked to his crew, who, being superstitious seafarers, were ill at ease with the presence of a wizard on their ship, and a mutinous bunch to boot. The smouldering mage realised what was about to happen and made to utter an incantation. But he was too late, and in an instant the seadogs were upon him. They inflicted upon him the gravest of insults for a Bright Wizard, pitching him into the sea, where he was forced to

swim for the black shoreline. The mage must have reached the relative safety of the beach, for as the ship made north once more, the island came alive with a pyromantic display of epic proportions. The great explosions remained visible into the night and over the horizon as the sailors sought to put as much distance as possible between themselves and the volcanic island. Of such power were the forces unleashed that day that it is said the elders of the Bright College felt its heat in Altdorf, and knew that one of their number had perished at the hands of a foe far more gifted in manipulating the Wind of Aqshy than any mortal. From that day to this the Bright College has forbidden its members from travelling to Lustria.

Using a Sacred Host of Chotec

A Lizardmen army (not a Southlands army) may be taken as a Sacred Host of Chotec using the following amendments:

- All units and characters that may take a Sacred Spawning must bear the Sacred Spawning of Chotec. Core units with this blessing stay Core, but if given a second Sacred Spawning are moved to Special.
- Skink Skirmishers and characters must purchase the Sacred Spawning of Chotec for +5 points per unit, and +5 points per character.
- Skink Priests in a Sacred Host of Chotec can only take their spells from the Lore of Fire.



PAINTING SACRED SPAWNINGS

Each god of the Lizardmen is represented by a specific colour. Below we show examples of how to apply each of these colours to your models. You can also paint these colours in a variety of different styles of marking.



● Blazing Orange

Blessed Spawning of Chotec

The energetic Saurus of the blessed Chotec are represented with a vibrant orange.



● Dark Angels Green

Blessed Spawning of Tzunki

A sea-green hue was used to mark out the aquatic Saurus of blessed Tzunki.



● Sunburst Yellow

Blessed Spawning of Tlazcotl

The vivid yellow marked Saurus of Tlazcotl are fearless fighters.



● Liche Purple

Blessed Spawning of Tepok

A rich purple sets apart the spawnings of Tepok as magical in nature.



● Blood Red

Blessed Spawning of Sotek

An aggressive, blood-fuelled spawning, the Saurus of Sotek are marked with red.

Blessed Spawning of Quetzl

The spawnings of the warrior-god Quetzl are characterised by the especially tough, thick scales covering their bodies and bony spurs protruding from their forearms.

Blessed Spawning of Huanchi

Naturally stealthy, those blessed by Huanchi, jaguar god of the earth and night, are able to pass effortlessly through the thickest jungle. Their elusive nature means there isn't any record of them bearing distinctive markings.



Sotek, the Serpent God

Sotek is the pre-eminent Lizardmen deity, and has been since their war against the noisome Skaven that ended in the year 100. Sotek is very much the Lizardmen god of vengeance, a deity that embodies the race's righteous anger. Sotek is cruel, with a thirst for sacrifice, to whom the Lizardmen make daily tribute in the form of blood offerings. Sotek is particularly fond of rodent flesh, and so the sacrifice of captured Skaven is seen as the highest honour adherents can pay their god.

One question troubles those few scholars with any knowledge of Lizardmen deities. Only the Mage-Priests of Chaqua knew of Sotek, and even they did not venerate him, but merely waited the allotted time of his coming. When Sotek's manifestation was realised, it was the Skinks who first acknowledged him as a god, for the Mage-Priests took some time to contemplate the issue. This confusing state of affairs leads some scholars to question the nature of Sotek. Is the

Serpent God an Old One? If so, why was he not worshipped for so many millennia? Some believe that this later addition to the Lizardmen pantheon of gods is something else entirely, perhaps some manifestation of the Lizardmen's anger at the actions of those that would plunder their realms.

The most significant, and indeed the first, occasion upon which a Sacred Host of Sotek has marched to war was following the fall of the city of Chaqua at the hands of the Skaven Clan Pestilens. The only survivor of the plagues unleashed by the Plague Monks was a spawning of red-crested Skinks, led by the individual who preached the coming of the Serpent God across the Lizardmen empire, Tehenhauin – the Prophet of Sotek. It is said that these Skinks were particularly strong for their race, their constitution able to resist the diseases of the rat-spawn. These Skinks went forth from the ruins of Chaqua, proclaiming the coming of their god and fighting many battles against Clan Pestilens, gathering more Skinks until they were a mighty army. Tehenhauin

led the Lizardmen in a long war that spanned many centuries, with uncounted spawnings of red-crests marching at his side, until he ultimately defeated Clan Pestilens, offering up thousands of sacrifices and bringing about the manifestation of Sotek.

Using a Sacred Host of Sotek

A Lizardmen army (not a Southlands army) may be taken as a Sacred Host of Sotek using the following amendments:

- All units and characters that may take a Sacred Spawning must bear the Sacred Spawning of Sotek. Core units with this blessing stay Core, but if given a second Sacred Spawning are moved to Special.
- Skink Skirmishers and characters must purchase the Sacred Spawning of Sotek for +10 points per unit, and +10 points per character.
- Skink Priests in a Sacred Host of Sotek may only select their spells from the Lore of Beasts.



Quetzl, the Protector God

The servants of Quetzl are tough and warlike, as befits the chosen of the Warrior

God. Quetzl is venerated amongst the pantheon of Lizardmen deities as the protector, and Lizardmen spawned under his influence are gifted with great bony protrusions and especially thick hides. Those who have faced them in battle claim to have seen arrows and crossbow bolts splinter and snap upon their scales.

A number of accounts have been uncovered that speak of Saurus warriors with huge bony crests upon their heads, yet some believe these eye-witnesses are referring not to Lizardmen spawned under the sign of Quetzl, but instead have seen the Temple Guard – huge and stoic warriors that protect the Slann Mage-Priests. Only a handful of accounts represent what is believed to be true sightings of the Protector God's children, and these sport not just bony crests, but spines and protrusions all over their bodies. If some accounts are to be believed, these Saurus might appear to be adorned in an entire suit of bony armour, though such accounts may very well be stretching credulity rather too thin for the academic instincts of most scholars.

Delving deeper into the tales surrounding this particular Old One, scholars have uncovered a number of references to protective magic, though at first some mistakenly concluded that these referred to Tepok, the inscrutable god more normally linked with the warding of harmful magicks. However, it would appear, going by the accounts of a number of mages who have visited Lustria and witnessed the Lizardmen in battle, that Quetzl is also called upon to provide arcane protection from mundane attacks.

In his writings on his expedition to Lustria, entitled 'In the Garden of the Gods', the noted mage of the Jade College, Cyrstos von Danling, states that he witnessed a punitive raid by a force of Lizardmen upon Port Reaver. The defenders scrambled to man their defences and eventually made ready a number of artillery pieces, which they brought to bear upon the attacking Saurus. A cannonball from the first volley apparently struck the Lizardmen's leader, a mighty Saurus mounted upon the back of a hissing Cold One. As the missile struck, an explosion of multi-hued light burst around the Saurus, blinding many with its dazzling brilliance. The Saurus was quite unharmed, the cannonball having been

dissolved to nothing by some magical means. Von Danling states that his own magical sight afforded him a view of the event that those not gifted with the mage's skills were unaware of. According to him, a ghostlike, clawed hand seemed to manifest before the Saurus and physically block the cannonball, transmutating it from mundane matter into the very stuff of magic, whereby it dissipated upon the arcane winds. Von Danling claims to have felt the presence of a being of immeasurable power, if only for an instant. In that split second he felt utterly humbled and insignificant before a presence of incalculable age and power. Of course, he states he was in the presence of the Old One Quetzl. Most believe that the noted wizard von Danling had spent too long in the sun.

Using a Sacred Host of Quetzl

A Lizardmen army (not a Southlands army) may be taken as a Sacred Host of Quetzl using the following amendments:

- All units and characters that may take a Sacred Spawning must bear the Sacred Spawning of Quetzl. Core units with this blessing stay Core, but if given a second Sacred Spawning are moved to Special.
- Skink Skirmishers and characters must purchase the Sacred Spawning of Quetzl for +5 points per unit, and +3 points per character, which gives them a Scaly Skin save of 6.
- Skink Priests in a Sacred Host of Quetzl can only take their spells from the Lore of Death.



Huanchi, the Jaguar God

Huanchi is the predator god, whose symbol is the stealthy jaguar. The servants of this

Old One deity exhibit prodigious skills of hunting and stalking, and are able to move through the most dense areas of jungle with little effort.

Scarce reference exists to the servants of Huanchi, and this is hardly surprising considering that these Lizardmen are known for their secrecy. But one tale may relate to a sacred spawning of the god, and it concerns a conflict between the Lizardmen and the Dark Elves.

Around a century ago, a Dark Elf raiding force from Hag Graef infiltrated the Forests of the Viper, making for a monument referred to as the Blood Pyramid. The Witch Elves entered the vaults beneath the pyramid, stole the dawnstone that had been housed there

for millennia, and performed a number of blasphemous blood-rites before withdrawing towards the mountain range known as the Grey Guardians. It would appear, however, that a Lizardmen force was dispatched from Hexoatl to intercept the Dark Elves and recover the dawnstone, a precious artefact that is the bane of all daemons. The Dark Elves are known for their own skills at stealth and infiltration, yet these Lizardmen were able to track them. The raiders were unaware of the pursuit, and made their way down from the Grey Guardians to travel north up the Ashen Coast. Few maps exist of the land of Naggaroth, and so scholars can only speculate as to the nature of such places as the Ironsand Desert, Tyrant Peak and Kraken Lake. The raiders passed through these areas, the pursuers gaining on them all the while.

At the shores of the Witch Sea the raiders paused to perform their sanguinary rites once more, the Witch Elves dedicating their blood-slicked bodies to their blasphemous deity while the servants of the Jaguar god stalked them in the dark. At the height of the ceremony, the Lizardmen struck, catching the Dark Elves off guard, slaughtering a large number of them before the remainder escaped into the night. So started a pursuit that lasted many weeks. The Dark Elves sought to evade their pursuers at the Blackspine Mountains, passing through a portal referred to as the Sewer Gate. But the Saurus tracked the Dark Elves even through the darkest places beneath the earth, and the Lizardmen caught up with them at the Pits of Zardok.

The Dark Elves had no choice but to fight. They were slaughtered to an elf and their bodies hurled into the dark Pits of Zardok. The Dark Elves had met their match in cunning, and no more raids would be launched from Hag Graef for many decades to come.

Using a Sacred Host of Huanchi

A Lizardmen army (not a Southlands army) may be taken as a Sacred Host of Huanchi using the following amendments:

- All units and characters that may take a Sacred Spawning must bear the Sacred Spawning of Huanchi. Core units with this blessing remain Core, but if given a second Sacred Spawning are moved to Special.
- Skink Priests in this Sacred Host must take their spells from the Lore of Shadows.



Tzunki, the Water God

Those Lizardmen spawned under the influence of Tzunki exhibit a powerful affinity

with water, and their scaly hides are often tinged with a sea-green hue. According to the tales of the boastful Norse, some of their kind have faced Lizardmen in battle that sported gills and webbed appendages and could remain under water for many hours. Norse tales claim that a large force of such creatures attacked a long ship as it travelled south along the eastern coast of Lustria, exploring a stretch of shore beyond the Mangrove Coast. The Norsemen claim the attackers were defeated, but that the longboat was crippled when it struck an underwater obstruction, its crew forced to make for the mainland. The remainder of the account is a drunken tale of misadventure involving undead pirates, large flightless birds and deadly jungle-dwelling warrior-women – not a word of which most scholars believe.

Although little credibility is lent to this account, one reference to an army believed to constitute a Sacred Host of Tzunki has been uncovered in an inscription upon the base of the so-called Monument to the Moon. This vast monolith stands 50 miles out to sea and some 250 miles south-east of the abandoned settlement of Dalmark Town. This inscription makes reference to a battle between Lizardmen from Tlaxtlan and an army of northmen in the service of Chaos, around the year

1300. Though scant details of the battle are given, it does appear that it was the culmination of a series of skirmishes that had seen the servants of the Ruinous Powers attempt to penetrate the mouth of the river Amaxon, before being repulsed and harried from one estuary island to the next by a Lizardmen army capable of launching its attacks from the water. The final battle occurred upon the shores of the Island of Sacrifices, for the foul horde was surrounded, its long ships holed, and it had nowhere else to turn. The inscription states that the invaders' bones were strewn about the shores of the islands three feet deep in places, to act as a chilling reminder to any who would attempt to invade the realms of the Lizardmen.

Using a Sacred Host of Tzunki

A Lizardmen army (not a Southlands army) may be taken as a Sacred Host of Tzunki using the following amendments:

- All units and characters that may take a Sacred Spawning must bear the Sacred Spawning of Tzunki. Core units with this blessing stay Core, but if given a second Sacred Spawning are moved to Special.
- Skink Skirmishers and characters must purchase the Sacred Spawning of Tzunki for +5 points per unit, and +5 points per character.
- Skink Priests in a Sacred Host of Tzunki must take their spells from the Lore of the Heavens.



Tlazcotl, the Impassive

Tlazcotl is said to embody the cold-blooded impassiveness of the Lizardmen race, and his followers are unmoved by events around them, no matter how extreme or unnerving. The servants of this deity are said to be cold, patient and unresponsive, even for Saurus, and utterly devoid of emotion. As

such, they are of course utterly unafraid, for nothing on the earth troubles them. Sights that would reduce the boldest of men to quivering wrecks hold no terror for these warriors, and they will continue fighting stoically until every last one of them lies dead or their foes are vanquished.

Travellers who have made actual contact with the Lizardmen describe them all as cold and impassive, yet a handful have had the misfortune of coming face to face with Lizardmen spawned under the influence of Tlazcotl. One tomb-raiding adventurer claims to have become shipwrecked south of Port Reaver, and to have made his way south along the coast, hoping to reach Swamp Town before pursuing pirates overtook him, seeking to divest him of a golden mask he had plundered from Lizardmen ruins. A week into his journey he encountered a force of Lizardmen blocking his route, and saw no alternative but to meet with them and negotiate safe passage through their domains. His advance was met with stony silence, and although the Saurus made no move to harm him, they certainly made no effort to communicate. Frustrated by the lack of communication and fretting that the Lizardmen might decide to detain him if he lingered any longer in their domains, and thereby discover the plundered mask he carried, the adventurer made off along the beach, casting nervous glances behind as he did so. It was only as he turned one last time that he saw that the Lizardmen had deployed into a long battle line, blocking the beach from low to high tide marks, and that the pirates who had pursued him along the coast for the last seven days were just coming into view. The pirates vastly outnumbered the Saurus, but the Lizardmen showed no hint of fear as the ragged lines of cutthroats advanced. The ensuing battle was bloody in the extreme as the bloodthirsty pirates threw themselves at the Saurus, but the Lizardmen would simply not give ground, though they were being dragged down by the savage horde smashing into their lines.

As the sun began to set, the tide of battle turned, the pirates were simply too exhausted to continue their attack. They withdrew, but the Saurus remained, guarding their domains as per some silent command or imperative. The adventurer turned, and continued on his journey



south, secure in the knowledge that the pirates would no longer be able to follow him, but he suffered more than a stab of guilt that so many Lizardmen had died, inadvertently facilitating his escape with their own treasure.

Using a Sacred Host of Tlazcotl

A Lizardmen army (not a Southlands army) may be taken as a Sacred Host of Tlazcotl using the following amendments:

- All units and characters that may take a Sacred Spawning must bear the Sacred Spawning of Tlazcotl. Core units with this blessing stay Core, but if given a second Sacred Spawning are moved to Special.
- Skink Skirmishers and characters must purchase the Sacred Spawning of Tlazcotl for +15 points per unit, and +15 points per character.
- Skink Priests in a Sacred Host of Tlazcotl must take their spells only from the Lore of Metal.



Tepok, the Inscrutable

The Lizardmen worship the deity Tepok as the feathered serpent god of the air and of sacred places, a powerful symbol of protection against harmful magic. The being is frequently referred to as 'Inscrutable', a characteristic manifested in its followers, who exhibit an air of mysterious otherworldliness. The feathered serpent totem-creature is believed to refer to the Quoaatl, a

mythical creature said to be a bizarre hybrid of serpent and bird, at times represented as a huge snake covered with brightly coloured feathers, at others as a snake with wide, feathered pinions. These feathers are invariably represented as purple or deep blue, or a combination of the two, and it has been reported by returning explorers that some Lizardmen sport feathers of this colour as a mark of rank or role, though most scholars refuse to believe they are from an actual Quoaatl, for surely such a creature must be extremely rare, if it even exists at all.

A fully-fledged spawning of a Sacred Host of Tepok has been reported on several occasions in Lizardmen history. The most ancient of these references is to be found in a transcription of a single, long-since lost fragment of the Seventeenth Cycle of the Chronicle of Hexoatl. The transcript states that during the fifth configuration of the Fire Star (around the Imperial Year 500 by the best calculations), the 'Dark Ones' (the Lizardmen name for Dark Elves) made an attack upon the sacred Mirror Pool of Tepok. Decades earlier, a Sacred Host of Sotek had been spawned at Hexoatl, and this army marched to war against the Elves, fighting a mighty battle upon the shore of the pool itself. The Dark Elves were, according to the inscription, defeated despite the terrible dark magicks unleashed by their sorcerous witch of a leader. Only through Tepok's protection did the Lizardmen force survive her arcane onslaught, walking calmly through violet fire to smash into the Dark Elf

lines, winning the day and slaughtering every last one of the Dark Elves. The witch was thrown into the Mirror Pool of Tepok as a sacrifice to the feathered-serpent god of sacred places, and it is said that her screaming, cursing face is still visible there to this day, unable to break the surface of the shrine's perfectly calm waters.

Interestingly, the Chronicle of Hexoatl seems to suggest that the Children of Tepok will return at the next conjunction of the Fire Star, to oppose once more the Dark Ones who would despoil the lands of Lustria of its treasures. The configuration has recently occurred, so it may be that a Host of Tepok again walks the land.

Using a Sacred Host of Tepok

A Lizardmen army (not a Southlands army) may be taken as a Sacred Host of Tepok using the following amendments:

- All units and characters that may take a Sacred Spawning must bear the Sacred Spawning of Tepok. Core units with this blessing stay Core, but if given a second Sacred Spawning are moved to Special.
- Skink Skirmishers and characters must purchase the Sacred Spawning of Tepok for +20 points per unit, and +20 points per character, granting them Magic Resistance (1).
- Skink Priests in a Sacred Host of Tepok are only allowed to take their spells from the Lore of Light.



retonnia

A campaign set in Bretonnia

Eric Sarlin, co-author of *The General's Compendium*, has created this map-based campaign set in Bretonnia, which uses the campaign rules found in Chapter 2 of that volume. We've also given you a poster map, included free with this issue for this campaign.

In the south-east of Bretonnia, between the Grey Mountains and the Massif Orcal, the River Grismerie has cut a great valley. Though the land round the river is fertile, the terrain is mountainous, and marauding hands of fell creatures are not uncommon in the area, so the settlements of men are few. Despite its inhospitable nature, the valley holds great tactical importance. Axe Bite Pass, one of the few gaps in the mountains that affords access to the Empire, comes into Bretonnia near the valley. Should this area fall into enemy hands, trade and troop movements between the lands of Bretonnia and the Empire would be severely restricted.

In the wake of the Storm of Chaos, it is vital that these routes are kept open to help speed the process of reconstruction in the Empire. But this

is not an easy thing to accomplish. The shattered remnants of the Beastman horde who rallied to Archagon's banner roam the land, greenskins, excited by the war, come down from the mountains, and the Skaven continue to pursue their nefarious schemes in the Black Chasm, many of whose warrens open into the valley. The dead, too, rest uneasily in the magically-charged atmosphere, while bands of mercenaries search for their next employer.

It's up to you now, who will control the valley. The fortune of two of mankind's mightiest nations depends upon it.



in Flames



PLAYING THE VALLEY GRISMERIE CAMPAIGN

The rules and descriptions below detail one example of a map-based campaign that you can play. You will need a copy of *The General's Compendium* to play this campaign. All of the rules for map-based campaigns in Chapter 2 apply. The special rules for this campaign are explained below.

Banner Size

The standard banner size for the Valley

Grismerie campaign is 1,800 points. This points size makes for a challenging campaign, as players may only bring Lord-level characters and additional Special and Rare choices when they can position their troops in such a way to take advantage of *Fortifications*, support, and other bonuses to bring their banner size to 2,000 points or more. With 1,800 points as the standard size, the campaign encourages clever and tactical play. Of course, you can set

the banner size at a different level if you wish. We recommend between 1,500 and 2,500 points, or your battles will be huge! (But maybe you want that).

Special Map Sections

The following special map sections appear on the Bretonnian Valley Grismerie map. The descriptions on the following pages explain the special rules that apply to these map sections, the armies that control them, and any battles that are fought there.



ADDENDUM TO SCATTERED RULES

The following rule should be added to the *End of Campaign* Turn rules on page 37 of *The General's Compendium*.

On the turn after a Scattered banner is reformed, its normal points value is halved. Thereafter, the banner returns to its normal points value.

This rule has been added to the campaign rules to curb the abuses of a few devious players. Sometimes, when a player's HQ territory was threatened by proximate banners, unscrupulous players would deliberately throw a Warhammer battle elsewhere on the map in hopes that their banner would be Massacred and thus *Scattered* and, in the *End of Campaign* Turn Phase, return to the HQ territory to defend it. While manipulating the rules as such is clever, it is certainly not honorable and goes against the spirit of the *Scattered* rules. While *Scattered* banners will still reform in the HQ territory, they cannot put up much of a defense in the next turn against banners twice their size. Note that this rule change applies to all map-based campaigns, not just the one set in the Valley Grismerie.

THE JOUSTING GROUNDS



jousts are risky and often discouraged by more conservative generals, many heroes cannot resist the chance to test their mettle in single combat.

Campaign Rules

Control of a Jousting Ground.

Jousting Grounds count as normal plains map sections. No special rules apply to the realms that control them.

Battles. Battles fought in a map section containing Jousting Grounds are regular Pitched Battles. However, a quick Skirmish scenario called The Joust is played prior to the main battle. Also, the jousting track may be placed on the field as one of the scenery pieces.

Razed. If a map section contains a Jousting Ground it will no longer count toward the number of banners that a realm may field. In addition, none of the special rules apply, and the map section is treated as another plains section. When the map section Recovers, the Jousting Ground is rebuilt, and all the special rules apply as normal.



First designed as a training exercise for Bretonnian knights in times of peace, the joust quickly became a popular spectator sport for nobleman and commoner alike. The joust has become a way for young knights to garner honour, prestige, and wealth, particularly when Bretonnia is not at war, damsels are woefully free of distress, and no monsters need to be slain. Throughout Bretonnia are fairgrounds designed specifically for jousting contests. These are pleasant fields complete with jousting tilts and stands. During jousting competitions, brightly coloured tents and bunting matching the knights' heraldries decorate the area, and people come from miles around to watch and participate in the sport.

During times of war, many characters are tempted to issue challenges to meet enemy officers on the jousting grounds before their armies do battle. While such

CALLING ALL WARHAMMER GENERALS

To play this campaign you will need a copy of The General's Compendium, available from Games Workshop Hobby Centres, Direct on 0115 91 40000, or at the webstore at www.games-workshop.co.uk/store.

This massive tome boasts a wealth of material for fighting and writing campaigns in the world of Warhammer. From simple linked games to highly-detailed Games Master run campaigns. It is a vital resource for any serious general.

General's Compendium Features

- Full campaign rules, whether linked or Games Mastered, including a map of the Border Princes and counters to use in your games.

- Hundreds of step-by-step hobby tips including great scenery workshops.

- Rules for fighting in different regions of the Warhammer world – from the deserts of Khemri to the thick wooded murk of the Drakwald forest in the Empire.

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An indispensable volume, with the General's Compendium you can attack cities, stage mighty sieges and even take to the high seas as you wage war against your enemies!

Duke Brocard finds his mark and unhorses his opponent.



THE JOUST

This scenario is a small mini-battle that precedes the main Pitched Battle in map sections containing a Jousting Ground. One character from each army rides forth to take up the enemy challenge on the tilting field. The victor returns to his army to inspire his troops in battle. The loser, battered and bruised, returns to his army in shame and must nurse his wounds throughout the battle to come.

Models needed

Prior to the main battle, each side must nominate a single character to answer the challenge on the Jousting Grounds. This character can be any Hero or Lord from the army list that will be used to fight the subsequent Pitched Battle. The characters may use the magic items that they will carry in the main battle; however, these items will have no effect if they cast bound spells, bestow additional attacks, or are missile weapons.

The characters may not ride monsters, chariots, or flying mounts in this scenario, even if they will ride them in the Pitched Battle. Any nominated characters so mounted must fight the Joust on foot.

Battlefield

Set up a very small playing area roughly 18" long and 6" wide. The only terrain piece is a fence running the length of the board and dividing it in two.

Objectives

The objective of The Joust is very simple: vanquish the enemy character in single combat!

Deployment

The characters are deployed at opposite ends of the jousting ground on opposite sides of the fence.

First Turn

The normal rules for turns are suspended for this game. The characters will move simultaneously.

Special rules

Jousting. The joust is a formalized and honorable form of combat in which the opponents charge at each other at full speed and make a single attack as they pass each other. Generally, the joust is not a lethal contest, though some serious injuries can occur. The turn sequence works differently in this scenario. Players take their Movement phases and Combat phases at the same time. There is no Shooting phase or Magic phase in this scenario, as these forms of combat are forbidden in the joust competition.

At the start of each turn, move the characters toward the centre of the jousting board until they are roughly in the same position on opposite sides of the fence. Their Move characteristics are irrelevant, as the characters run (or gallop or slither or whatever) toward one another until they meet in the centre.

As the opponents pass one another, each makes a single attack on the other, regardless of the number of Attacks on their profiles (or other special abilities or items that give them extra Attacks). To determine who strikes first, calculate each character's Jousting Score.

To calculate a character's Jousting Score, roll 2D6 and add to the result the character's Weapon Skill, Initiative, and the appropriate modifiers from the table you see below.

Jousting Score Chart

+2	Mounted on a steed.
+1	On foot with spear.
+2	On steed with spear.
+3	On steed with a lance.
+1	Bretonnian Lord or Paladin.
-3	If armed with a great weapon.

Modifiers are cumulative. Thus, a Bretonnian character with a lance and mounted on a warhorse would use the following formula to calculate his Jousting Score: $WS + 1 + 2D6 + 2$ for mount + 3 for lance + 1 for Bretonnian Paladin = Jousting Score.

The character with the higher Jousting Score strikes a single blow first. Rolls to hit, rolls to wound, Armour Saves, and injury rolls are made per the normal Skirmish rules. If the lower-scoring character is Knocked Down or Stunned, he is unhorsed or knocked off his feet and may not strike back this turn. If the lower-scoring character is taken Out of Action, he immediately loses the tournament. If the lower-scoring character is not Knocked Down, Stunned, or taken Out of Action, he may strike back with a single attack. Rolls to hit, rolls to wound, Armour Saves, and injury rolls are made per the normal Skirmish rules. In the event of tied Jousting Scores, attacks are made simultaneously.

After each pass, as long as neither character has gone Out of Action, the characters will line up at opposite ends of the jousting track and make another pass at one another. Characters continue to make jousting passes at each other until one character is taken Out of Action, handing victory to the other.

Part of a larger battle

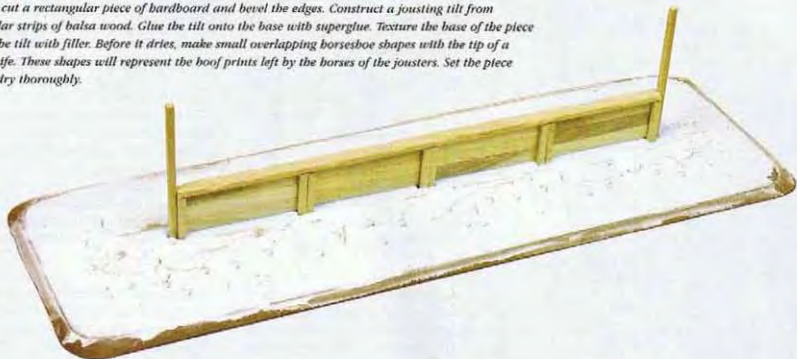
After the joust, the victorious character will serve as an inspirational leader for the army or unit he leads. He adds +1 to his Leadership score for the next battle (up to a maximum of 10).

The losing character begins the battle with -1 Wound because of the damage he received in the joust. Although the joust is generally not a lethal contest, a few too many falls can take its toll on even the strongest of characters. If the character only has 1 Wound on his profile, he starts the battle at -1 Toughness instead.



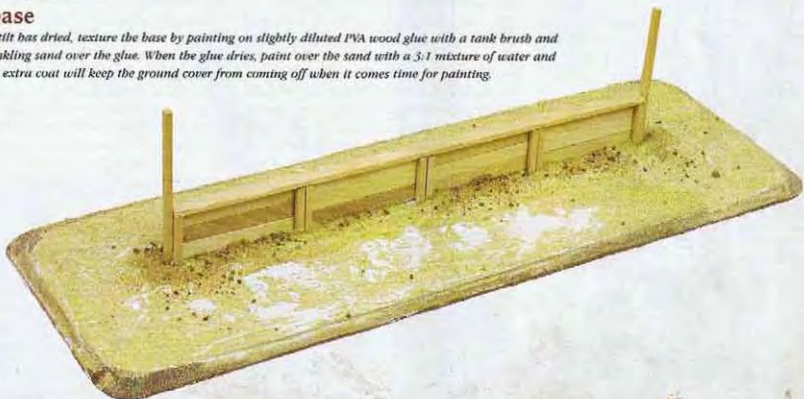
Making a tilt

To begin, cut a rectangular piece of bardboard and bevel the edges. Construct a jousting tilt from rectangular strips of balsa wood. Glue the tilt onto the base with superglue. Texture the base of the piece around the tilt with filler. Before it dries, make small overlapping horseshoe shapes with the tip of a hobby knife. These shapes will represent the hoof prints left by the horses of the jousters. Set the piece aside to dry thoroughly.



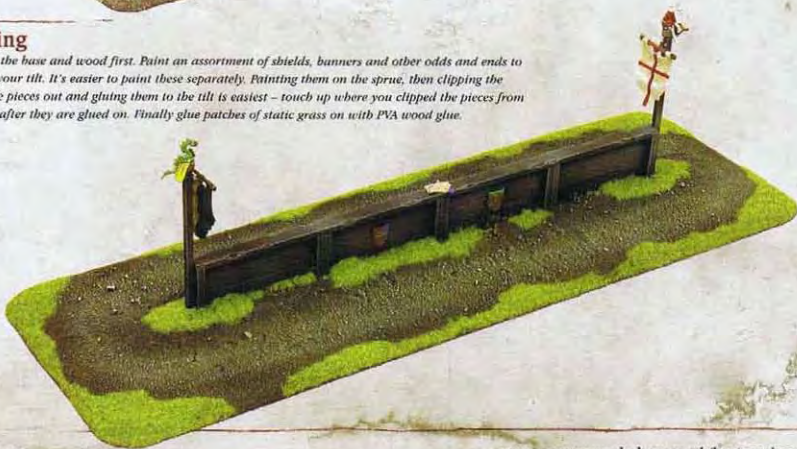
The base

After the tilt has dried, texture the base by painting on slightly diluted PVA wood glue with a tank brush and then sprinkling sand over the glue. When the glue dries, paint over the sand with a 3:1 mixture of water and glue. This extra coat will keep the ground cover from coming off when it comes time for painting.



Painting

Drybrush the base and wood first. Paint an assortment of shields, banners and other odds and ends to decorate your tilt. It's easier to paint these separately. Painting them on the sprue, then clipping the decorative pieces out and gluing them to the tilt is easiest – touch up where you clipped the pieces from the sprue after they are glued on. Finally glue patches of static grass on with PVA wood glue.



THE FIELDS OF HONOUR



on the fields of honour. Visitors are expected to move through the area with a sense of quiet awe and respect.

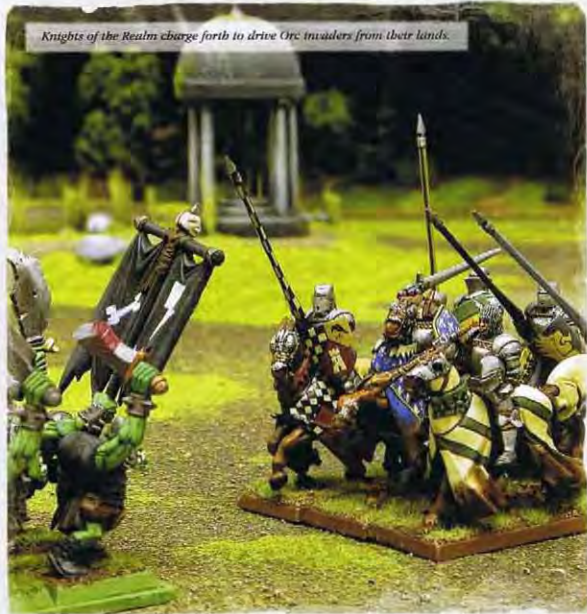
Campaign Rules

Control of a Field of Honour. Fields of Honour count as normal plains map sections. No special rules apply to the realms that control them.

Battles. Battles fought in a map section containing a Field of Honour are not Pitched Battles – use the On the Field of Honour scenario instead.

Razing and Fortifying. Bretonnian armies can never Raze or Fortify a Field of Honour, as they would never desecrate the memory of the fallen heroes of their land by salting the earth or digging earthworks into the fields. If another army Razes a map section containing a Field of Honour, it will no longer count toward the number of banners that the realm may field. However, all battles fought in the map section will still be fought according to the rule for the On the Field of Honour scenario instead of those for the Pitched Battle scenario.

Nothing is more important to a Bretonnian knight than honour and chivalry. Throughout the Bretonnian landscape are sites of famous battles in which the pride of Bretonnian knighthood has excelled and performed heroic feats on the Fields of Honour. Sometimes, a local feudal lord will decree that such fields be left alone as memorials to those Knights who fell in battle. No structure, other than the occasional monument to the fallen, may be built, and no crops may be planted



Knights of the Realm charge forth to drive Orc invaders from their lands.

In this scenario, two forces meet on the Field of Honour to do battle. Armies approach the Field of Honour with various attitudes. Bretonnians approach the battlefield with respect and awe and will fight fiercely to live up to the heroic examples set by their ancestors. The Undead forces of the Vampire Counts look upon Fields of Honour as sources of raw materials from which to fashion new soldiers to bolster their ranks. Other forces treat the Field of Honour differently, from total indifference and ignorance to astute acknowledgement of the tactical advantages such locations can give particular enemies.

Armies

Both armies are chosen from the Warhammer army lists to the preset banner size of the campaign. This size may be adjusted by support, Fortification, or other special campaign rules.

Battlefield

As the name of this special map section indicates, the area is a field that is largely devoid of terrain. Roll D5+3 to determine the number of pieces of scenery to be placed on the board. Taking it in turns, each player selects and then places one piece of terrain on the board. The centre of each piece of terrain must be no further than 18" from a board edge in order to leave the centre of the board open to represent the Field of Honour. If both players agree, a small monument to the fallen (a terrain piece with a base no larger than 4" x 4") may be placed in the centre of the board.

Deployment

Players deploy as per the rules for a Pitched Battle. See the Warhammer rulebook, page 199-200.

First Turn

Both players roll a D6. The higher-scoring player may choose whether to go first or second.

Bretonnian armies MUST stop and pray for the Blessing of the Lady, as they would never do battle on a Field of Honour without the approval of the Lady of the Lake. Thus, enemies of Bretonnia may always choose to go first or second on the Field of Honour. If both armies are Bretonnian, roll a D6 to see which army gets first turn.

Game Length

The scenario lasts six turns.

Special rules

Bretonnian Tenacity. On the Field of Honour Bretonnian Knights will try to uphold the heroic example set by their ancestors and will fight with almost foolhardy bravery and resolve. As such, any Bretonnian Lord or Paladin may take the Virtue of Stoicism at no points cost.

Raise the Bretonnian Fallen.

Vampire Counts armies may take advantage of the bodies of the warriors who fell in battle in years past on the Field of Honour. Once per Vampire Count Magic phase, a spell caster from these forces may cast the special *Raise the Bretonnian Fallen* spell. This spell counts as a Bound Spell with a power level of 4. If *Raise the Bretonnian Fallen* is not dispelled, the Vampire Counts player must nominate a point on the battlefield anywhere within 36" of the caster. Place a marker (a coin or die will do) on the spot. Roll a scatter die. The marker will scatter 2D6" in the direction indicated (unless a "hit" is rolled). The corpses of the Bretonnian fallen will then rise from the spot and can be controlled by the Vampire Counts player as normal. Roll a D6 and consult the chart below to determine the type and number of troops that are raised. Of course, if there are no Vampire Count spell casters on the board, this spell cannot be cast.

The Bretonnian Fallen

1-4	10 Skeletons armed with hand weapon and shield
5	24 Zombies
6	5 Black Knights

Victory conditions

Unless a Bretonnian army is involved in the battle, calculate Victory Points per the standard rules on page 198 of the Warhammer rulebook to determine the winner. Raised Bretonnian Fallen are considered part of the Vampire Counts army and can earn and yield Victory Points as normal.

If a Bretonnian army is involved then the Victory Conditions change. Preserving the Field of Honour as a site of historical and symbolic importance is far more important to Bretonnian armies than their own lives. Bretonnian armies will seek to control the battlefield regardless of the cost. When Bretonnian armies fight on the Field of Honour, the only Victory Points scored for either side are those for controlling table quarters. No other Victory Points are scored. He who controls the field will win the day.

A monument made from round bases, Arcane Architecture archive components, half a styrofoam ball, a Bretonnian Damsel and a gull from a Bretonnian Grail Knight.



THE SACRED LAKE



The Sacred Lake

Throughout Bretonnia are hundreds of ponds and lakes where, local legends have it, the Lady of the Lake has appeared to the faithful. While the sheer number of these stories suggests that the vast majority of these legends are

little more than old wives' tales and peasant rumour, it has been reliably established that some of these Sacred Lakes have indeed been graced with her presence. These lakes are often the destination of pilgrims and Knights Errant who seek the Lady's Blessing, and strange, magical occurrences have been known to occur in areas proximate to these lakes.

Campaign Rules

Control of a Sacred Lake. If a map section containing a Sacred Lake is neutral (controlled by no player) or is controlled by a Bretonnian army or one of its allies, then all Bretonnian armies automatically receive the Blessing of the Lady when fighting a battle in that map section or map sections adjacent to it. They need not kneel and pray at the start of battle to receive the blessing, for the Lady is watching them.

However, if one of Bretonnia's enemies (ie, any realm not allied to a Bretonnian realm) controls a map section containing a Sacred Lake, then no Bretonnian army may receive the Blessing of the Lady when fighting a battle in that map section or map sections adjacent to it regardless.

Battles. Battles fought in a map section containing a Sacred Lake are not Pitched Battles – use the Battle for the Sacred Lake scenario instead.

Razed. If a map section containing a Sacred Lake is Razed, it will no longer count toward the number of banners that a realm may field. However, the rules for Control of a Sacred Lake still apply, and all battles fought in the map section will still use the Battle for the Sacred Lake scenario instead of the Pitched Battle scenario rules.

Make a lake!

Take sprigs of modelling grass and glue them along the banks of your lake. Do the same with your model bullrushes (see below). Pour resin (available from specialist model shops) into the central rim of the lake. Be sure that your lake is on an even surface. Tint the resin slightly with a bit of Catachan Green before you pour it. Before the resin dries, sprinkle paper lily pads (also see below) on top of the resin near the banks.



Grass. Modelling grass (seen above) can be found at most hobby stores, especially ones that carry model railway supplies. A bit of tall grass along the banks looks great.



Lily Pads. Paint a piece of paper with varying shades of green. Once the paint dries, use a hole punch to cut out your lily pads and sprinkle them into your resin.



Bullrushes. Create bullrushes from pieces of fine wire with fine sand or a sausage of putty glued to the end. It's a lot easier to paint the bullrushes before they're attached.

BATTLE FOR THE SACRED LAKE

In this scenario, two forces meet on the shores of a small lake or pond that is considered sacred to the people of Bretonnia. The Sacred Lake presents a tactical challenge to both generals, as its waters must be circumnavigated or crossed in order to bring the enemy to battle. However, if the legends are true, the lake may also hold vast and ancient mystical powers that may have an effect on the armies taking part in the fight.

Armies

Both armies are chosen from the appropriate Warhammer Book to the preset banner size of the campaign. The size may be adjusted by support, Fortification, or other special campaign rules as normal.

Battlefield

The centre of the battlefield is dominated by a large shallow lake or pond. A circular water feature of about 24" in diameter or an irregularly shaped lake of the same area is about the perfect size.

The waters of the lake are Difficult Terrain. The scenery on the rest of the board should be sparse – a couple of hills and a wood, is okay – and may be set up in any mutually agreeable manner. Models in the Sacred Lake benefit from Soft Cover from missile fire.

Deployment

Players deploy using the rules for a Pitched Battle. See the Warhammer rulebook, page 199-200.

First Turn

Unless a Bretonnian banner is involved in the battle, both players roll a D6. The higher-scoring player may choose to go first or second.

If a Bretonnian banner is involved, the Bretonnian player may choose to go first or second if his forces have received the Blessing of the Lady, even though Bretonnian forces must ordinarily forsake this choice in order to pray to receive the Blessing (see Control of a Sacred Lake). However, if the Bretonnian army is not eligible to receive the Blessing of the Lady because of the Control of a Sacred Lake rule, then the Bretonnian player's opponent may choose to go first or second. If both armies happen to be Bretonnian armies, dice off as normal.

Length of game

The scenario lasts six turns.

Special rules

The Sacred Lake. At the start of each game, roll 2D6 and consult the table below to determine whether the Lady of the Lake has chosen to take an interest in the battle. The result rolled will remain in effect for the entire battle.

Victory conditions

Calculate Victory Points as per the standard rules on page 198 of the Warhammer rulebook to determine the winner. The lake itself acts as if it were a fifth table 'quarter' that bestows 300 Victory Points to the side that controls it at the end of the game.

The Power of the Lady

- | | |
|------|---|
| 2-6 | Dense Fog. A thick fog rises from the waters of the lake and seems to concentrate in key areas of the battlefield. All ranges for shooting and spells are halved for all armies, except Bretonnian armies and armies allied with Bretonnian realms. Players whose armies are affected by Dense Fog who are using war machines that require a range guess may guess up to half the maximum normal distance. |
| 7 | No Effect. |
| 8-11 | The Waters Are Alive! The waters part for Bretonnian models and models allied with a Bretonnian realm. For this game, these models may move through the Sacred Lake at no penalty. |
| 12 | Healing Waters. Any Bretonnian character or any character who is allied with a Bretonnian realm will completely be healed once (ie, his full complement of Wounds will be restored) if he touches the waters of the Sacred Lake. |



Bathed in moonlight, the Damsel Elise gazes in wonder at the reflections in the Sacred Lake below.

THE WARPSTONE PIT



The Skaven strike out from the darkness of their foul pit.



Warpstone Pit

A large Skaven settlement known as the Black Chasm is located in the south-east of Bretonnia. Underground tunnels and caverns connect the Black Chasm to dozens of secret exits throughout the land. Some of the more established of these exits have become small Skaven strongholds known as Warpstone Pits. Skaven raids are frequent in the surrounding countryside, and only the most daring Knights Errant enter these areas to fight the evil forces within and earn their spurs.

Campaign Rules

Control of a Warpstone Pit. A map section containing a Warpstone Pit can be controlled as normal. However, for all realms, other than Skaven, the map section always counts as Razed and thus does not contribute to the number of banners a non-Skaven realm may field. The area is so tainted with Chaos energy, disease, and warpstone that it cannot be Recovered during the course of the campaign. Skaven, however, find the area completely hospitable. As such, they may count the map section as three map sections for purposes of how many banners their realm can control. In addition, when the Skaven control this map section, they may always count it as Fortified for battles taking place therein. Additional Fortification has no effect.

Battles. Battles fought in a map section containing a Warpstone Pit are not Pitched Battles – use the Battle in the Warpstone Pit scenario instead.

Razed. Map sections containing Warpstone Pits always count as being Razed and may never be Recovered. Warpstone Pits may always be used as a potential exit point for Skaven banners that are Moving Underground (a D6 roll is still required to exit successfully).

Making a pit

Begin this piece, like most scenery projects, with a base made from hardboard with bevelled edges. Carve the main structure out of foam and fill the gaps with either filler or PVA wood glue. Sand the hill after it has dried to smooth between the base and the hill.



The base

Texture the base by gluing down large rocks with PVA wood glue first, then paint on an even coat of glue over the base before sprinkling sand and small rocks. Wipe away any sand and glue that gets in places you don't want it (like on the tops of the large rocks). Apply a second coat of a very thin mixture of glue and water to help solidify everything in place and keep sand from being knocked off during painting.



Painting

Spray the piece with Chaos Black spray. Drybrush the entire surface with Bestial Brown followed by a lighter drybrush of Bubonic Brown. Add increasing amounts of Bleached Bone to Bubonic Brown for each successive highlight. Finish the basic painting with a very light and selective drybrush of Bleached Bone. This final drybrush should skim only the highest points of the raised areas to create more contrast and definition.



Details

Add detail like Skaven shields, weapons, and other debris. Paint them separately then glue them into place. Glue on static grass by painting on patches of glue and pushing clumps of static grass into the glue. Note that the opening for this example is designed for small skirmishing units like Gutter Runners. Feel free to make your pit as large as you like, maybe even big enough to accommodate the size of entire regiments like the example shown below:



The pits!

You can create a large pit like the one shown at right by carving pieces of foam into shape with a bobby knife. Add texture by gluing patches of sand to the base. Be sure to paint the foam surfaces by hand, because most spray paints will dissolve the foam. After the initial drybrushing is finished, paint up and add details like the bones, skeletons, and vermin shown above. To finish everything off, glue down two colours of static grass in sporadic patches over the entire surface to make it look natural.



BATTLE IN THE WARPSTONE PIT



For this battle, two armies meet in a mountainous region that contains one of the exits from the Skaven's under-empire in Bretonnia. The battlefield is more perilous than most. Steep cliffs punctuate the landscape, and roving bands of Skaven are a constant threat. Only the most determined commander will lead his forces into such an area. Taking control of the tainted landscape will do little to expand his army's realm, and the denizens of the Warpstone Pit can be as dangerous as the enemy.

Armies

Both armies are chosen from the Warhammer army lists to the preset banner size of the campaign. This size may be adjusted by support or other special campaign rules. Skaven armies who control the map section may always take advantage of the Fortification bonus, regardless of other factors.

Battlefield

At least half of the battlefield should be covered with hills to represent the mountainous terrain. Several scenery pieces should represent impassable terrain, like very steep hills, and huge rock piles.

At the exact centre point of the table, place a piece of terrain representing the exit from the Skaven under-empire. A place from where the vile ratmen spread their woes upon the world.

Deployment

Players deploy as per the rules for a Pitched Battle. See the Warhammer rulebook, pages 199-200.

First turn

Unless the battle involves a Skaven army, both players roll a D6. The higher-scoring player may choose to go first or second.

Skaven players may always choose whether to go first or second. If both armies are Skaven, roll a dice as normal.

Game length

The scenario lasts six turns.

Special rules

Exit from the Under-Empire. At the start of each player turn, roll a D6. On a result of 1, creatures emerge from the exit in the center of the board. Roll a D6 and consult the table below to see what evil has come into the light.

Creatures from the pit

1-2	A unit of 20 Clanrat Slaves
3-4	A unit of 20 Clanrats
5	A unit of 10 Night Runners
6	A Chaos Spawn with no Mark of Chaos

The unit enters the board as though it is returning after pursuing a unit off the board (see page 76 of the Warhammer rulebook).

All of these models, save the Chaos Spawn, may be controlled by a Skaven player as normal. Roll a dice for each unit that emerges if both armies are Skaven armies. If the battle does not involve a Skaven army, these units will move after both players' have had their turns. If the units are not controlled by a player, they will move their full movement distance directly toward the closest unit and will charge any unit within range. The Chaos Spawn cannot be controlled by any player and will move its full random movement distance directly toward the closest unit and will engage in combat if in range.

Victory conditions

Calculate Victory Points as stated in the standard rules on page 198 of the Warhammer rulebook to determine the winner. Models that emerged from the Exit from the Under-Empire bestow no Victory Points to the side that destroyed them or caused them to Flee. However, troops destroyed or forced to Flee by Under-Empire models bestow Victory Points to the enemy as normal.



THE GRAIL CHAPEL



equip more soldiers, and the magic items can be distributed to the realm's officers and heroes. As such, each banner in the realm is 50 points larger than the standard campaign banner size as long as it controls a map section containing a Grail Chapel.

Honourable Bretonnian realms will never stoop to plundering the artefacts and treasures contained in their sacred Grail Chapels dotted about the land. Instead they may select a single relic, represented by a magic item from the Bretonnian list, each time they control a map section containing a Grail Chapel and are defending it from attack.

Battles. Battles fought in a map section containing a Grail Chapel are not Pitched Battles – use the Capture the Grail Chapel scenario instead.

Razed. If a map section containing a Grail Chapel is Razed, it will no longer count toward the number of banners that a realm may field, and the Grail Chapel will be destroyed. Thereafter, even if the map section has Recovered, none of the special rules will apply again. From then on Pitched Battles are fought there: instead of the Capture the Grail Chapel scenario, and the map section is treated like a regular plains map section.

