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ISSUE 97 JANUARY 1988

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Sean Masterson

Welcome to the show!

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Paul Cockburn going down holes in the ground? Graeme Davis searching through his family tree? Mark Gascoigne taking a trip to Brit Cit? At this time of year? My, what a cosmopolitan bunch they are! Welcome to this month's spike free special...

Griffin Island

Runequest Supplement
£10.99

It's easy to see what players found so appealing about RuneQuest in the early days of roleplaying. Against the sterile format of other roleplaying systems, where people called 'adventurers' went down holes in the ground and brought back treasure - the rest of the world just passing them by - RQ offered a 'realistic' world, which was aware of the magic and treasure about it, and where everyone was an adventurer of sorts.

Back in those days, Griffin Mountain was thought of as one of the most advanced adventure packages of its day. For a start, it wasn't an adventure. It was a design and pack, livened up by short, cameo snippets that could be added to and played in any order and made appropriate by the players' meanderings. The places and characters were the important elements, since - it was reasoned - players would find it very easy to drop their own dungeon ideas into this lively setting.

Today, the games player is more used to this kind of sophistication. Possibly things have even moved on another stage or two. I know the writers whose crazed meanderings occasionally get to edit think that the basic principle is true - players can design their own thumping sessions, so the game designer should provide the interactive world and all the fascinating geography and stuff. But, they add, there is a place for the designer to come up with the really sophisticated plot-lines, which sow a thread through all those fight scenes.

If Griffin Island - as it is now known - ticks anything, this is it. But not everyone needs an earth-shattering plot woven through all their adventures; they just want some big places to play. And, of course, the broo are there spreading disease and mayhem through the wildlands. Some of the humans aren't dependable party guests either. When you arrive, Soldier Port is probably the last time you are really in there with civilization - and then only just.

Still, you've got this map given to you by your loving GM right at the beginning of play. It has lots of interesting places marked on it, and some squiggles written in an unknown hand referring to ancient battles and treasures. And he doles out quite a few more handouts pretty swiftly as well (there are 32 pages of them, if that isn't too much of a clue). So, you quickly find yourself master of several dozen wonderful facts about the sights of Griffin Island. There's a lot of wandering in store.
And if the GM starts laying the 'there-is-more-to-this-than-meets-the-eye' stuff on you, I can't offer much advice beyond checking his psychological profile or stealing his ring binder, because he will be making that up for himself. The same goes for the hippo in the grass skirt and the lingerie salesman. Orcs are the name of the game here.

Oh, and for those who remember my caustic little note about Land of Ninja and the scarcity of - um - Ninja... the answer to your question about the Orc population of Griffin Island is yes. Plenty of 'em. And when you find them all at once (you will, don't worry) it's a bad time to have the plate mail in the wash and lots of spells for making people love you...

Paul Cockburn

**Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay Character Pack**

**RPG Accessory**

£3.99

Since WFRP was published just over a year ago, we have been playing quite a few games amongst ourselves, as well as receiving sackloads of mail from All You Out There. A lot of people, not wanting to cut up their rulebooks and not having easy access to a photocopier, have written in asking us for pads of character sheets. Also, we've constantly been updating and generally tweaking the original character sheet from our experiences of our own games and others that we've heard about.

So, in response to those who've asked and with thanks to those who've pointed out possible improvements, here is the new, improved WFRP character sheet.

And that's not all you get for your money. Included in the package is a super-detailed set of character background rules, specially written by Paul Cockburn. Now you can find out precisely where in The Empire (right down to village level) a character comes from, what the parents did, what the family tree looks like (very useful for having long-lost relatives popping up unexpectedly!), and all manner of other things, right down to hair and eye colour.

A game like WFRP depends very much on its world setting, so we believe that this kind of detail can only help when generating a character - now you'll know as much about your character as he or she does! And yes, there are spaces on the revised character sheet for all sorts of personal information, so you won't forget it all an hour into the game!

But why should players have all the fun? Anything that works for a player character works just as well for NPCs, so why not give the system a try next time you're generating a major NPC for a game?

Stuck for a suitably Germanic-sounding name? We have more than 200 human forenames, arranged into tables so you can generate them randomly if you like, including alternative spellings and short forms. There are also four different ways of creating surnames. Elven, Dwarven and Halfing names are also covered in detail.

So what does your character look like? We have full weight tables, working from the height tables in the main rulebook, taking into account the character's race, sex and build. There are even some optional profile modifiers for exceptionally fat or thin characters. There are also hair and eye colour charts for each PC race covered in the rulebook, and a table of distinguishing features (He had a hook nose, one eye and a limp, Officer!)

Where is home? A series of tables covers the whole of The Empire - right down to village level - as well as allowing a chance of the character being a 'furriner'. Nonhuman races have separate tables, according to their race.

What about relatives? No problem. Mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles and cousins, whole clans can be generated using the simple system provided - including offspring if desired.

And dealing with the world at large? We introduce an entirely new concept for WFRP - social level. This depends on your career and a couple of other things, and can be used as a modifier to Fel tests, in much the same way as the Etiquette skill. Be careful, though - if you're dealing with someone of a higher social level, the modifier will be negative...

All in all, there's a lot in this package, useful for PCs and NPCs alike. It's more than a supply of character sheets, and it's more than a character background supplement.

Graeme Davis

**THE JUDGE DREDD ROLEPLAYING COMPANION**

**Roleplaying Supplement**

£9.99

In format, the Judge Dredd Companion is a packed 128-page hardback, including a perforated end-section on different paper which holds maps, print-outs and cut-out components. Dotted throughout the text are plenty of illustrations from the comic, as well as a good few maps and plans. The main meat of the work, though, is of course the text, and for this as many varied pieces as would fit were collected and collated. The Companion is a lot like a giantised issue of White Dwarf, with articles and adventures of varying sizes. The pieces are written by a variety of writers, famous and infamous but nonetheless familiar to readers of this magazine, including Messrs Halliwell, Tyran, Rowland and Tamlyn.

As far as new rules go there aren't any truly drastic changes, although the variants on Strength and the new driving rules are very useful (they will also be used as standard for all official JD RPG material from now on). The new skills (pages and pages of 'em), new mutation abilities and the crime blitz rules all provide oodles of fun. Oh, and there's a brand-new profession: how do you fancy running an officer from Exorcism Division? If you're a GM don't worry - we thoughtfully included plenty of rules for creating the Judge Exorcists' spooky opponents too.

On a lighter side, how about the rules for Shuggy? Could come in handy on an undercover operation. There is a tourist guide to Brit-cit, which isn't all that it seems. More importantly, there's also an immense guide to Downtown, a particularly nifty corner of the sector just waiting for your Judges; a really wicked place to base your campaign.

Remember the mention of cut-out components earlier? Well, they are present here because we even managed to cram in a fully playable boardgame called Block-Out!, a very popular pastime in Mega-City One.

But pride of place must go to all the adventures. Dotted amongst the text are a number of one-page Code 14s, simple crime incidents which are easily dropped into an already-running campaign, while the last third of the book is taken up with two adventures which are just about worth the price of the book alone. Pete Tamlyn's Channel 9 Crime Time Special is great fun, as the hapless Judges chase an over-eager TV reporter around the city. The reporter is trying to expose corruption on a grand scale - and those he's trying to expose are attempting to knock him off in the process! One innovative feature we're trying here for the first time is a set of handouts in the form of actual comic strips, which contain more clues than first meet the eye.

And bringing the Companion to an awesome conclusion we have Fear & Loathing In Mega-City 1, another gem from the awesome brain of Richard ('Slaughter Block Margin Mania') Halliwell. I've no intention of spoiling its surprises with a plot summary, but I will tell you it features an illegal bike race and a demonstration on why journalists aren't at all popular with the Judges, Oh, and if your players survive this one, you're just not playing it right.

Marc Gascoigne
WARHAMMER BATTLE 3rd Ed. £14.99
The best and most famous set of fantasy battle rules re-issued in Games Workshop's hardback book format, now full of illustrations, colour photos and with new and expanded rule sections covering new races, new troop types, new tactics and much more, all making WARHAMMER BATTLE 3rd Edition incredible value at just £14.99!

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The Prince of Darkness has returned, and now seeks his revenge on all of Europe for his defeat at the hands of von Helsing and his associates eight years previously. In this 2-4 player boardgame one person plays the Count, moving secretly and trying to avoid capture and final destruction before his vampiric empire can be formed. DRACULA is a boxed game, and contains full colour maps and metal miniatures of the playing pieces.

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A set of 8 large full colour floorplans with 4 extra overlay sheets for use with the JUDGE DREDD ROLEPLAYING GAME and WARHAMMER 40,000, including a 16 page booklet for generating citi-blocks, their inhabitants and even their criminal records! Also contains extra WARHAMMER rules for street fighting.

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WARHAMMER CITY £8.99
Discover the secrets of Middenheim, one of the great cities of the Empire in this hard backed supplement for WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY. With full colour A2 map and a complete overview of the inhabitants, politics and religions etc, WARHAMMER CITY is indispensable for both players and GM's. But beware! for Middenheim has it's darker side too...

JUDGE DREDD COMPANION £9.99
The long-awaited hardbacked supplement to the incredibly popular JUDGE DREDD ROLEPLAYING GAME contains not only new rules, adventures and articles on Mega-City Ones finest, but descriptions of Brit-Cit, the rules for Shuggy, a complete boardgame 'Block-Out!' and more! Invaluable for any JD gamers or JD fans, and incredible value at just £9.99!

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In the future, the battlefields are no longer ruled by tanks and infantry, but by huge fighting machines known as 'Mechs, standing tens of meters high, and packing more firepower than an old armour division. BATTLETECH is a game of armoured combat, and comes as a 2 or more player boxed game complete with full-colour maps and counters.

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An expansion for BATTLETECH, CITITECH adds more units, including vehicles and men as well as giving rules for urban combat environments, special fighting situations and more! Comes boxed, with full colour maps and colour counters.

AEROTECH £12.95
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Experience the thrill of starfighter combat! Climb into your battered but trusty X-Wing fighter, lock in your R2 unit and take off into deep space with your comrades to fight against the awesome might of the Empire - TIE fighters, Starbombers and even Imperial Star Destroyers! A boxed game for 2 or more players, illustrated with stills from the movies!

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BRIGANDS OF MIRKWOOD £3.50
A scenario pack for MERP with three separate adventures set around the settlement of Strayhold, a ragtag collection of dark buildings whose traders cater for vagabonds and rogues, where honest men must tread carefully to avoid the attentions of the slavers and their minions.

THE ROMULANS £8.95
For STAR TREK: THE ROLEPLAYING GAME. Discover the secrets of the Federation's most mysterious enemies. This informative pack contains two books, the StarFleet Intelligence Sourcebook, describing the Romulan peoples and Navy, and the Games Operation Manual, giving rules for running and creating Romulan characters.

LIVING STEEL £11.95
A new roleplaying game where you join the ranks of elite warriors charged with the defence of humanity against the alien hordes. But you have little in the way of weapons, and less in the way of help.

SEVEN SWORDS £4.50
A Living Steel supplement detailing the characters, worlds and history of the Seven Worlds systems.

BATTLE OF HALJI £14.95
Become a plant! What's more, become an intelligent, alien plant, and then try to survive - and win - in this boardgame conflict with others of your kind, using other lifeforms as weapons and soldiers on a planet so hostile even the rain can kill!

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Monday to Friday Between 8.30am and 5.00pm
It was pouring with rain, and the taxi driver was psychotic. I just sat there, wishing there was a way I could close my eyes without looking conspicuous. It was only a drive across town to Citadel's Eastwood factory. The taxi driver seemed to be under the impression that it was a leg of the Lombard Rally.

The trip made me feel happier about missing lunch, and by the time I had run to the cover of the reception area, the rain that had soaked through my jacket could do nothing to detract from the overwhelming sense of relief.

Time to see The Boss.

As I entered the office, Bryan Ansell, GW's managing director, and Bob Naismith, Citadel Miniatures' top man, were both looking fairly pleased with themselves. All I knew then was that they wanted to talk about plastics. So what's the big deal?

They took the production samples of Citadel's Warhammer Regiments that I had brought over from the studio, and subjected the collection of sprues to close inspection. Bryan turned to Bob. 'The weapons. The blades are all snapped. These areas are too weak.'

Bob nods and makes a mental note to deal with the problem after the interview. It's only a minor hiccup. Before long, the sixty figure boxed set will be on the shelves of games shops throughout the country.

And that will be a major step forward. Bryan elaborates. 'With the Warhammer Regiments we can produce the first viable 28mm plastic gaming miniature - every bit as good as a metal figure.' He moves to the seat behind his desk. 'In the past, people have tried to make plastic wargames figures using primitive technology. Big companies have made model soldiers of more or less the right size, but they've missed the point of what is expected of a gaming miniature, by way of presence and stature, style, and dynamism.'

Bob puts the claim into context. 'What we're trying to do here is to open the market in ways that we could never touch with metal, simply because of the cost of the miniatures. We can now reach an audience that we know is there.'

It all sounds like a grand master plan, but Citadel have spent years perfecting the detail and imagery of their metal figures. Nor have earlier experiments with plastics always been successful. Remember the Fighting Fantasy figures?

...although everybody thinks they know what these things look like, when you're trying to find something typical, it's never quite that simple...

Bryan does. 'Everytime we do something we learn a little bit more. Nobody could claim that our old 60mm plastics were a raving success but we've learnt how to do all sorts of interesting things since then. We're finding possibilities now that the plastics industry never expected.

'When we were doing the plastic space marines, we mocked up some of what we wanted in metal and took them to a tooling specialist and said, "Right we want these doing in plastic," and we were told, "It can't be done, mate." It wasn't considered feasible to get that level of detail and animation.'

Bob outlines the problems they faced. 'Capturing the look of a Citadel miniature in plastic was absolutely essential. The original sculpted figure, from which a plastic model is made, is designed three times larger than the final product. The problem we had with the FF figures was in making a figure that looked awkward in its enlarged state. It was very difficult to visualise the final product from this perspective.

'But we're used to these techniques now. We've applied them successfully to the Skeleton Hordes and Space Marines. Now, when you stand the final miniature next to a metal one, it looks just fine.

'The other problem is that the realm of plastics is much more disciplined than metal. Metal figures are made in a rubber mould which is very forgiving. There are often awkward traps and crevices, but because the rubber bends easily, you can get the figure out - and that's why you can also strive for attention to detail. But with a plastic figure, your mould is made of steel and that isn't going to move. The only thing that will be damaged when removing the model is the figure itself, so if you leave the slightest trap or loophole in the mould then the thing just won't come out. Considering the machine is automatic, slamming shut and reopening every thirty seconds, running twenty four hours a day, this has to be avoided.

'Also, we're trying to get generic forms - your classic Dwarf, your classic Orc - things like that. But although everybody thinks they know what these things look like, when you're trying to find something typical, it's never quite that simple.

'I go through, say all our figures of Orcs, and pick the ones that seem to be most representative, the size, weaponry, clothes and that sort of thing. Then I photocopy them up to three times their original size, give the horribly grainy outlines you get to the figure designers and say, "Right that's what you've got to work from."
‘We use the same designer to make the plastic figures as we use to make the metal ones. For instance, Kevin Adams made the plastic master for the Orc and Jes Goodwin made the plastic master for the Elf. It probably costs a thousand times more to make a plastic figure than it does to make a metal one, so it’s important to get the thing down pat.’

So does this mean that the variety that made Citadel’s metal miniatures so popular is threatened by the new ranges? Bob thinks not. ‘Well obviously, that’s where the metal miniatures come in. People can buy plastics and build the body of their army far more cheaply than is possible at the moment, and then be able to afford the metal generals and other special figures to give it that touch of individuality.’

Bryan is also aware of loyalties and responsibilities. ‘Eventually of course, if it goes the way we think, we expect the bulk of things to be produced in plastic. But we don’t think metal miniatures are ever going to go away, partly because some people collect metal miniatures and have got no reason to change now, but also because however many figures we make in plastic, we will still have the facility to make lots of special figures in metal. At the moment we’re selling more than a million metal miniatures a month and I can’t imagine that market disappearing overnight whatever happens, but as we make plastic figures available and make gaming cheaper, we hope to expand the market. It’s almost bound to substitute for some of the metal.‘

‘We can see the hybrid plastic-metal models coming now. Soon we’ll be making war engines where the basic frame is made of plastic but the detailed work is made in metal. The obvious thing to do is provide the variety.‘

The situation Citadel has finally reached, marks the end of a long but ultimately satisfying struggle. ‘Because we’ve come in from the cold and are starting from scratch, we’re approaching a lot of the problems laterally. We’re managing to sidestep a lot of the supposed shortcomings of plastics. It’s been accepted in that industry that when you make a plastic model, whether it’s animal or human, you get “block off”. We’ve all seen toy soldiers where the area beneath the arm or between the neck and the chin lacks detail. So the butt of a soldier’s gun suddenly swells to fill the gap between the weapon and his hip with a great wadge of plastic. You don’t have to do it like that.‘

‘It’s your approach to making the model - to a large extent it’s what you’re willing to accept. We know that certain standards are absolutely required by our customers and we can’t fob them off with anything less.’

Bob agrees. ‘You’ve got to use the best of everything. The people who are making our plastics moulds for us are the same people who make the moulds for the interiors of Corgi cars and Matchbox cars. They’re skilled engineers.’

‘We sculpt the original in clay - a plasticine type material - then we make a two part resin mould from that. We give the mould to the engineers who use a device with a probe at one end, which is run around inside the mould. Everywhere that moves, a little tiny drill is bored through to help form the details.’

‘We can see the hybrid plastic-metal models coming now. Soon we’ll be making war engines where the basic frame is made of plastic but the detailed work is made in metal. The obvious thing to do is provide the variety.’

The metal cavalry figures you see now are riding big ponies.’

‘John Thornthwaite (often referred to as “the man with no name”, in Culture Shock) has worked in this industry for a long time. He knows who we should be talking to and how to get the best results.’ So that’s who he is!
I ask Bryan if the rest of the industry is aware of Citadel's activities. 'Yes, but we're still having to do more and more of the work ourselves. So we're becoming a real plastics company, doing most of the leg work because nobody else can.' Doing everything by itself is in character for this company, but what about selling the techniques to other interested parties? Bryan's clear on this, too. 'No. This is for us. We're all doing what we really wanted to do when we were kids, aren't we? We're not interested in making grommets, otherwise we'd go out and get a real job.'

The potential is enormous, as Bob illustrates. 'We want to include figures in our games that are every bit as good as the ones you will see on a tabletop. *Dungeonquest, Dracula, Highway Warrior,* all of them will have high quality plastic playing pieces.'

'The thing is,' adds Bryan, 'you can have these figures as just playing pieces or paint them as tabletop quality models and give yourself that added visual appeal when you're playing the game. You have a choice where there wasn't one before.'

Bob continues. 'In *Highway Warrior,* the car combat game, you start off with a basic car and can add weapons to it as you go. We're also producing the 40k Land Raider, the APC, and a kind of tracked motorbike/dune buggy type model. The only problem I have now is getting enough time to do all this. We're demanding more time of the figure designers.

'The other thing we're doing is plastic horses - proper warhorses. Every manufacturer, including ourselves, who has tried to make cavalry has been limited by the cost of metal. The metal cavalry figures you see now are riding big ponies. But with plastics you can make the horses at the right scale without making them expensive, as metal ones would have to be. We will also make the parts interchangeable. The horse will be split down the middle but the different left and right halves will all fit together, allowing you to have as many variants as you can imagine. And the heads will be separate and in different positions. So from a very few basic parts, your choice will be tremendous!'

Then, of course, there's Citadel's new castle. It's something close to Bob's heart. 'What Bryan said to me was, "I want you to make me a castle - a basic castle." So I went away and asked people just how hard they could make stuff in polystyrene and they sent me this sample that was really light, but brick hard. In some ways expanded polystyrene is a misnomer; it should be compacted polystyrene because it's so strong. And that's what they moulded this castle in. It's also got injection moulded plastic parts (in the same way as the figures are made) for doors, ladders and trapdoors.

'The toolmakers made blank, wooden castle wall sections, and brought them over to us. I gave them to Trish Morrison who scribed in all the stonework detail. She could only do this on certain surfaces of the castle (the front and back) because of the way the mould opens and closes. The intricate detail works well on this compacted polystyrene. When it's painted, you can't see any of the beads that make up the plastic itself, it just looks solid.'

'The metal cavalry figures you see now are riding big ponies.'

Normally, absorption of the paint is a problem but this compacted stuff takes paint very well - acrylics being ideal because they're water based and this is pretty waterproof. Enamels or plastic glue would melt it away. Having said that, you could use them to good effect if you wanted to make a damaged section of the wall. But for our test shots, the model was given a once over in grey, dry brushed with a lighter shade and had some flock stuck on it. It looked perfect. There wasn't any need to undercoat it.

'And it's easy to customise as well. You can make keeps, cut walls to shape for different designs, connect wall sections to make a walled city. The next thing Bryan has in mind is plastic buildings. Build yourself a town. Then there's the *Bloodbowl* set, which will have a stadium and a special pitch, rather like astro-turf.'

I ask Bryan if he thinks there might be a problem with the castle being seen as a toy. 'We don't know. We're happy to accept sales from that direction but we won't compromise the hobby end of the product.'
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Book your passage to Griffin Island today!
Rick Priestley's enfeebled mind has now produced so much background material for Warhammer 40,000 that a special publication is being produced to prevent any chance of our pet xenophobe exploding.*

So how good are you then?

**Talisman Enters New Dimension!**

Work has just started on the new Talisman expansion set, and it promises to take your game into a new dimension.

Talisman Timescape is the creation of Canadian Frank Borque and features a not only new set of cards, but also has a new board. This will continue to allow the game to grow physically (as well as in diversity), a process begun with Talisman Dungeon last year.

The success of that expansion (by the game's originator, Bob Harris) showed that there are plenty of people still out for the Crown of Command. Frank's design allows you to set about your quest from a totally different perspective. Talisman Timescape allows your characters (including new ones, like 'Space Marine' and 'Chainsaw Warrior') access to the realms of Time and Space itself, and should be available in early '88.

---

**Title Theft**

Rick Priestley's enfeebled mind has now produced so much background material for Warhammer 40,000 that a special publication is being produced to prevent any chance of our pet xenophobe exploding.

However, Priestley is currently suspected of breaking into the White Dwarf broom cupboard and stealing the title of this journal's own 40K column for the new publication. Priestley denies that this is the case, and told Culture Shock, 'No way, guv. You think Chapter Approved is just a title. It is, in fact, a sentient warp parasite. It probably got bored in your cupboard and slithered its way up the stairs, finally seeking the warmth in one of the Adeptus Administrations' ears. From there, it's obviously assumed control - no great problem really. There's no brain to get in the way.'

---

**Fast Forward**

In three month's time, White Dwarf will be 100 issues old. The magazine will be nearly eleven years old by then. It will have seen two changes of address, seven editors, published over 130 adventures, and 62 Critical Masses.

If you have any suggestions, comments, or queries about what this magazine has done, and what's intended for the future, then write to us now at the Letters Page address. And have patience. WD100 has a few surprises in store.

