• ARENA OF DEATH!  
Yarrick vs Ghazghkull
• The Land Raider Crusader ready for deployment!
• 'Warzone Tempestor' - the battle concludes!

THE THIRD WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON CONTINUES!
Take part in our colossal, global gaming event...
One of our Colonels is missing!
Three linked battles played on the same night in different stores.

The new Land Raider variant arrives.
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**Product Code:** 60249999249
The other Bloke has gone missing!

Dave Taylor, Editor for OZ White Dwarf has disappeared!

Well, not really, he has gone off for a few weeks for a well earned holiday. Last we heard in the OZ White Dwarf Bunker he was off trekking across a glacier in Canada. Let's just hope he doesn't slip down whilst on the glacier, as we imagine that the piles would really hurt. So in the meantime, we've picked one of the Fat Bloke's Editorials from the UK, to pop in the place of Dave's.

The Fat Bloke Editorial

As the old adage goes, when one door closes another opens, and nothing could be more true at the moment.

As the curtain is preparing to draw on the Third War for Armageddon campaign – the biggest Games Workshop gaming event the world has ever known, the cast of another engaging GW production are waiting in the wings. Want to know more? Then read on...

With Ghazghkull once again locking horns with his arch nemesis, Commissar Yarrick, on the planet of Armageddon, we've been running a worldwide gaming event which will decide the fate of the entire Armageddon subsector. Even at this late stage it is unclear whether the Ork invasion will succeed or whether the valiant Imperial defence forces will keep control of the planet and its surrounding systems.

This issue carries the conclusion to Warzone Tempestora, our colossal Armageddon battle report which is so big we've had to run it over two issues!

One thing is for sure – there are plenty of games yet to be played as the campaign runs until Monday 4th September. So at the time this issue goes on sale, there will still be a couple of weeks left to get those battles in and affect the outcome of your warzone – so get gaming and send us your results!

Of course you could check out our splendid Armageddon website, which holds far too much cool stuff for me to tell you about here – check it out at www.armageddon3.com.

So the curtain is twitching for our gargantuan Warhammer 40,000 gaming extravaganza but all is not lost as Warhammer, the grand old Duke of wargaming, is about to get a makeover!

Everyone's favourite fantasy game has been spruced up and is due for release next issue. To answer all those eager questions that are doubtless welling up in your throats as you read this, Warhammer guru Tuomas Pirinen has put pen to paper to fill you in on the plans for Warhammer. All the gory details should be revealed next issue.

See you again,

Fat Bloke

Paul Sawyer
"Fat Bloke"
and Editor

Studio boys hard at work
PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE...

But knowing you are an unvirtuous bunch, we knew you couldn’t wait until later in this issue to get a glimpse of some of the wondrous delights we have planned for Warhammer!

So to satisfy your curiosity we’ve hastily photographed these spanking new models whilst Fat Bloke wasn’t looking (I’ll be our little secret, okay?).

On the left is a regiment of Empire spearmen. These superb plastic models were sculpted by the Perry twins and are available in the starter boxed game. And of course, we’ve got stacks more new models for you over the coming months – hurrah!

GAMER’S SAVIOUR

We recently received this letter extolling the virtues of latter day saint, Jervis Johnson...

Dear comrades,

I’m writing to celebrate the sporting attitude of Jervis Johnson in the battle report fought out in WD245. As an avid Space Wolves commander, I am very (very, very) competitive when playing Warhammer 40,000. Normally I would love to read a report of devastation dished out by the Sons of Russ. In this battle report however I think that the Space Wolves victory was definitely overshadowed by Jervis’s refreshing attitude to the game. Jervis displayed an approach that I had never before even contemplated. He knew he had little chance of winning before the battle even started; he was the one that suggested the scenario in fact.

It was then that I realised that I usually get caught up in the winning rather than enjoying a battle for what it is. A game, Jervis should be proud of himself – he displayed the wisdom of an ancient Lorgang in his whole outlook. While Andy Chambers fought a good battle, I think that Mr Johnson was the true winner. He should be an example to us all. I challenge everyone to think over the way we play wargames. I think you’ll have more fun if you do just that.

Your most humble Wolf Scout of Fenris.

JJ Digby

It did cross our minds that the ‘JJ’ might actually stand for Jervis Johnson...

MOUNTING PRESSURE

For some masochistic reason, a band of obviously deranged individuals from GW head office elected to undertake the Four Peaks challenge in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (U.K.).

The challenge is a non-stop trip to climb the four highest mountains in Britain (one each in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland). The team managed it in 48 hours, despite one of the minipusses having a vote for who was the scariest driver (Doug Lister won!). It all went very smoothly in spite of an almost complete lack of sleep. Pictured here at the top of Carrantuohill in Ireland are: Dave Cross, Helen Morley, Chris ‘Commissar’ Bons, Sue Ladrbrooke and Sue’s daughter, Hanna. Well done to everyone who went.
This month sees a huge serve of club information manifesting itself into this reality from the nether-reaches of the warp. With a little extra cheese, but no anchovies.

Newcastle Inner Circle Wargaming Club are a club who are dedicated to enjoying their hobby in the Newcastle area. The Club meets every Sunday from 12 noon to 5pm, at the Charlestown Community Centre, Hilltop Plaza, in Charlestown.

The members regularly play campaigns in Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer Fantasy, Necromunda, Bloodbowl, and Mordheim as well. Each meeting will cost you $4.00 to attend, as if you’d like to obtain more information, you can contact club organiser Steven Gibb on (02)49 635 881 or you can E-mail him at huge_troll@hotmail.com

The Ravenguard Gaming Club of Bundaburg, in Queensland, apart from playing all of the major Games Workshop games, the club also runs campaigns, leagues and are currently experimenting with a rather unique handicapping system. There are no fees to join or participate in the club’s activities, which are held at 31 Windemere St, in Bundaburg, after lunch (this is what they wrote!) on the 1st & 3rd Sunday of each month. The Club also holds an annual Warhammer 40k tournament over the Queen’s long weekend in June attracting entrants from far and wide. For more information about Ravengard, you can check out the website at http://ravenguard.iwarn.com/ or telephone the club organiser Adam Nordberg on: (07) 4151 1448, or E-mail him at: awhiran0@excite.com

Based in Werribee, Victoria, the Armageddon Wargame Club meet weekly to do battle against each other, testing their tactical prowess in both Warhammer 40,000 and Warhammer Fantasy. The members also test their wits commanding fleets in Battlefleet Gothic, gang rivalry in Necromunda, maniacal schemes in Mordheim, as well as bludgeoning each other (not physically, just their toy soldiers) in Blood Bowl and Gorkamorka.

The Club meets every Sunday at their local G.W. stockist, Futuristic Games, situated at 1/36 Symeet St Werribee. Members meet their after 10:30am and play all day until 6:00pm. Annual Membership to the club is $30.00 for concession, and $40.00 for adults. Members also enjoy a 10% club discount for all of their warhammer supplies at Futuristic Games. If you’d like to find out more information about the Armageddon Wargame Club, you can contact Duane Henley (Club Organiser) on: 03) 9974 1197 or E-mail him at: GARGRIM@bigpond.com, or Mark Sterling (Club President) on: (03) 9734 0729 or you can write to the club at P.O. Box 2289, Werribee, Victoria, 3030.

We have news of a new club which has just been formed in the Cessnock area, The P.C.Y.C. Trollsayers meet every 2nd and 4th Sundays of the month between 10:00am and 4:00pm. To attend the club you must first become a member of the Cessnock P.C.Y.C. (annual membership is $5.00 for juniors & $20.00 for adults) in addition, Trollsayer members pay a one time fee of $10.00 for tables and scenery (which is supplied) as well as $2.00 per visit. The club fosters and encourages development of members skills in painting, modelling as well as game tactics and army selection. They play most of the G.W. games available and the club is currently planning a large Warhammer Fantasy & 40,000 tournament during the Easter holidays in 2001.

If you’d like to find out more about Trollsayers, you can contact the Club Organiser, Tony Sharpe, on (02) 4900 5171.

If you remember last month we featured here Demizens of the Coast Wargaming Club, we now have news of their second “Ye Olde World Challenge”. This is an Inter-Club tournament in Warhammer Fantasy. The Club has thrown down the gauntlet in an open challenge to all clubs who believe they are “Champions on the field of battle”. The team member requirements for the tournament are that the challenging clubs provide four playing members (with 1,500 point armies) and one non playing member to act as a referee. The tournament will be held on the 10th of December 2000, at Mingara Recreation Club, Wyong Road, between Tuggerah and the Entrance on the Central Coast. For more information about restrictions, requirements and rules you can contact either Julian Gatt on (02) 4940 1688 (BH)/ 0419 981 668(AH) or Scott Cranfield on (02) 9963 7113(BH)/(02) 4328 4332(AH) or E-mail the Club at: denizensofthecoast@hotmail.com

And finally, if you are a member of a club and you’d like to have your club featured here in the pages of White Dwarf, it’s as simple as sending us a letter with some of the following information:

* Name of your club(always handy)?
* where you meet (any helpful directions are always handy, better than just an address)
* how often you meet
* what do you play?
* how long has your club been operating?
* Fees if any, annual membership?
* Does your club have a contact telephone number, webpage, or E-mail address.

You can mail this, along with any other relevant information to:

Clubs & Tournaments
C/O Games Workshop
PO Box 576 Ingleburn N.S.W. 1890.
NEW DAEMONIFUGE
Holy Boltguns! Battle Sister Ephrael Stern returns to the pages of Warhammer Monthly this month. Left for dead on the ravaged world of Parnis, Ephraels hopes are raised when a strange ship makes planetfall, but does it contain friends or foes?

STATUS DEADZONE BOOK
Necromunda fans rejoice, the Black Library's scribes have been hard at work collating the greatest Necromunda stories ever to grace the pages of Inferno! Into one mighty tome, Status Deadzone is the latest in the Black Library's collection of short story anthologies containing nightmare tales of the Underhive from such luminaries as Gordon Rennie, Alex Hammond and Jonathan Green.

DARKBLADE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Marcio’s Dark Elf anti-hero Matus Darkblade returns to the Black Library in the latest graphic novel release. Darkblade Book 1, charts the epic quest of the doomed druchii as he travels the Warhammer world in search of the five arcane artefacts that will free his soul from the Daemon Tz’arni. Darkblade Book 1 is essential comic carnage from the pens of Kev Hopgood and Dan Abnett.

NEW THIS MONTH

This month's releases for Warhammer 40,000:

**IMPERIAL GUARD**
- Armageddon Steel Legion Commissar $13.95 $15.95
- Armageddon Steel Legion Lieutenant $11.95 $13.95
- Armageddon Steel Legion assault weapon and Sergeant $14.95 $16.95
- Armageddon Steel Legion Missile Launcher team $17.95 $19.95
- Armageddon Steel Legion troopers (3 models per blister) $14.95 $16.95
- Armageddon Steel Legion Heavy Bolter team $17.95 $19.95
- Armageddon Steel Legion Lascannon team $17.95 $19.95

**SPACE ORKS**
- Ork Stomboyz Nob $11.95 $13.95
- Ork Warboss $24.95 $29.95
- Ork Tankbustas $13.95 $15.95

**SPACE MARINES**
- Scout bke squadron (plastic and metal boxed set) $58.95 $64.95
- Black Templars squad (plastic and metal boxed set) $39.95 $44.95
- Space Marine Devastator w/Multi-melta $11.95 $13.95
- Space Marine Landraider Crusader $79.95 $84.95

**ELDAR**
- Eldar Fire Warboss $11.95 $13.95
- Eldar Swooping Hawk Warboss $11.95 $13.95

This month's releases from the Black Library:
- Warhammer Monthly 32 $4.95 $5.95
- Inferno 19 $9.95 $11.95
- Darkblade, graphic novel $14.95 $16.95
- Gang War 6 $7.50 $9.95
- Town Cryer 9 $7.50 $9.95
- Status Deadzone, new novel $12.95 $14.95
AUSTRALIA

If you remember April, we had shown you the plans for this year’s Games Day table, simply known as “Da Fort”. Depicting Empire forces laying siege to an Orc Village, our most ambitious table yet.

As you can now see, work has begun in earnest, and the task of transforming humble polystyrene into a rugged mountain wilderness is well on the way to be finished.

In addition to over 144 square feet of display, there are also over 1,500 miniatures currently being painted in Games Workshop’s retail stores, for this massive display to celebrate the release of the latest edition of Warhammer Fantasy Battles.

The cracks are painted first

Blizzards are a common occurrence on a mountain

The ravine is ready for the next stage

The lower half of the canyon where the Goblin slit village will be situated, spanning the river to the rear of the Orc village fortifications.

The “Front Door” of the Orc village

The picture below, and below-right, are before and after shots of the main body of the mountainside as work progressed.

The entire mountain was first sculpted from thick sheets of Polystyrene, bonded into place with a strong construction adhesive, and then coated in a mixture of plaster and bonding cement to make the plaster hold onto the polystyrene, and of course, give it texture.

The entire thing was then painted with seven different shades of grey paint to give the mountain extra dimension and depth. Wait until you see it with Orcs clamouring about it!
ARMAGEDDON
The beast returns...

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON
Two of the key protagonists in the Second Armageddon War, Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka and Imperial Commissar Yarrick have once again been thrown together in a global conflict on the world which made their reputations.

**Imperial Commissar Yarrick**

Commissar Yarrick was an old man when Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka first attacked the world of Armageddon and the second war began. His years with the Imperial Guard had been eventful ones for he had seen action in a dozen warzones with segments from Necromunda, Luther McIntyre and Armageddon. His last mission was to run the Depotmento Minstirium recruitment program on Armageddon, where the 4th regiment was being reformed. Armageddon being a large and populous world with a substantial military recruitment base, the 4th Armageddon was a big regiment – almost an army in its own right.

In his youth Yarrick had learned the Ork tongue while fighting on Vrinn. Since then he had made a study of the creatures and was considered something of an expert on the Ork mind. During the second war this knowledge was to prove invaluable, though it undoubtedly could have been used to better effect with not for the stubborness and arrogance of Herman von Strab, then Lord of Armageddon. Rather than listen to the advice of the old Commissar, von Strab had him banished to Hades, a sprawling hive complex away from the seat of government. As it happened, this was probably the best decision von Strab made during the whole war.

The Ork assault was swift and seemingly unstoppable. Von Strab's armies were by no means small or poorly equipped, but they could not stand before the savage Ork advance. Only when the Orks reached Hades did the surging tide come to a halt before the well-ordered defences that Commissar Yarrick had quickly put into position. Even so, the initial Ork attack led by Warlord Ughulhard would have swept away human resistance were it not for the presence of Yarrick himself.

The Ork Warlord glimpsed the Commissar across the battlefields and drove his forces directly to where Yarrick stood. With a barbarous roar the Ork threw himself upon the Commissar, He swung his snapping battle claw at Yarrick and severed his right arm at the elbow. The Warlord's blood victory was cut short as Yarrick, fighting the pain and shock as no normal man could, swung his chainsword in a crimson arc and severed Ughulhard's bony head from his shoulders. The Ork's body collapsed to the ground whilst his head continued to sneer and curse momentarily until the creature's extraordinary metabolism finally conceded that it was dead.

Yarrick calmly reached down and plucked the battle claw from the Ork's twitching body. He held it aloft so that all the green-skin warriors could see it and knew their champion had suffered defeat. A hush fell over the battlefield as men and Ork gazed in silence upon the gaudy old man brandishing the bloody claw. Then the humans cheered and the Orks waited in horror, and all at once the defenders leapt upon the scene with indomitable vigour. Only when the Orks had been beaten from Hades did Yarrick allow himself the luxury of passing out.

News of this incident spread like wildfire amongst the Orks. They said that Yarrick could not be killed and that his gaze was death to even the most powerful Ork. Wherever Yarrick fought the Orks would flee in terror, or whatever passed for terror inside their inhuman heads. The Orks would cringe under the Ork mind well and exploited this weakness to the full. He had Ughulhard's battle claw fabricated into a prosthetic limb to replace the arm the Warlord had taken from him. Later he lost his left eye to a splinter shot from a laser, and had a bionic one made that projected a pulse of light. This terrified the Orks even more and they called him the Bile Eye who could kill with a glance.