Throughout the countryside of Bretonnia there are chapels dedicated to the Grail and the Lady of the Lake. Most Grail Chapels were founded by Grail Knights in places where they first saw a vision of the Lady of the Lake or where a magic weapon was discovered. Later generations of Grail Knights often choose to live in old chapels, but new ones are still founded from time to time. Grail Chapels become the resting places for the bones of Grail Knights who have died and for their magic weapons. Knights Errant swear on the relics kept in the chapels, and in times of peril, its weapons may be taken up and used in defence of the realm.

Campaign Rules

Control of a Grail Chapel. Any realm, save a Bretonnian one, that controls a map section containing a Grail Chapel may plunder the wealth contained therein to bolster its forces. The gold and treasures can be used to hire and



Converting a Hermit Knight



This conversion uses:

- A head from an Empire Wizard
- A Knight of the Realm Hero's torso
- Legs from a Tilean Crossbowman
- A sword from a Grail Knight Hero
- Components from the Bretonnian Men-at-Arms sprue
- Plastic streamers clipped off a plastic Bretonnian Knight head.



It's a good idea to pin the limbs, torso, and head before painting the model. The pins will enable you to change the positioning of the model until you find a pose you like. After you have the pose you want, glue the streamers underneath the two shields on the torso and attach the Men-at-Arms bits wherever you wish. Fill in any gaps with Green Stuff and grey or paint out.



The finished Hermit Knight is ready to defend the Grail Chapel!

CAPTURE THE GRAIL CHAPEL

Overview

In this scenario, two armies converge on the site of an ancient Grail Chapel that contains a huge reliquary full of treasure and magical artifacts. The army that captures the chapel will have access to this wealth. Bretonnian forces will strive to keep their artifacts out of the hands of Bretonnia's enemies. The invaders must also contend with the Hermit Knight, a lone warrior who will defend the chapel to the bitter end.

Armies

Both armies are chosen from the Warhammer army lists to the preset banner size of the campaign. This size may be adjusted by support, Fortification, or other campaign rules.

Battlefield

Set up a terrain piece in the exact centre of the board to represent the Grail Chapel. The rest of the terrain can be set up in any mutually agreeable manner.

Deployment

Players deploy as per the rules for the Capture scenario. See the Warhammer rulebook, page 207-208.

Who goes first?

Unless a Bretonnian banner is involved in the battle, both players roll a D6. The highest-scoring player may choose to go first or second.

If a Bretonnian banner is involved, the Bretonnians MUST kneel and pray for the Blessing of the Lady. Thus, the Bretonnian player's opponent may choose to go first or second.

Game Length

The game lasts for a random length. At the end of the fourth turn, roll a D6. On a 2 or more, play a fifth turn. At the end

of the fifth turn, roll another D6. On a 3 or more, play a sixth turn, and so on. However, a roll of 6 on the die always indicates that another turn should be played no matter.

Special rules

Defend the Chapel. Bretonnians are dedicated to preserving the sanctity of the Grail Chapel and protecting the artifacts contained therein at all costs. Any Bretonnian Lord, Paladin, or Knightly unit within 6" of the Grail Chapel is *Stubborn*.

In addition to defending the chapel, which is sacred to the people of Bretonnia, a Bretonnian banner that controls the map section containing the Grail Chapel will take one relic from the Grail Chapel in order to defend it. This means that the Bretonnian force may take any one magic item from the Bretonnian magic item list for free as described in the Control of a Grail Chapel section.

Hermit Knight. As soon as any unit moves within 12" of the Grail Chapel, an old Hermit Knight emerges from the chapel and stands in its doorway. This Knight has chosen to live out his few remaining days defending the Grail Chapel. He is an individual character with the profile below.

Victory conditions

The army with a unit closest to the Grail Chapel at the end of the battle wins. Fleeing units, monsters, and characters (including the Hermit Knight) cannot capture the objective. If both players have units equidistant from the Grail Chapel, one player wins if his unit has more than twice the Unit Strength of the enemy unit closest to the chapel. Otherwise, the game ends in a draw.

HERMIT KNIGHT

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hermit Knight	4	5	3	4	4	2	4	3	10

Equipment: Hand Weapon, Heavy Armour, Shield.

Special Rules

The Hermit Knight has the Grail Vow, the Virtue of the Penitent, and the Virtue of Empathy.

If a Bretonnian army is involved in the battle, the Bretonnian player may control the Hermit Knight as he wishes. (If two Bretonnian armies are involved, dice off to see which side controls the Hermit Knight.) Otherwise, the Grail Knight remains beside the Grail Chapel to defend it and will charge any unit that comes within 8" of the chapel.

Making a Grail Chapel

This is quite a complicated model, recommended for experienced terrain builders only. We made the base for the shrine rooftop from eight 2" pieces cut from the parapet of plastic fortress wall sections. We then attached these to an octagon with 2" sides made from plasti-card. We made a template for the roof sections – basically an isosceles triangle with a 2" base. After we had eight identical pieces, we glued them together, and covered the gaps with piping made of plastic rod.



The walls

The walls are also made from the plastic fortress. Two sides are tower walls with doors cut to just below the door. The back is a plain wall, and the front a section cut from the castle gate wall. All have had their parapets removed, and you can use these to make part of the roof base. We glued hardboard around the doors to create a recess, then attached foamboard covered with stone-textured plastic sheeting inside the doorway and alcoves. We then put the fortress door into place inside the recessed doorway.



Assembly

We then stuck the piece together, basing the chapel on a hill making sure it was big enough to reach up to the bottom of the alcoves we'd created.



Detailing

We added plenty of details to the shrine. The roof we capped with a plastic cone (we pinched one from the classic Tallman board game!) and then topped that with a Grail taken from a Grail Knight's helmet. The trim is strips of balsa wood, while the statues are archaic monk models. For the gargoyles we used the chimney cap from the Empire Steam Tank, and the angels from the Sisters of Battle Warhammer 40,000 range. Bretonnian shields and Mordheim building accessories finished the building off. We then textured the base using the same techniques described earlier in the article and sprayed it with Chaos Black.



ARMY-SPECIFIC RULES

The following army-specific rules apply to this campaign only. Unless stated otherwise in the rules below, the army-specific rules for the Valley Grismerie campaign do not supersede the army-specific rules listed in Chapter 2 of The General's Compendium but apply in addition to them.



Bretonnians

Bretonnian realms may not ally with Dogs of War realms. Although circumstances may force the Bretonnians into such distasteful treaties in faraway lands like the Border Princes, in their home territory, Bretonnians simply refuse to associate with mercenary scum.

In addition, because of their familiarity with the landscape and trade routes, Bretonnian armies always win Don't Pass in the Night rolls when moving from or to a road map section, even against High Elf and Empire banners.



Empire

The armies of the Empire are more than a little familiar with the trade routes that cross the mountains to and from Bretonnia, and many Empire soldiers have served as escorts. Because of their familiarity with these roads, Empire armies always win Don't Pass in the Night rolls when moving from or to a road map section. However, Empire banners are not as familiar with the trade routes as Bretonnian troops, nor are Empire banners as skilled at rapid deployment as High Elf banners. Thus, this special rule does not apply against High Elf and Bretonnian banners.



Orcs and Goblins

The mountainous areas of this region of Bretonnia, particularly those of the dangerous Massif Orcal, are rife with marauding greenskin tribes who are spoiling for a scrap. When fighting in the mountains, generals best beware, for these regions are often home to large Orc camps and the lairs of all kinds of Goblins.

Orc & Goblin banners in the campaign may add 100 points to their banner size when fighting in mountainous map sections to represent the local tribes joining in the fray.



Dogs of War

Mercenary armies do not fare too well in a land where selfless chivalry and honour are highly esteemed. Soldiers of fortune who fight for the highest bidder are frowned upon by the valley's residents as a result. Because of this, the usual army-specific rule whereby Dogs of War armies can add an additional 100 points to their banner size is suspended for this campaign. In addition, Dogs of War realms can not ally with Bretonnian realms while fighting in this campaign.



High Elves

In ancient times, the High Elves lived in the Old World and built many structures in the land now known as Bretonnia. In fact, many Bretonnian castles are built upon former Elven structures. High Elven banners can take advantage of their ancient knowledge of the land. Thus, when defending a Fortified map section, High Elven banners add 250 points of additional troops (instead of the normal 200 points bonus) and may make an additional roll on the Defended Obstacles table.



Wood Elves

The Forests of Loren and the realm of the Wood Elves lie close to the area in which this campaign is set. Because of this, the Wood Elves are highly familiar with the local terrain. In Pitched Battles in the campaign, Wood Elves may set up two extra pieces of woodland scenery (instead of their usual additional one piece). However, in the special scenarios of this campaign (except The Joust), the Wood Elves may set up only one extra piece of woodland scenery as they normally do.



Terrain Generation in the Valley Grismerie

If you choose to generate terrain randomly for your battles, roll on the terrain generator table on page 222 of the Warhammer rulebook but make the following changes to this table for the map sections listed below.

Mountains. Replace results of Stream, Marsh, Field Boundaries and Peasant Farmstead with a Hill.

Forests. Replace results of Marsh, Field Boundaries, Peasant Farmstead and Village with a Wood.

Riverbank/Bridge/Sacred Lake. Replace results of Field Boundaries and Peasant Farmstead with River or Stream. Subsequent rolls of this result indicate that there is a bridge crossing the River or Stream.

Road. Ignore results of River or Lake, Marsh, Field Boundaries and Large Building and place nothing instead.

THE GRAIL QUEST

Between Turns 12 and 13, a special Turn is played. This turn is not a standard campaign turn, but additional to the normal Turn sequence.

All campaign participants will fight in a mega-battle called the Grail Quest. This game requires a neutral Games Master to run the scenario. The task forces involved in the Grail Quest are formed specially from surplus troops in the realm, so the Grail Quest in no way affects the positions of banners on the map or the control of any map sections.

Part of an ongoing campaign

Rumours of Grail sightings have captured the attention of all the realms' leaders, who organize special task forces to seek out and perhaps capture the Grail. Capturing the Grail will bring about an enormous shift in power at this point in the campaign. Although the Grail appears only for fleeting moments after acts of heroism and the like, possessing the Grail for even a short time is inspirational to good armies, while evil armies who control the Grail can attempt to work foul rituals in order to desecrate it. To reflect the good fortune of capturing the Grail, all banners in the winning alliance increase in size by 100 points for the remainder of the campaign.

The army that ends the scenario with the Grail will take one of the following three actions with it. The Knights of a Bretonnian army will drink from the Grail, and therefore, Grail Knights will become more common throughout the realm. For the remainder of the campaign armies from the Bretonnian realm that possessed the Grail at the end of the scenario may take Grail

Knights as Special choices and/or as Rare choices and no longer treat Grail Knights as a 0-1 choice (ie, the Bretonnian player may take more than one unit of Grail Knights).

Other good armies that possess the Grail at the end of the scenario may attempt to harness the power of the Grail for their own purposes. To do so, the controlling player rolls a D6. On a result of 4+, all of the Wizards in the realm will generate 1 extra Power Die in the remaining battles of the campaign.

Dwarf armies who claim the power of the Grail generate 5 Dispel Dice per turn instead of the usual 4. On a dice result of 3 or less, the Grail will disappear and is reclaimed by the Lady of the Lake. The good army gains no additional advantages.

Evil armies will attempt to corrupt the Grail by desecrating it with warpstone, Squig guts, or other wicked magics or practices. The evil player rolls a D6. On a result of 1-3, the Lady of the Lake reclaims the Grail, and the chalice vanishes moments before the defilement was to take place. On a 4-6, the evil attempt succeeds, and the power of the Grail is sadly weakened. No Bretonnian force will receive the Blessing of the Lady for the remainder of the campaign.



Thanks to Rich Curren, Chris Gohlthorpe, Jeff Hall, Rob Hawkins, Robin Murphy, John Shaffer, Nicole Shevchuk, Dave Taylor, and Jeremy Vetoek for help with playtesting.

Making treasure counters



The counters seen on these counters were made by rolling out thin tubes of modelling putty and letting them dry. We cut these into slices off of the tube to make disks. We then applied a coat of superglue to the base and sprinkled on the coins. The base above also uses the chest from Aldus the Mean.



This base has a Warhammer Familiar in the middle that is painted to resemble Jade. The large gem is a painted plastic bead, the likes of which you can find at most craft stores.



This base includes a sword from the Chaos Warrior Accessory sprue, some putty coins, and plastic bead gems. Treasure counters give you a chance to get creative. There is only one rule, and that is raid your bits box!

GRAIL QUEST

Reports of Grail sightings have drawn task forces from all the realms involved in the campaign to a mountainous region near the Massif Orcal. No banners are moved, however, as the task forces are made up of surplus troops, and this scenario is played outside of the normal sequence of campaign turns. The mountains are home to several large monsters, each of which protects a large treasure hoard in its lair. One of these treasure troves contains the Grail. The armies involved must march forth, slay the monsters, and capture the Grail.

Armies

The armies are divided into two alliances of equal points size, though each alliance may be composed of different numbers of armies. One alliance will be composed of all the 'good' armies (ie, Bretonnians, Dwarfs, Empire, High Elf, Lizardmen, and Wood Elves), and the other will be composed of all the 'evil' armies (ie, Beasts of Chaos, Chaos Dwarfs, Dark Elves, Hordes of Chaos, Orcs & Goblins, Skaven, Tomb Kings, and Vampire Counts). Dogs of War armies will generally be allied with the good side, but if they consist of a lot of Hobgoblins and the like, they may be placed on the evil side instead.

To determine the size of each alliance, multiply the number of campaign participants by 1,000. Thus, in a campaign with eight players, each alliance would total 8,000 points. The armies in each alliance will be of equal size. Thus, in the above example, if three evil armies were to face off against five good armies, the evil armies would have 2,667 points each, whereas the good armies would have 1,600 points each. This keeps things fair.

All armies are chosen from the Warhammer army lists to the appropriate size.

Battlefield

The battlefield should be at least 4' wide. The table should be at least 3' long for each army in the more numerous alliance. Thus, in our example in which three evil armies were battling five good armies, the table would have to be at least 15' long. Push several tables together if you need to add length.

The neutral Games Master sets up the board, which should be hilly to represent the mountainous terrain. The

GM should also place a number of monsters on the board equal to half the number of players involved in the battle (rounding down). The monsters should be spread across the board as equally as possible. Next to each monster, the GM places a marker or special small terrain piece to represent each monster's treasure hoard. The GM may select the monsters from available figures but should try to select powerful monsters that will be challenging for the troops to destroy (eg, Dragons, Giants, Hydras, Hippogriffs, and the like). Before sides are selected and deployment begins, the GM must nominate one of the monsters to be the guardian of the Grail and secretly write down his choice.

Deployment

Players deploy per the rules for a Multi-Player Pitched Battle. See The General's Compendium, page 115.

Who goes first?

Both alliances roll a D6. The alliance that finished its deployment first (not including Scouts and other troops with special deployment rules) may add +1 to its die roll. The alliance that scores higher may choose whether to go first or second. Once the game begins, each alliance fights as one army with its own Command Structure. If a Bretonnian army is involved in the battle and wishes to kneel and pray for the Blessing of the Lady and the other good players concur, the evil alliance may choose to go first or second.

Length of game

The scenario lasts six turns. If no one controls the Grail at the end of the sixth turn, then the game ends in a draw, and no campaign bonuses for winning the battle or controlling the Grail are awarded.

Special rules

Command Structure. Each alliance is led by a Marshal. See page 112-113 of The General's Compendium.

Enmity. This scenario uses a variant of the allies rules found in The General's

Compendium. The normal rules for Alliances are waived for this scenario, and sides are formed as stated in the Armies section above. However, some armies may still suffer from Enmity (see page 113 of The General's Compendium). Any allied pair of armies that cross-references as 'm' or 'n' on the table on page 109 of The General's Compendium will suffer from Enmity.

Monsters, Treasure Hoards, and the Grail. Each turn, the monsters act in between the player turns. Thus, if the evil alliance took the first turn, the turn sequence would be: evil, monsters, good, evil, monsters, good, and so on. A monster will do nothing until troops approach within its charge range, at which point it will charge on its turn. If more than one unit is within a monster's charge range at the start of the monsters' turn, the GM should dice off to see which unit it will charge. The monster will always use any Breath Weapon if there are troops in range and it is not engaged in combat. If the monster destroys its opponent or forces it to flee, the monster will never pursue and will return to protect its hoard in its next Movement phase.

If a unit or model makes contact with a treasure hoard when the monster is not adjacent to it (either because it is slain or because it is away fighting another enemy), then the GM should reveal whether the hoard contains the Grail or not. Any unit or model may then retrieve the Grail and must defend it as best it can until the end of the game. Enemy forces may capture the Grail as they would a unit standard. The Grail may not be transferred from one friendly unit to another.

Victory conditions

The alliance that has the Grail at the end of the game is the winner. If neither side controls the Grail then the battle is a draw.



VICTORY CONDITIONS

The Valley Grismerie campaign lasts 20 turns, regardless of the number of players. At the end of play he who controls the Valley Grismerie will be able to control much of the traffic between Bretonnia and the Empire.

At the end of Turn 20, count up the number of map sections controlled by each player. Special map sections, except Warpstone Pits, count as five map sections. Warpstone Pits count as zero map sections for most realms and as three map sections for Skaven realms. All roads and riverbanks count as two map sections, as these thoroughfares are of massive tactical significance. Razed sections don't count (except Warpstone Pits, which Skaven may count, as described above). The player with the highest total is the winner.

If the winner controls 50 or more map sections, he has absolute control of the Valley Grismerie and can thus dictate who may travel through the area.

If the winner controls 35-49 map sections, his control of the region is strong but not complete. Although he will be able to restrict the movement of his enemies through the area, a few determined commanders will be able to punch through and make their way through Axe Bite Pass.

If the winner controls 34 or fewer map sections, his control over the region is tentative. Although he and his allies will be able to move freely through Axe Bite Pass, many of his enemies will be able to do so as well. The winner of the campaign will have an edge in the region of the Valley Grismerie, but not absolute control.

If there is a tie for first, regardless of how many map sections the first place finishers have in their realms, control of the Valley Grismerie is still under dispute, and armies are given orders to march. The fate of the valley will be decided once and for all upon the field of battle. The two first place finishers play a Tiebreaker Battle to determine the overall winner.

Tiebreaker Battle. Count up the number of map sections controlled by each of the first place players, but this time, count all map sections (including special sections and Roads) as one section only. (Razed map sections still don't count, except for Skaven realms that control Warpstone Pits, which count as one map section for the ratmen in this count.)

The player with the higher total may choose the map section in which the battle will be fought (if this total is tied as well, dice off to determine who chooses). He may choose to defend one of his own map sections or to attack one of the map sections controlled by the other first place finisher. Both players nominate one of their banners to fight the battle. Place these banners in the nominated map section (though a banner may take advantage of any pre-existing Fortifications if it is not forced to move). A battle is fought in the map section as normal, with all the applicable penalties and bonuses (eg, Fortification, support, army-specific rules, and special map section rules). Most often the battle will be a Pitched Battle but could be a particular scenario if the battle is being fought in a special map section. The winner of this tiebreaker battle is the winner of the campaign, and the new master of the Valley Grismerie.





THE LOST STRONGHOLD
OF KHAZAD OKUL IN THE
WORLD'S EDGE MOUNTAINS.

SKAVEN!

LONG CENTURIES AFTER THE LAST DWARF WAS
DRIVEN FROM OUT OF ITS STONE HALLS, A PARTY
OF DWARF WARRIORS RETURN TO RECLAIM PART
OF THEIR ANCIENT RACE'S LOST HERITAGE FROM
THE STRONGHOLD'S NEW INHABITANTS...


The Legend of the White Dwarf

SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE • ART: KARL RICHARDSON • LETTERS: CHRISTIAN DUNN




VUNGRIK GOTTERSIN, LAST
OF THE LINEAGE OF THE
LORDS OF KHAZAD OKUL.

HE DREAMED OF HONOUR AND GLORY,
OF DRIVING OUT HIS CLAN'S ANCIENT
ENEMIES AND RETURNING THE LOST
STRONGHOLD TO THE DWINDLING RANKS
STILL SURVIVING IN THE DWARF REALMS.



KHAZAD
OKUL! MARAK
KHAZAD OKUL!



BUT THIS, DYING HERE IN THE STINKING
DARKNESS, BENEATH THE UNCARING
GAZE OF THE DEFILED STATUES OF HIS
ANCESTOR LORDS, THIS WAS NOT THE
FATE HE BELIEVED WOULD BE HIS.



VUNGRIK'S YOUNG KINSMAN, HARRIM
GOTTERSIN, WHO SHARED HIS LORD'S
DREAMS OF REKINDLING LOST GLORIES.



THE TROLLSLAYER GURRI REDBEARD, WHO
ONLY JOINED VUNGRIK'S EXPEDITION TO FIND
A DEATH WORTHY ENOUGH TO ATONES FOR
HIS PAST TRANSGRESSIONS.

IN THE HALLS OF KHAZAD OKUL, HE
FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

THIS WAY!
WE CAN HOLD
THEM OFF IN
HERE.

CLOSE
THE DOORS!

HANNIMAR!
BEHIND YOU!

SSCHRIIK!



BRACE
THE DOORS. USE
STONE, BROKEN TIMBERS,
ANYTHING YOU
CAN FIND!



QUICKLY!



THE BEST
WE CAN DO. AND IT STILL
WON'T TAKE THEM LONG TO
GNAW THEIR WAY THROUGH
IT.

AND NO
OTHER WAY
OUT OF HERE
EITHER.



FINE WORK,
OLD ONE. ALL YOU'VE
DONE IS DELAY THE HOUR OF
OUR DOOM FOR A SHORT
WHILE LONGER.




LORD
GOTTERSIN HIRED ME
TO FIND THE PATH INTO THESE
HALLS. HE PAID NO HEED WHEN I
WARNED HIM WHAT HE MIGHT
FIND HERE.



WELL, IF
WE MUST DIE, AT
LEAST THE SPIRIT OF
THIS FORGOTTEN DWARFLORD
WILL KNOW THAT WE
DIED FIGHTING.


AND
WHERE HAVE YOU
LED US? AN OLD SHRINE
CHAMBER, IT LOOKS
LIKE.




HAVE DWARF
MEMORIES FORGOTTEN SO
MUCH? SHOW SOME RESPECT,
YOUNGBEARDS. THIS IS NO MERE
ANCESTOR SHRINE.

YOU LOOK
UPON THE FACE OF
GROMBRINDAL, WHO IS
REMEMBERED IN THE LEGENDS
OF OUR RACE AS THE
WHITE DWARF.

WATCH YOUR
TONGUE, OLD ONE. I AM NO
YOUNGBEARD, AND IN THE HALLS
OF MY CLAN, WE STILL REMEMBER
THE LEGENDS OF THE
WHITE DWARF.



GROMBRINDAL, WHO WAS ALSO KNOWN AS
SNORRI WHITEBEARD, GREATEST OF ALL
THE GREAT HIGH KINGS OF KARAZ-A-KARAK.



GROMBRINDAL, WHOM EVEN THE ELF
PHOENIX KING BOWED TO IN DEFERENCE,
SEEKING HIS COUNSEL IN THOSE TIMES
WHEN ELVES AND DWARFS STILL STOOD
TOGETHER AS BROTHERS.



GROMBRINDAL, WHO SINGLE-HANDEDLY TURNED
BACK THE TIDE OF GREENSKINS AT THE BATTLE
OF BLACKHAWK PEAK, FILLING TEN TREASURE
CHESTS WITH THE HEADS OF GROBI CHIEFTAINS
AND SENT THEIR FOLLOWERS FLEEING BACK INTO
THE DARKLAND WASTES, TO THINK AGAIN.



GROMBRINDAL, WHO FOUGHT THE GREAT TROLL BEAST
GHRANDUKKER, FATHER OF ALL HIS EVIL KIND.

FOR SIX DAYS AND SIX NIGHTS, THEY FOUGHT. A HUNDRED
TIMES DID GROMBRINDAL KILL THE CREATURE, BUT EVERY
TIME THE TROLL BEAST'S WOUNDS CLOSED UP AGAIN, AND
THE BLOOD FROM THOSE WOUNDS SOAKED INTO THE EARTH
AND FROM THAT POISONED EARTH A DOZEN MORE OF
GHRANDUKKER'S FOUL OFFSPRING ROSE UP TO DO BATTLE
ALONGSIDE THEIR FATHER.

IT WAS AT THE DAWN OF THE SEVENTH DAY THAT GROMBRINDAL STUCK GHRANDUKKER'S HEAD FROM HIS BODY, AND, AFTER THAT, THE CREATURE ROSE UP NO MORE.



'ALL THE DWARFLORDS GATHERED IN A GREAT FEAST TO HONOUR GROMBRINDAL'S VICTORY. IT IS FROM THIS FEAST THAT WE, THEIR DISTANT KINSMEN, LEARNED THE NOBLE ART OF KULGUR, OF COOKING TROLL-MEAT, WHICH WE STILL DO TO THIS DAY, IN HONOUR OF KING SNORRI WHITEBEARD.'



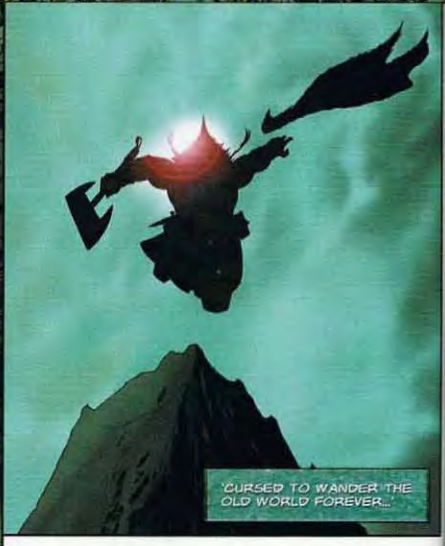
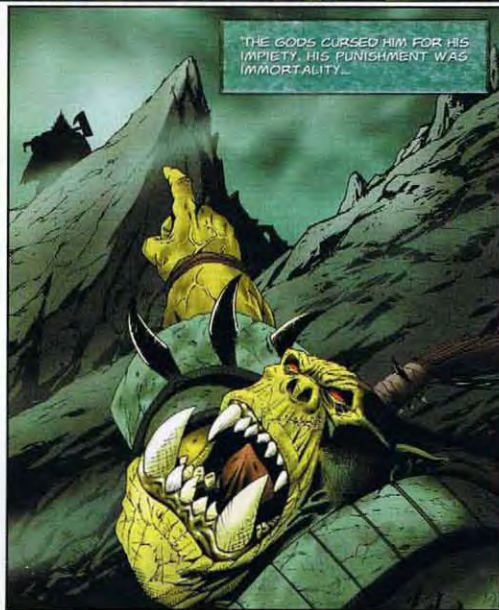
AYE. IN MY CLAN'S STRONGHOLD, WE TOO TELL TALES OF GROMBRINDAL, ALTHOUGH IN THE STORIES I HEARD AS A YOUNGBEARD, HE WAS NOT KING SNORRI...



TO US, HE IS *KHALASH-A-KALAN, THE LORD OF SLAYERS*. A KING FROM ANCIENT TIMES WHO, IN HIS PRIDE, ONCE THOUGHT HIMSELF MIGHTIER THAN THE GODS THEMSELVES.



THE GODS CURSED HIM FOR HIS IMPIETY. HIS PUNISHMENT WAS IMMORTALITY...



'CURSED TO WANDER THE OLD WORLD FOREVER...'

„DOOMED TO FIGHT FOREVER AGAINST
THE ENEMIES OF OUR RACE.“





HE TRAVELS IN DISGUISE, OFTEN TAKING THE FORM OF AN OLD PROSPECTOR WHO JOINS PARTIES OF DWARFS TRAVELLING IN THE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESSES.



HA, I'VE HEARD THAT STORY TOO, AND MANY OTHERS, INTO THE BARGAIN.



I'VE BEEN TOLD HE'S THE MORTAL FORM OF THE WAR GOD *GRIMNIR* WALKING THE WORLD IN DISGUISE. THERE ARE OTHER STORIES, TOO...



I MET A RUNESMITH FROM BARAK VARR, ONE OF THE LONGEST OF LONGBEARDS, WHO SWORE TO ME THAT HE HAD SEEN GROMBRINDAL WITH HIS OWN EYES.



HE TOLD ME OF HOW HE AND HIS COMPANIONS WERE TRAPPED BY THE GROSS WHILE ON AN MITRIL-MINING EXPEDITION INTO THE TUNNELS OF KARAK UNGOR, AND OF HOW GROMBRINDAL CAME TO THEIR RESCUE...

HE TOLD ME THE WHITE DWARF WAS NEITHER DWARF NOR GOD, BUT SOMETHING ELSE...

HE SWORE TO ME THAT THE WHITE DWARF WAS THE *LIVING EMBODIMENT* OF DWARF-KIND.



'AS LONG AS ONE DWARF
STILL REMAINS ALIVE...



'AS LONG AS ONE ENEMY OF
DWARF-KIND STILL STANDS
TO US...



'AS LONG AS THESE THINGS
REMAIN, THERE WILL ALWAYS
BE A WHITE DWARF.'



SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING OUTSIDE
THE DOORS! WHAT'S
THAT SOUND?

IT'S THE
SKAVEN...



THEY'RE
SCREAMING.

THERE
ARE OTHER TALES,
TOO...



THAT HE IS THE SPIRIT OF AN ANCIENT AND
FORGOTTEN DWARFLORD, WHO SWORE AN
OATH TO PROTECT HIS RACE FOREVER.




THAT THERE IS NOT *ONE* WHITE DWARF, BUT
MANY. EACH GENERATION, A DIFFERENT
HERO RISES UP TO TAKE ON THE NAME OF
GROMBRINDAL, MAKING SURE THE LEGEND
OF THE WHITE DWARF NEVER DIES OUT.


OPEN
THE DOORS
AND STAND
READY!



HAD WE A CENTURY OR MORE, I STILL
COULDN'T TELL YOU HALF THE LEGENDS
THEY TELL OF THE WHITE DWARF.




LORD
GROMBRINDAL, WAIT!
WE OWE YOU A LIFE-
DEBT.



YOU
OWE ME *NOTHING*,
YOUNGBEARD.

MY TASK
HERE IS DONE.
LEAVE THIS PLACE. THERE
IS NOTHING LEFT HERE NOW
FOR OUR KIND BUT
DEATH.



THE
LONGBEARD...
HE'S GONE!

HANNIMAR,
LOOK!



'EAVY METAL SHOWCASE

Braagarth the Lascivious

Liliana Troy, Slayer Sword Winner
Gold, Warhammer Single Miniature
Games Day Los Angeles 2009



First Knight of the Teutogen Guard

Mike Anderson



Nurgle Champion

Mike Anderson



THE HEAVY METAL SHOWCASE FEATURES SOME OF THE FINEST PAINTED MINIATURES IN THE HOBBY. THIS MONTH WE PRESENT SOME OF THE BEST WARHAMMER MODELS FROM AROUND THE WORLD.

Shaggoth

Natalya Melnik



The White Dwarf

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Dark Elf Noble

Andrew Cromwell



Black Knight

Allan Carrasco



Hard as Stone

Gav Thorpe describes the origins of the legendary White Dwarf



Gav Thorpe

In this exciting saga of betrayal and grudge-making, we at last discover who the famed Grombrindal truly is...

The twisted, haying creatures came on in a great mass, howling and screaming at the darkening sky. Some shambled forwards on all fours like dogs and bears, others ran upright with long, loping strides. Each was an unholy hybrid of man and beast, some with canine faces and human bodies, others with the hindquarters of a goat or cat. Bird-faced creatures with bat-like wings sprouting from their backs swept forward in swooping leaps, alongside gigantic monstrosities made of flailing limbs and screeching faces. As the sun glittered off the peaks of the mountains around them, the host of Elves and Dwarfs stood watching grimly as this fresh wave of warped horrors swept down the valley towards them. For five long days they had stood against the horde pouring from the north. The sky seethed with magical energy above them, pulsing with unnatural vigour. Storm clouds tinged with blue and purple rolled in the air above the dark host.

At the head of the Dwarf army stood the High King, Snorri Whitebeard. His beard was stained with dirt and blood and he held his glimmering rune axe heavily in his hand. Around him his guards picked up their shields, axes and hammers and closed around the king, preparing to face the fresh onslaught. It was the Dwarf standing to Snorri's left, Godri Stonehewer, who broke the grim silence.

"Do you think there'll be many more of them?" he asked, hefting his hammer in his right hand. "Only, I haven't had a beer in three days."

Snorri chuckled and looked across towards Godri.

"Where did you find beer three days ago?" the High King said. "I haven't had a drop since the first day!"

"Well," replied Godri, avoiding the King's gaze. "There may have been a barrel or two that were missed out when we were

doling out the rations."

"Godri!" snapped Snorri, genuinely angry. "There's good fighters back there with blood in their mouths that have had to put up with that elf-spit for three days, and you had your own beer? If I survive this we'll be having words!"

Godri didn't reply but shuffled his feet in chagrin and kept his gaze firmly on the ground.

"Head's up!" someone called from further down the line, and Snorri turned to see dark shapes in the sky above, four of them barely visible amongst the clouds. One detached itself from the group and spiralled downwards.

As it came closer the shape was revealed to be a Dragon, its large white scales glinting in the magical storm. Perched at the base of its long, serpentine neck was a figure swathed in a light blue cloak, his silvered armour shining through the flapping folds. His face was hidden behind a tall helm decorated with two golden wings that arched into the air.

The Dragon landed a short way in front of Snorri and folded its wings. The figure leapt gracefully to the ground from his saddle, tall and lean, and strode towards Snorri, the long cloak flowing just above the muddy ground. As he approached, he removed his helm revealing a slender face and wide, bright eyes. His skin was fair and dark hair fell loosely on his shoulders.

"Made it back then?" said Snorri as the Elf stopped in front of him.

"Of course," the Elf replied with a distasteful look. "Were you expecting me to perish?"

"Hey now, Malekith, don't take sol!" said Snorri with a growl. "It was a simple greeting."

The Elven prince did not reply. Turning, he surveyed the oncoming horde. As he spoke, his gaze still fixed to the north.

"This is the last of them," said Malekith.

"Well, the last for many, many leagues. When they are all destroyed we shall turn westwards to the hordes that threaten the cities of my people."

"That was the deal, yes," said Snorri, pulling off his helmet and dragging a hand through his knotted, sweat-soaked hair.

"We swore oaths, remember?"

Malekith turned and looked at Snorri.

"Yes, oaths," the Elven prince said, looking over his shoulder at Snorri. "Your word is your bond, that is how it is with

you Dwarfs, is it not?"

"As it should be with all civilised folk," said Snorri, ramming his helmet back on. "You've kept your word, we'll keep ours."

The Elf nodded and walked away. With a graceful leap he jumped into the Dragon's saddle and a moment later, amidst the thunderous flapping of wings, the beast soared into the air and was soon lost against the clouds.

"They're a funny folk, these Elves," remarked Godri. "Speak odd, too."

"They're a strange breed, right enough," agreed the Dwarf King. "Living with Dragons, can't take their ale, and I'm sure they spend too much time in the sun. Still, anyone who can swing a sword and will stand beside me is friend enough in these dark times."

"Right enough," said Godri with a nod.

The Dwarf throng was silent as the beasts of Chaos approached, and above the baying and howling of the twisted monsters, the clear trumpet calls of the Elves could be heard, marshalling their line.

The unnatural tide of mutated flesh was now only some 500 yards away and Snorri could smell their disgusting stench on the wind. In the dim light, a storm of white-shafted arrows lifted into the air from the Elves and then fell down amongst the horde punching, through furred hide and leathery skin. Another volley followed swiftly after, then another and another. The ground of the valley was littered with the dead and the dying, dozens of arrow-pierced corpses strewn across the slope in front of Snorri and his army. Still the beasts rushed on, heedless of their casualties, and they were now only 200 yards away. Three arrows burning with blue fire arced high into the air.

"Right, that's us," said Snorri. He gave a nod to Thundir to his right and the Dwarf lifted his curling horn to his lips and blew a long blast that resounded off the valley walls.

The noise gradually increased as the Dwarfs marched forwards, the echoes of the horn call and roaring of the Chaos beasts now drowned out by the tramp of iron-shod feet, the clinking of chainmail and the thump of axes on shields.

Like a wall of iron, the Dwarf line advanced down the slope as yet one more salvo of arrows whistled over their heads. The scattered groups of fanged, clawed monsters crashed into the shield wall



growling, howling and screeching, their wordless challenges met with gruff battle cries and shouted oaths.

"Grugni guide my hand!" bellowed Snorri as a creature with the head of a wolf, the body of a man and the legs of a lizard jumped at him, slashing at him with long talons. Snorri swept his axe from right to left in a low arc, the gleaming blade shearing off the beast's legs just below the waist.

As the dismembered corpse tumbled down the hill, Snorri stepped forward and brought his axe back in for a return blow, ripping the head from a bear-like creature with a lashing snake for a tail. Thick blood that stank of rotted fish sprayed over the king, sticking to the plates of his iron armour. The goblins caught in his matted beard and made him gag. It was going to be a long day.

The throne room of Zhufbar echoed gently with the hubbub of the milling

Dwarfs. Hundreds of lanterns shone a golden light down onto the throng as King Throndin looked over his court.

Representatives of most of the clans were here, and amongst the crowd he spied the familiar face of his son, Barundin. The young Dwarf was in conversation with the Runclord, Arbrek Silverfingers. Throndin chuckled quietly to himself as he imagined the topic of conversation. Undoubtedly his son would be saying something rash and ill-considered and Arbrek would be cursing him softly with a twinkle in his eye.

Movement at the great doors caught the king's attention and the background noise dropped down as the human emissary entered, escorted by Hengrid Dragonfoe, the Hold's Gatewarden. The manling was tall, even for one of his kind, and behind him came two other men carrying a large ironbound wooden chest between them. The messenger was clearly taking slow deliberate strides so as not to outpace his shorter-legged escort, while the two carrying the chest were visibly tiring. A gap opened up in the assembled throng, a pathway to the foot of Throndin's throne appearing out of the crowd.

He sat with his arms crossed as he watched the small deputation make its way up the 30 steps to the dais on which his throne stood. The messenger bowed low, his left hand extended to the side with a flourish, and looked at the King.

"My Lord, King Throndin of Zhufbar, I bring tidings from Baron Silas Vessal of Averland," the emissary said.

He was speaking slowly, for which Throndin was grateful for it had been many long years since he had needed to understand the Reikspiel of the Empire. The King said nothing for a moment, and then noticed the manling's

unease at the ensuing silence. He dredged up the right words from his memory.

"And you are?" asked Throndin.

"I am Marechal Heinlin Kulft, cousin and herald to Baron Vessal," the man replied.

"Cousin, eh?" said Throndin with an approving nod. At least this manling lord had sent one of his own family to parley with the king. In his 300 years, Throndin had come to think of humans as rash, flighty and inconsiderate. Almost as bad as Elves, he thought to himself.

"Yes, my Lord," replied Kulft. "On his father's side," he added, feeling perhaps that the explanation would fill the silence that had descended on the wide, long chamber. He was acutely aware of many Dwarf eyes boring into his back and even more Dwarf ears examining his every word.

"So, you have a message?" said Throndin, tilting his head slightly to one side.

"I have two, my Lord," said Kulft. "I bring both grievous news and a request from Baron Vessal."

"You want help, then?" said Throndin. "What do you want?"

The herald was momentarily taken aback by the king's forthright manner but gathered himself quickly.

"Orcs, my lord," said Kulft, and at the mention of the hated greyskins an angry buzzing filled the chamber. The noise quietened as Throndin waved the court to silence. He gestured for Kulft to continue.

"From north of the Baron's lands, the Orcs have come," he said. "Three farms have been destroyed already, and we fear they are growing in number. The baron's armies are well equipped but small, and he fears that should we not respond quickly the Orcs will only grow more bold."

"Then ask your Count or your Emperor for more men," said Throndin. "What concern is it of mine?"

"The Orcs have crossed your lands as well," replied Kulft quickly, obviously prepared for such a question. "Not only this year, but last year at about the same time of year."

"Have you a description of these creatures?" demanded Throndin, his eyes narrowing to slits.

"They are said to carry



shields emblazoned with the crude images of a face with two long fangs, and they paint their bodies with strange designs in black paint," said Kulft, and this time the reaction from the throng was even louder.

Throndin sat in silence but the knuckles of his cleaved fists were white and his beard quivered. Kulft gestured rapidly to the two men that had gratefully placed the chest on the throne tier, and they opened it up. The light of a hundred lanterns glittered off the contents - a few gems, many, many silver coins and several bars of gold. The anger in Throndin's eyes was rapidly replaced with an inquisitive gleam.

"The baron would not wish you to endure any expense on his account," explained Kulft, gesturing to the treasure chest. "He would ask that you accept this gesture of his good will in offsetting any costs that your expedition might incur."

"Hmm, gift?" said Throndin, tearing his eyes away from the gold bars. They were of a particular quality, originally Dwarf-gold if his experienced eye was not mistaken. "For me?"

Kulft nodded. The Dwarf king looked back at the chest and then glowered at the few Dwarfs that had taken hesitant steps up the stairway towards the chest. Kulft gestured for his companions to close the lid before any trouble started. He had heard of the Dwarf lust for gold, but had mistaken it merely for greed. The reaction had been something else entirely, a desire for the precious metal that bordered on physical need, like a man finding water in the desert.

"While I accept this generous gift, it is not for gold that the King of Zhufbar shall march forth," said Throndin, standing up. "We know of these Orcs. Indeed, last year they were met in battle with Dwarfs of my own clan, and the vile creatures took the life of my eldest son."

Throndin paced forward, his balled fists by his side, and stood at the top of the steps. When he next spoke, his voice echoed from the far walls of the chamber. He turned to Kulft.

"These Orcs owe us dear," snarled the King. "The life of a Zhufbar prince stains their lives and they have been entered into the list of wrongs done against my hold and my people. I declare grudge against these Orcs! Their lives are forfeit, and with axe and hammer we shall make them pay the price they owe! Ride to your lord, tell him to prepare for war, and tell him that King Throndin Stoneheart of Zhufbar will fight beside him!"

The tramping of Dwarf boots rang from the mountainsides as the gates of Zhufbar were swung open and the host of King Throndin marched out. Rank after rank of bearded warriors advanced between the two

great statues of Grugoi and Grimair that flanked the gateway, carved from the rock of the mountain. Above the Dwarfs swayed a forest of standards of gold and silver wrought into the faces of revered ancestors, clan runes and guild symbols.

The thud of boots was joined by the rumbling of wheels and the wheezing and coughing of a steam engine. At the rear of the dwarf column, a steamroller pulled into view, its spiked, iron-rimmed wheels grinding along the cracked and pitted roadway. Billows of grey smoke rose into the air from the fluted funnel as the traction engine growled forwards, pulling behind it a chain of four wagons laden with baggage covered with heavy water-proofed sacking bound with iron cable.

The autumn sky above the Worlds Edge Mountains was low and grey, threatening rain, and yet Throndin was in high spirits. He walked at the head of his army, to his left Barundin carried the king's own standard and to his right marched the Ruaclord Arbreck.

"War was never a happy occasion in your father's day," said Arbreck, noticing the smile on the king's lips. The smile faded as Throndin turned his head to look at the Ruaclord.

"My father never had cause to avenge a fallen son," the king said darkly, his eyes bright in the shadow of his gold-inlaid helmet. "I thank him and the fathers before him that I have been granted the opportunity to right this wrong."

"Besides, it is too long since you last took up your axe other than to polish it!" said Barundin with a short laugh. "Are you sure you still remember what to do?"

"Listen to the bearding!" laughed Throndin. "Barely 50 years old and already an expert on war. Listen, laddie, I was swinging this axe at Orcs long before you were born. Let's just see which of us accounts for more, eh?"

"This'll be the first time your father has had a chance to see your mettle," added Arbreck with a wink. "Stories when the ale is flowing are right enough, but there's nothing like seeing it first-hand to make a father proud."

"Aye," agreed Throndin, patting Barundin on the arm. "You're my only son now. The honour of the clan will be yours when I go to meet the ancestors. You'll make me proud, I know you will."

"You'll see that Barundin Thronindsson is worthy of becoming king; the youth said with a fierce nod that set his beard wagging. "You'll be proud, right enough."

They marched westwards towards the Empire until noon, the towering ramparts and bastions of Zhufbar disappearing behind them, the mountain peak that held the King's throne room obscured by low cloud.

At midday Throndin called a halt and the air was filled with the noise of 5,000 dwarfs eating stonebread, drinking ale and

arguing loudly, as it was their wont when on campaign. After the eating was done the air was thick with pipe smoke, which hung like a cloud over the host.

As Throndin sat on a rock, legs splayed in front of him, he admired the scenery. High up on the mountains, he could see for many miles, league after league of hard rock and sparse trees and bushes. Beyond, he could just about make out the greener lands of the Empire. Taking a pull on his pipe, a tap on his shoulder caused him to turn. It was Hengrid, and with him was an old-looking Dwarf with a long white beard tucked into a simple rope belt. The stranger wore a hooded cloak of rough-spun wool dyed blue and he held a whetstone in his cracked, gnarled hands.

"Grugni's honour be with you, King Throndin," said the Dwarf with a short bow. "I am but a simple traveller, who earns a coin or two with my whetstone and my wits. Allow me the honour of sharpening your axe and perhaps passing on a wise word or two."

"My axe is rune-sharp," said Throndin, turning away.

"Hold now, King," said the old Dwarf. "There was a time when any Dwarf, be he lowly or kingly, would spare an ear for one of age and learning."

"Let him speak, Throndin," called Arbreck from across the other side of the roadway. "He's old enough to even be my father, show a little respect!"

Throndin turned back to the stranger and gave a grudging nod. The peddler nodded thankfully and pulled off his pack and set it down by the roadside. It looked very heavy and Throndin noticed an axe-shaped bundle swathed in rags stuffed between the folds of the Dwarf's cloak. With a huff of spelled breath, the Dwarf sat down on the pack.

"Orcs, is it?" the peddler said, pulling an ornate pipe from the folds of his robe.

"Yes," said Throndin, taken aback. "Have you seen them?"

The Dwarf did not answer immediately. Instead he took a pouch from his belt and began filling his pipe with weed. Taking a long match out, he struck it on the hard surface of the roadway and lit the pipe, puffing contentedly several times before turning his attention back to the king.

"Aye, I seen them," said the Dwarf. "Not for a while now, but I seen them. A vicious bunch and no mistake."

"They'll be a dead bunch when I catch them," snorted Throndin. "When did you see them?"

"Oh, a while back, a year or thereabouts," said the stranger.

"Last year?" said Barundin, walking over and standing beside his father. "That was when they slew Dorthin!"

The king scowled at his son, who fell silent.

"Aye, that is right," said the peddler. "It

was no more than a day's march from here, where Prince Dorthin fell."

"You saw the battle?" asked Thronid.
"I wish that I had," said the stranger.
"My axe would have tasted Orc flesh that day. But alas, I came upon the field of battle too late and the Orcs were gone."

"Well, this time the warriors of Zhufbar shall settle the matter," said Barundin, putting his to the axe at his belt. "Not only that, but a Baron of the Empire fights with us."

"Pah, a manling?" spat the peddler.
"What warrior has a manling in battle? Not since young Sigmar has their race bred a warrior worthy of the title."

"Baron Vessel is a person of means, and that is no mean feat for a manling," said Hengrid. "He has Dwarf gold, even."

"Gold is but one way to judge the worth of a person," said the stranger.
"When axes are raised and blood flows, it is not wealth but temper that is most valued."

"What would you know?" said Thronid with a dismissive wave. "I'd wager you have barely two coins to rub together. I'll not have a nameless, penniless wattock show disrespect for my ally! Thank you for your company, but I have enjoyed it enough! Hengrid!"

The burly Dwarf veteran stepped forward and with an apologetic look gestured for the old peddler to stand. With a final puff on his pipe, the wanderer pushed himself to his feet and hauled on his pack.

"It is a day to be rued when the words of the old fall on deaf ears," said the stranger as he turned away.

"I am no beardling!" Thronid called after him.

They watched the Dwarf walk slowly down the road, until he disappeared from view between two tall rocks. Thronid noticed Arbrek watching the path intently, as if he could still see the stranger.

"Empty warnings to go with his empty purse," said Thronid waving a dismissive hand in the peddler's direction. Arbrek turned with a frown on his face.

"Since when did the kings of Zhufbar count wisdom in coins?" said the Runcled. Thronid made to answer but Arbrek had turned away and was stomping off through the army.

The solemn beating of drums could be heard echoing along the halls and corridors of Karaz-a-Karak. The small chamber was empty except for two figures. His face as pale as his beard, King Snorri lay on the low, wide bed, his eyes closed. On one knee next to the bed, a hand on the Dwarf's chest, was Prince Malekith of Ulthuan, once general of the Phoenix King's armies and now ambassador to the Dwarf empire.

The rest of the room was hung with heavy tapestries depicting the battles the two had fought together, suitably aggrandising Snorri's role. Malekith did not begrudge the king his glories, for was not his own name sung loudly in Ulthuan while the name of Snorri Whitebeard barely a whisper. Each people to their own kind, the Elf prince thought.

Snorri's eyelids fluttered open and his pale blue eyes were cloudy. His lips twisted into a smile and a fumbling hand found Malekith's arm.