Barring the apocalypse, well be back next month with another collection of unlikely stories and complete fabrications. But then that's what it's all about isn't it? Fantasy.
WHY SUBSCRIBE to WHITE DWARF when you can buy it in any good newsagents these days? Simple. Since it began, WHITE DWARF has been the best roleplaying magazine available in Britain, and more and more people are reading it every month. WHITE DWARF provides news, ideas, scenarios and information on all of the most popular games, like WARHAMMER ROLEPLAY, WARHAMMER BATTLE and WARHAMMER 40,000, as well as RUNEQUEST III, BLOODBOWL, JUDGE DREDD and a whole host of others, as well as featuring boardgames, figure painting and fantasy illustration, fiction, book reviews and a very lively letters page! Every issue has articles and scenarios by famous authors and game designers, and all of this makes each new large format WHITE DWARF a valuable addition to any gamers library, so to avoid disappointment, Games Workshop are offering you the chance to have it delivered directly to your doorstep every month, along with advanced information on new Citadel figures, up to date Mail Order lists, and periodic special offers!

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Forbidden Fruit
When you're sternly told not to read something, the temptation to disobey is irresistible. Earlier this century, risqué authors would pray to be denounced from the pulpit, thus ensnaring their work weeks on the best-seller list. Maggie Thatcher has given similar vast publicity to Peter Wright's ghost-written Spycatcher... I couldn't resist reading the American edition, which reveals that (a) British counter-intelligence sounds just like John Le Carré on an off day, full of dodgers questioning each other about whether in the 1930s they dallied with forbidden red fruits; (b) Wright's alleged scientific qualifications have got distinctly unconvincing since the 40s; (c) despite boggling stories of incompetence, the book would have vanished without a trace if it hadn't been for our kindly Government's outrage.

Another one that certain interests don't want me to read is Russell Miller's Bare-Faced Messiah: The Story of L. Ron Hubbard. The Church of Scientology opposed its publication with threats and court injunctions, which - as with Spycatcher - didn't claim the text was untrue, merely that it shouldn't be revealed. (Action dismissed in Chancery.) Miller, a British journalist, has done the kind of exhaustive research possible only in America, where public files are accessible via the Freedom of Information Act. (We lucky Brits just have an Official Secrets Act.) Without rancour or moralizing, Miller traces Hubbard's incredible career from pulp SF writer to guru of Dianetics/Scientology to unmistakably paranoid loony. Even before Hubbard took to issuing grandiose and provably untrue versions of his careers as 'war hero', 'nuclear scientist' etc, he was a compulsive teller of tall tales. Even before he'd built a repressive organisation of his own, he routinely tried to get even with people - including his own wife - by denouncing them to the FBI as communists. (As early as 1951, FBI investigators filed him as 'a mental case'.)

This mightn't seem to bear on Hubbard's SF (despite snippets about Battlefield Earth, which L. Ron boasted he'd written in one month), but there are messages for SF fans. The 1987 World SF Convention, held in Brighton, was plastered with expensive Hubbard publicity aimed at buying him respectability as a great SF author (on the strength of his dire posthumous 'dekalogy') and patron of the arts. Read Bare-Faced Messiah for a solidly researched portrait of the man whose official Holy Writ once declared that opponents 'may be deprived of property or injured by any means... May be tricked, sued or lie to or destroyed.'

I have a high opinion of Isaac Asimov's honesty and integrity: in sharp contrast to Hubbard, he's always been convinced of truth. Fifty years after it seems, he's fretted about his novelisation of the film Fantastic Voyage, whose terrific idea (medical team in miniaturised sub enters bloodstream to perform surgery from within) and nice effects suffered from a trite storyline with gaping logical holes - the worst of which, like

in with the 'real' fiction of the book, the narrative steers a sometimes horrifying and sometimes blackly funny course into the metafictional territory of works like Christopher Priest's The Affirmation. The writing is nifty in the extreme; the characters are successfully realistic, sympathetic, hilarious or unnervingly creepy; sometimes all of these together. Every possible double meaning in the title gets its due airing, and I defy you to predict the outrageous final chapter. Buy this one.

Blood of Amber (Sphere 215pp £2.75) continues Roger Zelazny's 'new Amber trilogy', which began with Trumps of Doom. The initial pentalogy had occasional classy moments amid the longeurs; but nowadays Amber feels like an FRP campaign which has been running too long, with too many wobbling characters and plot holes. Out of it all comes hero Merle Corey (son of the pentology's Corwin), who is not merely super-strong, magically gifted and able to walk between worlds, but is the only person ever to have mastered the contradictory Patterns of Amber and Chaos, giving him all sorts of handy ad hoc utilities such as being able to call up swords, beer or pizza from nothingness, kick sand in people's faces, etc. In addition to which he carries a cuddly, gorgeously animated and prophetic strangling cord called Frakir, plus the routine set of Trumps allowing multiversal-wide travel and communication, plus some mysterious extra Trumps as emergency plot devices, and then there's this magical blue crystal staff, and as well as that our hero's spent odd weekends constructing Ghostwheel, a supernatural computer complex of world-shaking powers, and when in spite of all this he finds himself in a particularly tight spot, Zelazny hastily makes him a shapinglord of Chaos as well... Enough. Despite a few good wisecracks and neat ideas, Corey's plethora of powers can't revitalise the over-familiar Amber gimmickry and revenge plot.

Which isn't to say that an aged plot can't still enthral. Hwaet! From off the moorlands misting fells/Came Grendal stalking.... From the 8th century, Beowulf still carries power; in 1981, actor Julian Glover tried to recreate the experience of listening to a scop, a devised a 'one-man performance' version in modern English, with lengthier digressions omitted. In print (Alan Sutton Publishing 135pp) it reads very well, especially aloud, and is finely illustrated by Sheila Mackie. Something to spend those Xmas book tokens on.

So now I'm discussing epic fantasy reprints first written down circa AD 1000. This column has drifted into the habit of ending with a condensed reprint list, usually books already reviewed here: functional but possibly tedious... though you wouldn't want to miss Ramsey Campbell's eldrich The Hungry Moon (Arrow 428pp £2.95), in its third paperback printing by the time they sent me a copy. Anyone who prefers (or hates) this issue's longer reviews of fewer books, they sent me a copy. Anyone who prefers (or hates) this issue's longer reviews of fewer books, general omission of mere namechecks, should let me know. Act without thinking! This means you!

Dave Langford
I've invited a few old friends round for a party - I promised them we could do a bit of slapstick - the usual, phony messing - senseless violence but no one gets hurt - understand? Here's a cracker for you!

Right - Special festive episode this month - you'll have to lose the axe - this is supposed to be the season of goodwill!

Oh very clever - I suppose you think that's amusing - well it's no wonder we've got no friends...

No fear of personal injury he says!

A chance to get back some of the fun for Christmas he says!

Now now everyone - what about a bit of Christmas spirit? Anyone can make a mistake!
In addition to his ordinary attacks, Balgorg may breathe fire like a Dragon. He can cast any Demonic or Battle magic spell, without having to expend Mage Points.

Unlike the other Baalrukh, Balgorg may also cast any Elemental spells.

Foims Values 1000

Each model is a fine example of exquisite sculpting, and attention to detail. They will appeal to modellers and collectors as much, or maybe more, than Warhammer players.

The Baalrukh are the foulest, the most evil, and above all most powerful of the demons. There are said to be six Baalrukh, numbered amongst them is Balgorg Fire Breath, drinker of souls, and breaker of stone.

Balgorg is a Baalrukh Greater Demon. Balgorg follows all the rules given for greater demons and the Baalrukh as given in the Warhammer MM Bestiary.

He may be summoned using the fourth level Demonic spell, Summon Greater Demon. Alternatively Balgorg may be used as an army commander for any Chaos, Goblinoid, Skaven or Undead army of over 3,500 points.

Balgorg

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In addition to his ordinary attacks, Balgorg may breathe fire like a Dragon. He can cast any Demonic or Battle magic spell, without having to expend Mage Points. Unlike the other Baalrukh, Balgorg may also cast any Elemental spells.

Points Value: 1000

Balgorg was designed by Teisha Morrison. Each model is a fine example of exquisite sculpting and attention to detail. They will appeal to modellers and collectors as much, or maybe more, than Warhammer players.

REPEATING CROSSBOWS IN WARHAMMER FANTASY BATTLE

Movement: Use the rules given for bolt throwers except that 4 man variants may move without needing to be dismantled.

Firing

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<tr>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Range</th>
<th>Strength</th>
<th>Save Mod</th>
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<tr>
<td>2 crew</td>
<td>20&quot;</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>3 crew</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 crew</td>
<td>40&quot;</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>-2</td>
<td>D2+1</td>
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* The number in brackets is the cost without crew, the second number includes Dark Elf crew armed with hand weapons and wearing light armour.

Fire procedure:

1. Nominate the target using normal targeting restrictions.
2. The engine is allowed 3 shots per turn, rolled for one after the other. The 3 shots are assumed to be against different parts of the target unit - these shots may carry through to the second and subsequent ranks (see the rulebook).
3. The engine may panic fire. It is allowed 6 shots in a single turn, subtracting 1 from each hit roll. Once this is done, the engine cannot fire again for the remainder of the game.

Crew: Only specialised repeating crossbow crew may use this engine.

Armies: A Dark Elf army may contain 3 Repeating Crossbow Engines.
THE VALLEY OF DEATH

A Warhammer III Conflict for 2 - 4 players and a Gamesmaster

By Matt Connell

'Damn it! A pox on all Gobbo scum!'
Barnok Blatterzarn ran his gnarled fingers through the luxuriant silver curls of his magnificent beard, glaring at the hapless Dwarf before him.

The leader of the wide patrol responsible for Barnok's foul humour shifted uneasily - it wasn't his fault that a large force of Goblins and Orcs were moving up the pass. Still, he was the bearer of bad tidings...

'Be still and let me think!' Roared Barnok.

As the Patrol Leader stood rigid, Barnok toyed with his excessively large battle axe.

'Right, get Tarthan and tell her I want the troops ready to march in four hours, and despatch the following message to Dunerka-a-Veran at Carag Eight peaks......'

Dunerka scanned the runes scratched on the piece of parchment while the messenger gasped for breath.

'Well run, lad! Now rest a moment, for it may be the last chance you get for a while. Olrik? Olrik!'

The powerful voice of the legendary woman carried through the hold to Olrik Alensa's chamber, where the mighty warrior was gambling with a serving boy.

'Dammit! Oh vell, yust ven it was gettink interestink. Still, it sounds urgent.'

With a few muttered Norse swear words, Olrik ran to Dunerka's chamber and was given the news that a mixed force of Goblinoids was slowly making its way up the pass towards Carak Oran, the hold of Barnok Blatterzarn, and Carag Eight Peaks, their own hold.

'Gut, for sure I yam needink a liddle exercisink, I wonder if dere is any Trolls? Dis vill be even better dan de dices! I vill get der troops togedder at vonce.'

Away to the east a rather different scene was taking place...

'Goz off, yer grotty snotgobbler! This is my rabbit, garn find yer own.'

Skimgol 'The Butcher' Zekaarg watched enviously as his boss, Vomitskrag Krusher, absent-mindedly toyed with the squeaking ball of fur. It had been a while since they entered this valley, and it was about time they found some Stunties instead of wasting their efforts on rabbits. Skimgol decided to risk all and voice his opinion...

'Urrum, boss, well, um...

Vomitskrag gave him a look that would wither a Troll at fifty paces and spat out some small, furry bits.

'Wot?'

Heartened by the lack of violence in this reply, Skimgol continued. 'Well, yer boss-ship, its gettin' a bit 'ard to control ther lads. I mean, I erd some them wonderin' if Snottings wos good to eat, and fings is gettin' a bit, erm, well - kina tense wiv them Gobbos.'

Vomitskrag thought for a while, the effort showing on his contorted features.

'Righto then, lets go an* get us some action. Yoo go an tell that Gan Green git of a Gobbo that we're movin' out, an if ee wants some action, ee'd berrer come an all.'

Skimgol looked puzzled for a moment.

'I fort we wos after Stunties, not Aktions, boss...no boss, wot did I say? ...Hooofffff'
In this supplement are 50 of the greatest heroes in the Known World*

*Just as soon as you've created them, that is.

At last, the new, revised WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY character sheet is here! This pack contains 50 character sheets for recording everything you'll need to know about your characters - right down to hair and eye colour.

And that's not all! Included in the pack is a specially written booklet expanding background for player characters and NPC's, with name generators, family background, and much, much more!

Available from all good games and hobby stockists, or in case of difficulty, direct from: Games Workshop, Unit 3, 14-15, Victoria Street, Ashton-Under-Lyne, Manchester, M26 8IQ, England.

For UK customers please contact: Games Workshop UK, 4920 Route 108, Columbia, MO 65203, USA.
THE VALLEY OF DEATH

OUTLINE

This battle takes place in the Worlds Edge Mountains, south of the Blood River and east of the Badlands. The battle zone is a valley pass which leads west to the Dwarfen holds of Carak Oran (Black Crag) and Carag Eight Peaks.

It is now early summer, the traditional raiding season for Goblinoids. These raids are a chance to gain land, loot and enjoy the finer things in life, such as bar-b-qued Dwarf. The raids also cull the weakest in the tribe, ensuring a healthy breeding stock and therefore, in the long term, a strong tribe.

To the end of making such a raid, an unlikely alliance has been formed between the Orc Vomitskrag 'Pukebreath' Krusher, and the Goblin Leader, Gan Green. Both leaders hope that combining their forces will lead to substantially increased spoils of war.

The Goblinoid forces have been moving for almost a month, losing momentum and slowing to almost a complete standstill - and discipline is now becoming a thing of the past (well, lets face it, it was never a strong point!), with squabbling and fighting becoming commonplace between the various factions that make up this mass of Goblinkind.

The leaders have finally realised the dangers of this situation and so have exercised their authority (with a view to giving the troops something other than old rivalries to worry about). Now the army is once again moving west up the valley, where it is rumoured that there are Stuntie holds to be pillaged...

A Dwarven 'Wide Patrol' on a scouting mission from Carag Oran has spotted the Goblinoid army coming up the valley and so the alarm has been raised in the two Dwarven holds there. Both these armies have been mobilised and despatched to stop the Goblinoids.

Thus, two forces of Dwarfs are moving east along the valley with a view to defending their homelands, whilst the Goblinoid rabble move west - dreaming of Stuntie sandwiches. This sleepy, sun washed valley will soon become the valley of death!

FORCES

The forces involved in the battle have been split into four commands. In a four player game each player takes one command. In a three player game the most experienced player should take command of either both Dwarfen commands or the two Goblinoid commands. The other players take one each of the remaining commands. In a two player game one player commands all the Dwarfen troops; the other takes the Goblinoid commands.

Each of the following sections provides details of the troops belonging to each command along with details of its leaders and special figures. Notes are also provided on the aims of the commander of each unit: achieving these will secure victory points. See the Victory Conditions for further details.

It is important that each player reads only the details of their own forces. All other information is for the GM only, who can give each player any background from the outline which is considered appropriate. Permission is granted to make photocopies (for personal use only) of the relevant sections of this scenario. These can then be handed out to the army commanders.

The two armies (Dwarf and Goblinoids) are large, and the battle will take some time to complete so, gird your whatevers, and get to it!
BARNOK BLATTERZARN'S DWARVEN REAVERS

Commander's Brief

So, a tide of filthy Orcs, Goblins - and Grungni knows what else - is moving up the valley towards your hold! Well, if they think for one moment that they're going to get past you, then their pathetic intellect is even worse than you thought.

It is vitally important that they don't get past you (or the troops of Dunerka-a-Vereen, your ally), for all your forces are here, and behind lies a clear way to your hold, mighty Carak Oran, defended by only a few veterans, who, while valiant, would stand little chance against a major onslaught.

You have only had time for a hasty tactical conference with Dunerka, during which it was decided that you would be responsible for holding the northernmost bridge, which crosses a branch of the River Rustk.

You can now see the first enemies approaching, and with that sight comes the surge of battle fury! It has been a long time since your axe last did its gory work, but that time has come again.

Barnok Blatterzarn - Level 20 Dwarf Hero

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Barnok wears heavy armour, giving an armour saving throw of 5 or 6. Barnok wields a double-handed weapon.

Barnok is an individually based model and can attach himself to any Dwarf unit under his command.

Barnok is a feared and respected commander of almost legendary standing in Carak Oran. A harsh disciplinarian, his name is often used by harassed Dwarf parents to quieten unruly children, a state of affairs which would not displease him.

Barnok's battle standard depicts a mighty black axe on a red background.

Tarthan Trollbaiter and Balzud Ugal - Level 10 Dwarf Heroine and Hero

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Tarthan wears light armour, giving an armour saving throw of 6. She wields a double-handed weapon.

Tarthan is a fanatical follower of Barnok and her hatred of Goblins know no bounds. She uses Orc's blood to spike her hair. Some of her troops think this is a teeny bit tasteless, but none would dare to bring it up in conversation!

Balzud's weapon is an axe (hand weapon). He wields light armour and carries a shield, giving an armour saving throw of 5 or 6.

Balzud's name means 'Hand of Iron Strength', and he boasts that he can crush a Goblin's head in one hand. Those who wish to avoid being splattered with what serves Goblins for brains, should refrain from asking for a demonstration.

Tarthan and Balzud are both individually based models and can attach themselves to any unit under Barnok Blatterzarn's command.

Dwarfs - 65 Warriors

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These are split into units as follows:

**The Ka-a-bab Skewcers:** A unit of 15 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer. They are armed with pikes, wear light armour and carry shields. Their armour confers a saving throw of 5 or 6.

These violent little chaps are happiest with two or three Goblins writhing on their pikes (or 'skewers', as they will insist on calling them). This image is presented in glorious technicolour on their battle standard.

**Harpen's Hillmen:** A unit of 15 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer. They are armed with hand weapons, wear light armour and carry shields. Their armour gives a saving throw of 5 or 6.

This stout band of Dwarfs is a valued part of Barnok's army. Their standard shows a green hill with a sword sticking in it.

**Tarquin's Twangies:** A unit of 15 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer and a musician. They are armed with hand weapons and crossbows and wear light armour. Their armour gives a saving throw of 6.

The Twangies are often sneered at by the rest of the army because of their name and somewhat foppish mode of dress - but the sneers always dry up when the Twangies demonstrate their ability to lay down a withering hail of quarrels. Their standard shows a yellow rose and crossed quarrels.

**Tabasco's Burners:** This regiment of 10 Dwarf Troll Slayes are armed with two-handed weapons and wear no armour. They are subject to frenzy.

The Burners prepare themselves for battle by drinking a strange red liquid, the formula for which is a jealously guarded secret. This potent brew transforms them into snarling, incoherent, red faced maniacs - feared by friend and foe alike.

**The Artillery Guards:** A unit of 5 Dwarfs armed with hand weapons and crossbows. They wear light armour and carry shields. Their armour gives a saving throw of 5 or 6.

This small unit of well armed Dwarfs is used to defend the Stone Thrower (see below).

Kadrim's Upchucker - 5 man Stone Thrower

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<tr>
<th>Range Min Max</th>
<th>Template</th>
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<th>Save Mod.</th>
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<tr>
<td>16' 80'</td>
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<td>-4</td>
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A fearsome war machine, the Upchuckers presence on the battlefield is sure to strike fear and loathing into your enemies hearts!

**Stone Thrower Crew - 5 Dwarfs:** These Dwarfs are armed with hand weapons and are unarmoured.

Obsessive, introverted engineers, these Dwarfs are always muttering about 'arcs of fire', 'trajectory' and other such arcane secrets.
**Dunerka-a-Veran’s Deadly Dwarfs**

**Commander’s Brief**

When the message arrived from your ally, Barnok Blatterzarn, telling of a filthy gobbo horde approaching your lands, you received it with mixed emotions, for while battle is glorious, many fine Dwarfs stand to lose their lives. But, if what the priests say is true, these Dwarfs are assured a speedy journey to sit in honour by Grungni’s side.

Enough of these musings, for there is a battle to be won - and win it you must, for if any of the filth get past your troops (and those of Barnok’s) they will find your hold easy pickings, for all your forces are committed to the battle about to be fought.

In a brief discussion with Barnok it was decided that you would be responsible for holding the southern bridge that crosses the River Rustk. Now you can see the horde, their approach raising a vast dust cloud, you are committed - they shall not pass!

In a brief discussion with Barnok it was decided that you would be responsible for holding the southern bridge that crosses the River Rustk. Now you can see the horde, their approach raising a vast dust cloud, you are committed - they shall not pass!

**Dunerka-a-Veran - Level 20 Dwarf Heroine**

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Dunerka is armed with a hand weapon, wears heavy armour and uses a shield. Her armour gives her a saving throw of 4,5 or 6.

Dunerka is an individually based model and can attach herself to any unit under her command.

From an early age Dunerka demonstrated a warlike bent, knocking her father unconscious if she was sent to bed early. Recognising her potential with a credible lack of umbrage, he sent her for military training. Dunerka hasn’t looked back since, although her early enthusiasm for war has been tempered by an appreciation of its wastes, making her a careful tactician with a knack for complex manoeuvres on the battlefield.

Dunerka’s battle standard shows a double headed axe embedded in a pile of Goblin heads.

**Olrik Alenza - Level 10 Dwarf Hero**

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Olrik is armed with a halberd and wears light armour. His armour gives a saving throw of 6.

In his younger days Olrik spent some time with a clan of Norse Dwarfs. Impressed with their ways he adopted one of their names (he used to be called Oran). He now dresses in large furs, and also speaks with an irritating Norse accent.

Olrik will usually lead The Mashers (see below) into battle. Remember that if they go into a frenzy, so does Olrik.

**Dwarfs - 58 Warriors**

These warriors are split into units as follows:

**Harold’s Best:** A unit of 15 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer and musician. They are armed with hand weapons, wear light armour and carry shields, giving an armour saving throw of 5 or 6.

This unit carries on the memory of Harold the Huge - a Dwarf who reached the mighty height of five (yes, five) feet. All the warriors of this unit are bigger than your average Dwarf. Their standard shows mighty Harold towering over a wimpy looking Orc.

**Brunt’s Bruisers:** A unit of 10 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer. They are armed with double-handed weapons and wear light armour, giving a saving throw of 6.

This over-muscled, under-brained group of thugs wear studded leather armbands, have long, greasy hair and speak in monosyllabic grunts. They don’t ‘arf make a mess of Gobbos, though! Their standard shows a gore-splattered hammer.

**The Pincushioners:** A unit of 15 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer and musician. They are armed with hand weapons and crossbows and are unarmoured.

Mean and deadly, the Pincushioners can provide useful covering fire for other units. Their standard depicts an arrow peppered Goblin.

**Olrik’s Mighty Mashers:** A unit of 10 Dwarf Troll Slayers armed with hand weapons and carrying shields. The shields give an armour saving throw of 6. The Mashers are subject to frenzy.

Usually led by Olrik (see above) these fearsome fanatics goad themselves into a frenzy and then launch into battle with glazed eyes and whirling blades - very dangerous!