For six months following the fight in which Yarrick lost his arm the defenders of Hades held out against further attack. Those who survived painted a confused picture of heroism and dark savagery as the Orks gradually infiltrated the hive complex. But all agreed that it was Yarrick who kept the defenders together, who brought them back from defeat time and time again, and whose dogged belief in ultimate victory gave others the strength to go on. The time that he brought was to make all the difference. By the time relief forces of Imperial Guard and Space Marines arrived the Orks had been worn down by the human defence. Even as Yarrick and his few remaining defenders gathered for the last stand the Ork armies were crumbling away.

Yarrick was one of the few survivors of the fighting around Hades. His barely living body was found by rescue searches among the ruins, dozens of Ork corpses heaped at his feet. It took Yarrick many months to recover from his injuries, by which time the Orks had been defeated and a new Lord installed in place of the insane and incompetent von Strab. The old Commissar accepted nominal retirement and a training post on Armageddon where his planet's armies were being reformed. However, the knowledge that the supreme Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka was still living proved too great a distraction for Yarrick. After only a few months of peace he strafed the Ork battle claw and reported for duty, vowing that he would not rest until Ghazghkull was hunted down and destroyed at last.
Ghazghkull Mag Uruk-Thraka started his career as a common Goff Ork trooper on the backwater planet of Urk. During a raid, a boltar shell pulsed a large area of his cranium and he suffered extensive brain damage. An Ork Painboy called Doc Grotsiruck replaced part of his cerebellum with a biomec device made of an incredibly strong metal called duramantium. It may be that this device triggered his latent psychic powers or it may be that Ghazghkull simply suffered from delusions, but for whatever reason, even after his accident he claimed to be in contact with the Ork deities Gork and Mork.

Some dark power certainly favoured Ghazghkull, for his rise to prominence among the Orks of Urk was meteoric. He swiftly fought his way through the ranks till he achieved the position of supreme planetary boss. Orks are simple, brutal creatures, respecting little other than courage and battle prowess. It cannot be doubted that Ghazghkull possessed both of these qualities in abundance. In addition, he had something most Orks lack: he had vision. He showed the Orks with impassioned speeches telling them that it was their mission to conquer the galaxy, to force all others to bow before them and pay tribute. He gave them a sense of common purpose and an overwhelming sense of destiny.

All this might have come to nothing had not Urk's sun started to flicker and die. Ghazghkull told the Orks that this was a sign from Gork that the time had come to launch a Waagh!

"I'm da head of Gork and Mork. Dey sent me to roose up da Boyz to crush and kill 'cos da Boyz forgot what dere ere for. I woz one of da Boyz till da godz smashed me in da ca'd an' I remembered dat Orks is mean to cooper and make slaves of everything they don't kill.

"I'm da prophet of da Waagh za' wheel worlds burns in my boot pants. On Armour-Goddamn I led da Boyz through da fire deserts and smashed da Humez metal cities to scarp I fought Yanz, old one-eye at Tarturus, za' he fought good but we smashed it too.

"I'm death to sayin' dat walks or crawls where I go nothin' stands in my way. We crushed da Statitics on Golgotha, za' we caught old one-eye when da Speed Freaks gave da Humez big tanks to bits I let 'em go 'cause good enemies za' 'tard to fend, an' Orks need good enemies to fight like they need meat to eat an' givin' to drink.

"I'm more cunning za' a Grot za' more klilly dan a Dread, da Boyz dat follow me can't be beat. On Panash we pumped da Marine-boyz za' our homopoles was covered in da helmets we took from da dead 'uns We burned dere port za' killed dere bosses za' left nothin' but ruins behind.

"Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka za' I speak wiv da word of da godz. We za' gonna stop da 'converse flat za' kill sayin' that fights back. We za' gonna do this co'za za' Orks za' we was made ta fight za' win."

Those who wished to join the great crusade would follow Ghazghkull. Those who wished to disobey their gods would die. To an Ork they chose to follow Ghazghkull. They would conquer the galaxy or die in the attempt!

The first imperial planet to be attacked by Ghazghkull's hordes was Armageddon. The full story of this catastrophic conflict can be found in the Games Workshop game of the same name, but for the moment suffice to say that Ghazghkull's army was defeated and he was presumed killed. However, before long it become clear that Ghazghkull had managed to escape, and was still at large within the Imperium.

In battle Ghazghkull is a masterly opportunist and a great tactician, ever ready to exploit any weakness an opponent might present. Once combat is joined Ghazghkull is always in the thick of the fighting, roaming the battlefields in his highly mobile battlewagon so that he can ensure that everything is going according to "da plan". In close combat Ghazghkull is an awesome opponent, gunning down opponents and demonstrating the devastating effects of his duramantium skull when the fighting gets up close and personal.

"The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON"
The roar of Chimera engines shatters the air as a new batch of reinforcements for the Steel Legion smashes its way into this issue! This month sees the release of more Steel Legion infantry. Whether you face the vile Orks across the burning ash wastes of Armageddon, or other foes of humanity on distant planets, these new models will give you the flexibility and firepower to destroy any threat to the Imperium!

In addition to these disciplined soldiers, the awesome Steel Legion Sentinel stomps in to lend some heavy support to its fellow groundpounders!
The fight of the Millennium
Grazhkul: Mag Uruk Thraka vs Commissar Yarrick
Welcome battle-fans to the 40K Arena of Death! I'm Nick Davis, your commentator for this brutal clash of giants, with unparalleled Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka facing his most hated foe, Commissar Yarrick. This pair have a long history of hatred and grudging respect for each other, and will be going head-to-head to see who's 'best'.

Let battle commence!

As we were putting together the first few Codex Armageddon articles, Matt Hutson and I were discussing what would happen if Ghazghkull and Commissar Yarrick actually fought one-on-one on the field of battle. History makes no mention of the two actually having met but I was certain that Ghazghkull would thrash the impudent human, while Matt was adamant that Yarrick could beat the Ork Warlord. Once the heated argument died down, Fat Bloke decreed that there was only one way to settle it - an Arena of Death bout! The original Arena of Death (see WD221) pitted several Warhammer special characters against each other in a 'just for laughs' knockout competition...

**THE RULES**
Each participant rolls a dice to decide who sets up first.
Models cannot be placed closer than 12".
Each participant rolls to see who wins the first turn.
Play as a normal game of Warhammer 40,000 until only one opponent is left standing.

**FIGHT ONE**
Winning the deployment dice-off, I forced Matt to place Yarrick first, and he chose the cover of a ruined building. Determined to get stuck in, I placed Ghazghkull in a direct line with his foe. I was going to end this as quickly as I could (Yarrick was an old man, best not make him run around too much – it wouldn't be good for his health...).

**Turn one**
I won the dice roll for the first turn too and decided to go first. I charged Ghazghkull directly at Yarrick and let fly with his kustom shoota, managing to cause a wound – even though Yarrick's D6 Strength reducing force field had lessened the effectiveness of the shot. First blood to me. Unfortunately, I rolled low for Ghazghkull's mega-armour movement and was just out of assault range. I'd definitely be having a word or two with that unreliable Mekboy git.

Matt surprised me by moving Yarrick directly towards Ghazghkull and firing his storm bolter. The Hero of the Imperium managed to hit Ghazghkull and wound him (although his tough mega armour saved the shot!). Yarrick then charged, his Bale Eye blazing, though it had no effect on the Ork Warlord – so it came down to simultaneous combat with their power claws. Yarrick wounded Ghazghkull and, although three of Ghazghkull's attacks hit, Matt managed to roll a pair of 6s for Yarrick's force field! Reducing the Strength of the attack to 4, they failed to wound, but the final attack did – Ghazghkull seemed to have the upper hand...

**Turn two**
Commissar Yarrick hit only once and failed to wound. With the immortal words 'I have you now!' I rolled to hit, wounding the Commissar twice and knocking him to the ground. It was all down to his Iron Will and surely there was no way Matt was going to make that roll. Victory was in my grasp...

To my horror, Matt rolled the dice and Yarrick passed his test, bouncing back to his feet to strike at Ghazghkull! This only serves to anger the Ork Warlord as Ghazghkull's blows all connected but failed to wound as Yarrick's force field absorbed the strength of the hits. Yarrick struck back, hitting Ghazghkull twice, knocking him down and winning the match – first win to the Imperial Commissar!

I couldn't believe it! Surely it was a fluke? This called for a rematch...

**In the green corner - 'The Hand of Gork & Mork', Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka!**

**In the red corner - Commissar 'Saviour of Hades Hive' Yarrick!**

---

"See this shiny Ork power claw, Thraka?"

"Here, take a closer look!... Thwack!"
FIGHT TWO

This time I lost the deployment roll and, a little more wary of the Commissar, I set up Ghazghkull in the ruined building. Filled with confidence, Matt placed Yarrick on a direct charge line with Ghazghkull.

Turn one

I won the roll off for the first turn and elected to go first, charging at the impudent Commissar. There was no way I was going to let a mere 'umie succeed against the greatest Ork Warlord in the galaxy! I fired his kustom shoota but missed with both shots and despite having the mega boost re-roll, Ghazghkull fell short by an inch as he attempted to take out the old man in close combat!

It was Yarrick's turn and Matt moved him towards Ghazghkull whilst firing his storm bolter, the shots hitting home, but the Ork's thick armour saving him from harm. Then Yarrick charged. Determined not to lose to the same way as last time, I call down the Power of the Waaagh! — giving Ghazghkull an invulnerable saving throw for this and the next round's combat. Yarrick's Bale Eye was ineffective and, even though his power claw hit home three times, they were all deflected by the Power of the Waaagh! Ghazghkull struck back and although only one blow hit the Commissar, it managed to wound even though Matt rolled a five for his force field.

Turn two

Again the Bale Eye had no effect and it was down to the combatants' power claws. Yarrick's blows hit home but the Ork Warlord was saved by the Power of the Waaagh! yet again. I rolled for Ghazghkull's attacks, hitting 3 times and, despite the Commissar's increasingly annoying force field, two of the wounds were strong enough for instant kills. With Yarrick on the ground it was down to his Iron Will to save him. This time Matt failed the test — Waaagh! Ghazghkull!

'Okay,' says Matt, 'Now, try that without your gods' help. Ghazghkull didn't kill Yarrick — Gork and Mork did.' I couldn't turn down the challenge so we set up again (is it me or have Nick and Matt hit on a sneaky way of playing games all afternoon and thus avoiding any real work? — Fat Bloke).

FIGHT THREE — the decider!

Determined to show that Ghazghkull didn't need the Power of the Waaagh! to defeat Yarrick, we set up one last time. I won the deployment dice roll and let Matt place the good Commissar down first. This time he placed him on the far side of the ruined building. Going for the Orky approach I placed Ghazghkull on the other side of the ruin, directly facing Yarrick. It was time to end this...

Turn one

I won the turn dice off and elected to move Ghazghkull first — there really was nothing else for me to do except charge straight at Yarrick. Ghazghkull fired his kustom shoota and both shots hit, but the Commissar's force field reduced the Strength of the gun down to zero — Matt just wouldn't stop rolling sixes! Again Ghazghkull's mega boost let him down and he fell short of the Commissar in the assault phase. Chewing my lip with frustration, I let an optimistic Matt have his turn.

Wasting no time, Matt moved Yarrick towards Ghazghkull, fully confident that I would not call down the Power of the Waaagh! to assist me this time. Yarrick hit with both of his storm bolter shots but they rebounded harmlessly off Ghazghkull's metal body. For Commissar Yarrick there was only the charge...

With his Bale Eye blazing, the Commissar crashed into the Ork Warlord. Again the Eye was ineffective — Matt had managed to roll ones every time he used it which went some way to counter the number of sixes he'd also managed to roll! Yarrick struck at the Ork Warlord with his power claw, causing a single wound. Ghazghkull's reply was more impressive as he hit Yarrick three times and, even with the force field, I got an instant kill, forcing the brave Commissar to the ground.

Turn two

With Yarrick on the ground, Ghazghkull sauntered off after giving the Humie a good kicking. I watched as Matt rolled the dice and failed the crucial Iron Will test, leaving Yarrick lying in the dirt of the arena.

I chuckled — Ghazghkull had won, beating his arch-nemesis two games to one. Matt then suggested a handicap match as Ghazghkull cost 226 points whilst his Imperial counterpart cost only 171...
The one-on-one results were really pretty much as we expected, despite Matt’s protests to the contrary. However, we weren’t finished yet with this dastardly duo. Matt argued that with the help of the brave men of the Imperial Guard, Yarrick would always beat Ghazghkull. So I agreed to a handicap match where Matt could bring along a Steel Legion squad to even things up a little bit.

THE HANDICAP MATCH!
Matt brought along ten Armageddon Steel Legion troopers to try to take down the lone, yet fearsome, figure of Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka. Outnumbered and outpointed, I was still confident that the Ork Warlord would win the day.

The rules for the Arena of Death match stayed the same; whoever was left standing at the end was the winner. We rolled off for deployment and for the third time Matt lost. This time, he chose to set up his troops on top of the ruined building. Keeping with the no-nonsense Ork tactics that had served me well so far, I set up in front of the squad — after all, the Humies’ puny lasguns wouldn’t hurt the Ork Warlord...

Turn one
Matt won the dice roll for the first turn. Staying put and taking careful aim, the Guardsmen fired. The lasgun shots bounced off Ghazghkull’s thick armoured hide, while the heavy bolters and grenade launcher shots wounded but were saved by his armour. Yarrick added to this firestorm with his storm bolter and he managed to hit the hulking Ork Warlord, but yet again the shots were saved by his armour. Waiting to see what the Warlord would do next, Matt sat back nervously and watched.

Not wanting to be in front of the guns of the Steel Legion for long, Ghazghkull opted for the same old direct attack approach and charged Ghazghkull straight towards the guns. I fired off his kustom shoota and one of the shots hit and killed a Guardsman. Again using the mega boost built into Ghazghkull’s armour, I actually got into assault range (at last) and charged in. The Warlord’s head butt attack killed a guardsman whilst their replies with lasgun butts and bayonets had no effect on the colossal Ork. Sweeping around with his power claw, Ghazghkull hit and killed two more Guardsmen. Unfortunately Yarrick’s inspirational presence meant that the squad didn’t need to take a Leadership test and they closed in around Ghazghkull as he went head-to-head with the Imperial Commissar.

Turn two
With no shooting, we went straight into the assault phase. The Guardsmen actually had the temerity to cause a wound on the Ork Warlord but he managed to save it with his armour. It was time for Yarrick and Ghazghkull to fight, again simultaneously. Yarrick punched with his power claw hitting and wounding the Ork Warlord once whilst Ghazghkull replied with three hits on the Imperial hero. This time Yarrick’s force field was only able to reduce one of the blows below instant kill Strength and for the third time Yarrick fell to the ground. Matt again had to rely on making that all important Iron Will test. The Guardsmen in combat, determined to defend their beloved Commissar, closed in around the Ork Warlord. All they had to do was wound Ghazghkull once and Matt would win this fight.

Turn three
Matt failed his Iron Will test again and the incapacitated Commissar was removed from the Arena. The Guardsmen lashed out with gun butts and bayonets, hitting and wounding the Ork Warlord twice. Luckily for Ghazghkull his saving throw succeeded — it would have been very embarrassing to die to mere Guardsmen! I threw the attack dice for Ghazghkull; he hit and killed with three of his attacks. The Guardsmen had finally had enough and without Yarrick’s leadership, ran (or as Matt said ‘fought a valiant tactical withdrawal’) with Ghazghkull in hot pursuit. He caught and dispatched them at the base of the ruins, winning in grand style.

“I don’t like you. My friends don’t like you...”

“Paste the Greenskin!”

“Paste de Humies!”
Well, Ghazghkull had managed to best ten Imperial Guardsmen and Commissar Yarrick; surely there was nothing left to prove. However Matt wasn’t about to give up that easily...

“Bet you won’t be so lucky against a tank,” he ventured.

“Bet you I will,” I replied foolishly, heady from my wins in the last three matches.