"Would that Dwarf lives were measured as those of the Elves," said Snorri. "Then my reign would last another 1,000 years."

"But even so, we still die," said Malekith. "Our measure is made by what we do when we live and the legacy that we leave to our kin, as with any other. A lifetime of millennia is worthless if its works come to naught after it has ended."

"True, true," said Snorri with a nod, his smile fading. "What we have built is worthy of legend, is it not? Our two great realms have driven back the beasts and the demons and the lands are safe for our people. Trade has never been better, and the Holds grow with every year."

"Your reign has indeed been glorious, Snorri," said Malekith. "Your line is strong, your son will uphold the great things that you have done."

"And perhaps even build on them," said Snorri.

"Perhaps, if the gods will it," said Malekith.

"And why should they not?" asked Snorri. He coughed as he pushed himself to a sitting position, his shoulders sinking into thick, gold-embroidered white pillows.

"Though my breath comes short and my body is infirm, my will is as hard as the stone that these walls are carved from. I am a Dwarf, and like all my people, I have within me the strength of the mountains. Though this body is now weak, my spirit shall go to the Halls of the Ancestors."

"It will be welcomed there, by Grugini and Valaya and Grimir," said Malekith. "You shall take your place with pride."

"I'm not done," said Snorri with a frown. His expression grim, the king continued. "Hear this oath, Malekith of the Elves, comrade on the battlefield, friend at the hearth. I, Snorri Whitebeard, High King of the Dwarfs, bequeath my title and rights to my eldest son. Though I pass through the gateway to the Halls of the Ancestors, my eyes shall remain upon my Empire. Let it be known to our allies and our enemies, that the death is not the end of my guardianship."

The Dwarf broke into a wracking cough, blood flecking his lips. His lined face was stern as he looked at Malekith. The Elf returned his gaze with a passive look.

"Vengeance shall be mine," swore Snorri. "When our foes are great, I shall return to

my people. When the foul creatures of this world bay at the doors to Karaz-a-Karak, I shall take up my axe once more and my ire shall rock the mountains. Heed my words, Malekith of Ulthuan, and heed them well. Great have been our deeds, and great is the legacy that I leave to you, my closest confidant, my finest comrade in arms. Swear to me now, as my dying breaths fill my lungs, that my oath has been heard. Swear to it on my own grave, on my spirit, that you shall remain true to the ideals we have both striven for these many years. And know this, that there is nothing so foul as an oath breaker."

Malekith took the King's hand from his arm and squeezed it tight.

"I swear it," the Elf prince said. "Upon the grave of High King Snorri Whitebeard, leader of the Dwarfs and friend of the Elves, I give my oath."

Snorri's eyes were glazed and his chest no longer rose and fell. The keen hearing of the Elf could detect no sign of life, and he did not know whether his hands had been heard. Releasing Snorri's hand, he folded the king's arms across his chest and with a delicate touch from his long fingers, Malekith closed Snorri's eyes.

Standing, Malekith spared one last glance at the dead king and then walked from the chamber. Outside, Snorri's son Thronid stood along with several dozen other Dwarfs.

"The High King has passed on," Malekith said, his gaze passing over the heads of the assembled Dwarfs, across the throne room. He looked down at Thronid. "You are now High King."

Without further word, the Elf prince walked gracefully through the crowd and out across the nearly empty throne chamber. Word was passed by some secret means throughout the Hold and soon the drums stopped. With Thronid at their head, the dwarfs entered the chamber and lifted the King from his deshabed. With the body of Snorri's horse aloft on their broad shoulders, the Dwarfs marched slowly across the throne chamber to a stone bier that had been set before the throne itself. Here they lay the king upon the stone and turned away.

The doors to the throne room were barred for three days while the remaining preparations for the funeral were made. Thronid was still prince and would not become King until his father had been buried, and so busied himself with sending messengers to the other Holds to bear the news of the King's death.

At the appointed hour, the throne room was opened once more by an honour guard led by Thronid Snorrison and Godri Stonehewer. As once more the solemn drums echoed through the hold, the funeral procession bore the High King to his final resting place deep within Karaz-a-Karak. There were no eulogies, there was no

weeping, for Snorri's exploits were for all to see in the carvings upon the stone casket within his tomb. And his life had been well spent and there was no cause to mourn his passing.

On Snorri's instructions, the casket had been carved with dire runes of vengeance and grudge-bearing by the most powerful Runelords in the hold, inlaid with gold, the symbols glowed with magical light as Snorri was lowered into the sarcophagus. The lid was then placed onto the stone coffin and bound with golden bands. The Runelords, chanting in unison, struck their final sigils onto the bands, warding away foul magic and consigning Snorri's spirit to the Halls of the Ancestors. There was a final crescendo of drums, rolling in long echoes along the halls and corridors, over the heads of the silent Dwarfs that had lined the procession route.

Throndik performed the last rite, taking up a small keg of beer. He poured a tankard-full of the foaming ale and took a sip. With a nod of approval, he reverently placed the tankard on top of the carved stone casket.

"Drink deep in the Halls of the Ancestors," intoned Throndik. "Raise this tankard to those who have passed before you, so that they might remember those that still walk upon the world."

By mid-morning the following day the Dwarf army had left the Worlds Edge Mountains and were in the foothills that surrounded the Zhuf-durak, known by men as the River Aver Reach. From the cargo-loco the thudding of steam pistons echoed from the hillsides over the babbling of the river, while the deep murmuring of Dwarfs in conversation droned constantly.

At the head of the column, Throndik marched with Barundin and Arbrek. The king was in a silent mood, and had been since the encounter with the peddler the day before. Whether it was thought, or whether the king was sulking because of Arbrek's admonishment was unknown to Barundin, but he was not going to intrude on his father's thoughts at this time.

A distant buzzing from the sky caused the Dwarfs to lift their heads and gaze into the low cloud. A speck of darkness from the west grew closer, bobbing up and down ever so slightly in an erratic course. The puttering of the gyrocopter's engine grew louder as the aircraft approached and there were pointed fingers and a louder commotion as the pilot pushed his craft into a dive and swooped over the column. Almost carving a furrow in a hilltop with the whirling rotors of the gyrocopter as he dipped toward the ground, the pilot swung his machine around and then passed above the convoy more sedately. About a half a mile ahead, a great trailing of dust that



rose as a cloud into the air marked the pilot's landing.

As they neared, Barundin could see the pilot more clearly. His beard and face were soot-stained, two pale rings around his eyes from where his goggles had been. Those goggles were now hung from a strap attached to the side of the Dwarf's winged helms, hanging down over his shoulder. Over a long chainmail shirt, the pilot wore a set of heavy leather overalls, much darned and patched. The pilot regarded the king and his retinue with a pronounced squint as he watched them approach.

"Is that you, Rimbal Wanzaki?" said Barundin. The pilot gave a nod and a grin, displaying broken, yellowing, uneven teeth.

"Right you are, lad," said Wanzaki.

"We thought you were dead!" said Throndik. "Some nonsense with Trolls."

"Aye, there's a lot of it about," replied Wanzaki. "But I'm not dead, as you can see for yourself."

"More's the bloody pity," said Throndik. "I meant what I said. You're no longer welcome in my halls."

"You're still mad about that little explosion?" said Wanzaki with a disconsolate shake of the head. "You're a hard king, Throndik, a hard king."

"Get gone," said Throndik, thrusting a thumb over his shoulder. "I shouldn't even be talking to you."

"Well, you're not in your halls now,

your kingship, so you can listen and you don't have to say a word," said Wanzaki.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" said the King. "I haven't got the time to waste with you."

The pilot held up one hand to quieten the king. Reaching into his belt he pulled out a delicate-looking tankard, no bigger than twice the size of a thimble, so small that only one finger would fit into its narrow handle. Turning to the gyrocopter engine, which was still making the odd coughing and spluttering noise, he turned a small tap on the side of one tank. Clear liquid dripped out into the small mug, which the pilot filled almost to the rim. Barundin's eyes began to moisten as the vapours from the fuel-alcohol stung them.

With a wink at the king, the disgraced engineer knocked back the liquid. For a moment he stood there, doing nothing. Wanzaki then gave a small cough and Barundin could see his hands trembling. Thumping a fist against his chest, the pilot coughed again, much louder and then stamped his foot. Eyes slightly glazed, he leaned forwards and squinted at the king.

"It's Orcs you're after, am I right?" said Wanzaki. The king did not reply immediately, still taken aback by the engineer's curious drinking habit.

"Yes," Throndik said eventually. "I seen them," said Wanzaki. "About 30, maybe 35 miles south of here. Day's

March, no more, if it's a step."

"Within a day's march?" exclaimed Barundin. "Are you sure? Which way are they heading?"

"Course he's not sure," said Throndin. "This grog-swiller probably doesn't know a mile from a step."

"A day's march, I'm telling you," insisted Wanazaki. "You'd be there by midday tomorrow if you turn south now. They were camped, all drunk and fat by the looks of it. I seen smoke to the west, reckon they've been having some fun."

"If we go now, we could catch them before they sober up, take them in their camp," said Barundin. "It'd be easy."

"We don't need some gangly manlings, we can take them," said Ferginal, one of Throndin's stonebearers and a cousin of Barundin on his dead mother's side. The comment was met with general shouts of encouragement from the younger members of the entourage.

"Pah!" snorted Arbrek, turning with a scowl at the boisterous Dwarfs. "Listen to the heardings! All eager for war, are you? Ready to march for a day and a night and fight a battle? Made of mountain stone, are you? Barely a full beard between you and all ready to rush off to battle against the

greenskins. Foolhardy, that's what they'd call you if you ever lived long enough to have sons of your own."

"We're not scared!" came a shouted reply. The Dwarf that had spoken up quickly ducked behind his comrades as Arbrek's withering stare was brought to bear.

"Fie to scared, you'll be dead!" snarled the Runelord. "Get another 1,000 miles under them legs of yours and you might be ready to march straight into battle. How you going to swing an axe or hammer without no puff, eh?"

"What do you say, father?" said Barundin, turning to the king.

"I'm as eager to settle this grudge as any of you," Throndin said and there was a roaring cheer. It quietened as he raised his hands. "But it'd be rash to chase off after these Orcs on the words of a drunk."

Wanazaki gave a grin and a thumbs up at being mentioned. Throndin shook his head in disgust.

"Besides, even if the old wazzock is right, there's no guarantee the Orcs would be still around when we get there," the king continued. There was a loud sigh of disappointment from the throng. "Most importantly," Throndin added, raising his voice above the disgruntled grumbling, "I

made a promise to Baron Vessal to meet him, and who here would have their king break his promise?"

As they marched westwards to their rendezvous with the men of Baron Vessal, the Dwarf army crossed the advance of the Orcs. The sign was unmistakable; the ground was trampled and littered with discarded scraps, and even the air itself still held their taint, emanating from indiscriminate piles of Orc dung. The most veteran Orc-fighters inspected the spoor and tracks and estimated there to be over a 1,000 greenskins. Even with just 800 warriors, all that duty would spare from the guarding of Zhulbar, Throndin felt confident. Even if Vessal had only a handful of men, the army would be more than a match for the greenskins.

As the evening twilight began to spill across the hills, several campfires could be seen in the distance along a line of hills. About a mile from the camp, the leading elements of the Dwarf army encountered too men on the trail. Two horses were tethered to a small tree by a small fire where a pot steamed, to one side of the road. They were dressed in long studded coats and bore bulky arquebuses. Throndin could smell ale. They looked nervously at each other until one stepped forward.

"Ware!" he shouted. "Who would pass into the lands of Baron Vessal of Averland?"

"I bloody would," shouted Throndin, stomping forward.

"And you are?" asked the sentry, his voice wavering.

"This is King Throndin of Zhulbar, ally to your master," said Barundin, carrying his father's standard to the king's side. "Who addresses the king?"

"Well," said the man with a glance behind him at his companion, who was busily studying his feet. "Gustav Feldenhoffen, that's me. Road warden, we're road wardens for the baron. He said to challenge anyone's on the road."

"A credit to your profession," said Throndin giving the man a comforting pat on the arm. "Dedicated to your duty, I see. Where's the baron?"

Feldenhoffen relaxed with a sigh and waved towards a large tent near one of the fires.

"The baron's in the centre of the camp, your er, kingliness," said the road warden. "I can take you, if you'd like."

"Don't worry, I'll find him right enough," said Throndin. "Wouldn't want you leaving your post."

"Yes, you're right," said Feldenhoffen. "Well, take care. Erm, see you at the battle."

The king grunted as the road warden stepped aside. Throndin waved the army forwards again and passed the word to his Thanes to organise the camp while he sought out the Baron. Tomorrow they



would march to battle, and he was looking for a good night's sleep before all the exertion.

The sun was barely over the horizon and Baron Vessal looked none too pleased about a visit from his Dwarf ally. For his part, Thronidin was dressed in his full battle armour, his massive double-bladed axe propped up against his leg as he sat on the oversized stool, and seemed eager to get going. Vessal, on the other hand, was still in his bed robes, scratching at his stubbled chin as he listened to the Dwarf king.

"So I suggest you use your horsey men to go ahead and look for the Orcs," Thronidin was saying. "When you've found them we can get after them."

"Get after them?" said the baron, eyes widening. He smoothed back the straggling black hair that was hanging down around his shoulders, revealing a thin, almost haggard face. "Not to be indecicate, but how do you propose you'll catch them? You're army is not built for speed, is it?"

"They're Orcs, they'll come to us."

Thronidin assured him. "We'll pick somewhere good, send a bit of bait forward, you for example, and then draw them in and finish them."

"And where do you propose you make this stand?" said Vessal with a sigh. He had drunk more wine than he was used to the night before and the early hour was not helping his headache.

"Well, where have the Orcs been lately?" Thronidin asked.

"Up and down the Aver Reach, heading westwards," replied Vessal. "Why?"

"Well, we'll set up somewhere west of where they last attacked and wait for them," said Thronidin. The king scowled as the sound of the first pattering of rain trembled across the canvas of the tent.

"Surely such hardened warriors are not troubled by marching in a little rain?" said Vessal, raising his eyebrows.

"Don't rain much under a mountain," said Thronidin with a grimace. "Makes your beard all wet, and your pipe weed. Rain's no good for a well crafted cannon, nor the black powder needed to fire it. Some of them engineers are clever, but I still haven't met the one who's invented black powder that'll burn when it's wet."

"So we stay in camp today," suggested Vessal, his enthusiasm very evident.

"It's your folk getting killed and robbed," Thronidin pointed out. "We can kill Orcs whenever we like, we're in no hurry."

"Yes, I suppose you're right," agreed the baron. "My tenants tend to get argumentative about taxes when there are orcs or bandits on the loose. The sooner it is settled the quicker things can return to normality."

"So, get your army ready to march and we'll head west, as soon as you like," said Thronidin, slapping himself on the thighs as

he stood up. He grabbed his axe and swung it over his shoulder as he turned.

"West?" said Vessal suddenly as the Dwarf king was heading for the flaps of the door. "That'll take us into the Moot."

"Where?" said Thronidin, turning around. "Mootland, the Halfling realm." Vessal told him.

"Oh, the grombolgi-kazan," said Thronidin with a grin. "What's the matter with that?"

"Well, they're not my lands, for start," said Vessal, standing up. "And there'll be Halflings there."

"So?" asked Thronidin, scratching his beard and shaking his head.

"Well..." began Vessal before shaking his head as well. "I'm sure it will be fine. My men will be ready to march in an hour."

Thronidin gave a nod of approval and as he walked out of the tent Vessal slumped back into his padded chair with a heavy sigh. He glanced across the tent to the table where he had been dining with his advisors and saw the piles of half-eaten chicken and the almost empty goblets of wine. The thought of the excess the night before made his stomach heave and he shouted for his servants to attend him.

By the time the baron was ready, dressed in his full plate armour, mounted atop his grey stallion, the Dwarfs were already lined up along the trail. The rain rattled from

their armour and metal standards like hundreds of tiny dancers on a metal stage, jarring every hangover-heightened nerve in Vessal's body. He gritted his teeth as Thronidin gave him a cheery wave from the front of the column. He raised his hand in return.

"The sooner this is over with, the better," the baron said with gritted teeth.

"Would you rather we did this alone?" asked Captain Kurgereich, the baron's most experienced soldier and head of his personal guard.

"Not after sending them all of my bloody money," snarled Vessal. "I thought they'd be only too happy for some help killing the Orcs that slew the king's heir, they were meant to send back my gift."

"Never show a Dwarf gold, my old grandmother used to say," replied Kurgereich.

"Sod your grandmother, and sod you," growled Vessal. "Send out the scouts and then leave me in peace. All this, and bloody Halflings as well."

Kurgereich turned his horse away to hide his smirk and cantered off to find the outriders. Within minutes the light cavalry had ridden off and soon the knights, some 50 of them, and the baron's 200 infantry were trudging along the road, which had started to resemble a shallow stream in the continuing downpour.



Over the tramping of feet, a bass tone rose in volume as Throndin led his host in a marching song. Soon 800 Dwarfs in full voice made the hills of the Aver banks tremble as they advanced to the rhythm of the tune. At the end of each couplet the Dwarfs crashed their weapons on their shields, the sound reverberating along the line. As they fell in behind the baron's men the Dwarfs' war horn joined the chorus, their long blasts punctuating every verse.

It was mid-afternoon when they sighted smoke on the horizon and within two miles they came across a halfling village. Across the rolling hills low, sprawling houses spread between dirt tracks next to a wide lake. As they came closer, they could see uneven windows and doors carved into the turf of the hills themselves, surrounded by hedged gardens over which tall plants could be seen waving in the rain-flecked breeze.

Baron Vessal called a halt and dismounted, waiting for Throndin to join him. Heinlein Kulft stood beside him, the sodden banner of his lord in hand. Barundin accompanied his father, proudly hefting the standard of Zhufbar and exchanging a glance with Kulft. A reedy voice drifted out of the bushes that lined the road.

"Dwarf and tall folk in Midgford, by my old uncle I wouldn't believe it hadn't seen it with me own eyes," the voice said.

Turning, Barundin saw a small figure, shorter than even he was, with a thick mop of hair and side burns that reached almost to his mouth. The Halfling was dressed in a thick green shirt that was dripping with rain. His leather breeches were around his ankles and he glanced

down and then tugged them back up, tying them at his waist with a thin rope belt.

"You caught me unawares," the halfling said, putting out his chin and puffing out his chest.

"Who is your elder?" asked Kulft. "We must speak with him."

"He's a she, not a he," said the Halfling. "Melderberry Weatherbrook, lives in the burrow on the other side of the lake. She'll be having tea bought now. I would say."

"Then we'll be on our way, and leave you to your..." Kulft's voice trailed off at the stare from the Halfling. "Whatever it is you're doing."

"You after them Orcs?" the Halfling asked.

Throndin and Vessal both looked sharply at the Halfling but it was Barundin that spoke first.

"What do you know, little one?" the king's son asked.

"Little one?" snapped the Halfling. "I'm quite tall, my whole family is, 'cept for my third cousin Tobarias, who's a little on the short side. Anyways, the Orcs. My uncle Fredebor, the one on my grandfather's side, was out fishing on the river with some friends and they saw them. Rowed back sharpish they did, 'bout lunchtime. Them Orcs is heading this way they reckons."

Vessal absorbed this news in silence, while Throndin turned to Arbrek, who had joined them.

"What do you think?" the king asked his Runcelord.

"If they're coming here, no point in marching when we don't have to," Arbrek replied. "Good hills for the cannons, plenty of food and ale, if the tales of the grombolgi are true. Could be worse."

Throndin nodded and turned to the halfling.

"Is there somewhere we can camp, close by to the lake?" he asked.

"Stick yourselves in old farmer Wormfurrow's field," the Halfling told

them. "He died last week and his missus won't be complaining, not with her being up at farmer Wurthwither's place these days. No one's seen her since the funeral, four days ago..."

"Right then," said Throndin. "I'll go see Elder Weatherbrook, everyone else make camp in the fields."

"I'll come with you," said Vessal. "My lands border the Moot, I know these folk a little better than you."

"I'll be glad of the company," said Throndin with a glance to Barundin. "Help with the camp, lad, I don't think waving standards around is going to impress anyone around these parts."

Barundin nodded and started walking back towards the other Dwarfs. Kulft looked to the baron, who waved him away with barely a glance.

"Shall we go?" the king asked and Vessal nodded. As they began to walk up the road, Throndin stopped and patted his belt. With a frown, he turned back down the road but the Halfling had disappeared.

"The little swine's had it away with my pipe," the king exclaimed.

"I did try to warn you," said Vessal with a shake of his head. "I'm sure you'll get it back soon enough, just don't accuse anyone of thieving, they don't take to it in the Moot."

"But he stole my pipe!" growled Throndin. "Theft's theft! I'm going to be bringing this up with the elder when we see her."

"It won't help," said Vessal, motioning with his head for them to continue up the road. "They just don't understand. You'll see."

The white stone of the city's walls were marked with soot as flames and smoke poured across the sky from the burning buildings inside the Elven settlement of Tor Alessi. Tall, spires, their peaks glittering with silver and gold, disappeared in the thick clouds, towering hundreds of feet into the smoke-choked heavens.

A double gateway protected by three slender towers was battered and scorched,

and stone blocks fell to the ground as boulders hurled through the sky crashed into them. By the gates themselves, short armoured figures hauled an iron-shafted battering ram forward.

Flocks of white arrows dove down onto the Dwarf army from the cracked battlements above, punching through raised shields and oiled chainmail. Withering fire from Repeating Bolt Throwers hurled branch-sized missiles into the ranks of the assembled throng, cutting down a dozen Dwarfs at a time, ripping holes through the packed mass pressing towards the beleaguered gate-towers.

Above the Dwarfs the barrage of rocks from the siege catapults continued as armoured warriors surged forwards to take the places of the fallen. With a resounding crash the battering ram slammed into the white-painted thick timbers of the right-hand gate sending splinters and shards of metal banding into the air. With a bellowed order, the Dwarfs hauled the ram back, some of them dragging aside the dead to make way for the iron-rimmed wheels of the war machine.

With a collective grunt that could be heard above the crackle of flames and the shouts of the wounded and dying, the dwarfs pushed forwards once more, the serrated spike of the ram biting once more into the wood, ripping between the planks of the gate and shearing through the bars beyond. With a triumphant roar the Dwarfs stormed forwards, throwing their weight against the ram and forcing the breach in the gate even wider. Drawing their axes, the Dwarfs continued to hack at the planks until there was enough room to force their way through.

A storm of arrows swept through the gateway, embedding themselves in helmeted heads and piercing the iron rings of mail shirts. At the centre of the Dwarfs charge was a figure decked in ornate plate armour and shining mail, a purple cloak flowing from his shoulders. His face was hidden behind the metal ancestor mask of his helm, his long white beard flowing from beneath it, clasped with golden bands.

The warrior's armour glowed with runes, and the sigils upon his great two-handed axed pulsed with magical energies as he thundered into the Elven line, the arcane blade slicing through armour, flesh and bone with ease.

None of the other Dwarfs knew who the mysterious warrior was or where he came from, and over the long years of fighting none could recall when he had first appeared. Like an avenging spirit he had appeared at the first battle against the Elves, when the ancient alliance had been shattered by discord. As tales of the fighter's prowess spread, he was given a simple name, but one that now conjured up images of bloodshed and vengeance – the White Dwarf.

Barundin scowled and rounded on the Halfling barmaid stood behind him.

"If you pinch my backside, one more time," he growled, but Shella Heartyflanks was unconcerned. With a leer and a wink she turned away and swept between the tables of the small inn enthusiastically waving her jugs at the Dwarfs that had taken up residence for the evening.

All day Barundin had been pestered by complaints from the other Dwarfs. His father, in his wisdom, had immediately deferred all Halfling-related matters to the prince and closeted himself away with Arbrek and his other advisors. Since then, Barundin has not had a moment's peace.

He'd been forced to set up a standing guard around the baggage train after reports that the light-fingered Mootfolk had been helping themselves to ale, tobacco,

bedsheets, black powder and all manner of sundry items. His father had told him not to hurt any of the Halflings, but to gently but insistently keep them at arm's length.

Then there had been the episode with the two young Halflings that had been found in an act of intimacy under Norbrek Sterney's wagon, and Barundin had been

forced to resort to a bucket of water to resolve the situation before some of the older Dwarfs exploded with indignation.

Just as he had been losing the will to live, the invitation had been passed around that the Red Dragon Inn was willing to provide free ale and food to the hold protectors of Midford. And Barundin, while thankful for the show of generosity, had then been engaged in a long and complicated process of planning how to get 800 thirsty dwarfs into an inn no bigger than a large fire, whilst making sure there were enough bodies left behind to protect the camp from the acquisitive attentations of the Halflings.

When he had finally managed to enjoy the tavern's hospitality himself, late into the night after many others had retired to his bed, he had been less than thrilled to find that the old Halfling, Shella, had taken a fancy to him. He was sure his buttocks would be black and blue all over from her playful yet painful signs of affection.

It was with some relief then that a table near to the nook was vacated and Barundin hurriedly occupied the space with a sigh. The relief was short-lived though, as the doors opened and his father strode in, bellowing for a mug of the finest ale. Baron Vessal stooped through the low doorway behind him, followed by his Marechal, Kultt.

The trio saw Barundin and headed across the inn towards him, the manlings bent at the waist to avoid the beams across the ceiling. Barundin pushed himself to his feet to make space for the new arrivals, as Shella brought over three foaming tankards and slammed them onto the table. She reached across to ostensibly wipe at a spillage, and Barundin tried to squeeze himself into the bricks of the wall as the Halfling pressed herself against him in an attempt to push past.

When she was gone, they settled down, and Barundin managed to clear his mind



and concentrate on his beer, blocking out the occasional conversation that passed between the others. He vaguely heard the rusted hinges of the doors squeaking again and felt his father tense next to him.

"By Grugin's flowing beard," muttered Thronidin and Barundin looked up to see what was happening.

In front of the door stood the peddler, still swathed in his ragged travelling cloak, his heavy pack across his shoulders. He glanced across the inn for a moment, before his eyes lingered on Thronidin. As he crossed the room, the peddler pulled his pipe from his belt and began stuffing it with tobacco. By the time he was stood at the end of the table, he was busily puffing away on the pipe.

"Hail, King Thronidin of Zhufbar," the Dwarf said with a short bow.

"Is this a friend of yours?" said Vessal, eyeing the newcomer suspiciously.

"Not at all," growled Thronidin. "I believe he was just leaving."

"It is by the hospitality of the grombolgi that I stay, not by the invite of the King of Zhufbar," the peddler replied as he worked his way onto the end of one bench, shoving Kulfi into the baron.

The king said nothing and an uneasy quiet descended, broken only by the crackling fire nearby and the murmuring from the other tables.

"So, you'll be fighting tomorrow then?" said the stranger.

"Aye," replied Thronidin, staring into his mug of ale.

"It's a fine body of warriors you've got here," the stranger said. "Are you sure it'll be enough though?"

"I think we can handle a few Orcs," said Barundin. "We also have the Baron's men. Why, do you know something?"

"I know many things, hearing," said the peddler before pausing to blow a trio of smoke rings that floated around Kulfi's head. The baron's companion coughed loudly and swept them away with his hand. The stranger looked at Thronidin.

"I know that he who is hard as stone, shall break as stone," the peddler said, before looking at the baron. "And he who is as hard as wood, shall break as wood."

"Look here, vagabond, I don't like your tone at all!" replied Vessal. He looked at Thronidin. "Can't you control your people, casting aspersions all over the place?"

"He's not one of mine," said Thronidin with a grunt.

"Well, it seems that nothing can change in a day," the stranger said, packing away his pipe and standing up. "Even an old fool like me can tell when he's welcome, and when his wisdom falls on deaf ears. But you'll remember this, in a time to come, and then you'll know."

They watched as he turned away and walked back towards the door.

"Know what?" Barundin called after him,

but the stranger did not reply, and left the inn without a backward glance.

Halfling hunters returned in the early hours the next morning, warning that their predictions had been correct. The Orcs were moving in force down the Awer, straight towards Midglford.

Thronidin was unconcerned; this was exactly what he had hoped. As he walked out of the Halfling village, ignoring the stray dogs running beside him, he looked across the fields to the east of the town where his army and the baron's men were readying themselves for battle.

The Dwarfs held the northernmost fields, their flank secured by the rushing waters of the River Awer. Behind the Dwarf line, atop a line of hills that had recently been home to several Halfling families, now evicted for their own safety and Thronidin's sanity, sat the four cannons that had been brought with them. The steam loco sat like a silent shadow behind them, its small steam cannon not yet fired up. The morning sun gleamed with a golden light from polished iron barrels and gilded ancestor faces, and Thronidin paused for a moment to enjoy the sight.

In a staggered line, his warriors were spread across the field, groups of Thunderers armed with handguns taking up positions behind fences and hedges, his crossbow-armed Quarrellers on the slopes of the hills in front of the cannons. At the centre stood Barundin with the standard of Zhufbar, protected by the Hold's Hammerers - Thronidin's own bodyguard.

At the very end of the line was a mess of Halflings, carrying bows, hunting spears and other weaponry. They had arrived at dawn, declaring their intent to fight for themselves, and Thronidin had not the heart to send them on their way. They had looked so eager, and many of them had a dangerous glint in their eyes that had caused the Dwarf king to pause for a moment. He had concluded that they were far better on the battlefield where he could see them, than causing trouble somewhere else. In consultation with Captain Kurgereich, Thronidin had arranged for the Halflings to be positioned between Thronidin's axe-wielding heartguard and the bodyguard of the baron in an effort to keep them out of harm's way as much as possible.

To the south were arranged the baron's Spearmen and Halberdiers with his knights held in reserve behind them, ready to counter-attack. The basic plan was to shelter under the cannonade for as long as possible, before the Dwarfs marched forwards to finish the battle toe-to-toe. The baron was to ensure no swift-moving Wolf Riders or chariots swept around the end of the Dwarf line and attacked them

from behind. It was simple, and both Thronidin and Kurgereich had agreed that was for the best.

The waiting went on for several hours, through lunchtime - both elevenses and lunchtime in the case of Halflings - and into the mid-afternoon. Thronidin began to fear that the Orcs would not reach Midglford in the daylight hours, but the doubts had only begun to form when a dust cloud could be seen on the horizon. Shortly after, the easterly breeze brought the stench of the Orc horde wafting over the army, causing horses to stamp and whinny and the Halflings to choke.

At the merest hint of the Orc smell a strange mood came over the Dwarfs, a race memory of holds being destroyed and their ancestors being slain. They began a mournful dirge which rippled along the line and gathered in strength as Thronidin walked out from his Hammerers to stare at the approaching horde. The quiet, low blast of war horns accompanied the sombre hymn, echoing from the hills around the battlefield.

There were gasps of dismay from the manlings as the Orcs came into view. There were many more than anyone had expected, several thousand brutal greenskin savages. The horde stretched out from the riverbanks for a mile, their tattered banners and skull totems bobbing up and down above the green mass as they advanced.

Thronidin could see their Warboss, a broad warrior that stood over a head taller than the other Orcs around him, his face daubed in black warpaint, only his evil red eyes showing through. He wore a great horned helm and carried a cleaver as long as a Halfling in each hand, their serrated blades glinting in the afternoon sun.

Upon seeing their foes, the Orcs gave up a great clamour of shouting, and beat their weapons upon the fanged faces daubed onto their shields. Their harsh voices cut the air, the cacophony of howling, drowning out the deep song of the Dwarf line. Brass horns and erratic drumbeats signalled the advance to begin anew and the Orcs came pouring forward, waving weapons and shields in the air.

Thronidin gestured for his stonebearers and they came forward, carrying between them a lump of granite, hewn into a long flat step carved with runes. Lowering it to the ground by the iron rings driven into its ends, they placed the grudgestone in front of the King. He gave them a nod and then turned to face his army, who fell silent.

"Here I place the grudgestone of Zhufbar, and here we shall stand." He called out, his voice clear above the tumult of the Orcs. "I shall be victorious standing upon this grudgestone, or I shall be buried beneath it. No dwarf takes a step back from this line! Death or victory!"

With great ceremony Thronidin took a

step up onto the stone and unsling his broad-bladed axe. He hefted above his head and a great cheer went up from the Dwarfs. At the signal, the battle began.

With a loud roar, the first cannon opened fire and its ball went sailing over the heads of the dwarfs. Pitching off the turf in a great explosion of mud and grass, the ball skidded forwards and slammed through the Orc line, ripping limbs from bodies and smashing bones. A great cheer went up from the men of the baron, while the Dwarfs resumed their mournful hymn to Grinnir.

A succession of three loud reports signalled the start of the bombardment as the other cannons opened fire. Unconcerned by the mounting casualties, the Orcs continued forward, screaming and cavorting in their excitement. The swish of crossbow quarrels and the rattle of handgun fire added to the noise of battle as the other Dwarf troops loosed their weapons upon the charging greenskins.

Fully a third of the Orc host had been wounded or killed by the time it crashed into the Dwarf line. Fanged faces bellowing battle cries met stubborn bearded visages set with grim intensity.

The cleavers and mauls of the orcs clanged off mail and plate armour, while the axes and hammers of the Dwarfs clanged through flesh and pulverised bone. Despite their losses, the Orcs pushed onwards, their numbers beginning to tell

against the thin Dwarf line. Thunderers wielded their guns like clubs while Throndin's axe sang through the air as he cleaved apart his foes.

The ground shook to a great pounding, and Throndin felt the thundering of many hooves. He turned to his right and glanced over the heads of his comrades, expecting to see Vessal's knights charging forwards to counter some move by the Orcs to surround the Dwarfs. To his dismay, he saw a wall of bear-mounted greenskins charging through the Halflings. Crushing them beneath their trotters and spitting them on crude spears.

"The baron, he has abandoned us!" cried Barundin, standing next to the king. The prince pointed over his shoulder and Throndin turned to see the humans retreating from the field. The Orcs were advancing quickly across the open field.

"The oath-breaker!" shouted Throndin, almost falling off his grudgestone.

The squealing of gigantic boars mingled with the crude shouts of the charging Orcs, drowned out Throndin's curses. Spears lowered, the bear riders smashed into Throndin's Hammerer's like a thunderbolt.

Crude iron spear tips crashed against dwarf-forged steel armour while the boars trampled and gored anything in front of

them. The Hammerers swung their heavy mattocks in wide arcs, smashing riders from their porcine steeds and breaking bones. In the midst of the fighting, Throndin stood upon his grudgestone lopping off heads and limbs with his rune axe, bellowing the names of his ancestors as he did so.

A particularly large and brutal Orc came charging through the mass, his heavy spear held above his head. Throndin turned and raised his axe to parry the blow but was too slow. The serrated point of the spear slid between the overlapping plates protecting his left shoulder and bit deep into royal flesh. With a roar of pain, Throndin brought his axe down, carving the Orc's arm from its body. The spear was still imbedded in the king's chest, with arm attached, as he took a step backwards, the world spinning around him. His foot slipped from the back of the grudgestone and he toppled to the ground with a crash.

Hengrid Dragonoc gave a shout to his fellow Hammerers and they surged forward around the king as more Orcs poured into the fray, joining the Boar Boys. Barundin



was caught up in the swirling melee, his axe cutting left and right as he fought to stand beside his father. The king's face was pale and deep red was spilled across his armour from the grievous wound. Throardin's eyes were still open though, and they turned to Barundin.

Feeling his father's gaze upon him, Barundin planted the standard into the dirt, driving it down through the turf of the field. He hefted his axe and lunged forward to meet the oncoming greenskins.

"For Zhutbar!" he shouted. "For King Throardin!"

The Goblins scattered as the lone figure approached, abandoning their looting of the corpses strewn across the narrow mountain valley. Dead Orcs and Goblins were piled five deep in places, around the bodies of the Dwarfs they had ambushed, who had fought to the very end. The Goblins backed away to the far end of the valley, fearful of the powerful aura that surrounded the newly arrived Dwarf.

He was dressed in rune-encrusted armour, a purple cloak hanging from his shoulders. His long white beard was banded with golden clasps as it spilled from his helm to his knees. The White Dwarf picked his way through the piles of the slain, his gaze sweeping left and right. Seeing the object of his search, he cut right, pushing his way past a mound of dismembered Orc bodies. Within the circle

of dead greenskins lay four Dwarfs, amongst them a battered metal standard driven into the earth of the valley floor.

One of the Dwarfs was sat upright, his back to the standard, blood drying in his greying beard, his face a crimson mask. The Dwarf's eyes fluttered opened at the approach of the White Dwarf and then widened in awe.

"Grombrindal!" he wheezed, his voice cracked with pain.

"Aye, Prince Dorthin, it's me," the White Dwarf replied, kneeling beside the fallen warrior and laying his axe on the ground. He laid a hand on the prince's shoulder. "I wish I were here earlier."

"There were too many of them," the prince said, trying to pull himself up. Blood bubbled from a massive cut to his temple and he collapsed back again. Dorthin looked up at the White Dwarf, his face twisted with pain. "I'm dying, aren't I?"

"Yes," the White Dwarf replied. "You fought bravely, but this is your last battle."

"They say you have come from the Halls of the Ancestors," said Dorthin, one eye now clotted with fresh blood. "Will they welcome me there?"

"Grugni and Valaya and Grinnir and your ancestors will more than welcome you," said the White Dwarf. "They will honour you!"

"My father..." said Dorthin.

"Will be very proud and aggrieved," the White Dwarf interrupted him with a raised hand.

"He will declare a grudge against the Orcs," said Dorthin.

"He will," said the White Dwarf nodding.

"Will you help him avenge me?" asked the prince, his eyes now closed. His breath rattled in his throat, and with one final effort he forced himself to look at the White Dwarf. "Will you avenge me?"

"I will be there for your father, because I could not be here for his son," the White Dwarf promised. "You have the oath of Grombrindal."

"And we know that your oath is as hard as stone," said the prince with a smile. His eyes closed once more and his body slumped as death took him.

The White Dwarf stood and looked across the battlefield before turning his gaze back to the fallen prince. He reached into his pack and unfolded a broad-headed shovel and drove it into the ground.

"Aye, laddie," he said as he started digging the first of many graves. "Hard as stone, that's me."

Barundin's arm was beginning to ache as he chopped his axe into another Orc head. His armour was dented and scratched from numerous blows, and he could feel broken ribs grinding inside him. Every time he breathed in, new pain flared up.

It seemed hopeless. The Orcs were all around them now, and the Hammers were virtually fighting back to back. Barundin glanced at his father, and saw blood frothing on his lips. At least the king was still alive, if only just.

A crude cleaver slammed into Barundin's helmet, dazing him for a second. He swung out his axe in instinct, feeling it bite home. As he recovered his senses he saw an Orc on the ground in front of him, cradling the stump of its left leg. He drove his axe into its chest, and the blade stuck.

As he tried to wrench the weapon free, another Orc, almost twice as tall as Barundin, loomed out of the press, a wicked looking scimitar grasped in both hands. The Orc grinned cruelly and swung the blade in its right hand at Barundin's chest, forcing the Dwarf prince to duck. With a yell, Barundin yanked free his axe and brought it up, ready to deflect the next blow.

It never came.

A Dwarf in shining rune armour crashed out of the Orc ranks, his glittering axe hewing down foes in twos and threes with every swing. Orc blood stained his purple cloak and his flowing white beard was muddied and bloodied. With another mighty blow he cleaved the scimitar-armed Orc from neck to waist.

Barundin stepped back in shock as the White Dwarf continued the assault, his axe



a whirling, glowing arc of death for the Orcs. Their clumsy blows rebounded harmlessly from his armour or missed entirely as the legendary warrior ducked and weaved through the melee, every stroke made by the White Dwarf disembowelling, severing and crushing.

Out of the corner of his eye, Barundin saw something moving, a golden light, and he turned to see the Runcelord, Arbrek Silverfingers. He had a golden horn in his hand, glowing with inner light, and the Runcelord raised the instrument to his lips and blew a long, clear blast.

The deep horn blow reverberated across the battlefield, causing the ground itself to tremble. The note seemed to echo down from the clouds and rise up from the earth, filling the air with thunderous noise. The Runcelord took a deep breath and blew again, and this time Barundin felt the earth literally shaking beneath his boots. The shuddering grew in intensity and gaping cracks began to emerge in the tortured ground, as Orcs and Goblins toppled into the newly formed crevasses.

'Come on lad, don't just stand and gawp!' cried Hengrid raising his hammer. Looking around, Barundin saw that the Orcs were stunned, many of them on the ground clasp their cars, others pulling themselves out of holes and cracks.

Barundin snatched up the standard of Zhufbar in his left hand and charged forward with the Hammers, like the tail of a destructive comet behind the White Dwarf. Hammers rose and fell onto Orc skulls, while Barundin's axe bit into flesh and shattered bone. Within a few minutes, the Orcs were broken, the tattered remnants of the horde fleeing faster than the Dwarfs could follow.

The enemy vanquished, Barundin suddenly felt exhaustion sweep through his body and his legs felt weak. He stumbled and then righted himself, aware that he was in front of his fellow Dwarfs and needed to be strong.

He remembered his father and with a curse he turned and ran back across the corpse-laden field to where the king still lay. Arbrek was beside Thronidin, cradling his head and holding a tankard to the king's lips. Thronidin spluttered and swallowed the beer and heaved himself onto one arm.

'Father!' gasped Barundin as he came to a stop, leaning on the standard for support.

'Son,' croaked Thronidin. 'I'm afraid I'm all done in.'

Barundin turned to Arbrek for some form of denial, but the Runcelord simply shook his head. The Dwarf prince turned as he felt a presence behind him. It was the White Dwarf. With gauntleted hands, he removed his helm. His bushy beard gushing out like a waterfall. Barundin gave another gasp. The face that looked at him was that of the old peddler. The White



Dwarf gave him a nod and then stepped past and knelt beside the king.

'We meet again, King Thronidin of Zhufbar,' the White Dwarf said with a gruff tone.

'Grombrindal...' the king wheezed. He coughed and shook his head. 'I should have seen, but I refused to. It is not in our nature to forgive, so I can only offer my thanks.'

'It is not for gratitude that I am here,' replied the White Dwarf. 'My oath is as hard as stone, and cannot be broken. I only regret that the leader of the Orcs escaped my axe, but I will find him again.'

'We would have been lost without you,' said Barundin. 'That oath-breaker Vessal must be held to account.'

'Manlings are weak by nature,' said the White Dwarf. 'Their time is so short, they fear to lose everything. Not for them the comfort of the Hall of Ancestors, and so each must make what he can of his short life and hold that life dearly to them.'

'He forsook his allies, he is nothing more than a coward,' growled Barundin.

The White Dwarf nodded and then turned his gaze to Thronidin. He then

stood and stepped up to Barundin, looking him in the eye.

'The King of Zhufbar is dead, you are now king,' the White Dwarf said. Barundin glanced over Grombrindal's shoulder and saw that it was true.

'King Barundin Thronidinsson,' said Arbrek, also standing. 'What is your will?'

'We shall return to Zhufbar and bury the honoured dead,' said Barundin. 'I shall then take up the Book of Grudges and enter into it the name of Baron Silas Vessal of Uderstir, I shall right the wrong that has been done to us today.'

Barundin then looked at the White Dwarf.

'I swear an oath that it shall be so,' said Barundin. 'Will you swear with me?'

'I cannot make that promise,' said the White Dwarf. 'The slayer of your brother still lives, and while he does, I must avenge Dorthin. In time, however, you may yet see me again. Look for me in the unseen places. Look for me when the world is at its darkest and when victory seems far away. I am Grombrindal, the White Dwarf, the grudgekeeper and the reckoner, and my watch is eternal.'

Lord of Legend

The greatest Dwarf hero of all time can be yours to command!

The White Dwarf has been round for a very long time, but rarely has he been seen in battle. Now The White Dwarf returns, with rules by Anthony Reynolds.

This legendary Dwarf is known in Khazalid – the Dwarfish tongue – as Grombrindal, which roughly translates as ‘The White-Bearded Ancestor’. He has been given many names over the centuries, but this is the one by which he is most widely known.

THE SAGA OF THE WHITE DWARF

No one knows where the White Dwarf will appear. He turns up wherever and whenever his folk are hard pressed. When the odds are against the Dwarfs, he comes. He has been seen many times throughout the long history of the Dwarfs, his strange and unexpected appearance in the darkest hour of battle is recorded in many sagas. Each time he appears, the tide has turned back in the

Dwarfs’ favour. There was the time when Umthi the Doomed and his folk were surrounded by Goblins. When all seemed lost, the Goblin horde shrank back in dismay. Umthi’s clan warriors were heard to whisper in awe ‘the White Dwarf’.

Deep in the midst of the foe the white-bearded one could be seen swinging his mighty axe, cutting a swathe through the ranks of the enemy. Inspired by the sight, Umthi’s folk, though bleeding and exhausted, took heart and surged forward one last time in a desperate effort to reach the White Dwarf, who stood alone amid the Goblins. When the victory was won, and Umthi gazed across the stricken field, the White Dwarf was gone and no trace of him was found, except for the heaps of slain enemies. A shrine to Grombrindal now stands in this place, one of many throughout the Dwarf realms.

Some say that the White Dwarf is none other than Snorri Whitebeard, the Dwarf King of Karaz-a-Karak, who was the only Dwarf to receive the due and proper

respect of the High Elf Phoenix King of Ulthuan. That was a long, long time ago though – before the War of the Beard – and if it is true, then the White Dwarf is truly an Ancestor, and in some uncanny way must surely have crossed the bounds of mortality.

In the Saga of Grombrindal it says that he wanders the Worlds Edge Mountains, following the old Dwarf roads disguised as an aged prospector, swathed in a great cloak. He accepts a swig of good Dwarf ale from any traveller he meets and in return offers them a prophecy.

Many are the times when a strange lone Dwarf of this very description has been seen in the Dwarf camp on the eve of a great battle, keeping his own company. Sometimes such a figure has been seen walking the ramparts of a besieged stronghold and this is held as an omen of victory and hope. In the battle the following day the White Dwarf has appeared, bedecked in all his regal panoply of war, like some ancient king of legend, a true Ancestor, a figure come to life from the old Dwarf carvings.

The White Dwarf reveals himself once more in a time of need.



THE WHITE DWARF

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The White Dwarf	3	7	4	4	5	4	4	4	10

Cost: 526 points.

The White Dwarf may be chosen as a Lord choice, but he will also take up a Hero choice. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him.

SPECIAL RULES

Disguised

The White Dwarf wears a disguise until he is ready to reveal his true self. This disguise is usually in the form of a huge cloak he wraps around himself to conceal his enormous white beard, a clear sign of an Ancestor!

If you wish, the White Dwarf may start the game hidden in any Dwarf unit except a war machine and its crew.

If disguised, the White Dwarf is not placed on the table, but is assumed to move along with the unit within which he is hidden. At the start of the game, make a note of which unit he is concealed in. If the unit is wiped out or flees then the White Dwarf will be revealed, and will stand his ground even though the rest of the unit may be fleeing or slain.

The White Dwarf may reveal his true self at the start of any Close Combat phase. At this point he is immediately placed in the front rank of his chosen unit, displacing one of the normal rank-and-file models. If there are no such models in the front rank, then he must be placed in the second rank.

Once revealed, the White Dwarf operates as any other character model.

Note that if the White Dwarf is the army general, then units only benefit from his Leadership after he has been revealed.

Has no Fear!

The White Dwarf is so ancient and battle-hardened that he is Unbreakable. He will, however, always maintain his hatred of greenskins. So fearless is he that if his chosen unit breaks and flees, for any reason, he will stand his ground. If the unit was engaged in combat, he will stand firm and continue to fight while his unit flees.

MAGIC ITEMS

Rune Helm of Zhufbar

Those Dwarfs who have glimpsed the awesome helmet worn upon the White Dwarf's troubled brow have described the sight they beheld. Runesmiths have identified this magnificent helmet as the Lost Rune Helm of Zhufbar, which vanished many years ago when that particular stronghold was overrun by greenskins.

Any fleeing unit of Dwarfs will always rally automatically if they are attempting to rally within 12" of the Rune Helm of Zhufbar.



Armour of Glimril Scales

After the battle of Thraag, in which the White Dwarf slew 10,000 Warriors of Chaos to rescue the foolhardy Ungi No-Cbance and his folk, a single scale of armour was found clenched in the teeth of the Lord of Chaos. It was a metal totally unknown by the Dwarf folk. The Runesmiths were completely mystified and called it Glimril, believing that perhaps it had been forged by the Ancestor Gods themselves!

This gives the White Dwarf a 1+ Armour save, and also a 4+ Ward save.

Rune Cloak of Valaya

The runes embroidered on the great cloak worn by the White Dwarf display, without doubt, that it was woven by Valaya herself. At least one saga relates that Valaya, the Dwarf Ancestor Goddess and protector of the Dwarf folk, fell in love with the White Dwarf on account of his magnificent white beard and gave him the cloak as a token of her esteem.

The White Dwarf has Magic Resistance (3) when wearing the Rune Cloak.

Rune Axe of Grimnir

The mighty axe wielded by the White Dwarf answers the description of the Rune Axe of Grimnir, mentioned in several sagas and legends. Perhaps Grimnir gave the legendary weapon to the White Dwarf?

This axe gives the wielder +2 Strength and requires two hands to use (but does not automatically strike last). The Rune Axe of Grimnir allows the White Dwarf to re-roll any failed rolls to hit, and any failed rolls to wound. In addition, opponents must re-roll any successful Armour saves.



A Tale of Four Gamers

Rejoice White Dwarf readers! Your all-time favourite article series returns once more in new guise, with roads of adventure lying before four all-new gamers. Guy Haley introduces these lucky men.