**Artillery Guards:** A unit of 5 Dwarfs armed with crossbows and hand weapons. They wear light armour and carry shields giving them a saving throw of 5 or 6.

This unit is used to defend Kablamm and its crew (see below).

**Kablamm - 3 man Organ Gun (three barrels)**

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<th>Range</th>
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<td>36&quot;</td>
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* For each additional 12" of range, the organ gun’s strength is reduced by -1.

A product of the secret workshops of the Engineers Guild, Kablamm should be able to cut a swathe through any enemy unit - assuming it doesn’t explode!

**Kablamm’s Crew - 3 Dwarfs:** Armed with hand weapons and wearing no armour, these four deaf and smoke-blackened Dwarfs get a real kick out of the uncertainty of letting off a really big gun. Most of the army regard them as slightly (?) mad.
VOMITSKRAG KRUSHER'S ORC NASTIES

Commander's Brief

Well, here you is, 'alf way up this stoopid valley, one 'ole month from ome and no Stuntie 'olds yet! It woon't be no problem if it weren't fer the fact that the lads is gettin restless, not to mention the Trolls gettin 'angry - and we all know how dodgy Trolls is. I mean they is even more stoopid than wot Gobbos is - an' Gobbos is about as fick as, erm, well about as fick as a pile of Snotting doos!

Hold it 'arf a mo - wots that up ahead? Woor, brill. Stunties! Well, praps not so brill, the'res bleedin thousands of 'em. Hmm - this calls for some brancs. It's a good job yoor clever, innit?

You reckon that if there is this many Stunties out here then there can't be many where they came from - so far so good, but where did they come from...erm... GODDIT! They must of came out of an old, and yood be a real hero if you looted an 'old. It's bound to be full of gold an' gems an' all sorts of really neat fings!

So, if you can get past the Stuties iterd be ded easy to outrun 'em back to their hold, nick all the goodies and scarper! Wot a plan, its yoor bestist yet! Now, yood berrer tell the lads and let the Gobbos know an all. They would newer link up somink this brill on their own...

Vomitskrag Krusher - Level 20 Orc Hero

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*9+3 for rout and psychology tests taken while mounted.

Vomitskrag is mounted on a boar:

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Vomitskrag is armed with a hand weapon, wears light armour and carries a shield. This armour, coupled with the bonus for being mounted gives a saving throw of 3, 4, 5 or 6.

Known as 'Pukebreath' when he isn't around, Vomitskrag's personal habits are beyond description. No, you're not going to hear them - and don't give me that line about 'in the interest of anthropological completeness'.

Vomitskrag is an individually based model and can attach himself to any Orc unit.

Ragged-ear Kraal and Skimgol 'The Butcher' Zekaarg - Level 10 Orc Heroes

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Kraal wields a hand weapon, wears light armour and carries a shield. This armour gives him a saving throw of 5 or 6 and reduces his movement allowance by ½" to 3½".

Kraal got his prefix when, drunk on spitberry juice, he decided that serrated ears would improve his looks. His longtime partner, Skimgol, did the business with his cleaver and, on the whole, Kraal is well pleased with the results.

Skimgol is armed with an evil looking double-handed weapon and wears light armour. This armour gives Skimgol a saving throw of 6.

Hated and feared by those under his command, Skimgol is sadistic, warped and definitely not nice - your ideal Orc anti-hero!

Both Kraal and Skimgol are individually based models and can attach themselves to any Orc unit, but while the Trolls (see he km) are on the battlefield, Kraal will lead them.

Raving 'Rat' Ripsnarl - Level 15 Orc Wizard

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Magic level: 2 Power Level: 20

Ripsnarl carries a hand weapon and is unarmoured. She can use the following spells:

B1.5 Cure light Injury (3)
B1.7 Flight (5)
B1.15 Wind Blast (2+1 per phase)
B2.7 Mystic Mist (4)
B2.8 Rally (4)
B2.12 Steadfast (4)

The bracketed figure is the magic points cost of the spell.
**GAN GREEN’S GOBLIN GANG**

**Commander’s Brief**

Yoo’ve just sighted a hole load of Stunties up the valley to the west, so its killin’ time again!

Just as you was about to thunder into battle on your ded flashy chariot, the leader of the Orcs wot you decided to let come wif you, Vomitskrag Wassismine, trundled up on that pig wot he rides (not nearly as good as your chariot!) and said that he had fort up a brill plan. You fort this was unlikely, but it turns out it is a pretty brill plan (not that you told ‘im!).

So, you’ve decided to adopt the plan too - to try an’ get round the Stunties wif out fighting them mor’ than wot you have to, an’ then race ‘em back too their hold. Yep, though you hate to admit it, it is a good plan.

Still, the rest of your army don’t ‘ave to know who really fort it up, do they?

**Gan Green - Level 20 Goblin Hero**

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Gan is armed with a magic sword (hand weapon) that increases his Strength by 2 to 6. Gan wears light armour and carries a shield. Gan’s armour gives him a saving throw of 5 or 6.

Gan sees himself as a fearless and mighty warrior and prefers to lead The Wheelies thundering into battle (in which case he rides one of the chariots), although he can join any Goblin unit. Gan’s battle standard depicts a chariot scythe decapitating a cowering Stuntie.

**Zitpicker Zorn and Blackhead the Worse than Normal - Level 10 Goblin Heroes**

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Zitpicker is armed with a spear and wears light armour, giving him an armour saving throw of 6.

Blackhead is armed with a short bow and a spear, wears light armour, carries a shield and rides a Giant Wolf. This armour, coupled to the ‘mounted’ bonus gives Blackhead a saving throw of 4, 5 or 6.

The stats for Blackhead’s Giant Wolf can be found with the Howling Slaughterers, below.

Known as the ‘Spot Brothers’, Zitpicker and Blackhead have a lot in common - heave-inducing complexions and a hatred of all things Dwarven (well, all things really). Both the Spot Brothers are individually based models and can join any Goblin regiment, although Blackhead’s favored position is with The Howling Slaughterers (see below).
Transmission 1. By means of posing as a degenerate artist I have succeeded in infiltrating the Games Workshop Secret Base. After almost a week of undercover work I have gained access to their most sensitive areas. It is worse than we thought. Not only is Games Workshop the undeniable originator of the awesome Warhammer 40,000 game and miniatures, but the fiends are even now planning to launch a fresh assault upon humanity. More to follow. I must paint some goblins or they will begin to suspect.

Transmission 2. The work here amounts to virtual slavery. The strange thing is they all seem to enjoy it. I can now reveal the nature of the new threat. It is called CHAPTER APPROVED and like the White Dwarf feature of the same name it is devoted exclusively to the WH40K game. Have they no mercy? It is too much to imagine - a whole 96 pages devoted to Warhammer 40,000. The impact on the Imperium could be devastating. I painted a goblin pink yesterday. I think they are beginning to suspect.

Transmission 3. It's too much... 16 pages of Warhammer 40,000 miniatures including new heavy support weapons, Marines, Army, Zoats and others. Complete army lists exposing the inner-most secrets of the Ultramarines and Whitescar chapters of Space Marines as well as the Penal Legion, Eldar Pirates and others. A complete Warhammer 40,000 campaign featuring the Spacewolves chapter of Space Marines and renegade Orks from the abominable Empire of Charadon. Fantastic colour illustrations. A brilliant competition and unbelievable prizes. A complete painting guide from John Blanche... a creature long known to be possessed by warp-demons. I think they've found me out. It was painting little flowers on the Chaos Warriors that aroused their suspicion. No wait...they're coming...they're coming...argggg!

Transmission 4. Inquisitor Bond is busy right now. He fits in much better now we've burned half his brain out. He'd just like to say that WARHAMMER 40,000 CHAPTER APPROVED is going to blow your human minds! And it's out soon.

Available from all good games and hobby stockists, or in case of difficulty, direct from: Games Workshop Ltd, Chewton Street, Hilltop, Eastwood, Nottingham, NG10 4JY.

US customers please contact: Games Workshop US, 8920 Route 108, COLUMBIA, MD 21045, USA.

FOR ACCESS & VISA ORDERS RING THE MAIL ORDER HOTLINES ON (073) 713215/760462
These are split into units as follows:

**The Stuntie SPIKERS:** A unit of 40 Goblins, including a standard bearer and a musician. They are armed with spears and wear no armour.

Looking like a huge hedgehog this large unit of nasty little green chaps takes a lot of pushing back. The Spikers' standard shows a forest of spears, whilst the musician's favourite number is 'Ere we go, 'Ere we go, 'Ere we go... He deeply resents accusations that he doesn't know any other songs - it's just that he has trouble remembering them.

**Slashing Slashers' Slashing Slashers:** A unit of 25 Goblins, including a standard bearer and a musician. They are armed with hand weapons, wear light armour and carry shields. Their armour gives a saving throw of 5 or 6, and also confers a movement penalty of \( \frac{1}{2} \) reducing their movement rate to \( 3 \frac{1}{2} \) x.

The Slashers only accept those Goblins who can say the regiment's full name correctly first time. They rightly regard themselves as something of an intellectual elite amongst Goblins.

**Zartrag's Shooters:** A unit of 20 Goblins, including a standard bearer. They are armed with hand weapons and short bows, and are unarmoured.

As long as they don't get into melee, where their poor weapon skill lets them down, the Shooters can be useful for pinning down enemy units. The Shooter's standard depicts a Goblin fist.

**Zargrag's Shooters:** A unit of 20 Goblins, including a standard bearer. They are armed with hand weapons and short bows, and are unarmoured.

A particularly unimaginative bunch, the Sproinggs named themselves after the noise that happens when they all let fly at once.

**We've Got Nasty Pointy Things And We're Going To Use Them:** A unit of 20 Goblins, including a standard bearer. They are armed with javelins and hand weapons and carry shields. The shields give an armour saving throw of 6.

Winners of 'The Most Unwieldy Unit Title Award' for the last five years, the Pointy Things, as they are most often known, are a rather immature group of Goblins who delight in sticking their Pointy Things into Dwarfs. Their standard shows - you guessed it - a Pointy Thing.

**The Howling Slaughterers:** A unit of 12 Goblins mounted on Giant Wolves. They are armed with hand weapons and bows, wear light armour and carry shields. Their armour, coupled with the bonus for being mounted, gives the Slaughterers a saving throw of 4, 5 or 6.

**The Howling Slaughterers' (and Blackhead's) Giant Wolves**

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Usually led into battle by Blackhead the Worse Than Normal, the Slaughterers are best used to harry the enemy on the flanks, where they can cause considerable trouble.

**Fogrot Frother's Raving Psychos:** 5 Goblin Fanatics, armed with balls and chains. These honoured few have been chosen for a glory-filled spin round the battlefield. They should be hidden in the existing Goblin regiments (above).

**The Wheelies - 2 Goblin Light Chariots:** The chariots are fitted with scythes.

Each chariot is pulled by 2 Giant Wolves:

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<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>Id</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Cl</th>
<th>WP</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9 4</td>
<td>0 3</td>
<td>3 3</td>
<td>1 3</td>
<td>1 3</td>
<td>4 4</td>
<td>4 4</td>
<td>4 4</td>
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Each chariot has a crew of 2 Goblins:

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<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
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<th>S</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>Id</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Cl</th>
<th>WP</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4 2</td>
<td>3 3</td>
<td>3 3</td>
<td>1 2</td>
<td>1 5</td>
<td>5 5</td>
<td>5 5</td>
<td>5 5</td>
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</table>

The crew are armed with hand weapons and wear light armour. Their armour gives them a saving throw of 6.

The Wheelies are very hard to stop when charging - they are likely to decimate any unit they hit. Gan Green usually leads them into battle, scythes flashing in the sun, snickering through Stuntie bodies like, well, like a knife through a Dwarf, I suppose.

**The Bogies - 5 Snotling bases**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>Id</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Cl</th>
<th>WP</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4 2</td>
<td>2 2</td>
<td>1 3</td>
<td>5 3</td>
<td>3 4</td>
<td>4 4</td>
<td>4 4</td>
<td>4 4</td>
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</table>

This regiment of Snotlings is armed with poisonous weapons (the 8 bonus is already added to their profile, above).

Small, green and wimpy, a single Snotling is a pathetic sight - stick a whole bunch of them together though.....
The battlefield is a valley which runs from east to west. The valley floor is bounded to the north by three hills. On the central hill is a small wood and a boulder field, both situated on the hill’s southern side.

Down the centre of the valley, flowing from east to west, is the River Rustik. From the northern hills two waterways join the Rustik - a small stream to the east; a river (crossed by a bridge) to the west.

Just south of this bridge the River Rustik divides. One fork branches off west by northwest, the other flows southwest.

To the south of the river is a large hill which forms the southern table edge. This hill has a large wood on its northern side, flanked by two boulder fields.

**LOCATIONS**

**Hills**
The steep hills count as difficult ground (half movement).

**Woods**
All woods reduce movement by half and visibility is reduced to 2". Troops wishing to fire missiles out of woods must be standing at the treeline edge, and are counted as being in soft cover.
Troops further than 2" into a wood and 2" or more away from enemy troops may be assumed to be hidden and, after consultation with the GM, removed from the table. Models within 2" from the edge of a wood are only assumed hidden if they do not move during the turn. Their position will be revealed if they move or shoot, or if any enemy comes within 6" of the wood's edge.

Rivers
All the water on the battlefield is in the form of rivers, except for the stream which runs north to south on the eastern side of the tabletop plan.

The rivers are 2" wide and are fairly fast flowing. Any unit can attempt to swim the river at any point. To emphasise the chancy nature of such a manoeuvre, percentile dice should be rolled - the result being the percentage of troops lost (swept away or drowned).

The Trolls (carrying their Orc leader) can wade the rivers, treating them as difficult ground (half movement).

The rivers can be crossed more safely using the bridges and ford (see below).

Stream
The stream is icy and fast flowing. 1" wide. It counts as difficult ground (half movement).

The Fords
The fords are 3" wide and 2" across. They count as difficult ground (half movement).

The Bridges
Both the bridges are made of stone, are 2½" wide and have stone walls along their sides. The walls count as hard cover and have Toughness 7 and 5 Wounds per side.

Boulder Fields
These boulder fields are loose and unstable and count as difficult ground (half movement). In addition to this, due to the dangers of a broken leg etc, the riders of any mounted creatures must treat these fields as very difficult ground (one quarter movement).

GAME STRUCTURE AND OBJECTIVES

After laying out the battlefield as shown on the tabletop plan, the GM should give the players the details of their respective forces and deal with any queries that arise - in private if this seems necessary. The information about individual forces is for the commander of that force only.

Due to the route of the opposing troops through the valley, they will sight each other simultaneously. To simulate this (and the problems of moving a large number of troops up a narrow valley) you must have each player make a simple sketch of their deployment line (see Turn 1, sequence of action, below), showing which troops will be coming onto the field first, together with their relative positions.

As it will be impossible to fit all the troops in one command along their deployment line, this sketch should also show which troops are following up, their order, the colour of their underwear and so on. These remaining units can only move onto the battlefield in subsequent turns, when there is room on the table edge for them. The players must bring troops on as soon as there is room for them along their deployment line. If players wish to hold troops back they become subject to the rules for Trailing Forces given in the Deployment section of Warhammer III.

Because this ‘deployment sketch’ is binding (ie no crafty altering of the troops’ positioning!) and dictates the order in which units get onto the battlefield, it is very important - and will prove to be one of the major factors in the eventual outcome of the battle. You should point this out to the commanders, encouraging them to take their time over this major tactical decision.

SEQUENCE OF ACTION

Turn 1
Barnok Blatterzarn deploys troops along the line marked ‘A’ on the tabletop plan.

Dunerka-a-Veran deploys troops along the line marked ‘B’ on the tabletop plan.

Vomitskrag Krusher deploys troops along the line marked ‘C’ on the tabletop plan.

Gan Green deploys troops along the line marked ‘D’ on the tabletop plan.

A die should be rolled to see which side (Goblinoid or Dwarven) moves first and then the turn proceeds as usual.

Turn 2 Onwards
Following turns proceed as normal, with further troops being brought on as and when the commanders wish (giving the option of holding troops back), providing there is space for them along the deployment lines. Remember that troops must be brought on in the pre-arranged order given on the players’ deployment sketches (see Starting The Game, above).
Due to the unique nature of this battle (one side attempting to avoid the other), the game resolution system given in Warhammer III is not used. Instead, at the end of the battle (either a pre-arranged time limit or when all the Goblinoids have been killed or routed off the western table edge), Victory Points should be awarded to each player according to the lists below. Players are only awarded points for casualties inflicted by their own troops - no points accrue for driving the enemy into someone else’s killing ground. The GM must keep a record of each side’s casualties - and who inflicted them - throughout the battle.

The Goblinoids receive relatively few points for killing enemy troops. It’s worth pointing this detail out to the Goblinoid commanders before battle commences, their ultimate objective being the spoils that inevitably lie unprotected beyond the far edge of the valley.

### Victory Conditions

**Vomitskrag Krusher’s Orcs: VPs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Description</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>+5</td>
<td>Barnok Blatterzarn slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+3</td>
<td>Dunerka-a-Veran slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+2 1/2</td>
<td>Kablam captured or destroyed (by Orc action)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+2</td>
<td>Kadrin’s Uphucker captured or destroyed (by Orc action)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+1 1/2</td>
<td>Each of Tarthan Trollbaiter, Balzud Ugal and Olrik slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+0.75</td>
<td>For each model (Orc, Troll or leader) which escapes off the west edge (not routing troops)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+1/2</td>
<td>Each Dwarf slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-3</td>
<td>Barnok Blatterzarn slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-5</td>
<td>Kadrin’s Uphucker captured or destroyed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-3</td>
<td>Each of Tarthan Trollbaiter and Balzud Ugal slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-3</td>
<td>Raving ‘Rat’ Ripsnarj slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-0.75</td>
<td>Each Orc slain</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Gan Green’s Goblins: VPs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Description</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>+3</td>
<td>Barnok Blatterzarn slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+3</td>
<td>Dunerka-a-Veran slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+2 1/2</td>
<td>Kablam captured or destroyed (by Goblin action)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+2</td>
<td>Kadrin’s Uphucker captured or destroyed (by Goblin action)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+1 1/2</td>
<td>Each of Tarthan Trollbaiter, Balzud Ugal and Olrik slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+1/2</td>
<td>Each Dwarf or Guildsdwarf slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+0.25</td>
<td>For each model (Goblin, Snotling or leader) which escapes off the west edge (not routing troops)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-4</td>
<td>Gan Green slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-3 1/2</td>
<td>Each chariot captured or destroyed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-3</td>
<td>Each Snotling base slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-2</td>
<td>Each of Zitpicker Zorn and Blackhed the Worse Than Normal slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-2</td>
<td>Each of Abra and Cadabra slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-0.25</td>
<td>Each Goblin slain</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Dunerka-a-Veran’s Dwarfs: VPs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>+6</td>
<td>Vomitskrag Krusher slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+5</td>
<td>Each Troll slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+4</td>
<td>Gan Green slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+3 1/2</td>
<td>Each Goblin chariot captured or destroyed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+3</td>
<td>Each of Ragged-ear Kraal and Skimgol Zekaarg slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+2</td>
<td>Each of Tarthan Trollbaiter and Balzud Ugal slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+1</td>
<td>Each Orc and Cadabra slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-3</td>
<td>Barnok Blatterzarn slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-2 1/2</td>
<td>Kadrin’s Uphucker captured or destroyed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-1 1/2</td>
<td>Each of Tarthan Trollbaiter and Balzud Ugal slain</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

At the end of the battle each player should work out their VPs total. The highest total of VPs accrued by each side (Goblinoid or Dwarfen) indicates which side won the battle, with the commanders’ individual scores showing who contributed most to the victory (or defeat).

To win the battle a side must have at least 10% more VPs than the opposition. Otherwise the result is a draw.

If one player has two commands (ie in a two or three player game) then they simply work out VPs for each command and total them. When one player has two commands the individual command VP totals may be used to show which of that commander’s troops were more effective.

To battle then!

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**Matt Connell**
A mouth-watering menu of juicy goodies for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay - just add a campaign according to taste, flavour with plenty of imagination, and they’re ready to serve!

In this month’s On the Boil, we present a selection of powerful magical items. Information on these artefacts is presented in two parts: Players’ Information consists of legends about the items’ origins and abilities, while GM’s Information gives details of their actual powers in terms of game mechanics, as well as ideas and suggestions about how to introduce and use them in a campaign.

If you have any unusual and interesting “hardware” for either Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay or Warhammer Fantasy Battles, be sure to send it to us. We are looking for ready-to-run material that can be dropped into a campaign at any convenient point. Tutor/patron NPCs, magical items, brief encounters, new regiments, novel tactics - the list is endless. The only requirement is that the material must be complete, and must be tied into the Warhammer world. Any submissions that we use in future articles will be paid for at our standard rate. And who knows, we might even commission you to write a full-length piece!
Every culture has its legends, full of heroes, monsters, magic swords and so on, and the Old World is no exception. Warhammer City includes the foundation-myth of the city-state of Middenheim, and other stories from the mythology and folklore of the Old World will be presented from time to time. Where the Old World differs from the cultures of our own world, of course, is that its characters may come across heroes, monsters, magic swords and the like in the course of their adventures. For the most part, these items are not legendary artefacts of great power - although they are undoubtedly useful, and adventurers will certainly miss no opportunity to acquire them! But nothing adds spice to a campaign quite like the inclusion of a major magical goody - especially if there's some interesting legend or story attached to it.

Obviously, the more powerful a magical item is, the more careful the GM will have to be in handling it. Powerful magical items can have a drastic effect on game balance, and if they mean that life suddenly becomes ridiculously easy, then the challenge and excitement can go out of the game very quickly. The legendary artefacts described in these pages are just that - legendary artefacts. Stories are told about them in many parts of the Old World, but no-one is absolutely sure whether or not there is any substance behind the stories. Whether they actually exist, and whether player characters will ever have the opportunity to discover them, is up to you, the GM, to decide. If you do decide to use them, the notes below should help you to decide where and how they might be found, what restrictions and conditions there are on their use, if any, and how they might be used as a feature of an adventure.

**HAGMAR’S TALISMAN**

Hagmar Wyrmschläger is a legendary hero of the northern Empire, who also appears in the folklore of Norsca and the Wasteland. Quite when he was living is a matter of conjecture - despite the best efforts of scholars and storytellers, 'once upon a time' is as close as anyone can get.

It is said that a great and terrible Dragon was laying waste to vast tracts of the Forest of Shadows (in Norscan folklore, the scene of the action is shifted to the forests of that country's southern coasts), and after the local king had sent out (and lost) all of his finest warriors, the son of his blacksmit offered to slay the beast. The warriors of the king's hall howled with derision and disbelief, but none of them was quick to take his place, so Hagmar the Smith set out on the Dragon's trail, taking only his father's heaviest hammer and a pouch of food.

After several days wandering through the forest, Hagmar came to a vast area of burnt earth and blackened stumps. Making camp at the edge of the forest, he killed a deer and set it to roast over his campfire, having first filled the gutted carcass with stones. Then he hid in the bushes and watched and waited.