“Okay: Ghazghkull versus Yarrick and a Leman Russ.”

This would be interesting — almost a full 100 points over Ghazghkull’s cost, but if I could pull this one off, there would be no argument as to just how ard the gargantuan Ork really is.

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**THE FINAL CONFLICT**

This was going to be difficult. To kill the Leman Russ I had to assault it or shoot its weaker rear armour. Matt lost the deployment roll and placed the tank and Yarrick into the Arena first. Conscious of the Leman Russ’s guns, I placed Ghazghkull in cover to the side of the tank and hoped to close the gap quickly.

**Turn one**

Winning the roll to see who went first, I moved Ghazghkull towards the tank. Yarrick was skulking around the other side of the Leman Russ so I had nothing to shoot at. Predictably I failed to get close enough to the Leman Russ in the assault phase.

Unsurprisingly, Matt reversed the tank, turning it to face the Ork Warlord. He then moved Yarrick up alongside the tank and fired the tank’s lascannon. I closed my eyes and prayed to Gork and Mork for the usual Imperial Guard inaccuracy, but to no avail as it hit and wounded Ghazghkull.

**Turn two**

With nothing to do but head towards the battle tank I gritted my teeth and waited for Matt’s next move.

Matt again reversed the Leman Russ and moved Yarrick a little further forward of the Leman Huss. As Matt prepared to fire the lascannon I declared the Power of the Waaagh! and the invulnerable save protected the Ork Warlord from the lascannon this turn.

**Turn three**

With the tank in my sights I only needed to roll a 6 to get into contact with it, but again I fell short. I contented myself by firing Ghazghkull’s kustom shotta at Yarrick, wounding the Commissar. With one wound each suffered I felt a little better.

With the Power of the Waaagh! dissipated, Matt chose to leave the Leman Russ stationary and moved the Commissar into assault range. The tank’s lascannon and heavy bolters fired. The lascannon missed but the heavy bolters found their mark, wounding Ghazghkull.

This was the moment that Matt had been waiting for and he charged Yarrick into the Ork Warlord. The Commissar was hit twice by the Ork’s huge power claw and Yarrick’s force field saved one wound but another got through. Yarrick returned the compliment and wounded the Ork. With his last Wound gone, the Ork Warlord hit the ground with a thud, leaving Commissar Yarrick triumphant.

It was all over! We played five games using these two very special characters. Although in the last match the Commissar did have the odds tipped in his favour when he brought along the Leman Russ, it proved that if these two did actually meet on the battlefield, there would be only one victor – the mighty Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka!
WAAGH ORKS!

DA BOYZ

Coinciding with the release of Codex Armageddon are more greenskins to bolster your warband. The new Warboss is armed with a ferocious Attack Squig, coiled and ready to bite the face off your opponent! Deadly Ork Tankbusters Boyz are also here. These lads are perfect for destroying troublesome enemy tankers. Last but not least is the Stormboyz Nob to lead your Stormboyz to where the fighting is thickest.
SPEED FREEMS!

Ork Kults of Speed in Warhammer 40,000

All Orks want to get to grips with their enemy as fast as they possibly can. For Speed Freeks this means jumping into their buggies and racing top whack towards enemy lines. The release of Codex Armageddon now allows players to take an army of Speed Freeks into battle. Space McQuirk (Apparentfully that's his name - DT) takes a closer look at the background of these adrenaline charged tread heads.

Spered to be Wild

The mere thought of ear deafening noise, machines and charging at full speed into battle is enough to move any Ork drool with excitement. So it is hardly surprising that a large number of them crave nothing more than to cut a swath through the enemy's troops whilst mounted on a motley collection of bikes, buggies, trukks and Battlewagon. As if an Ork will attach a powerful motor, armour plating and the shootiest weapons they can get their hands on to any set of wheels that moves. Any Ork who can get his hands on his own set of wheels (or even his mate's for that matter), won't pass up the chance to tear full-speed around the battlefield.

Ork Meks spend hours tinkering in garages, fixing armour plates and big shootas to their buggies and bikes in a frenzy of kustomisation. For some Orks, though, the passion to drive begins to take over all other thoughts, they find themselves unable to stop their vehicles, eating and even sleeping on the move. The Ork becomes engrossed in the need to race his comrades at every opportunity. Finding rivals to beat becomes an obsession and soon he becomes lost within the Kult of Speed. To his old companions he becomes known as a Speed Freek.

Da Kultz of Speed

A vast variety of Kults of Speed can be found within the settlements of most tribes, and more often than not there will be a couple of Kultz competing against each other to see who is the best. This is certainly true amongst tribes with a high proportion of followers from the Evil Sunz clan, whose dominant characteristics are an obsession with vehicles and speed. They are by no means the only clan in which the Kult is found. The need to go fast is a common trait amongst Orks and so most clans contain Kult of Speed fanatics.

Unlike many religious cults found within other races' societies, the Kult of Speed has no ordered hierarchy. The Ork with the most powerful machine tends to take the honour of being Da Boss. The Kult's followers can usually be found tearing around the boundaries of the stronghold, racing each other over crudely marked tracks. These racecourses are littered with the wrecks and debris of previous contenders' crashed vehicles, making them excellent training grounds for when the Orks go into battle. To the deep frustration of many an Ork Warlord, the races can get out of hand. Drivers often lose all control of their vehicles, careering straight through the heart of the camp. Untold mayhem is created as the vehicles crash, causing Orks and their slaves to scatter into cover.

Grand Warlord Adrian Wood's converted Ork buggies.
Hidden, protected from the elements beneath a giant sand dune, the egg had been incubating for over seven hundred years. Driven by some deep instinct, the small creature inside began to stir. Forcing its way out of the fragile shell, it pushed up through the sand. The hatching finally crawled onto the surface. For the first time its small, innocent eyes opened to look into the light of a bright new day.

Kersplak! Guzgob never noticed the tiny fire turtle as it was flattened beneath the massive front wheel of his bike. It would not have made any difference even if he had seen it. His eyes were focused upon the distant horizon; everything else within his field of vision became one huge blur of colour. A short distance ahead, through a thick cloud of dust and black smoke, he could see the silhouettes of the rest of the Boyz. Warbuggies tore along the sand, their engines roaring loudly. Ahead of the buggies, barely visible through the layers of fine dust that gathered on his goggles, he could see the warbikes. Their banners flapped in the hot desert wind as each Ork bravely launched his bike off the dune crest. At the rear of the pack, throwing plumes of dust into the trailing Ork's face, a massive, armoured plated Battewagon with smoke belching out from its large exhaust carried all those Orks who had no vehicle of their own. Protruding from above the jagged panels of corrugated metal riveted to the side of the vehicle, he could just about make out the heads of the Orks letting the rush of wind blow against their faces. Those who were at the back of the vehicle were jeering at him, gesturing with their fingers.

"If you ever forget to fill'er up again, I'll kill ye!" Guzgob cursed at his Grot Rigger who clung onto the banner pole on the back of his bike. He had the fastest bike in the whole gang, and normally led at the front of the pack. No self-respecting Speed Freek ever wanted to come last. Still they could pay all they wanted; they were only jealous of his shiny, red bike. As he made sure his throttle was fully pulled back, he noticed dark shadows racing across the dune sea. Guzgob instinctively ducked as two Fatlak-bombers thundered overhead barely metres above him. The appearance of the planes could mean only one thing: they must be nearing the target. Guzgob waved a fist in anger at the huge aircraft. The fact that something was going faster than he ever could bit deep into his pride.

"Snappit, hit da boosta. Dem hurms is close by an' I wanna get dere first!" As the turbo flared into life, the small Grot desperately clung with all his strength to the bike. One massive burst of acceleration and the bike had overtaken all the other vehicles. Guzgob squeezed his finger on the trigger, the fuel geyser was in sight and the last one there was a rotten squib.

Speed Freetks are not only limited to those Orks who own their own transport. With the high number of accidents on the racetrack, many a Speed Freek has found his bike or buggy still 'unda repair', as the tribe's warband races off to battle. Not wanting to miss a fight, he'll jump into a fellow Speed Freek's warbuggy or truck, content with the knowledge that he'll soon be racing head first into combat, gun in hand, ready to kill anything that gets in his way.

Many Ork Bosses and Warlords get their pick of the best kustom trucks and Battewagons available, and will seek out the best driver to take them full throttle into battle. As the boss rumbles off, the Speed Freetks scramble into action. Tankbustas load up with bombz while Skarboyz grab their favourite choppas before launching themselves onto the back of any moving vehicle that they can clamber aboard. Howling with excitement at the prospect of getting to the enemy first, they urge the driver to go faster so they don't miss out on any of the fun. When they reach the battlefield, they jump off the back and charge towards enemy's lines.

**Da Meks' Workshop**

The need to know how a machine works is rooted deep within the genetic structure of a few select Orks. These Boyz spend hours locked away in cramped garages and workshops, fixing the broken weapons that are brought to them. In Ork culture, these Orks become known as Meks and no machine is safe from their welda gunz or 'nvy spannerz. An Ork's prized possession, whether it is his Shoota or his shiny new bike, will be stripped down and rebuilt but 'wiv bigga bitz'. Sometimes this will be a simple paint job, but more often than not the Ork returns to the Mek's workshop to find his bike or trukk has a new kustom weapon or knurled attenuated. Whether the vehicle will still work or not is a risk that the Ork must take, but most kustomers are more than happy to let a Mekboy 'unda da hud'.

Speed Freetks' vehicles are usually sprayed with a bright red paint job, with added flames if the owner is feeling especially flash. All Orks know that 'red wunz go fastest', and whilst no-one can come up with a rational explanation for the phenomenon, it certainly seems to hold true. In addition to a paint job, many sport a wide variety of wicked kustomisations. Turbo boostas
Orks who number the tribe's ride a fight, tugging the buggies or the enemy in the business of battle, and they are in the thick of it. The enemy is always at the ready to kill. Each Ork is rooted in the tribe's heart, and their weapons are safe from harm. The Mekboy is a skilled driver, and the vehicle will take it on any road. The Mekboy is a rational being, and he seems to be enjoying his sport. The warbooster is a powerful engine, and it propels the vehicle forward. The Orks are a fierce and determined people, and they are ready for any challenge.

Ork battles are not for the faint of heart. The Orks are a warrior race, and they thrive on battle and destruction. Their weapons are powerful, and they are always on the lookout for new opponents to challenge them. The Orks are a fearsome force, and they will stop at nothing to achieve their goals. The Orks are a proud and independent people, and they will not be intimidated by any enemy. They are a force to be reckoned with, and they will always fight to the end.

Chapter XXI: Genetic Observations of Subspecies: Laure Variants

Continuing our observations and experimentation on the Orkoid races, we have recently discovered anomalies within the genetic data that we possess. Because of this new information we have, we have decided to expand upon our previous entries (ref. 011524200006). To date, the subspecies have been exhaustively categorized into four separate and distinct categories. Within the genetic data that has been revealed to us, there are no signs of this being inaccurate. Until that is, a report was presented to our attention (ref. 0144995747). The report showed that normal levels of tension and stress were being restrained upon the examination table. The results were also presented to us, and they showed signs of temporary peripheral blindness, with an increased visual reception towards long-range objects.

Further examination of the creature's habits within the confines of his cell revealed that the subject was unable to rest in any one position for more than 1.6 seconds. High levels of an unknown benzene degeneration-based poison (ref. 010219/935351.C699) were present within his blood vessels, and the subject was prone to become excited at even very low levels of noise stimulation. We have decided that a separate classification of the caste types is necessary even though the genetic flaw that creates this mutation is now found to be present in all sub-castes. To this end, the caste types have been labelled Orkus Anxion accommodating.

It is my theory that the obsessive addiction to adrenaline is caused at an early stage in their development. When strong gusts of wind disperse the spores, the new larvae are exposed, altering their structure. These larvae will travel further than normal and, therefore, as the Orks live longer, the disadvantage of having spores dispersed away from the food sources and therefore from the moment it emerges the Ork must improve their chances of escaping the barriers that are available. We will continue in our efforts to further the understanding of these primitive beings.
are securely bolted into place and aerodynamically engineered. Armour plating is riveted to any sections of the vehicle the Mek thinks are vulnerable.

As a good Mek is never around when you need one, the Speed Freeks take Grot Riggers with them into battle. These small slaves cling to the vehicles or balance precariously on footplates, ready to fix things if they go wrong. Usually a short sharp blow to the engine with a heavy tool is enough to get a motor functioning properly again. Failing that, the Ork boots the Grot off the bike and orders him to push. Often scores of Riggers join together behind a vehicle trying to give the machine enough momentum to enable the Ork to jump-start his crude vehicle back into action.

**Death from Above**

A few of the least sane Orks find that accelerating at maximum velocity across the ground is still not enough of a buzz. They feel an overwhelming desire to take to the air. The Mek are always seeking new pilots for their latest and most dangerous 'invenshun'. If one of these Boyz is crazy enough to try, he becomes the pilot of a Deth Kopta. You could be forgiven for imagining that the idea of raining down a blanket of fire from big shootas mounted on a flying machine would be enough to satisfy even the most obsessive Kultboyz, but you'd be wrong. Speed Freeks are constantly craving more thrills and, of course, the only thing faster in the air than a Deth Kopta is a Fights-bommer.

The ultimate rush is to fly one of these heavily armed planes, strafing the enemy whilst at the same time trying to perform the best low-level tricks possible. No Speed Freek likes the idea that someone got to the battle before him; after all, the sooner he gets there the more enemy there will be left for him to fight. The 'Flyboyz' as the pilots of the Fights-Bommer are often known, know that the simple fact that they can get there first will infuriate the Speed Freeks on the ground below. They show off their superior speeds, buzzing the warbands with low-level passes over their heads, whilst the Boyz on the back of the trunks and Battlewagons take pot-shots at the planes with their shootas.

**Renegade Speed Freeks**

Occasionally a Speed Freek will upset a Warlord by wrecking his best and newest machine and is ostracised from the stronghold. Others simply lose all contact with the tribe as they race off into the distance, never to be seen by their comrades again. When this happens they become the Renegade Speed Freeks, hiring their services to whoever will pay them the most fuel. Most Warlords love to hire these renegades as they usually race off after the battle into the distant horizon, not stopping long enough to collect their reward.

Bands of Renegade Speed Freeks will often group together forming deadly convoys of machines that rampage and loot entire planets. 'Get dere fast and get dere first', the motto of the Thundaboyz Speed Freeks, exemplifies the ideals of the Kult of Speed. If you ever fancied leading a psychotic gang of adrenaline-charged killers into battle, the Kult of Speed could well be what you’ve been waiting for. Full throttle and fingers on the trigger, the Kult of Speed are an awesome sight on the battlefield, guns blazing as they race around the enemy.

Keep your eyes focused for the tell-tale cloud of dust on the distant horizon that often forewarns of a Speed Freek attack, but you’d better not blink or you’ll miss them.

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**Bogrot**

Bogrot revved the throttle on his large warbike again, the engine shaking as it roared. Tapping his heavy, studded leather boots on the ground in a rhythmic repetition, it was obvious that Bogrot was agitated. He had been sat on his stationary bike for less than a minute, but it seemed an eternity to the Speed Freek. Da Boss had disappeared off ahead to scout. They were getting close to the Space Marines’ base and he wanted to catch ’em wid dere pantz down. Thankfully he could see his leader approaching in his heavily customised wartrukk. The boyz riding with the Warboss all whooped and screamed with delight as the massive machine skidded to a halt inches from Bogrot, sending clouds of dust and grit flying into the air.

Both engines were belching out billows of fumes, and the noise would have deafened any creature other than the fanatical Kultboyz.

**Ork**

Ork could only see Grimnuff’s mouth moving — no words could be heard through the noise of the two rumbling engines.

“Speak up boss, I can’t hear ya!” the biker yelled, revving his throttle once again for good measure.

“I told you to keep your mouth shut, the Warboss is screaming at Bogrot.”

“Face all da uvvas, full speed ahead! Righto Boss.” Bogrot let the clutch of his bike slip, pulling a fantastic wheeze as he tore off into the distance, heading straight towards the Marines’ camp, the surprise plans, had been in the middle of heavy weapons target practice.