The premise is simple. Take four frothing mad hobbyists, place in a bag. Shake until very excited, then deposit once a month on the floor outside a Games Workshop hobby centre. Thrust \$25 into their eager, grasping hands, propel through the door of said hobby centre, stand back, and wait for the results. A real monthly treat. Mmmm, delicious!

Our glorious leader, Paul Sawyer (oh, long may his girth continue to grow!) has often said to we more humble Dwarfers that, of all the articles published by his august self during his lengthy tenure upon the magazine, the original Tale of Four Gamers (WD218-223) has been the most popular. Though we don't exactly have a graph to demonstrate this, hobbyists do have a tendency to bring it up frequently when speaking to the White Dwarf team, saying how interesting it was, and how it inspired them to collect new armies all of their own. With feedback like that, we didn't need some slick market research dude with a suit and a clipboard to tell us that perhaps you'd like to see it back.

For those of you who are not familiar with the idea behind A Tale of Four Gamers, let me explain. Four crack (and cracked) hobbyists have been selected to take part in this series of articles which will see them purchase, collect and paint a new army for Warhammer. How they do it is up to them. They might want to run to an army list, or collect to a theme. Whatever they want to do, they can do it. There are but a mere four commandments for 'The Tale', but they are inviolable. (See right – you'll just have to imagine the blinding light and booming voice). So, without further ado, here are Dave Allen, Asger Granerud, Stephen Green, and Paul Scott.



Don't worry – it's not another horrendous boy band, it's just our four gamers.

COMMANDMENTS OF THE WHITE DWARF

They better obey them, or there'll be trouble! (We mean it. Grrr).

- 1 Thou shalt receive the sum of FIFTY pounds at the commencement of the series. Then a further TWENTY FIVE pounds at the beginning of each month thereafter. These monies are for the purchase of GAMES WORKSHOP miniatures with which to construct thine army. These monies are for this purpose alone. Thou shalt not spend them on booze, nor shalt thou spend them upon the bacon of the sandwich. Failure to comply will result in the punishment listed (see paragraph V).
- 2 Monies unspent may be saved for next month, subject to the above constraints (absolutely NO bacon butties, not on my watch).
- 3 At the start of each month, thou shalt have painted all models purchased the previous first. The White Dwarf does not believe excuses along the lines of "My pet Squig ate my general"; or "My new Goblin warlord fell out of my bag as I cycled into work". (Oi! Haley, you used that one yourself – Fat Bloke).
- 4 Be interesting, or else. Failure to comply will result in the horrible consequences as detailed in paragraph V. (We won't go into what paragraph V contains, but no grown man ever wants to go back into the Small Room at the back of the office. Oh no, not twice).

GOING GREEN

Posh boy Dave Allen goes wild with his 'special friend' Grimgor



Name: Dave Allen
Job: Web Designer
Birthplace: Berkshire
Age: 28
Favourite army: The Gorkhas
Likes: Painting the first model of a particular regiment – great fun!
Dislikes: Painting the second model of a particular regiment – booooooring!
Collecting: Grimgor's 'Ardboyz

Warhammer 40,000 is my preferred game, and for the last decade or so I have led a succession of Ork Warbands with a variety of success (and more recently Tau, with far less). When I was invited to take part in a Warhammer army building article for White Dwarf my hiatus from all things regimented and magical caused me some consternation, not least because I couldn't decide on whose mast to nail my colours. In the end I succumbed totally to my craven fear of the unknown and plumped once more for an army of greenskins.

The army I settled on was the Grimgor's 'Ardboyz list. This list takes out a lot of the wackier elements of the Orc &

Goblin list and replaces it with large numbers of the tougher elements of the army – Black Orcs and Big 'Uns. The army gives me a good excuse to include some interesting special characters, such as the brand spanking new Borgut Facebeater and the fell Grimgor Ironhide himself. It also grants me the opportunity to paint some pieces that I could really get my teeth into, such as large monsters like Stone Trolls; artillery like Rock Lobbas; and some terrain too. In this case, the Effigy of Gork.

The most decisive phase of Warhammer is usually the Close Combat phase, and the 'Ardboyz can excel in this, so I'm going to concentrate on buying units that can mash it up with the best of them up close and personal, with just a bit of magical and ballistic support as an emergency contingency.

Bearing this in mind, I purchased a unit of 10 Black Orcs with great weapons and command group, a Stone Troll and a Shaman with my first allowance. This left me with £6 to spend in the following month. I can't play much in the way of games with my first month's purchases, but I should have enough to field a 500 point force soon.



Dave knocked up this Troll while his creative juices were in full flow

THIS MONTH

PURCHASED	COST
10 Black Orcs with Great Weapons and Command Group.....	£30
1 Stone Troll	£9
1 Shaman	£5
TOTAL.....	£44
Remainder.....	£6

PAINTING THE 'ARDBOYZ IN AN 'ARD WAY

Dave tries to 'hang tough' with the greenies by painting a Shaman and a couple of Black Orcs

I was very impressed with Christian Byrne's Iron Warriors paint scheme showcased in recent White Dwarfs (294-296). I tried a modified version of this scheme on my first Black Orc, using a basecoat of Tin Bitz and highlighting up with mixtures of Tin Bitz and Chainmail and finished off with a liberal splashing of Brown, Green and Chestnut inks. The first Black Orc looks very impressive. I'm painting up the rest of the regiment now – they look sort of like the first Orc, just not as good.

I decided to paint the Dwarf attached to my Black Orc standard in the colours of Paul Sawyer's Kazad Bolg expeditionary force. (Very brave for someone who sits next to me! – Fat Bloke).

I wanted to convert my Shaman. I often find that my enthusiasm for painting a model will be significantly increased if I have made some adjustments to it beforehand. I cut his right hand away from his bone staff and filled the gap with Green Stuff. I then positioned it so that the Shaman looked like he was leaning on his bone rather than wielding it.

To cover the rather painful looking position the Shaman's wrists were now in I gave him some beads, again made from Green Stuff. I plan to give him the Dangle Wotnots magic item in games, and this should help to remind me I have them. To finish him off I stuck the sword that is usually attached to his back in his right fist. Now even my Shaman looks keen to get stuck into the enemy!



DANISH DAEMONS

Dangerous Dane does dirty daemons



Name: Asger Granerud
Job: Hobby Specialist
Birthplace: Copenhagen, Denmark
Age: 21
Favourite army:

Dark Elves and currently in love with Chaos Dwarfs
Likes: Vodka and Warhammer
Dislikes: Big painting projects, Deadlines (*You're in for a world of hurt then - Fat Bloke*)
Collecting: Daemonic Legion of Nurgle



Asger's Plague Bearers... hey, where did all those flies come from? And what's that smell? Rudglet!

Approximately two weeks before the deadline for this article, Paul Sawyer walked into my office. He asked me if I wanted a free army, the downside was that I had to cover the process in White Dwarf. Seeing that I was in a generous mood, I found it hard to refuse.

I didn't know which army to start, but I was sure it had to be something different, both in painting and playing style, compared to my previous armies. Having painted a Skaven army (200+ models), and an all cavalry Chaos force, I decided I wanted a relatively slow force, with a low model count (I also have half-finished Dark Elf and Vampire Counts) which would thus prove a new challenge for me, so I chose Daemonic Legions.

This also gave me the opportunity to fulfil another goal. The high points cost of the main units meant that, unusually, I could dedicate a lot of time to painting. I consider myself a decent painter, but don't have the patience to finish anything but characters to a high quality. I often find myself rushing to finish things in time for an event. (Or in the case of the rats, the only option is to rush them, respect to anyone with the willpower to spend lots of time on the individual models in a horde army!). I decided on a brown/green colour scheme for the army, combined with a gloss varnish that would give a slimy and repulsive look. Having made those decisions, I sat down and drafted a 2,000 points list. I wanted to make sure the monthly allowance I'll be getting would reach at least to that level of points, anything above being a bonus. Having to convert all my Special and Rare choices from scratch also

meant I had to consider carefully how much I could afford to spend on conversions. Realising that I'm not the greatest converter, or the most creative, I took all the advice I could get. Asking around, and searching the internet, has helped me get more than a few ideas.

As you can see from this months purchase, I still have \$7 left over. I could have bought some more stuff, but I'm saving up for the one conversion I'm not intending to cut corners on - my general, a Daemonic Prince. Based on a Warhammer 40,000 Daemonic Prince. With advice from a former flatmate of mine who, incidentally, is also a Golden Demon winner, I have high hopes for this model.

A tournament player at heart, I endeavoured to make a competitive force that would prove a challenge to most opponents. The Nurgle units are probably some of the best troops when it comes to simple attrition. As long as they get stuck in they should end up on the winning side - eventually that is.

For the Herald I have chosen one of the strongmen from the Mordheim range's Carnival of Chaos. He will double up as a unit champion when needed, thus saving some cash. Likewise I'm converting a normal Plaguebearer into a

Battle Standard Bearer, also capable of doubling up as a unit Standard Bearer with the Unholy Icon. It saves some money whilst retaining a lot of flexibility.

BATH TIME! Swampy terrain bases

Nurgle is dirty, so I wanted to make the army look like it's travelling through a swamp. The idea for the bases was stolen from a colleague, Oliver, from the Copenhagen GW Hobby Centre. He used it for a Nurgle Beastmen army, and I was so impressed that I decided to imitate it. The bases have patches of earth and reeds on a watery surface made up of several layers gloss varnish. Before the final layer, the varnish is painted with green and brown inks. I'm not entirely satisfied with them yet, so hopefully you will see an improvement in the future.



The Nurgle Herald soon realised it had been a mistake agreeing to fight in the abandoned liquorice factory.



THIS MONTH

PURCHASED	COST
12 Plaguebearers.....	\$24
4 Nurgle Bases.....	\$14
1 Circus Strongman.....	\$5
TOTAL.....	\$43
Remainder.....	\$7

STRENGTH OF THE BULL

Big Geordie Paul Scott paints plenty of peasants



Name: Paul Scott
Job: Hobby Specialist
Birthplace: Consert, County Durham, Land of the Prince Bishops
Age: 25
Favourite army: Taul
Likes: Cheese, war,

and sleeping

Dislikes: The morning, sea food, maths, small dogs

Collecting: County Stirland Militia defence force

The hobby started for me with no less than two Warhammer armies: High Elves and Dark Elves (back then I was very misguided!), but my views on the game have changed since my first forays onto the battlefield. No longer will the graceful Elves suffice.

To my mind just about the most characterful army in Warhammer is the Empire. This army has such a diverse selection of rules, models and background that you can create just about any type of army that you want.

In creating an army I think the most important thing to first consider, especially in Warhammer, is the theme of your army. This gives you a greater scope when building your force than merely worrying about how hard or deadly it will be, so when given the chance to do just this for A Tale of Four Gamers I jumped at it, and set to work thinking up a background for my chosen force. After a lot of hard thinking, the story and theme of what I wanted had taken shape.

The Empire is full of different peoples in their city-states and provinces and all are quite independent from one another. Looking through all the bits of background for these brought my attention to Stirland. Situated between Sylvania and the Moot, Stirland is a relatively small county when it comes to influence and wealth and this appealed to me strongly. It was poor, surrounded by enemies and out on a limb! When I started the army, the Storm of Chaos was raging throughout the Empire, and this provided the perfect backdrop to my collecting. During the war, all of the great forces of the Empire pulled back to the centres of importance such as Nuln, Talabheim and of course the great city of

A REAL MOTLEY CREW

A load of old bull in the Dad's Army of Stirland

The main thing I want to get over is the ragtag worn-out look such a mismatched bunch of old units, auxiliary and militia forces would present. With such a diverse selection of units there is going to be a lot of opportunity to convert units and make them really individual, making my own units that 'count as' troops from the books. For example, I'm making some highwaymen and road wardens but using them as pistoliers. To this end a lot of Militia boxed sets are called for. The sprues in the set are quite varied and with a little swapping and tweaking they can be used for just about any type of unit from archers to swordsmen.



In making The Bull I wanted him to be old looking, out of shape and past it, much like a White Dwarf Editor. *(Everyone thinks they're a comedian. Thinks. - Fat Bloke).* After searching for a while I stumbled across one of the new Mordheim Reiklander Captains. I swapped his head for the bald one from the Empire Militia sets. I also gave him the double-handed sword from the same set. I trimmed the handle so that it appears old-fashioned, and made his shield look old and used.

I wanted his armour to look old and, even with repeated polishing, to look rusty so I used Scorched Brown as a base coat adding layers of Bolt Gun and Chainmail. A Brown Ink wash dulled it down.

Middenheim, leaving the remoter parts of the land unprotected but a few holding forces, ready to sell their lives dearly for their homes.

My army is going to be the Stirland County Militia. Stirland is sparsely populated and has no cities to speak of. Their main forces have departed with the Elector to help fight the Chaos invasion to the north. What remains is lead by Heinrich 'The Bull' Jaeger, the Elector's uncle, in his youth a renowned warrior, he is now an old man long finished with fighting, but brought out of retirement to protect his beloved

home and well out of his depth. Following him will be a ragged bunch of old vets, refugees, criminals and the few professionals who have been left behind as a garrison, including the famous Stirland river patrol.

THIS MONTH

PURCHASED	COST
Empire Soldiers Box set	£15
2 Empire Militia Box sets	£30
1 Reiklander Captain	£9*
TOTAL	£54
Remainder	£0

**Ooay, we knaw! his captain costs four quid more than he had, but we let him off after he started to cry and promised to buy us all beer.*



Village people - Paul's militia.

THE MUMMY'S CURSE

"Arise my boney minions!" cries the financier of doom!



Name: Stephen Green
Job: Finance Analyst
Birthplace: Lichfield
 (field of the dead,
 near Burton)
Age: 29
Favourite Army:
 Dwarfs
Likes: Toy Soldiers,
 reading, real beer and quiet.
Dislikes: Noise, people who tell lies and
 boy bands.
Collecting: Tomb Kings

*A Tomb Kings Chariot - Stephen will be using
 three of these babies!*



Normally talk of hobby activity does not extend into the sombre corner that is the Finance department. This was until I could stand it no more and tried enticing some of my fellow accountants into trying their hand at Warhammer. So I hatched a plan to run a 1,000 points campaign for Finance and IT. This was a storming success and meant that at last I was able to have a decent conversation about gaming whilst at work. My efforts did not go unnoticed, Mr Sawyer (*See! "Mr". Proper respect, not like the rest of the worksby fops - Fat Bloke*) was planning this new article and asked me to join in after the campaign was over.

I believe that everyone has a mainstay army. This is the army they always come back to. It will usually be the army they have the most figures for and have

collected the longest. My mainstay is Dwarfs (*He really is my favourite - Fat Bloke*), a solid, unmoving, non-magical force. So my new army would have to contrast, to be the opposite; fast, flexible and magical. After thinking for a moment I narrowed it down to two possible choices: High Elves and Tomb Kings. I didn't want to paint vast quantities of robes so I picked Tomb Kings. It really was that simple.

When beginning a new army it's often wise to do some research, and the best way is to find someone who plays that army and quiz them. Failing that, go to your Games Workshop Hobby Centre and talk to the staff. This will help provide you with an invaluable list of do's and don'ts.

As I looked at my £50 budget to start the army off the initial purchase was all too obvious. If I bought the Tomb Kings Battalion boxed set I would get 32 infantry, 8 cavalry and 3 chariots and this was cheaper than buying them separately. This is also a whopping 664 points straightaway! The great advantage to starting off with the Battalion boxed

set is that you get loads of extra bits at the very start. This means that between the four regiments I was putting together I was able to have a pretty wide range of choice about which pieces went where. On the bottom rung are my archers who don't get any headdress-wearing heads or a Musician. Most of my foot soldiers and chariot drivers got headgear and a full command. The real top rung of my army is the chariot warriors and cavalry - the lesser nobles who form the fighting edge. They get as much shiny stuff as I can muster.

I undercoated all the Skeletons and horses white, and the shields and chariots black. This meant that I could ink wash all the Skeletons whereas the black made painting bronze areas easier.

For my painting scheme I wanted a uniform look to the army. I did this by setting rules for how everything should be painted. All strapping was going to be black, all hide covered wood and armour inlays would be blue and all metal should be bronze or gold. Added to this would be some white to relieve the dark colours of all the artefacts. The bases were sanded and then painted with Vermin Brown and then drybrushed with Vomir Brown. To finish off I painted round the edges with Bestial Brown.

THIS MONTH

PURCHASED	COST
Tomb Kings Battalion	£50
TOTAL:	£50
Remainder:	£0



The dead have arisen and are peeved... which is entirely understandable after 300 years sleep.

WARHAMMER 40,000



- **Ultramarines at War:**
Pray they do not come for you.
- **Battle Report:**
The mighty Adeptus Astartes take on the brutal Orks!
- **The Blood Angels:**
One man has made the chapter. That's right, all of them!
- **Return of da Boss:**
Grand Warlord Ad Wood takes up his choppa once more.

The Ultramarines at War

The methods used by the Space Marines to fight the enemies of Mankind are laid down in the *Codex Astartes*, the great work penned by Roboute Guilliman. Of all the 1,000 chapters of the *Index Astartes*, it is Guilliman's own progeny, the Ultramarines, who follow the book most closely. Here Pete Haines looks at the Ultramarines' art of war, and how the dictates of the *Codex Astartes* governs the ways in which these most formidable of Space Marines defend their star-spanning realm of Ultramar from attack.

The Eastern Fringe of the Imperium of Man is an isolated and dangerous region of space. It marks the furthest point of the Imperium from Terra, indeed it is at the very edge of the holy Astronomican beyond which the unknown waits, shrouded in the darkness of intergalactic space. In recent centuries the Tyranid hive fleets have emerged from the void, intent on consuming all in their path. Even within the Astronomican's reach there are many expanses of space devoid of stars. These gulfs isolate systems from each other, allowing inimical cultures to develop in relative solitude.

So it is that the Tau Empire has risen from nowhere to be a serious threat almost without the Imperium noticing. By contrast some enemies have existed for centuries uncounted; foremost among these is the looming presence of the Ork Empire of Charadon, an unexplored domain of vast size

in which mighty Ork warlords vie with each other for dominance and the right to lead yet another Waaagh! The xenos species are not the limit of the threat though. Wherever Mankind and the servants of the Emperor are, there you will find the lickspittles of the ruinous powers, the damned servants of Chaos, always seeking to corrupt and enslave in the name of their dark masters.

Though the Imperium's enemies are many on the Eastern Fringe, they are held at bay. There is one reason why this should be so, at the centre of the region stands a bastion that is as resolute, as watchful, as strong as it is incorruptible. That bastion is Ultramar, the realm of the Ultramarines Chapter of the Space Marines. For ages uncounted they have defended Humanity from every threat that the Eastern Fringe can offer. This is a tribute to the success of the methods laid down by their Primarch, Roboute Guilliman in the *Codex Astartes*.



ARMIES OF ULTRAMAR

Only the eager martyr hoards a battle.

Volume XXXIV, Coda, Codex Astartes

The realm of Ultramar is larger than many self-styled stellar empires. Where most Space Marine chapters' domains are little larger than their fortress-monasteries, the Ultramarines are rulers of an extensive area of space. This is a grave burden, as the lives of billions of Imperial Citizens and a score of worlds are their direct responsibility, so the Ultramarines must always be wary of unleashing their full might on a Crusade or in response to a call for aid, as that may well leave Ultramar undefended. As with everything in Ultramar this contingency has been planned for and the Planetary Defence Auxilia are extremely well trained and motivated. Just like any other Imperial world local defences are expected to be able to hold

against any likely attack until such time as aid can be despatched. Even so they have limited means to move between the systems that constitute Ultramar and would be severely disadvantaged if left to fight without the aid of the Ultramarines. On numerous occasions it is the presence of the Ultramarines - alongside them that has given the Auxilia the will to fight on against heavy odds. Although the Battle of Macragge is best remembered for the heroic last stand of the Ultramarines 1st Company at the southern polar fortress, the Defence Auxilia fought and died there too, with a courage that almost matched that of the Space Marines.

Nevertheless, the vassals of the Ultramarines fight willingly by their side; for the Realm of Ultramar is regarded by many as the pinnacle of human civilisation. Guarded by the might of the Ultramarines, and ruled over wisely by their Commander, Ultramar a place free of many of the horrors of the 41st millennium.

CRUSADES

A Space Marine does not wait for the enemy to attack. Make your foe react to your movements instead.

Volume IV, Dispositions, Codex Astartes

When the might of the Imperium is unleashed on a foe it will often be as part of an Imperial Crusade. Crusades are declared by high-ranking members of the Ecclesiarchy and vary in size from precise strikes to system-spanning wars of conquest. Space Marines frequently answer the call to fight in these campaigns and the Ultramarines are no exception. The size of force committed varies but it has become conventional for several chapters to send small forces of company strength or less. All chapters are trained to follow the principles of the Codex Astartes, and are therefore easily capable of fighting in a unified way. To ensure that this happens, a



A treatise on the warriors of Ultramar

Deep in the bowels of the space hulk Forlorn Hope, Terminator Squad Calidus confronts the horror of the Tyranids.



Crusade will select a commander drawn from one of the contingents with the necessary experience and standing to have the respect of all the Space Marines present.

It has been estimated that almost 70% of the Space Marine chapters are either direct successor chapters of the Ultramarines or owe their existence to tithe Ultramarine gene-seed. This, together with the esteem in which Guilliman and his works are held, lends great weight to the Ultramarines when dealing with other chapters. The presence of even a small force of Ultramarines on an Imperial Crusade is a guarantee that many other chapters will also send their warriors. This is most evident when looking at the succession of Crusades launched against the Ork Empire of Charadon. It has been the policy of the Ultramarines, most noticeably since Marneus Calgar became Chapter Master, to launch frequent, destabilising Crusades against Charadon. These Crusades draw support from at least half a dozen other chapters and help to prevent any one warlord rallying the clans of Charadon for a major Waaagh! The way these Crusades are orchestrated indicate that it is the Ultramarines who inform the Ecclesiarchy about when a Crusade should be preached.

SPACE

In war one should seek to take and hold the high ground. From there the enemies' movements are clearly visible and he will struggle to reach you, let alone fight you. High orbit is the highest ground there is.

Volume IV, Dispositions, Codex Astartes

One should never forget that in the most literal sense marines are soldiers who fight from ships. The Space Marines are no exception. Each chapter maintains a fleet, not least the Ultramarines. The chapter has three battle barges (Octavius, Caesar and Severian), eight strike cruisers and at least a dozen rapid strike vessels.

An Ultramarines fleet is capable of fighting a space action, and they have on many occasions, though this is driven by expediency rather than choice. While a ship fights, the Space Marines on board are reduced to being spectators. This is rightly regarded as a waste of their potential, fighting fleet to fleet is what the Imperial Navy is for. An Ultramarines fleet is instead the means by which the Space Marines reach their destination prior to battle on the surface.

There are two classes of vessel unique to the Space Marines. Battle barges are the match of any Imperial Navy battleship. Heavily armoured and shielded they are capable of trading broadsides with any foe. They are also equipped with powerful bombardment cannons that excel at smashing orbital defences as well as delivering apocalyptic orbital strikes. A battle barge will typically transport three or four companies of Space Marines along with all the supporting equipment they require. The exact complement of Space Marines assigned to a battle barge is dependent on the mission to be undertaken and is far from standard.

Strike cruisers are similar in mass to Imperial Navy light cruisers, though they are faster and better armoured than any equivalent vessel. Their armament is quite light but includes a bombardment cannon, meaning they are more dangerous in a planetary assault than in a fleet engagement. A strike cruiser can transport a single company of Space Marines with its supporting equipment. The effect that even a single company of Ultramarines can have is considerable and often the arrival of a strike cruiser is enough to convince an opponent to withdraw.

Both battle barges and strike cruisers are able to launch squadrons of Thunderhawk gunships. These are able to operate in space or in atmosphere, are heavily armed and armoured and can carry a substantial detachment of 30 to 40 Ultramarines.

The purpose of the Thunderhawk is the safe delivery of its Space Marine cargo. In space actions this will be to board enemy vessels. Space Marines are trained to quickly move on key objectives on an enemy vessel such as its gun decks, engine room or bridge, eliminate the personnel there, plant charges and retreat. In the vicious fighting that occurs during boarding actions Space Marines excel above all others and their raids frequently leave powerful vessels crippled and helpless.

In ground combat the Thunderhawk smashes its way through any air defences and deploys its passengers with unerring precision. Such tactics make a mockery of fortifications and render even fast moving armoured forces vulnerable to sudden attack. The Ultramarines often seek to direct air-landings at enemy headquarters as this offers the best chance of finishing a campaign there and then.

In addition to Thunderhawks Space Marine ships carry enough drop pods to enable the entire complement of Space Marines to perform a simultaneous combat drop. A variety of drop pods are in service, each carrying five or ten Space Marines: a single Dreadnought or a Deathwind weapons array. During a drop the Deathwinds land first. These machine spirit-guided pods are used to draw enemy fire during the descent, though, practically there is little opportunity for ground fire to be brought to so fast do drop pods travel. Once on the ground, the Deathwinds open to reveal their many and varied weapon systems, which they use to saturate the landing zone with heavy suppressive fire. The drop pods carrying Space Marines make planetfall just as the Deathwind pods finish expending their ammunition, and within seconds of landing the hatches are blown and the Space Marines are forming up and moving on their objectives. On many occasions the Ultramarines have targeted a key objective and dropped one or more companies right on top of it. Without warning such an attack is virtually irresistible, hence its common description as: 'Death from above'.

GROUND COMBAT

Do not expect every foe to fall at the first blow, be ready to keep striking until they do.

Volume II, On Fortitude, Codex Astartes

The primary strength of a Space Marine chapter are its battle companies. A Codex Chapter will have four battle companies each consisting of six Tactical squads, two Assault squads and two Devastator squads.

Unless their mission is very unusual every Ultramarines battle force will be based around at least one battle company. Sometimes it will be supported by detachments from the other companies. Some members of the Veteran 1st company and the Scouts of the 10th company will often be attached to the battle company as will a number of battle brothers from the 6th and 7th Tactical companies operating the supporting vehicles. A battle company is a well-balanced combined arms unit. It consists of all three Space Marine squad types. The mainstay of the company is its Tactical squads. There is no foe that a fully equipped Tactical squad cannot defeat. Highly

ORGANISATION

At the core of the Codex Astartes is the organisation of the Chapter. A Chapter comprises ten Companies, each consisting of a hundred Space Marines.

ARMOURY

Technicians & Servitors
Whirlwinds
Vindicators
Predators

HEADQUARTERS STAFF

Master of the Chapter
Senior Officers
Administrative Staff
Support Personnel

LIBRARIANS

Chief Librarian
Epistolaries
Codifiers
Lexicanians

VETERANS

BATTLE COMPANIES

RESERVE COMPANIES

1ST (VETERAN) COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

SQUADS:
20 Terminator
or 10 Veteran

SUPPORT:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Raiders

2ND-5TH COMPANIES

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

SQUADS:
6 Tactical
2 Assault
2 Devastator

SUPPORT:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos, Bikes
Land Raiders

6TH-7TH COMPANIES

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

SQUADS:
10 Tactical

SUPPORT:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Raiders

8TH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

SQUADS:
10 Assault

SUPPORT:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Raiders
Bikes

9TH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

SQUADS:
10 Devastator

SUPPORT:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos

SCOUTS

10TH (SCOUT) COMPANY

Captain, Chaplain, Apothecary
Squad: Scouts

Battle companies form the main battle strength of the chapter, with the other Companies providing support. Once a campaign is underway, casualties in the battle companies are replaced from the reserve companies to keep them near to full strength. Most chapters prefer not to commit their entire force to any one campaign as heavy losses could effectively destroy the Chapter.

mobile in their Rhino and Razorback transports, they are able to use firepower or assault to achieve their objectives dependent on the situation and the strengths of their opponents. Devastator squads are able to concentrate overwhelming firepower to support a Space Marine advance or blunt an enemy attack. The Codex Astartes recommends distributing Devastator squads in five-man sub-units between the battle companies' Tactical squads. This ensures that any Tactical squad has heavy weapon support when it is needed. Such is the discipline and precision of Space Marines that Devastators can quickly be massed again if the need arises. Assault squads are reserved for close action, often fighting in coordination with the companies' other squads. After a Tactical or Devastator squad has opened fire on an enemy position a supporting Assault squad will leap into the fray before the combat can turn into a drawn out contest of attrition. Alternately after an enemy attack has run the gauntlet of Ultramarines firepower and is about to reach the Space Marine lines an Assault squad will descend on them, retaking the initiative and destroying the enemy utterly rather than simply repelling them.

The reserve companies are just that, reserves. They will be used to replace losses in the battle companies and crew vehicles. It is rare for them to be committed to battle in their entirety. The 1st Company tends to be used in squad level concentrations spread between the battle companies. It is sometimes committed to battle as a unit, normally when a large concentration of Terminators is required but this practice has declined in the Ultramarines chapter since the Battle of Macragge.

Any grouping of Space Marines can be expected to fight together effectively; this allows their captains to select the perfect combination of squads and vehicles for a particular mission. This also applies when the fight is forced upon the Ultramarines. The units engaged will quickly work together to make an effective defence where an Imperial Guard force might be disorganised and demoralised.

When the Ultramarines enter battle the enemy will immediately recognise the Ultramarines' distinctive heraldry and news of their arrival will spread quickly causing panic and uncertainty. This advantage is one of the main reasons few Space Marine chapters would ever contemplate using camouflage to hide their colours, there is an adage that 'camouflage is the colour of cowardice'. This is in part a testament to the pride a Space Marine has in his chapter but also reflects their understanding of the psychological impact a sudden deployment of Space Marines can have on the enemy. It is with good reason that they are known as the 'Angels of Death'.



Techmarine Andronicus supervises the construction of a firebase

Space Marine operational methods are driven by practical necessity. A full chapter numbers only a 1,000 warriors and often a typical battle force will be but a fraction of this. Only by rapid movement and maintenance of momentum can such a force hope to overthrow the vastly superior numbers they are often confronted with. Ultimately it is the Space Marines' speed, and not their strength, that it is their greatest ally.

When committed to a large campaign, such as the Battle for Armageddon or the Battle for Ichar IV, the Ultramarines will be a part of a much larger Imperial army. Under these circumstances it is customary to keep the Space Marines in reserve, allowing them to use their own initiative wherever possible.

Like all chapters, the Ultramarines are a wholly autonomous force that is entirely separate from the Imperial chain of command. But while some Space Marine chapters actively resist interference in their battleplans, the Ultramarines are not among their number, they will cooperate with Imperial Commanders on general principles, though they do not act wholly at their behest. Instead, Space Marine operations are planned by those most expert in their capabilities, the Space Marines themselves. This is particularly true of the Ultramarines whose standing ensures the respect of the most senior Imperial Guard staff. In fact, the Ultramarines chapter is so highly regarded that frequently even the highest ranking Imperial Guard commanders will place themselves under their command.

Ultimately there is no mission that Space Marines cannot perform better than even the best normal soldiers the Emperor can command. From lightning-fast raids to full assaults, the Space Marines can achieve them all. It is this flexibility that makes the Adeptus Astartes invaluable to the Imperium.

FIREBASES

War is not your recreation, it is the reason for your existence, prepare for it well.

Volume VII, Thoughts, Codex Astartes

The Ultramarines, along with many other chapters, use pre-fabricated bunkers based on a Standard Template Construct design. The speed with which these can be set up allows firebases to be established very quickly. Often a dummy base will be set up in a clearly visible position whilst the real base is set up with far more secrecy elsewhere. Once a base is established it will be garrisoned and provisioned. Space Marines actually require very little logistical support as they can assimilate indigenous food, use fusion-powered vehicles and do not seek to engage in long ammunition draining exchanges of fire. Nevertheless they will still have to periodically withdraw from action to reorganise and replenish supplies. In addition to providing a depot the firebase also provides a refuge and rallying point that the Space Marines can fall back on if the fighting goes badly.

When the circumstances dictate the Ultramarines will set up firebases in enemy territory to provoke battle. This is a dangerous business however, as it invites the possibility of being surrounded and tied down in a slugging match. Space Marines are, of course, capable of trading hard blows with anyone but they are really too valuable to use in this way for long. Occasionally the tactic can be decisive, as when called on to do so Space Marines will fight to the last, asking no quarter and giving none in return; determined to inflict as much damage as they possibly can upon their enemies. Attacking a position held by such men can seem suicidal and it is entirely possible the attackers' spirit will be broken before the task is done.

SIEGES

Walls, trenches and towers are no obstacle, lack of imagination and lack of will are obstacles.

Volume XV, Siegecraft, Codex Astartes

The presence of Ultramarines when either defending or storming a fortification is a major advantage for the Imperium.

Whilst the Ultramarines do not have the experience of siege warfare that, say, the Imperial Fists have, they are still veterans of a thousand such actions.

When defending they represent a body of troops that absolutely will fight to the death, without panic, without despair, always looking for the opening that will enable them to secure the victory. Such troops are a nightmare for an attacker to defeat and are a guarantee that heavy casualties will be suffered. Ultramarines always look to take the battle to the enemy so when defending a fortified position they will make sallies out to disrupt the besiegers, spike their guns, demolish their siege works and slay their leaders. Well organised raids are difficult to stop and even a small detachment of Ultramarines can make a massive difference. When a besieger finally has a breach to storm they can expect to find the Ultramarines blocking it when they arrive. On a small frontage numbers count for little so unless the storming force includes troops actually capable of beating the Ultramarines in a desperate close range fight a single breach will not be enough. Within every stronghold there is normally a Citadel, essentially a fortress within a fortress that provides a last refuge for the defenders. It is not uncommon for a Citadel to be held long after the larger fortification has fallen. Such final redoubts would be the last rallying point for Ultramarine defenders, ensuring that they continue to defy the attackers for the greatest time possible.

When attacking a fortification, elite warriors like the Ultramarines really come into their own. Beyond their innate fighting qualities they have access to a wide range of skills and equipment that can be put to good use. There is no assault vehicle in the Imperium, as resilient and deadly as the Land Raider. It can destroy enemy batteries as it advances with its twin Godhammer lascannons and disgorge its passengers right on top of the defences. Similarly no wall is immune to being stormed by jump pack equipped Assault Marines supported by Land Speeders. Under some circumstances an Ultramarine force could use teleporters, drop pods or Thunderhawks to bypass the defences

altogether. Once an attacking force is established inside a fortification's perimeter then numbers will begin to tell. It only requires a small force of Ultramarines to achieve this after which supporting troops can be committed leaving the Ultramarines free to concentrate on eliminating strong points and command centres. Needless to say, when directly attacking a fortification, such as a bunker, the Ultramarines have many drills employing vindicators, flamers, meltaguns and meltabombs which can quickly breach the defences and open the way for an immediate assault.

The trick in sieges, whether they are attacking or defending, is to allow the Ultramarines to position themselves at the point of decision. There is no value in throwing them at unbreached defences to pound a way to victory, this is the way of the Imperial Guard, whose numbers are counted in the tens, if not the hundreds of thousands.

TURNING THE TIDE

Honour the craft of death.

Volume XLVII, Hymnals, Codex Astartes

For all the sub-sectors around Ultramar it is a great reassurance knowing that the Ultramarines chapter watches over them. Not only is Ultramar itself a resolute bastion against any attack but the Ultramarine chapter is a highly mobile and efficient emergency force able to quickly intercede in any battle and swiftly change the odds in favour of the Imperium within a wide radius around their fiefdom.

That a mere 1,000 warriors have swayed the results of so many battles is a tribute to the teachings of Roboute Guilliman and the dedication of the warriors of Ultramar. Without them the Imperium would doubtless be in far greater peril.



Dead by Dawn

Games Developers Graham McNeill and Pete Haines take to the field of battle in a brutal clash between the Ultramarines of the 2nd Company, commanded by Graham, and the greenskins of Waaagh! Razzekai, led by Pete. The battle is a bloody Dawn Attack, a new Standard Mission taken from the updated Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Graham: When Pete and I planned out what we had to achieve with this Battle Report, we knew we wanted to build on threads we had begun in the Space Marine codex, developing the character of the Ultramarines. Space Marines are not about brute force, their limited numbers means they need to fight their enemies on their own terms in order to prevail. An Ork Waaagh! is a terrifying thing, a system-wide invasion of rampaging greenskins that is nigh unstoppable. Thanks to the visions of Tigurius, the Ultramarines have been able to

stymie any sizable invasions from the nearby Ork empire of Charadon, with well-planned strikes against emerging Ork Warlords. This Battle Report is about one of those strikes, where the Ultramarines lured an Ork force onto the world of Espandor.

A command post at a strategic road nexus was the bait. Once the Orks had occupied it, the Ultramarines would descend upon them. This was the plan, but only time would tell whether the Orks would behave as Tigurius had foretold.



Not a breath of wind disturbed the forest canopy, yet Tigurius could smell the crude fossil fuel emissions of the Ork vehicles many miles away. The vulgar, primal echoes of the greenskins' collective psyche cut into his thoughts, their barbarous lust for destruction clouding his senses with an angry red fog. He breathed deeply, searching for calm as he recited the mantras of protection and warding. The shallow valley below was tranquil and green, a narrow road winding through a trio of command bunkers before disappearing over the horizon towards the planet's nearest settlement. It galled Tigurius that the Orks had set foot on Espandor, but there had been no other way to lure the Warlord Razzekai towards them. The Chief Librarian of the Ultramarines had seen visions of this warlord, terrible, violent visions of an empire forged in blood and slaughter. Tigurius could sense that this Razzekai would soon be a force to be reckoned with, and that should his rise to power go unchecked, then an unstoppable force of Orks would soon pour from all over Charadon.

That could not be allowed to happen, and thus this trap was set. Lure Razzekai into attack and destroy him before he could become a threat to Ultramar. Space Marine warriors knelt behind Tigurius, deep in prayer as Techmarine Harkus applied blessed oil to the bolters of Tactical squad Cascarus. The first rays of dawn were creeping over the horizon and a red-glow lit the bellies of the low clouds so that they appeared to be filled with blood. Tigurius watched as Brother Meridicus lifted his banner high, the

rippling blue fabric bathed ominously in the red glow from above. Tigurius shivered, watching as servitors loaded ammunition hoppers into the weapon mounts of Dreadnought Lucernus. The massive war-machine rose to its full height as the final blessings were intoned over the firing mechanism. The Old One turned to face Tigurius, as though sensing his scrutiny, and the ancient warrior housed within the armoured sarcophagus of the Dreadnought bowed towards him.

"Do they approach, Chief Librarian?" said the Dreadnought.

"Aye," nodded Tigurius. "I sense their hostility as a scar across my mind."

"How long?"

"Minutes, maybe less," said Tigurius darkly.

"Something troubles you, Chief Librarian?" asked the Dreadnought.

"You have lost none of your perception, Brother Lucernus," noted Tigurius. "Yes, something troubles me. I have a dark foreboding of this battle. I saw our banner bathed in the colour of blood and there is a shadow over the coming day. I feel it. I cannot see the path before me and that worries me."

"No matter," assured the Dreadnought. "Our plan is sound and the Codex Astartes guides us in all things. We will fight them with courage and honour and we will prevail."

"As always, you speak with wisdom, Brother Lucernus," nodded Tigurius. "With the Codex as our guide we cannot fail. Fight with courage and honour, my friend."

"Always," growled the Dreadnought. "Let them come, they will find only death."

PETE HAINES AND GRAHAM MCNEILL
FACE OFF IN A BATTLE REPORT THAT
PUTS THE NEW CODEX: SPACE
MARINES THROUGH ITS PACES AS THE
ASTARTES CLASH WITH THE ORKS.

DAWN ATTACK



As armies manoeuvre for position each is ever-vigilant for a mistake which they can exploit. In this mission the Attackers have feigned weakness to lure the Defender into an attack that leaves them exposed for the counter-blow.

OBJECTIVE: ANNIHILATION

Victory Points are scored for destroying enemy units and, in addition, Victory Points are scored equal to the points value of each scoring unit you have left at the end of the game. This means that you must destroy as many enemy as possible, while avoiding heavy losses yourself.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

Night Fighting (first turn-only), Divided Forces, Reserves, Victory Points, Deep Strike.

SET-UP

- 1 Defenders deploy in the camp (see map).
- 2 Attackers force is divided into two parts.
- 3 Defenders have first turn.
- 4 First part of the Attackers force arrives on Turn 1 from either short table edges. Second part of the Attackers force arrives on Turn 2 from either short table edge.

GAME LENGTH: Six turns

RESERVES: Attacker's reserves arrive as shown on the map



Attacker arrival edge

Defender
Deployment
zone

Attacker arrival edge

Valiant Ultramarines take on an Ork horde in a brutal dawn battle



COURAGE AND HONOUR!

Graham: I've always had a bit of a thing for the Ultramarines; their classical background, the stark, uncompromising discipline of their battles against the

enemies of Mankind while upholding the grand traditions of the ancient days and the teachings of the Codex Astartes. They always seemed like the most noble of all the Space Marine chapters, not dependent on fancy rules or hideous flaws in their genetic makeup to take care of business. No, the Ultramarines stood firm by doing things the way they'd been done in the days of the Emperor himself. And if it was good enough for them, it was good enough for me.

Facing Pete's Orks was going to be a tough challenge. I knew he favoured the good old horde approach to the Orks, so, even though I was itching to use Terminators, I knew that

Pete could swamp them with dozens of choppa-armed warriors to hack them to pieces. So I resolved to take as many power armoured Space Marines as I could, while still including plenty of new shiny things!

Given the narrative of the game, I had to include *Figurinus*, which is no bad thing, since he's rock hard and gets to choose his psychic powers after deployment. *Prescience* is a wonderful thing! To accompany him, I chose a Command squad with Company Champion, Apothecary and Standard Bearer, who would be a hard-hitting unit that could take some punishment and still dish it out. To fill my Elite picks, I took a Dreadnought armed with an assault cannon (figuring that it would do more damage to the Orks than a lascannon, which would be my normal weapon of choice). I wavered on whether to take the heavy flamer option, but since I wanted to kill as many of the Orks before they reached me I opted for the storm bolter instead. Many people underestimate the volume of firepower an Ork army can pump out, and with only one Dreadnought, I decided that a Techmarine

would be a good investment. He could potentially repair any Weapon Destroyed or Immobilised results and, together with his servo-harness and two Gun Servitors armed with heavy bolters, he could also provide a whole lot of fire support.

Two full-strength Tactical squads filled my Troop choices, and since I knew that Orks advancing towards a gun-line of bolters is a scary prospect for the Ork player, I planned to anchor my battle line on these warriors. Them and a Devastator squad armed with heavy bolters and missile launchers of course. Finally, I chose a Whirlwind and a Land Speeder. The Whirlwind because, with its Strength of 5, good AP value and Large Blast template, it's an Ork player's worst nightmare and the Land Speeder because its heavy bolter could re-deploy rapidly to deliver some much-needed support wherever it was needed. Lastly, I chose an Assault squad that I planned to use to deliver the killing blow to weakened Ork squads while my shooters moved onto more valuable targets. A fine plan in theory, but let's see how it plays out,



ULTRAMARINES SPACE MARINE STRIKE FORCE

1,500 points



CHIEF LIBRARIAN TIGURIUS

165 points

Equipped with Hood of Hellfire, frag grenades and krak grenades and armed with the Rod of Tigurius and bolt pistol.



COMMAND SQUAD

233 points

Sergeant Severian with Terminator honours and armed with power weapon and combi-meltagun.

1 Space Marine armed with a plasma gun.

Apothecary equipped with nartecium and reductor and armed with close combat weapon and bolt pistol.

Company Champion armed with power weapon, bolt pistol and combat shield.

Company Standard Bearer holding aloft the Chapter Banner and armed with close combat weapon and bolt pistol.

All members of the Command squad (including Tigurius) have Furious Charge.



TECHMARINE HARKUS

150 points

Techmarine equipped with full servo-harness, signum and auspex and armed with power weapon and bolter.

2 Gun Servitors armed with heavy bolters.



DREADNOUGHT LUCERNUS

110 points

Dreadnought equipped with extra armour and armed with an assault cannon and Dreadnought close combat weapon with built-in storm bolter.



WHIRLWIND

85 points

Whirlwind armed with a Whirlwind multiple missile launcher.



TACTICAL SQUAD CASCARUS

191 points

Sergeant Cascarus with Terminator honours and armed with a power weapon and storm bolter.

1 Space Marine armed with a heavy bolter.

1 Space Marine armed with a flamer.

7 Space Marines armed with bolters.



TACTICAL SQUAD ANDEROS

201 points

Sergeant Anderos with Terminator honours and armed with a power weapon and combi-plasma gun.

1 Space Marine armed with a missile launcher.

1 Space Marine armed with a flamer.

7 Space Marines armed with bolters.



ASSAULT SQUAD ASTERAN

155 points

Sergeant Asteran with Terminator honours and armed with a thunder hammer and bolt pistol.

4 Space Marines armed with close combat weapons and bolt pistols.

All equipped with frag grenades and jump packs.



LAND SPEEDER

50 points

Land Speeder armed with a heavy bolter.



DEVASTATOR SQUAD DAEDALUS

160 points

Sergeant Daedalus armed with a bolter.

1 Space Marine armed with a bolter.

2 Space Marines armed with missile launchers.

2 Space Marines armed with heavy bolters.



DOUBLE WHAMMY

Pete: This particular Battle Report had a double significance for me. First of all it was going to involve the new Space Marine army. It has been great fun working on the Codex for such a

significant army and it only seems yesterday that I was leaving the GW store in Birmingham with my second edition Space Marine book in anticipation of some serious list frothing. Doing the Battle Report is the signal that the project is all but finished and all that remains is to put the Space Marines through their paces. This leads me to the second cause of excitement. The plan was to pit the Space Marines against the Orks, which gave me the opportunity to use my own army in a Battle Report for the first time.

For ages I had believed that an Ork horde had lots of potential on the battlefield. Most of the armies I saw, however, were loaded down with kit at the expense of including more Boyz mobs. Now don't get me wrong, I can see the application of Killer Kans, Trukk Boyz, Zzap guns, Battlewagons and looted Basilisks as much as the next player (given my Iron Warrior background, especially the looted Basilisk). However there is something about Orks that absolutely demands fielding them as an uncompromising horde of warriors, so I decided to put my money where my mouth was and collect just such an army.

One of the real perks of being a games developer is that you get to attend events all around the world. Sometimes just to talk, other times to play. Now, as you can

imagine carting an army through customs can be quite a chore. A 1,500 point army with the usual vehicle ratios is not only a hernia waiting to happen, but is also in excess of airline hand luggage allowances. For my Ork army I decided to use nothing but infantry, ensuring the entire army fit in a single, standard carrying case. This meant no more than 108 models. There are many factors that influence one's army choice, but this was the first time I based a selection on what fitted in the case! Despite this caveat the army has proven itself several times. In 2003 I played in the splendid Astronomi-con event in Canada. Over the course of the weekend I played against a wide range of opponents in a series of non-standard missions and, although I lost a couple of games, managed to give better than I got. There are two factors that make the army tenable. First, most armies I play against include enough big guns to tackle armies loaded with tanks. Because I have no vehicles these expensive weapons can only shoot at 8 or 9 point Boyz, which is a waste of their potential. Second, I included a lot of rokkitz. These are a great equaliser, the Orks will miss more often than not but at least when you do hit with a rokkit something gets hurt. While the enemy big guns are picking off cheap infantry, my ragged volleys will occasionally nab an expensive tank or even a Wraithlord. Obviously this in itself isn't enough to win a

game but all the time the exchange of fire is going on my Boyz are getting closer so if I can just stay in the game until then, all should be well.

The downside of the 'set army in a box' approach is that you use what you have and do not optimise your composition for the next opponent. Also once people know what you use they can optimise their army for beating you. When the enemy turn up with no weapons bigger than Strength 6 you know they have your number.

Picking my army for this Battle Report was therefore very easy, I just grabbed the case out of the cupboard! The army is fairly simple, I use two units of Skarboyz as the combination of choppa and Strength 4 frightens the wits out of Space Marines. In addition I have a Slugga Boyz unit and a Shoota Boyz unit, two Tankbusta units and two Burna Boyz units, while a Warboss in mega armour and a Big Mek lead my army. Because the army is all infantry it rather likes cover, sadly moving through cover slows it down. The solution is simple – bring your own cover. My Big Mek and the Meks leading the Burna Boyz units all have kustom force fields. This is the army's one real gadget. Properly deployed I can keep most of my horde under the kustom force field umbrella as I advance, rendering the enemy weapons impotent to stop me. I will pause for a moment here to cackle evilly. Bwahahahahaha! That's better. Practically, the force fields seem to be unpredictable in their effects, but sometimes they can protect the army for a turn and demoralise my opponent utterly. All together I have 18 rokkit launchers and five big shootas. Hopefully these will allow me to mess the Ultramarines up as I close on them. This is actually quite critical, because if the Ultramarines are allowed to shoot freely I will arrive at their lines with very few troops. It is essential therefore to mass my rokkitz and try to take a unit or two out in the first three turns. If I get into rapid-fire close range and haven't done any significant damage then I don't expect many Boyz to come back.

DEPLOYMENT AND 'DA PLAN'

The mission we devised for the game leaves me in a bit of a quandary. As the Ultramarines could arrive on either or both flanks I need to deploy for all-round defence. However, I can't stay like that. I can have no delusions about winning an extended shoot-out with the Space Marines so I will have to get stuck in and give them a taste of green choppa. With the Marines arriving in two waves I won't be able to commit my entire force to advance until I know where both waves are. Once I do, then I can launch the green tide forward and hopefully swarm all over them. Fortunately I know from experience that my army is too numerous to be wiped out in six turns, let's see if we can say the same for the Space Marines!