A few hours later, the scent of roasting venison attracted the Dragon, which was as long as a village and as wide as a river. With one gulp it swallowed the deer, the spit, the stones, and a good deal of the campfire as well. When the stones reached the creature's stomach, the intense heat there was far greater than the temperature within the roasting deer, and they shattered, as Hagmar had seen stones shatter in his father's furnace. As the Dragon was writhing in agony from the sharp stone splinters, Hagmar strode forward and stove in its skull.

With the Dragon dead, Hagmar was able to recover its hoard of treasure. He gave one-third to the king, kept one-third for himself and gave the remaining third to endow a great temple to Taal (there are at least three temples in The Empire which claim to have been founded by Hagmar, and more in Norsca). In this temple he set the Dragon's skull as a trophy, and brought the rest of the Dragon's bones back to his father's forge, for it was believed at that time that a weapon wrought in a fire of Dragon-bones would never shatter.

Even though he was now a hero, Hagmar Wyrmschläger - as he became known - was content with the life of a smith, and practised this craft until his death, although the treasure he had won from the Dragon meant that he had no need to work for a living. After his father had taught him all he could, Hagmar went to study with a master smith far from his home, taking with him three prentice-pieces: a dagger, a mail coa t and a silver belt-buckle, all of them worked in a fire of Dragon-bones at his father's forge. Each is said to have some of the virtues of the Dragon over whose bones it was worked: to the dagger was given the bitterness of a Dragon's bite, to the mail coat the hardness of its scales, and to the buckle, the virtue of the Dragon's great strength.

Although it has been fitted with a chain so that it can be worn around the neck as a talisman, the silver buckle is indeed that made by the legendary Hagmar Wyrmschläger. The silver has stayed unusually bright and free from tarnish, so that any **Estimate** or other **Int** test made to judge its age and value is at a -20 penalty - if the test is failed, the piece will appear to be no more than fifty years old, and worth about 250GGcs. If the test is successful, the piece will be seen to be more than a thousand years old, and worth a great deal - it will be impossible to **Estimate** a value for it, because there is nothing to compare it with.

If a character with Magical Sense skill touches the object, a faint but distinct aura of magic will be detected. Anyone who has served a career as an Artisan or Artisan's Apprentice in the craft of Blacksmith or Jeweller and who examines the item closely, should make an **Intelligence** test (Apprentice +5, Artisan +20). Success will reveal that the object was originally made as a belt-buckle rather than a pendant.

Because it is currently fitted with a neck-chain rather than forming part of a belt according to Hagmar's original design, only a part of the item's power is functioning. Currently its powers are as follows:

- **+10 to Fellowship** when dealing with Dragons of **Intelligence** 40 or more; this is because a Dragon can tell that it has been made over a fire of Dragon-
bones, and will therefore be wary of the item's owner. It does not mean that the Dragon will be friendly - far from it - simply that it will think twice before attacking.

-1 to modified damage from non-magical fires (not including Fire Ball spells and Dragon breath). The wearer will never be attacked by wild animals of any description, even if they are magically modified.

After a great deal of thought, Taal decided to send the Great Horned Helm into the world of mortals. He set it in the cleft of a rock atop a high mountain at the heart of his domain, where it has remained to this day. It is said that this is the holiest relic of Taal's cult in the world, and that it may only be found by a true follower of Taal, and only then if Taal judges the mortal worthy to bear it. The wearer of the Great Horned Helm will become the foremost of Taal's mortal followers, and will herald the start of a new age where mankind and nature live in harmony and peace.

The players' information above is only available in full from the cult of Taal; a character must be a follower of Taal and make a successful Intelligence test (Cleric of Taal +10 per level, Theology skill +10) in order to gain all this information.

Sketchier details of the Great Horned Helm are available from the cults of Verena and Ulric. Research at a temple of Verena (see Shadows over Bogenhafen and Warhammer City for examples on running such research) will reveal the Helm's origins and the fact that it is thought to be in the world of mortals. A follower of Ulric may also be able to discover that Taal told Ulric that the Helm would be his most holy relic in the mortal world (Int test required, same modifiers as above).

The Great Horned Helm would make a suitable object for a quest involving a powerful follower of Taal - clues as to its whereabouts might be scattered throughout a number of temples to Taal. As well as discovering the Helm's location (which can be at the top of the highest mountain in any range you like in the Old World), the quester would have to undergo a number of trials on the way, to prove his or her worthiness to find the relic. Taal might allow one of his followers to find the Great Horned Helm so that it can be used for a specific purpose - to help destroy a powerful group of Chaos creatures threatening the forests of The Empire, for example - and then spirit it away again once the task is completed, to await another worthy to wear it.

Although the Helm features most strongly in the Human myths surrounding Taal and Ulric, it does not necessarily need to be worn by a Human; an Elven follower of Torothal, or of Taal's wife Rhyia in her aspect as Haleth (see The Enemy Within, p21) might also be permitted the use of it, as might a nonhuman of any race who follows Taal under any name. The gods make little distinction between the races of their mortal followers.

The Great Horned Helm radiates magic almost tangibly; even characters without Magical Sense skill will feel the power radiating from it on a successful Int test if they are within 10 yards of it. The Helm's powers are as follows:

1  
+3 Armour Points to the wearer's head;

2  
The wearer will never be attacked by wild animals of any description, even if they are magically controlled; they will simply refuse to attack the

The Great Horned Helm is known by no other name in the legends of the Old World. According to the tradition of the cult of Taal, the Helm was given to Taal by his younger brother Ulric as a gift, when Ulric made peace with the other gods and agreed to limit his winters to only one part of the year. Taal accepted the gift willingly, for he had not been happy to be at war with his brother, but it left him in a dilemma. He had his own stag-horned helm, which allowed him to know everything that happened in any wild place and see through the eyes of any wild creature, and he did not want to set this aside for Ulric's gift. At the same time, though, he did not want to offend his brother and place the fragile peace in jeopardy by refusing the gift, or by treating it lightly.
Helm’s wearer. Giant animals must make a successful Will Power test or likewise be unable to attack the wearer. This protection does not apply to creatures which have their origin in Chaos, such as Chimerae or Manticores.

The wearer is immune to all Elemental Magic cast by mortals, and to cold, wind and lightning from any non-divine source.

The wearer may speak with any normal or giant animal, and gains a +30 bonus to Fellowship when doing so.

The wearer gains a +20 bonus to all saving throws against mind-influencing magic cast by mortals, including illusions of all types and spells which induce psychological effects (e.g. Cause Fear).

By making a successful Intelligence test, the wearer may gain access to any skill from the Ranger Skill Chart which he or she does not already possess. This Int test must be made each and every time the wearer wishes to use the skill, and is in addition to any tests required for the skill’s successful application. If the Int test is failed, the wearer may not make another attempt to use that skill until sincere obeisance has been made at a temple or shrine dedicated to Taal.

The wearer of the Helm, and all followers of Taal who are with him or her, are treated as being in a shrine to Taal at all times. These characters may pray to Taal for a blessing or oracle (see WFRP, pp193-4) at any time when they are in the open air, except during combat. Their chances of success are doubled.

These are only the minor powers of the Helm; it may have further powers at your discretion. You should bear the circumstances in mind when thinking about allowing the Helm to produce some more dramatic effect, since the major powers are effectively divine interventions. Would the characters be able to achieve their goal without any further help from Taal? How closely have they been sticking to the strictures of his cult? Are they treating the Helm as a mere labour-saving device, rather than a sacred treasure granted to them by their deity? Like all the other deities of the Old World pantheon, Taal has better things to do than running around after a bunch of mortals.

Finally, remember that the Great Horned Helm is destined to be worn only by the greatest and most faithful of Taal’s followers. Therefore, any character who wears the Helm must constantly strive to be the perfect mortal embodiment of Taal’s faith. Any straying from the path and the Helm will vanish (along with a Fate Point in extreme cases), leaving the character with the uncomfortable knowledge that he or she has been found wanting. A trial may be necessary to atone for this failure, and the character may only find the Helm again after a long series of quests and trials, if at all.

The Oracle of Boku-San

Players’ Information

Thijs van Zwotteyvaant, it is said, was one of the most daring and successful merchants and explorers ever to set sail from the great port of Marienburg. Stories of his exploits across the world, from Cathay to Lustria, are told wherever seamen meet to drink and talk, and although the details of the stories vary wildly from telling to telling, all are agreed that his like has not been seen in the Old World before or since.

He is said to have brought many strange and wonderful objects back from his travels, and many of the dealers in antiques and curiosities throughout the Old World will attach his name to any exotic or unusual piece, thereby doubling the amount that they can ask for it. While it is generally accepted that van Zwotteyvaant only actually brought back a fraction of the amount of objects attributed to him in this way, no-one can be absolutely sure whether or not any given piece is part of this fraction.

This magical statuette was brought back from Cathay or Nippon by Thijs van Zwotteyvaant, and once belonged to one Boku-san, a legendary mage of Nippon whose name has never reached the Old World. The statuette might be found in one of a number of places in the Old World: an antique dealers’, such as Hieronymus Neugierde’s in Middenheim; the home of a collector of antiques or oriental curiosities, or even the workroom of a Wizard. At first glance, the object appears to be a roughly spherical piece of polished wood, about the size of two fists and intriguingly but randomly shaped.

Close inspection of the piece (or a successful Initiative test at -10, on a casual glance) will reveal that it is in fact a carving of a broad-built man of oriental appearance, sitting cross-legged with his face in his hands.

Although characters with Magical Sense skill will notice that the object radiates magic faintly, its function will not become clear until a character uses Meditate skill in its presence. Meditation will take twice as long as normal to recover magic points; in fact, the character is recovering magic points normally, but an equal number of magic points are going into the statuette. Nothing will happen until the statuette has absorbed a total 10 magic points - these need not all come from the same session of meditation.

When the statuette has absorbed 10 magic points, it will sit upright, and the meditating character should make an Intelligence test at +10. If the test is successful, the character gains one piece of information, as if he or she had successfully used Divining skill. The character need not actually have Divining skill in order for this to happen. You should be careful about how much information you give away by this means, bearing in mind the notes on divinations (see WFRP, pp50).

The information will spring unbidden to the meditating character’s mind, and will only be communicated to that character - write it down and give it to the player, who can then choose whether or not to share it with the other players, whether to change anything or leave anything out, and so on. If more than one character is meditating in the same room, the statuette will take magic points from all of them (up to a total of 10), and will communicate the same information to all of them.

Once the Int test has been made, and whether or not it is successful, the magic points are lost and the statuette returns to its original pose. There is no other way of imbuining it with magic points other than by meditation, but there is no limit to the number of times this procedure may be repeated.

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Lists: WRG Books 1, 2, 3
Army Size: 1600 pts

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Lists: Ravening Hordes
Army Size: 2500 pts

RENAISSANCE
Scale: 25mm
Rules: WRG 2nd Edition
Lists: WRG Lists
Army Size: 1600 pts

MEDIEVAL
Scale: 25mm
Rules: WRG 7th Edition
Lists: WRG Books 1, 2, 3
Army Size: 1600 pts

ULTRA MODERN
Scale: 1/300th
Rules: Challenger
Lists: TTG Vols 1, 2, 3
Army size: 20000 (attack)
10000 (defence)

ANCIENTS - 25
Scale: 25mm
Rules: WRG 6th Edition
Lists: WRG Books 1 & 2
Army Size: 1250 pts

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INTEODUCING A NEW FEATURE FOR WARHAMMER 40,000 - INDEX ASTARTES! EVERY MONTH WE'LL BE LOOKING IN DEPTH AT ONE OF THE THOUSAND CHAPTERS OF SPACE MARINES. THIS MONTH WE START WITH THE ULTRAMARINES. ONE DOWN... NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY NINE TO GO!

INTRODUCTION

Captain Asata made his way up the winding steps to the fortress’s uppermost battlements. He was not surprised to see the elegant form of Astropath Ilyan Nastase staring out sightlessly from the edge of the ramparts. The half-human psyker never failed to unnerve him. As he approached, the shrill voice of the bastard pierced the hot evening air. “Captain Korn Asata”, he announced, without turning his head, “your footfalls are as distinctive as an Ambuli dancing upon a tile roof.”

Asata fingered the hilt of his intricately inlaid sword but thought better of it. Instead he spat venomously at the dry, sandy ground, “You have picked them up?!” He growled as he leant against the hewn stone of a battlement.

“They were faint,” replied Nastase. “Too faint... I think they must have taken more casualties than anticipated.” He turned his strangely delicate Eldarian face directly towards Asata. The marine was all too aware of those unnaturally alien features, the long aristocratic nose, tight but large lips and of course, the characteristic sharp ears. Like all Astropaths, Nastase was blind. His empty eyes were hidden by dark plasflex hemispheres, just failing to conceal the puckered scar tissue around his eye-sockets.

“These new recruits don’t seem to have the right stuff,” said Asata with disdain, “Dammit, when I first arrived here I didn’t even get the privilege of the Ambuli hunt. No, my initiation took place at the hands of the Tyranids. I’ve still got the scars from that battle and do you know something...?"

Nastase awaited the end of the anecdote. It was a story he had heard countless times before.

“Do you know something? They still made me go on an Ambuli hunt as soon as I was out of the Apothacarian...”

Chapter Ultra-Marine of the Legiones Astartes was founded during the inter-legionary wars of the thirty second millennium. Tradition places the date at 4001001.M32 - the very first day of the millennium. The chapter is therefore over eight thousand years old, making it a chapter of the third founding. Upon its inception, the Emperor gave the chapter the number 13 - formerly the number of one of the treacher-legions now banished to the Eye of Terror ‘without number and name with all honours erased’.

Along with their number, the new chapter received the gene-sperm, implant zygotes, rituals, and other paraphenalia of indoctrination previously entrusted to the banished 13th legion. The chapter’s founder was Roboute Gulliman whose bones now lie in the Reclusiam on Macragge.

The Ultra-Marines were incepted as a mobile legion based in a vast fighting fleet. The legion distinguished itself in the first Tyranic War (thirty fourth millennium) and subsequently in many other major conflicts. Following the last Tyranic War (ended 745 of the current - forty first - millennium) the chapter was entrusted with the

THE ULTRA-MARINES

Imperial record LA 06/807
Input set Saro Lupin Historical Revision Unit 87/658
Input clearance LA 003
Input dated 06/976.M41
Further refs Classified

Thought for the day Our presence renews the past
overlordship of what is now their home. This is the planet Macragge in the Vendors system. With the possession of the planet went the title of Imperial Commander and Lord Macragge as well as the right to be honoured as 'Adeptus Astartes' and to be addressed by those of equal rank as 'Adept'. Both titles are reserved exclusively for the Adeptus Terra. They are only used by marine chapters which are also planetary governors.

Macragge is an inhospitable planet. Over four-fifths of its surface is covered with deep dust-oceans. Although they are uninhabitable by man, the oceans are a major source of protein rich micro-organisms as well as larger 'shrimp like' creatures called dust-krill. These are farmed by giant factory vessels called dust-harvesters. This provides not only the basis of the inhabitants' diet but also Macragge's sole exportable commodity. The remaining fifth of the world is solid rock, rising above the dust oceans in two main land masses called Westenland and Gullimanos.

The fortress-monastery of the Ultra-Marines lies in the Marabar plains on the continent of Westenland far north of the equator. Macragge has a breathable atmosphere whose oxygen content sours during the warmer months due to the activities of oceanic-bacteria. The prevailing temperatures are extremely hot during daylight, falling to below zero at night. Moisture content is almost zero within the areas bordered by the dust seas and very low even in the continental interiors. Both rain and vapour clouds are unknown, although clouds of air-borne dust sometimes obscure the deeper oceanic regions. Sealed suits must be worn within the proximity of the oceans to avoid lethal desiccation.

Vegetation is present only in very simple forms. Primitive fungi grow beneath the ground, opening small cracks and fissures and even living within the crystalline structure of the rock itself. This causes spectacular colouring of the normally red rock formations. The best known examples of this are the Rainbow Caves in the equatorial regions of Gullimanos. Although initially devoid of higher life-forms, ambushs and crawlers, which were imported for experimental purposes, have escaped and established themselves on both continents.

The chapter has fought in every Tyranic War to date (Tyranic Wars - wars fought against Tyranid Hive-fleets). The Ultra-Marines were one of the three legions which took part in the final assault on Hive-fleet 'Behemoth' (745 of the current millennium). This is the only known record of the destruction of a Hive-fleet.

Although now based firmly on Macragge, the chapter's fleet remains in good repair. The space-going expertise of the Ultra-Marines is used to good effect, attacking and destroying Ork raiding ships and Eldar pirates. Macragge's hyperspatial locality on the eastern rim of the Imperium means it is a useful supply base and jumping-off point for Imperial servants moving beyond the psychic-light of the Astronomican.

In the current year (987 of the forty first millennium) the Ultra-Marines are led by Imperial Commander Adeptus Marneus Calgar, the fourth Lord Macragge. Following a skirmish against Hive-fleet 'Perseus' in 976, Calgar lost all four limbs as well as large areas of body tissue and his left eye. Now fitted with bionic replacements, he is more-machine than man. The chapter's last action against the Tyranids was a skirmish with Hive-fleet 'Perseus' in 982 before it drifted out of the Imperium and disappeared.
INDEX ASTARTES

IMPERIAL COMMANDER
MARNEUS CALGAR
LORD MACRAGGE
Masterships

The Masters of the Order are important officials. Some perform a purely administrative role. Most, however, are also warriors and many are heroic figures held in awe by the order's young neophytes. A mastership may be held in conjunction with the captnacy of a company. Currently only Captain Asata also holds such a post; he is Captain of number 2 company 'strength is power' as well as the Master of Ordnance.

It is not unusual for a mastership to be held by a non-brethren - ie someone who is not a space marine. In the past, Masters have been ordinary humans (or even morphs or half-humans). Although falling within the feudal jurisdiction of the Lord of Macragge, non-brethren are not marines - some (such as those covered by the general category of 'staff') are slaves owned by the order.

The following offices are currently as indicated on the chart below. Masters are entitled to wear the ceremonial floor-length collared cloak in the colour shown on the chart. Some Masters have been known to wear these into battle! The collar badges are woven in gold and are replicated on the Master's powered armour.

Profiles and equipment are given later for each of the current Masters. See below.

The cloak of the Commander is a valuable hierloom. It is made from the fur of an unknown alien creature. This is primarily a golden brown colour speckled with white. The lining and hood are scarlet.

The chart below summarises the traditional honour-names of each company as well as listing the names of current Captains and Lieutenants. The company's honour badge is painted on the marine's shoulder armour above the chapter badge, and occasionally on the helmet as well.

Company organisation

Companies 1-9 are organised identically as described below. In practice, casualties may affect the numerical strength of units: individual squads may be combined as a result. All troops are trained to perform in any of the types of squad. The distinction is a tactical one rather than being indicative of different training or ability, although special assault squads are always made up of the most experienced marines.

The Warrior Companies

Except for the number 1 company, each company is led by a Captain aided by a Lieutenant. Each company is divided into ten squads of a sergeant, a senior trooper and eight ordinary troopers. Within each company Sergeants have seniority according to their squad number - number 1 squad being the most senior and number 10 squad the least senior. In battle the ten man squad is often divided into two five man fighting units under the command of the Sergeant and senior trooper. Every company also has its own Chaplain. Chaplains are members of individual companies, holding a 'spiritual rank' equivalent to the company's Captain. They have no military rank. In battle they fight as individuals, exhorting their brothers to greater deeds of valour.

The chart below summarises the traditional honour-names of each company as well as listing the names of current Captains and Lieutenants.
The points value of a company excluding lieutenant and captain is 2416 for companies 1 to 9 and 2612 for the recon company. The total value of the chapter not including officers above sergeant rank is therefore 24,366 points at full strength and with standard equipment.

In fact, the current strength of the chapter is marginally less than full. Apart from recent battle casualties, the dishonour of company 5 has reduced the chapter's numbers somewhat. See the entry under Cha Lee for details of this particular event. Company 5 has only 3 tactical squads. Company 9 is generally used as a reserve unit and comprises the youngest and least experienced Marines. Because its troopers are frequently re-alioted to other companies it is usually at less than full strength and currently has no special assault squad and only 3 tactical squads.

All members of the special assault squads are veterans. They are subject to hatred of Tyranids. All wear powered armour with cameleoline. In addition the sergeant has a bio-scanner and an adapted infra-vision helmet visor. The unit has 2 las-cutters with 6 suspensors each (no move penalty).

All wear powered armour. The sergeant has a bio-scanner and an adapted infra-vision helmet visor.

The chapter maintains a large number of fighting vehicles in its extensive workshops on Macragge, as well as a permanent force on board the fleet. These latter are stored in drop-ships and can be mobilised as swiftly as the Marines themselves.

The chart below illustrates the number of operational vehicles of each type at the beginning of the current year (987). Each type, except the bike, conforms to the typical profiles given in the WH40K book. The Bike is the uprated Mk13 Mechanicus Adeptus model conforming to the profile given as the Mk14 MA ‘Bullock’ in the previous issue of White Dwarf.
Weaponry and equipment carried conform to those described as typical in WH40K - although items may be substituted at the beginning of a campaign where this may improve a vehicle's suitability. Typical vehicle allotment to fighting units is as follows.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vehicle</th>
<th>Light</th>
<th>Medium</th>
<th>Heavy</th>
<th>Other</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bike</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crawler</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoverer</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juggernaut</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Landing-pod</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>150</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Road-wheeler</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tracks/wide</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>walker</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dreadnoughts</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Standard equipment for bikes is as given in WH40K and in the previous issue of White Dwarf. Standard equipment for Land Raiders is as given on p110 of WH40K. Standard equipment for heavy hoverers is auto-drive, auto-fac, communicator, ejector seats and auto-aim for the main armament. Standard weapons are (main armament - turreted) las-cannon, (secondary armament forward firing) multi-laser and bolter. Dreadnoughts are as described on p19 of WH40K.

**SPECIAL TACTICS**

Normal squad level action will vary according to the situation. A great deal of training revolves around small action combat within and without spacecraft.

Example: In 982 number 4 company 'Purity of purpose' was involved in a fleet action against Ork forces in Gurun system. The Ork flagship 'Insult' was forced down onto Vtomo (Gurun 4) by fire from chapter vessels 'Guardian' and 'Warshield'. Number 4 company was immediately launched in drop-ships from their station on the Ultra-Marine's flagship 'Gullman'.

The heavy weapons squads (crushers) took up positions behind a rock outcrop to provide covering fire. The special assault squad (scalpers) rushed towards the fallen craft under the cover of their comrades' fire. They were met by the body guard of the Ork Admiral and thrown back after heavy fighting. Seeing the initial wave fail, the captain in command, Ty Newman, led the remaining assault squads (hunters) into the ship. Following brief fighting, the remaining crew were driven out before the guns of the marine reserve (consisting of the remaining tactical squads (flayers)). Marine losses were 4 men of the special assault squad, 12 other marines and Captain Newman who died fighting the Ork Admiral.