“Ork, what is this? A war免费?” Grimnuff signalled to his driver to follow the doomed biker. The rest of da Boyz weren’t far behind and Bogrot might need a bit of help.

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*Chris Smart used bits from other Ork vehicles to customize the vehicles in the Studio Speed Freeks army.*
Ceramic armour cracked beneath the heavy weight of the bike as it hurtled over the fallen Space Marine, crushing the rampaging warthug under its weight. The Ork biker, having done his job, was no longer interested in the Space Marine and turned instead to face the two Space Marines behind him. He let out a war cry as he began to charge, a hail of metal and bone slamming against the Space Marine's helmets. The Space Marine's visors flashed, their breathing becoming laboured.

The Ork biker continued his charge, his bike's thrusters screaming as it hit the Space Marine's armour. The impact was devastating, the Space Marine's visor cracking and blood spilling from the wound. The Space Marine's right arm dangled limply, unable to support his weight. The Ork biker's bike skidded to a halt, the Ork biker laughing as he checked his bike's thrusters.

The Space Marine's bike was destroyed, its fuel tank ripped apart by the impact. The Ork biker let out a war cry as he turned to face the remaining Space Marine. His bike's thrusters roared to life, the Ork biker's bike soaring into the air. The Space Marine's bike was destroyed as well, its fuel tank ripped apart by the impact.

The Ork biker let out a war cry as he continued his charge, his bike's thrusters screaming as it hit the Space Marine's helmet. The impact was devastating, the Space Marine's helmet cracking and blood spilling from the wound. The Space Marine's visor flashed, its breathing becoming laboured.

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**BATTLE RESULTS FORM**

For each game you play, simply fill in the details below (only one form per game please!) and send it off to us at the following address. We suggest you photocopy it as you'll doubtless be playing lots of games!

**ARMAGEDDON CAMPAIGN RESULTS, White Dwarf, Games Workshop, 23 Liverpool Street, Ingleburn NSW 2565, Australia.**

We'll add the result of each game into our campaign database and over the next few months we'll bring you progress reports on the overall situation!

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### YOUR DETAILS

Name:  
Address:  

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Which game did you play?

- [ ] Warhammer 40,000
- [ ] Epic 40,000
- [ ] Battlefleet Gothic

What was the total points value of your game?

- [ ] Up to 1,000
- [ ] Up to 2,000
- [ ] Up to 3,000
- [ ] 3,000+

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### ORK INVADERS

Supreme Commander’s name:  
Tick all armies that took part:

- [ ] Orks
- [ ] Speed Freaks
- [ ] Chaos
- [ ] Dark Eldar
- [ ] Eldar
- [ ] Tyranids

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### IMPERIAL DEFENCE FORCES

Supreme Commander’s name:  
Tick all armies that took part:

- [ ] Space Marines
- [ ] Imperial Guard
- [ ] Sisters of Battle
- [ ] Eldar

---

### WIN LOSE OR DRAW?

- [ ] Imperial victory
- [ ] Ork victory
- [ ] Draw

Which warzone are you fighting for?

- Plains of Anthrand (Africa)
- Death Mire (France)
- Equatorial Jungle (Asia & South America)
- Infernum Inc. Paludos & Diablo Mountains (UK)
- Helreach (USA)
- Tartarus (Germany)
- Acheron (Italy)
- The Fire Wastes (Australia)
- Phoenix Island (New Zealand)
- Volcanus (Spain)
- Deadlands Alpha (Scandinavia)
- Netheria Peninsula (Canada)
- Hades (Rest of the world)
- Armageddon Sub-Sector (all Battlefleet Gothic battles)

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The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON
ONE OF OUR COLONEL’S IS MISSING!

by Troy Cukas, Justin Keyes, Dan Richardson, Matt Weaver, Ryan Kennedy, Dave Taylor, Nick Gilbert, Ben Harris and Geoffrey Macpherson.

I've been a greenskin player for around five years now as I love converting (especially vehicles). When I saw the Speed Freeks army in Codex Armageddon, I developed a cunning plan to convince Dave Taylor to let me do a mini-battle report with my heavily converted army (I saw right through the plan Troy - DT).

With the worldwide Armageddon campaign about to commence, I formulated a three battle scenario involving the three Studio guys (Dave, Booster, and Matt) playing at three Sydney stores. Three of the armies detailed in Codex Armageddon would be used, and it would revolve around an Imperial Guard Colonel (Von Hardtkau) missing in action in the Fire Wastes whilst relaying battle plans.

Booster's Black Templars would be scouring the coastal areas near the Argyle River in search of Von Hardtkau and clash with my Kult of Speed (Wizzbang Golarota's Burning Lightning Kult) in a Rescue Mission.

Further up the coast, Ryan's Orks would be returning to refuel only to confronted by Dave's Gaunt's Ghosts Guard army (Try saying that three times quickly - DT) attempting to sabotage the fuel depot.

Inland, Matt's Armageddon Steel Legion (11th Comp. 41st Reg.) would be advancing to reinforce the Black Templars when they are ambushed by Dan's Goff clan (Waaagh Gogob).

Well, let the battles begin and may the best ork win!

OVERVIEW
by Troy Cukas

Matt Weaver's Armageddon Steel Legion arranged in column.
Battle at Argyle River

Justin Keyes: Accept any Challenge, No Matter the Odds. I had only recently decided to collect a Black Templar Space Marine Army when Parramatta staff sergeant Troy Cukas developed an idea to have a series of 40K games to celebrate the release of Codex Armageddon. My initial thoughts of painting a small 1000 pt force would grow until it would reach the 2500 points that Troy and I had decided upon.

The mission was to be Rescue (not one of my personal favourites). I wanted to have an army that was going to be well balanced with the ability to fight well in Close Combat and still have the option to destroy the foe with a righteous rain of bolt rounds. Having a sneak peek at Codex Armageddon I saw that some changes had been made to the Space Marine Army List if you are using a Black Templar army, the changes that were made really suit my style of gaming so I designed my army accordingly. With that all worked out it was off to Parramatta to meet my foe.

Turn One

Booster had a sense of foreboding as he lost the rolls for table side, deployment AND first turn. The Templars deployed three tactical squads to the east, protected by the river. The four Ork trucks spread across the table and sped forward towards the four counters on their side of the river. The shoote armed Dakka Mob decimated a bunker to the east, with “Wazzaggor’s Sluggas” jumping out into the forest to the west. Opposite, Squad Agrippa advanced towards the forest covered by the boltgun armed Squads Gruber & Ronke.

Turn Two

Warboss Goateria, Da Baggies (two), Zaguluk’s thirteen Stormboyz and Skrag’s ten Slabboyz arrived and headed for the central bunker where Zagul had discovered the new dead Colonel. Not knowing what to do with the shotel of plans, Zagul waited for Gofarsta’s arrival. To the west, the six Warbosses arrived and rode towards the river ford, their fire guns blazing. The Dakka Mob fired wildly at Tactical Squad Gruber.

The arrival of the Emperor’s Champion Aklera and a Whirlwind bolstered the Templars eastern defence line. The terminator armed Sword Brethren Squad Molay advanced after Squad Agrippa. In a blaze of bolt rounds Squad Ronke cut down six of the Dakka Mob. Three warriors of the mob took cover in the safety of the bunker. The west was set alight when the newly arrived Land Raider, Waffnern, destroyed Goateria’s truck, killing one Nob, and wounding another.

Turn Three

With Flight of the Valkyries bursting the speakers, Mek Spitzgubba’s Deathskulls snuck up through the eastern gorge, and Da Bikurz reached the river bank. Their combined fire was repelled by Squad Agrippa’s power armour, only one succumbing to the hail. Tactical Squad Gruber were halted by rokkis, shoota and slugga fire from the Dakka Mob, advancing buggies and Skrag’s Slabboyz. Enraged, the Space Marines charged down the hill towards Skraga’s Track. In the central gorge, Gofarsta and his Nobz dug out a fort towards Zagul and the plans. To the west, heavy support arrived with Dakka Mob trucks and the Dakka Mob, Wazzaga’s dismounted Sluggas and Da Holdoggz (buma mob) who headed through the forest towards the Land Raider.

As the second whirlwind pulled in next to its brother, the first tank fired at Da Baggies, only killing a nearby Stormboy. The Sword Brethren advanced through the trees that were screening the Whirlwinds, taking out the rokkis attacking Skrag’s track. To their east, Squad Agrippa reached the island at the river ford, taking out an Ork warboss. Squad Ronke advanced behind them.

Squad Gruber immobilised Skrag’s truck with bolt fire, but inflicted no damage in their assault.

To the west, the ten Black Templars of Assault Squad Fleckerwok bounded in supported by their five battle brothers of Assault Squad Werner-Fokker. Skrag’s Warboss screened the Land Raider, whilst Werner-Fokker’s track was destroyed along the Track. Advancing into battle, Grand Marshal Hughes de Payen disembarked his Command Squad from their Razorback. The Grand Marshal opened fire on the nearby Holdoge (Bumsa track) destroying it with an accurate shot from his plasma pistol, but the ensuing explosion three boys were engulfed in flames. Charging forwards Hughes de Payen personally took six of the Ork squad, the remaining Ork fell and was trampled by the advancing command squad. Hughes de Payen and his bodyguard continued into Wazzaggor’s mob behind.

Turn Four

On the far west, Skraga’s battleswagon advanced forward, its big shootas scything two of Squad Werner’s Space Marines in half.

In the centre, Da Kraw’s five Nobz warbosses roared towards Zagul while Waffnern led his Nobz towards the rampaging High Marshal Hughes de Payen.

With the buggies in support on the river bank, Skraga’s grof rigger Fasta resound the immolated track, and immediately reversed away from the approaching Space Marines. Jumping from the track, Skrag’s mob wiped out the stranded Squad Gruber before.

They didn’t come as I expected. What can I say? When Troy captured the Rescue token in his first turn I knew that I was going to have my work cut out for me. This coupled with my poor reserve rolls, meant that I was going to have to be on the defensive if I was to try to win this battle. I am not sure which famous general stated “The best defence is offense” but it seemed like a good plan to me. My new battle plan was simple, shoot any Ork that presented themselves as a target, and assault any that I could reach. Having decided to take the fight to the enemy I moved the majority of my army forward.

I did lose the game as the Orks held the objective at the end of turn 6 but it was a lot of fun with the Templars achieving a two to one kill ratio as well as initiating the majority of the close combat in the game. Thanks to Troy and everyone who came to the store to watch our game. Troy, you agreed to a rematch, just remember that I choose the mission this time. Mmmm, Meatgrinder sounds fun.
RESCUE mission

Troy Cukas: As a conversion mad dod, my army is constructed mainly around my vehicles. I made sure I had a solid crew of beasts to keep up. My bikes, bikes, bikes, bikes. My bikes would give me big shh, fire support, with two Zzaps to combat his Land Raider. The Whirlwinds were quite fast, along with being charged by Space Marines who failed their last press tests from shooting casualties, denying me any chance bonuses.

Da plan: spread out, use speed to locate Von Hardkauk’s plans then consolidate all reserves on that spot, sending my bikes/buggies/koptas to hunt down the whirlwinds.

Consolidating back into the trukk. Further east, Da bikes and Deathkoptas laid down a hail of fire at Squad Agravos. Only two remained succumbed despite shooting at them. Chanting hymns and prayers of devotion, the Black Templars reply by dropping three bikes into the river. In the continued combat, the Templars destroyed two koptas and the remaining bikes without any further casualties. Two Whirlwind tanks targeted Zaggul, wounding Zaggul as well as killing a nearby bike. The remaining bikes in the river, the Sword Brethren fire is inactivated against Skraga’s trukk. Squad Foletter advanced towards Zaggul, their fire wounding one of Goff’s Nobs. The squad was set upon and fell when the brunt of the fire and arrows hit and several fell into the river.

Their job done, Wizbang led his retnin and Nobz bikers towards the waiting Zaggul. With the support of Zaggul and his Stomboyz, the wounded Zaggul and his boys fought it out with Squad Foletter, taking out five for the loss of seven Zaggul.

To the east Da Buggies rapped up the hill with the bikers in the river, their fire striking the menacing whirlwinds.

Gunning his trukk, Skraga jumped onto the opposite river bank, blasted a Templar from Squad Ronoke, before decimating three Sword Brethren. The two guys took out the remaining two! Sliding the nearby Space Marines, Skraga and his boys charged Squad Ronoke.

In response, Squad Ronoke brutally cut down half the skarboyz, sending the remaining scurrying like Grotz to the safety of their trukk.

De Buggies were terrorised as Dreadnought Hansel arrived on the field next to them, its fire jamming the lead rokkit launch. The whirlwinds targeted the central bunker, demolishing Zaggul’s trukk.

Sighting Zaggul, Chaplain Bernard de Payen jumped packed into combat, swinging his Crozius Arkanum he decapitated the Nob who dropped the imperial standard. In the surrounding melee two more Marines of Squad Foletter fell, taking six Stormboyz with them. Both mobs held, despite only two trigas surviving. The Land Raider again targeted Da Nebz, evaporating two but not distracting Goffstar.

Recovering in his trukk, Skraga raced across the river, darted into the core of the force, and finally ran into the whirlwinds. Two burning bans burst, one “meh-saw” and immobilised the other, which exploded when hit by a buggy’s rokkit. With a mighty “WAANGH” Skraga crunched into Squad Ronoke, the mob sliding through two Marines going only one skarboyz.

With a hail of bolts Squad Agravos destroyed Skraga’s trukk and charged the skarboyz, accompanied by the Emperor’s Champion. Surrounded by Black Templars, the mob was stopped at the embarrassed marines, the Emperor’s Champion cutting Skraga almost in two with a mighty blow from the Black Scourge.

With a swing of its powerfist the Dreadnought crushes a buggy. Lascannon blasting, the Land Raider launches two nooz bikes, with the final Nob safely holding the sceptre.

In combat, Bernard de Payen slays a further three more stormboyz before Zaggul cut him down, ending the game.

WAANGH! Was Skraga hardcore or what? With twelve Tactical Marines, five Terminators and two Whirlwinds to their credit the ten Skarboyz took a heavy toll. Unlike my bikes and koptas who did comparatively little due to some miraculous 3+ armour saves. Booster’s deployment confused me initially but while I had the upper hand most of the time, I realised I intended pouncing them with the whirlwinds then mop up with the Squads and HQs. Fortunately his barrage were off target (two vehicles and about 50% of his team) leaving his cleanup squads a hard slog (although his Command Squad quickly carved through two mobs). In the end my numbers and speed came through. NOW, to decipher those humble plans!
On the outskirts of the Hive.

Matt Weaver: I wasn't able to get the image out of my head. Imagine a column of battle tanks and armoured troop carriers, a freshly raised Imperial Guard regiment spudding it's way to the battlefield. Inexperienced and un-blooded troops with new steel were setting off for their fiery baptism in the Imperium's darkest hour. Troy Cukas had assigned us to various missions, I was set to play Dan Richardson (the People's Dan) from the Chatswood store, the scenario was Ambush, and I was the Defender. Yes! This is the first time I've actually looked forward to playing this scenario.

I was anticipating Dan to attack me head on cutting me off from my objective. My plan was to punch my way through, with the lead Chimera ploughing through at full speed.