RAZZEKAI'S ROKKIT BOYZ

1,500 points



WARLORD RAZZEKAI

105 points



Ork Warlord equipped with mega armour and big horns, and armed with a power claw and shoota that has more dakka. Is shootier and is a blasta.

BIG MEK ZOGMEX

48 points



Big Mek equipped with a kustom force field and armed with a slugga that is shootier.

SKARBOYZ MOB

231 points



Nob Dettgrippa equipped with big horns and armed with a power claw and slugga.

3 Skarboyz armed with rokkitt launchas.

12 Skarboyz armed with choppas and sluggas.

SKARBOYZ MOB

180 points



3 Skarboyz armed with rokkitt launchas.

12 Skarboyz armed with choppas and sluggas.

SLUGGA BOYZ MOB

201 points



Nob Kriddkull equipped with big horns and armed with a power claw and slugga.

3 Boyz armed with rokkitt launchas.

12 Boyz armed with choppas and sluggas.

SHOOTA BOYZ MOB

181 points



Nob Magskar equipped with bosspole and armed with a choppa and big shoota.

3 Boyz armed with big shootas.

12 Boyz armed with shootas.

BURNA BOYZ MOB

143 points



Mekboy Kurgull equipped with a kustom force field and armed with a choppa and slugga.

4 Boyz armed with burnas.

5 Boyz armed with choppas and sluggas.

BURNA BOYZ MOB

143 points



Mekboy Gorstampa equipped with a kustom force field and armed with a choppa and slugga.

4 Boyz armed with burnas.

5 Boyz armed with choppas and sluggas.

TANKBUSTAS MOB

148 points



Nob Borstikk equipped with a bosspole and armed with a choppa and big shoota.

3 Boyz armed with rokkitt launchas.

5 Boyz armed with close combat weapons and sluggas.

All members of the Mob are equipped with frag stikkbombz and tankbusta bombz.

TANKBUSTAS MOB

120 points



3 Boyz armed with rokkitt launchas.

6 Boyz armed with close combat weapons and sluggas.

All members of the Mob are equipped with frag stikkbombz and tankbusta bombz.



SPACE MARINES TURN 1

Graham: This mission uses the Divided Force rule, which meant I had to split my army in two and then randomly decide which part arrived first on a short table edge of my choice. The second part of my army would

arrive on Turn 2 and could deploy from either short table edge. As both Skarboy units were towards the far side of the table and the terrain on the left offered me more in the way of killing ground, I chose the left-hand side to enter from. Luckily, the part of the force containing Devastator squad Daedalus arrived

first and I moved them on slightly to the left of the centre of the board where they could still have a wide field of fire without exposure to Pete's Tankbusta Boyz. Tigurius and his Command squad led the force, taking position on the far left where they were sheltered from the worst of the Ork firepower, but could still react to developing threats. Tactical squad Cascarus and Dreadnought Lucernus were also in this part of my force and took up firing positions on the ridge overlooking the Orks.

The Space Marine ambush was sprung moments just before dawn, so the Night Fighting rules were in effect on the first turn, but as the Space Marines carrying heavy weapons had moved and the bolters were out of range, this probably wasn't going to affect me too much. It was left to Dreadnought Lucernus and Veteran Sergeant Cascarus (armed with a storm bolter) to fire. The sergeant's shots both hit, but failed to wound, while the Dreadnought's assault cannon managed to cause 3 Wounds. Unfortunately a nearby Ork kustom force field saved two of those. Not a spectacular round of shooting, but my next one ought to be better once the Devastators opened up. The Orks were too far away for an assault – which I was quite glad about, to be honest – so it was over to Pete.



The hunter becomes the hunted.

ORKS TURN 1

Pete: I was a little bit concerned to see the arch Ork fighter, Tigurius, leading the Ultramarines advance. Oh well, you don't grow to be a huge killy Ork without having to fight some tough opponents to build you up. Looking at the troops that arrived it was apparent to me that Graham was intent on forming a firing line of Tactical and Devastator Space Marines with some interesting counter-attack options. The main question I had to consider was, would his second wave reinforce the first or arrive on the opposite short board edge? I reckoned the probability was they would arrive in the same place to achieve a decisive concentration of firepower. If, however, I took the cheese and rushed everything in that direction I would be leaving myself open to the troops arriving behind me. I would then have to about face and walk further to get to them. Not good. I decided not to be too hasty in overreacting. There would be plenty of time to overreact later.

I sent out a Burna Boyz unit to apply a little bit of immediate pressure. They were protected by a kustom force field and would therefore be quite resistant to the best Ultramarines weapons. When I started using this army the Burna Boyz tended to form up in the second line where their force field could help protect the front line. What I found was that the front line tended to get shot down anyway and the Burna Boyz were the guys who actually reached the enemy line. At first impression you might think this was a good thing, unfortunately they are only Strength 3 and often fail to make an impression. When they lead the attack, they absorb enemy fire, allowing my rokkit and big shoota units to deal some death in return, and when they break, are quite likely to mob up with one of the units behind, bringing their force field and burnas with them.

The Slugga Boyz headed into the wood next to them. There were 16 of them, in cover I thought they would last several turns and tempt the Ultramarines into remaining still and shooting at them. This would give me time to bring the rest of the army up. Most importantly they had three rokkit and I was very keen on doing something about the Dreadnought as quickly as possible. With its improved assault cannon the Dreadnought would be able to mow down Boyz for fun and, whilst Ork chopas are formidable weapons, they can't touch a Dreadnought. The thought of having a large unit pinned in combat with a Dreadnought they are helpless against worried me, so it had to go.

On the other side of my deployment zone I moved my Burna Boyz away from the Ultramarines' first wave. The logic here was that their short-ranged weapons would not be much use if they headed toward the Space



Marines as they simply could not get close enough, quickly enough. By moving them toward the other table edge I gave a suggestion of wanting to leap on any Marines arriving there. This would, I reasoned, encourage Graham to bring his second wave on at the opposite end of the table. This was about the only way I could see for this unit to have an effect on the game other than forming a reserve for mobbing up on.

My Shoota Boyz edged toward the Ultramarines. I wanted to get into range so I could add a lot more supporting fire to the unit's four big shootas. Under the revised Warhammer 40,000 rules rapid fire weapons are much more formidable and I've found my Shoota Boyz so useful that I've considered getting another unit to replace a Burna Boyz unit. One of the most satisfying things about working on the revised rules is when a change in the rules provides a good reason for taking a unit that might have been unpopular. Shoota Boyz are a great example of this. The lethality of rapid fire weaponry was certainly making me quite nervous about the firing line of bolter-wielding Space Marines, that's for sure!

In this mission the first turn was dark. It wasn't hard to imagine all the Orks firing randomly into the dawn gloom with more enthusiasm than accuracy. But despite moving nearer, the Shoota Boyz couldn't see any targets. The Slugga Boyz could see the Dreadnought, however, and let rip with their rokkit. One shot hit and penetrated its armour. I rolled the damage dice, excitedly hoping for a 4 or more and was a bit disappointed to see a '2' come up. Then I realised that '2' was Weapon Destroyed and happily nominated the assault cannon. This was actually a less than obvious decision. If the second wave of Ultramarines was assault-based then the Dreadnought would be able to lumber forward alongside them and add its formidable close combat weapon to any assaults. If Graham was instead planning to shoot it out, then the Dreadnought would inevitably become a bulwark against my assault. Either way the close combat weapon might be more of a worry but ultimately the sheer lead-belching terror of the assault cannon was enough to sway the decision.

Considering that I had little shooting to do, I was very satisfied with the result.





Space Marine reinforcements pour onto the battlefield.

SPACE MARINES TURN 2

Graham: Aside from losing the assault cannon on the Dreadnought, that wasn't too painful a turn. I didn't expect it to last, but I was going to make sure I took advantage of it now that my heavy weapons could fire. The second part of my force could now arrive, and I had the choice of which table edge to place them on. Pete had moved some of his Orks towards the far side of the table, but I didn't see any point in splitting my force, it would just weaken the concentration of my firepower and leave each force weakened in the face of overwhelming odds. Placing the two forces together would allow them to support each other and utilise their weapons to best effect. It would also mean that some of Pete's Orks had further to go if they wanted to take part in the battle and thus allow me to deal with them a piece at a time.

I decided to use the Land Speeder's Fast move to get into cover on the right flank where it could threaten any advance down the road and lend support to the Space Marines on the ridge. The Whirlwind moved into position behind the woods while Tactical squad Anderos and Assault squad Asteran took position in the centre of the Ultramarines lines. I moved Techmarine Harkus up to the Dreadnought to use his Blessing of the Omnissiah special rule next turn. I moved Chief Librarian Tigurius and his Command squad forward into a position where he could use his fearsome psychic powers that – thanks to the Hood of Hellfire – had their ranges doubled. The plan was to cause enough casualties to the Orks through



shooting that their size would be reduced to the point where their Mob Size check wouldn't save them from Tigurius' Fear of the Darkness power (which causes an immediate Morale check with a -2 modifier to the target unit's Leadership). The rest of the army hunkered down and prepared to fire, confident that this turn's shooting would be far more impressive.

If the Orks were able to reach my lines in any great numbers then it was all over, so it was all about keeping them at arm's length. Therefore the nearest unit of Burna Boyz was the prime target. A unit of Slugga Boyz was making its way through the woods, but I

reasoned they'd be slowed down enough for me to take care of them later. I opted to use Fear of the Darkness first. If the Orks ran off, then I could target the units behind, but Pete was able to pass his Mob Size check and the Orks continued to advance. Since they were coming at us in the old fashioned way, I would see them off in the old fashioned way, so unloaded a huge volley of fire from my entire army into the Burna Boyz, reducing the unit to a single model. Despite such horrendous losses, Pete was able to pass his Morale check and the lone Ork kept going. Stupidity or courage? With an Ork you never know. Since the Orks were still quite a way away, there were no assaults this turn.

ORKS TURN 2

Pete: In his turn Graham brought his second wave into play behind the first. I don't know how much my play with the burnas at the other end of the table influenced this, but at least now I could act without worrying about having to re-deploy later.

I continued to move the Shoota Boyz up. If the Ultramarines stayed in position I figured I might as well get within 12" and give them some serious shoota death. On their left flank the Tankbustas moved up in support. I was hoping to mass a lot of fire at the Devastator squad, their heavy bolters and missile launchers were just the things to blunt my charge so they had to be dealt with. The remaining Burna Boyz would venture on a lone suicide mission against the Command squad.

Warboss Razzekei, his Big Mek and both units of Skarboyz began their advance. They had quite a way to go but their rokkits would soon be in range to cull a few Marines and with a bit of luck my front line would keep the Marines busy while the Skarboyz caught up.

My other Burna Boyz unit headed back towards the action. They were unlikely to be of much use. Even so it always pays to be thorough so they hefted their burna packs and hurried off towards the thumping sound of the guns.

My second unit of Tankbustas was loitering in a bunker. I'd have to move them sooner or later as a wood was blocking my view of the bulk of the Space Marine army. I could see the Assault squad bounding forward, so they had someone to shoot at and there was a Whirlwind about to fire next turn that they did



not want to get hit by. (Tankbustas are great troops, but have little protection and are in small units, so some caution is a good thing) so they stayed put.

I had a bit more firepower available this turn (well, lots actually) and was keen to turn it against the Devastators. Unfortunately the leading Tankbustas failed their Leadership test and blazed away at the Command squad instead. I needn't have worried, they did nothing! The lone Burna Boyz benefited from not having to roll to hit, managing to wound two of the Command squad and killing one of them. Hah, who needs rokkits?

The Slugga Boyz and the Shoota Boyz zeroed in on the Devastators and unleashed a hail of

varied projectiles in their direction. Well, when I say zeroed in I suppose it's true, but only in the sense that they aimed at the correct hemisphere. The rokkits missed completely and the big shootas got one Space Marine. Predictably, he had a bolter.

The Tankbustas in the bunker were better shots; they nailed two of the Assault squad and raised a raucous 'Waaagh!'. Look, when you have BS2 hitting with two shots out of three is cause for a party so a bit of a 'Waaagh!' is quite restrained. The shooting had, sadly, been rather poor. This is something I am accustomed to when using Orks but I also knew a turn or two of ineptitude is often followed by a turn of unerring accuracy so nil desperandum (yet).



The Orks charge towards the Ultramarines position.



SPACE MARINES TURN 3

Graham: The Ork shooting wasn't doing a tremendous amount of damage, but it still hurt. While Ork Boyz can perish in droves and still have enough left over to finish the job, each Space Marine is a hero whose loss is keenly felt. Two Space Marines from Assault squad Asteran were dead, which considerably blunted their effectiveness – though three Assault Marines, one of whom is a Veteran Sergeant armed with a thunder hammer, is not to be underestimated! I'd lost the plasma gunner from the Command squad, but as I planned to get them stuck into combat this turn, I knew that in the coming fight, the other-squad members would be of more use... which might sound harsh, but no one ever said that plasma gunners could expect a long career. The Dreadnought's assault

cannon remained inoperable, despite the ministrations of Techmarine Harkus – even with the re-roll granted by his servo-harness. Tactical squad Cascarus moved over to the centre of the table, since the woods and the Dreadnought were conspiring to block some of the Space Marines from firing.

Realising that if I didn't get my Assault Marines stuck into combat right now they were going to get blasted to bits, I moved them towards the left flank where Tigurius and his Command squad were advancing towards the approaching Shoota Boyz, bypassing the lone Burna Boy. Given Pete's propensity for passing his Morale checks and the fact that I didn't fancy having to rely purely on shooting, I'd decided to take the fight to the Orks in a potentially highly dangerous charge.

Before that, I unleashed a salvo of missiles from the Whirlwind at the Tankbusta Boyz who had the temerity to occupy one of the fortified command bunkers, but only managed to kill one of them (I must remember to build bogus command encampments less studiously!). With the Assault Marines and Tigurius closing on the Shoota Boyz, I switched my shooting to the Slugga Boyz coming through the woods. I unleashed a hail of fire, but the Orks were extremely adept at hugging the trees and Pete made an obscene amount of Cover Saves. So saying, seven of the greenskins fell to the volley, but again, Pete passed their Morale check and they kept on coming! Dreadnought Lucernus and the Devastators switched their fire to the Tankbustas coming up behind the Shoota Boyz and were able to kill four of them. Not enough to destroy them, but enough make them run away. Huzzah! However my joy was short-lived when they mobbed up with the nearest Ork unit.

Tigurius led his Command squad into the Shoota Boyz, with the Assault Marines piling in after them. I didn't really expect them to survive in the long run, but if I could hold the Orks up for a couple of turns or even lure more into the fight, then I'd gain some valuable shooting time. And with my firing line pretty much established now, I needed every shot to count. The assault hit home and four Orks were cut down in the opening moments of the combat. The Orks caused a single wound, but the Apothecary's narthecium allowed me to ignore it. At the end of the Assault phase, Veteran Sergeant Asteran pulverised another two Orks with his thunder hammer and the Ultramarines won the combat. Pete passed his Morale check and the remainder of the Ork mob piled in. Looked like I'd be doing this the hard way.



Tigurius charges into the Ork hordes.



Seeing the opportunity of a good scrap, the Ork Skarboyz charge into the fray.

ORKS TURN 3

Pete: Graham managed to surprise me in his turn. Seeing Tigurius leading the charge at my Shoota Boyz was not what I expected. It certainly wasn't what the last Burna Boy expected. You can imagine the look of disappointment when the enemy ran straight past him. I fear it may have shattered his ego and crushed his warrior pride as he failed his Last Man Standing test and stomped off sullenly at the start of the turn.

The Ultramarines shooting had punished my Sluggas and Tankbustas. The Tankbustas had mobbed up with the Shoota Boyz just in time to be charged. They hung in there and it seemed the Ultramarines leader was within my grasp. Both units of Skarboyz launched themselves toward the ongoing assault. Where else would Orks go? The Tankbustas in the bunker filed out, joined by Warboss Razzekai and the Big Mek. I had estimated that the Skarboyz mob that Razzekai was leading would have to move at full speed to get into the brawl and I didn't want them slowed by Razzekai's mega armour. Also, as the Tankbustas were about to shoot at the Land Speeder, it would be a good time to test out the Boss' kustomised shoota.

Since both Skarboyz mobs were about to charge they held their fire. They couldn't shoot at the humies they were about to charge as they were engaged in close combat, and if they shot at anything else they wouldn't be able to charge Tigurius. Grumble.

The Tankbustas and Razzekai blazed away at the Land Speeder, but the rokkits missed and Razzekai hit twice with two shots. As the Big

Mek standing next to him probably did the kustomising on Razzekai's shoota, a serious bit of prideful chest-swelling was going on. Despite the shoota being Strength 5, the shots bounced off harmlessly, deflating the Big Mek before he could get too pleased with himself. In an ideal world Razzekai would have power clawed him, but didn't want to break the force field. The only other shooting was from the seriously blasted Slugga Boyz in the wood. They fired at the Devastators and killed one with a rokket.

I have learned that if I don't get to shoot with many Orks it's generally a good thing because it means a lot of them are in close combat. The Skarboyz charged in to the Assault squad and the fighting heated up. Graham was not very lucky and only killed

three Shoota Boyz. He did, however, make 5 saves with the Command squad against the Shoota Boyz' return attacks. For the Assault Marines, however, the war was over as they disappeared beneath an avalanche of Ork choppers. The Orks had won the fight, but Tigurius and his Command squad stood firm.

This was okay, though. I had three big units of Orks Engaged with a handful of Space Marines. This would prevent the rest of the Space Marines shooting at them in their turn. I would then casually wipe them out in the Space Marines turn, make a consolidate move towards the gun lines and then charge on my following turn. Life was good. If all went to plan, Tigurius would be dead and the Skarboyz would be in the middle of the Ultramarines' lines giving them a beating.





Swamped by Orks, Tigurius fights to the end.

SPACE MARINES TURN 4

Graham: With the Land Speeder taking fire from the Tankbustas, I knew that it had been lucky to survive last turn. To keep it safe, I moved it further back behind the stand of trees so that it could still cover the killing ground between the woods and my firing line but remain out of sight of enemy units that could potentially shoot it down. The remainder of my army hunkered down, now that they had a good firing position, and let rip. The nearest (and most obvious) target were the Slugga Boyz making their way through the forest and everyone from the Dreadnought (who's assault cannon arm

remained steadfastly broken!), the Gun Servitors and Tactical squads opened up on them. I unleashed a hail of hot bolter death and by the end of the Shooting phase, not a single Slugga Boy was left alive. The whole unit had been obliterated, though it had taken pretty much the entire firepower of my army to do it. The threat had been removed now, and I was feeling much more confident that I could stop anything else that came near. Again the Whirlwind targeted the Tankbusta Boyz – who had left the safety of their fortified position (which though nice and strong, offered them nothing to shoot at!) to come towards me. Though no longer protected by thick walls, the Tankbustas proved as invulnerable as before, with only a single model falling to the Whirlwind's missiles. I wasn't too worried about them, because even moving as quickly as they

could, it was unlikely they would ever reach my battle line.

I knew I had to hold on in the Assault phase. With Tigurius and the remnants of his Commario squad surrounded by a sea of green bodies, there was no hope of them winning the fight. But if they could survive my turn and be dragged down in Pete's I would be able to thin their numbers before they got too close. Things looked bad when Tigurius and his fellow warriors only managed to kill a single Ork and Pete picked up a colossal amount of dice to attack back with. Tigurius suffered three wounds, but thanks to the Apothecary, was able to survive. Only the Apothecary himself was as lucky, as the Orks hacked down the rest of the squad. It was a brutal, bloody combat, but the Space Marines had survived. For now.



ORKS TURN 4

Pete: Blowing away the Slugga Boyz was all fine and dandy but by contrast the close combat was an outrage. Actually outrage is not a strong enough term. The Ultramarines actually committed a crime against order in the universe so heinous I can still scarcely bear to relate it. Out of 16 choppa hits inflicted on Tigurius and his squad they saved eleven and the Apothecary fixed another. As a consequence Tigurius and the Apothecary were still alive. At the time I didn't think it could get much worse, all that allowed me to keep calm was the sure knowledge that a unit outnumbered by 4 to 1 and below 50% strength was certain to flee. Actually, the term I should use is 'virtually certain' because the swines passed their Morale test and kept all three of my lovely, bloodthirsty Ork mobs tied up in close combat for another round. This was indescribably bad news as now I would probably finish them off in my turn and be standing around in the open for the subsequent Space Marines turn.

Apart from the units in close combat I had a Tankbusta unit including Warboss Razzekei and his Big Mek, plus a Burna Boyz unit that was too far away to do anything. There was therefore very little I could do to turn the situation around. The Tankbustas would certainly be shot down if they showed their Ork faces, so they hid behind the wood. Similarly, the Burnas took cover behind one of the Space Marine bunkers. The Movement



phase didn't take long really, it gave me plenty of time to stare at Tigurius and ask 'why won't he just die?'

I can't recall going into a round of close combat hoping that I missed with everything quite as much as this one. It was all in vain though, Tigurius and his Apothecary managed to kill four Orks between them but received 9 Wounds in return. In their excitement the Boyz didn't notice the way that the Apothecary fell over Tigurius' body

plunging the hypo-needle of his narthecium into the battered Librarian. When will they learn? If you haven't eaten them they aren't dead yet.

So, with the combat out of the way my Boyz were back in the game. They had wiped out their opponents so could consolidate D6 rather than the standard 3. The dice were unkind, however, and the best I could do was spread out to annoy the Whirlwind and stop too many Orks being taken out.



Too far from the combat, Warlord Razzekei can only watch as his Boyz finally bring down Tigurius.

SPACE MARINES TURN 5

Graham: Alas and alack! Tigurius has fallen beneath the crude chopps of the foul greenskins! Oh well, if you're gonna go, then best it's battling impossible odds to give your battle brothers time to fight, eh? At last Techmarine Harkus was finally able to get the Dreadnought's assault cannon back online and, with a unit of hardened Skarboyz marching down the flank towards my battle line, the mighty war machine set off through the forest to intercept them. The Land Speeder wasn't doing much good over on the right flank and couldn't really come out to engage the Tankbustas without coming off second best in a flurry of rokkits. So I decided to use its Fast move to get it behind the woods in the centre of the board, ready to support the Space Marines on the ridge.

When it came to the Shooting phase, I saw that there was no point in spilling my fire; I had to nuke the nearest enemy unit to me. That dubious honour fell to the Skarboyz who had wiped out Tigurius and his Command squad. The Whirlwind blew seven apart while the fearsome shooting of the Space Marines accounted for the rest of them in a hail of bolter and missile fire.

Looking at the thinned Ork lines, it was clear they weren't going to reach me. Now all that remained was to try and kill as many of them as I could before the end of the game. Since the winner is decided by Victory Points in this mission, I knew I had to cull as many Ork units as I could before the final whistle blew. The Orks weren't close enough to get into combat by the end of the game, and it was now a case of racking up the kills and hoping enough of my own warriors didn't die.

ORKS TURN 5

Pete: My previous fears were justified. The Ultramarines had levelled my leading Skarboyz unit with their disciplined, short, controlled bursts. The cruel tyranny of mathematics told me that in the time available to me I would be unable to get into close combat. Getting closer would therefore serve only to bring me into range of more Imperial guns.

There comes a point in an Ork Warlord's life when he has to accept that glorious victory has eluded him and that all that remains is to try and claw a petty victory instead. This turn was when I started to claw. The Shoota Boyz (including the three rokkits from the Tankbustas that mobbed up with them) rushed along the table edge to get a bead on

the Whirlwind. This was the most expensive thing that I could kill with one shot and now I was thinking Victory Points, pure and simple. The surviving Skarboyz moved forward more cautiously to bring their rokkits into range. Razzekai and the Tankbusta Boyz he was leading moved into the wood to have another go at knocking the Land Speeder out of the sky.

The Shoota Boyz hit the Whirlwind with two rokkits, penetrated its armour and destroyed it. Razzekai's Tankbustas could only get a glancing hit on the racing Land Speeder, shaking its crew and preventing it from firing. The Skarboyz killed two Devastators, but they passed their Morale test and stood firm.

I still had a chance, I just had to hope the Space Marines had a quiet last turn.



The Whirlwind falls prey to a volley of tankbusta rokkits



Brother Lucernus falls the same way as the Whirlwind.

SPACE MARINES TURN 6

Graham: With the destruction of the Whirlwind and two of the Devastators I'd lost some of my most powerful shooters that were really capable of hurting the Ork mobs, but by now, they were close enough that it didn't matter too much. Everything could shoot and so everything did (with the exception of the Land Speeder that again used its Fast move to get into some cover. Unable to shoot its heavy bolter, there wasn't any point in leaving it anywhere out in the open where it could be shot at to provide Pete with some easy Victory Points).

Both Skarboyz units were the closest targets – though Pete had quite inconsiderately left them both just outside of Rapid Fire range, so I wasn't able to unleash the full fury of my potential firepower upon them. Even so, the newly-repaired Dreadnought, together with the Techmarine and one of his Gun Servitors, opened fire on the Orks hugging the left flank and managed to take down four of them. Not enough to make them run off, but enough to bring them below half strength, which would all help towards the final count-up at the end. With typical Space Marine discipline, the remainder of the army opened fire on the Skarboyz charging towards my centre and succeeded in killing three of them. My shooting wasn't proving to be as punishing as I'd hoped, but it was doing enough to earn me those precious Victory Points. Looking at the state of both armies. It was clear Pete had lost a bucketload of Orks, but the Space Marines definitely hadn't had it all their own way, plenty of them were down and I just hoped I'd done enough to get ahead.



SPACE MARINES TURN 6

Pete: Graham's shooting could have been nastier, with the repaired Dreadnought leading the slaughter. In the last turn I could try to bag some Victory Points by finishing off the Devastators and knocking out the Dreadnought. I moved a bit closer and let fly.

The Shoota Boyz destroyed the Dreadnought with a rokkit and between them the Skarboyz and the Tankbustas finished the Devastators with three (count 'em) pinpoint rokkit shots.

As the dust settled, all that remained was the tense silence of the Victory Point add-up.

I scored 908 points for enemy units killed and Graham scored 903. I had apparently thrashed them by 5 points, but no, this mission uses the Annihilation rule. This means that as well as getting Victory Points for enemy killed you get points for scoring units you have left alive. Simply put, a scoring unit is a unit that survives with at least half strength. My units had all been shot up to some extent, whereas Graham's casualties had come from just a few units. This meant I had a pitiful 263 points of scoring units to Graham's 592. Factoring these points in and comparing them gave a margin of 324 points and a solid victory to Graham's Ultramarines.



NO MAN DIED IN HIS SERVICE THAT DIED IN VAIN

Graham: Well, the thin blue line held. Just. The Ork attack is defeated and though the Warlord Razzekai was not among the fallen, the blow to his strength is surely

enough to entice his rivals to attack him. Thus Charadon destabilises and the growing power of Warlord Razzekai is broken. It will be some time before the Orks will rally behind his banner, and the bloody leadership battle that will no doubt follow will take many years to resolve.

So the Space Marines win a Solid Victory, huzzah! I have to admit, once I saw Pete's mass of Orks on the tabletop, I was sceptical about my ability to stop them, but in the end, the steady, disciplined fire of the Space Marines was up to the task of halting them. If I had to play this again there's not a lot I'd have done differently, since relying on shooting seemed the best tactic. I didn't choose Rhinos for any of my units because I didn't want them in combat – not my firing troops anyway. The Command squad did admirably, lasting a turn and a bit longer than I expected them to. Without them leaping



forwards (perhaps guided by a prescient vision of Tigurius) and holding up the Ork advance for a time, there's a good chance my firing line could have been overwhelmed very quickly. But, they held the Orks up for just long enough to allow my Space Marines to blast the greenskins back to Charadon.

I could have split my force up, but didn't really see the point, since all it would do

would be to overwhelm my firing line and allow the Orks to overwhelm me a piece at a time. Pete played a relentless game, coming on through a hail of fire that would have sent many a foe reeling, passing Morale check after Morale check. In the end, the difference between what we'd killed was a mere five points, the result was only swung by my having more (and higher value) scoring units left at the end of the game.

So, all in all, a solid game, with the Ultramarines proving once and for all that you don't wanna mess with the boys in blue on their home turf! Courage and honour!

The battle was over, and even though the Orks were moving away from the fighting, they hadn't lost. As was well known, Orks never lose a battle. If they win, they win. If they die, they die so it doesn't count. And if they're running away, then they'll come back to fight again. Such were the thoughts running through Razzekai's skull as he stomped through the thick undergrowth of the human world away from the fighting. It had been a disappointing scrap, the Boyz had killed a bunch of the big unies in the blue armour, but Razzekai himself hadn't gotten the chance to snap any of them in two. Already he could sense a rumbling amongst his Boyz. Some of his biggest lads hadn't had a chance to kill anything and they didn't like that.

He'd need to get them into a big scrap soon or else they'd start thinking they were better than him. And that kind of dangerous thinking led to Orks getting their heads bashed in. Or possibly his. Once he and his Boyz got off this planet they'd find another big scrap, with bigger and badder enemies to fight. That ought to keep them happy. Even as he formed the thought, a bloody crater exploded in his belly and he rocked forward, blood running

down his armoured legs.

"Ow!" he roared. "Who did that?"

Behind him lots of his Boyz looked nonchalant, but in front of them all was the Big Mek, Zogmex, a huge, smoking slugga clutched in one of his meaty fists.

"Did what?" asked Zogmex, slipping the smoke-belching gun behind his back.

"Did you just shoot me?"

"Me boss?" said Zogmex, spreading his muscular arms wide in a protestation of innocence and bringing the slugga back into view. "Nah! Not me, boss."

"You sure?"

"Yeah," said Zogmex, shooting him once more with the slugga.

Razzekai lurched backwards, the Big Mek's bolt ricocheting from a thick spar of his mega-armour.

"Well, wot you go and do that for?" asked Razzekai.

"Dunno," shrugged Zogmex. "Looked like I coulda taken you. Been the new boss."

"You?" sneered Razzekai.

"Yeah, me!" confirmed Zogmex.

"Right you!" shouted Razzekai, charging towards the Big Mek. "You're claimed!"

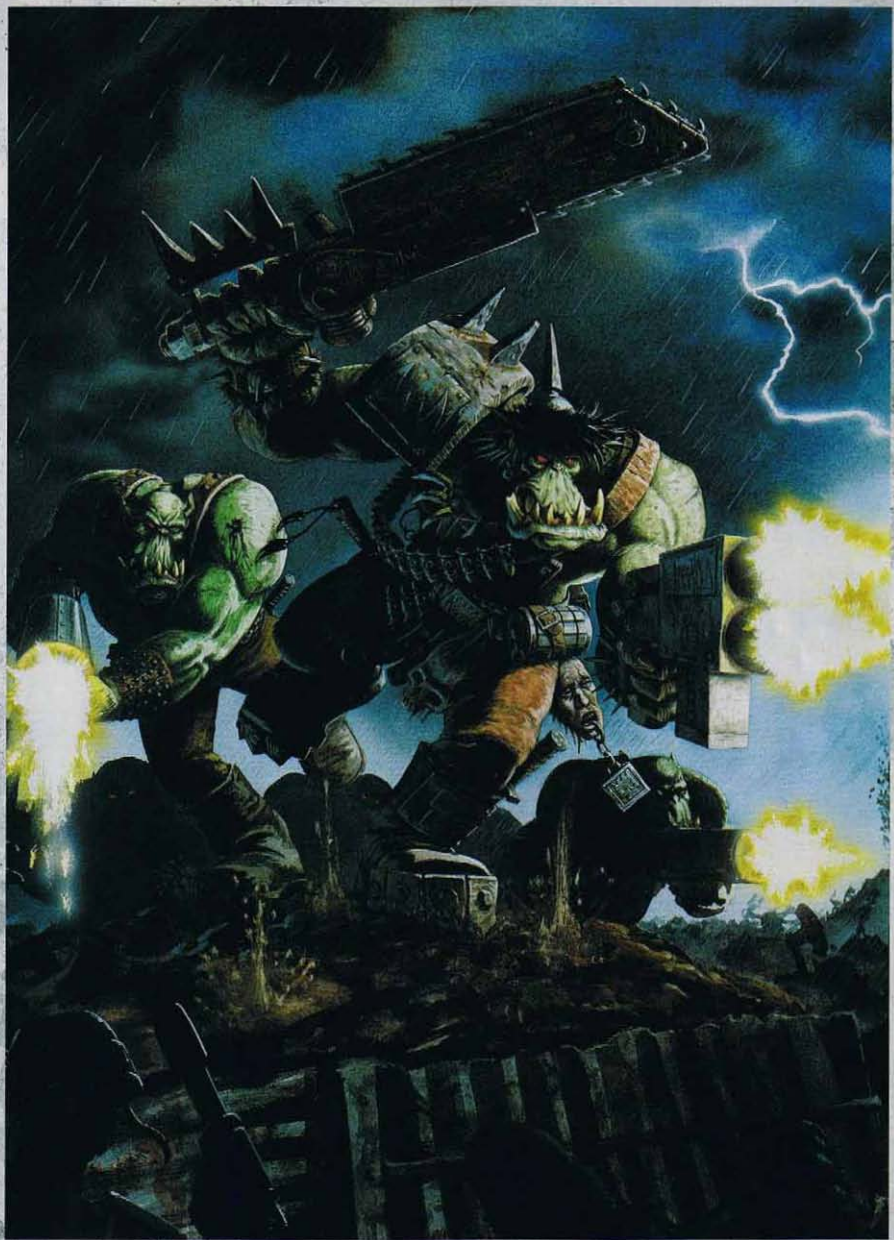


ORKSES AIN'T NEVER BEAT!

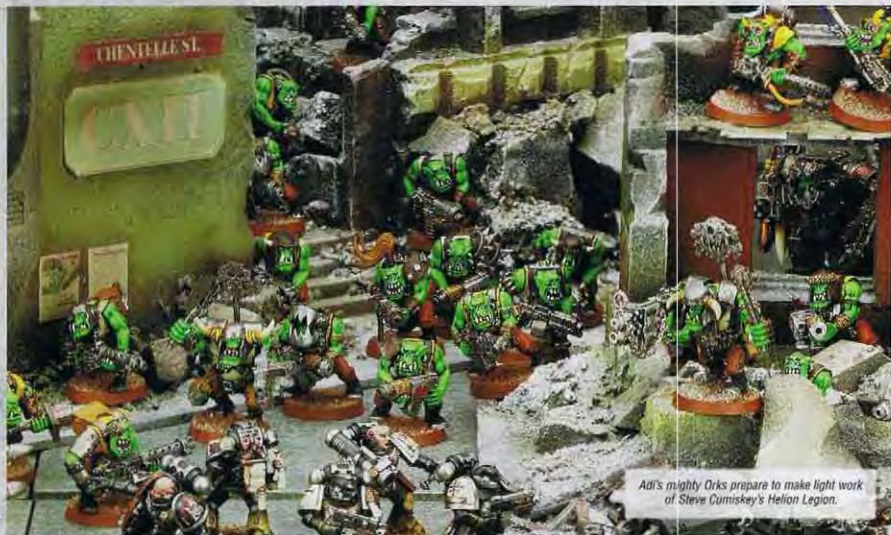
Pete: Often the reasons a game goes one way or the other are very complex. In this case it was painfully simple. Tigurius' counter-attack won the game. More accurately his

refusal to die for one turn longer than he had any statistical right to last took my best chance of charging down the Space Marine army and tied up nine rokkit launchers and four big shootas that would really have been better off doing something else (like shooting). I still outnumbered them at the end though and I killed more points of them than they killed of me so I should be able to claim a moral victory. What's that? No such thing as a moral victory? I can't hear you lalalalalal! On saying that, if I am truly honest, maybe just one truk would be a bad idea in future, as if not stopped, the truk boy can make a real mess of firing lines as tightly packed as Graham's, tying them up for as couple of turns.

As I said. Moral Victory.



Da Boss is back!



Adi's mighty Orks prepare to make light work of Steve Cumsis's Helion Legion.

Orks are an army that have seduced many a supposedly sane individual. Some have said that it is the Orks' unshamed love of violence that appeals to something deep and angry within the human psyche, that bit of us that primarily came into being to enable us to bash the living dung out of woolly mammoths and avoid becoming something else's tea. Or it might be that 40 Attacks with a choppa on the charge for a unit of 10 Slugga Boyz appeals to the competitive gamer in all of us. It's probably both. Adi Wood, once a White Dwarf, is one of those gamers who loves the Orks. He has borne the title of Grand Warlord for a long time and, with the release of the updated Warhammer 40,000, has decided to make a new army.



Daemonehunters (WD 280). With all of the activity around putting the new Warhammer 40,000 book together, I began to feel that the time was right to get my army going again, the trouble being that I really wanted to start almost from the beginning. But while my army had become somewhat disorganised, it wouldn't be true to say that I'd abandoned them. I was always tinkering around with a few Orks, looking for a colour scheme that grabbed me enough to make me want to paint a whole new army.

It wasn't until I started working on a new mob of Flash Gitz that I finally found this colour scheme. (I'd had Flash Gitz recommended to me by some other Ork players that I knew, but had never really got around to making any). Something that had

Adi: I've been playing Orks for years, but it's a sad fact to say that they've become a bit neglected of late, with my last unit being a bunch of mutated Nurgle Orks I made for games fighting

been bothering me for a while was the black clothing that I'd been using. While it suited the character of the Orks, it always ended up looking a little like I hadn't bothered to finish painting the models, so I decided to break away from the black outfits and try more natural brown or tan colours. By varying the shades that I used, I was able to create a satisfying range of colours in a mob.

One of the greatest challenges in painting an Ork or other 'horded' army is finding a way to make them look individual yet keeping them easy to paint. Using browns gave the Orks in each mob the uniqueness that I wanted them to have, without losing their group identity.

Once I'd found a balance of colour I finished the Flash Gitz and then quickly moved on to repainting a mob of Slugga Boyz I already had and building a new mob of Shoota Boyz (much more useful under the updated rules). Of course, Ork armies being what they are, I'm going to need need a lot more than three mobs to field a suitably impressive horde, so I'm probably going to be spending a lot of time sticking greenskins together.

ADI WOOD IS ONE OF GAMES
WORKSHOP'S MOST FAMED
COLLECTORS OF ORKS. NOW HE'S
STARTING A NEW ARMY...

ORKY EVIL-UTION

Steve Cumiskey: Adi became known as 'Grand Warlord' round the time of the second edition of Warhammer 40,000, when Orks were dominated by the Klans. Each Klan had a strong identity and a vibrant colour scheme to go with it. As many Ork troop types were identified with particular Klans, Ork armies tended to be made up of elements of various Klans, making them a riot of wildly clashing colours, so they never really looked like any of these units were part of a single army.

Things changed when a game called Gorkamorka was released. The game involved gangs of Orks in cobbled together Trukks

tearing across a desert world looking for valuable pieces of scrap. And hitting things. Adi got hold of some of the models from it, abandoned his old army and started afresh. This new army was everything the old one wasn't – dirty while the old one was clean, dressed in dark rags while the old one was brightly coloured, and it had scrap vehicles.

His scratch-built Dreadnought in particular summed up what most people now think of when you mention Orks. By the time the third edition of Warhammer 40,000 arrived more red had crept into the paint scheme, but it was still fundamentally a coherent force.

That was followed by a long list of changes, from the arrival of the current plastic Orks to the mutant Ork adversaries in the Daemonhunters codex. Along the way, Adi made a series of experiments in Ork skin colour, uniforms and basing until there were, barely two mobs in the army that looked anything like each other. So when is an army not an army? When it loses the common elements that tie a force together, and that's what happened to Adi. It was something as simple as wanting to add a mob of Flash Gitz to the army during the development of the new Warhammer 40,000 rulebook that prompted Adi to redo his Orks entirely.



Adi's first army: *Garish!* (Oooh look, a Shokk Attack gun).



Adi's second army: *Grimy!* Note his seminal Ork Dreadnoughts to either side of the picture.

Grand Warlord Adi Wood calls a fresh Waaaagh!

The horde travel onwards with merciless force.



THE WAAAGHHH! OF GRISHNAK THE THIRD

Adi: As always, my army is led by the ruthless Grishnak. My Warboss is always called Grishnak, and this is his third or fourth incarnation. He's based on the Ghazkull model and has all the kit, but he's expensive, so I tend to use a less important Warboss as an army general when I play. In this way I suppose he's more my Warlord, only wheeled out for really big games (which I'm not having at the moment because I haven't painted much of my army up!). On the subject of bosses, I always include one in my mobs, as he can make a

big difference in close combat, especially when equipped with a big power claw.

When I put these squads together, I was going nuts on burnas, because, on paper, they look quite good. But if you think about it, Orks are already capable in combat anyway. What they need is firepower to support them as they go in, so recently I've started painting and converting Orks with big shootas. They're among the best guns in the game, and nothing does more damage to powerful characters than making them

take multiple Saving throws. Best of all, they are assault weapons, so the footslogging Orks can fire them as they march across the board, something which has convinced me to do a Warboss' bodyguard armed exclusively with them.

Right now I'm missing the fast stuff – you need Trukk Boyz to tie up the enemy while the rest of the army advances. But before I concentrate on those I'm going to add more detail to my Ork mutants and repaint my old Ork Dreadnoughts, as they'll be quick to do.

BUILDING THE HORDE

Adi: Actually building the models has always been the part of collecting an army that I most enjoy. The plastic kits are full of variety and character, with plenty of bits that can be swapped between models to make each one an individual. I tend to start by building the basic models, some with slight conversions to the parts, and then return to each one individually and make a few more minor alterations. I don't tend to use any Green Stuff for these conversions, instead I just rely on using accessories to cover any gaps I might create.



Given that the Flash Gitz are a mob defined by their love of expensive customised weapons, I decided to build the guns first and then make the Orks to carry them. Most of them are simply parts of two guns glued together, with wire wound round or bulked up with armour plates.

HOW TO PAINT AN ORK ARMY IN A SINGLE HUMAN LIFETIME

Adi: The first thing to remember when painting Orks is that you're going to be painting a lot of them, so it's best to keep things simple. The first step is to paint the base colours onto an entire mob. I drybrush the weapons and armour with Tin Blitz, followed by Boltgun Metal and Chainmail. As drybrushing can get a bit messy, it's easier to clean up if you do it first. I paint the skin in two layers – Snot Green, followed by Goblin Green. The clothing has only a single layer of Scorched Brown on the trousers.

From here it's a matter of filling in extra details, painting the gloves and pouches in Snakebite Leather covered with a Brown Ink wash, and the glyphs with a basecoat of Bleached Bone followed with Blood Red. With the basic colours in place, I take each Ork and select a colour for the tunic and trousers from the small palette that I've chosen (see the diagram below).

CHECK PATTERN

Check patterns are used by all Orks, so for extra detail on armour and weapons I add them to random Orks in my mobs. On the Flash Gitz, I used this for every model.



1 Paint the entire area in an even coat of Fortress Grey.



2 Create a grid using watered down Chaos Black. On curved surfaces, hold the brush still and rotate the model.



3 With the grid in place, fill in alternate squares. Try to do this neatly, as it takes ages to go back and sort it out with white paint.

ORK TEETH

It's vital to get Ork teeth right. It may seem easier to overbrush them with Bleached Bone, but this can cause the gaps between them to clog with paint. I paint each tooth individually.



1 I paint the mouth in Scorched Brown. This helps to make the individual teeth easier to see.



2 Next, I paint each tooth with Bleached Bone.



3 Finally, I finish off the tips of the more prominent teeth with a mix of Bleached Bone and Skull White.

QUICK AND EASY ORK CLOTHING

BASE COLOUR



Scorched Brown

HIGHLIGHT COLOUR



Terracotta



Snakebite Leather



Bestial Brown



Vermin Brown



Snakebite Leather



Bleached Bone



Bubonic Brown



Vomit Brown



Kommando Khaki

The Madness of

Sometimes we hear of something so extraordinary we just have to show you. This is one of those things. Artur Szyndler is a Pole who, for want of a more concise word we're going to have to call mad. This man has assembled and painted an entire chapter of Blood Angels. Here we present it in, to use the old cliché, all its glory. Guy Haley talks to the man about his prodigiously-sized Games Workshop collection.



Artur Szyndler

Artur Szyndler (pronounced like the guy with the famous list, but a little harder) works for Games Workshop's Northern European arm, that bit of our company that is the Hobby in Scandinavia, Poland,

and a variety of other countries (including South Africa, for a reason we chaps on White Dwarf remain eternally puzzled by*). There he sells Games Workshop products to a variety of independent stockists, Poland not having a great many Games Workshop Hobby Centres just yet. Anyway, that's all by the by. What's interesting about this is that Artur's job not only necessitates him creating huge armies, but actually allows him to do so. Confused? Let Artur explain.



"In Poland," says Artur, "the success of your shop depends on how big your participation games are. If I have a game with 1,500 points that people can play, there will be ten customers there. If I have 15,000 points, there will be a hundred."

This is, as you can imagine, a big deal when you want to increase the number of hobbyists in your shop (or *sklep*, as the Poles call 'em). The trouble is that this has led to a bit of an arms race in Poland, with different gaming groups and shops all vying to outdo each other with unfeasibly-sized games, great for your hobbying, bad for the poor fella who has to spend weeks sticking armies together. Luckily, Artur has two secret weapons. One, he has perfected speed painting to a level that far exceeds that of the most ardent North European tournamenteer (hobbyists in those parts have a certain fondness for speed painting, and many of them finish armies quickly). Two, Polish public transport.

"I go everywhere by train," he says. And, as anyone who's been on them will know, Polish trains are slow, so don't jiggle about much. "It gives me plenty of time to paint. I can easily do a unit or two in a short journey."

**Those geographically aware persons in our readership will know South Africa is not, in fact, in northern Europe but, as the name suggests, in southern Africa.*



King Artur



ARTUR'S ARMY

In this 50,000 points Chapter there are:

- 30 Assault Terminators
- 70 Tactical Terminators
- 22 Dreadnaughts
- 110 Space Marine Veterans
- 280 Tactical Space Marines
- 170 Assault Space Marines
- 115 Devastator Marines
- 70 Scouts
- 50 Death Company marines
- 10 Chapter Honour Guard
- 22 Assorted Predators
- 10 Land Raiders
- 46 Rhinos
- 14 Razorbacks
- 45 Bikes of differing types
- 14 Land Speeders
- 3 Vindicators
- 3 Whirlwinds
- 1 Warhound Titan
- 1 Thunderhawk Gunship
- 34 Characters
- 1 Commander called Arthur

In fact, he did this entire army in just 20 days. Surely this counts as some kind of amazing mutant superpower?

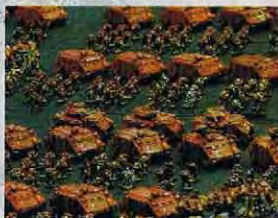
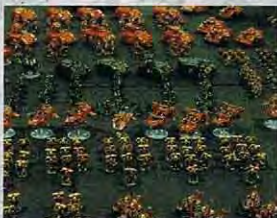
If you think his army looks huge on the table, wait until you read what exactly is in it (see box above). But as impressive as these 1,118 models may be, that's not even beginning to scratch the surface of his collection. Artur, it seems, is something of a magpie, collecting games and miniatures of all varieties.

"Games Workshop miniatures fill 20, maybe 25 per cent of my collection. For example, I have every card for many Collectible Card games, and many board games," he explains.

How many is this exactly? We're talking thousands. Put it this way, the mere 20 per cent that Games Workshop stuff fills includes an army of at least 10,000 points for every army we've ever produced for every system. At least. That is thousands of models stretching back across Games Workshop history. Then there's his role-playing games library, which includes some great old classics as well. The simple fact is that Artur loves games.

"A lot of my models are painted," he adds. "They have to be for my display games."

Last, but certainly not least, as Artur is a trained herpetologist, he also has an impressive collection of lizards. "I have about 100," he says. Now that's a lot of lizards. See, mad!



This guy is nuts, he's done a whole chapter!

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Joe Orteza
Gold, Open Competition
Games Day Los Angeles 2003



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To enter this fabulous competition and win the prize hoard shown opposite, all you have to do is write in with the answer to the question printed below:

Before Grombrindal became the White Dwarf, what was his name?

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In addition, in no more than 200 words we would like you to invent your own Dwarf special character. We'd like you to make him as realistic a Dwarf as possible, so give us his name, magic items, a little bit of his history and why he should be a special character. In the event of a tie break, the entry that fits best with the Warhammer universe in the opinion of the White Dwarf team will win!