**MEDICAL**

Medical staff are regular Apothecary surgeons and doctors. Individuals undertake tours of duty as required, usually serving for the duration of a campaign. Only full brethren are sent on these dangerous missions: they therefore have marine profiles and equipment. Field-medics hold honoury ranks of Captain, Lieutenant, Sergeant, Senior Medic and Medic. The last two are equivalent to Senior Trooper and Trooper. However, these ranks are far less formal than within the fighting chapters and a campaigning force may have only two or three layers of command.

The medical staff have the use of two specially provisioned heavy hoverers. These have a vehicle mounted medi-kit, auto-drive, auto-fac, ejector seats and communicator. They are armed with three forward firing bolt-guns and a turret mounted multi-melta.

A full-chapter force would typically include the following medical staff:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Company or Unit</th>
<th>Vehicle</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Company</td>
<td>10 Heavy Hoverers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Company</td>
<td>2 Dreadnoughts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Company</td>
<td>10 Heavy Hoverers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Company</td>
<td>2 Dreadnoughts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Company</td>
<td>10 Heavy Hoverers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 Company</td>
<td>10 Land Raiders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 Company</td>
<td>10 Land Raiders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 Company</td>
<td>10 Land Raiders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 Company</td>
<td>10 Land Raiders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Company</td>
<td>50 Bikes - MA Mk14 Bullock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>25 Light Hoverers - Land Speeder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical</td>
<td>2 Heavy Hoverers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Communication</td>
<td>5 Light Hoverers - Land Speeder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant-Commander</td>
<td>1 Light Hoverer - Land Speeder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaplain</td>
<td>1 Bike MA Mk 14 Bullock or Vincent Black Shadow</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**COMMUNICATIONS**

As with medical personnel, a chapter's field-communications staff varies according to the mission. Communications Officers, Astropaths and Psykers all fall within this section. The primary role of psykers is to maintain inter-stellar and inter-planetary communications. On the battlefield psykers provide psychic support as required.
All communications personnel are drawn from the Librarium staff. The Librarium is the nerve centre of any marine fortress. The three groups outlined above differ in the following respects.

**Communication Officers** are brethren (ie fully initiated marines) who have technical expertise as well as battle experience. A Communication Officer will usually have held the rank of at least lieutenant before re-training in the communication role. Communication Officers are in charge of all aspects of communications as well as the psychic members of the force. A Communication Officer may also be a psyker (see below).

**Astropaths** - are Imperial servants, members of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, posted to marine units as part of the Imperium's complex communications network. An Astropath may hold office within the chapter, but is not a marine and is ultimately subject to the will of the Adeptus Terra.

**Psykers** - some psykers are judged sufficiently strong to remain whole rather than suffer the transformation into an Astropath. Such men are recruited into the various Imperial services. Some are recruited by the marines and undergo the complete bio-chem ritual which turns them into marines. Some chapters integrate psykers into company level, but the Ultra-Marines place all such individuals within the Librarium. That is not to say they are unused to combat. Psykers perform a vital role as psychic support troops for their brother marines.

A typical chapter field-force of Communications staff would look something like this.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Comm</th>
<th>Comm</th>
<th>Comm</th>
<th>Comm</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Astropath</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psyker</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior Officer</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In addition, any fleet in space would have its usually allocation of psychic staff as well as navigators. Typical profiles are given below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Profile</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>Ld</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Cl</th>
<th>WP</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Comm Officers</strong></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>86</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powered armour, power sword, bolt pistol, knife, long-range communicator, suspensor</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Astropath (non-brethren)</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Varies</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Astropath (brethren)</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Varies</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psyker (brethren)</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Varies</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psyker</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Varies</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Many of the Librarium staff have psychic abilities. Communication Officers committed to active campaigning would be about 50% likely to have psychic abilities as 'psykers'. The following mastery-levels would be typical in a full-chapter force.

- Senior Communications Officer - level 4
- Communications Officer - 1 at level 3, 1 at level 2, 2 non-psykers
- Psykers - level 1

The points values of psychic individuals will vary according to their powers. As there are over a hundred individual psykers liable to duty tours it is not practical to list them individually. Generate powers randomly.

FAMOUS CHARACTERS

**Imperial Commander Marneus Calgar**

Calgar was amongst human prisoners rescued from Hive-fleet 'Locust' in the year 947 of the current millennium. His age was then estimated at 14 years based on translucency tests of molar eruption and epiphyseal fusion of the long bones. This makes Calgar 44 years old at the time of writing. Calgar was subjected to the usual tissue compatibility and psychological tests, passed with flying colours and was recruited into the order as a neophyte in the armoury. Calgar took his vows in 951 and was fully ordained as a brother marine in 954. He quickly rose through the ranks and was elected Master of the Household in 973 and Commander in 977 following the death of Decon, the Third Lord Macragge. Following a severe mauling in 976 Calgar has not taken part in any actions personally.

His bionic hands are actually very complex devices incorporating a variety of weapons and other gadgetry, including jokaero digital weapons, knives, lights and communicator.

**Lieutenant-Commander Cha Lee**

Cha Lee has commanded the Ultra-Marines in battle ever since Calgar suffered his terrible injuries. Lee was taken from Ulmor as a child in 945. The chapter was engaged upon its pursuit of Hive-fleet 'Locust' at the time. The population of Ulmor was largely wiped out by the Tyranids before the Marines' arrival and the subsequent Battle of Ulmor. Those few inhabitants surviving the conflict were screened for recruitment and resettled in the Rastaman system.

Lee rose to full Captiancy in 981 and became Lieutenant-Commander in 986 following the death of Lieutenant-Commander Muk Mukyoun in a flyer accident over the Iracund Sea (the dust-ocean lying to the west of Westenland). Cha Lee is noted for his extreme fits of temper and uncompromising punishment of failure and disobedience. It was Cha Lee who ordered the ritual decimation and disbanding of honours from number 5 company (hitherto...
Steadfast) following an unsuccessful mission at Grox Station 27 in the Dolman Chain in 986.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>Ld</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Cl</th>
<th>WP</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
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Cha Lee wears powered armour and carries a conversion field in addition. He favours hand-to-hand weapons and typically carries the following equipment: Power glove (right hand), chainsword, bolt pistol, hand flamers and a supply of meta-bombs.

The following equipment is surgically implanted.

- Infra-vision surgical implants
- Bionic eyes - with targetter, bio-scanner and energy-scanner
- Breathing apparatus - gill

Nastase wears powered armour in combat and carries a force sword and laser pistol. Points value includes all psychic abilities including astropath abilities costed at 10 points each.

---

### Chief Librarian Astropath Illiyan Nastase

Illiyan was born to a human mother on the world of Badab following the expulsion of the Tyrant there in 912 of the current millennium. His father was an unknown Eldar mercenary. The youngster was gene-tested at birth in accord with the law and subsequently taken into Imperial custody. He was reared in the government compound by the youngsters were gene-tested at birth in accord with the law and subsequently taken into Imperial custody. He was reared in the government compound by the youngsters were gene-tested at birth in accord with the law and subsequently taken into Imperial custody. He was reared in the government compound by the youngsters were gene-tested at birth in accord with the law and subsequently taken into Imperial custody. He was reared in the government compound by the

Consulship for four years, helping to run the Adeptus Terra's advisory Senate to the Master of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica. Following this he undertook four years service with the fleet, a further two years with the Dark Angels Marines and was appointed as chief of the Macragge interstellar communications link under the jurisdiction of the Ultra-Marines (965). Nastase is now 76 years old (current year 987) but, thanks to his parentage, shows few signs of age.

---

### Master of the Apothecarion Hulm Singa

Singa was taken from Crows World following a brief campaign against Eldar pirates in the system. He undertook initiation at the relatively early age of 14 (973) and began to study medicine after two years combat training and one year active service. Proving a skilled administrator, as well as a first-class surgeon, Hulm gained full Mastership in 986. He has an acute if rather unnerving love of chainswords, having the idea firmly set in his mind that this is the only way to remove troublesome armour when attempting to deal with a wound.

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Singa wears powered armour. He carries the following weapons: bolt gun, knife and bolt pistol.

He has the following equipment: bio-scanner, immune, medipack, rad-counter, stimulant, web solvents, 2 suspensers and a chainsword.

---

### Master of the Ships Christo Columbine

Christo comes from a lesser Navigator Family whose fortunes have declined somewhat over the last couple of hundred years. Faced with family bankruptcy, Christo sold himself into slavery and was bought by the Ultra-Marines. The position of slave is not an especially dishonourable one for a Navigator, Columbine is accorded respect but is expected to fulfil his role to the best of his abilities. Christo was too old to undergo initiation when he joined the Ultra-Marines (the upper limit is 18, subject to the individual -16 is usual). Christo is now (current year 987) 40 years old.

In 979 he joined the co-ordinating division of the Librarium and took over the Master of Ships in 982 - the first recorded instance of a non-brethren holding the post in this particular chapter. His heritage has left him spindly and his hands and feet are large and webbed.

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Columbine wears powered armour. He carries the following weapons: laspistols, shuriken catapult, knife.
Do not forget that Tyranids are the play-thing and help-mates of chaos. Their existence is an anathema to the rule of man. A blasphemy upon the soul of humanity. Their is only one answer to their evil - WAR! WAR! WAR! - Commander Decon Third Lord Macragge

Master of the Forge Samuel Dexter

Dexter was born to one of the chapter’s female slaves and, according to a tradition that all such children belong to the chapter, underwent tissue compatibility and psychological tests at the age of 12. Dexter was formally recruited as neophyte at 14 and underwent initiation to full brethren at 16 (the year 966). His long study of runic manuals has instilled a wide understanding of robotics. It was Dexter who created many of the special features of Commander Calgar's bionic limbs. Dexter’s pursuit of robot research has caused friction with Captain Asata who would sooner see the effort expended in replacing dreadnoughts lost during the skirmish on Burbeck’s Asteroid against the Orks in 985.

Master of the Ordnance Captain Keorn Asata

Asata was recruited from a hive-world street gang during a recruiting mission in 950. He was 13 years old when captured, and following tissue compatibility and psychology tests was earmarked for partial cerebral reprogramming. Although successful, the process has not entirely removed his rough edge. A ruthless warrior with a naturally alert temperament and rather brash manner, he is highly suspicious of Pyskers and regards Nastase with more than a little trepidation.

Master of the Household Fimor Dour

This is the most highly regarded of all the Masterships of the Order.

The Master of the Household is responsible for the day-to-day running of the fortress-monastery, acting as private secretary to the Commander as well as administrating such mundane things as food, hygiene, repair, construction, slave relations and non-brethren recruitment. This is a hard but rather boring task. It is seen as providing the necessary training for future Commanders. Fimor is already 45 years old and has occupied his current post since the ‘Perseus’ engagements in which he fought valiantly. Fimor is an uncompromising administrator and business man whose combat heritage is often forgotten by younger and less respectful brethren.

Master of Sanctity Tow Takka-chow

The Master of Sanctity is responsible for all the religious aspects of the order. Tow Takka-chow must ensure that the chapter’s chapels and religious shrines are maintained, and that the moral life of the chapter is sound. Although a marine of great devotion, and irreproachable past, Tow is not a cleric - and not an official of the Imperial Cult. The performance of ritual and other religious duties are undertaken by the Reclusiarch Caberra. Tow’s duties are purely secular, although he is ultimately responsible for making sure the Reclusiarch and Chaplains are doing their duty, and that the chapter remains beyond moral reproach. Tow is almost eighty years old, and is the oldest of all the current Masters. He has not fought in battle since the attack on Hive-fleet ‘locust’ in 947.

And they shall know no fear.
Leo Caberra is not a Marine but a priest of the Imperial Cult sent to ministrant the spiritual needs of the Ultra-Marines. He does not fight in battle, although his famous speeches and blood-curdling threats of retribution have probably contributed to winning more battles than the average army!

Leo wears conversion field armour, a displacer field and a stasis field. He does not wear armour—placing his faith in his own divine invulnerability (and all those field defences). Although he appears unarmed, his right arm is in fact a bionic replica, indistinguishable from real flesh, but housing a power glove and five Jokaero Digital lasers.

Number 1 company has no captain. The captain of number 2 company is Keorn Asata. The remaining captains are also subject to frenzy.

All wear powered armour. Weapons carried are: flamer, bolt gun, bolt pistol, knife. The following equipment is carried: energy scanner, bio-scanner, infravision visor, communicator (100 mile radius). The weight of the long-range communicator is offset by a single suspensor.

Each of the 10 companies has its own religious leader called a chaplain. Chaplains are responsible for the spiritual welfare of their company. It is the chaplain that leads the daily prayers, performs the necessary rituals, makes sacrifices and maintains the company's châpel and cult regalia. The chaplain's own spiritual direction comes from the Reclusiarch of the Order. This is Leo Caberra, High Preacher of the Imperial Cult. In battle the chaplains are always ready to show their faith by deed as well as by word. Their profiles and equipment are as follows.

Chaplains are subject to hatred of any enemy they are fighting. They are also subject to frenzy.
Squad of No7 Company - Sacrifice advance into battle. The triple blood drips honour badge can be seen clearly on the troopers' shoulder armour. Inset shows Squad Sergeant Lazarus and the two special weapon troopers with missile launcher and heavy bolter.
TRILOGY OF TERROR

Three Cases for Call of Cthulhu • By Keeper Graeme Davis

The Book

Players' Information

Gregory Hawthorne, the gossip columnist for a popular daily paper, contacts the investigators by telephone, clearly excited and wishing to show them something that has come into his possession. If one of the investigators is a journalist, he or she will be contacted as a colleague. If not, the investigators may be contacted as known authorities on occult matters. Hawthorne will say only that he is on the verge of 'something big', and will ask the investigators to visit him at this home, and to tell no-one that he has contacted them.

Keeper's Information

Hawthorne will not answer his door when the investigators call. If they look in at the windows, they will see that the house seems to have been quite thoroughly ransacked, and a Spot Hidden roll will reveal that an entry has been forced through the back door. Hawthorne's body lies severely mutilated in an upstairs room.

Two days later, the investigators will receive a letter from Messrs Jameson, Hall, Sykes and Jameson, Hawthorne's solicitors. The letter will invite the investigators to call at the firm's premises, where they might learn something to their advantage. At the solicitors' offices, they will be given a sealed package containing a handwritten book and a letter. The letter reads as follows:

I have instructed my solicitors to see that you get this book if I should die before our meeting. It came into my possession - I cannot say how - when I was working on a story about Sir Charles Barrington and some rather peculiar associates he keeps. I expected low life, possibly crime, but never this. My intention was to verify the manuscript with you before going ahead with the story, but now you must decide how best to proceed. Good luck, and be careful.

The book is entitled Liber Tenebrius, and the first entry is dated 1666. The greater part of the book is in archaic English and requires a Read English roll to understand it perfectly. It chronicles the history of a cult worshipping Shub-Niggurath, and sets out various rituals and forms of worship.

Dated 1919 is an entry recording the induction of Charles Barrington, and the last few pages are written in his hand (this will be confirmed if a handwriting expert is consulted). The book is a minor Cthulhu Mythos source, as detailed below:

Liber Tenebrius: Cthulhu Mythos +4%, SAN - 1D6, spell multi x2
Spells: Call Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath

Sir Charles Barrington is a prominent member of Parliament, and there is potential here for a story that will ruin his political career.

The editor of Hawthorne's paper, the Daily Graphic, will allow the investigators to go through all Hawthorne's files, having been instructed to do so by another posthumous letter. Among various notes are several cuttings from the Berkshire Mercury, concerning themselves with the desecration of three churchyards in a small area of East Berkshire. In each case one grave was opened; the names of the occupants are given as Josiah Penrose, died 1755, Edward Smeed, died 1832, and Charles Morton, died 1904 (or if the keeper prefers, the investigators might have to visit the churchyards to find this out). If the book is consulted, these names will be found recorded as past masters of the cult.

As well as the cuttings, there is a torn and crumpled Ordnance Survey map with the three churchyards marked on it, a circle drawn around them and a place-name underlined roughly in the centre of the circle. The name is Wanfield, and an Idea roll will recall the fact Barrington has a house near the village and is a prominent member of the golf club at nearby Sandy Hills.

There is also a scrap of paper bearing the scribbled note 'JS Sunndale Stn 8:15 Thurs'. If the Berkshire Mercury is consulted for the previous week, a successful Library Use roll will turn up a notice of the death of one John Smedley, of Wanfield, who was buried to death in his house on the previous Friday night. Smedley's name will be found in the book as a member of the cult.

Barrington and his followers are desperate to recover the book; they were responsible for the deaths of Smedley and Hawthorne, and they will be aware that Hawthorne's solicitors have contacted the investigators. Investigations in Wanfield may meet with some difficulties; the present members of the cult are listed in the book, but not their occupations. They include the village postmaster and the landlord of the Royal Oak, the local public house, and several other prominent members of the local population.

The keeper should feel free to fill in the details, perhaps allowing a 25% chance that any adult questioned will be a cult member. The cultists will do everything in their power to recover the book and destroy any incriminating evidence.

Sir Charles Barrington

Barrington has been the head of the cult for almost two years, and besides the Liber Tenebrius he has several other minor Mythos sources at his home. The desecrations which attracted Hawthorne's attention were attempts to exhume the past masters for Resurrection. Barrington had found the spell in one of the books and wanted to learn from them. Of the three attempts so far, however, none has been successful.

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 16
DEX 8 APP 11 SAN 0 EDU 16 HitPts 13

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Occult 60%
Weapons: 12-bore shotgun 60%, knife 30%
Spells: Call Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Resurrection, Shriving
Hermione Elsenham is something of a celebrity in the psychic world of the Home Counties, writing for popular magazines as well as a number of specialist publications, and even making occasional wireless broadcasts. She is in great demand for seances and psychic readings in well-to-do circles, reputedly charging up to £50 for an engagement.

The investigators are contacted by her agent, a Mr Edwin Robey. Some kind of mishap took place at a seance she held in the exclusive St George's Hill area of Weybridge, Surrey, a week ago. Miss Elsenham was subsequently admitted to St Peter's hospital in Chertsey before being transferred to the Holloway Sanatorium in nearby Virginia Water. Mr Robey has not been allowed to see her, and is worried about what might have happened; he has been able to find out nothing about the night of the seance.

Robey knows a little of occult matters (07%) through his association with Miss Elsenham, but can offer little real information. The client for whom the seance was held was a Mr Arthur Ferneyhaugh, a wealthy dilettante.

Investigators will be politely but firmly turned away from the Ferneyhaugh residence by the butler; Mr Ferneyhaugh has gone to the south of France, and is not expected back for some time. If the other servants can be interviewed, they might reluctantly reveal that the room in which the seance was held has been shut up. A clandestine reconnaissance from the shrubbery will show that a set of French windows on the ground floor has been boarded up, and on closer investigation a Spot Hidden roll will reveal that they were forced violently outwards. The servants were all given the evening off on the night of the seance, and cannot offer further information.

A list of the guests might be obtained with some difficulty from one of the servants; this will read like a short directory of the local social scene, but most of the guests will have suddenly gone away or will refuse to talk to the investigators. Successful use of both Credit Rating (to get past defensive butlers) and Fast Talk (to persuade the guests to open up) may yield some results, but it is clear that everyone is badly frightened and does not understand what happened. It seems that a short time after the seance started, Miss Elsenham screamed, 'No! Never! Get away!' There was a violent but noiseless explosion, which blew out the French windows and threw objects about the room like shrapnel. The guests fled, and returned a few moments later to find Miss Elsenham unconscious beneath a heavy oak table.

It may be possible to see Miss Elsenham, if one or more of the investigators has medical credentials. However, the Sanatorium do not welcome visitors, and will be most displeased if their patient is unnecessarily upset.

She is suffering from Catatonia, and has only occasional lucid moments. Any investigator attempting to talk to her must make a Psychoanalysis roll or half a Luck roll for every hour he or she spends; success indicates a fairly lucid interval of 1D10 minutes. Even while lucid, Miss Elsenham will appear confused and incoherent; she will talk of a strong presence and a voice which promised her marvellous and obscene things, and claim that a thing has been sent to torment her, feeding off her very soul. There is also a 10% chance that in her ramblings she will mention 'an Egyptian name... the Approved One'; a character familiar with Egyptology (Archaeology or Read/Write Egyptian Hieroglyph roll required) may realise that 'the Approved One' is a common suffix to Egyptian royal names, taking the form 'hotep' and generally preceded by the name of a god, such as Amon.
Evening Post, Sept 22nd...

COVEN MURDERER HANGS

Strange scenes at Execution.

At 7 o'clock this morning, Braylea coven murderer Clive Manners was hanged. The impassive mask he had worn since the trial began was broken when prison officers went to his cell shortly after dawn. Manners had to be dragged to the gallows, screaming and raving. At one point he broke free and attacked one of the warders, screaming that Cornforth had bewitched him and accusing the warder of being the true murderer.

Daily Record, Sept 25th, Personal Columns

MISSING PERSON

Richard Briggs, a warder at Brixton prison. Last seen leaving the prison at about 11:30am, Monday September 22nd. Reward offered for any information. Mrs Elizabeth Briggs, Box 427.

Saturday Review, Sept 20th...

COVEN KILLER PREPARES TO DIE

Clive Manners, the Braylea coven murderer, waits impassively in the death cell at Brixton Prison, where he will be hanged at 7am on Monday. Sources within the prison report that he has refused to see a minister, but it is rumoured that he has been visited more than once by Bentley Cornforth, himself recently acquitted during the Braylea coven trial. It seems that Manners has named Cornforth as his next of kin, refusing to see his parents who are reported to be ‘saddened but not surprised’. As the named next of kin, Cornforth cannot be denied the right to visit the condemned man. The prison authorities are said to have turned down a request by Manners to have Cornforth attend the hanging in the place of a minister.

Keeper’s Information

The ‘Braylea Coven’ was a small Cthulhu Mythos cult worshipping Shub-Niggurath. They had sacrificed various tramps and stolen farm animals in order to consecrate an altar, but had not completed the operation when Edwina Moon lost her nerve and went to the Police.

When Cornforth visited Manners in the condemned cell for the last time, he took various enchanted items and other materials with him. Despite the authorities’ refusal to allow Cornforth to serve at the execution, Manners still had the right to receive any last rites pertaining to his religion, and the governor of the prison reluctantly allowed Cornforth to bring various materials for this purpose. However, Cornforth overpowered the single warder who remained in the cell with them, and helped Manners to cast a Mind Transfer spell (The Fungi From Yuggoth, p28, or Fragments of Fear, p66), exchanging minds with the helpless warder. Manners then left the prison in the warder’s body, leaving the warder’s mind, in his own body, to be executed.

The investigators will start with only the press cuttings above, but they should be able to discover that Briggs was the warder who was in the cell with Manners and Cornforth and deduce what is going on. Cornforth’s first move will probably be to track down Edwina Moon and punish her, but if the investigators are quick off the mark they should be able to get to her first and ensure her safety. No details are given here of the two cultists’ abilities; the keeper should design their powers and any allies, bearing in mind the strength of the investigators.

Graeme Davis
In a brilliant outflanking manoeuvre, Jim 'Lichemaster' Syme escaped the Games Day offensive only to discover a second front in Derby. Fatigued but unscathed, he returns to base with tall tales.