Turn One

The Orks began their first movement phase by charging towards the gun position. The Strombozy charged at the Alpha One Chimera, one of which exploded in the tracks, stunning the crew inside (and Matt). The 'Ead Takerz then fired their rocket launchers at the Alpha One Chimera, immobilising it and destroying the barrel mounted multi laser. The Strombozy charged at the Alpha One Chimera, and while the boys were outmathing, the Nob affixed one of his stone bust grenades to its heavy flamer, blowing the gun off the hull of the tank. The Imperial guard movement began with most of the tanks positioning the spot, and all but the two lead Chimeras deploying their troops. The Alpha One Chimera tank charged at the Strombozy, who was in combat with it, and Dan countered with his Nob, using the Death or Glory tactic. The Nob frantically fired a tank busting grenade to the few Orks remaining on the tank, and was just triggering his jet pack to jump out of the way when a huge explosion ripped out the entire front of the tank, causing shards of metal to fly everywhere, injuring one Strombozy who was too close to the explosion. Miraculously all but one of the Guardsmen who had been travelling inside poured out, coughing from the smoke, but otherwise unharmed. The entire left flank of the column opened fire on the 'Ead Kickersz and as the smoke and plasma explosions cleared only a third of the boys remained. Despite suffering huge casualties, the 'Ead Kickersz demonstrated dropier Orky courage in the face of heavy fire and stood their ground. Meanwhile on the right flank of the Guard army the Hailhound (nick named Big Flaming Death) crashed through a fence to appear right beside the 'Ead Takerz. The right flank of the armoured column took aim at the 'Ead Takerz. The concentrated fire of fifteen Guardsmen and three tanks left gaping holes in the Orks, which back from the scorched flamer of the Hailhound. Alpha One squad and Beta One squad both took shots at the Strombozy and then charged into the Orks. The Strombozy was completely beaten by surprise by this strange tactic of the Guardsmen and four of their number were cut down. The Nob's charge slowed through two Guardsmen in one huge sweep, the sight of blood renewed the Strombozy and they killed five more. Both Imperial squads passed their leadership tests and bloodied.

Turn Two

Much to Dan's dismay none of his reserves made it onto the table. This left the few Orks remaining on the tank, and the only remaining tanks (over a third had been wiped out last turn) very outnumbered. The Killer Kanz and skinhead the Dreadnought lumbered towards the column of tanks, taking up a imposing position in front of the line. The remaining tanks killed another ten of the 'Ead Takerz, who promptly broke and ran for it. The two 'Ead Kickerz passed their leadership test, a testament to Orkaish stupidity, as they stared directly down the barrel of the Leman Russ battlecannon. The squad in combat with the Killer Kanz finally fell back, only to be caught and killed by the advancing Imperial guards. The 'Ead Kickersz despite the beating they had suffered the turn before began to move towards the Guard Command HQ. They managed to get three turn of boyz into position to open up on the demolisher, the flames did very little but meet the pandemonium of the massive tank.

Praise the Emperor! Halfway through Dan's first turn (he went first as the Attacker) I felt my initial plan was wrong. As he began advancing on both flanks, I knew I would have to bring all possible guns to bear against the dreaded green hordes. There were several moments where the game could have ended very quickly with doors I'd left open (my negligence. of course) for Dan to take advantage of. The charge of the Strombozy toward the front left flank of my tank column quite possibly filled me with the most dread during the entire game. The twenty guardsmen that sacrificed their lives to stall the potentially devastating advance, by charging and blunting the Strombozy effectiveness in close combat, will go down as my most favourite Warhammer 40,000 experience to date. Dan played hard and fought well. The result was so close (70 points in my favour), that even if I'd lost I would still have had a bloody good game (emphasis on the bloody).
**AMBUSH mission**

Dan Richardson: Finally, Ghazghkull has come back to Armageddon!

And it’s an honour to march under his banner. The infamous Warlord Goffgob, fresh from ravaging Antilus III has joined the Wsaagh and now at large fighting in the fire wastes. The Warband is now laying in wait for a Steel Legion convoy travelling to reinforce a Black Templar force under a large Kult of Speed attack. The Warband itself is entirely Goffgob and as such consists purely of the toughest Ork boyz and plenty of Kanz. The centrepiece has to be the monstrous Goffgob himself, Mega Armour built by the genius Mad Mek Bon Harris. As for Goffgob’s ambush plan; it’s simple: Shoot da Tank! Surprise ‘em with more Boyz! Chop up the gitz insider!

**Turn Three**

This turn Dan was allowed to bring on his Warboss, along with the Can Operas (a squad of Tankustas) and a horde of Grotz. The Killa Kanz were now within striking distance of the Chimera. The last three members of the ‘Ead Taker fled towards the tank, but took a shot at a Chimera as they left; they missed. The Chimera opened fire on the Demolisher, lodging a rocket down the huge barrel of its cannon, killing explosions, taking the crew with it and blew out of action. Leaving the tank otherwise unharmed.

The remaining buma boy of the ‘Ead Taker opened up with his beams, taking out two more of the Command HQ. The assault phase then began, with Warboss Goffgob and the Tankustas occupying the pesky Hellhound tank. The Grotz now managed to rammed it. The Killa Kanz also charged into combat with the Chimera in front of them, deploying two and advancing into action two Chimera. Finally, the remaining ‘Ead Taker charged the Leman Russ, hoping to punch through the thick front armour, but even the Nob’s tanked-up bomb was unable to penetrate.

The shooting began with the Command HQ and the Chimera taking out the remnants of the ‘Ead Taker, followed by the Demolisher and the remaining Guardsman concentrating their fire on the Killa Kanz. Shot after shot penetrated their armoured bodies, and first one, then another exploded. The last was hit with both of its weapons destroyed, and its legs jammed. The Leman Russ was at the Dreadnought, but missed, and the Extremator and the Alpha Command Chimera fired at the Grots, killing eight of them. The Alpha Command Chimera drew a bead on the Tankustas, killing three of them with its powerful multi-launcher. Finally, the Hellhound’s inferno cannon spared feisty debris over the Tankustas, killing three more and forcing them to fall back. The remaining Killa Kanz lashed out with a

**Turn Four**

Daniel rolled for his remaining reserves and his Killa Kanz cracked onto the right flank. It was make or break time for the Orks. Warboss Goffgob moved towards the Alpha Command Chimera, the Can Operas began a mad rush towards the Demolisher, and the Grots moved away from the tanks which had troubled them last turn. The Tankustas took aim at the Demolisher with their rocket launchers; the thick front armour proved too much even for the veteran anti-tank mods. The new mod of Killa Kanz fired at the Alpha Command HQ Chimera, taking out the multi-launcher. The Tankustas charged the Demolisher, but their reserves could only do so much. Finally, the Drednought chopped off the multi-launcher of the Beta Command Chimera.

The Command HQ Chimera moved into a position where they could fire on the Tankustas. The Extremator turned to face them directly, at the remaining rokit equipped Killa Kanz. It fired away with weapon after weapon, until a heavy bolt shell struck its fuel supply and the Kan was enveloped by a huge plume of flame. The Alpha Command Chimera fired on the Grots, killing another three. The Alpha Command squad fired, firing the Drednought’s mighty bore, but failing to do the man share it. The concentrated fire of two Chimeras wiped out the Tankustas who were frantically charging explosives to the Demolisher’s hull. The last assault phase of the game saw the Drednought in combat with the Beta Command Chimera, whose armour was no match for the huge power claw of the Orky construction. The claws smeared through the hull and set off a catastrophic explosion which enveloped both the Drednought and Warboss Goffgob. Realising this would be the last drop, roll of the battle, Daniel rolled to see if he had wound his own Warboss in the explosion. He breathed a sigh of relief as the Warboss passed his armour save!

**Waanaagh!** Everything went exactly according to plan! Except for the boyz getting shot up, the tanks not blowing up and the reinforcements taking their sweet time. All in all a great victory except that I lost. It’s all the same to us Orks. That’s got to be one of the most lonesome and rewarding games I’ve fought in a while. I even learnt something from it. Matt had a word in my ear afterwards and explained that if I had attacked from one side then one half of the convoy would have been blocked from firing by the tanks beside them. This would have reduced my casualties on the charge in. At least Gork was content as lots of guardsmen were chopped up and none escaped off the board, to reinforce the Templars. At the end of the day though Matt stopped me in my tracks and I would like to thank him and all the great people who came to cheer us on for an excellent time. Waaagh on with Armageddon!

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

Some hot scorta action!

The many faces of the people’s Da.
They came from the trees.

Dave Taylor: I actually finished my Gaunt's Ghosts back in January, but I hadn’t played a game with them using the Deathworld Veterans list (not too many jungle battles around back then). When Troy suggested this whole event I thought it would be a great chance to get these guys skulking through the forest, taking great advantage of their great skills and abilities. The Sabotage mission is ideally suited to the Deathworld Veterans as they are all able to deploy on the board, putting me 12" closer to my objective. The mission is doubly suited to the Tanith First and Only as their stealth abilities and reputation always put them in this sort of situation. Bring on those Orks, the Tanith love their knife work!

Turn One

Fortunately, the entire Tanith army was able to deploy on the board, thanks to the Initiator's ability. This meant Gaunt's Ghosts started 12" closer to their objective. As they advanced through the jungle on both Harry Larkin (their expert sniper) revealed himself and dropped one of the Grot sentries. The Ghosts advancing were keen to close on their objective and during the assault phase four more Grotz were taken out. Unfortunately for the usually stealthy Tanith, the death of the final Grot raised the alarm and reinforcements were poised to close on the Imperial force.

As Ryan rolled for his reinforcements, it became increasingly obvious that things would be tough for the Ork defenders. One mob of Slugga Boyz and the Stormboyz sector entered the table from the opposite table edge, as far away as possible from the Tanith. The clucking Ork Dreadnought entered from the Ork's left flank and headed down the road towards the massed Ghost infantry. The Orks shooting was particularly inept, the only casualty was patched up by Dorien (the Ghosts' medic).

Turn Two

Once again the Tanith, using their native skills, slipped easily through the dense forest terrain. Concentrated fire from the centre of the Imperial line wiped out huge swathes of the Grot mob, and Mad Larkin claimed another victim, the Ork Slayer. Ryan rolled for his reserves again and was rewarded with the Kharas Khan.

Turn Three

With a wall of Orks in front of them the centre of the Tanith line began to crumple, reconstructing for the assault that was bound to come. On the flanks a general advance was in progress. Switching their power packs to full charge, the Ghosts opened fire on the Slugga Boyz, only causing minimal casualties.

The last of the Ork reinforcements appeared, the Bumna Boyz entering from behind the Slugga Boyz (the Imperial be praised). However, those Orks in position to do so assaulted the Imperial line. On the Ork's left flank the Dreadnought made it through the thick.

**Note:**

*Once more for Tanith:* Well, that was actually quite tough. It all came down to the roll for turn continuation at the end of turn five. If Ryan had rolled a 1 or 2 then I was scuppered, anything higher and I was home free. About twelve Tanith models from four different squads contacted the fuel dump (cunningly stashed in the wrecked Rhino) in the Assault phase of turn five, while Ryan could only defend the fuel with his rock hard Warboss Grotbreif. This game was great, full of some very characterful situations (the wartrak Tank Shocking the guardsmen and then refusing to die, the Sniper (Mad Larkin) killing with every well placed shot, etc.), one of my favourite.
Ryan "The Hammer" Kennedy: Wow, my very first battle report in the hallowed tones of White Dwarf. I'm going to play Dave Taylor so I am expecting a great game. When Dave asked what army I would be using in the upcoming third battle of Armageddon campaign and battle report, I knew that Warboss Nidgrunt and his boyz would be emerging from their dark, dank caves to join Gharzhkhull in the Orks' conquest. Having not played a game of Warhammer 40,000 using Orks for over three years I was both excited and fearful in equal measure, oh well time to roll the dice and see what happens.

The massive column of Slugga boyz undergrew to engage Squad Three of Blane's platoon. The Shoota Boyz assaulted the centre of the line (Squad Five of Grell's platoon). Both of these advances were blunted as the squads held firm. On the Ork's right flank Warboss Grotsbrunt and his retinue of Nobz made short work of Sergeant Grell and the men of Squad One, wiping them out to a man.

Turn Four

Expects at setting ambushes, the Tanith patrols revealed themselves at the prearranged signal. Domor and his squad flitted between the tribes towards the objective. Grotsbrunt and his boyz proceeded to take Domor's squad out of action, halting their sabotage attempts. The surviving Shoota Boyz mobbed up with the Slugga Boyz and advanced on Mikkol's team. The Ghosts strode no chance against the barrage of dice so they withdrew into the Shadows, not to return this battle. In the centre the remaining Shoota Boyz were again attacked by a multitude of Guardsmen, the were wiped out to an Ork. The Imperial units involved advanced towards the fuel dump; time was running short.

Turn Five

With the objective in sight all units within range swept forward. Heavy fire from assault weapons was concentrated on the Nobs mob. The dangerous Major Rawne lobbed a demolition charge into the fray (a very dangerous thing to do, but fortunately the charge was an obtuse and four Ork Nobz were killed. Grotsbrunt's retinue was also destroyed and the resulting explosion killed another Nob. Colonel Corbacec and his hardened veterans assaulted the Ork Warboss and his retinue, to give the Tanith more time to plan their charges. Four squads moved into contact with the fuel dump and started preparing the explosives.

The Slugga Boyz and Bumaz Boyz continued their long haul towards the objective. Another turn and they might just make it. The battle between Warboss Grotsbrunt and Corbacec was short and very one-sided, but there was little Ryan could do to stop the Imperial victory, except roll 1 or 2.

Turn Six

Ryan rolled a three, meaning the game went on to the sixth turn. Squad Three of the (late) Grell's platoon threw themselves in the rampaging path of the Ork Warboss, giving the other Tanith enough time to finish setting their charges and blowing the fuel dump.

Victory to Gharzhkhull's Ghosts, for the Emperor, for Tanith!

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON
ONE OF OUR COLONEL'S IS MISSING!

AFTERMATH
by Troy Cukas

With Da Planz in Wazbang Gofarsta's hands and Goggob holding off the Guard reinforcements, the Orks are free to rampage inland. If only they had enough fuel to get there. Damn those Ghosts!

All players are keen for a rematch so keep an eye out for results in a future issue. Troy will be meal grinding Booster's Templars in an attempt to seize a fuel depot. The others are discussing their missions. All three battles add to the worldwide conflict held during August and September to decide Armageddon's fate. Keep an eye out in future issues for more of these impressive armies.

Victorious Warboss Troy commiserates High Marshal Booster...

...and victorious Colonel Matt commiserates the narrowly defeated Warboss Dan...

...while the assembled hordes of supporters at Castle Hill Waagh! away the evening!
The Orks plague the galaxy from end to end with their ceaseless warring and strife. They are a race rooted so deeply in war that peace is utterly incomprehensible to them. They cannot be bargained with or bought save with weapons which they will inevitably turn against those who tried to bribe them. I pray with all my faith that some great catastrophe will annihilate them but I fear that ultimately it is they, not we, who will rule this galaxy.

Imperial High Lord Kasthias

The SPACE ORK BATTLE FORCE is an ideal way to start a fledgling Greenskin Army or to further reinforce an existing army.

The boxed set contains: 16 Ork Boyz, 5 Ork Warbikes, 1 Warbuggy, 1 Wartruk and a set of battlefield accessories.

Space Ork Battle Force  AU$125.00  NZ$145.00
Creating your own scenarios is a great way of adding an extra layer of detail and fun to your Mordheim campaigns. Here, Mark Havener shares about his own new campaign scenario. In it, warbands are looking for wyrdstone near the crater in the centre of the city, and large quantities of wyrdstone have some rather unpredictable effects on magic...

With the appearance of Mordheim, it didn’t take long for the new game to sweep me (and a good many local players) away in a fervour of warbands, underhanded dealings and nasty circumstances. I started a local league which was supposed to run every other week (and ended up running every week) that currently has around 30 members of varying levels of devotion. My warband, ‘Capitan del Norte’s Raiders of Solkar’ (an Estalian warband that uses the Marienburg warband rules) has been doing fairly well and, more importantly, we’ve all been having lots of fun.

One of the things I decided early on when I started the league was that I wanted to provide an incentive for players to show up week after week. We have a league standings sheet and on it we track who’s currently winning the most games, didn’t feel that that would be enough to keep the players interested. To keep them from getting bored, I decided to have two things: restart the league on a regular basis (it run for a month, but we’re currently experimenting with a 6 week limit), and provide special scenarios that were different from those which the players would play outside of their own league Mordheim games on non-league nights. Every other week we’ve introduced a new scenario – my players have fought against the dreaded Bone Giants, sacked the local Merciad Guildhouse and borne witness to the grisly remains of a quarter battle between rival warbands. It seems to be a popular aspect of our league, and I encourage anyone considering starting his or her own Mordheim league to consider the same.