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Dol Amroth mini-
campaign

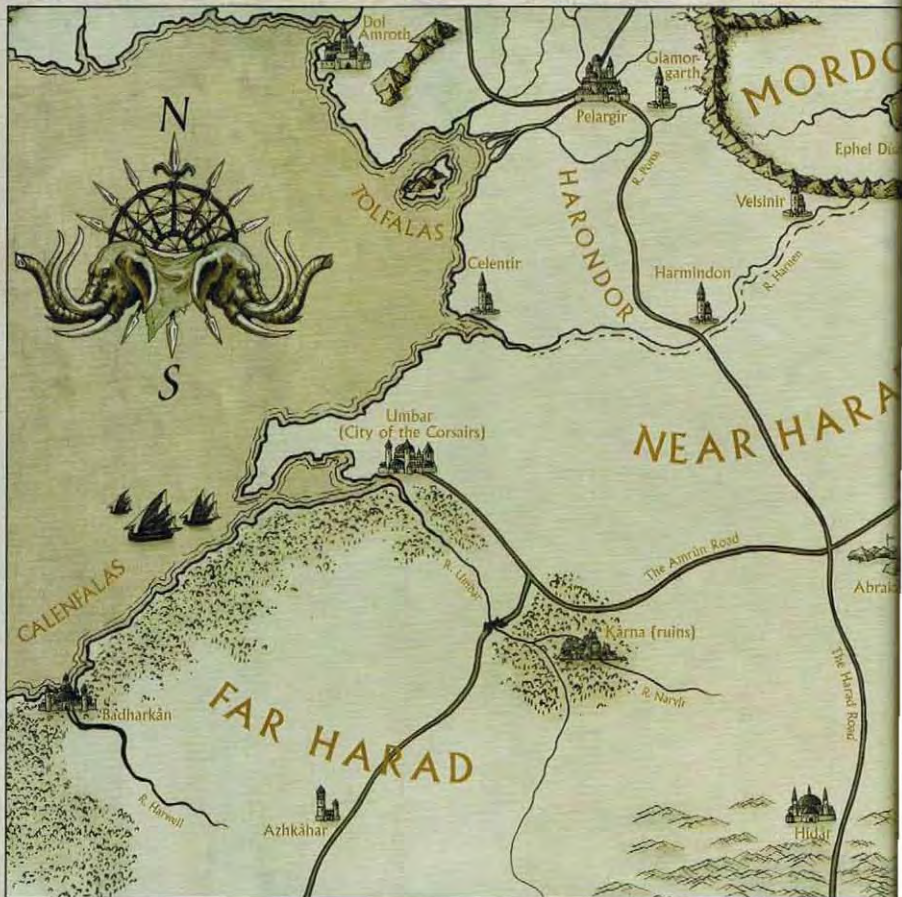
THE TRIBES OF HARAD

New troop types for The Lord of The Rings

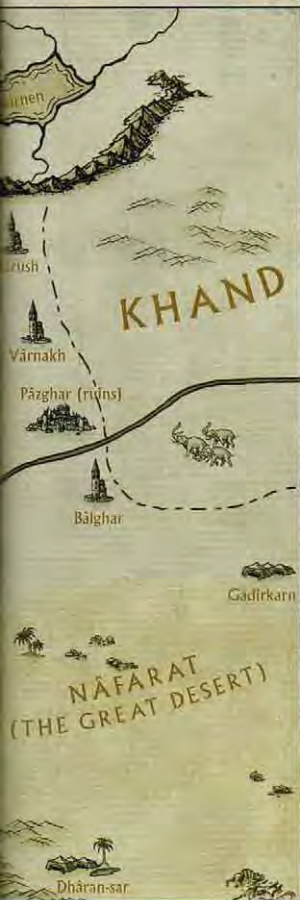
Mat Ward returns with details of the tribes of Harad. From the Clilent Kings to the Corsairs of Umbar, the Haradrim are a varied people, although something they all share is a great resolve.

Harad is a truly vast place, covering more land than any other realm in Middle-earth. As a consequence of this, its people can be as similar to one another as Men of Dol Amroth are to Men of Minas Tirith, but often they are as different from each other as the Men of Minas Tirith are from the Men of Dunland.

Here we take a closer look at these diverse lands, united under the rule of the Lords of Umbar. Also included are some profiles and conversion ideas for troops and Heroes from those lands that you can use in your games of The Lord of The Rings. Just remember to get your opponent's permission first!



The Merchant Guard of Abrakân



Often described as being the greatest of all the trading cities in the south, and perhaps in all of Middle-earth, Abrakân is a shining beacon of opulence. Sitting as it does on the junction of the great Amrun and Harad roads, it is not difficult to perceive why this should be so, for great riches have flowed along these routes and into Abrakân for many long centuries. Historically, such wealth has made Abrakân's ruler a very influential and independent potentate; after all, does not each man have his price?

Whilst well-placed bribes have often gone a long way to maintaining the safety of the merchant city, the elders of Abrakân have long taken care that they have thick walls and loyal soldiers, for when wealth cannot shield against ill-fortune. Abrakân has indeed learnt the lessons of history, for no foe has taken the merchant city since the Khandish raids of centuries ago. Behind the spectacle of Abrakân's intricate golden gates – themselves actually gold decoration laid over sturdy timber and enduring steel – lie wrought iron defences of devilish ingenuity. Should an attacker manage to breach the defensive walls he will find himself lost in a cunning maze of narrow streets, painstakingly designed to slow and confuse any attackers.

The Merchant Guard trace their history back to the time of Gondor's occupation of Harad, when they were created as the

personal retainers of the Merchant-king, Jilaad – known as the betrayer in some areas of Harad, but remembered with pride within Abrakân's walls. He was an ambitious man, one of Gondor's client rulers, ever eager to advance his power yet canny enough to recognise that his position relied solely on Abrakân's wealth. With this in mind he founded the Merchant Guard, a body of men unwaveringly loyal to their master's goals yet also charged with protecting not only Abrakân, but also traders for a hundred leagues about the city. After Mardat's fall, Jilaad thought to take his place. He carefully drew his plans and cast his influence to this one goal, forging alliances with Khandish lords with the aim of creating an army against which none could stand. Chief amongst his goals was to acquire the Karbaril blade, the symbol of Mardat's leadership, thinking that this would help him gain the support of the common people. Unfortunately for the Merchant-king, he was betrayed to the forces of Gondor by his own son, Jarell, who wished the power and wealth of Abrakân for himself. Jarell's betrayal yielded him naught, for his sire's soldiers saw to it that he was punished for his treachery – he was staked out in the Nâfarat. Alas, Jilaad did not live to see this vengeance – some days earlier his severed head had been sent to the Khandish lords as a warning against trifling with Gondor's rule of Harad.

Merchant Guard (Man)

Points Value: 8

	F	S	D	W	A	C
Merchant Guard	3/4+	3	4	1	1	3

Wargear

Merchant Guard wear armour and carry either a spear or a bow.

Special Rules

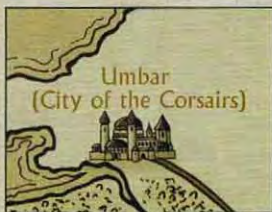
Poisoned Arrows. The Haradrim often smear the tips of their arrows with the preserved venom of reptiles or scorpions living in their distant lands. Each time a Merchant Guard hits an enemy with a Shooting attack, but rolls a 1 on the dice to wound it, he must re-roll the dice.

Loyal Until Death. At the beginning of the game choose one Haradrim Hero among those in your force for all of your Merchant Guard to protect. Any Merchant Guard within 6"/14cm of that Hero may re-roll failed Courage tests.

Sam Lee achieved the striking effect on these Merchant Guards by applying a rich colour scheme of blue and yellow.



The Wardens of Umbar



Umbar has changed hands many number of times in its history, as Gondor and Harad vied for control over her harbour. The last change of power left the city firmly in the hands of the Haradrim and the Black Númenórean lords.

The Corsair city is ruled over by a council of seven Men: They are Black Númenóreans – descendants of those who betrayed the Faithful and sided with Sauron. Thousands of years later they still hamper their cousins in the north, directing

the considerable might of Harad and the fleets of Umbar against the Men of Gondor and their allies. The Lords of Umbar reside in a position of pseudo-royalty, enjoying a status and privilege greater than many kings and princes in other lands. Of course, these Lords are not royalty and they can claim no hereditary right to the positions they hold, yet despite this they prevail. Through strength of will and sheer cunning they have triumphed over every effort to oust them from their imposed rule, meeting such attempts with a combination of artful scheming and brute force. Each of the seven Lords maintains extensive estates and a small personal army in their entourage of Wardens. Perhaps it is because of these extensive resources, and their inherently treacherous natures, that the greatest threat to the Lords of Umbar are one another. For they share no sense of common loyalty, nor code of brotherhood. For them it is always a case of every man for himself – they think nothing of betraying one another to serve their own nefarious aims.

Each of the seven lords is tied to a separate role within the government of the city. Throughout time five offices have endured, while others have come and gone in times of strife and adversity. The pre-eminent post is that of the Master of Umbar, or the Master of the City as he is sometimes termed. The Master is tasked with the overall running of the Corsair city, thus many unsavoury and unpopular duties fall to him: decreeing the taxes, and ordering the deployment of Harad's mighty armies. Most dangerous and uncertain of all, however, is his duty to govern the ruling council, and this more than any other responsibility brings the Master conflict and strife. Beside this position stands the Keeper of the Walls. The Keeper is charged with protecting the city of Umbar itself, seeing to the city's defence and meting out punishments for infractions against the law. Within the purview of the Keeper is the task of keeping the city's formidable walls in good repair, walls that serve the city well in the event of attack. Harad's armies fall under the nominal command of the



Wardens protect their Númenórean Lord from a band of sea-faring raiders from Dol Amroth.

Captain at Arms. His role entails overseeing the continued recruitment of new soldiers into the ranks of Harad's armies, but most importantly he ensures that no single chieftain gathers too much power to himself. Similar in power and role are the Captains of the Fleet. So heavy is the burden of manning the Corsair fleets that it must be borne by two men. Or at least that is ostensibly the reason for this shared control, but there is another, unspoken cause. The military power that the Corsair fleets possess are tremendous and given the inherently suspicious nature of the Black Númenóreans, and their plotting against one another, it is little wonder that no one man is ever entrusted with complete control over the fleet.

These Lords guide the politics and economy of the entire nation, making the decisions that drive her people to war. But their choices are often unpopular and their rivals many. As such they require the mightiest warriors they can muster to keep them safe from both the civilian masses and their political adversaries. The men tasked with this role are the Wardens of Umbar, seasoned veterans equipped with

the best weapons and armour their masters can provide.

The Wardens are retained under a principle that makes them immune to bribery and corruption against their masters. In effect they live like kings, with wealth and women aplenty. The rationale behind this is that a man cannot be bribed if he has everything he could ever stand in need of. It is a principle that seems to work. Since the guards rarely venture into the blistering deserts of Umbar they dress unlike the common soldier, wearing finely wrought armour, after the fashion of the Warriors of Minas Tirith. This is commonly enamelled a lustrous black and marked with a simple motif in homage to the heritage of their Númenórean Lords. Each member of this elite guard carries a sword – and many within Harad question their right to do so, for they are not tribal chieftains and it is not a Karharil blade, and despite this they still dispense a rough, violent form of justice. Wherever the Wardens go the symbol and might of their lords goes too. All look on their shining black shields, proudly bearing the mark of the Númenórean Lords and fear.

Insignia varies from lord to lord but all carry the same theme, for the lords consider themselves nautical men, and each has a stylised trident central to the design. The Master of the City is the head of the council and his symbol is usually a plain, unembellished trident. The Keeper of the City traditionally has a symbol of two tridents crossing on another, whilst the Captains of the Fleet have tridents serving as a mast on a ship as their motif. When the office passes from one lord to another, either by death or intrigue, the same insignia is adopted, with slight alterations, thus over the course of many years it subtly alters in colour and shape.

The Lords of Umbar are far from weak, as one might be fooled into thinking when looking upon their formidable guards, rather they are cautious in the extreme, and not without good cause – for assassination attempts and small-scale coups are a regular occurrence in the political climate of Umbar's ruling council. When such fracas break out, the Wardens will fight like men possessed to protect their lords, for their status and reputation relies solely on his survival.



Númenórean Lord (Man)

	F	S	D	A	W	C
Númenórean Lord	5	4	4	2	2	5

Points value: 55

Might:	2
Will:	2
Fate:	1

Wargear

Númenórean Lords carry swords. At additional cost they may be given the following equipment:

Armour	5 pts	Shield	5 pts
Heavy armour	10 pts	Horse	10 pts

Warden of Umbar

	F	S	D	A	W	C
Warden of Umbar	4/4+	3	6	1	1	4

Points value: 10

Wargear

The base profile for a Warden of Umbar includes heavy armour and a sword (hand weapon). Any warrior can be given additional items at the following cost:

Bow	1 pt
Shield	1 pt



Adam Troke assembled these Wardens from Second and Third age Men of Gondor, adding Green Stuff sashes to complete the effect.

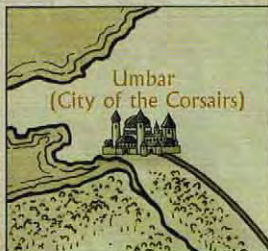
The Corsairs of Umbar

Along the coasts of Belfalas there are none as feared as the Corsairs of Umbar. Possessed of nautical expertise beyond compare, these raiders prey upon all of the coastlands of southern Middle-earth, taking whatever they can from whoever holds something that they value. Descended in equal part from the Black Númenóreans and the indigenous peoples of Harad, the Corsairs hold allegiance only to the Lords of Umbar. Even there, this fealty is mere lip service, for the captains of the Corsair fleets are so rarely to be found within Umbar itself that they remain largely autonomous. In ages

past, the Corsair fleets were composed of great Númenórean frigates, sleek in motion but also strong and unyielding. As time has slipped away, many of the skills to fashion such vessels have been lost, and now many Corsairs put to sea in ships more akin to the traditional Haradrim coastal craft: angular vessels that are all severe edges and pitch-blackened hulls.

Though the Corsairs unquestionably dominate the Bay of Belfalas, further to the north and south, to the shores of Eriador and the lands of the Mahûd, their vessels do not commonly travel. The Corsairs

believe that the waters north of Andrast are protected from their predations by some higher power and light and fury, a myth anchored deep in history. Indeed, even the passage of the Cape of Andrast is one attempted either by the brave or the foolhardy only, for the waters there are treacherous at best and deadly at worst. To the south are lands and realms with seafarers of their own, powers that the Corsairs will not willingly provoke. Ultimately, these boundaries matter little to the captains of the fleet, for Gondor can readily provide all that the Corsairs wish to steal.



Corsair Captain (Man)

Points Value: 45

This profile can be used to represent one of the many captains of the Corsair fleet.

	F	S	D	W	A	C	Might:	2
Corsair Captain	4/4+	4	5	2	2	4	Will:	1
							Fate:	1

Wargear

Corsair Captain wears armour and carries a hand weapon. They may be given the following equipment at additional cost:

Bow 5 pts

Corsair of Umbar (Man)

Points Value: 6

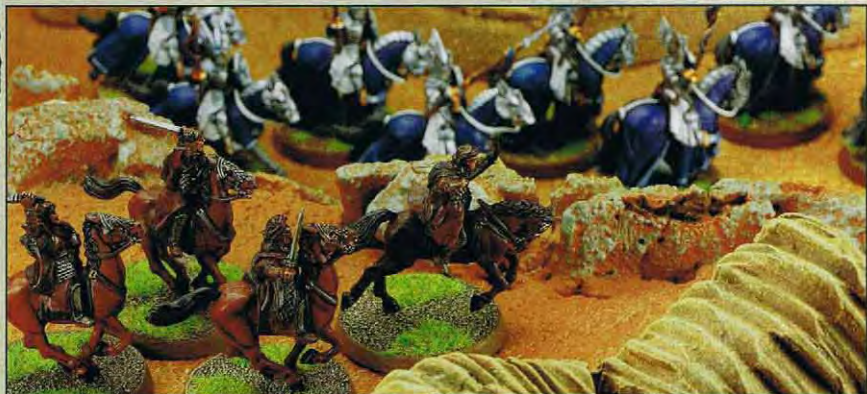
The Corsairs of Umbar are exceptional seafarers and raiders without par.

	F	S	D	W	A	C
Corsair	3/4+	3	4	1	1	3

Wargear

Corsairs wear armour and carry hand weapons. They may be given the following items at additional cost:

Bow 1 pt Throwing spears 1 pt



The Khandish mercenaries prepare to strike at the Knights of Dol Amroth.

Mercenaries of Khand

In eastern Harad there are few warriors more feared than the Khandish mercenaries. Though little is known about the neighbouring country, their fighters are a common sight in the land east of Abrahán. The Khandish warriors are accomplished horsemen, often choosing to strike in lightning-fast raids that leave only death in their wake. Oddly, they are seemingly as eager to attack well-defended targets as those who cannot defend themselves. This has led many to assume that their raids are not about plunder or wealth, but rather an offering to whatever deities they may worship, or possibly just

the behaviour of a people in love with war and the power of a naked blade.

Attempts to subdue the Khandish hordes have been made by many rulers over the years, but none yet have had any true effect. Several Haradrim chieftains have led expeditions into Khand, but most such forces have returned home after a long and fruitless absence, their only sight of the enemy granted when horsemen came charging out of mist-shrouded hills. In truth, Gondor's solution during the time of the Client Kings was probably the most effective answer yet. The greatest

stonemasons of the northern kingdom were brought to the Khandish border to construct great defensive works to thwart any attack. Of course, such a ploy brought limited respite to Harad, for the Khandish warriors soon learnt how to skirt these defences.

These days, most of the Khandish warriors to be found in Harad are mercenaries, come to hone their skills and sell their expertise. There are always Haradrim chieftains eager to acquire such followers, though there is always the danger of a rival offering the mercenaries greater riches to betray, rather than obey.



This Khandish Mercenary on horseback is a simple conversion combining the horse and body from a Rider of Rohan and the head of a Haradrim Warrior.



Khandish Mercenary (Man)

Khandish Mercenaries can be fielded in both Good and Evil forces, but are prone to change sides if the price is right.

Points Value: 8

	F	S	D	W	A	C
Mercenary	4/4+	3	4	1	1	3
Horse	0	3	4	1	0	3

Wargear

Khandish Mercenaries wear armour and carry a hand weapon and bow.

Special Rules

Money Talks. Whenever one places faith in Khandish Mercenaries, he does so hoping that another has not already secured their loyalty. At the start of the game, before forces have been deployed, the controlling player must roll a D6 for each Khandish Mercenary in his force. On a roll of a 1 or 2, that Mercenary has been bought and is deployed and controlled by his opponent for the remainder of the game.

The Client Kings

For many long years Gondor ruled Harad, a rule enforced by the sword and the spear. Little blame can be attached to the northern for this, for Harad had long been a troublesome neighbour and one much given to visiting death and chaos upon Gondor's lands and people. Even while Gondor's soldiers were loose upon Harad's soil, the tribesmen were apt to

resist their unwelcome masters and, for many years, the barren soil ran red with blood. In the end, Gondor's strategy for ending this conflict was to install several client kings whose loyalty was to Gondor, bought with gold or claimed through fear. Largely, this was successful, for the tribesmen would more willingly follow their own than the northern invaders. This

plan was not entirely foolproof however, for while some of the client kings, such as Káldor of Near Harad, proved to be loyal vassals to Gondor, others, such as Jilad of Abrahán and Mávdar of Badhra, would lead uprisings that would test the strength of the White City.



Adam Troke created a King of Harad by using this King of Men painted to match his Harad army.



King of Harad (Man)

This profile can be used to represent one of the Client Kings from the time of Gondor's occupation or, if you wish, a lord of more recent times.

Points Value: 60

	F	S	D	W	A	C	Might:
King of Harad	5/4+	4	5	2	2	5	2
							Will: 1
							Fate: 1

Wargear

Kings of Harad wear armour and carry a hand weapon. They may be given the following equipment at additional cost:

Horse 10 pts Lance 5 pts Bow 5 pts

Special Rules

Poisoned Arrows. See Merchant Guard Special Rules.

The Kingdom of Far Harad

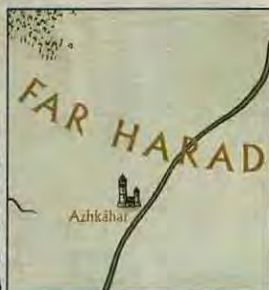
In the days of Gondor's occupation of Harad most client kingdoms were ruled over by petty and weak men, for they were all the simpler for Gondor to control. Mārdat's father was such a man, for he had long been broken by his overlords. When the old king died, and rule passed to his son, the prince swore that he would never bow to the lords of Gondor as his father had. He gathered to his side all the chieftains of his realm with whom he had common cause, and slew in single combat those he could not trust, for he was a warrior possessed of great skill, as fast and deadly as a serpent. Before long, he had assembled an army with which he hoped to wrest not only his kingdom of Badhira but all of the land of Harad from Gondor's tight grasp.

Over the following decade the Serpent Lord threatened Gondor's hold on the southlands. As his fame grew, so too did the numbers of his followers. Mārdat's veteran armies swiftly cast aside the undermanned garrisons with which Gondor

sought to enchain the far south, and city after city fell into his grasp. When Mārdat took the ancient Kāma as his capital, he proclaimed his blade the Karharil, the sword to which all others owed allegiance, and so pronounced himself ruler of all Far Harad. The armies of the north kingdom were stretched to the limit as they struggled to contain Mārdat, for not only were they challenged by the Serpent Lord's armies, but had also to prevent uprising in the other Haradrim kingdoms, lest they join to his banner. In this they largely failed, and before long the realm of Far Harad claimed all of the land below the Amrūn Road. Faced with such a determined foe, Gondor reluctantly forged a truce with the upstart Haradrim king and several years of peace followed.

In the end, the Serpent Lord was undone by his own pride. Determined to reclaim the rest of Harad, he broke the truce and attacked Gondor's holdings north of Abrahān. Gondor was ready for him. Khandish mercenaries, the wild horsemen

of the far east, were hired in huge numbers with Gondor's coin. As Mārdat led the attack on Gondor's forces, the mercenaries struck his flank and, in a brutal storm of blood and steel, routed the Serpent Lord's army. Mārdat had been wounded in the battle and, seeing his king weakened, one of the Serpent Lord's followers challenged him to a duel. Mārdat, even then the greatest fighter the southlands had ever known, was wounded and weary. Unable to best his foe he was spitted on his challenger's blade. With the Serpent Lord's death the army he had assembled was scattered by Gondor's might, for his betrayer was not the leader that he had thought himself. Though Mārdat fell his legend lives on in Harad, and some believe that one day his true successor will lead them to greatness again. Meanwhile, the sword of the Serpent Lord, the Karharil, is still the symbol of rulership in Harad and sits in the hands of the Master of the Council of Umbar, where it waits for a worthy man to wield the land of Harad's destiny once more.



Mat Ward has used the Haradrim Chieftain model to represent Mārdat.

Mārdat, the Serpent Lord (Man)

Points Value: 100

	F	S	D	A	W	C	Might:	Will:
Mārdat	5/-	4	5	3	3	5	3	3
Horse	0	3	4	1	0	3	Fate:	1

Wargear

Mārdat carries the Karharil blade (counts as a hand weapon) and wears armour. He can ride a horse at a cost of 10pts.

Special Rules

Honour Code. Mārdat holds personal honour high above personal risk, throwing himself into combat against ferocious odds rather than losing face before a rival chieftain. To represent this, Mārdat (and any troops benefiting from his Stand Fast! rule) will always automatically pass any Courage test if there is another friendly Hero within 6"/14cm.

Ascendant. Mārdat's reputation is growing with each victory, making his name commonplace amongst the Haradrim and his very presence can inspire armies to great deeds. The range of Mārdat's Stand Fast! is 12"/28cm rather than 6"/14cm.

Serpent Rider (Man)

Points Value: 12

Mārdat believed in striking swiftly whenever he could, encouraging his followers to hone their skill in fighting from horseback. The Serpent Riders of Far Harad were the most experienced of his cavalymen, as at home fighting from the saddle as on foot.

You may only include Serpent Riders in your force if Mārdat is also included.

	F	S	D	W	A	C
Serpent Rider	4/4+	3	4	1	1	3
Horse	0	3	4	1	0	3

Wargear

Serpent Riders ride a horse and carry a lance and a bow.

Special Rules

Poisoned Arrows. See Merchant Guard Special Rules.



The Watchers patrol the ruins for any signs of the Dimlokh.

The Watchers of Kârna



Nobody knows what was worshipped within Kârna's hallowed halls, so utterly lost in history is that truth, but those who live close to that ill-fated city know all too well what rules there now, Dimlokh. The very word conjures fear into the heart of the Haradrim, for the Dimlokh are creatures of nightmare.

Neither alive nor fully dead, they prowl the ruins of Kârna, feasting on trespassers in cruel midnight rituals. The tales told by the locals warn of what terrors would be unleashed should the Dimlokh ever leave that place, stories of midnight slaughter and ethereal terror as they unleash horror on the neighbouring settlements. Little do they know that it is the actions of the silent Watchers of Kârna alone that prevent this. Raised from birth to fear nothing, the Watchers guard the forsaken and crumbling streets and buildings from intruders, and in turn, the intruders from Kârna's residents. It is a thankless task, for those they encounter must either flee or be slain.

On a very few occasions in their history the Watchers have ventured out from Kârna, on some secret errand. One band of fortune

seekers from Lossarnach told an account of curiously robed warriors who tracked their party as far as Pelargir, falling upon the party mere miles from the coastal port.

Unable or unwilling to communicate with the men of the field in their foreign tongue, the Watchers resorted to force. In scant moments the vanguard of the Lossarnach men were cut down, and the Watchers were within the caravan itself. The fighting raged on for a few moments longer until the apparent leader of the men of Kârna emerged from the covered wagon, holding a tarnished bronze plate high over his head. With a sharply shouted command his men withdrew, fleeing into the countryside, leaving the wounded caravan utterly astonished that only a peculiar bronze plate had been taken, when chests full of gold and jewels had been completely ignored. Rumours abound as to why this might be, the most plausible of which speculates that when the Dimlokh are cursed they are bound to particular items, and are only confined to Kârna whilst those items remains there. Should this truly be the case, it would perhaps explain why the Watchers react to intruders with such violence.

Watchers

Watcher	F	S	D	A	W	C
	3/4+	3	4	1	1	8

Points value: 10

Wargear

Watchers of Kârna wear armour. They may be given additional equipment at the following cost:

Spear 1pt
Bow 1pt

Special Rules

Strong of Will. Watchers of Kârna may always resist the effects of magical powers as if they had a single point of Will.



The dusky colour scheme on Sam Lee's Watchers of Kârna perfectly represents these stoic warriors.

COASTAL RAIDS

New rules for fighting raids from the sea by Mat Ward

In this, the first of two articles, we revisit the thrill of piratical raids with expanded rules for fighting on waterways from Gondor to the Londo.

Mat: Some of the most memorable moments in *The Lord of the Rings* centre around rivers and boats. Aragorn's arrival at Pelennor Fields, Gothmog's assault on Osgiliath and the passage of the Anduin are but a few examples – the story is full of many more. Some time ago I introduced the rules for boats and rivers and I've now decided that it's about time that I took it a stage further.

The fantastic thing about playing scenarios in this game is the depth to which you can take them. Once you've decided what, where, why and who (no small task in itself), then there's always the how. This is the bit that we're going to take a look at in this article – by the time we're done you'll

be fearlessly crafting your own scenarios and events within the world of Middle-earth, but first, let's refresh our memories about the rules for boats.

Boats in The Lord of the Rings

For ease of reference we're reprinting the River Assault rules with a few updates. These rules work perfectly well for coastlines as well as rivers. For more details, including tips on how to make your own boats for the game, see the original article in WD 294.

Drift

At the start of the game, players determine the rate and direction of Drift in the river or sea. Players are free to decide upon the amount and direction of Drift – either D3"/D6cm (standard current) or D6"/2D6cm (strong current). In the Priority phase, each model in the water (including boats) moves in the direction and speed of the Drift. The player with Priority may choose the order they move.

Moving Boats

Boats are always deemed under the control of the player with the greatest number of models touching either the sails or the oars of the boat (calculate before any models move) although if your boat model does not have a visible method of propulsion, simply count all the models on board. Models that are lying down or incapacitated for any reason (as the result of a Paralyse spell, for example) do not count for the purpose of determining control. Models with a Strength of 6 or greater count as three models. If both players have an equal number of models touching either the sails or the oars of the boat, neither player has control so neither can move the boat that turn.

Boats move in their controlling player's Move phase. Boats may be turned to face any direction at the start of their move – they may not turn later in their move. Roll on the Handling chart to determine how far the boat can move.

The boat can move at full speed if there are four or more models propelling the boat; if there are less than four models then the speed of the boat is halved. Note the boats are unaffected by Heroic Moves.



Rangers of Gondor attempt to repel an Orc landing

Handling Chart

D6 Result

- 1 Out of control.** The boat goes out of control. The warriors spend the rest of their Move phase trying to regain control – the boat may not move this turn but will drift with the current as normal.
- 2-5 All ahead.** The boat must move up to D6"/2D6cm. It may move an additional 1"/2cm for each additional model beyond the fourth that is propelling the boat (a boat propelled by 6 models could move for example D6+2"/2D6+4cm).
- 6 Excellent seamanship.** The boat may move up to 6"/14cm plus 1"/2cm for each additional model beyond the fourth that is propelling the boat.



If a boat collides with a model with a Strength of 5 or less, the model is pushed 1"/2cm back from the boat – the boat completes its move as normal. If a boat collides with a model with a Strength of 6 or greater, or another boat, it immediately comes to a halt. In both cases if the boat has travelled 4"/10cm or more both it and whatever it collides with take a Strength 8 hit for each 1"/2cm of unused movement.

Docking

With careful guidance, a vessel can be directed to dock at a certain place, or with another boat, without suffering damage. To do this, the controlling player must nominate where the boat is going to dock before any dice are rolled on the handling chart. If the boat reaches the chosen vessel or coastline during that move it is guided in and neither suffers nor inflicts damage.

Embarking and Disembarking

Any model may make a Jump roll to embark or disembark using the normal Jump rules. If a 1 is rolled on the Jump roll then the model falls into the water. If a model attempts to jump onto a defended obstacle (the side of a boat, or a bank defended by the enemy), treat it as an attacker charging a defended obstacle.

Warriors in Boats

Whilst in a boat Warriors and Heroes may move, fight and shoot as normal – they count as being stationary for the purposes of shooting, even if the boat has moved.

Models in the Water

Warriors and Heroes may attempt to swim through deep water – indeed if they have been tipped into a river as a result of a boat sinking, they'll have no other choice. Mounted models may not attempt to swim – though they may dismount and attempt to cross without their mount. Swimming models are moved in the controlling player's Move phase as normal. Roll a D6 for each swimming model and consult the Swimming chart.

The amount of armour that a model is wearing can adversely affect its ability to swim – this chart represents the ability of a model wearing armour (including special kinds of regular armour, such as Dwarf armour). For those unfortunate individuals who are weighed down too heavily by their various protective layers, a watery grave awaits. However, for the unencumbered, swimming to shore is not such a hard task. To represent these circumstances, apply the following modifiers to the Swimming Chart:

Model is wearing no armour/Mithril armour	+1
Model is wearing heavy armour/Dwarf heavy armour	-1
Model is carrying a shield	-1
Model carrying a shield and wearing heavy armour/Dwarf heavy armour	-2

Swimming models may not lie down, shoot, or carry burdens but will fight as normal – though count as being armed with daggers regardless of the weapon they are carrying. After the fight has been resolved, all combatants must roll on the Swimming Chart again – this is purely to determine if they have drowned as a result of the fight, they do not move further than turn as a result of the roll.

Attacking Boats

Boats may be attacked like any other model and have the following profile:

Strength	Defence	Batter Points
Boat	8	4

Boats that are reduced to 0 Batter Points sink instantly – any models inside are tipped into the water. Cavalry models that are cast into the water are treated as if they had just rolled a 1 on the Thrown Rider chart. Models who have been tipped into the water may not move further than turn.

Dropping Anchor

After a boat has moved, the controlling player may declare that it is dropping anchor. Mark the boat with a suitable counter or token to show that this has taken place. Whilst anchored, a boat will not move nor drift – the anchor must be raised for it to do so. The controlling player may raise the anchor at the end of any subsequent Move phase (after both players have moved) – the boat will then move normally from the next turn onwards following the normal Moving Boat rules as outlined earlier.

Swimming Chart

D6 Result

- 1 Sink.** The model is overcome by the weight of his wargear and drowns. Remove the model as a casualty.
- 2-5 Swim.** The model may move up to half its move through the water. If it reaches the bank it may not move further this turn but may make a Climb test to pull itself out of the water and onto a bank or a boat.
- 6 Swim strongly.** The model may make its normal move through the water. If it reaches the bank it may not move further this turn but may make a Climb test to pull itself onto the bank.

Choosing Your Forces

Almost any protagonists will do for playing a coastal raid so spare a thought to the story that runs through your scenario. Will you recreate the folk of Anfalas defending their shores against Corsairs, for example? Are the Men of Númenor landing in Harad to end Sauron's control here once and for all? Only your imagination can limit the setting and scale of your game. Whatever your backdrop, both players should agree on a points value for the game – both the attacker and the defender should have with equally-sized forces.

Board Layout

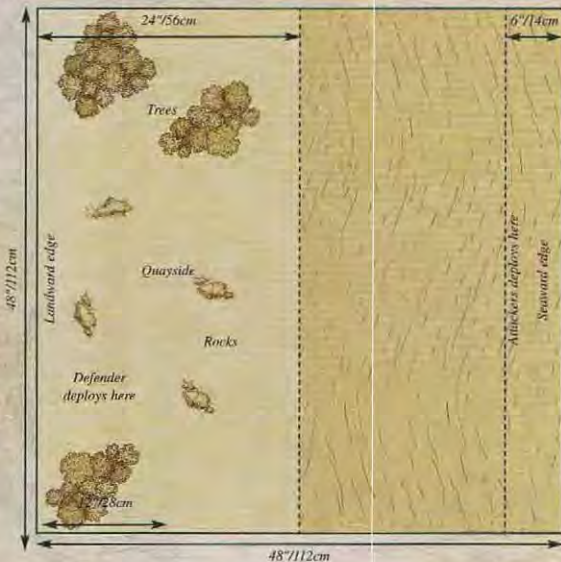
Coastal raids are best played on a board 48"/112cm by 48"/112cm, although of course they can be played on gaming tables of any width or length. The quayside stretches 24"/56cm out from the landward board edge and should be covered with suitable terrain. It's worth noting at this point that the term 'quayside' is used as a term for a generic shoreline – it does not have to be an urbanised harbour. There is no reason why a quayside could not be a heavily wooded shore with just a few jetties to land boats at – or even have no conventional landing points at all! As normal, it's always best if players agree terrain (and its effects) before the game begins, although it is worth noting that some objectives will require specific terrain types. The rest of the board is the sea (or river) itself, and should be mostly empty of terrain, although there is no reason why there cannot be piers or jetties stretching into the water, or rocks or debris projecting through the waves.

When the board has been set up, the defending player may place 2D6 barricades (lines of obstacles up to 1"/2cm high and 6"/14cm long) anywhere along the quayside. In addition, he may place D3 boats of his own anywhere in the water, provided that they are touching the quayside itself, or a pier or jetty.

Deployment

Unless any of the special deployment conditions are being used, the defending player always deploys his forces first. In a basic game this is always on the quayside, within 12"/28cm of the landward board edge (see map). When he has done this, the attacker deploys his boats (and their forces within them) no more than 6"/14cm from the seaward table edge.

These rules are enough to play many coastal raids. That said, you can always vary the deployment a little to add more variation to your games by limiting where each side deploys, perhaps, or having them



arrive late. To help add a little more variety to your games, I've created a series of tables for all manner of variations that you can add to your games – simply decide with your opponent which one you wish to use, or roll a D6. This month I've focused on Deployment options, Game Length and Special Rules, but next time I'll explore some Mission Objective variants to give your games extra variety.

Deployment Variants

Prepared Defences (D6 roll of 1-2)

The attackers have taken some time to get organised, giving the defenders a breathing space to redeploy. After both sides have set up, the defending player may move all of his barricades and 2D6 of his defenders up to 6"/14cm.

Scattered Defenders (D6 roll of 3-4)

The defenders are thinly spread, holding several positions against the incoming assault. At the start of the game, the defending player splits his force into equal halves, dividing his Heroes equally between the two. He deploys one half normally, but keeps the other to one side. From the second turn onwards, the defending player rolls a D6 at the end of his Move phase for each model put aside in this way. If the roll is lower than the current turn number, the models may move onto the board from anywhere along the quayside. If the roll is failed then another attempt may be made next turn.

Flanking Manoeuvre (D6 roll of 5-6)

In an all out attempt to thwart the defences, the attackers have landed a portion of their warriors further along the shore. Before the game begins, the attacker may put up to a quarter of his force (including up to one Hero costing less than 60 points) on one side. He deploys his remaining forces as normal and nominates which board edge his other warriors will enter from. From the fourth turn onwards, the attacking player rolls a D6 at the end of his Move phase. If the roll is lower than the current turn number, the models put aside at the start of the game may move onto the board from any point along the edge he nominated earlier.

End Conditions

Coastal raid games can last a few turns, representing a lightning fast raid, or several hours, re-enacting a desperate fight for supremacy. Players can agree on the game length before they begin, but note that the game should always end once one side has been eliminated. Alternatively, here are few suggestions:

Secure the Quay (D6 roll of a 1)

The game lasts for at least six turns. If there are no attacking models present on the quayside at the end of any turn from turn seven onwards, the game ends.

Random Game Length (D6 roll of a 2)

The game lasts for at least six turns. From

the end of the seventh turn onwards, the player with Priority rolls a D6. If the result is a 6, the game ends.

Leaderless Attackers (D6 roll of a 3)

The game continues until all of the Heroes on the attacking side are slain.

Leaderless Defenders (D6 roll of a 4)

The game continues until all of the Heroes on the defending side are slain.

War of Attrition (D6 roll of a 5)

The game continues until one side has been reduced to below 50% of its starting numbers.

No Quarter (D6 roll of a 6)

The game continues until one side has been reduced to below 25% of its starting numbers.

Special Rules

Of course, no scenario for *The Lord of the Rings* would be complete without a few special rules to keep both players on their toes, and coastal raids are no different. Once more, I've provided a few suitable examples, but as you play more games you'll probably start making up your own, or borrowing some from other scenarios. Any of the examples given below can be combined in any way, so you can have Gusting Winds and an Opening Bombardment, for example.

Gusting Winds (D6 roll of a 1)

The winds along this particular stretch of coast are incredibly treacherous, making it very dangerous to walk along precipitous drops (or quaysides). If the Priority roll is ever drawn on the roll of 5 or 6, both players roll a D6 for each of their models, that are within 2"/4cm of a sheer drop (a cliff, at the top of a wall etc...) or the edge of the quay. On the roll of a 4+, the model loses its balance and tumbles off the edge, taking falling damage or other effects as appropriate. If the model is within 2"/4cm of two or more hazards, the opposing player may nominate which way the model falls. Might be used to modify this roll. All Shooting attacks must re-roll any successful hits.

Defensive Volley (D6 roll of a 2)

The defenders have seen the incoming raid and have prepared a volley of fire to greet the attackers. By using such a trap they hope to strike an early blow. After both sides have deployed but before the first turn, the defending player may fire three volleys. Each volley has a total number of shots equal to the quantity of defenders with bows of any kind and follows the normal rules for Volley Fire, with the exception that the defenders do not need to be in base contact with one another.

Opening Bombardment (D6 roll of a 3)

As a prelude to a raid, vessels offshore can use their armament to harry the forces of the defender. Before the game begins, the attacking player may make D3 bombardments. For each of these, he rolls a D6. On the roll of a 4 or more, his catapults have found a target sending out a wave of crushing debris. The attacking player may nominate any defending model on the board. That model takes a Strength 10 hit and any other model, friendly or enemy, within 1"/2cm, takes a single Strength 6 hit as they are hit by rubble; any survivors with a Strength of 6 or less are knocked to the ground. If the attacking player rolls a 1, the same effect occurs, but the defending player may nominate the target. If a cavalry model is hit rider and steed take a Strength 6 hit, the rider is thrown, and both models are knocked to the ground.

Continuous Bombardment of the Enemy (D6 roll of a 4)

If the battle is hard fought and desperate, leaders may risk firing siege engines into the thick of combat. This unusual tactic is used only by the most despairing commanders as a last gamble for victory. If using this special rule, the player who rolls the lowest dice when determining Priority may make a single bombardment (as described above) in the Shooting phase. If players tie in the dice roll then both players may make a bombardment in their respective Shooting phases.

Redoubled Efforts (D6 roll of a 5)

The attackers, spurred on by their determination, have propelled their boats closer to the shore. At the start of the game, after both sides have deployed, the attacking player may move each of his boats D6"/2D6cm (roll separately for each). Drift and other factors have no effect on this move.

Hearth and Home (D6 roll of a 6)

The defenders have pledged to repel the attackers or die trying. Defenders do not have to take Courage tests in this scenario.

Mission Objectives

We'll look at more detailed objectives next time, but most games can use the End Conditions to determine who has won. For example, if playing to the Secure the Quay End Conditions, the attacker will lose if his models are driven from the quayside or eliminated. Alternatively, if playing to the War of Attrition End Condition, the player who loses 50% of his force first loses the game. Of course, there are plenty of ideas for goals scattered around *The Lord of the Rings* scenarios, so players should feel free to agree their own situations and objectives with their opponent. If playing the Random Game Length End Condition, the winner is the player with the most models left alive at the end of the game.

Anyway, that's it for this time – we'll take a look at more details, such as mission objectives, in a future issue.

Obstacles and Barricades

There are all manner of different kinds of obstacles that you can use for coastal raids, depending on the kind of board that you're playing on.



Barriers like those found in Gondor are best represented by stone walls. The one above is sold at GW Hobby Centres, but they can also be constructed with a little foam board.



For more rural settlements, such as the sparse villages of Anfalas and Minhiriath, simple wattle fences can be constructed from thin wire woven around bamboo skewers.



Finally, if your coastal raids are taking place along uninhabited terrain, why not make use of scattered rockpiles, shaped from pieces of insulation foam.

MODELLING WORKSHOP

Building Coastal Terrain

Life's a real beach if you're Steve Cumiskey and Adi Wood. After taking on each other in the Tale of Good and Evil arms race, Steve and Adi have been busy building some coastal terrain. Here Steve reveals how to create the perfect dune so you too can fight your own Coastal Raids.

Steve: We've both been collecting forces for The Lord of The Rings game for over a year now, and have managed to build up a good selection of models for our chosen sides. While we've both started to build forces from the opposing side to complement our existing models, we've also been spending more time trying out some of the more unusual ways to play the game.

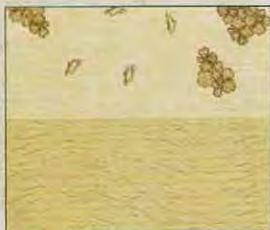
We'd already built our own castle for siege games, so it seemed like a good idea to keep adding something to our terrain collection with each new scenario we played. So when we got involved in trying

out the new rules for coastal raids, it seemed natural to have a go at building a coastline to game on. Of course, we didn't intend to build a fully modelled table to play our coastal raids on – covering half the table in sea would make it difficult to use for anything else. Instead we decided to build a section of sea and coast to fit on top of our existing board.

PLANNING

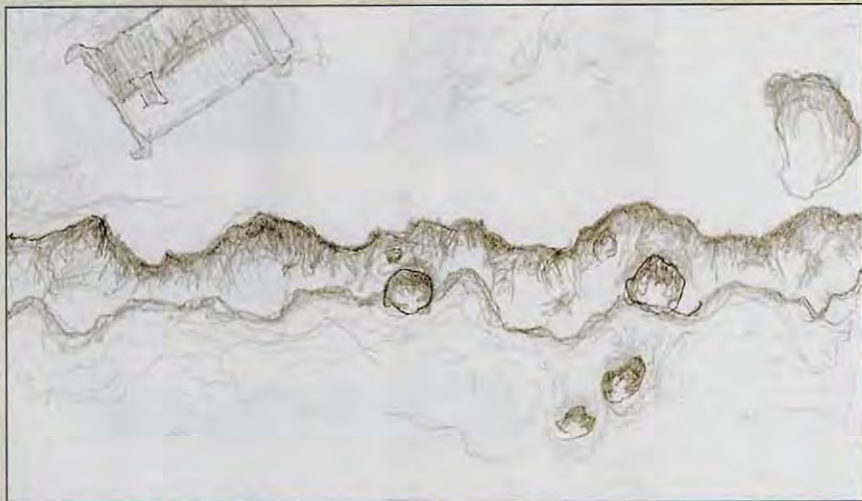
Once we'd decided on the notion of building a coastline, the first thing we had to do was to decide what form it should take. A quayside seemed to be the obvious choice, but when we started to think about it we realised that, to make it look right, we would need to have a stone coloured table and a fair number of buildings. Our table is modelled to look like grass land, and we have only a handful of buildings on it. In the end, we decided to make a beach instead.

Looking at the scenario map, it quickly became clear that the simplest thing to do would be to make a flat board that covered half the existing table. This had the slight drawback of making the sea level higher



than the land – which would look very strange unless we could disguise it in some way. Thankfully, we just had to resort to the same method commonly used to create rivers on a gaming table – build up the bank around the edges, making the difference in level less obvious.

This seemed like a perfectly acceptable way to solve the problem. We decided to use a row of dunes to serve as our raised bank, with the edge of the board cut into an irregular line to help make transition from board to table less obvious.



BUILDING THE BOARD

SAFETY

Take care when using a knife to make sure that you're always cutting away from yourself.

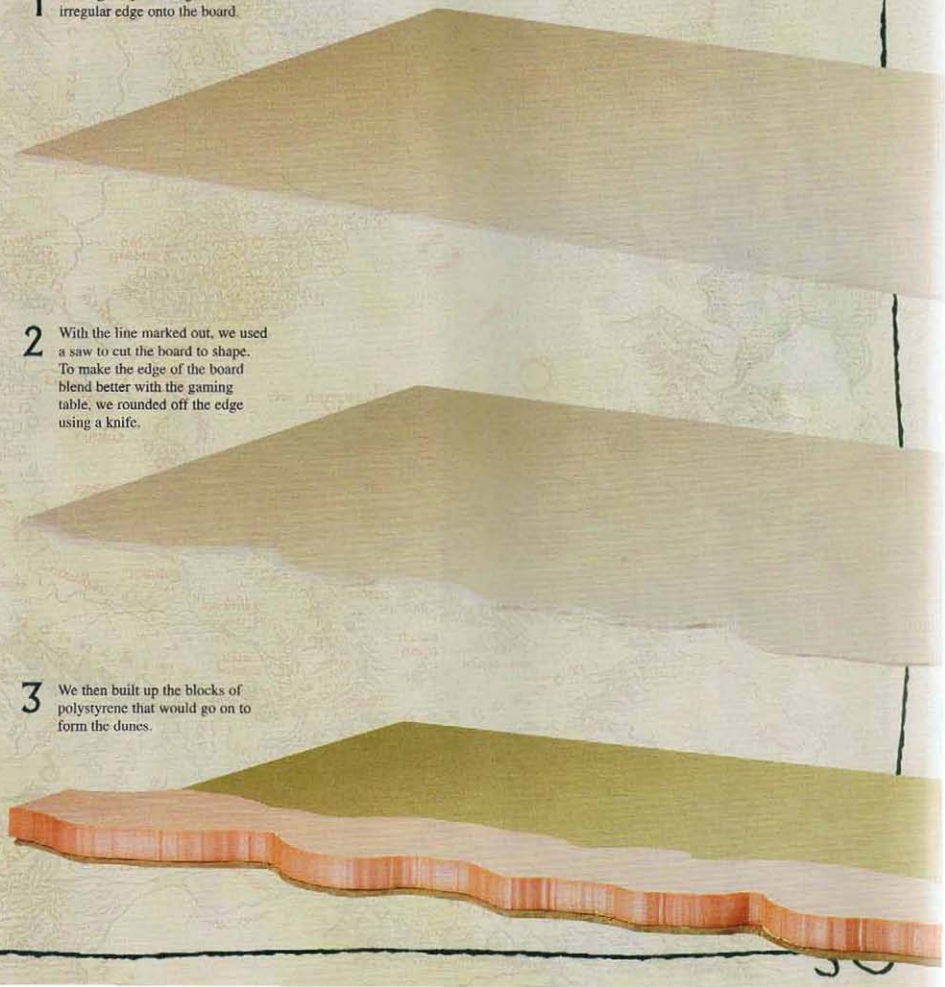
TOOLS AND MATERIALS

- 2' x 4' hardboard or MDF
- Static Grass
- Lichen
- Polystyrene
- Cork bark
- Ready-mixed filler
- Modelling sand and gravel
- PVA woodworking glue
- Sharp knife
- Saw
- Sandpaper

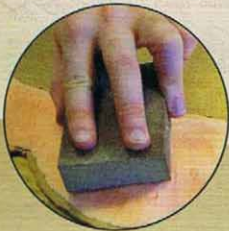
- 1 We began by marking out the irregular edge onto the board.

- 2 With the line marked out, we used a saw to cut the board to shape. To make the edge of the board blend better with the gaming table, we rounded off the edge using a knife.

- 3 We then built up the blocks of polystyrene that would go on to form the dunes.



- 4 At this point, we were able to carve the shape of the dunes from the polystyrene. With the basic shapes formed, we used sandpaper to clean and smooth the dunes.



- 5 To help make the dunes less plain, we glued pieces of cork bark, sand and gravel in place to represent rocks of various sizes.

- 6 All that remained to finish the construction was to use ready-mixed filler to create waves and to fill any gaps on the dunes and rocks.



Despite its size, the coast terrain was quick and easy to build, and makes the coastal raids scenario come to life in a way that simply working with improvised terrain never could.

It may seem like a lot of effort to go to for a single scenario, but this is actually an effective way to build up a collection of terrain that can add a great deal of variety to all your gaming.