Saturday and Sunday the 10th and 11th of October saw the dawning of a new era in wargaming with the first ever, official Warhammer Battle Competition. The competition took place at what has rapidly become one of the most popular and prestigious events in the gaming calendar, the World Wargames Championships, held at the Assembly Rooms, Derby.

This show attracted visitors and participants from across the globe to play and watch the usual quota of Ancient, Medieval, Pike and Shot, Napoleonic and Twentieth Century wargames, and took up most of the space in two of the large halls this excellent venue offers. The remaining space was taken up by a multitude of trade stands and a variety of excellent demonstration and participation games. The loudest and most popular of these was undoubtedly the Blood Bowl public participation game put on by The Old Guard, which used converted large scale figures in a Roman style arena, many of which waved little banners with pertinent (or perhaps that should be impertinent) comments.

Expeditionary Force
Games Workshop had a stand at the show, despite the fact that most of our minions were involved in the great Games Day Exodus over the same weekend. In fact, this was the first major GW presence outside those conventions we organise ourselves. One small step for a mutant but...

In a nearby hall, however, we were holding the inaugural Warhammer Battle Competition, with six eager enthusiasts from local clubs competing keenly for cartloads of prizes put up by Games Workshop. Six 2,000 point armies drawn from the Ravening Hordes Army Lists were arrayed on three six by four tables ready for the fray. The terrain was laid out so that, on two tables, hills and woods on either flank provided cover for those generals wishing to assetration and participation games use it, whilst the main feature on the third table and most popular of these was was a fordable river with a bridge. Victory conditions he Blood Bowl public participation were simple and in the finest Warhammer traditions; Back on table one Gregg Humphries with an unsavoury collection of Ores and Goblins face off against Anthony Guilors smaller but perfectly formed Elven army. Andrew Goodman, aided by a stout band of Dwarfs, ranged against a scurrying horde of Skaven ratmen commanded by Warp seer Stephen Borthwick. And Old World race relations finally collapsed when David Morris sent his army of Dwarfs against the Elven might of Matthew Swift.

Back on table one, Gregg's Goblinoid Army, pausing only to draw breath, and headed by a suicidal unit of Goblin Chariots, went straight for their Elven adversaries. Some of the Elves were somewhat over-awed by this, and made their immediate escape. Anthony had to spend the rest of his first game fending off repeated Orcish charges.

The game on table two started more sedately, with an early advantage being given to the Dwarfs due to the effective fire of a stone throwing engine. A charge by Matthew's mounted Elves looked as though it might save the day, but the Dwarfs emerged victorious with well-blooded axe blades.

With too many Skaven to protect behind scant cover, a regular flurry of crossbow bolts and stone thrower missiles flew across table three, whittling down the ratpacks, who finally routed. The most effective Skaven unit, which incorporated a pack of Chaos Hounds, could not save the day for the vermin hordes. Despite the Skaven came within charge range of the Dwarfs and deployed warp flamethrowers to soften the enemy up, their defeat was inevitable. The warplume teams also showed an alarming habit of lighting the wrong bits on their equipment resulting in their own immediate destruction.

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At the end of the first round of games, Gregg Humphries' Goblinoids had a clear points advantage with Andrew Goodman's Dwarfs close behind. So, a short break for refreshments and back to the fray.

**The Second Wave**

For the second round, we had Goblins against Skaven, and two Elf-Dwarf conflicts. On table one, the Orcs and Goblin chariots again headed straight for the foe, and like the Elves before them, the Skaven began to run. Other ratpacks, making a similar assessment of the situation, soon began leaving the scene of action, and again Gregg had only to deal with a holding action as the Chaos Hounds fell and warp flamethrowers continued to explode in a blaze of pyrotechnics.

On table two, Matthew looked fairly confident as he faced another Dwarf army over the same terrain as his first game, but alas his early expectations were never realised as the Elf cavalry charge failed to break the Dwarf line, and his troops were decimated once more by the Dwarf minging machine. On table three, Elves and Dwarfs fought a stirring battle which ended in carnage as Anthony's Wardancers tried to relieve a beleaguered Elf unit holding off the hordes of Dwarfs who had surrounded their square formation.

The first day ended with Gregg and his Orcs still ahead on points, closely followed by Andrew and David's Dwarfs, whilst Elves and Skaven had evidently not fared well in combat. However, it was still close enough for anyone to snatch overall victory.

And so to Sunday, with the final round of games and everything to play for. We expected that the eventual winner could well be either Gregg with his Orcs, or one of the Dwarf commanders. But in *Warhammer Battle* anything can happen!

Table three saw Stephen's Skaven facing Matthew the Elf. Both players had yet to win a game. Headed by Chaos Hounds, the ratpacks swarmed over the table, allowing the Elves only a few ineffective volleys from their archers before the entire Elf battleline was overwhelmed, allowing Matthew to save only his cavalry.

**Turning the Tide**

Gregg and David had a gruelling game as Gregg's nasty green creatures crossed the river and headed for the defensive Dwarf positions. Surprisingly, David began to march a Dwarf unit down one flank, despite the fact that Dwarfs are not exactly the fastest troops in the Warhammer World. The suicide charge of the Goblin Charioits turned into a repeat of the charge of the Light Brigade, and this tactic, so successful in Gregg's earlier games, was a disaster.

Undaunted, Gregg moved up his Goblin units and unleashed his secret weapon - Goblin Fanatics. While these ball-and-chain-wielding weirdos whirled their deadly way through Dwarf ranks, heroes and champions fought in personal combat. Having successfully stopped the Dwarf flanking manoeuvre, Gregg then attacked the crew of the deadly Dwarf stonethrower and captured it. One of the most dramatic actions of the event.

Meanwhile on table one, we had a real surprise. Anthony's Elves lined up against Andrew's Dwarfs and beat them in a race to the commanding terrain. He then launched a deadly rain of bowfire while his Wardancers, in ever-decreasing numbers, skipped through unit after unit of Dwarfs. The level of carnage left only eight Dwarfs remaining on the table. The stone mighty throwing engine had been pushed off the edge of the world (the table edge). Anthony had built up a massive points total.

We all waited with bated breath while the table two game came to an end and David and Gregg calculated their losses. David had finally won the battle, the only player to win all three - but the devious Goblins had accrued enough points to win the competition.
The Spoils of War

So ended a fiercely fought contest that everyone enjoyed, players and public alike. The tables had been crowded around by onlookers issuing comments, warnings and advice. I then had the pleasant task of awarding the prizes. Each stalwart player received a copy of *Warhammer 40,000* and a box of superb new Space Marines. David was given a consolation prize of a box of Space Orks, and Gregg received a voucher for a 1500 point Warhammer Battle Army of his choice. Gregg's eyes glazed over. "How many Snotlungs can you get for 1500 points?" He cackled. But a turn or two on the Games Workshop portable rack soon sorted him out!

Next year it's planned to fully integrate the Warhammer Battle Competition into the World Championships. If everything goes as planned, we'll have twenty-four tables set up to run both Warhammer Battle and Warhammer 40,000 on a massive scale. All budding Dwarf Lords, Dukes of Chaos and Imperial Generals out there, start planning and practicing - you could be next year's Warhammer Champion! Details of how to enter can be obtained from the event's organiser, John S Grant, who can be contacted at: 29 Wade Avenue, Littleover, Derby DE3 6BG.

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**ANCIENTS 25MM TEAM**
3: J Bird (Derby)
2: S Hacker (Wild Geese)
1: J Bird (Milton Keynes)

**ANCIENTS 15MM TEAM**
3: Oldham
2: Derby
1: Wild Geese III

**ANCIENTS 15MM TEAM**
3: J Turland (Chefflenham)
2: C Bramall (Bunshop)
1: R Butler (Davout's Third Corps)

**NAPOLEONIC TEAM**
3: Chelfenham
2: Bunshop
1: Davout's Third Corps

**MODERN TEAM**
3: Pinner
2: Bath
1: NOTTINGHAM

**BEST SUCCESSFUL OVERSEAS COMPETITOR**
Individual: A Meyers (Belgium)

Team: Wuppertal (West Germany)

**WORLD CHAMPION**
R Clarke

Text by Jim Syme with thanks to John S Grant
So there we woz, jus' beamed on ter Hynn's World. Up to 'ere in muck an' plasma bolts, an' our boys runnin' round like endless cyberhooks, shootin' all over the place.

"Chargel!" shouts Ogloo.

"Charge where?" sez Braglub.

"I dunno, do I?" sez Ogloo. "Jus' shurrup an' charge!"

Well, that didn't work too good. Some boys charges one way an' some charges the other way, an' some charges each over, an' everybody gets in everybody's way, an' we don't get too far really.

"Old on, 'old on,' sez Braglub. "Wot we doin' here, anyway?"

"Wotcher meant?" sez Ogloo. "Wot they doin' an'rippin' and killin' and deez-stroyin'..."

"Yer, but wot we doin' it to?" Ogloo finks a bit.

"Now wot woz it the chief sez 'fore we come down?" Sez 'e, talkin' to 'isself. "I finks a bit more, but don't answer 'isself."

Braglub gets 'is squawk-box out an' tries to call the chief, but all 'e gets is whislitin' an' cracklin'. 'E checks it on the ground an' shoots it.

Then Rudzog fishes this piece of paper out of 'is pocket an' waves it at Ogloo.

"Look at this! 'E sez, which is dumb cuz we's all lookin' at it already. 'This is wot we need!" Ogloo takes it off 'is an' as a good look.

"Coooommm, yeah," sez Ogloo. "We all goes fer a look.

"Wot iz it?" we sez. 'A Melta-Bomb? A Dissplay - dissplated - one o' them cannons?"

"Nah," sez Ogloo. "It's dat Ker-Adams again. Dun us some command groups. Standard bearer an' out choice of two o'vver hoys out o' the pitcher. Dead cheap, too. Giz the squawk-box an' I'll get ootter Citadel Mail Order."

"Yer, but there ain't one o' them fer lightycars from 'ere. stoopid!" sez Ogloo. "Giz the squawk-box!" Then Braglub goes all shuffly, cuz 'e shot the squawk-box an' we can't talk to nobody no more.

---

**GORT**
(Standard + Bolgian)

**RUDZOG**
(Bolgian)

**BRAGLUB**
(Musician)

**ROLKO**
(Power Sword)

**SHUGBRO**
(Musician)

**GUYNOR KULO**
(Power Axe)

**GORDAL LUGGUB**
(Power Glove & Bolg Pistol)

**OGLOD**
(Bolg gun)

**RINGLUG**
(Standard w/ Bolgian)

---

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**Imperial Record**

**Cross File to:**

**Input:**
- Xenobiology FS
- Xenobiology, Alien Technology L17
- Tyranid Slave Warrior (Zoat). Warrior group sighted Oceana Front, Kanda Alpha system.
- Tyranid Slave Warrior (Zoat).

**Status Analysis:**
- Elite Unit: Support trooper, Warrior - Champion, Regulation Issue, Squat Group Leader (Standard Military Hierarchy assessment: as level 3).

**Key:**
- Multi-Melta
- Bolter
- Flamer
- Tower Fist
- Quarterly Kill

**Input Dated:**
9878987.M23

---

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**DESIGNED BY NICK BIRBY**

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This is Illuminations' second visit to the intricate gothic technique of Ian Miller, in particular, his work for Warhammer 40,000. Ian was first commissioned to produce the section header illustrations, based on the early space marine figures. This brief led to a number of problems. At such an early stage of development, there were only a few 40K figures in the range, so he had little to draw on for imagery, and Ian's own technique is normally precise and time consuming. Of course, time, as always, was a precious commodity...

Fortunately, Ian had been awaiting the opportunity to experiment with a more spontaneous technique that would allow him to 'loosen up' his habitual precision without forsaking any of that gothic feel. The results you may have seen in Warhammer 40,000, some of which are reproduced here (along with a few that never made it to the final volume), are exceptionally dynamic and convey the dark and dangerous atmosphere of Rick Priestley's pocket universe.

As for the future (the real one!), Ian will be working for the Studio for the next six months, and will be getting to grips with the most heavily gothic tome to date, Realm of Chaos. As he's working in conjunction with our own Nurgle freak, Tony Ackland, the results should be worth waiting for.

Watch out for the mark of the mutant!

John Blanche
IAN MILLER

AGE: 19½
PASSTIME: HARPOONING
FOOD: BOILED CROCODILE EGGS
FILM: ZULU
BOOK: THE OTHER SIDE ALFRED HUBIN
ARTISTS: DURER, ERNST, LEONARDO
AMBITION: TO SHRINK
COLOUR: MOTHBALL CHERRY
THINGS: TREES ON WHEELS & THINGS THAT GO 'SQUEAK'
BEGINNINGS

This month I had hoped to reveal a more details about the origins and early history of the Legiones Astartes or Space Marines. Unfortunately, the space isn’t available in White Dwarf this month. So instead I’m going to expound on the inner mysteries of the Imperial dating system. Several people have asked how these dates are worked out, and what time scales are involved in the game.

Also, for players preparing their deadly Eldar mercenary units, our armourer extraordinaire has a new hand held weapon in the form of the shuriken pistol. This quality device, proven in the field of battle, is described below. Well, what are you waiting for?

THE MARCH OF TIME

The Imperial dating system is based upon the old calendar - the one with which we are all familiar. An Imperial date is therefore a date ‘Anno Domini’ but it’s expressed in rather different terms than those we are used to. The most noticeable difference is the suffix ‘M’ followed by a number. This is the millennium number: M1 is the first millennium and so on. We are living in 1987 which is the second millennium. In Imperial terms any date between 1001 and 2000 would be suffixed by M2. The current millennium in the WH40K mythos is the forty-first or M41. Incidentally, this suffix is normally emphasised by a full stop (or oblique if you prefer) for clarity.

A typical dating code, such as you will find in the WH40K book and in WD articles, is 0150935/M32. The M32 means we are dealing with a thirty-second millennium date. The other numbers tell us the year and fraction of the year.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>check number</th>
<th>year number</th>
<th>year fraction number</th>
<th>millennium</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>M 32</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Prefixes 1 to 8 indicate gradually widening ‘grey areas’ surrounding the origins of a given item of data. Prefix 9 is slightly different. It’s used when, for instance, a source reporting from a world that doesn’t use Imperial dating, needs to make a reference to that world’s history. The historical date would have to carry the prefix 9.

Check number The first digit in the sequence is the dating reference or check number. This check number is necessary due to temporal distortions which affect ships in warp-space as well as worlds which are remote, or isolated, from Earth. It’s presence qualifies the accuracy of the date given in each case.

0/1 Earth standard date. Referring to an event which happened within the Sol system.

Direct. Source in direct psychic contact with Earth when date reference was made

Indirect. The source is in direct psychic contact with a class 2 source but not Earth.

Corroborated. The source is in direct psychic contact with a class 3 source but not a class 0/1 or 2.

Sub-corroborated. The source is in direct psychic contact with any corroborated source.

Non-referenced 1 year. The source is not in psychic contact with a class 1-5 source when the reference is made. However, the date belongs to a sequence beginning or ending with a date which does have a class 1-5 source reference. The unsourced time period is no greater than 1 standard year.

Non-referenced 10 years. This is an unsourced date in the same way as a class 6 date but with an unsourced period of 1-10 years.

Non-referenced more than 10 years. This is an unsourced date as for 7 but for an unsourced sequence of more than ten years.

An approximated date. A date with no fixed co-ordinates at either end of a sequence, or a date approximated from non-Imperially dated references.
Year The last three digits are the year within the millennium running from 001-000 (one thousand). For example 015093M32 is the year 930 of the thirty second millennium. We would describe this as the year 31930 AD. When referring to a year in general terms, and where it is not necessary to include the year fraction or check number, it is acceptable to write ‘year 930/M32’.

Year fraction For administrative purposes the standard year is divided into 1000 equal segments; 001-000. This is a purely administrative convention and not a part of everyday usage.

The following examples should make this clear.

0333042. M32. Segment 333. Year 42. Millennium 32. Our year 31042

As the last example explains, the current year in the WH40K mythos is year 987/M41. The current ‘real’ real is, of course, year 987/M2. Because it makes the game easier to write for, I usually refer dates in the WH40K mythos to the approximate 1987 equivalent at the time of writing. Obviously it is not possible to coordinate ‘game time’ and ‘real time’ absolutely, but it does add coherency to a campaign structure. Your campaigns may be developed in the same way, but feel free to be flexible. If you command a force which must travel through warp space for six months of game time, it’s hardly reasonable to wait six months before fighting the battle!

Marine Commander Jervis ‘Yehah! Dakka dakka’ Johnson was lubricating his power armour down at the local club recently, when between insane screams of blood-curdling intensity, he actually made a discovery! I was horrified - not at the nature of the discovery itself - just at the realisation that JJ was sentient. Anyway, Johnson’s discovery is this: the bolt gun and bow profiles on p70 have been transposed, and on p 79/80 the power glove and power sword profile have also been transposed. The profiles shown on the summary sheet are the correct ones. However, some details of the multi-melta shown on the summary sheet have been shifted one column to the left - see p86 for the correct profile.

Until the next time.
Rick Priestley
SHURIKEN PISTOL

SHURIKEN CROSSBOW

CHAINSWORD GUARD

CHAINSWORD

LAS GUN

ACCESS DENIED
SECURITY CLEARANCE RED PERSONNEL ONLY

In the Heat of Battle, Death is your only mistake.
Right, ask yourself if you're satisfied with the figure. No, we're not doing a major conversion here, but there are little touches that you can add to give a figure some individuality. Check the animation. Is the head in an interesting enough position, or the arms, or the legs?

The best way to alter any of these, should you want to, is to get some pliers, wrap the limb or area in tissue paper to protect it, and apply gentle but firm pressure to move the area into the new position. Always try to bend the metal from a natural joint. Remember that people have bones and can't use their arms or legs like tentacles.

There's an eerie moan from the other room, 'Sorry Tony. Most people can't anyway. Then there's subtle stuff you can do. A pin can be useful for flaring the nostrils - of the figure, that is. The same process makes a gun barrel look more realistic.

A leather clad arm grabs me by the throat and drags me off into the cave at the side. 'Wot we go're den?' Sniff, sniff. It's me John! Ouch -

Oh! Oh! Oh!
sharpened up, blades look quite effective if you only give them a varnish. It makes them look really shiny.'

'Very clever.'

'Don't be sarcastic. Having stripped off a load of detail and altered the figure, you can now start to consider adding bits. Don't worry, it's all in the name of individuality. Your spares box is the obvious place to look for ideas - extra weapons, pouches, stuff like that. But with a little Milliput and a bit of patience, you can add moustaches or beards, tongues (preferably only one), eye patches and so on. Clipped pins can make good arrows stuck into shields or armour. Drill a hole in the part that will receive the pin and then superglue the two components together.'

'Look, isn't this all getting a bit unwieldy?'

'Good point. Don't overdo it. A couple of choice effects will do the trick. Now then, ah yes, Spikes! Spikes and tusks. And horns.'

'Milliput?'

'No. Milliput isn't the ideal thing for these. Go to the spares box and grab a couple of old spear hafts or something similar. A carefully whittled haft will come to a really fine point. Cut it to the length required and fix it into a drilled hole on the figure. Superglue will bond the resulting join strongly enough. That gives you a decent horn. Spikes can be created by adding the clipped end of a pin to the figure in the same way. Be very careful when you're clipping pins though. There can be some 'shrapnel' so make sure your eyes are protected. The metal spike should also be strong enough to take a little bending, if you want. It adds character. Shoulder armour is a good place to add stuff like this.

'If you want an interesting shield pattern, get an old figure - one with a good facial expression - and cut its head off. File the back of the head carefully. Take your time and you end up with just the casting of the face. This can be glued onto a fighter's shield and looks really special.

'If your figure has a bow, you can add string with fine fuse wire, cotton, human hair, or stretched plastic sprue. Most of these can be superglued. If the bow armed figure is Orcish or something similar, crude knots at both ends of the bow string are effective additions. The only technique required for these is a little patience.

'And finally - a couple of favourite esoteric touches here - nose and ear rings can be created by getting fine fuse wire, bending it around the doorway. The hippies are all jumping up and down, whooping a lot. Mike McVey has Dave's beard impaled on his 00.

There will be a feast tonight.

**Gifts from the Earth**

'Bases!' Cries John. He snatches the still twitching clump of hair. 'That's goin' in me spares box.'

'Basses! Rickenbacker 4001 stereos, Fender Jazz?' We wander back to the desk.

'Yeah, bases,' he says, throttling Dave's faithful parasite. 'There are two main types - artificial and modelled. The artificial type involves things like building Milliput mushrooms and toadstools, adding details like small animals from your spares box - whatever takes your fancy. Small puddles can be made in any suitably modelled crevice on the base by pouring in a suitable amount of PVA glue and leaving it to dry.' He stares longingly at the furry clump. 'And the modelled type?'

'What? Ah yes, well that's a lot more fun. A basic flock covering can be complimented with soil, grit, pebbles, twigs, moss and the like. But a wander in the woods can prove fruitful in your search for interesting items. A careful search can reveal shrew skulls and other small mammal bones that take on a whole new perspective when you put them next to a metal miniature. If you're really ambitious and don't mind getting your fingers dirty, the droppings of several predatory species can be broken down to reveal insect carapaces and all sorts of other goodies. Hmm, all this is making me hungry. With a single gulp, John's cavernous mouth envelopes the recently deceased beard-creature.

'You're sick!'

'Nah, it's all biodegradable. And the results are worth the effort. Just remember to wash your hands after mucking around. Now then, have we covered everything?'

'Just about. You mention sticking lots of bits together. What about drying times?'
Skimpy Underwear

'Well,' he muses, picking his teeth with his multi-purpose modelling tool, 'Milliput takes a few hours but you're going to have to leave the whole thing for a day before undercoating anyway, because the various glues and the putty are still drying underneath. Paint over them at this stage and the undercoat will crack. Have we got space to talk about undercoating?'

'Sure have, but hasn't this been covered already?'

'Basically, but there are some important notes. Decide what you're going to leave bare - sword blades and so on. Then the best undercoat usually comes from thinned enamel. Acrylic may shrink when thinned. Apply it rigorously with an old brush, working the paint into the detail without giving it a chance to build up in crevices. That just results in detail being obscured and an uneven drying time for the undercoat itself. Leave the model for a couple of hours to dry. You can speed this up by placing the model on a radiator, putting it under a hair dryer, or just holding it in front of Sid's mouth while he whinges.

'A thicker undercoat is useful on areas of bad modelling (where there may be fine cracks) or plain surfaces. The thicker coat makes a smoother, better painting surface. Now there is a danger of applying an undercoat that's too thin. This should be avoided. Later coats of paint will adhere properly to the model but the colours will be dulled. Having said that, I always leave chainmail bare to avoid destroying all that lovely texture.

'Now then. Painting the model-

'Nope, sorry. We're out of space. You can talk about that next month. Anyway, it's lunch time. You coming?'

'No thanks. I've eaten.'

This month's 'Eavy Metal was created by Emperor Blanche re-animating (read 'brow-beating') Minion Masterson and is dedicated to the memory of Dave Andrews' lamented beard.
Welcome one and all to White Dwarf's forum for miniatures painters. The difference between this and 'Eavy Metal is that while EM will continue to explore new avenues, techniques and subjects for the fantasy gamers who wish to bring colour to their tabletop, Blanchitsu will give you the opportunity to ask us questions about specific problems, suggest new techniques that you have discovered, and so on.