On the next few pages I’ve included one of these home-brewed scenarios, ‘Wild Magic’, plus new random scenario charts for either one-on-one or multi-player games. Feel free to use the scenario for your games, or substitute your own.

Reinhold had been in the cursed city a long time. He now walked with a limp, and his left eye had been taken out by a lucky shot from a Dwarf crossbow. Damn that stunt – he’d thought he was out of range! In the weeks and months that he had been fighting here, the old veteran figured he’d seen everything a man could see and still be alive. Not much surprised him anymore. Sure, the danger of losing life and limb was still ever-present, but everything seemed to be much the same, day in and day out. It was as if he’d never left his father’s farm! As he looked down the street from the cover of a ruined chapel, he saw a warband of the Possessed. They appeared to be waiting for Reinhold’s warband. Another street fight, thought the old warrior ironically. Was it his imagination, or did the enemy warband look just as bored as he at the prospect? As he signalled his men forward, Reinhold wondered if he would learn anything new this day, or if it would be just like any other. As soon as they came within range, the Wicker Man’s warband had hired经营 begun the chant that would start the spell he always began each battle with: “Bolts of Silver... or was it Arrows of Light? Reinhold couldn’t remember the same the hodgepodge gave the spell... all he knew was that he had seen it and its effects countless times. Down the street the enemy Magister looked to be preparing a spell of his own.

Almost as one, both wizards finished their chanting – the spells were ready to be released. With a flash of light a half-dozen sparkling arrows flew from the Wicker Man’s outstretched fingers toward the enemy. On the other end of the street, a shimmering glow appeared in front of the Magister, it appeared that he was invoking the Eye of God. Suddenly there appeared to be a twist in the air and the ordinary became decidedly EXTRA-ordinary. The Wicker Man’s silver arrows did a quick twist in the air and flew back towards Gunnar, one of Reinhold’s spearmen. The poor fellow was skewered by three bolts of light and fell to the ground in a heap. In front of the Magister, an equally strange thing happened – a Bloodletter, cursed Daemon of Khorne, stepped out of the shimmering circle in the air in front of the Magister. The Daemon took a quick look at his surroundings and proceeded to attack the assembled band of Chaos cultists.

Well I’ll be damned, thought Reinhold, utterly baffled by these new developments. Something new today after all!
### Scenario table for one-on-one games

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Play the new scenario. Wild Magic.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Play Scenario 2: Skirmish.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Play Scenario 3: Wyrdstone Hunt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Play Scenario 4: Breakthrough.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Play Scenario 5: Street Fight.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Play Scenario 6: Chance Encounter.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Play Scenario 7: Hidden Treasure.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Play Scenario 8: Occupy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Play Scenario 9: Surprise Attack.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>The player with the lower warband rating may choose which scenario is played.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Scenario table for multi-player games

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>The player with the lower warband rating may choose which scenario is played.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-4</td>
<td>Play Scenario 1: Treasure Hunt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Play Scenario 2: The Lost Prince.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Play Scenario 3: The Pool.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Play Scenario 4: The Wizard’s Mansion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Play Scenario 5: Street Brawl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Play Scenario 6: Ambush!*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Play Scenario 7: Dragonhunt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Play the new scenario: Wild Magic.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>The player with the lower warband rating may choose which scenario is played.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Note on Ambush! In our league we’ve found that this scenario can get quite vicious if the ambushed player is not on good terms with his fellows. To remedy this, we’ve come up with the following ‘fix’: Any player may have his models drop the wyrdstone that they are carrying at any time. Place Wyrdstone counters on the table exactly as if the models carrying them had been taken out of action (see the rules for Ambush!). This player’s warband may not pick up this wyrdstone later in the game (his warriors have decided to give up to the treasure to their betters)! Any player whose warband is not carrying wyrdstone may voluntarily drop if able to do so under the normal rules. This gives players a way out that can keep their warbands from getting unfairly slaughtered.
Shards of wyrdstone lie throughout the doomed city, but rumours abound that the largest deposits by far lie near the area known as the Pit, the site where the meteor landed. Warbands who dare venture near the Pit risk discovery by the servants of the Shadowlord, and even those that escape the attention of these foul denizens find that the proximity of much wyrdstone can have a strange effect on reality. Extended periods of time spent near the Pit can warp both mind and body; and those foolish enough to search these areas frequently find themselves sinking into madness or mutation. Even short periods of time spent in these areas can be hazardous, while dabblers in magic find that the presence of large amounts of wyrdstone can make casting spells more difficult, and their incantations can sometimes have unexpected results.

terrain
Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a ruined building, tower, or other similar item. We suggest that the terrain is set-up within an area roughly 4x4', or 4x6' for multi-player games.

warbands
For basic (one-on-one) games, each player rolls a dice. Whoever rolls highest chooses which table edge to set up on, placing all of his warriors within 8" of that edge. His opponent then sets up within 8" of the opposite edge. In multi-player games, players use the normal set-up rules (see ‘Setting up the Warbands’ in the multi-player rules from WD242).

starting the game
Each player rolls a D6. The player rolling highest has the first turn, and order of play proceeds clockwise around the table (based on where players placed their warbands) from there.

ending the game
The game ends when all warbands but one have failed their Rout test. The routs automatically lose. If one or more warbands have allied, they may choose to share the victory and end the game.

wyrdstone
Due to the large quantities of wyrdstone nearby, all warbands add +2 shards to the number found at the end of the game.

experience
+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.

+1 Winning Leader. The leader of the winning warband gains +1 Experience.

+1 Per Enemy Out of Action. Any Hero earns +1 Experience for each enemy he puts out of action.

special rules
Each time a wizard wants to cast a spell, nominate the spell (and target) as normal, but before rolling to see if the spell is successful, roll on the following chart to determine what effects the large deposits of wyrdstone nearby have on his spellcasting.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2D6</th>
<th>Effect</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>The wizard is overloaded with power and may cast no spells this turn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>+1 Difficulty on any spell attempted this turn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>The range of any spell that the wizard casts this turn is halved. Note that this has no effect on a spell that doesn’t have a range (like a spell centred on the caster).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>The spell is cast as normal, but it is weak and may be resisted. If the target’s controller wishes, the target may resist the spell by making a 1d test on 2d6. If the test is passed, the spell has no effect. Note that resisting the spell is an option; some spells may help the target and he may therefore not want to prevent their effect.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>The spellcaster has inadvertently created some sort of effect in addition to the spell. Resolve the spell as normal (rolling against the spell’s Difficulty, etc.), and then roll on he Random Happenings chart, printed in White Dwarf 240, to see what added effect the spellcaster’s inept dabbings have created. If the players do not have the rules for Random Happenings, the randomness of the spell has injured the caster. Roll once on the Injury table to determine what happens to the spellcaster.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Role reversal! If the spell is normally cast on a friendly model, it is cast on the closest enemy model within 12&quot; instead (resolve any effects like extra movement or attacks during the enemy player’s turn). Conversely, if the spell is normally cast on an enemy model, it is cast on the closest friendly model within 12&quot; instead.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>-1 Difficulty on any spell attempted this turn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>The range of any spell which the wizard casts this turn is doubled. Note that this has no effect on a spell that doesn’t have a range (like a spell centred on the caster).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>The wizard may direct his spell at two targets within range instead of one. Spells that affect the caster may be directed at another friendly model within 6&quot; as well.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>The spell is automatically successful; there is no need to make a Spell Difficulty roll.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>The caster is filled with magical power! If the spellcaster has more than one spell, he may attempt to cast two spells this turn. Note that the second spell must be different than the first; he may not choose to cast the same spell twice in one turn.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Hear ye! Hear ye!

Town Cryer is a Fanatic Press publication that is packed full of new rules, scenarios and warbands for you to use in Mordheim. Written by gamers for gamers, Town Cryer provides the very best in hardcore hobby. Issue eight is available now. Some of the exciting articles in this issue are:

- Bretonnian Knights and their retainers have been spotted in the ruins battling the enemies of virtue and order. A new warband for your games including Knights, Squires and Men-at-arms.
- Rumours abound of a wizened priest of Ulric wandering the streets. The Wolf Priest hired sword will strike the fear of Ulric into your enemies.
- Fire rules. Become an arch-arsenist and burn out your foes with these rules for fires in Mordheim.

All this plus, letters, conversions and a special scenario competition.

TOWN CRYER 8 AVAILABLE NOW
As one of the First Founding Chapters, the Salamanders' history goes back to the very birth of the Imperium. Salamander Space Marines are raised from the populace of Nocturne, a deadly volcanic world. Such a world breeds hardy warriors, strong of constitution and single-minded in purpose; ideal recruits for the Adeptus Astartes. Gav Thorpe takes a closer look at their history from their early beginnings to their involvement on the war-ravaged world of Armageddon.

Origins

When the gods of Chaos scattered the Emperor’s nascent Primarchs across the galaxy, one came to rest on the harsh volcanic world of Nocturne. The Primarch was found one morning by a blacksmith named N’bel, as he entered the yard of his smithy. For a long time the people of Nocturne had been plagued by Eldar pirates, whose constant raids pillaged the small settlements and enslaved Nocturne’s children. The wise men had prophesied the arrival of a saviour, who would come to them from the heavens to rid them of the decadent Eldar. So it was that N’bel instantly recognised the greatness within the infant that he found lying on the bare stones of his yard. He named him Vulkan, after the first king of the salamanders, the giant lizards that roam Nocturne, and raised him as a son.

Vulkan’s growth was extraordinary. Within three years he was bigger and stronger than any man in the town, and his mind was sharper than any Nocturne-forged blade. He had rapidly learnt all the skills of metalworking taught to him by N’bel, soon surpassing even the master smith’s renowned ability. It was Vulkan who taught the people of Nocturne the most hidden secrets of alloys and bonding, improving their already considerable skill at weapon-making and artifice.

It was during Vulkan’s fourth year that the Eldar came to his town, intent on raiding and pillaging. He roused the town’s populace from their hiding places in attics and cellars, standing at the forefront of the defence and single-handedly slew a hundred Eldar that day, wielding a huge blacksmith’s hammer in each hand. The Eldar fled from Vulkan’s wrath and the story of the town’s triumph spread across Nocturne. Soon the headmen of the seven most important settlements travelled to pay homage to Vulkan, praising him for his example in fighting the Eldar. They swore to never again hide in fear, but to face their foes and crush them. It was decided to hold a huge celebration, including a massive contest of skill at arms and craftsmanship.

It was at the opening ceremony of the celebrations that a stranger appeared. His skin was pale and his garb outlandish. He announced that he could best any man in any contest. The gathered crowds laughed uproariously, believing that none could be more superior in intellect, physique or skill than their superhuman leader. Vulkan and the stranger wagered that whoever lost was to swear eternal obedience to the victor. The competitions lasted for eight days and including many feats of strength and endurance. At the anvil lift, the strongest men could hold an anvil above their head for an hour and a half – Vulkan and the stranger carried the heavy anvil aloft for half a day before the judge declared the contest a draw so that they could proceed to the next event. And so it was that they were almost equally matched in skill and strength. Occasionally one would
blyest the other, but when it came to the start of the final event, the salamander slaying, they were evenly matched. Each had a day and a night to forge a weapon and then hunt down the largest salamander they could find. Whoever brought back the heaviest carcass would win the wager and the allegiance of the other.

The ringing of hammers on metal echoed across the volcanic hills for the whole day, neither man pausing for a moment to rest or refresh themselves. As the Nocturne sun sank below the mountains they watched the highest peaks for signs of the giant salamanders. Vulkan vowed that he would climb to the summit of Mount Deathfire, where the largest firedrakes could be found, huge beasts weighing several tons. The stranger said that wherever Vulkan went, he would follow.

It is claimed that the two climbed the precipitous mountains with astounding speed, bounding from rock to rock, the stranger carrying a keen-edged blade. Vulkan with his immense silver-headed hammer held ready. They passed from sight, but soon the skies were rent with the sound of battle and the flames of the firedrakes licked the clouds of smoke that gathered over the volcanoes. It was Vulkan who found his prey first, smashing its armoured head from its shoulders with a mighty sweep of his hammer. The stranger split another, even mightier still than Vulkan’s conquest and set off in pursuit. As Vulkan carried his prize back to the settlement, ill fate beset him, Mount Deathfire erupted into violent life, hurling rocks and lava high into the air. He was flung to the edge of a precipice, where he clung for several hours by one hand, the other grimly held onto the tail of the dead salamander, Vulkan determined to keep his prize.

It was then that the stranger appeared, calling Vulkan’s name from the other side of a wide lava flow. Vulkan answered the cry, and could see that the stranger’s prey was indeed larger than his own. But by now even Vulkan’s almost endless constitution was growing thin, weakened as he was by over a week of hard contest. His grip began to shake, and yet he was too proud to call for help. But it seemed that the stranger realised the Primarch’s peril, and hurled the corpse of his salamander into the lava, making himself a bridge to cross. With great leaps the stranger hurled himself towards Vulkan, hauling the weared Primarch from the edge of the abyss. Even as Vulkan felt himself being pulled up by the stranger’s strong arms, he saw the salamander’s body being consumed by the lava and swept away.

When the two returned to the settlement, it was the ruling of the judges that Vulkan had won, for the stranger had returned with no prize at all. The gathered throng cheered heartily, but were silenced by Vulkan. As they watched, he knelt on one knee and bowed his head to the stranger, saying that any man who valued life over pride was worthy of his service. The stranger revealed himself to be the Holy Emperor himself and, from that day forth, Nocturne was to be the home of the Salamanders Legion, in memory of the mighty beasts which had united the Primarch and his Lord.

**Home world**

The Salamanders Chapter hails from a binary planetary system in the western reaches of the Ultima Segmentum. The two worlds, Nocturne and its oversized moon Prometheus, circle each other in an erratic orbit, causing massive tectonic activity across the thin crust of Nocturne. The world is girded by chains of active volcanoes and rent apart by frequent earthquakes. Once every Nocturne year, some fifteen Terran years long, the two worlds approach so closely that Nocturne is almost torn asunder. Known as the Time of Trial, this period is marked by tidal waves sweeping across the rough seas, the ash and smoke from thousands of volcanoes blotting out the dim light of Nocturne’s sun, and the ground trembling constantly. Towns and villages are thrown down into ruin, continents shift and a cold winter envelops the lands for the next quarter of a year, freezing the young and killing the few livestock animals that can survive the normally harsh and hot climate of the planet.
Index Astartes: The Salamanders

Some would say that the people of Nocturne are mad to endure such conditions, but over hundreds of generations they have been moulded by their world into a hardy race. And Nocturne’s Time of Trials brings great reward too. The upheaval opens up veins of precious gems and metals, uncovering vital ores for smelting. When the lava flows cool, they can be mined for other precious elements, pockets of gas that can be used to power engines, diamonds and other crystals valuable to the Adeptus Mechanicus for lasers and energy transmission systems. And this is how Nocturne survives, by trading its vast mineral wealth with other worlds, using its resources to bring in new livestock and building materials and the few weapons which the Salamanders Space Marines cannot construct themselves.

The Chapter fortress-monastery is based upon the giant moon, Prometheus. It is the only settlement on Prometheus, and is little more than a space port linked to an orbital dock where the Chapter’s strike cruisers and battle barges can be refitted and restocked. The Chapter spends its time, when not at war, on Prometheus, living amongst the inhabitants. The Salamanders have very close links with their homeworld, mingling with the people rather than living aloof as many Chapters do. The Salamanders are the settlements’ leaders, a source of inspiration and guidance for the Nocturne populace, and it is as much this position of authority and respect that young aspirants crave as the chance to become a legendary warrior of the Emperor.

Recruitment starts very young for the Salamanders, with a hopeful coming to work as apprentice to a Salamander at the age of six or seven Terran years. They will then spend several more years learning the skills of the smith, as Vulkan did in his early life. From these apprentices, the most able will then be judged by the Chapter’s Apothecaries and Chaplains and the worthy will be taken to Prometheus to undergo the bio-surgery required to make them into Space Marines. At various points in their adaptation and training, the young Scouts must endure the same trials and tests that Vulkan and the Emperor competed in, their final initiation culminating in them hunting down a salamander and slaying it.