PAINTING THE BOARD

BEACH

- 1 With the sea complete, we began to paint the dunes by applying a basecoat of Bestial Brown.
- 2 Next, we drybrushed the sand with Snakebite Leather.
- 3 We then drybrushed the sand with Vomit Brown.
- 4 A layer of Bleached Bone brightens up the colour.
- 5 To break up the flat yellow colour, we drybrushed small patches of Catachan Green.
- 6 With the painting complete we added patches of Static Grass and lichen to the dunes to help blend them into the rest of the board.



SEA

- 1 We started by painting the sea with a basecoat of Chaos Black paint, then painting it with a layer of Dark Angels Green.
- 2 Once the Dark Angels Green Layer had dried, we followed it with a layer of Scaly Green.
- 3 Then we applied a layer of Ultramarines Blue near the shore.
- 4 With the basic colour of the sea complete, we painted the tops of the waves with Skull White.
- 5 To create a suitably wet looking surface for the water we applied a layer of Gloss Varnish.



Desperate Defence

Part three of our Dol Amroth linked scenarios campaign

Adam Troke provides the third scenario in his three-part campaign following the brave Knights of Dol Amroth in their fight against the cruel Corsairs of Umbar. In this, the final scenario, Mórathol and his remaining warriors must fight for their lives as Imrahil races to his rescue.

The raid Mórathol led on the Corsair encampment was completed with lethal efficiency. They had razed the encampment, leaving burning tents and dying enemy in their wake – the confused Corsairs scattering into the woods in the panic that ensued. Mórathol and his remaining knights, weary and wounded, had limped back to their garrison, hoping that the messengers they had dispatched to Dol Amroth and the outlying barracks would bring reinforcements. The arrival of dawn brought no relief as Mórathol had his tired warriors gather the inhabitants of nearby villages into the garrison for their protection. It was approaching dusk when

the Corsair force arrived, tramping down the forest road in great numbers, eager to salvage their wounded pride by annihilating the garrison and all within.

With resignation Mórathol and his exhausted warriors rearmed themselves and prepared to meet the advancing force, unaware that Prince Imrahil and a small contingent of Knights of Dol Amroth were racing to their rescue.

Good

- Imrahil (on horseback with lance)
- Mórathol Captain of Men (on foot)
- 5 Knights of Dol Amroth on foot
- 4 Warriors of Minas Tirith with bow
- 4 Warriors of Minas Tirith with shield
- 4 Warriors of Minas Tirith with spear and shield
- 5 Knights of Dol Amroth with lance and on horseback

Evil

- Mirgal, Corsair Captain (Easterling Captain)
- Carcadan, Corsair Captain

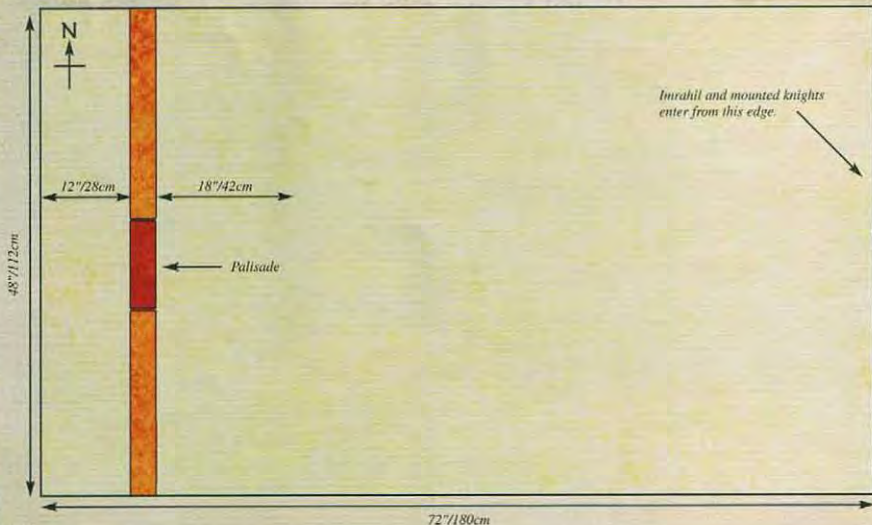
- 6 Corsair Guard with shields
- 6 Corsair Guard with spears
- 12 Corsairs with spear
- 12 Corsairs with bow

One Evil Warrior may carry a banner. The Evil force may also include up to four ladders and one battering ram.

Use the profiles for *Easterling Captains*, *Easterling Warriors* and *Haradrim Warriors for Corsair Captains*, *Corsair Guard* and *Corsairs* respectively. If you don't want to convert models to use as Corsairs, you can substitute Easterlings and Haradrim.

Layout

Set up a 48"/112cm x 72"/180cm board. At one end place a palisade across the width of the board 12"/28cm from one short board edge (see map). This represents the wooden wall of Mórathol's garrison. The area outside the garrison has been deliberately deforested to provide a clear line of sight, so it should be left relatively clear of terrain.





Points Match

If you want to play this scenario using alternate forces, the Good player should select a force containing two Heroes. The total cost of the force should be no greater than 400 points. The most expensive Good Hero and the 5 most expensive Good Warriors take the place of Imrahil and the mounted knights. The Evil player should select a force of 300 points including at least one Hero.

Objectives

The Corsairs have arrived at the garrison hungry for revenge and eager to raze the barracks to the ground; only Môrathol and his men stand in their way. The Evil side win if they can kill Môrathol and 75% of the Warriors who start the game inside the garrison. If the Good side can reduce the Evil force to 25% of its starting number, then the Good player wins. If both players achieve their objective in the same turn, the game is a draw.

Special Rules

Desperate defence. Môrathol and his remaining warriors have sworn themselves to defend the garrison to their last breath. Imrahil and his knights are riding to the rescue of their comrades. No Good model needs to test for being outnumbered, or for the force being reduced to below half of its starting strength.

Prince Imrahil. The messenger who bore the warning of the raids to Dol Amroth rode his horse to exhaustion, so great was his

haste to deliver the terrible tidings. No sooner had the warning come than Imrahil ordered his Warriors to arms. Unwilling to leave his liegemen to their fate, he rode off with a small group of knights to their aid. At the end of each Good Move phase, beginning on the fourth turn, roll a D6 for Imrahil and each of the mounted knights not yet on the table. On the score of a 4+ the model immediately moves onto the board via the edge opposite to Môrathol's garrison (see map). Newly arrived models can act normally but may not charge.

Campaign. This scenario is intended as part of a linked campaign. If it is being treated as such Môrathol will start with the same number of Might, Will and Fate that he finished Raiding the Raiders with (Dol Amroth Campaign scenario 2 - WD299), except that he can regain one Might point if one was used in the previous scenario. Additionally, for each tent that was not set alight in Raiding the Raiders the Evil player may add two additional Corsairs to his army (one with spear and one with bow.)

Starting Positions

All the Good models except for Imrahil and the mounted knights are deployed within the garrison. Once they are deployed the Evil player may place his models anywhere on the board no closer than 18"/42cm to the garrison palisade.

Imrahil and the mounted knights are not placed on the board at the start of the game, but may become available later.

CHRONICLES OF MIDDLE-EARTH THE SAGA OF MAETHOR

Mat Ward provides us with a new hero for your games

The journey of the Fellowship is the most awe-inspiring tale from Middle-earth, yet there are others whose feats were no less noble, if not as widely known. The documents of this unknown scribe describe one such man; Maethor, son of Baranir.

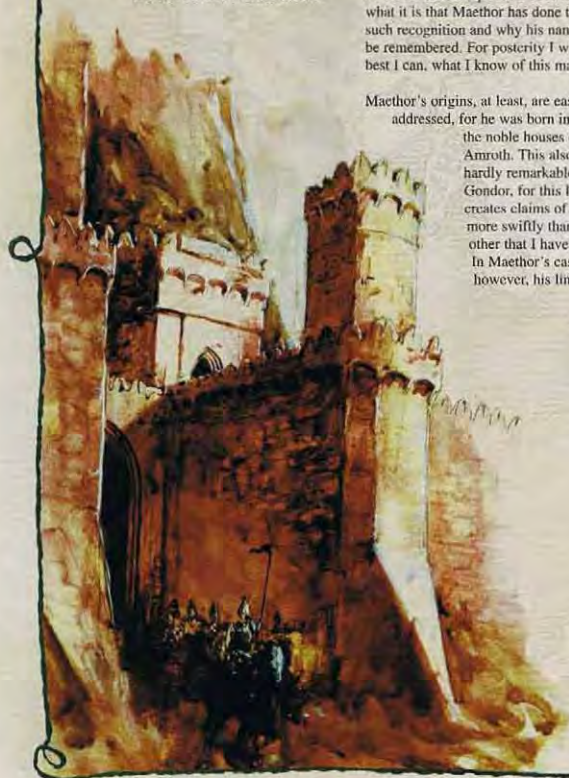
"As the dark days approach and Mordor's shadow falls upon the world, I feel duty-bound to put pen to paper. Should the White City fall and the free world come to

ruin, who will remember those who defended against the Shadow, if no record is made? While the kings of old were renowned across the world, deeds both gallant and foul will go unnoticed in these dark days where so many of each are performed every day. Heroes walk amongst us nonetheless, though their names be largely unknown and unremembered. Indeed, some folk call Maethor, son of Baranir, one of Gondor's most able captains. Such esteem is bought with no great ease, particularly in Gondor, where a thousand valorous deeds are performed between the rising and setting of the sun, so the question does arise as to what it is that Maethor has done to earn such recognition and why his name should be remembered. For posterity I will tell, as best I can, what I know of this man.

Maethor's origins, at least, are easily addressed, for he was born into one of the noble houses of Dol Amroth. This also is hardly remarkable in Gondor, for this land creates claims of lineage more swiftly than any other that I have known. In Maethor's case however, his lineage can

be traced back to the days of Númenor and not to some proud, but ultimately insignificant, house. Baranir, his father, was cousin to Finduilas, a noble lady of the swan-city who was later wedded to Denethor, Steward of Minas Tirith. It was doubtless through this connection that Maethor was given an officer's rank in the Citadel Guard of that city at such an early and unproved age, for even to be a mere guardsman in that order is to hold great honour. I have little knowledge of the time he spent in the Steward's service, and so it seems that it is several years before Maethor becomes truly marked by destiny.

It is early in the year 3005 that Maethor's tale truly begins to take shape. Baranir had taken charge of the defences that lie on the border between Harad and Gondor. It was his misfortune that, shortly after his arrival, the slumbering hatred that the Haradrim felt for their northern foes erupted into a series of vicious battles. Maethor's father finally fell in defence of the fortress of Velsinir, mere days before Prince Imrahil led a great army out of the north to secure the borders once more. Though the Haradrim were broken and scattered, Baranir's slayer, a mighty and battle-hardened chieftain named Mörvar Châric, escaped the fury of the Prince of Dol Amroth and slipped away to the south. Imrahil sent word north to Baranir's surviving kin and gave instruction that the lord should be buried beneath the fortress walls, so that his spirit might guard the Harnen vale as he had so valiantly defended it in life. As I now understand it, upon receiving tidings of Baranir's death, Maethor went before his Steward and begged to be released from the service of the Citadel. He claimed that he wished to travel south and pay his respects before the grave of his father. Denethor felt sympathy for the young lieutenant but, being not altogether unperceptive in these matters, feared a deeper meaning to his request and refused him. Twice more in the following month did Maethor present his request before the Steward, and twice more his plea was steadfastly refused. However, on this final occasion, the Steward's eldest son, Boromir, counselled his father to grant Maethor's request and Denethor finally relented, and gave Maethor leave to depart to avenge his father.



USING MAETHOR

Though Maethor does not exist as a 'named' Hero in the The Lord of The Rings game, he can be fielded in any scenario involving the defence of Gondor. He is a perfect example of an 'unnamed' Hero, whose actions are not insignificant, but not on the same scale as those of Boromir or Aragorn. Below we present stats for fielding Maethor. You too can easily invent your own characters, either by naming a generic captain, or even changing their statistics a little. But, as always, get your opponent's permission before doing this.



Citadel Guard (Man)

F S D A W C

Citadel Guard

4/4+ 3 5 - 1 1 3

In the early years of his service to Gondor, Maethor joined the ranks of the Citadel Guard. Here he has yet to learn any special skills and so has a basic Citadel Guard profile.

Points Value: 8



Ranger of the North (Man)

F S D A W C

Ranger of the North

4/3+ 4 5 1 1 5

A Ranger of The North is perfect for Maethor as he travels across Harad and rides with Boromir against the Great Army of Harad. Here we're using the Ranger profile to represent our hero.

Points Value: 25

Might: 1

Will: 1

Fate: 1

Captain of Men

F S D A W C

Captain of Men

4/3+ 4 6 2 2 5

By the time Maethor inherited his father's old position as garrison commander he had had a varied military career and thus a lot of experience. To represent this, we took the Ranger's higher Courage, Defence and Shoot statistics and gave them to a regular Captain. Such prowess comes at a price, however, and we have increased the Captain's value by 25 points to take into account Maethor's skill at arms.

Points Value: 65

Might: 2

Will: 1

Fate: 1



As an officer in the Citadel Guard, Maethor watches vigilantly over the city of Minas Tirith.



A Captain of Men, Maethor fought many battles against the evil Haradrim.

"If my position were exchanged for his, would you wish my request to be thus denied?"

"Were I to grant his petition and so give him leave to travel to his death, both his honour and mine would be poorly served."

"Your honour is already poorly served by your choice to deny him what he seeks. Let him choose what is to be, and find whatever peace he may."

— Boromir to Denethor

Thusly released from his lord's service, Maethor went south and, after many days' travel, came to Velsinir. In the shadow of the ruined keep he bade farewell to his father's memory and then, as Denethor had feared, crossed the border into Harad in search of Baranir's killer. Over a period of many months, Maethor sought Châric in the land between the Ephel Dúath and Nârfarat. No mean task was this, for the common folk of Harad had no reason to aid him, and every reason to betray him should he be discovered as a soldier of Gondor. In this seemingly impossible task, he was fortunate in the events that had overtaken him. The Lords of Umbar were

gathering a great army far in the north of Harad, and mercenaries were drawing nigh from all neighbouring lands. But for the gathering of this great army, Maethor would surely have been discovered, but so many peoples from so many nations were abroad along the Arûn road that he was but a single man concealed within a tide of strangers. He travelled by night and slept in the wild hills, venturing into towns and villages only when he sought news of Châric's whereabouts.

Few details are known to me of Maethor's search, and I believe that he himself lost track of the passing days and weeks. As I understand it, eventually his winding trail led him further eastward until, at last, it crossed Harad's border with Khand. It was here, on the edge of the wainland as the passing year grew old, that Maethor finally confronted his quarry. It might seem strange that Châric was travelling so far from home with few companions, but I understand that he had himself been banished at the command of a newly ascendant chieftain by the name of Suladân. In an effort to regain prestige, Châric had led his followers on a series of disastrous raids in the borderlands, and now scarce a dozen wounded and exhausted men remained at his side. The

sky had deepened into velvet night before Maethor sprung his ambush. In the moonlit gloom, his aim was true, for his arrows struck down several of his foes before they had time to react. Using the poor light as his shield, Maethor ghosted from tree to rock, picking each target with deadly skill. By the time another two of Châric's companions had fallen, the remainder turned and fled into the night. Châric alone remained, cursing at the night, hurling coarse insults and challenges at the man who refused to fight him face to face.

"Fleckless coward! Slay me with arrows if you must. I shall go happily to my death knowing my killer has not the resolve for a fairer contest."

— Môrvar Châric, chieftain of Harad

It was then that Maethor set aside his bow, and met Châric in a contest of blades that tested both men to their limits. Châric was a huge man, as strong as an ox, and a veteran of many battles and campaigns, while Maethor was younger and driven by his desire for revenge. As the fight drew on, Maethor was breathing heavily, having taken the other's measure but unable to pierce his guard. Châric sensed his foe

neared defeat and, mustering all his strength, savagely cut at Maethor's blade. With a dull chime, the young warrior's sword shattered, leaving Maethor with less than a foot of jagged steel to defend himself, but the impact threw Châric off-balance and his defences were left open. Grasping this opportunity, Maethor thrust forward and the broken remnants of his sword pierced Châric's heart.

So it was that Barinir was avenged and Maethor's spirit came to be at peace. With his goal achieved, Maethor set out for Gondor and, some months later, stood once more at Harnen vale. It was there that he met again with Boromir, who was riding southwards with a mere two dozen knights to disrupt the mustering of Harad's Great Army. The Steward's son was overjoyed that the younger man still lived, for Maethor had long been thought dead by the Steward's court. Boromir bade Maethor join him, and together they rode southwards.

Three nights later they crossed the Harnen and came to Karmvald, where the Great Army lay encamped. On that moonless night, they rode like avenging demons, their horses straining with effort as they galloped deep into the encampment. Like a hot wind they rode through the enemy sentries, who were not expecting an attack by so few, so deep in their own territory. Addled by sleep and liquor, the Haradrim and their mercenary allies were slow to react. As the camp stirred around the attackers, the bravest of the Haradrim warriors assailed Boromir and his companions, but could not prevail in the face of the northmen's furious valour. For each knight pulled from his saddle, a score of Haradrim were cut down, and all the while food wagons and tents were set ablaze. Only when the supplies were burnt, the horses scattered, and the boldest Haradrim slain, did Boromir call the retreat. The Steward's son and Maethor cut through the press of men to safety. Though fully two-thirds of Boromir's companions had fallen in battle, and none who returned to Gondor did so unwounded, yet the Great Army was in chaos. I understand that in the days that followed, a great famine fell upon the camp for what little food that had escaped the flames could not sustain the army for long. Many of the Haradrim tribesmen abandoned the camp, while those that remained starved to death. Maethor and Boromir returned to Minas Tirith, where Denethor gave them great welcome. A few days later, Maethor left to assume command of the garrison guarding the border with Harad, where his duties have bound him ever since, but I believe that he and Boromir remained fast friends for many years."

MODELLING MAETHOR

By Nick Kyme

Inspired by Maethor's saga, I decided that rather than simply use some existing models to represent this mighty hero of Gondor, I wanted to convert completely unique models to show his progress through life. These could also double up as some hero models for my upcoming Gondorian force too. Here's how I did it.



Citadel Guard

Maethor's first incarnation was based upon a Citadel Guard with a bow. I cut the bow hand off with clippers and attached Theoden's sword (perfect, as I wanted him to hold the sword in his left hand). The right hand was then drilled, so that the model could hold a burning torch from Weatherport Aragorn. To make Maethor look younger, I replaced the head with that of Beregond.

Ranger of the North

For a suitably wild and dramatic look, I used Faramir as the basis for this model. To take into account that Maethor was older and a Ranger of the North, I used Aragorn's head.



Captain of Men

Now a hero of Gondor, I used a Captain of Minas Tirith model for Maethor's final incarnation. Older now, Theoden's head was perfect for the veteran warrior. Although characters aren't allowed to carry banners, nor does Maethor have one, I decided to give him a banner as it seemed a fitting and heroic stance for him to adopt. I imagine Maethor battling the hordes of Mordor, taking up the fallen standard. To make it, I simply used some brass rod, drilling Maethor's hand so he could carry it and then added a Minas Tirith banner top.



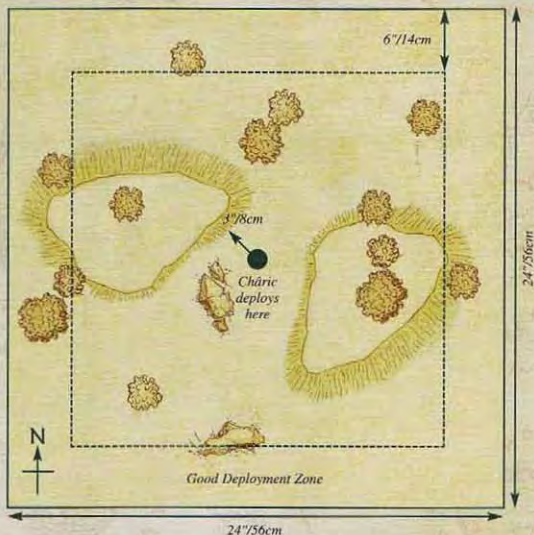
Maethor's Revenge

Relive Maethor's fight against his father's slayer in this scenario

Mar Ward provides you with rules allowing you to relight Maethor's epic pursuit of the Haradrim chieftain Châric, which ended in bloody vengeance upon the borders of Khand.

Description

Maethor has tracked his quarry, a Haradrim chieftain named Châric, for several months. Hoping to avenge the death of his father, the young warrior of Gondor has not turned from his task, no matter the obstacles with which he has been faced. After a long and gruelling journey in a hostile and foreign kingdom, he finally picks up his foe's trail. Châric's warband has faded to a fraction of its former strength after a series of fruitless raids, making Maethor's task merely difficult, rather than impossible. It is in the hills of western Khand where Châric's fate is set to play out, for amongst the rocks and trees that litter this land, stalks a silent shadow who has but a single goal. Before Châric and his followers can react, Maethor's arrows have claimed the lives of several Haradrim and, in the darkness, the advantage of superior numbers has become all the more tenuous...



Maethor takes on his most hated foe in hand-to-hand combat.



From the dense forests, Maethor launches his ambush.

Participants

Good

Maethor (Ranger of the North on foot)

Evil

Mórvor Châric (Chieftain of Harad)

3 Haradrim Warriors with spear

3 Haradrim Warriors with bow

Points Match

To play this game with other forces, choose one Hero for the Good side and about three times as many points of Warriors and Heroes for the Evil side. The most expensive model on the Evil side takes the role of Châric. No more than 33% of the Evil force may be Warriors with bows.

Layout

This game is played on a board 24"/56cm x 24"/56cm. This scenario is set just within the Khandish border, amongst the rolling hills of that region. Accordingly, place as many hills as possible within the playing area. The board should also include the occasional rock or tree.

Starting Positions

The Evil player deploys Châric in the centre and the Haradrim Warriors within 3"/8cm of him. The Good player deploys Maethor within 6"/14cm of a board edge.

Objectives

The Good side wins if there are no Evil models left on the board and Maethor is still alive. Any other result is a victory for the Evil side.

Special Rules

Nightfall's Embrace. Though the moon shines down upon the combatants, the light is still poor enough to be a great inconvenience. Shooting attacks or magical powers may not be used unless the user is within 2D6"/4D6cm of their target (roll each time a model wishes to shoot or use a magical power). In addition, models may not charge unless they are within 2D6"/4D6cm of their target. Note that as Maethor has silently stalked his foe and prepared himself for this ambush, the Good player may re-roll one result each turn to reflect this.

Tired, Weary, and Ambushed. Châric and his men are exhausted, ready to collapse from several unsuccessful recent raids in western Khand. When Maethor attacks and several men fall to his arrows, their courage fails them. The Evil force starts the game broken, ie, as if it had already lost 50% of its starting numbers.



CHARGE OF THE

Three Mûmakil and lots of horses. We're



We wanted to recreate the charge of the Mûmakil at the Pelennor Fields from the film of *The Return of the King*. Only four men were mad enough to take up the challenge. Here's how Adrian Champion, Richard Heath, Anthony Barnes and Kevin Barracrough did us a grand job.

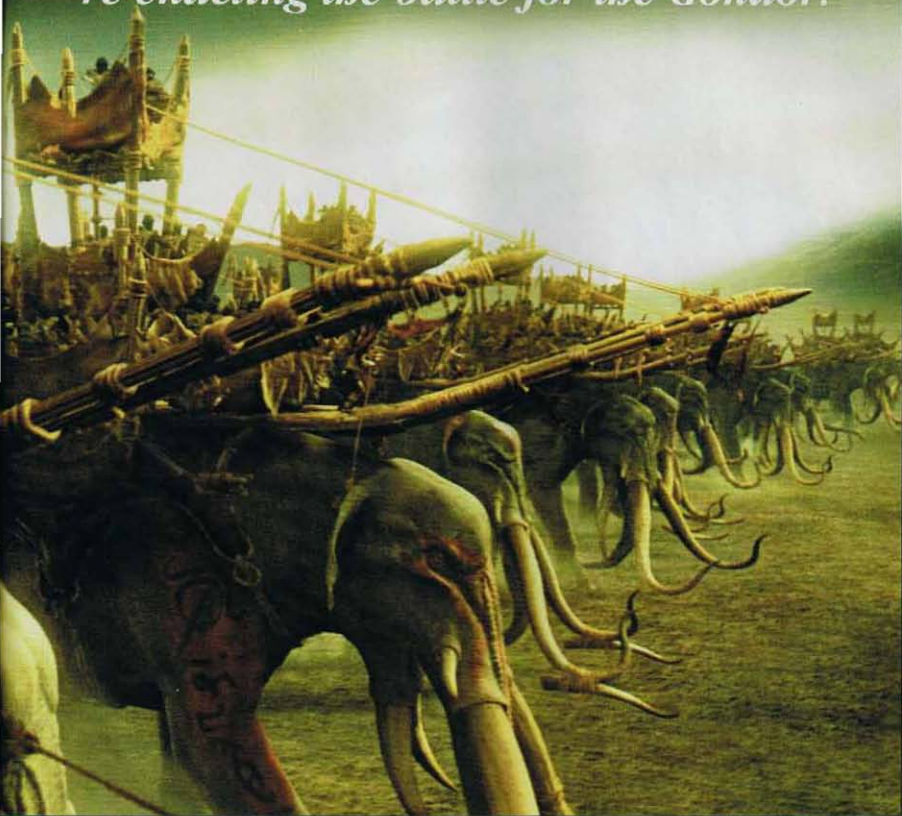
Adrian: The full story behind this battle, as Tolkien himself put it so well, grew in the telling. Originally it was to be a standard 500 point battle between Richard and myself, a nice, quiet little game. But then the realisation dawned that the old Dwarf was approaching a rather special milestone. An occasion such as his 300th Birthday called for a battle of exceptional magnificence. 500 points a side just wasn't going to be

enough, Paul Sawyer told us, no, 1,500 points per side would be more like it! Oh yes, he said, and could it also feature three Mûmakil and loads of cavalry?

Just getting ready in time would be a major challenge, but we were confident that with a little help from some good friends we would be all set in time for the game. As a two player battle, 1,500 points would be too unwieldy to finish playing in

MÛMAKIL

re-enacting the battle for the Gondor!



one day, so the first order of business was to recruit co-generals. Richard brought along his gaming partner Anthony Barnes from the Chesterfield Open Gaming Society (www.c-o-g-s.org.uk), and I was lucky enough to have my friend Kevin Barraclough join the forces of Evil.

With the players all set, there was the small matter of assembling the armies.

With 180 models required, nearly half of which were cavalry that needed dismounted riders as well, it was clear we would have to pool our resources. Things were complicated because at this time the Battle of The Pelennor Fields hadn't been released, so we had no Haradrim, and anyone that has painted a Mûmakil will understand just how long the mighty beast takes to prepare, and we needed three!

Luckily, Richard and Tony's collections already included most of the Orcs and Rohirrim we needed. While we got to work on the Haradrim contingent, a couple of our buddies, Paul Mullis and Stephen Spence, provided more figures. Up and down the country there were a lot of late nights of feverish painting. In my case, I was still painting my Mahûd conversion on the train up to Nottingham.



FOR THE BLACK SERPENT AND THE RED EYE



Kevin and Adrian

Adrian: As Kevin and I were travelling up from the London area, we were the 'Men of the South', which was the most

whimsical reason for choosing sides ever. We were nervous. The Rohirrim were to be led by a wily general; Richard uses the horselords as his Grand Tournament force, but with three Mûmakil on the table, he'd need all his tricks to win.

The Oliphaunts' presence meant we didn't have a lot of points left. We gave only one tusk weapons and a Mahûd, as we needed points to fill our howdahs with archers.

That left 400 points for as many Ores as we could get. With a single Captain and banner bearer, there were just enough points for 60 models. The Rohan had to sweep us aside quickly; so shields and spears would be more useful than bows as we could form defensive blocks. So, while the doomed Orcs held up the Rohirrim, our Mûmakil would win the battle for

us. Our primary targets would be the Royal Guard and the heroes. As long as we got a clear run at the enemy, our Trample attack would net us many kills.

The biggest threat to our Mûmakil was other Mûmakil! If two collide, it takes a big chunk of luck to prevent an ugly spiral of destruction. We had to tread a fine line between keeping them close enough to support each other, but far enough away that they were not a danger to themselves. If we could manage that, then the city would surely be ours!



FOR THE WHITE HORSE AND THE WHITE TREE



Anthony and Richard

Richard: This was going to be the largest The Lord of the Rings Battle Report to date. Playing Adrian and Kevin, both

The Lord of the Rings playtesters, would be hard. But we also had to kill loads of the enemy and two Mûmakil to win!

Obviously our re-enactment would not be on the same scale as the film or book, but

it would be a big fight nonetheless. As a result of this we were to have the cream of the Rohan to help us out. We had all the major Rohirrim Heroes during this battle, and I knew that we would need them.

To deal with a Mûmak requires high Fight values. When the dice start rolling in combats it is likely both sides will roll a 6. If that happens a Fight value of 5 or above is essential to beat the Mûmak. In this battle we had two models which filled this requirement, Éomer and Théoden. They would be key to my anti-Mûmak strategy.

The greatest danger with the Mûmakil is their Trample attack, so you need a way to pin the beasts in place before they can move. This is where the Royal Guard come in. As long as Théoden is alive they ignore the Mûmakils' Terror rule. We just needed to make sure that we had plenty of Might for Heroic Moves if we lost Priority.

That left the rest of the Heroes to fight the Orcs and activate the Knights. Again we'd need Might for Heroic Moves and this would be provided by judicious use of the Royal Standard of Rohan.

DEPLOYMENT

"...all the horns in the host were lifted up in music, and the blowing of the horns of Rohan in that hour was like a storm upon the plain and a thunder in the mountains."

*Book V, Chapter V
"The Ride of the Rohirrim"**

Along the northern edge of the table, Richard and Tony deployed their Orcs on a low ridge overlooking the rear of the Orc lines. The awe-inspiring, and from our point of view, terrifying, sight of so many cavalry lined up at once brought home to all of us what an amazing game this was going to be. While Théoden rode up and down the line of his warriors delivering a rousing speech that urged them on to great acts of courage, Kevin and I set about arranging our starting force of Orcs that would try to stand firm against the mass of horsemen.

The scenario offered several ways of playing the game. The Orcs could set up away from the Rohirrim, their aim being to start close to the Mûmakil entry points so that they could lend ground support to the monsters. Doing so would have the downside of allowing the siege to be lifted without any opposition, and for the Knights of Minas Tirith to sally forth

before Evil's main force even arrived on the table. We were all eager to have this battle recreate the actual events as much as possible, so instead of skulking in terror at the far board edge, our Orcs formed ranks around the gates of the White City. If Richard and Tony wanted those reinforcements, they would first have to break through the lines of Mordor!

There were so many Rohirrim it was not a case of if the Orc lines would fail, but when. With the Orcs outnumbered in points by a ratio of 3:1, we would have to work very hard to keep the siege from being lifted too early. But we had a plan. Outside the gates were several patches of impassable terrain: destroyed siege equipment and rubble fired from the city's Trebuchets. The Orcs formed a Morgul-style crescent moon formation around the gates, between three areas of debris.

By using the terrain to anchor the flanks of our formations we could form three individual shieldwalls, presenting a limited frontage in each case to restrict how many Riders of Rohan could engage us at any time due to their larger base size. With spear support, our Orcs would be able to fight on an even footing with a charging horseman, and the rubble would make it

impossible for the Rohirrim to slip around the rear and engage our supporting troops without taking a lengthy detour to the south. To get to the gates, Richard and Tony would have to carve holes in our formations. This was something that they would be all too capable of, so a quarter of our force was deployed as a reserve behind the main lines. Their job was like that of Michael Caine's bayonet platoon in the film *Zulu*, to move in and plug the holes ripped open in the defensive lines to prevent anyone breaking through and rushing for the gate. We would attempt to maintain these initial positions for as long as possible, and when they looked on the verge of collapse we would withdraw to form a final defence around the gate itself.

All fine in theory, but the Riders of Rohan covered half the entire northern table edge two ranks deep. Théoden had just finished his speech, and Richard and Tony were about to demonstrate just how devastating a massed cavalry charge could be. We could only dig in and hope that the Southrons and their mighty Mûmakil would arrive in time to prevent a massacre. Or at least to avenge one. Messengers went across the river to rouse the captains of the south, the Orcs made ready. The call went up and battle began...

**All quotes are taken from The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King.*



SCENARIO - BEFORE THE WALLS OF MINAS TIRITH

Description

The city of Minas Tirith is wreathed in flame, its shattered gates no longer a defence against the legions of Mordor massed before its walls. Orcs now control the lower levels; but just as all hope seems lost, the sounding of horns signals the arrival of the Rohirrim. Théoden, King of Rohan, readies his men and leads them straight at the lines of the Dark Lord's army. Though outnumbered, the Rohirrim cut through the horde and seem to be on the verge of lifting the siege. Théoden looks to make safe the city, but from over the horizon comes a new threat. As the ground shakes and the bellows of gigantic creatures rent the air, the Men of the Riddermark ready themselves to face the fury of the mighty Mûmakil.

Participants

Good

- Théoden, King of Rohan, with shield and horse
- Éomer with horse
- Éowyn with armour, throwing spear, and horse
- Gamling, with the Royal Standard of Rohan, on horse
- Elfhelm, Captain of Rohan, with shield, armour and horse
- Grimbald, Captain of Rohan, with shield, armour and horse
- Merry, with armour and shield (starts the game mounted on Éowyn's horse)
- 10 Rohan Royal Guard with throwing spears and horses
- 2 Rohan Royal Guard with horses
- 1 Rider of Rohan with banner
- 14 Riders of Rohan with throwing spears
- 22 Riders of Rohan
- Húrin, Captain of Gondor, with heavy armour, shield and horse
- 1 Knight of Minas Tirith with banner
- 15 Knights of Minas Tirith

Evil

- Pushdug, Orc Captain, with sword and shield
- 1 Orc with banner
- 30 Orcs with sword and shield
- 19 Orcs with spear
- 9 Orcs with two-handed weapons
- 1 Mûmak with tusk weapons and Mahûd
- 2 Mûmakil
- 36 Haradrim Warriors with bows (in the howdahs)

Points Match - Siege Breaker

If you want to play this battle with alternative forces, choose 1,500 points of troops for each side. No less than 25%, and up to a 33%, of the Evil army's points value form the initial force besieging the city. 20% of the Good side's points must be placed in the city itself. Up to 33% of the Evil troops may carry missile weapons. There is no limit on the number of bows the Good side may take.

Layout

This scenario takes place on a board 60"/180cm by 48"/112cm. The battle is set outside the beleaguered city of Gondor, whose walls enclose the lower left corner of the table. The rest of the table is mostly open fields dotted with ruined siege towers, equipment and rubble which represent the earlier stage of the battle. A road leads directly out from the gates of the city towards the distant Osgiliath.

Starting positions

The Good player places his models first, deploying the Rohirrim within 12" of the northern table edge. The Gondorians are placed in reserve in the courtyard behind the walls of the city.

The Evil player then deploys his Orcs anywhere outside of the walls, and at least 12" from any Good model. The Mûmakil and Haradrim are placed in reserve.

Objectives

Whichever side reduces the other to 25% or less of their starting numbers wins. Additionally, the Good side must have killed or driven off at least two of the three Mûmakil in order to claim victory. If both sides achieve their objective in the same turn the game is a draw.

Special Rules

Death! Death! DEATH! The Rohirrim believe this is a battle they cannot hope to win. None of the Rohirrim take a Courage test for suffering 50% losses in this battle.

Ride with me. Éowyn bears Merry on her horse. While both are mounted, Merry's Might and Will points may be used as if he were the rider of the horse, allowing him to call Heroic Actions and defend against magical attacks. His Attack may be added to Éowyn's in combat after any charge bonuses. This is an exception to the Passenger rules. Merry is included in the Good army for free.

Make safe the city! The Knights of Minas Tirith will sally forth when the lower level is free of Orcs. As soon as any model passes through the gateway, the Knights will be available to fight in the next turn.

I make the earth shake. On the fourth turn the Mûmakil may enter the southern or eastern table edges. On a D6 roll of 4+ they are delayed until turn five. When they appear, due to the awe-inspiring sight, the Mûmakil and the howdah archers may not be charged or shot at on the turn that they enter the table. Anyone charged by a Mûmak on the turn it enters fights normally in the Fight phase.





TURN ONE

"Suddenly the king cried to Snowmane and the horse sprang away. Behind him his banner blew in the wind, white horse upon a field of green, but he outpaced it. After him thundered the knights of his house, but he was ever before them."

Book V, Chapter V
"The Ride of the Rohirrim"

The waves of Rohirrim surged forward towards the city at full speed, splitting into two groups as they did so. Rohan's right flank was bolstered by the presence of Éowyn, Elfhelm, and Gamling carrying the Royal Standard of Rohan.

On their left rode Éomer, Grimbold, and King Théoden himself. This larger group of riders wheeled forwards towards the city to support the main attack, but their primary role was to be ready to intercept Evil's reinforcements when they arrived. The Orcs had little to do except to ensure that the swordsmen were to the front, and the spearman ranked up behind. Seeing the horsemen moving to threaten their left flank, the Orcs moved some of their reserve to the northern shieldwall.

TURN TWO

"His golden shield was uncovered, and lo! it shone like an image of the Sun, and the grass flamed into green about the white feet of his steed."

Book V, Chapter V
"The Ride of the Rohirrim"

Good retained Priority and continued their charge towards the Mordor lines. They were still too far away to engage the Evil warriors this turn, so took up positions ready to bear down upon them in the next. The horsemen nearest to the city formed into two waves, Elfhelm commanding the first, Éowyn the second. Gamling stayed in the middle of the lines ready to take the banner to where it would be needed most.

In the Evil Move phase Tony made a rare slip on the Orcs' left flank. One of the Riders of Rohan was just about within 6" of the northern shieldwall, and an Orc swordsman charged up to intercept. A spearman ran up to add support, avoiding two throwing spears from the riders. First combat of the game, and the Orcs had the advantage. The surprised rider was hacked from his saddle. Only another 58 to go!

TURN THREE

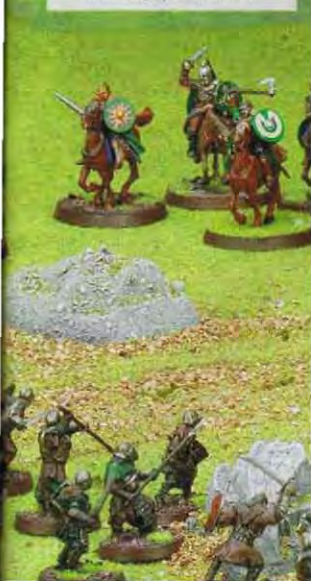
"For morning came, morning and a wind from the sea; and darkness was removed, and the hosts of Mordor wailed, and terror took them, and they fled, and died, and the hoofs of wrath rode over them."

Book V, Chapter V
"The Ride of the Rohirrim"

Evil won Priority, though it offered little advantage to them. The only Orcs in range of the enemy were the two impetuous warriors from last turn, so they quickly engaged another rider to prevent him charging. Pushdug and the standard bearer moved up to a position between the two main shieldwalls, hoping the encouragement offered by the Captain would help in the coming combat.

The two Orcs outside the main lines were surrounded, but they were delaying six riders from affecting the main battle. Four Riders of Rohan crashed into the northern Orc lines, Éowyn bringing up another six behind them. Meanwhile, Théoden and Éomer continued to advance the main formation southwards, two riders from this group contacted the Evil main lines, a

The Rohirrim charge down upon the Orc lines, fury in their hearts.



Rohan Royal Guard killing an Orc with his throwing spear as he charged in. The Orc lines were then subjected to a display of phenomenally good bowfire, five Orcs dying from nine arrows fired!

After losing so many Orcs to missile fire, the Evil players were understandably nervous as they entered the combat phase. The two Orcs out beyond their lines were surrounded, the charging Rohirrim cutting them both down. Things went much better for Evil down in the shieldwalls however, with not a single casualty for Mordor. The unsupported Orcs shielded, the extra attack putting them on an equal footing with the charging riders. In total Evil won four out of six combats, an Orc with a two-handed axe in the northern wall killing a rider that had thought him an easy target. Even the Royal Guard couldn't win his combat, despite a reroll from Gamling's banner.

All in all, a very curious turn that was the complete opposite of what we expected. Loads of casualties due to shooting, but the Orcs survived the main cavalry charge unscathed! Evil's shieldwall held nicely.

TURN FOUR

"Ahead nearer the walls Elfhelm's men were among the siege-engines, hewing, slaying, driving their foes into the fire-pits. Well nigh all the northern half of the Pelennor was overrun, and there camps were blazing. Orcs were flying towards the River like herds before the hunters; and the Rohirrim went hither and thither at their will."

Book V, Chapter VI

"The Battle of the Pelennor Fields"

This was the turn that the Mûmakil were due to arrive. We rolled a D6 to see if they were delayed until the next turn, which they were, leaving the Orcs to hold out.

With a mass of Rohirrim next to the Evil lines, this was a critical Priority roll. With

both sides rolling 6s, Good stole it away from Evil. Not to be beaten, Kevin and Adrian decided to call a Heroic Move with Pushdug so that they could pin as many riders as possible to negate their charge bonuses. Richard also called a Heroic Move with Eowyn in order to counter this, and Good then won the roll off to see whose Heroic Action would take place first. At least the Orc Captain's Might point bought the hordes of Mordor a chance to tie up two riders on the Evil left flank next to the city wall. And to make sure the Evil side piled in as many Orcs into these combats as they could to swing the odds in their favour.

In the main Movement phase, the Rohan Royal Guard in the centre of the Mordor lines killed his second Orc of the game with a throwing spear as he moved in, allowing him to move into contact with the now exposed second rank spearman. Two riders rode south to engage the third, and smallest, shieldwall.

More Orcs were killed by shooting, one of them by volley fire from Théoden's company. The Combat phase then saw hideous casualties for Mordor all along the Orc lines. No fewer than eight Orcs died, including two from a Rider of Rohan that won a roll off against four Orcs at once, two from Elfhelm, who had joined the fight against the northern shieldwall, and the third kill of the game for the Royal Guard in the centre. Kevin and Adrian might have to adjust their plans for that Guardsman, as he was tearing them apart almost single-handedly. In reply to all this carnage, the Orcs only killed a single horse belonging to another of the Royal Guard. A poor exchange for 12 Orc deaths!

Battle is joined as the Riders of Rohan crash into the Orcish shieldwall.



TURN FIVE

"And then all the host of Rohan burst into song, and they sang as they slew, for the joy of battle was on them, and the sound of their singing that was fair and terrible came even to the City."

*Book V, Chapter V
"The Ride of the Rohirrim"*

Kevin snatched back Priority for the Orcs, but before they could take advantage of it both Elfhelm and Gamling called Heroic Moves. The thought of last turn's massacre in which the Evil side lost around a fifth of their starting force was fresh in Kevin and Adrian's minds, so they had no hesitation in using Pushdug's last Might point to try and get the first move. With horrifying inevitability, Richard and Tony again won the roll off and Elfhelm led his riders in against the northern Orc formation.

Elfhelm moved around the rubble that had anchored the Orc flank, engaging an swordsman. With the Orc's Zone of Control negated, another rider was able to break through to engage one of the spearmen, killing another Orc with his throwing spear as he in moved. Another two riders again charged the north

shieldwall hoping to make it crumble. Pushdug used a Heroic Move to counter-charge, both he and the banner bearer rushing in to trap the rider pushing through the northern line. Behind the main combats, spearmen rushed to support, and swordsmen backed off to form a blocking force in front of the gate. Despite their massive losses, the Orcs had created a bottleneck that the Rohirrim were having to cut through an inch at a time.

And then the moment that Evil had been waiting for, the arrival of the Mûmakil. The Oliphaunts moved onto the table, one from the eastern edge to threaten the flank of the Rohirrim, another from the south advancing directly at the main enemy force, and the command Mûmak from the south-eastern corner ready to head for wherever the battle raged the strongest. The Orcs had suffered hideous casualties, but things could swing back in their favour once these monsters got into the fight.

Richard and Tony pulled back the unengaged Rohirrim and reformed their line around Théoden and Éomer, just out of range of the Haradrim bowfire. Only the Mûmak closest to the city was close enough to target a Rider of Rohan, and he

was in combat with an Orc in the southern shieldwall. Caring nothing for the life of the Orc, the few Southron archers in range let loose with their poisoned arrows. Result? One missed rider and one unfortunate dead Orc! The Rohirrim fared better, sending four arrows over the impassable rubble between the northern shieldwalls to kill an Orc spearman.

The Combat phase started well for Evil, in that two Orcs were able to pull down and kill a rider at the southern shieldwall. Even better was that the valiant Royal Guard that had slaughtered three of the Orcs was himself killed, despite the presence of a Rohan banner. Adrian and Kevin had piled five Orcs

The Mûmakil charge onto the table, stomping and snorting with rage.



onto him, a necessary precaution after his previous heroics. Things turned sour for them after that. The horseless Royal Guard proved himself to be just as deadly on foot, killing the Orc he faced. A mounted member of the same company dispatched another, and then an Orc with a two-handed weapon lost his life, slowed as he was by the weight of his axe.

On the northern Orc line, Elfhelm showed his calibre by killing another swordsman, and then the Orc standard bearer was killed by the rider that had broken through previously. This rider did exceptionally well, despite being trapped, outnumbered, and facing Pushdog, he still managed to win the fight. In Adrian's eagerness to kill the horseman, he foolishly chose to resolve that battle before working out the nearby fights. That banner re-roll might have helped win another combat, but it was removed from play before it could inspire the troops. Seven Orcs died this turn for only two losses for Good.

TURN SIX

"But they had not yet overthrown the siege, nor won the Gate. Many foes stood before it, and on the further half of the plain were other hosts still unfought."

Book V, Chapter VI

"The Battle of the Pelennor Fields"

Once more, priority swung back to Good this turn, and the Mûmakil were too far away to make any Heroic Movements a worthwhile venture on the part of the Evil players. Kevin and Adrian had to stand and wring their hands and watch in dismay as the Rohirrim continued their steamroller charge through their lines. A brave, lone rider swung around the unguarded southern end of the Orc lines and galloped towards the gateway hoping, to get into to the city and activate the Knights of Minas Tirith. The Orc shieldwalls were now in a state of total collapse, another Orc having just died to a throwing spear during the rider's charge.

In the centre, Théoden's company with Eomer and Grimbold moved forward at half pace so they could fire at the southern Mûmak. The eight Royal Guard accompanying him were moved at full

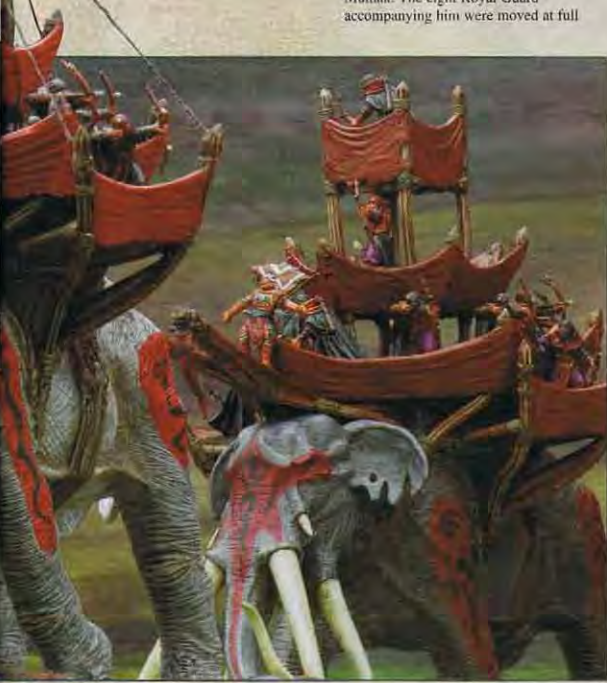
pace, as Richard and Tony knew their Bodyguard rule would allow them to engage the Mûmak without the need for a Courage test.

The Orc lines were shattered, so the Evil players threw in spannen to support combats wherever they could, and retreated the remaining swordsmen back to block the gate in a loose formation. With luck, the zones of control of this secondary line would mean the gateway would still be blocked for at least two more turns. Long enough for the Mûmakil to start carving away at the Riders of Rohan before the Knights arrived, or so Adrian and Kevin hoped. With that aim in mind, they moved all three Mûmakil at full speed towards Théoden's main host of riders, praying it would soon be Trampling time.

Tony started the shooting with the Rohirrim on the Good side's right flank. Four shots at the southern Mûmak's Commander failed to cause any damage to him at the top of the howdah, so the next six archers all aimed at the Mûmak itself, but again, no wounds caused. Théoden's main force of riders were able to muster 14 shots at the same beast, and when Richard managed a staggering 12 hits, all the players were amazed to see that not a single arrow had penetrated through the beast's thick hide.

The return fire from the howdahs saw Kevin take down two Royal Guardsmen that were advancing on the southern Mûmak, and a Rider of Rohan at the rear of the main group had his horse shot from under him. Using the Forces of Evil dice meant that remembering the re-rolls for poisoned arrows was easy. A burning Eye on the dice is a very effective reminder to see if the venom did its work.

The swirling melee around the gate saw four of the Orcs fighting from the ground, desperately shuffling in order to try and regain their feet after being knocked down by charging horsemen in the previous round. They were battling just to stay alive—even winning wouldn't allow these warriors to kill their opponents. Their leader Pushdog managed to fight off his foe and stand up, as did another swordsman, but all along the line six other Orcs all fell to the swords of the Eorlingas, despite three of them having shielded. Elfhelm and a Royal Guard both claimed one of these kills each, but there was some small consolation as a rider was killed just to the left of the gate. Battered, but not yet broken, the Orcs had clung on to deny access to the gateway for another turn. But with Rohan playing the way they were, the Orcs would probably not be there for very much longer.