The number of such letters now received at the Studio, prevent us from replying in person to each and every one. That's why these pages have become available. So let's hear from you now!
The third Space Ork is made to look just a little different by applying a lighter base colour before proceeding in the same manner as above for shading and highlight effects.

The armour on Richard's next figure could be painted up in one of two ways. A base colour of either dark brown or blue, drybrushed with progressively lighter shades of yellow-brown or blue-grey respectively, does the job nicely. The leather boots start life with a Bestial Brown coat and a light yellow ink wash. Black lines are added to the creases before some more black, mixed with a touch of blue, is added as another wash. A few highlights picked out in Spearstaff Brown finishes the job.

The gauntlets begin with an orange/yellow wash, followed by a red ink wash. Brown ink and black are mixed and added to the creases. Highlights are created in three stages: a red/orange mix, a red/yellow mix, and a touch of white to top them off.

When you're dealing with areas of dull fabrics, these layering techniques will add all the spice you could want, without ruining your figures with areas of clashing colour. Be careful, however, to keep each layer fairly close in tone to the one underneath. The result will be softer looking that way. Experimentation will reveal plenty of pleasing effects.

While you're trying to avoid colour clash on the one hand, there's nothing wrong with attempting to create contrast. Richard happily points out that decorative effects can do just that. "Small dots of colour can make things more detailed and cause them to stand out at a distance." Nice one Mr Wright - real Blanchitsu at work! By now, you should be able to see how much work goes into a good figure - but then it's surely worth it when you get results like Richard's.

The biggest disadvantage of this technique is that the finished figure is somewhat duller than one undercoated in white (which shines through the subsequent layers of paint). The advantage however, is that awkward details such as the mouth, helmet edging etc do not have to be painted in. They're just left black.

As I indicated earlier, this is a faster technique and is particularly suited to painting wargames units.

Well, now you've seen what some of the studio staff do to get the required results from their figure painting. But what do you do to make your figures look special? Are you having problems with particular effects. Or do you just think that we're doing everything wrong when it comes to miniatures painting? Let me know. Write to Blanchitsu, Games Workshop Design Studio, 14-16 Enfield Chambers, Low Pavement, Nottingham NG1 7DL.

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John Blanche
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The Madcap Laughs

STORMBRINGER ADVENTURE
RUINS IN MADNESS

By Matt Williams

GM'S INTRODUCTION

This adventure is a sequel to A Heart of Dust, A Hand of Death featured in White Dwarf #96. A guide to the overall structure of the campaign, The Madcap Laughs was presented in WD95. However, with minor modifications, the adventure that follows may be played apart from the campaign as long as the adventuring party number between three and six characters (one of whom should be a sorcerer).

The adventure can begin at any time once yourself and your players feel satisfied with the conclusion of A Heart Of Dust. The loose ends can be ignored for the moment, and the party's attention will be drawn away from the matter of the Key of Mirikos.

You are on a sailing ship, journeying across a calm sea. It is a warm, moonless night. Around you stand a number of others dressed for war, their features invisible in the dark.

As the sun's first rays light the horizon, a tall, cloaked figure calls, 'It is time!' As he chants strange incantations, the sea begins to swell. The sun's first rays light the horizon. You hear the sound of splintering wood. The main mast snaps, and the ship was conveyed to Oin by undines. The journey has taken longer than the dream suggested, and was far less dramatic - though the ship was wrecked and the crew drowned. Should the characters decide to search the beach, they may, at the GM's option, discover crewmen's bodies, washed ashore along with themselves. However, they will learn nothing from these.

When the PCs have satisfied themselves that there is nothing of interest on the beach and turn their attention to moving inland, they will see a figure watching them from a grassy bluff about twenty feet away. The figure is tall, thin and dressed in a dark cowled robe. His back is badly hunched over. He beckons the adventurers with an outstretched arm.

Ylastraa Taar is the sorcerer in question. He greets the party warmly, but his gaze seems to be attracted more towards the sea, his face showing a mixture of regret and bemusement. Shrugging his hunched shoulders, he turns to the PCs and begins to explain the reason for their untimely (and uncomfortable) abduction.

'I seek the Whispering Codex of Pyaray for my researches. The nature of Law and Chaos poses many questions, many unfathomable puzzles. But we have a duty to try and change the situation, do we not? We must try to understand. Now my researches lead me to believe that the Codex may have some relevance here.' His crooked face meets the gazes of the adventurers. Perhaps you can already see my problem. I am no adventurer.'

He turns away, hobbling inland through the tall grass. Without turning around, he shouts, 'There are riches where it is hidden. Great riches. They're yours whether you uncover the Codex for me or not. What would I spend them on here, eh?'

In fact, Taar is in the pay of Ziamora, who wishes to obtain the Codex because she thinks it contains the rituals needed to release her god, Amma-y-Graan from imprisonment (see WD95).

Taar will not compel the characters to assist him in the search. Instead he will tempt them with his graphic tales of rare Lormyrian treasures. He will show them examples. His two rings. He will tell the characters they can have any lost they discover, besides the Codex. However, should this not be incentive enough, he is prepared to simply leave them to wander round the wilderness of Lormyr with no idea of where they are.

If the characters accept, Taar plans to accompany the party. If they insist, he will let them go alone, giving them his map and arranging to rendezvous back at the shore. He will follow the adventurers at a safe distance, using his scrying device (see below) to keep an eye on them.

THE DREAM

Read the following passage to the adventurers:

You are awoke fully dressed, their clothes soaked. You find yourselves on a beach. None of them have been harmed but they may be understandably confused about their whereabouts.

They have been abducted to the shores of Oin and Yu by Ylastraa Taar, a Pan Tangian sorcerer. They were summoned to his ship by a Demon and the ship was conveyed to Oin by undines. The journey has taken longer than the dream suggested, and was far less dramatic - though the ship was wrecked and the crew drowned. Should the characters decide to search the beach, they may, at the GM's option, discover crewmen's bodies, washed ashore along with themselves. However, they will learn nothing from these.

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YLASTRAA TAAR

Ylastraa Taar is a sorcerer of Pan Tang. He has a tall and wiry build deformed by a hunchback, and tends to speak in a whisper. His deformity has led him to despise the physical prowess of other mortals. He seeks to best others via scholarship and sorcery. Years of study have indeed made him a powerful sorcerer.

Ziamora has promised him a share of her sorcerous knowledge and a place at her right hand when the Essegnaani control the universe. He keeps in contact with her by using a scrying device described below. He is physically weak, and unable to fight. He needs the muscle-power of a few adventurers to help him find the Codex.

Ylastraa Taar, Pan Tangian Sorcerer
STR 6 CON 5 SIZ 20 INT 22 POW 19
DEX 11 CHA 10 HP 13

SIR 6 CON 5 S1Z 20 1NT 22 POW 19
RUINS IN MADNESS

**Eettsurt, Demon of Protection**

CON 76  SIZ 20  POW 12

Special Abilities: Despair

The Demon exists in the form of Thar’s cowled, full-length cloak. Looking at its velvet-black surface, one can make out the pattern of the stars and the depths of space between them. Any creature intending to attack Thar must roll POW or less as a percentage or catch a glimpse of the robe, after which the Demon can cover as many victims as its special ability of Scrying. The Demon only presents its knowledge in uninformative form. Its scrying ability is accurate, but the demon is otherwise uninformative.

**Aborsch, Demon of Combat**

STR 15  CON 15  SIZ 27  INT 1  POW 9  DEX 18  CHA 1  HP 15

Weapon  Attack  Damage  Parry
Dagger  50%  1D4+2  05%

Armour: None

Special Abilities: Regeneration

Summoning Aborsch brings forth a plague of creeping, biting insects which swarm over their victim. The swarm will have three group bites per round, and armour is ignored - the insects crawl through the joints. The insects can be damaged by beating, fire etc, or washed off in water (the Demon loses 1D6 Hit Points per round). More insects join the swarm each combat round, represented by Regeneration. If the demon is reduced to 0 or fewer Hits for one whole round, it is considered slain (ie the insects are removed). The Demon can cover as many victims as it has SIZ. For example, it could swarm over two SIZ 11 people with some to spare. It is bound to the ruby ring, and is noticeable as a variety of insects crawling across the ground.

**THE WHISPERING CODEX**

The Whispering Codex is said to contain eight thousand impossible riddles - and their answers. It once belonged to the priests of Pyaray, but was somehow lost to the Church of Straasha. To prevent its secrets being revealed, Pyaray’s servants had bound certain Demons to destroy anyone or anything who revealed its whereabouts. Thus, the book was lost in Lormyr, its location known only to one man.

Reading the Codex is itself a hazardous business. Any reader who fails to roll POW or under as a percentage is driven mad by its torturous contradictions and horrible secrets. Any creature revealing the Codex’s location to another is immediately devoured by a horde of Demons.

The book is old and heavy, as long as a man’s arm and half as wide. It is bound in octopus skin and smells like an open grave. Each page is made from the flayed skin of drowned mariners whose livesless forms now man the Chaos fleet of Pyaray.

Theoretically, any sorcerer can benefit from reading the Codex. First, the wizard must successfully make a POW roll to avoid being driven mad as noted above. After studying the book for 50-INT weeks, the adventurer must roll twice their INT or less as a percentage, and - if successful - gain 1D4-1 INT. The sorcerer may proceed to the next rank of sorcery. Characters of the fifth rank will now be able to try and summon Pyaray. Failure means the adventurer’s POW drops to 1. This regenerates at 1 point/game hour, but stops when the value has recovered all but one of the points originally lost. This last point is permanently lost.

**THE JUNGLES OF OIN AND YU**

The jungle-lands of the southern continent are lush and full of wildlife. Tigers hunt among the overgrown ruins of once-prosperous Lormyrian cities. Snakes bask in the sun on beds of forgotten treasure. The forests are old, with towering moss-covered trees of enormous girth, and thick interwoven undergrowth makes progress on foot difficult. Much of the interior of Lormyr has been reclaimed by such wilderness. Oin and Yu were once provinces of the Lormyrian Empire, but - as this nation declined - they fell to the anarchic hands of the barbarian tribesmen.

**TRAVEL TO THE RUINED CITY**

Thar has a map showing the whereabouts of the last man alive who knows the location of the Codex. The man is now a hermit. He lives in a ruined city at the edge of the jungle. The journey is not too hard, and the characters will reach the city in three days.
Each day, Taar will find the opportunity to slip away for about an hour, on the pretence that he wishes to meditate alone. If they follow him, the adventurers will see him apparently talking to himself. In fact, he is communicating with Ziamora using the crystal pendant. If the characters have tussled with Ziamora and take no trouble to conceal their true identities, she will instruct Taar to arrange a sticky end for them. How this is handled is a matter for the GM's discretion. Ziamora will not reveal her involvement in the quest to the adventurers whether they have crossed her or not.

A character making a Listen roll will overhear choice fragments of the conversation, just enough to give an outline of Taar's true intentions. As a result, the characters may well choose to slay him. In this case, Ziamora will choose a new agent. This will be either Tervilm Nosan or Ellshara (see below). The new agent may not know for whom he or she is working, but Ziamora will arrange for the new agent to deliver the Codex into her hands. If the gamemaster has a taste for subtle irony, the adventurers themselves might become Ziamora’s new pawns.

ARRIVAL

The expedition will arrive at its destination at dusk. The sun has fallen behind the high cliff. The whole ruined city is in shadow, the taller buildings edged in brilliant orange light. The city is on the verge of reverting to wilderness.

If the characters decide to press on and search for the hermit immediately, they automatically have an encounter from the Pasdunzoon Encounter list. Encounter frequency should be no higher than one every two hours. Otherwise, as they look around for a campsite, they come across Tervilm Nosam’s pavilion.

THE RUINED CITY - PASDUNZOON

Once a jewel in Lormyr’s crown, this has long since fallen into decay, since the last inhabitants died hundreds of years ago. The city still looks majestic, even in ruins. Many of the buildings still stand - just. The forest slowly encroaches on the ruined streets. Roots and creepers force their way through the floor of elegant squares. Trees take seed in walls. Wild beasts make their lairs in crumbled mansions.

The city is cradled between low hills on the shores of the Lake of Tears. At the western tip of the lake, the land rises sharply into a cliff over which cascade a score of waterfalls. Hollowed into the cliffs are ancient barbarian cave-dwellings. Where the city starts, the forest ends and the land becomes more steppe-like.

BUILDING TYPES AND STRENGTHS

Since the adventurers may want to explore the ruined city, use the following table to find out what sort of building they are entering:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Roll ID100</th>
<th>Building</th>
<th>Two-storey residence</th>
<th>Three-storey residence</th>
<th>Large mansion</th>
<th>Covered square</th>
<th>Granary</th>
<th>Public building</th>
<th>eg lawcourts, baths</th>
<th>Temple</th>
<th>Mausoleum</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>01-30</td>
<td>Mausoleum</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>31-45</td>
<td>Temple</td>
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<tr>
<td>46-55</td>
<td>Covered square</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>56-65</td>
<td>Granary</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>66-75</td>
<td>Temple</td>
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<tr>
<td>76-85</td>
<td>Public building</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>86-95</td>
<td>Temple</td>
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<tr>
<td>96-100</td>
<td>Temple</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

None of these structures are particularly safe, they are all prone to subsidence and collapse. To find the condition of a building, roll ID100. This is the percentage chance of the structure collapsing if entered. The roll to find out if the building collapses is 10 or less. The effect is exactly the same, but adventurers inside are trapped in a pit 2260 metres deep under the rubble, taking falling damage as described on page 48 of the rules book. A character who has not broken limbs may attempt to roll STR or lower per round, to determine whether or not unaided escape is possible. Otherwise, characters may be helped from a pit in sixty minutes (minus ten for each PC helping to clear the rubble).

If the roll to find out if the building collapses is 10 or less, the floor has subsided instead. The effect is exactly the same, but adventurers inside are trapped in a pit 2260 metres deep under the rubble, taking falling damage as described on page 48 of the rules book. A character who has not broken limbs may attempt to roll STR or lower per round, to determine whether or not unaided escape is possible. Otherwise, characters may be helped from a pit in sixty minutes (minus ten for each PC helping to clear the rubble).

The ironチェルン, the adventurers themselves might become Ziamora's new pawns.
Characters entering the building must roll DEXx3% or under every time they move forward to avoid the webs touching their skin. Any adventurer touching them must make a CONx1% roll or fall into a deep sleep after 1D6 hours. The adventurer will wake periodically for 2D6 hours before lapsing into sleep again. After a week, his condition will worsen. Respiration will be short, and he will run a fever. 2D6 days later, the adventurer will die. An antidote for the poison will be found by someone who is able to retrace his steps. 

The pouch contains a 20 carat diamond, a 15 carat emerald and 6x10 carat sapphires.

D. Square of Cats. This covered square is filled with dozens of cats. When the adventurers enter this location the felines begin to mew. One after another. In the square is a statue of a nobleman. On his head is a gold coronet (worth 100 LB). Sharing occupation of the square with the cats is Rallup Yar and his companion Meeka.

RALLUP YAR

Rallup Yar is the sole man alive who knows exactly where the Whispering Codex is hidden. He dragged the secret from the spirit of a priest of Law. The priest's spirit was immediately devoured by demons for revealing the secret. At the sight of this Rallup Yar went mad, swore a vow of silence and fled into the Lormyrian wilderness.

He found Meeka abandoned in the forest, and raised her as his daughter. He has never spoken to her, and the only language she knows is Yuric, learned from a traveller who spent several years in Pasdunzoon. Being unaccustomed to human contact has taken its toll on the girl. She often thinks she is another of Rallup Yar's cats.

On the wall is inscribed Rallup Yar's tale in a phonetic transcription of Yuric. If the adventurers speak Yuric they have a chance equal to one-third of their Speak Yuric skill to recognise it as such. The inscription reads as follows:

I, Rallup Yar, last man alive to hold that dreadful secret, live in exile lest I reveal it to another soul and have my heart rent by demons for all eternity. In this crumbling land have I taken refuge from my church, and my lord and master Pyaray, Whisperer of Impossible Secrets. Captain of the Chaos Fleet, Sucker of Drowned Men's Bones, to carry my secret to the grave and the peace of Limbo, having vowed silence until the end of my days: I dare not speak. I will not speak. I cannot speak.

Getting the secret from Rallup Yar depends on the adventurers' ruthlessness and ingenuity. To ensure his silence he has cut his own tongue out. Some possible ways are these.

Persuasion - However hard they try, the adventurers' efforts will prove futile. The consequences of revelation far outweigh any benefit suggested by a bunch of silver-tongued charmers.

Torture - The adventurers may opt to physically torture him, or apply psychological pressure by hurting Meeka or the cats. This will distress the hermit but since he cannot voice the secret he must write it down, which will allow him time to recover and steel his nerve against doing so. Rallup Yar is not above lying, either.

Torture will break Rallup Yar, if the torturer rolls a critical Torture roll and the hermit fails to roll his POWN5% or less.

Sorcery - a Demon of Desire can wrest the secret from Rallup Yar, who will then be consumed by a horde of demons for telling. The Demon of Desire must either be cajoled into telling its newly discovered information, or bound and forced to do so. Unbound Demons are loathe to tell, they know they will be destroyed if they do. Bound Demons have no option, but will be annihilated on telling their master the location.

Anyone learning the secret is now in a precarious position. Letting slip, even by accident, precisely where the Codex is, will cause the teller to be slain by Demons. The gamemaster should keep a careful watch on this. Showing someone counts as revealing the secret.

A Demon of Possession can force Rallup Yar to write down the location.

Demons of Knowledge - only a few Demons of Knowledge know where the Codex is. They also know the consequences of divulging this. Only Demons absolutely compelled to serve will tell their summoner the location. A Demon of Knowledge knows the secret on a roll of its POWN10% or less.

In any case the location is always given as a riddle - Where Straasha's kingdom meets King Grome's, and the eye's river washes stones. The answer: at the bottom of the Lake of Tears.

Rallup Yar, Ex-Priest of Pyaray

STR 10  CON 9  SIZ 11  INT 15  POW 19  DEX 12  CHA 9  HP 9

No effective attacks

Armour: None

Skills: First Aid 40%, Hide 50%, Listen 39%, Make Map 42%. Memorize 60%, Move Quietly 44%, Plant Lore 63%

Languages: Common; Speak 75%, R/W 75%; Low Melnibonean; Speak 40%, R/W 40%; Yuric: Speak 40%

He doesn't have a tongue, but if given one could speak the languages noted. If he hears the adventurers coming, he and Meeka will hide in the shadows, or a building off the square.

Meeka, Teenage Cat-Girl

STR 9  CON 12  SIZ 6  INT 9  POW 11  DEX 13  CHA 11  HP 6

No effective attacks

Skills: Balance 66%, Climb 30%, Dodge 65%, Hide 55%, Jump 30%, Move Quietly 55%, See 41%, Scent 42%, Track 44%, Tumble 45%

Languages: Yuric: Speak 20%
ENCOUNTERS IN PASDUNZOOD

The GM may opt to use encounters from the following list during the PCs’ search of the city. Encounters should not be used more than once. The GM should also feel free to modify encounters where necessary and, indeed, to supplement them with new ones.

Constrictor Snake

The adventurers stumble across the lair of a hungry constrictor. The snake will drop on lone or injured characters, or the last person to pass beneath it. Unless characters make a critical See or Listen roll, they will be surprised.

* Constrictor
  * STR 22
  * CON 16
  * SIZ 20
  * INT 7
  * POW 5
  * DEX 14
  * HP 16

  * Weapon: Bite
    * Attack: 40%
    * Damage: 1D6
    * Parry: 30%

  * Weapon: Crush
    * Attack: 60%
    * Damage: 2D6
    * Parry: 25%

  * Armour: None

  * Skills: Ambush 60%, Hide 70%, Move Quietly 80%

Once the constrictor has wrapped a character in its coils, there is little hope for their survival unless the serpent is slain quickly. After the first hit with a Crush, the snake goes on crushing automatically until its victim dies or it is slain.

Clakars

A nearby building is home to a troupe of 2D6 Clakars. If disturbed they will attack the intruders.

* Clakars
  * STR 14
  * CON 14
  * SIZ 14
  * INT 9
  * POW 14
  * DEX 14
  * HP 16

  * Weapon: Bite
    * Attack: 40%
    * Damage: 1D8+2
    * Parry: 35%

  * Weapon: Claw x2
    * Attack: 60%
    * Damage: 2D6
    * Parry: 40%

  * Weapon: Wing buffet
    * Attack: 90%
    * Damage: 1D4-1
    * Parry: 25%

  * Armour: None

  * Skills: Climb 45%, Listen 25%, Scent 25%, Search 25%, Track 25%

Jewelled Bird

Among the ruins the characters find a jewelled, brass bird. It is about man-sized. It is mechanical, and if somehow the characters manage to fathom the nature of the mechanism and get it going, it will serve as a mount. It can run at 10 km/h and fly. The bird is Virtuous and will explode on contact with Chaotic artifacts. The gems are semi-precious.

Obelisk

In a square stands a 10 metre marble obelisk. Three sides are inscribed with various languages, the fourth with geometrical symbols. Carved into the flagstones around it is a graduated circle marking the hours of the day.

The top metre has broken off. If it is replaced, the obelisk works as a sundial.

The three languages are the Lornyan version of common, Low Melnibonean and a phonetic transcription of Yuric. Careful study would allow someone knowing two or three languages a good chance of deciphering the hermit’s inscriptions. Characters knowing all three languages have an INTx5% chance of doing so. Familiarity with common or Low Melnibonean and Yuric will give the reader an INTx3% chance.

Baboons

An old temple site has become the temporary home of 4D4 baboons. If the characters wish to search the temple, they must first drive them away. The baboons are intelligent enough to hurl rocks and topple pillars onto the characters.

* Rock will do 1D6 damage.

Rusting Engine

Apparently a mangled pile of rusted metal, this was in fact a steam-powered war engine. It is the size of a small house, with broken pistons and wheels sticking out in all directions. There is no way, bar magic, to restore the machine to working order. If somehow the characters do so, it resembles a huge metal ant.


**The Poet's Camp**

As the characters descend into the valley, they notice a lavishly decked out pavilion on the edge of the lake, and the smell of roasting meat wafts up from the camp. A horse grazes nearby; lamplight spills out through the door flap; a boar roasts over a fire. Anyone within 10 metres making a See roll will glimpse silk cushions and plates of sweetmeats through a small window in the tent.

The tent is the property of one Torvlim Nosam (WD95). He is conceited and will wait until the characters enter before bursting in on them and reciting one of his verses.

If the characters approve, he will introduce himself and be generous with his hospitality. He will entertain them as only he knows how, with a selection of his dreadful verse. Nosam will offer any information he knows, adding plenty of inaccuracies by way of embellishment. He will tell the characters that he too is looking for the Codex, purely for the challenge. In reality, he seeks the Codex because he thinks it will help him become a sorcerer. (If Taar is dead and Nosam has been chosen as Ziamora's new agent, she will have struck a bargain along these lines: he brings her the book, she makes him a sorcerer.)