Combat doctrine

The Salamanders follow normal Space Marine tactical and strategic dogma, with a slight variation to compensate for their own physical and mental traits. They have a preference for close-ranged firefights, using many meltas and flamer weapons to smash armoured foes and burn swathes of lighter troops.

Coming from a society that places great prestige in craftsmanship and which has high regard for artisans, the Salamanders have access to, and can maintain, highly sophisticated forms of technology. This is most evident in the numbers of Terminators in their armies, as well as a greater proportion of artificer armour and master-crafted weaponry and is supplemented by regular trade with the Adeptus Mechanicus, made possible by Nocturne’s abundant mineral resources.

Organisation

The Salamanders Chapter organisation was laid down when Vulkan swore allegiance to the Emperor. Each Company was founded from the seven greatest settlements of Nocturne, each commanded by a Captain from that settlement. This organisation is still true today, although ever since the disappearance of Vulkan some thousand years after the Legion’s Founding, the Captain of the First Company has been given the role of Chapter Master. This position is considered a regency by the Salamanders, who believe that one day Vulkan will return to lead the Chapter in a great campaign to conquer Chaos.

Each Company is slightly larger than a standard Codex Company, and squads were reorganised following the
writing of the Codex Astartes after the Great Heresy. The conditions on Nocturne are not conducive to training for high speed attack or using the anti-grav engines of Land Speeders, so the Chapter employs relatively few of those specialised fast attack units. The Scout company is the smallest known in any Chapter, the sparse population of Nocturne and the Salamanders’ slow but meticulous selection process gives a low turn around of new recruits.

The First Company is treated as a warrior cadre within the Headquarters itself, and forms the personal guard of the Chapter Master. They are known as the Firedrakes, after the largest of the salamander lizards that roam Nocturne. To enter the First Company, a warrior must be nominated by his Captain for the honour, and then must prove that such faith was well founded by slaying a firedrake. The Hall of the Firedrakes in the Chapter Monastery on Prometheus is hung with all the hides from the Firedrake salamanders slain as part of this trial.

Beliefs

The beliefs of the Salamanders are governed by the Promethean cult, which places great emphasis on self-reliance, loyalty and self-sacrifice. Much of this stems from the lessons learned while training as a smith – patience with relentless determination are highly valued mental characteristics.

The hammer and fire are important symbols in the teaching of the Promethean cult. Ritual scarring by branding and burning is commonplace amongst the battle brothers of the Salamanders, and trials of walking over burning coals and carrying red-hot metal bars are held frequently.

Gene-seed

As far as can be ascertained, the Salamanders’ gene-seed appears to be stable and as yet uncorrupted. The reflexes of Salamanders Space Marines are not as fast as those of other Chapters, although still quick when suited in power armour. However, it is unknown whether this is due to a defect in the gene-seed, a result of their high gravity world, or comes about from the Chapter’s doctrines against hastiness and impetuosity.

The Salamanders have never been great in number and were the smallest of the First Founding Legions. Perhaps it is for this reason that there seem to have been no Second Founding successor Chapters formed from the Salamanders, whilst the other Legions were broken down into several smaller fighting forces. It is a matter of debate whether there have been Successor Chapters during subsequent Foundings, although it appears likely and many scholars point to similarities in the physique, markings and tactical dogma of Chapters such as the Storm Giants and Black Dragons.

Battletcry

“Into the fire of battle, unto the anvil of war!”

The Salamanders and Armageddon

The Salamanders have been involved in many magnificent conquests and wars, but in recent times even these great achievements have been eclipsed by their stalwart fighting during the Second Armageddon War. While the Blood Angels set about destroying the Ork horde, and the Ultramarines bent their strength to the defence of the surviving hive cities, the Salamanders took upon themselves the essential but neglected task of protecting the supply convoys, fighting rearguard actions against the Ork advances and escorting refugee columns. So unobtrusive were they in these arduous but unsung duties, the Salamanders were to earn the gratitude and respect of thousands of Imperial Guardsmen and civilians. The Salamanders have become renowned as sturdy and dependable allies, a reputation which is not shared by other, more unpredictable, Chapters.

When Ghazghkull launched his new offensive against the Imperial forces on Armageddon, the Salamanders were one of the first Chapters to respond, sending a full six Companies to combat the Orks, including Chapter Master Tu'Shan personally leading his Firedrakes. The Salamanders have launched several counter-attacks against the rock-forts landed by the Orks along the Hamlock river. Preferring the close-quarter fighting within the maze of crudely carved tunnels within the Roks to the long-range duel in the desert, the Salamanders have made the Orks pay a high price for their audacity. At least three Roks have been destroyed by the Salamanders’ attacks, killing untold thousands of greenskins.
THE SALAMANDERS
CHAPTER ORGANISATION

HEADQUARTERS

HEADQUARTER STAFF
The title of Chapter Master is taken by the Captain of the First Company (who act as his personal bodyguard). Administrative Staff Support Personnel

FIRST COMPANY
‘FIREDRAKES’

Chapter Master
Master of Chaplains
Chief Apothecary
Chapter Standard Bearer

Squads:
12 Veteran
Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhos
Land Raiders
Terminator Armour

ARMOURY

Technoarmes
Servitors
Predators, Vindicators, Whirlwinds, Rhinos, Razorbacks, Land Raiders

LIBRARIES

Chief Librarian
Epistolaries
Codices
Lexicaniums

BATTLE COMPANIES

SECOND COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer
Squads:
7 Tactical
3 Devastator
2 Assault
Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhos
Bikes
Land Speeders

THIRD COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer
Squads:
7 Tactical
3 Devastator
2 Assault
Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhos
Bikes
Land Speeders

FOURTH COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer
Squads:
7 Tactical
3 Devastator
2 Assault
Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhos
Bikes
Land Speeders

RESERVE COMPANIES

FIFTH COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer
Squads:
8 Tactical
4 Devastator
Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhos

SIXTH COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer
Squads:
4 Tactical
6 Devastator
Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhos

SEVENTH COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Squads:
6 Scout
Support:
Bikes

SQUAD NUMBERS AND HONOUR MARKINGS

Salamander Space Marines often display squad numbers on their leg armour. Typical honour markings are the blacksmith's hammer and stylised fire symbols.
GHAZGHKULL IS BACK!

And this time it's Waaagh!

A world is torn apart by the largest Ork invasion in Imperial history. Arrayed against this mighty Ork horde is the greatest gathering of Imperial might since the time of Lord Solar Macharius. The fate of a hundred worlds will be decided on the blood-soaked ash dunes of Armageddon.

This Codex contains four army lists: Ork Speed Freeks, Armageddon Steel Legion Imperial Guard, Black Templars and Salamanders Space Marine Chapters, plus the complete battle-scoured history of Armageddon.

Codex Armageddon is a source book for Warhammer 40,000, with additional material that supplements Codex Space Marines, Codex Orks and Codex Imperial Guard.

Black Templars Space Marines cleanse a captured trenchworks.

An Armageddon Steel Legion patrol guns down an Ork warband.

Ork Speed Freeks looking for a fight.

Salamanders Space Marines favour multi-meltas as heavy weapons.
Salamanders Space Marines support a Land Raider as it advances across the battlefield.
Salamanders cleanse the evil Dark Eldar from the ruins of a hive world.

A favoured heavy weapon of the Salamanders is the deadly multi-melta.
You might just be wondering what this title is all about? Well it just happens to be Olympics time in Sydney and Games Workshop Sydney City store just happens to be having a massive display of Orky proportions. So what have they got to do with each other? Absolutely nothing! However, we will be running all sorts of events and displays over the coming months for you to feast your eyes on and an assortment of special promotions for you to come along and participate in.

So, for all those who have never been to the new Sydney City store, now is your chance to make the trip worthwhile.

So what are we doing? Firstly all the staff are madly painting for the staff tournament which is about to take place. Craig, Bryan and Grant will have a chat about their armies on display which they plan to crush each other with. They’ll also take on challengers during the month of September, on the new Staff Challenge Night.

Some of you may have seen our Mega Ork display at our Loot Da Store! event last month and for those that didn’t we will have it still on display during the month of September. It includes a selection of Ork artefacts made by Studio’s Matt Weaver (above) and our favourite Ork Slugga Boy painted by Troy Forster (below). There will also be loads of Ork armies painted by staff from all around Australia. Orky banners and themes designed for display at Games Day 2000 which will be held on October 22nd.

To celebrate the Olympic games in our own special way we thought we could give everybody an opportunity to join in the festivities.

During September we will be using the now infamous Arena of Blood gaming table from Games Day 1999. The rules first featured in White Dwarf 229. For those who don’t know what Arena of Blood is, it is a gladiatorial styled combat set against the background of the Dark Eldar homeworld. Each player controls a Dark Eldar combat specialist to duel it out in deadly hand to hand combat. It’s a quick and easy game to play and we will be taking the best combatants from the event over the month and giving away our very own ‘Olympic’ prizes.

So come in any time and test your skill against the staff, another customer or just to check out this awesome games table originally designed for Games Day by the Games Workshop Auckland staff.

During the month of September the Sydney store will be running special Staff Challenge Games Night every Friday and will be open until the special time of 7pm. So if you would like to challenge any of the staff (Craig, Bryan, or Grant) give the store a call to organise a game, or just come in to watch.
Grant Peacey - Sydney City manager

Last year my staff tournament aspirations were laid to ruin by Richie Sales’ Dwarf army. I didn’t even get the opportunity to make the finals due to two sound thrashings from Richie’s Dwarfs. So this year I thought I would postpone my Warhammer tournament victory and give the Warhammer 40,000 tournament a run.

Firstly I needed to paint a new army. My infamous Ultramarine army was starting to wear a bit thin. I needed something new to get me through. It wasn’t until one of the Sydney City store regulars brought in a tournament Space Marine army of his own, painted in the colour scheme of the Emperor’s Scythes (black and yellow) that I decided to go with the Imperial Fist Space Marines. A First Founding Space Marine Chapter and a difficult one to paint well (there is just so much yellow!). You see, my customer had divulged the secret steps of painting large areas of yellow. It’s a bit like the secret herbs and spices bit, but unlike the secret herbs and spices I’m going to let you know how it’s done.

Step 1: Assemble your models and undercoat your models with Skull White undercoat spray (make sure that you have filed down and trimmed the model very carefully first).
Step 2: Yellow Ink the whole model (let it dry).
Step 3: Yellow Ink the whole model (let it dry).
Step 4: Yellow Ink the whole model (let it dry).
Step 5: Yellow Ink the whole model (let it dry).
Step 6: Ink the model with one part Chestnut Ink and three parts Yellow Ink (mix it yourself).
Concentrate this on the cracks and grooves of the model. The ink layers you have laid down before hand are slippery and the wash should go pretty much straight in the cracks rather than adhering to the armour surface.
Step 7: Touch up areas with Golden Yellow
Step 8: Highlight edges with a Golden Yellow/Skull White mix.
Step 9: Paint the rest of the model however you like.
It looks fantastic and fairly quick for the results that you get. If you’re a bit more of a hurry you can probably get away with one less coat of Yellow Ink... hey, it’s your hobby!

For my 1500 points I decided to base the army around the new Land Raider model and a squad of Terminators. They just look so damn hard. I also have included three 10-man Tactical squads with a mix of heavy and assault weapons (in fact, one of each, just to be democratic), a Land Speeder squadron of 3 Land Speeders with 2 multi-meltas and a heavy bolter respectively. The army also includes a Predator Annihilator tank with heavy bolter sponsons and is led by the 25th birthday Emperor’s Champion model, converted to an Imperial Fist. Quite frankly I think the Imperial Fist Space Marines have more right to the Emperor’s Champion than the Black Templars. After all, the first Emperor’s Champion was actually an Imperial fist, the Black Templars are a Second Founding Chapter based on the Imperial Fists.

So there you have it, a painting challenge and an army to destroy (hopefully) all foes.
Bryan Reilly
- Sydney City staff sergeant

I remember the first time I entered a Games Workshop store. It was a Games Night and as I approached the smell....er...noise was getting louder and louder. When I stopped in I thought to myself "What have I just walked into?"

After walking around for a bit, some guy in a red shirt started shouting at me. I soon realised that he was actually trying to talk to me. He was asking me questions like "Do you play?" "What army do you collect?" and after using a complex combination of hand signals, I told him that I had no idea what he was on about.

So, about forty five minutes I walked out of the chaos with a WarHammer 40,000 box set and a Paint Set under my arm, and made my way home so I could open up my new presents.

When I got home I opened up the box and started reading. I was about to start painting when I realised that I had no idea why all these robots were different colors...so off I went back to the Sydney City store to ask.

After Mr. Shouty explained the differences, I had to toss a coin to pick between Blood Angels, Dark Angels, and Space Wolves. Luckily it came up edges so I went about painting the mighty frothing vampire-like Space Marines of the Blood Angels Chapter.

This little flashback felt like decades ago. It was actually just two years ago and I haven't looked back since. Naturally when I had to prepare an army for the staff tournament there was no other choice but the boys in red. When I was pondering what to put in this 1500 point army, I decided I wanted to go for an army with the following two pre-requisites: it had to have the new "supergranarmous" Land Raider, and I would base it around the legendary Bloodquest story from Warhammer Monthly.

So, first things first. I had to re-read the comic and find all the characters then find something suitable to represent them. The most important one of course was Leonatos and I managed to grab this limited edition figure from Mail Order. The other characters I couldn't find but built the army around them. Now Robin to the Batcave...umm I mean painting table.

Painting Space Marines is pretty easy. Painting Blood Angels is even easier, especially since the release of the Blood Red spray. To me however, the Blood Red paint was still too bright for my vision of almost vampire Space Marines so I went for something darker, RED GORE. After the Blood Red spray undercoat, I hit them with the essential ink, Chestnut Ink. After that dries it's a light drybrush of Red Gore over the whole figure carefully then paint Blood Red for the highlights. Once the detail like eyes and weapons are completed you're finished. If you want to check them out they're in the Sydney-City store.

I've got a couple more projects for my Blood Angels. I'd like to complete the 4th Company, the 10th Company (Scouts), the mythics 11th Company which consists of a hundred (yes, one hundred!) Death Company Blood Angels. Am I crazy? What's normal? For now though I want to finish off my Lithwe army and get myself ready for the new Warhammer!

Bryan starts work on his Death Company.

Keep an eye out for more goings on in the Sydney City store.
Craig O’Neil - Sydney City staff member

Three weeks ago Grant and I was talking about how we perceive our hobby and what we were working on at the time. We talked about the upcoming staff tournament and how it would be nice to have a brand new army, to experience the highs and lows of commanding it on the battlefield for the first time, the exhilaration of victory and the lament of defeat.

So it was decided a new army it was going to be!

As this was going to be the first army I would be organising since I started with Games Workshop seven months ago I thought it would be cool to try a new style of army something that was new and fresh.

As the best of times I am not a quick painter. I would like to say it’s because I am finicky about the finished product. That wouldn’t be true, the main reason for lack of speed is the mess around when I paint as do a lot of hobbyists) so I realised I might need some pointers on how to paint an army quickly and neatly. I asked around and one name continued to pop up when I put “quick”, “paint” and “army” in the same sentence. None other than our very own Dave Taylor. So after fighting through the hordes of adoring fans to seek enlightenment from one of hobbyists’ oldest questions: “How do you paint an army quickly?” I asked with bated breath.

“Stop fiddling about, get organised, pick a colour scheme, and do it”, came Dave’s reply.

With fresh new ideas in mind I headed off to my White Dwarf collection to find an appropriate Space Marine Chapter to start collecting. This task seemed larger than I first thought, I have been collecting Space Wolves since I first started playing in the Rogue Trader days, and as far as other Space Marine Chapters go they are my favourite chapter. They’re so characterful and relatively simple to use, a true boltgun of a Marine Chapter.

I needed a new Chapter to collect and one that wouldn’t be too difficult to master but with a characterful history. With the release of the new Codex Armageddon approaching rapidly I thought I would check out if any new Space Marine Chapters would be involved in this new publication.