TURN SEVEN

"And now the fighting waxed furious on the fields of the Pelennor; and the din of arms rose upon high, with the crying of men and the neighing of horses. Horns were blown and trumpets were braying, and the Mûmakil were bellowing as they were goaded to war."

*Book V, Chapter VI
"The Battle of the Pelennor Fields"*

A tied Priority roll, so Evil had the turn advantage this round. Richard and Tony immediately called Heroic Moves with both Fowyn near the city and Eómer in front of the Mûmak. Looking at the distance between the Mûmak and the main group of Rohirrim, declaring a Heroic Move would only allow the Evil side to Trample two Royal Guardsmen, instead they decided to hoard their precious Might for the following turns.

Eómer moved his men forward, and one brave Royal Guardsman charged the Mûmak itself. His throwing spear, like the arrows before it, failed to harm the massive creature, but the Mûmak was now unable to move that turn. In the battle for the gateway Fowyn urged the riders onwards to engage and trap the Orcs beside the road. The ragged line of defenders would once again have to endure the furious charge of the Northmen.

In the main Movement phase there were precious few Orcs left that were unengaged, or indeed still alive. Once again they pulled back in open formation around the gate, one or two brave souls leaping at the Rohirrim on the road that had yet to move. They also made sure to engage the lone rider that was attempting to reach the gate from the south. Then came an agonising decision for Richard and Tony, to engage the Mûmak with more warriors or not. In the end, they settled for sending in a second Royal Guardsman only, the rest once again moving forward half distance so they could continue their archery duel with the Haradrim on the howdah. The two Good players were continuing to ignore the other two Mûmakil, choosing to concentrate all their forces on just one of the mighty beasts, so Adrian and Kevin pushed forward with the other Oliphaunts to bring them to the foe.

The archers on the three Mûmakil poured a hail of arrows on the Rohirrim, but managed to kill only a single horse belonging to the Rohan standard bearer. In reply, the Rohirrim killed two Haradrim on the Mûmak in combat, plus they removed two Wounds from the chieftain of the same model, one of which was restored with his Fate point.

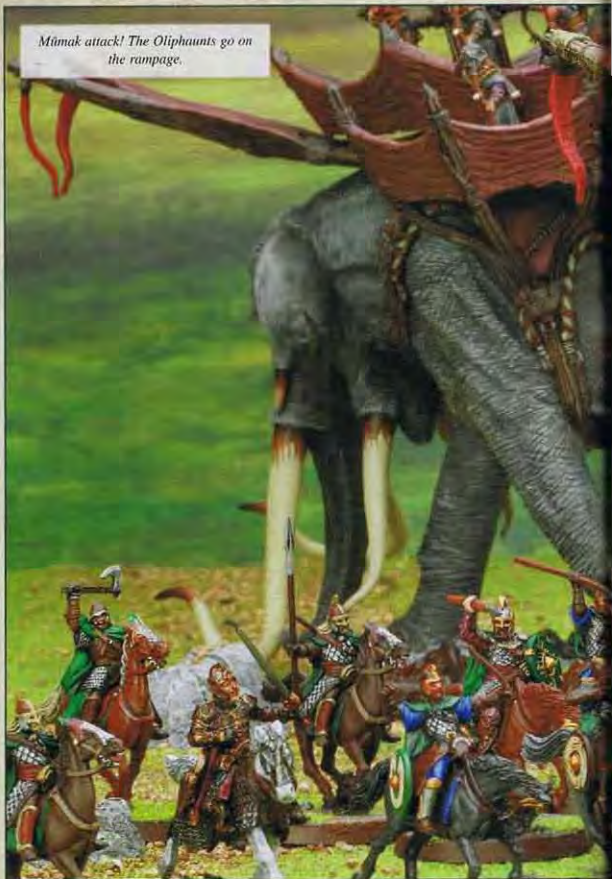
TURN EIGHT

"Eómer rode there, the white horsetail on his helm floating in his speed, and the front of the first eored roared like a breaker foaming to the shore ..."

*Book V, Chapter V
"The Ride of the Rohirrim"*

Good won the vital Priority! They needed to start carving a swathe though the riders before they got bogged down, so had no choice but to declare a Heroic Move with the southern Mûmak's chieftain. Richard and Tony again countered with a Heroic Move from Grimbald. It went to a roll off. If Evil won they could Trample through

Mûmak attack! The Oliphaunts go on the rampage.



the Rohirrim. If they lost, the riders would pin the Mûmak in place. The most important roll of the game and Good won again! Eomer, Grimbold and three Royal Guard engaged the Mûmak, but three Riders of Rohan failed their Courage tests. At the gate, Tony picked his targets with care. His charging riders engaged all the Orcs surrounding the city entrance, killing two with throwing spears as they closed in, leaving only 11 Orcs on the table. With all the Zones of Control now deactivated, the rider that had several turns ago started his long southerly flanking movement now had a clear run at the gate. He was able to spur his horse on to just about reach the gateway and in doing so activate the

Knights of Minas Tirith. The Orc's failure to kill him last turn had cost the Orcs dear, next turn would see the arrival of another 17 cavalry. Having achieved their objective at the city walls, the Rohirrim reserves swung around and moved in to form a second wave supporting the main body of troops engaging the Mûmakil.

There were only a couple of Orcs near the gate. Although it was too late to stop the reinforcements, an Orc slipped in behind the valiant hornblower and raised his crooked scimitar...

The northern Mûmak advanced straight forward, getting tantalisingly close to the

enemy. Another turn or two and he would be tearing open their ranks. The command Mûmak took a detour to the southwest, as two of the Riders of Rohan whose horses had earlier shied away in terror were in Trample range. With the tusk spikes upgrade, the Rohirrim were easily crushed.

The archers turned their attention to the wounded Chieftain of the engaged Mûmak, Richard and Tony knowing that without his calming influence at the reins the beast would likely Stampede. They turned the sky dark with arrows, but the howdah and some lucky rolling meant he came to no harm. Richard turned his remaining shots on the archers, killing





only one: Evil's shooting was little better. Their efforts killed only one rider, and unhorsed a second.

The presence of Éomer and Grimbald meant the Mûmak lost the combat. Grimbald failed to cause any wounds, but two Royal Guard both managed to do so. Éomer caused a single wound, and after some deliberation Richard used a point of Might to boost his other die roll to make it two. So, four wounds suffered, and four Courage tests to take. The Mûmak passed them all! With the Rohirrim massed in front of it, a devastating Trample next turn looked all the more likely: Good's luck had to run out, they couldn't keep winning all the Priority and Heroic Move rolls.

The Orcs only purpose now was to kill as many enemies as they could before being wiped out. Though many of them were being beaten back or slaughtered, the Orc spearman on the road was obviously favoured by the Eye, as he killed a rider for the second turn running. At the gateway the rider summoning the reserves paid for his heroism, falling to the swordsman's ambush. This was the only good news for Evil, six more Orcs having been lost this turn, including two to a Royal Guard and yet another to Elfhelm.

TURN NINE

"But northward the white crest of Éomer led the great front of the Rohirrim which he had again gathered and marshalled; and out of the City came all the strength of men that was in it..."

*Book V, Chapter VI
"The Battle of the Pelennor Fields"*

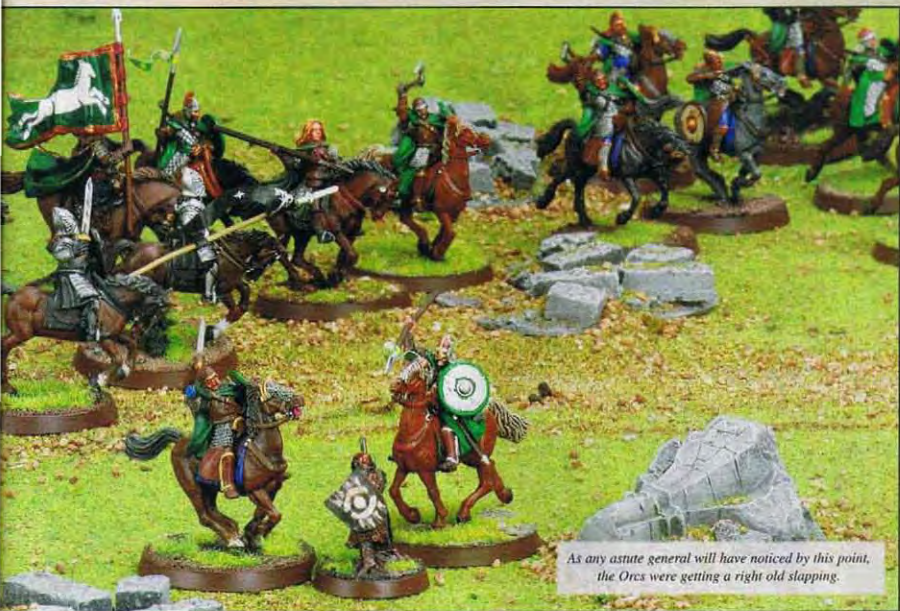
The crucial Priority roll again came in favour of Good. With the southern Mûmak's Commander already wounded, and with a host of Rohirrim lined up in front of the beast, Kevin and Adrian had no hesitation in immediately burning the Chieftain's last point of Might to call a Heroic Move. A Trample move through the riders would be devastating, and Richard and Tony were keen that such a thing should not be allowed to happen, calling a counter-move with Grimbald.

In a rare moment of good luck for the bad guys, Evil actually won the roll off! The Mûmak now lined himself up ready to Trample through the Rohirrim, and a quick count showed there were no fewer than 13 potential victims in range, including Éomer and Théoden! With a good set of dice rolls the battle would be turned in an instant. But as always seems to happen to

the servants of Sauron, it was those cursed heroes that were their undoing... As the Mûmak surged forward with an angry bellow, the first Royal Guard was tossed aside and killed with a sweep of its tusks. Kevin and Adrian looked forward to repeating this another 12 times, but the second model it hit was Éomer, and despite causing two wounds on him his Fate kept him alive. The Mûmak was brought to a sudden halt, denying it any more victims. In all the dismay (and celebrating), none of the players remembered they also needed to Trample Éomer's horse, but his keeping Firefoot from harm must have been a sign of his superb horsemanship.

It was time for the Knights of Minas Tirith to ride on to the Pelennor. The Orc still blocked the gateway, so Tony made sure to send in a rider to engage him first. This allowed the Knights of Minas Tirith to start exiting the city, forming up outside on the road ready for battle, while Elfhelm's riders concentrated on mopping up the five remaining Orcs. Éomer was not left to fight alone, as Grimbald led a charge to support the valiant Third Marshal.

With the other Mûmakil getting ever closer, Tony directed his shooting at the



As any astute general will have noticed by this point, the Orcs were getting a right old slapping.

northernmost beast, causing a single Wound but no Stampede. The return fire saw the Haradrim killing two Riders of Rohan and unhorsing another. The horses were acting as a form of ablative armour, soaking up successful arrow hits and leaving the riders unscathed. The battle would depend on the Mûmakil. Éomer's Fight value was the Evil side's undoing however, as his skill at arms outclassed the ponderous beast; although no wounds were caused against it. Meanwhile, on the other side of the table, the remaining Orcs were finally swept aside by Elfhelm's men.

TURN TEN

"Then without taking counsel or waiting for the approach of the men of the City, he spurred headlong back to the front of the great host, and blew a horn, and cried aloud for the onset. Over the field rang his clear voice calling: 'Death! Ride, ride to ruin and the world's ending!'"

*Book V, Chapter VI
"The Battle of the Pelennor Fields"*

The Evil side hoped to repeat last turn's Trample, as even the hardy Éomer would not survive a second attack. The Priority roll defeated them again, as Good retained it for another turn and the Chieftain had no

Might points left with which to overrule the turn sequence. The command Mûmak was just about close enough so that he could clip two of the riders surrounding the southern Oliphaunt, but with all the Heroes Good had at their disposal, Evil needed their remaining Might for the coming turns, especially with the way Priority rolls were going.

Éomer charged back in, while Théoden declined to join the fight this turn. The point on the Mûmak's base that he could have engaged was close enough to the board edge that a failed Courage test would have seen the king leave the battle. Richard decided that discretion was the better part of valour in this case, and Théoden instead took up position in the middle of the table ready to move to where he would be most needed in the following turn. While the smaller group of riders kept the Mûmak tied up for another turn, entirely surrounding the front of the creature, Tony and Richard set about reorganising the rest of



their cavalry. With the other Mûmakil now close enough to pose a threat, the men of the Riddermark parted to let the Knights pass, and Éowyn's riders went left of the Gondorians, ready to fire.

There was a real possibility a wounded Mûmak could Stampede into another if it was within range. The main reason the Mûmakil were keeping a safe distance from each other was that in a Stampede collision between two beasts there might be 4 Wounds caused and 4 Courage tests to be taken. With the potential for this to cause another Stampede this process could continue until one was dead and the other severely wounded. The Mûmakil were more at risk from each other than the enemy so the Mûmakil were kept apart.

Rohan had a poor turn of shooting, with no wounds being caused on a Mûmak despite 20 arrows being fired at it. The shots at the Haradrim themselves all failed to penetrate the canvas sides of the howdah. It initially looked like the Haradrim would fail to claim any kills as well, the archers on the first two Mûmakil being unsuccessful in their efforts. The Southrons on the northern Mûmak then showed their worth, killing one of the approaching Knights and unhorsing the Gondorian standard bearer. Unlike the Rohirrim, the Knights are not Expert Riders, so when a 1 came up for the Thrown Rider test he was unable to reroll it, and the fall killed him. This was a good result for Evil, as the banner was lost.

There was only one combat to resolve, and you almost had to feel sorry for the poor Mûmak who was encircled by a host of riders intent on butchering him. Three of the Rohirrim and Grimbold all dealt a wound each with Éomer's last point of Might used to cause another Wound, meaning that no fewer than 5 Courage tests had to be taken! One of the tests came up as a failure. With one Wound left the Mûmak was dangerously close to death and would also Stampede next turn.

TURN ELEVEN

"But wherever the Mûmakil came, there the horses would not go, but blanched and swerved away; and the great monsters were unfought, and stood like towers of defence"

*Book V, Chapter VI
"The Battle of the Pelennor Fields"*

The Valar were smiling on the Rohirrim, and Good retained Priority for a fourth turn. Evil declined a Heroic Move, as it would only have netted two Trample victims, not enough considering the great host of Rohan. It was decision time for Richard and Tony, to allow the Mûmak to

Stampede or to pin it in place. With their riders surrounding its front edge, the only clear path was back towards the table edge, but with only a single Wound left it looked like an easy kill and Éomer and his riders moved in, urged on by Théoden's call to bring it down.

Théoden turned and charged with four riders at the northern Mûmak, but rolled snake-eyes for his Courage test, and Snowmane bolted away. Two other riders also ran, but the fourth managed to come into contact and prevent it moving. The rest of the cavalry moved up, Knights to the fore, before the command Mûmak made its move. In an echo of the earlier turn, one of the riders that ran was right in the way, and was duly Trampled. With the southern Oliphant about to die, Evil

closed the distance between the other two as Kevin and Adrian didn't want to allow another beast to be picked on in isolation. The time for caution had long since passed; their only hope lay in boldness.

Two Haradrim were shot and killed on the northern Mûmak; the Mahûd in the centre also coming under fire but escaping injury. In reply the Southrons killed a Royal Guard, a Knight, and unhorsed another Knight and Rider of Rohan. In the ongoing combat between the Mûmak and Éomer, Elfhelm had charged over to lend his aid to the battle, rolling the critical 6 needed to make victory for the Mûmak impossible due to Éomer's Fight value. All three of the heroes managed to inflict wounds, and the massive creature reared up in pain and came crashing down to the ground. The



nine Haradrim and the commander were all killed in the fall. Tony and Richard rejoiced as they realised that they only had to kill another Mûmak to ensure victory.

Kevin and Adrian were not disheartened, as the dead Mûmak had occupied the cavalry long enough to position their other Mûmakil ready to smash into the enemy. With a full complement of Might left for the Mûmak Chieftains, and the likelihood of winning the next Priority roll, the game was coming within Evil's grasp. It was always likely to be a see-saw of a battle, with heavy initial losses for Sauron followed by losses later on for the Good.

There was a final combat to be resolved, between a solitary Rider of Rohan and the northern Mûmak. The rider, despite all

expectation to the contrary, won the fight, and wounded the beast. To add insult to injury, it failed its Courage test! The command Mûmak was within Stampede range. The Eye would not be pleased.

TURN TWELVE

"But the Rohirrim sang no more. Death they cried with one voice loud and terrible"

Book V, Chapter VI

"The Battle of the Pelennor Fields"

Good won Priority again, but this mattered little to Evil as they would need to use a Heroic Move to avoid the Mûmakil colliding. In response to the Mahûd's attempt to move his Mûmak out of the way, Good called a counter-move with Hûrin, Captain of Gondor. Again, Good won and the Mûmak was doomed. It

nearly didn't happen, however, when Hûrin failed his Courage test to charge the beast. If he had fallen back out of range then all the nearby warriors that had hoped to charge would not have been able to. However Hûrin was blocked by a solid line of cavalry before he could move too far and so a Royal Guard and two Knights were able to charge too.

Another Rider and two Royal Guard piled in during the Move phase. The only Evil movement was conducted by Richard as he crashed the stampeding Mûmak into the side of the command animal. All the Haradrim managed to cling on as the beast lurched, but both Mûmakil suffered two wounds in the collision. A failed Courage test might see another collision next turn. The stampeding Mûmak did fail one of its



tests, but only by one, so the Commander burnt his last Might point to keep control.

Tony sent 22 arrows up at the occupants of the howdahs, but much to his annoyance failed to get a single kill. The Southrons' replied by a killing a Rider of Rohan and unhorsing three knights. The command Mûmak was facing Grimbald, three Royal Guard, two dismounted Riders and two Knights. The scores were tied, but the Mûmak won the roll off and crushed a Guard and the valiant Grimbald into the blood-soaked plain, and knocked down the rest of the Good warriors.

TURN THIRTEEN

"Hard fighting and long labour they had still; for the Southrons were bold men and grim, and fierce in despair..."

*Book V, Chapter VI
"The Battle of the Pelennor Fields"*

Things were looking up for Evil, and then they won Priority, an occurrence so rare this battle that it warranted a brief celebration on Kevin and Adrian's part. Théoden and Éowyn both called Heroic Moves, Éowyn having regained a single point of Might thanks to the Royal

Standard of Rohan being nearby. The Mahûd called a counter-move so that Evil could Trample their way back into the game. But, as usual, the roll-off went to Good allowing them to move in and pin both Mûmakil. With nothing left for Evil to move, Richard and Tony pushed in as many models into combat as they could, determined to try and end things before the Evil side could get back into the game.

Desperate times call for desperate measures. Normally Adrian and Kevin would have targeted the Royal Guard with their shooting as the Bodyguard rule

A pile up of mammoth proportions as hundreds of tons of pachyderm flesh slam together.



allowed them to pin the Mûmakil without testing for Courage. They had also been picking off the Knights to prevent their lances being brought into play. But despite the risk of wounding their own Mûmakil, their archers all fired into combat in an attempt to unhorse, or better yet wound, the ever-troublesome heroes instead. This went well, with both Théoden and Éomer seeing their horses shot from under them. As he didn't roll a 6 on the Thrown Rider table, Éomer would not be able to strike at the Mûmakil this turn. Gamling also took a wound. Another couple of turns of shooting like that and Evil might yet win.

Éowyn had bravely moved into a position directly in front of the command Mûmakil, and launched her throwing spear up at the Mahûd, but failed to take him down. The rest of the archers followed her lead and managed to cause two wounds. Rolling for Fate, the Mahûd was forced to use his last precious Might point to keep himself alive and in the game. Richard would be able to call Heroic Moves uncontested now.

The players turned eagerly to the combats, Evil hoping they might be able to crush the heroes and so increase their chance of a Trample in the next round. Éomer and

three Knights defeated the northern Mûmakil, one Knight causing a wound with its lance but the Mûmakil passed its Courage test with flying colours. Now the Mûmakil was facing Théoden, Hûrin, and a handful of riders of all descriptions both unhorsed and still mounted. But with both sides rolling a 6, Théoden's high Fight value proved decisive. Hûrin and a Royal Guard both wounded the trumpeting Oliphant, and Théoden made it three with a Might point.

TURN FOURTEEN

"Then the Sun went at last behind Mindolluin and filled all the sky with a great burning, so that the hills and the mountains were dyed as with blood; fire glowed in the River, and the grass of the Pelennor lay red in the nightfall."

*Book V, Chapter VI
"The Battle of the Pelennor Fields"*

With Good winning Priority, and Evil having no Might points left, there was little to do except watch the drama unfold to its inevitable conclusion. The Rohirrim archers concentrated on the Mahûd Chieftain, killing him instantly, to which the remaining Southron archers could only kill Gamling's horse in reply.

The battle finally ended in the Combat phase, with the command Mûmakil assaulted by a mass of warriors. Théoden, Hûrin, and the Men of the West all caused wounds on the lead beast. The final blow was struck by Hûrin, Warden of the Keys, who used his Might point to ensure the mighty beast toppled to the ground.

And so the struggle ended. The Orcs of the Morgul Vale besieging the White City had been wiped out, and the Mûmakil of Harad killed or driven off. A great blow had been dealt to the plans of Sauron, but it was a victory that had cost the lives of many men and horses from Rohan. However, these losses were not so crippling that the warriors of the Riddemmark would be unable to march with the newly recognised King Elessar on the Black Gates of Mordor. That would have to be a tale for another day, our fight was done, and this battle belonged to Rohan and Gondor. Or rather, to Richard and Tony.

"And in that hour the great Battle of the field of Gondor was over; and not one living foe was left within the circuit of the Rammas. All were slain save those who fled to die, or to drown in the red foam of the River. Few ever came eastward to Morgul or Mordor; and to the land of the Haradrim came only a tale from far off: a rumour of the wrath and terror of Gondor."

Book V, Chapter VI, "The Battle of the Pelennor Fields"



THE SEIGE IS BROKEN



Anthony and Richard

Richard: That was certainly a nail-biting finish. Adrian's shooting was just starting to tell on the Rohirrim when the second Mûmak finally

met its maker. Éomer, Théoden and the Royal Guard did exactly what I hoped they would and proved their worth against the Mûmakil. The Knights added that much needed extra punch to deal the killing blows to the second Mûmak.

Looking over at the other side of the battle, the pairing of Gamling and Éowyn supplied plenty of Might for Heroic Moves against the Orcs and after eight turns of hard fighting wiped them out. The lone Rider of Rohan sneaking round the flank

of the Orcs was a long shot, but somehow he made it through the Orcish defences and with a last valiant blow on his horn called in the Knights, which really helped tip the balance of the battle.

The most entertaining moment had to be when the other lone Rider of Rohan beat the northern Mûmak in combat, wounded it and caused it to Stampede into the command Mûmak causing a further 2 Wounds to both Mûmakil in the process. I think that particular Rider must have been a hero in the making! This was a fantastically dramatic moment, really cinematic in that way that only The Lord of The Rings at its very best can be.

If I'd have commanded the Evil forces I may have done things a little differently. Perhaps the Haradrim should have concentrated more on the two greatest

Heroes of Rohan. If Éomer and Théoden had become victims of bowfire early in the game, we would have lost the high Fight value that won so many of the Mûmak combats and also the Rohan Royal Guard's Bodyguard rule. These together would have meant that we would have been unable to stop the Mûmakil Trampling the rest of our troops. Indeed, it was the simple fact that these beasts did not get to use their Trample that won us the battle. Much of this was, of course, down to clever gaming on our part (though maybe a tiny bit could be down to the fact that we nearly always got priority!).

I think though, for me, that the most important thing is to have finally met and played against guys that I've known from the Internet for over a year! We all had a great day and, having done it once, I'm sure we would all be up for it again.



A DARK DAY INDEED



Kevin and Adrian

Adrian: Crushed! The Priority roll committed an act of murder today, we forfeited initiative for almost the entire game. Then, just

Considering they were facing cavalry on an open plain, they did a good job, especially considering those Priority rolls.

I would have given my right arm (or Kevin's at least) for a Wraith. And I'd have given both to have a screen of cavalry to accompany the Mûmakil. Playing it again, I would certainly want to upgrade all the Mûmakil Commanders. If all three beasts had had tusk weapons, then even Éomer might have been killed. We could have lost some of the archers to pay for this, as 12 on a howdah is actually too many. Eight would be more than enough, and one extra Might point per animal would have seen us win another Heroic Move. Although with Richard and Tony's luck, I wouldn't want to wager on it.

A glorious day, in which I got to meet up with some Internet buddies that I had only

known from a computer screen before, and playing a battle that I had waited 20 years to bring to the tabletop. It might not have been the precise ending that I wanted, but it was fun watching it. If just a couple of dice rolls had gone the other way then I truly believe the result would have been different. I still wander around muttering "All I needed was one more Trample..."

In the end we only killed a third of their army, but hey, the great thing about playing as the bad guys is that you are supposed to lose, right? And there is always the prospect of continuing the battle. I would love to see what would happen if another wave of Mûmakil entered, perhaps with the Witch King swooping down on Théoden. A natural second part to the battle, we could then send on Aragorn and the Army of the Dead. Lads, better start painting again.

to add insult to injury, we lost nearly all the roll-offs for the Heroic Moves. Our poor Mûmakil never got the chance to steamroller the Rohirrim – the southern Mûmak only moved 2" the entire game! Even our one brief Trample was brought to a halt by the incredible hardness of Éomer. My respect for him has grown. A true hero, and the man of the match without a doubt.

It all started so well. Kevin and I were delighted with how our Orcs performed.



DOK BUTCHA'S CONVERSHUN KLINIC



Wotcha Grots. I'm Dok Butcha, top dok and painboy to da biggest nobs in da galaxy. You might know me from such publikeyshuns as Waaagh! Dat 'Urts and da Citadel Journal. My assistant Fixit's about somewhere too, but don't look at 'im, I'm da important one.

Anyways, I've been away for a bit on – what do you Oomies call it? – a, a fanatical. Yeah, dat's it. I've been conducting resurch into how loud a Snotling can scream. Yeah, very important work. You should hear 'em! Zoggin' eck, enough to make yer def, speshully da one we put in da squig pits, hur hur. Good job I've got bionik eardrums.

Course, none of dis has anyfink to do with da Nazdreg's leg incident. I did warn him.

'Nazdreg me old mate,' I said 'dis is da bestest leg ever. It's good fer kickin', stompin' and bootin' ya Grots. But it ain't fer everyone. Mad Mek Madgob puts a lot of speshul extras in his knees, ya see.' But he wouldn't have it, old Nazdreg.

Never listun them warbosses, and old Nazdreg has more teef dan sense.

Come ta fink of it, he's got more guns dan sense too. So ya might say it encouraged me to go into resurch when his new leg blew up. Sad reelly, we never said goodbye. It was dark when we left.

But now I'm back. Every month we're gonna look at some top doktorin'. Sometimes we'll take you behind da scenes and let ya see da operashun as it 'appens, uvver times I'll show ya a collecshun of medical marvels, like dis month. Here's da White Dwarf boyz to show ya round.

TAU STEALTH SUITS

by John Carter

John had a simple idea for these Stealth suits: he wanted their burst cannons to look the same as those on his Devilfish and Crisis teams. To achieve it required an equally simple conversion.

John carefully removed the original burst cannon barrels with a saw and replaced them with the burst cannons from the Tau Crisis suit sprue. And that's that. Good, eh?



AMERICAN DAEMONS

by Ty Finocchiaro, Jeff Keyser and John Shaeffer

Our colleagues from the US White Dwarf produced these stunning Daemon conversions for use in games as adversaries for Daemonhunters using a variety of different components.

Redgnash, the bizarre creature to the top right, was based upon a combination of a Tzeentch Flamer and a Tyranid Lictor. By simply flipping the Lictor torso upside down it reveals a sleek head with bulging eyes! The arms of an old Great Unclean One and Tzeentch Horrors have been added to make the creature look like it has just stepped out of the warp. Gribble, gribble.

The Daemon to the right is much more subtle, showing that it only takes a few components to make a possessed general for your regular army. Lepervex has a Tau Ethereal as a basis, with a Spawn of Chaos arm and the head from the C'tan Deceiver.

Finally, Mangleash, below, is a generic Daemon suitable for any army or power. A Zombie and a Chaos Dragon form his body and wings. Parts of a Spawn of Chaos have been added for its head and arms to complete the horrific spectacle of a creature undergoing mutation.



PARTS

- Tzeentch Flamer Body 1(9947991501601)
- Lictor Torso(9947010603403)
- Horror Left Arms 2(9947991501406)
- Archive Great Unclean One R Arm 2(73214/35)
- Archive Great Unclean One L Arm 1(73214/42)
- Horror Right Arms 2(9947991501413)



PARTS

- Tau Ethereal 2(9947011300302)
- Spawn of Chaos Right Arm(9947991500102)
- C'tan Deceiver Head(9947011002001)
- C'tan Deceiver Horns(9947011002002)



PARTS

- Spawn of Chaos Head(9947991500101)
- Spawn of Chaos Left Arm(9947991500104)
- Galrauch Tail(9947020114107)
- Plastic Dragon Wings(99380299002)
- Zombie Dragon Body(9947020710101)
- Zombie Dragon Tail(9947020710102)
- Zombie Dragon L Leg(9947020710115)
- Zombie Dragon R Leg(9947020710114)

SLAYER KILLING TROLL

by Chris Straw

This extensive conversion includes a lot of sculpting. Chris cut and bent the legs of the Dwarf before resculpting new arms and attaching the hands. The Troll had to have its legs repositioned so it was stooping forward. He also removed its weapon and resculpted the arms to simulate the Troll trying to stop itself being strangled. The head has been lifted, and Green Stuff used to fill in the Troll's new neck. Not satisfied, Chris also resculpted its face to create an agonised expression.

PARTS

- Stone Troll Body with Two Handed Axe (9947029900708)
- Stone Troll Head 3 (9947029900706)
- Doom Seeker Body 4 (9947020509304)
- Doom Seeker Left Arm 1 (9947020509305)
- Doom Seeker Right Arm 1 (9947020509307)

DAEMON PRINCE

by Christian Byrne

This Daemon Prince originally appeared in the Chaos Space Marine Collectors' Guide, but suffered an unfortunate postal accident. For a time it lay in a draw in many pieces, but has recently returned to the forces of Chaos. Christian thought repairing it was a good opportunity not only to reconstruct the model but to also clean up the scrappier parts and apply a new lick of paint. The sacrificial banner pole and the optional great axe (seen here to scale) are the most obvious additions since its original construction.

PARTS

- Witch Hunter Tyrus (99111399011)
- Daemon Prince Head (9947010208003)
- Keeper of Secrets Loin cloth (9947020110805)
- Keeper of Secrets Tail cloth (9947020110806)
- Zombie sprue (99380207002)
- Shaggoth Axe (9947020114707)



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When you grow weary of constant war, you can head to the Gaming Room's special painting area where you can sit and paint while swapping modelling knowhow and old war stories with other Hobbyists.



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The age limit on Gaming Rooms gives older gamers a place to play games without distraction. All gamers who attend will have some degree of experience, so you should have no trouble finding a challenging opponent.

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Equipped with loads of tables and scenery, Gaming Rooms are the place to go to play games and enjoy the hobby.

A growing number of our Hobby centres now have additional space in the shape of Gaming Rooms. Like a regular Hobby Centre, all Gaming Rooms provide the full range of Games Workshop services, running events, tutorials and much more. They are larger than a normal Hobby Centre and have many tables, making them perfect for meeting fellow hobbyists and arranging larger games, playing campaigns or just painting and modelling in the Gaming Room's dedicated painting area.

On Monday to Friday these rooms are reserved for veterans over the age of 16 but at the weekend they are open to all veteran gamers and those who have been through the Games Workshop Beginners' programme.

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• GW Glasgow	0141 2211673
• GW Ipswich	01473 210 031
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• GW Maidenhead	01628 631 747
• GW Middlesbrough	01642 254 091
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• GW Newport	01633 256 295
• GW Poole	01202 685 634
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GAMES WORKSHOP

Games Workshop Hobby Centres offer a great deal to Hobbyists. Besides stocking a complete range of current Games Workshop products, they also provide a number of other services. If you're new to Games Workshop wargaming, why not sign up to their Beginner's Programme, and learn all you need to wage war in the 41st millennium, Warhammer world and Middle-earth. Our friendly staff are always on hand to answer your hobby questions. There's always something going on in-store, from Roadshows to campaigns. Most Games

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Workshops open seven days a week and late for gaming evenings. Hobby Centres have something for Hobbyists of all ages.

Games Workshop products are also sold by a large number of shops in 16 different countries across the world. What follows is a large listing of all the stores that sell Games Workshop products across the UK, parts of Europe, South Africa and the UAE. You can find a list of all our retail outlets on our website at:

www.games-workshop.co.uk/storefinder

If you're still unsure as to where your nearest stockist is located, why not call Games Workshop Direct on 0115 91 40000.

In the following list, Stores highlighted in yellow indicate new stores. Stores in green are elite Northern European stores; stores in blue are Northern European partnership stores. To be sure they will have exactly what you want in stock, we recommend you give them a quick phone call before visiting. Hobby centres marked with a cross (x) have Gaming Room facilities.

Find your nearest Hobby Centre or independent retailer on these pages:
on our website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/storefinder
by e-mailing us: hobbyspecialists@games-workshop.co.uk
by calling us: 0115 91 40000

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OW BRISTOL (CENTRAL)
13 Buss Mill, Tel: 0117 302 1919
OW BRISTOL (CHISEL CADDISWATER)
100 The Mill, Tel: 0117 302 1919

BRISTOL, Ave 51
Tel: 0117 302 1919
PORTSMOUTH, Avon
Tel: 0117 302 1919

YATE, Haggerston Toy Store
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EVENTS DIARY WHAT'S ON AND WHERE

The White Dwarf Events Diary is the place to find out about events in your area or at Warhammer World in Nottingham. Whether it's a tournament, campaign day or painting competition the Events Diary has all the details you need to know.

Are you running an event? If you want to advertise it for free in this fine publication simply drop us an e-mail at:

eventsdiary@games-workshop.co.uk

The closing dates for receiving details for publication in the following issues are:

14 November for WD302 (February)

14 December for WD303 (March)

14 January for WD304 (April)

Please note all dates and details are correct at the time of going to print but are subject to change.

Events diary abbreviation guide

WHWarhammer
40KWarhammer 40,000
BBBlood Bowl
WABWarhammer Ancient Battles
WPSWarhammer Players' Society
WFCWWarhammer English Civil War
EpicEpic Armageddon
LOTRThe Lord of The Rings
GWGames Workshop
GTGrand Tournament

DECEMBER

RETURN TO KISLEV

Date: 4th December, 2005

Venue: GW Chester.

Details: One-day Skirmish campaign. Bring along 250 points of core troops including a Hero or Champion to lead them.

Contact: GW Chester - 01244 311967

Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

THE LORD OF THE RINGS PAINTS TOURNAMENT

Date: 4th December, 2004

Venue: Chelmsford Police Sports and Social Club.

Details: Run by the Chelmsford Bunker, this is a 250 points 'Pairs' Tournament.

The tournament runs from 10.30am-4.30pm.

Website: www.bunkerassault.co.uk

FANATIC TOURNAMENT ZWOLLE

Date: 12th December, 2004

Venue: Zwolle, The Netherlands

Details: Take part in this exciting tournament featuring a WH (1,500 points) tournament and a 40K (1,500 points) competition. Will you prove to be the best tabletop general?

Also a Youngbloods (beginners) 500 point tournament for both WH and 40K.

Contact: Games-N-Stuff 038-4216385

Website: www.gamesnstuff.com

BLOOD BOWL ANARCHY CUP

Date: 18th and 19th December, 2004

Venue: GW Lixbridge.

Details: It's that time of the year again, sports fans. All players welcome. Two-day Blood Bowl tournament running from 11am-5pm on both days. Bring along your starting teams - no star players.

Contact: GW Lixbridge - 01895 252800

Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

THE LORD OF THE RINGS TOURNAMENT

Date: 28th and 29th December, 2004

Venue: GW Exeter.

Details: Runs on both nights from 6.30pm-10pm. All players will need to bring along a 350 points force for both Good and Evil. The regional conflict rules and format will be used. Contact the Hobby Centre for further details.

Contact: GW Exeter - 01392 490305

Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

STC DAYS

Date: 28th, 29th and 30th December, 2005

Venue: GW Kingston on Thames.

Details: So you've unwrapped your Christmas presents and now all you have to do is stick that Land Raider/Midmak/Dragon together and get it painted for the Winter War Tournament, but you don't know how! Never fear! Book in to a Painting or Construction Workshop and have a Hobby Specialist teach you what you need to know! Limited spaces so book early to avoid disappointment.

Contact: GW Kingston - 0208 948 6122

Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

JANUARY

WARHAMMER 40,000 DOUBLES TOURNAMENT 2005

Date: 5th and 16th January, 2005.

Venue: Warhammer World, Nottingham. Details: Pair up with a friend and take your armies to battle against other pairs of players. To play, you will need two legal Combat Patrol forces, and a friend to play with. Both players must be aged at least twelve years. Full details will be sent with your tickets.

The weekend consists of nine games across two days. Ticket prices include lunch on both days, and an evening meal on the Saturday.

Tickets are available from Direct Sales on 0115 91 40 000, and cost £60. Contact: 40kgt@games-workshop.co.uk

Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/gt

RETURN TO THE UNDERWHE

Date: 8th January, 2005

Venue: GW Hammersmith, London.

Details: To mark the return to Necromunda GW Hammersmith is holding a special evening featuring Gang Recruitment, Underhive battles, modelling and painting clinics and tactics advice.

Come down and learn how to play or bring your gang to see who really is the Boss of the Sump!

Strictly 16 and over for the Veterans night. Runs from 5pm-8pm.

Contact: GW Hammersmith - 0208 846 9744

Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

THOR'S BANE

Date: 8th January, 2005

Venue: GW Sutton.

Details: Nar, cousin of Thor, son of Odin has returned to Erebor with grave news - for his cousin has been slain at the hands of Goblin King Azog.

Now the Dwarves march again on the ancient realm of Azanulbizar and to the gates of Moria with vengeance burning fiercely in their hearts. Players must book in advance to guarantee a place. Gamers should bring one unnamed Hero and 10 troops for Good, or 1 unnamed Hero and 20 troops for Evil. Runs from 10am-noon.

Contact: GW Sutton Coldfield - 01213 543174

Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

MODELLING CLASSES

Date: 22nd January, 2005

Venue: GW Plaza, London.

Details: Having difficulty sticking together that Dragon Grye? Then come down to GW Plaza's Modelling Classes for some expert advice. Phone to book a place.

Contact: GW Plaza - 0207 436 0839.

Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

TARGET NEMESIS

Insurgents have allied with Xenos and Chaos forces - new pacts have been confirmed by Imperial spies. Secession is unacceptable.

Kill Teams have been dispatched in the relevant sectors to deal with these uprisings. Heavy Xenos activity detected in all sectors, types unknown.

The action takes place on 29th of January at GW Leicester, GW Northampton, GW Coventry, GW Leamington Spa, GW Peterborough, GW Burton, GW Stoke and GW Macclesfield.

Neutralisation of all targets must

be complete by the end of the day. Contact your sector Inquisitor at your local Hobby Centre for further details.



FULL TILT III TOURNAMENT

Date: 23rd January, 2005
 Venue: Leopoldsburg, Belgium.
 Details: A WH 2,000 points tournament and 40K 1,500 points tournament.
 Also a Youngbloods 500 points contest for both WH and 40K
 Contact: patrick.cannaerts@skynet.be
 Website: www.de-witte-ridder.be

WARHAMMER TOURNAMENT

Date: 29th January, 2005
 Venue: GW Chester.
 Details: WH tournament. Warm up for this year's Conflict by taking part in this competition. Follows the same rules, format and scenarios as Conflict. Contact the Chester store for more details.
 Contact: GW Chester - 01244 311967
 Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

THE SPOILS OF WAR - MISSION IMPROBABLE

Date: 29th January, 2005
 Venue: GW Enfield, London.
 Details: WH teams battle to secure the ultimate weapon being along a legal 160 points Kill Team. Remember that absolute power corrupts absolutely. Runs all day from 11am-5pm.
 Contact: GW Enfield - 0208 363 3238
 Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

FEBRUARY**BEGINNERS OPEN DAY**

Date: 19th February, 2005
 Venue: Warhammer World, Nottingham.
 Details: Games Workshop welcomes you to Warhammer World for the first ever Beginners Open Day. If you are a fairly new enthusiast, who wants more experience, and advice, or maybe you are a veteran who feels like trying one of our other systems, this Open Day is for you. There will be army building and tactics advice, a conversion clinic, and a terrain factory, on top of more than a dozen participation games covering Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000 and The Lord of the Rings. The event is open to those aged 12+, and any under 16s must be accompanied by a responsible adult. Tickets are £10, and will be available from our Direct Sales department on 0115 91 40 000.
 Contact: events@games-workshop.co.uk
 Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/gt

CONFLICT DUBLIN

Date: 20th February, 2005.
 Venue: Burlington Hotel, Dublin.
 Details: Dublin Conflict offers a wide variety of activity, from painting and modelling tips and participation games to a full one-day tournament for Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, and Lord of the Rings. If you are thinking of

THE GAUNTLET OF SAND

The return of famous explorer Arizona Smith to the city of Aldor has heralded a great competition. The aim of this dangerous contest is to capture the treasure-filled temple of Kharabadra - deep in the deserts of Khemri.

Word has travelled fast due to spies in the Imperial court however, and now darker forces are also seeking the mysterious prizes on offer.

Join in this exciting campaign to be held at Warhammer World in Nottingham. The games take place on the 18th of December from 10am-5pm. You will need a 2,000 points Warhammer army to take part in the Narrative campaign or a 1,000 points

army to take part in the regular Warhammer tournament.

Book your place early to avoid disappointment - there are 40 specific cast places on the Narrative campaign; and 40 places in the 1,000 points Warhammer tournament.

Transport included in the price of the tickets. For ticket prices or further details contact your local Hobby Centre.

The following Hobby Centres are taking part: GW Brighton, GW Crawley, GW Canterbury, GW Eastbourne, GW Maidstone, GW Tonbridge Wells.

**PAINTING MASTERCLASS**

Date: 19th March, 2005
 Venue: GW Plaza.
 Details: Come and learn how to paint all manner of skin tones with Plaza's very own Hobby Specialists. Get some expert tips to help make your soldiers really stand out on the battlefield. Spaces are limited so please book early to avoid disappointment. Runs from 11am-1pm.
 Contact: GW Plaza - 0207 436 0839
 Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

RISE OF KINGDOMS: A FOOLS GOLD.

Date: 19th and 20th March, 2005.
 Venue: Warhammer World, Nottingham.
 Details: Stretching from the Old World, through to Cathay, the Ivory Road sees merchants both brave and desperate race caravans of goods through the most inhospitable lands in creation. Harried by Gygis, Goblins, and other, darker things. This is a profitable enterprise with a high price. This Warhammer Campaign invites you to play as either a hardy Wagoner, or bandit prince, as we play out the most dangerous journey in the Warhammer World. Will you rise to riches and fame through plunder and pillage? To take part you will need a fully painted 2,000 points Warhammer army. Some armies will not be able to take part in this campaign, be sure to ask the staff when you purchase your ticket. You must be at least 16 years of age to participate. Tickets cost £40, and are available from Direct Sales on 0115 91 40 000.
 Contact: events@games-workshop.co.uk
 Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/gt

APRIL**VARGON CAMPAIGN DAY**

Date: 15th April, 2005
 Venue: GW Plaza.
 Details: Become the scourge of the galaxy by taking part in this 40K tournament. Swordwielder hosts have come to reclaim the Maidenworld of Vargon III, but the Eldar hosts are horrified to find the perfect world defiled by WAAAGH! Ashrak. Bring down your 1,000 points army and help (or hinder) the Eldar as they retake the vital Olgrai Temple in three linked battles. The tournament runs from 10am-6pm. Space limited to 20 players (10 per side) so book your place to avoid disappointment.
 Contact: GW Plaza - 0207 436 0839
 Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/events

FEBRUARY**DARK STARS: THE BADAB WAR:**

Date: 21st and 22nd May, 2005.
 Venue: Warhammer World, Nottingham.
 Details: It is 901 M41, and Lufti Huron of the Tiger Claws Marines has rejected the Imperium and turned traitor. With his powerful oratory and dazzling rhetoric, he has turned many warriors and armies to his cause, and for the first time since the Horus Heresy, brother Space Marine will face brother Space Marine on the field. To play in this campaign you will need a fully painted and legal 1,500 points army and be at least 16 years of age. Tickets are £40 on sale from January and will be available from Direct Sales on 0115 91 40 000.
 Contact: events@games-workshop.co.uk
 Website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/gt

MARCH**CONFLICT EDINBURGH**

Date: 13th March, 2005.
 Venue: Corn Exchange, Edinburgh.
 Details: Edinburgh Conflict offers a wide variety of activity, from painting and modelling tips and participation games to a full one-day tournament for Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, and The Lord of the Rings. If you are thinking of entering your first tournament or you just want to play some cool games, this is for you. Tickets cost £25 for the Tournament and £8 for an Open Pass.
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SPECIALIST PROFILE

Name: Rob MacTaggart

Specialisms: Painting

Armies: High Elves and Imperial Fists

Hobby tip: When painting, try experimenting with your own colour schemes. You'll get a very distinctive army.



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Collectors' guides are an amazing resource for gamers and collectors alike. Each book focusses on the models for one Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 race. Within its pages, you will find nearly every model we have ever produced for that particular range. Dozens of exciting models gathered together in logical order so you can build the force you really want without scrabbling through a load of ancient catalogues.

Also included are fantastic examples of painted armies and individual models and, for the sake of completeness, ancient models that are no longer available anywhere.

Collector's Guides now available from your local Games Workshop include:

- Chaos Space Marines
- Imperial Guard
- Empire
- Orcs and Goblins
- The Lord of the Rings
- Space Marines
- Warhammer Chaos
- The Specialist Games Catalogue

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Every month the Hobby Specialists deal with hundreds of hobby-related queries. Whether it's how to get the most from your Snottling Pump Wagon, suggesting a fitting colour scheme for your new regiment of the Knights of the Blazing Sun or finding out the Strength of a Railgun, the Hobby Specialists have all the answers. Here's a recent question that keeps cropping up.

Q. Does Gamling's Royal Standard of Rohan affect Meriadoc Brandybuck (Merry) when he's dressed as a Rohan Squire?

A. Unfortunately Merry is not affected by the Royal standard of Rohan.

The rules for the Royal Standard on page 69 of the Return of the King rulebook state it affects any Hero of Rohan. Merry's rules on page 61 of the same book do not say that he is a Hero of Rohan. He is a Hobbit and, while very brave, is not a warrior of the Riddermark.



Going Green

This Orc Shaman is part of Dave Allen's Tale of Four gamers Army. Dave explains how he built his Shaman in detail on page 107.



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Nurgle's Rot

Asger used a Mordheim Circus Strongman in his army in Tale of Four Gamers this month. Here are the components that make him, plus a couple of variant bits.



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CIRCUS STRONG MAN 2
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The Old Bull

Here are some of the parts used to create the The Bull featured in this month's Tale of Four Gamers on page 109. We've also listed some additional shields you could use for converting your own Empire heroes.



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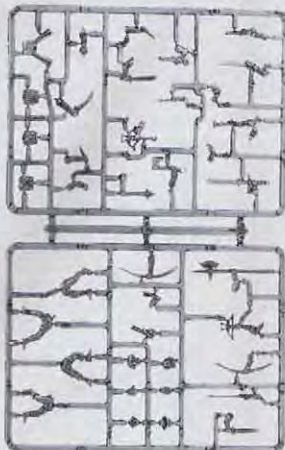
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99381102001 £5

Sprue shown at 35% actual size

Grim 'Deadeye' Grunnson

This month's Bugman's Lament features the Dwarf Pirate Grim 'Deadeye' Grunnson. Conversion details can be found on page 41.



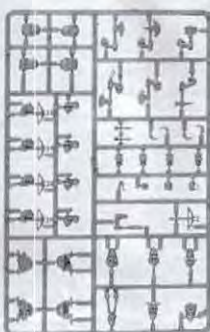
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Slygit

This is the second Goblin special character featured in Bugman's Lament. Full details on how to convert him can be found on page 44.



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Kap'n Skabend

Kap'n Skabend is one of the special characters featured in Bugman's Lament. Full details on how to convert him can be found on page 43.



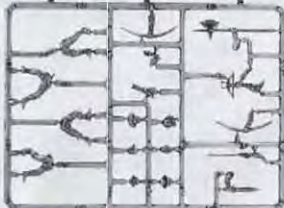
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THE REALM OF CHIVALRY

Brettonia in Flames, on page 56, provides loads of cool background and rules for running a campaign in the Valley Grismerie of Brettonia. Brave knights and their squires battle Skaven, Orcs, Goblins and other foul creatures, striving to keep this chivalric land safe. After reading Brettonia in Flames you might be inspired to collect your own Bretonnian force to fight in the campaign. Below are some great components to get you started and create a unique force.



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- Olde Weirde's: Army of Sylvania
- Epic: Armageddon: Speed Freaks
- Index: Astartes: Techmarines



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- Warhammer: Scenario Generator
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- Designer's Notes: Witch Hunters



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