Taar will not take kindly to Torvlim Nosam, should he be in the company of the party.

If the characters ask to join his camp, Torvlim Nosam will permit it, and suggest they all exchange stories around the fire. In light of Nosam's quality of verse, the characters may wish to politely refuse. This will throw Nosam into a sulk which lasts all the next day.

**TORVLM NOSAM**

A gentleman from Fikkar, self-styled poet and sometime adventurer, Torvlim Nosam has built himself quite a reputation for two things: luck, and a terrible way with words. Torvlim appears puny and eccentric, but this is a front concealing his ruthless and logical character. He is a clever schemer, and by appearing unconcerned by anything, he frequently manages to influence events to his advantage.

**PRINCESS ELLSHARA**

The first day the characters go down into the city, they will meet Princess Ellshara. Roll 1D4 for how many hours it is before they meet her. If for some reason they have left the city by then, she will be spotted the same evening on the shore of the lake. If this is so, she will have already found the Virtuous dagger and claimed it as hers. Read the following to the players.

A little way ahead a pack of greyhounds lopes around their houndmaster who holds the reins of two horses. Another figure, armoured in burnished plate, swings into the larger mount's saddle. The armoured figure has obviously noticed you. 'Hall! Dispens yourslyes properly, for the royal blood of the Kings of Lormyr is ours and we demand your greeting!'

Ellshara is a noblewoman and will expect due respect: rudeness will earn a sharp rebuke. She is searching for the Codex for something to do. Lormyr is sleepy, and there is little to occupy an adventurous princess. This much should reveal the strength of her character.

If Taar is dead, you may decide to make Ellshara Ziamora's new agent. In this case, the two of them will have struck a deal whereby Ziamora has promised to restore the youth of Ellshara's dying father in exchange for the Codex.

Ellshara's response to the characters depends on how they receive her. If they are hostile, she will be wary and keep herself to herself. If they are warm and courteous, she will be more open. She will not reveal her quest, however.

She knows where the hermit is, and has deciphered his history but is mistaken for a man until her helmet is removed. She will take every opportunity to better any man, and idle boasts may be put to the test if Ellshara thinks she can win.

If the characters seem to stand a chance of making Rallup Yar talk, she will help them in any way possible until they find the Codex, when she will try stealing it for herself.

Ellshara will be aware of Torvlim Nosam's camp. Unless the characters hid theirs, she may have spotted that too (make a See roll for her).
Ellshara, Lormyrian Princess
STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 15 DEX 17 CHA 15 HP 14

The Lake of Tears

The lake is about 900 metres long, 400 wide, and roughly kidney-shaped. It is no deeper than 15 metres. The shores are gently-sloping shingle beaches, save the western end which runs right up to the cliff. Its waters are dark and gloomy.

At the bottom of the lake is an underground grotto dedicated to Straasha. Here lies the Whispering Codex. The grotto is not hard to find, needing a simple Search roll while underwater, but adventurers removing the Codex will immediately draw the attention of Straasha. If he has some special reason - because the adventurer is an Agent or priest of Kakatal for example - the adventurers will be surrounded and attacked by 2D4 water Elementals. Characters able to summon Straasha will be brought to him to explain why they are taking the Codex. If he is convinced of their integrity, he will return them to the lake shore intact with the book. Other adventurers have a POW+ELAN+30% chance of being so summoned. Any adventurer who does not convince Straasha to let him have the Codex will be returned to the edge of the lake empty handed.

An undine can retrieve the hook in an instant, but the gamemaster should check to see if this irritates Straasha as if the undine were being bound by the sorcerer. This will have the usual consequences. Alternatively, the characters might try to devise a scheme to drain the lake, making the grotto accessible by foot. The tiniespan involved here could be considerable, not to mention the amount of help the party would need. It may, however, be a possibility the GM has to contend with.

Ellshara's armor is burnished with gald, an item of rare Lormyrian craftsmanship. The helmet is made to resemble a sun in splendour, with a full-face visor that lifts up.

She is well educated, knows the ways of the world and seeks respite from the torpid languor of Lormyr. She also delights in besting men, or making them the subject of ridicule, with the exception of her manservant, Kajan.

Her mount is a grey warhorse, a gift from her father, of whom she is very fond. She travels with a pack of 15 long-haired hunting greyhounds, under control of her houndmaster.

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Heavy Mace	96%	1D6+2	92%
Broadsword	56%	1D6+1	64%
Dagger	43%	1D4+2	32%
Self bow	86%	1D6+1
Melnibonean bow	33%	2D6+1

Armour: 12 point Virtuous plate with helmet

Skills: Balance 48%, Dodge 65%, Evaluate Treasure 28%, First Aid 70%, Hide 42%, Jump 32%, Memorise 33%, Orate 28%, Plant Lore 41%, Ride 63%, See 45%, Swim 40%, Track 28%

Languages: Common: Speak 85%, R/W 85%; Low Melnibonean: Speak 65%, R/W 65%; Yuric: Speak 30%

Kajan is Ellshara's manservant, shield-bearer and houndmaster. He is also her constant companion on adventures, being secretly charged by her father to protect her from danger. The greyhounds are trained to attack on command, but they are used mostly for hunting game. Kajan hand-reared each one, and will be outraged if they are killed.

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Heavy Mace	96%	1D6+2	92%
Broadsword	56%	1D6+1	64%
Dagger	43%	1D4+2	32%
Self bow	86%	1D6+1
Melnibonean bow	33%	2D6+1

Armour: 1D6-1 leather

Skills: Balance 30%, Dog Handling 92%, First Aid 60%, Tie/Untie Knot 46%, See 30%, Track 44%, Ride 55%

Languages: Common: Speak 80%, R/W 50%; Low Melnibonean: Speak 65%, R/W 65%; Yuric: Speak 30%

Kajan is Ellshara's manservant, shield-bearer and houndmaster. He is also her constant companion on adventures, being secretly charged by her father to protect her from danger. The greyhounds are trained to attack on command, but they are used mostly for hunting game. Kajan hand-reared each one, and will be outraged if they are killed.

Chaos Creature, Guardian of the Whispering Codex
STR 36 CON 41 SIZ 93 INT 12 POW 9 DEX 16 HP 122

THE LAKE OF TEARS

The lake is about 900 metres long, 400 wide, and roughly kidney-shaped. It is no deeper than 15 metres. The shores are gently-sloping shingle beaches, save the western end which runs right up to the cliff. Its waters are dark and gloomy.

At the bottom of the lake is an underground grotto dedicated to Straasha. Here lies the Whispering Codex. The grotto is not hard to find, needing a simple Search roll while underwater, but adventurers removing the Codex will immediately draw the attention of Straasha. If he has some special reason - because the adventurer is an Agent or priest of Kakatal for example - the adventurers will be surrounded and attacked by 2D4 water Elementals. Characters able to summon Straasha will be brought to him to explain why they are taking the Codex. If he is convinced of their integrity, he will return them to the lake shore intact with the book. Other adventurers have a POW+ELAN+30% chance of being so summoned. Any adventurer who does not convince Straasha to let him have the Codex will be returned to the edge of the lake empty handed.

An undine can retrieve the hook in an instant, but the gamemaster should check to see if this irritates Straasha as if the undine were being bound by the sorcerer. This will have the usual consequences. Alternatively, the characters might try to devise a scheme to drain the lake, making the grotto accessible by foot. The tiniespan involved here could be considerable, not to mention the amount of help the party would need. It may, however, be a possibility the GM has to contend with.

Using a Demon of Desire to get the Codex will not enrage Straasha. It will, however, unleash the Codex's Chaotic Guardian. The condition for this is specific. If a Demon of Desire is commanded to bring the Codex to its master, then the monster is unleashed. Demons of Desire assisting indirectly do not cause the monster's release. For example, a Demon commanded to keep its master alive underwater would not activate the guardian.

If the adventurers found the breathing apparatus in the ruins, they may decide to use it. It will take 20 minutes to walk to the middle of the lake, 10 minutes to find the book and a further 20 to return. If the adventurers are unsure where to look, roll 1D4 for the number of hours needed to find the grotto, get the book and return. The tank has 1D6 hours of air left in it.
RUINS IN MADNESS

Weapon Attack Damage Parry
Bite 40% 1D10+3D6 40%
Tail bash 30% 1D8+3D6
Crush • 8D6

Armour: 10 point scales.

Special Abilities: Hypnosis

* If a target is bitten, it must roll under its DEXx2% or become caught in the creature's coils. Every combat round, the victim will be crushed - the creature will maintain its grip until the victim is dead, or the beast is slain. While being crushed, a victim can use no weapons except those suitable for very close quarters, like daggers.

The creature can fix a target in its gaze and try to mesmerise it. This takes one whole combat round, during which the creature will not attack. The creature has a chance of 66% (minus the target's POW) of hypnotising its victim. Hypnotised creatures and adventurers leave themselves open to being bitten on the next round, and the guardian will have double its normal bite percentage. Mesmerised adventurers who are bitten are automatically caught in the creature's coils.

The creature resembles a giant serpent with a pike's head and a broad, oar-like tail. It takes 1D6 combat rounds to manifest, growing from a minute serpent to giant size. During this time adventurers may attack it without danger of reprisal. Thereafter it attacks without quarter until outrun or slain. The beast can slither at 20 km/h without tiring.

RESOLUTION

The way the adventure turns out depends on the attitude of the players and how their characters ally themselves with the NPCs. Players who take a paranoid, sword-happy approach will have a dull time, and most probably fail. Those whose characters use the non-player characters' aid to the best advantage should do well. Remember, everyone is trying to manipulate everyone else, and they're all after the Codex.

It is most likely the Codex will be obtained by some form of sorcery. If Elementals are employed, there is a chance that the characters may meet with Straasha. The gamemaster should take time and care over this encounter. It may be the only time the characters or players ever have such an experience.

Straasha's demands will not be extreme if the players show respect and eloquence. He will relinquish the Codex if they promise to erect a shore-side shrine to him, or some other service, such as flooding a temple of Kakatal. Naturally, unless the characters have something immediate to offer they will be taking the Codex 'on credit', and suffer Straasha's anger if they fail in their part of the bargain.

A Demon of Desire may be used to obtain the Codex directly, or, less likely, to duplicate the breathing apparatus or provide air for the characters while they travel underwater. While submerged, characters will only be able to move slowly, communicate by sign language and use thrusting weapons such as spears.

This adventure has ample opportunities for roleplaying. The gamemaster has several distinctive non-player characters at his disposal. Whether they aid or obstruct the characters will depend on how the various factions deal with each other. For example, they may all agree to search together, until someone has the Codex, when it becomes every man and woman for themselves.

If the characters have found out where the Codex is hidden, but do not have the means to obtain it, even though the gamemaster feels they deserve to acquire it, Ziamora may personally intervene - and take the Codex off them.

The adventure ends once the Codex is finally taken out of Pasdunzoon with no doubt as to who owns it. Schemes for its theft or revenge involving Taar, Tervlim Nosam or Elithara can be the springboard for another adventure.

Matt Williams
Hey, Steve Hand, friend games designer, have you noticed how some people just burst in here demanding information?

'Indeed, Sean Small Person. Some of these characters are really rather abrupt.'

Jon-Paul Mayer, Pencoed: Okay where is it? You know what it is, you have been hiding it deep in the bowels of Nottingham for too long. It's time it saw the light of day. Yes, that's it, 'Realms of Chaos'. It was advertised in Warhammer FRP as a forthcoming supplement. But when exactly will it be forthcoming?

'Ah yes, the problem is that some of it is still in the bowels - er, brains - of its current editor, Mike Brunton. He keeps breaking out in rashes of creative journalism, doesn't he, Sean?'

'Absolutely, Steve. However, it will definitely be out this summer... So to speak.'

Adam Hough, Kipling I have to admit that the 'credits' list usually gives me a laugh each month, looking at what exalted position of power Bryan Ansell is currently supposed to occupy. Wonder how many people actually notice...

'Well he obviously doesn't, as we haven't been fired yet!'

'Nice one, Steve.'

'What? Oops!'

W Phelan, London To start off, I would like you to clarify a point for me. If the new 'Marginalia' section replaces Open Box, then designers notes are replacing reviews. Fine. However, since you only have access to designers notes on GW material, this means that nothing else will be - er - 'marginalised'. If you don't put other products into context in this way, is there any point in providing backup for these other games in the way of adventures and features? Should we expect Warhammer/ WFRP/ Call of Cthulhu/ Warhammer 40,000/ Runequest/ Paranoia/ Stormbringer/ Judge Dredd/ other GW game only magazine?

'Well, if you want to call it "only" then, yes. Your assumption is largely correct. I say largely because other games may still be featured for one reason or another. Certainly, the range of games covered in this magazine will grow. Boy, do we have some surprises for you, this year!'

Robin Clarke, Offton No RPG is without its faults, but fortunately, most of them are fairly minor, and people can find their own solutions. But damage systems are appalling. If somebody were to hit you with a sword, the damage might be greater than if you were hit with a club. However, if that club was aflame (ie a torch), then it might set fire to clothing. Now most systems can cope with detail like this, but there are still problems.

If my character were attacked with burning oil, I might let him fight on, knowing that it would burn out in a few rounds. But if it happened to me, I'd be far more likely to jump in a pond or roll on the ground.

'My clothes caught fire once in an accident and I didn't notice for several seconds -'

'That's par for the course.'

'Thanks Steve. Anyway, I hardly noticed the temperature rise because of a distraction. There may be some cases when a character in combat has a similar experience. But for the most part, having your character make a CT test should do the trick.'

Ian Robertson, Chichester: First, a compliment. I have just finished reading WD 95 and I would like to congratulate Rick Priestley on his brilliant 'Eavy Metal' article on DIY 40K vehicles. This is by far the best article I have seen in WD for a long time. Is there any chance of Rick showing us how to make any more of these things, perhaps in more detail?

'Well Rick certainly hopes so. Indeed, his article has inspired such universal awe that Graeme Davis is also working on something similar. You'll have to see how well they bribe Yawn Maserton. Ian's next demand, however, would take a massive bribe.'

PS: Great free flexi-disc by Sabbat. Good move on your part. Any chance of you sticking the latest Rush album in your next issue?

'No, no, no, NO! This is a hobby magazine, not some vehicle for your own personal tastes. I'm sure that there's many a God-fearing gamer out there who, like me, believe that even a single twang of Geddy Lee's Rickenbacker bass would signal the death knell of the gaming industry as we know it.'

Nik Thornton, Gamlingay Dwarfen rock beats Elven classical every time. By the way, what sort of music do Elfen Wardancers like?

'Disco.'

Matthew Peck, Aylesbury: A letter in WD96 really aroused my fighting spirit. It was written by Robert Luke of Harpenden, and concerned catering for the under-15s. I can accept his viewpoint, but refuse, as I believe most other readers do, to take him seriously when he insists on writing SO THERE! and 'gagas' to illustrate his point. Surely if he wants people to take his age group seriously, such immature and childish tones should be omitted. The letter was written in a way that merely succeeded in lowering my view of younger players further. I do however, have sympathy for him. I was that age once.

'Fine, don't take him seriously. We found his letter amusingly irreverent but very fair. It certainly showed he had the ability to laugh at himself. Did you, when you were fifteen?' Indeed, could you do so now if we shouted 'Yahboo sucks?'

Steven Dennis, Penylae Re Robert Luke's letter. I am fifteen and currently play RPGs with two groups of different age ranges; 14-16 and 17-21. All I can say, without offending Robert, is that I find playing with the older group a lot more enjoyable and sensible. Even though I'm not married and don't have kids, the adult attitude doesn't bother me.

'Glad to hear it. This hobby has grown a lot in scope over the years. When I saw fifteen, I had to travel quite a distance to play RPGs with a university games society, and was grateful for the fact that my age wasn't arbitrarily held against me. Since then, I've played games with younger and older players alike. Incidentally, I've never found any correlation between age and style of play. I've
met teenagers who treat RPGs as free-form improvisational theatre, and spoken to people in their thirties who think that the objective is to "win." It takes all kinds.

'And now, Steve demonstrates his knowledge of the intricacies of Warhammer...'

Robert Holsman, Tonbridge: Please explain, how you kill skeletons using archers? Surely the arrows will pass through the ribs without causing damage? When fighting living creatures the arrows will pierce the heart or other vital organs to cause death. But skeletons have none of these. Even if they can be destroyed by arrows, shouldn't the archers suffer some sort of penalty?

'Ooo, you've hit a raw nerve here, Robert. This debate has raged between the various Warhammer Battle scribes for at least a week. The logic behind the final ruling goes something like this: Skeletons are magically formed creatures, held together in a field of magical energy. Therefore, if an arrow pierces the field (hitting the area where the heart should be, for example), then the resulting disruption causes the skeleton to fall apart."

'Well argued, Sleeve. I didn't know the scribes had it in them!'

David Black: It may seem obvious to some of your more intelligent readers, but I can't for the life of me work out the advert on page 7 of WD 95. Let me explain. The advert seems to imply the Ores are not mindless, blood crazed yobbos who kill anyone with chainsaws. I mean c'mon! These new board games are all about mindfulness and violence. It's not mindlessly violent - And violence is good for the Blood God' although I am not a fan of heavy metal. I have an idea. Why don't you make a song that could be used in role-playing games?

'Mark actually included a sample song with the letter which was most interesting. Maybe there's room for an informal competition here. Send in your gaming songs and who knows? maybe it will be you who gets to co-write Chaos Marauders on 42nd Street, or Phantom of the Blood Bowl.'

'Are you serious, Malarzone?

'All you need is blood. Rah, da dah, da dah...'

David Castle, Woking: Why don't you publish interviews and articles about the various Design Studio staff, especially about the amazing Richard Halliwell and the even more amazing Rick Priestley?

'Go on, Bland. This one's for you.'

'Hal! Amazing? Please, he'll want a pay rise! Actually, David is not alone in asking for interviews with us lot but we have declined so far for fear of a vast tidal wave of letters going, "Eh up, here's Games Workshop blowing it's own trumpet again." But now we'll put it to the vote. If you want interviews, or cringe at the thought of them, let us know. If you are interested, then choose three people who you'd most like to be interviewed and include a couple of questions you'd like to ask that person, because we'd prefer it if all the questions came from you. So get writing!'

'Steve, I fear for your sanity. Meanwhile, here is someone who'd prefer it if we were all in an asylum - and I always thought it was one!'

Simon Gould, Streton-on-Dunsmore: I would like to point out that all the long letters are criticising White Dwarf. Why? Personally, I think White Dwarf is brill, ace, brill, and cool, so put some longer letters of praise in and shorter criticisms.

'Ah, that's easy enough. The reason why we don't put many long letters of praise in White Dwarf isn't because we don't get many, but because if we do we'll get the same old cries of, "Bias, bias!" Even now some of our readers will be thinking, "What a bunch of smug creeps printing such sycophantic garbage. I bet they made that letter up."

'Seriously though, it could also be argued that criticism makes for a more interesting letter pages as opposed to a long list of compliments (though we do like to get them).'

'Mark Corker could live to regret the next suggestion.'

Mark Corker, Sunderland: I am writing to say how much I enjoyed the song 'Blood for the Blood God' although I am not a fan of heavy metal. I have an idea. Why don't you make a song that could be used in role-playing games?

'Mark actually included a sample song with the letter which was most interesting. Maybe there's room for an informal competition here. Send in your gaming songs and who knows? maybe it will be you who gets to co-write Chaos Marauders on 42nd Street, or Phantom of the Blood Bowl.'

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'Steve, I fear for your sanity. Meanwhile, here is someone who'd prefer it if we were all in an asylum - and I always thought it was one!'

Rick Crofts, East Grinstead: I am sorry that GW design staff have been overrun by mindless, blood crazed yobbos who relish the thought of chopping people up with chainsaws. I mean c'mon! These new board games are all about mindfulness and violence and aren't exactly promoting a mature perspective of the gaming world. In fact it is probably attracting the Dark Side of the gaming world...

Tolkien's heroes didn't resort to mindless violence, nor does James Bond, Delta Force or the SAS. Even Judge Dredd only uses it within the boundaries of the law. Let's face it, he is the law!

'Are you serious? Judge Dredd, James Bond - not mindlessly violent? And violence is good if "legal"? The Nazis murdered millions of Jews according to their "legal system." Look, if we're going to talk about perspective, let's try and keep one here. All the joking about chainsaws, comes from the fact that in one fantasy game, one of the weapons available is a chainsaw. It's a bit obtruse - a little amusing in its context. But let's keep fantasy separate from the reality, shall we?

'I'll let Steve answer the next one. He has a knack for this sort of thing.'

Helen Hail, Gloucester: Oi! What's your game? Since last month's 'Eavy Metal' article my husband keeps his stick deodorant in a polythene bag. He's now eyeing the toothpaste tube very strangely and none of my make-up containers are safe. Please advise.

'Dear Helen, Helen love. Are you listening dear? I can understand that your husband's strange behaviour is likely to confuse and maybe place a strain on your relationship, but look at it clearly and calmly - can you do that, love? This is a new stage in your evolving partnership, so view it as a sign of growth. Talk things through with him and show him that you understand. Show him that you still care for him and that you'll support him through this emotionally difficult period, one which we often find in so many men of his age.

By the way, what's the box around that one for?'

'Letter of the month, I guess.'

'Is that likely to help the situation?'

'No, but do you think your comments did?'

'Hmm.'

Steve Hand and Sean Masterson conspired to bring you this month's dialogue.

If you want to talk to us, shout at us, ask us questions, or just tell people what you enjoy, hate or find interesting about gaming, this is the place to write to. Letters of the Month are awarded copies of everything GW produces that month, and are chosen on the insane whim of the letters editors. These same letters editors would like it to be known that they are always open to bribery. We look forward to hearing from you.
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When the Mist Disappears

'I can't see anything!' cried Malmir.

Wanda put her hand on the troubled Elf's shoulder. 'Don't worry,' she said. 'It is to be expected. The mists are part of the substance of these foul creatures.'

'It unsettles me,' said the Elf, frowning. 'Can you do something?'

'I can try,' said the young wizard. She moved a short distance away from her companion, and rummaged through a belt pouch. Her hand wrapped around a small object and pulled it from the bag. She began thinking of home.

Malmir looked on. He could never understand how human wizards were capable of generating so much power when their spells consisted of such crude, guttural sounds. He began thinking of home.

Suddenly, the marshland ahead was clear. The mist had gone.

'The Fimir! Where are they?'

Wanda shrugged her shoulders and stooped down as something in the marsh grass caught her eye. Malmir followed her gaze and reached out to hold the shimmering form.

'Don't touch it!' warned Wanda. 'It isn't from our time. It's something from the future.' Written in the common tongue, the words White Dwarf were emblazoned on the outer layer of the piece of folded, shimmering parchment. She waved her hand over the tome, and the pages turned.

'There they are!' she cried, pointing to the newly revealed script. 'They're still ahead of us.'

Malmir looked at the parchment, then turned to Wanda. 'What does this mean?' he asked.

'It means,' said Wanda, taking a fine Reikland sausage from her pack and biting into it, 'that we're going to have to wait!'
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