It was then that I hit upon the new rules for the sons of Nocturne, the mighty Salamanders, along with their paint scheme and most importantly their history. I talked with Dave and he told me to come into the Studio to see some colour pictures of the Salamanders Space Marines. After seeing these pictures I rushed off home to work out my new Marine army.

I worked out a 1500 point Salamanders army for the staff tournament and set about looking through my bits and pieces to put the army together. With a Terminator Chaplain assembled and undercoated overseen the construction of his brethren, he was set aside to be painted last.

A Staff Challenge in progress.

I tried a few different techniques of painting before I got my test squad the way I wanted them, dark but not as dark as the Dark Angels. I used a Chaos Black undercoat followed by a Dark Angels green basecoat, secondary basecoat of Snot Green and highlight of Scorpion Green. Once these test models were done, I set about painting my troops choices and transports for them, twenty down 96,000,000 to go.

Anyway as for the staff tournament I don’t know how I’ll go but at least I’ll have a new army and some new ideas that I can use for future armies. If you want to see how they look come into the GW Sydney City store and have a look.

WHAT’S ON AT SYDNEY CITY STORE DURING SEPTEMBER

- Ork Ancient Artefacts Display until 1st October.
- Arena of Blood Dark Eldar gladiator tournament for the duration of the Olympic games, 15th September - 1st October.
- Staff Challenge nights: September 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th. 3pm-7pm.
- Campaign Days Every Sunday from 11am-3pm
Now that all the rulebook armies are available you’re probably thinking, “What’s next then?” Well, Rick Priestley takes a peek at the future and also looks at some of the models you can expect to see over the coming few months.

At last – we now have the Orc and Goblin army available for Warmaster which, together with the Chaos, Dwarf, Empire, High Elf and Undead armies makes the full six in the Warmaster book. Which begs the inevitable question, “Where do we go from here?” Well for a start you can get painting those marvellous greenskins, and elsewhere in this issue I’ve described how my own fledgling green horde is getting on. However, following the wise principle that too much really is never quite enough, what everyone wants to know is what else will be available and when.

I suppose the first thing to make clear is that we will be continuing to support the Warmaster game for the foreseeable future. That doesn’t mean that there will be a new Warmaster army every month as there has been so far. That would prove too much for our sculptors who, I’m told, have work to do for some other games (can’t imagine what!). However, there will be new releases for Warmaster and they will be reasonably frequent too. Some of this work is already completed, some is still under way, and some resides yet in the land of hopeful expectation.

Already in the starting blocks and ready to go is a selection of siege equipment, designed by our trainee figure designers. These
include siege towers, rams, fieldworks, mantlets, and various defensive gear such as cauldrons of boiling oil and devices for dropping rocks on uninvited guests. Everything you need for a siege, in fact, apart from fortifications, but even here Forge World have come to the rescue with castle walls and towers in resin (see page 96 for more details).

For keeping track of protracted combats we have a range of casualty markers. These take the form of individual round bases each with a number of ‘deadies’. As casualties stack up, the markers are used to keep track of how many hits each unit has taken so far in the combat. I don’t know about you but I always have to resort to pencil and paper during complex combats, so I know these markers will come in handy.

We also have some very nice wagons and a small selection of new artillery pieces which we haven’t quite decided what to do with yet. I suspect some new rules may be in the offing before those will be ready for sale.

Two big Warmaster projects are still under development. That means the figure designers have done some of the

This scenic Warmaster gaming board was built by Tony Curasco from our Torquay store. If you’ve made any terrain or conversions you think are worthy of gracing these pages, write in and tell us about it (including a photo).
Dave's first concept models for the Bretonnian army. Although these are not the final versions, they do give a good idea of how the range will look.

Tony also made this stage-by-stage guide to making a ruined farm building out of nothing more than a box of matches.

work but haven’t quite finished. Almost complete at the time of writing is the new Kislev army from the master of all things tiny, Colin Grayson. Colin sculpted the bulk of the Empire and Orc ranges and these new models are every bit as good. I won’t tell you what the army itself is like except to say that there are bears in it somewhere! Although not yet scheduled for release I wouldn’t anticipate having to wait too long as Colin has definitely got the Warmaster bug – you should see the Kislevite log fort that’s taking shape behind his desk!

Whilst Colin has been hammering away at the Kislev army, Dave Andrews has been making progress on the Bretonnians. Dave made the bulk of the Undead and Chaos armies for the Warmaster range but his real passion is for the high medieval style of the Bretonnians. As Dave is having to fit this work in amongst his other commitments this project isn’t as far advanced as the Kislevites, so you’ll have plenty of time to practice painting Warmaster scale heraldry. I may be able to persuade the White Dwarf crew to sneak in a photograph of some of Dave’s early test models.

Once this work is complete, we have plans to continue producing further Warmaster models for existing armies and new armies too. Colin is already lined up to produce another army as soon as the Kislevites are complete. Quite a few players have asked whether we will eventually make every Warhammer army for Warmaster. Right now I don’t know the answer to that. It’s taken us years to build up the Warhammer range to the size it is today with 14 armies (Yes I know it’s not necessarily 14… it depends how you count them). I think the only assessment it’s possible to make right now is that we’ll continue to work on new armies whilst players want to collect them.

Aside from new models and new armies we have been busy with plans for expanding Warmaster by means of the GW web-site and an appropriately modest but intensely dedicated magazine which will probably be called Warmaster Magazine (I’m easily confused so it’s best to keep things straight forward). We’ll be posting news and information about our plans on the web-site and in White Dwarf.

Is there any more? Well a few players have asked me about tournaments and I would certainly like to see something organised if there is the demand to justify it. I know that only a tiny proportion of players actually participate in tournaments, but nonetheless I believe that they are important to the life of any game. Just as we have Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 national and international tournaments, it would be great to include Warmaster in the tournament circuit.

And I think that’s probably enough to be going on with. If you love Warmaster and want to see more, all I can say is keep playing it, keep telling us about it and keep spreading the word. I certainly intend to do all I can to champion Warmaster, but I recognise that ultimately the popularity of a game depends upon the enthusiasm and support of its players. So – I would like to thank you very much, each and every Warmaster player. Now — back to those greenies!
Line Breaker

Out this month is the Space Marine Land Raider Crusader variant. This awesome tank is armed with numerous short-ranged weapons, enabling it to soften up the enemy before delivering its deadly Space Marine cargo into their midst.

The new Space Marine Land Raider Crusader variant is a specialised assault vehicle developed by the Black Templars Chapter. This awesome tank is perfect for making sure that your prized Command Group or Terminator assault squad gets into close combat with the enemy. The increased transport capacity allows it to carry either fifteen Space Marines in power armour or eight Terminators. This is especially good news for Black Templars players as it allows you to transport your fifteen-man Black Templars squads into the heart of the opponent’s forces where they can do what they do best – chopping the enemy up in close combat.
The new 'hurricane' bolters are the perfect weapons for taking on light infantry.

Jim Butler's Storm Giants Land Raider Crusader.

The Crusader is armed to the teeth with short-ranged weaponry. Of particular note are the two 'hurricane' bolters. Each one of these counts as three twin-linked bolters. This is deadly at close range as it means that the Crusader can fire twelve bolter shots with re-rolls! The fact that they can always fire makes them the perfect weapon for softening up the enemy before your transported squad charges into combat.

Paul Sawyer's White Scars Crusader escorted by his bike squadron.
HEAVY SUPPORT

LAND RAIDER CRUSADER

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type: Tank</th>
<th>Crew: Space Marines</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Weapons:</strong> The Land Raider Crusader is armed with two 'hurricane' pattern bolters, a twin-linked assault cannon and a multi-melta. The Crusader is also equipped with frag assault launchers.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Options:</strong> The Crusader may have the following vehicle upgrades: dozer blade at +5 pts; hunter-killer missile at +15 pts; pintle-mounted storm bolter at +10 pts; searchlight at +1 pt; smoke launchers at +3 pts.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Transport:</strong> Due to the extra space created by removing the large generators required for the lascannons, a Crusader has an increased carrying capacity. A Crusader may carry up to fifteen Space Marines or eight Space Marine Terminators. Note that it may still only carry one squad and independent characters (ie, you can't put a ten-man squad and a five-man squad inside at the same time).</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Availability:</strong> Black Templars may have any number within the limitation of the force organisation charts. Other Space Marine Chapters may take Crusader pattern Land Raiders, but their greater rarity outside the Black Templars Chapter means that these Chapters are limited to one.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Front Armour</th>
<th>Side Armour</th>
<th>Rear Armour</th>
<th>BS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>255</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>4</td>
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The Crusader variant of the Land Raider was developed by the Black Templars during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid them in the numerous sieges which they had to fight in order to reconquer the hive world. As news of the Crusaders' success spread, other Space Marine Chapters requested information regarding their remodelling of the Land Raider, and in 783.M39 the Crusader pattern became approved by Mars (not that this had stopped many Chapters using it beforehand). The Crusader is designed to smash into the enemy lines, disgorging the Space Marines into the heart of their adversaries. Its numerous short-ranged weapons allow the Crusader to weaken the enemy before the assault is launched and to provide a torrent of firepower to support its cargo once they are in combat.

SPECIAL RULES

Extra Armour: All Land Raider Crusaders have additional armour plating to ensure that they can reach the enemy with their transported squad intact. A Crusader counts as having the extra armour vehicle upgrade, so it treats any 'Crew Stunned' result on the damage tables as a 'Crew Shaken' result instead.

'Hurricane' bolters: Each 'hurricane' bolter counts as three twin-linked boltguns. The Crusader may always fire its 'hurricane' bolters, regardless of how far it has moved or what other weapons it is firing.

Frag Assault Launchers: The front of the Crusader is stuffed with explosive charges, designed to hurl shrapnel into the enemy as the troops inside charge out down the assault ramp. Any unit which assaults on the same turn it disembarks from the Crusader counts as having frag grenades.
Mark Roberts and his mate Peter Wilkes have collected two huge Warhammer armies, Dwarfs and Empire. We thought you ought to see them…

The Dwarfs
This army came about because of a Warhammer tournament. It was literally just a couple of units when I started and now it stands as a completed army (Come on Mark, there’s always something else to add, an army is never complete – DT).

In my opinion Dwarfs are made for defence. If you try to take the battle to a more manouevrable opponent (and almost everyone is more manouevrable than Dwarfs!) they will often try and sneak around the sides and roll up your battline. My top tip for Dwarfs is to ‘anchor’ your flanks – put rivers, difficult terrain, forests or, if you have them available, Troll Slayers on your flanks, and make an opponent come to you. Just letting fly with your artillery and crossbows is enough to start an opponent rushing across the table. A great tip is to put Runes of Penetrating on your bow throwers. These strengthened bow throwers will never blow up and frighten just about any force you care to name. Dwarfs may not be the most flexible army in Warhammer, but their sheer stubbornness and durability is a strength you can really play to.

Men of the Empire
This army started life about ten years ago. It began with a few Halberdiers, a thin smattering of Archers and a few Knights Panther. Now things are a little different, with at least one of every unit from the Empire army list and a few more again of the more essential choices such as artillery and state troops.
Once an Empire army has reached this size you really get to play to its strength, which is its versatility. An opponent just can’t second guess your choice. Do you field all cavalry and charge across the field or do you go for lots of artillery and let them charge across the field to you, or a mix of both? The point I’m making is that your enemy will have no idea! Most other armies have an obvious strength: the savage charge of the Orcs, concentrated bowfire of the Wood Elves or the durability of the Dwarfs are examples of this. With plenty of choice at your disposal you can choose an army that can reduce any advantages your opponent may think they have.

One of my favourite units in the Empire army is the Estalians. I’ve used Pirazzo’s Lost Legion miniatures to represent Spearmen, and backed them up with units of Swordsmen, Crossbowmen and Handgunners that have an Estalian look about them so that, as a whole, they represent a detachment of Estalian state troops using the standard Empire rules, but with a different flavour. Another unit which appeals to me is the mad, bad and dangerous to know Flagellants, without whom no Empire army should march to war. The conversion I did for the Flagellants was based on an old incarnation of the Empire war altar and I’m very pleased with the outcome.

When the army finally came to a halt about six months ago, I stood back and took a good look at it, and I noticed it still lacked a completely Empire flavour. So I introduced a few Priests of Sigmar, Witch Hunters and a Knight Templar with the Holy Book of Sigmar. These gave a bit more depth of character to the army.

The Empire army, in the hands of a competent general, is both devastating and a lot of fun to use as its variety means there’s never a dull moment! If you play it with style, and fight with a balanced force that reflects the Empire, you will give your opponent a run for their money and enjoy the fight regardless of the outcome.

The Grand Army of the Dwarfs
Estalian pikeman unit

The Imperial command unit includes Emperor Karl Franz himself, Kurt Helborg the Reiksmarsball, Captain of the Reiksguard, the Emperor's Champion, Ludwig Schwarzhelm and the Imperial Herald, with the army's battle standard.
The Grand Army of the Empire

A unit of those mad zealot prophets of doom, Flagellants, carrying their War Altar.

A Knight Templar holding the Holy Book of Sigmar and wielding a mace.

Converted Empire knight
WOLLONGONG GRAND OPENING

The Wollongong Store celebrated its Grand Opening on the 20th and 21st of May. Loads of people travelled huge distances to take advantage of the great deals.

Left: Veteran Grand Opening Techpriest K-Man serves some of the hundreds of customers that packed into the store over the weekend.

If your face is circled on this page, then pop back into the Wollongong store to claim your prize!

Below: These two hobbyists “discuss” who is going to buy the last blister pack of Brekguard Knights.
The "discussion" continued and in the end the Reiksguard Knights remained on the shelf!

Below: This hobbyist purchased enough Battlefores to fight the entire 3rd Armageddon battle on his own.

You can't have a good party without cake.
TICKETS ON SALE*
NOW.
Tickets from $25 each.

* Tickets available from all Games Workshop stores and Games Workshop Mail Order on (02) 9629 6111.
Sunday October 22nd 2000 Hordern Pavilion
FOX STUDIOS AUSTRALIA Moore Park Sydney
Just in case you missed it last month or haven't checked out the details on our website, here is all the information you should need to prepare your entries for the Golden Demon Painting Awards...

PAINTBRUSHES READY

Golden Demon is Australia's most prestigious miniature painting competition. This year it will draw entries from all over the Asia Pacific region. There are twelve categories this year (including the Open and Young Bloods categories) to challenge your painting and modelling skills, an entry into any one of the first ten may win you the coveted Golden Demon Slayer Sword!

Our Judges this year include master Citadel miniature sculptor Jes Goodwin (all the way from the UK), 1998 Slayer Sword winner Leigh Carpenter (all the way from Katherine, NT), and 1999 Slayer Sword winner Paul Caincross (from just down the road) - so all entries are sure to be scrutinised for their use of original and inspiring ideas.

PAINTING FRENZY

Here are a few tips to help you on your way.

• The most important hint is about your choice of miniatures. Don't choose a model purely because it's the latest release, or because it's from a fashionable army. Pick something which you really want to paint regardless of whether it is an old or new miniature. You will make a much better job of it if you have genuine enthusiasm for the project rather than just trying to please the judges.

• Don't neglect your bases. A good base, finished with a little care and attention, really sets of the model on it and enhances your chances of winning. Don't give in to the temptation to go overboard, though!

• Try to concentrate on one or two categories. Focus on those areas you enjoy eg: if you like detailing tanks then enter the Warhammer 40,000 Large Model or Armoured Fury categories.

• When painting groups of figures, it's important that they look coherent. Be consistent with your colour schemes of groups of models. This will make them more visually striking than groups painted with two or more colour schemes.

• Entry forms are available from Games Workshop stores and Games Workshop Mail Order when you purchase your tickets. Don't forget to bring these along with you on the day!

Well, that's it for advice. Good luck everyone!

GOLDEN DEMON INFORMATION
GOLDEN DEMON CATEGORIES

1. Warhammer Single Miniature
This Category is open to single Warhammer miniatures on standard slottabases up to 25mm x 50mm maximum size. Models on monster bases should be entered into the Warhammer Large Model category.

2. Warhammer Command Group
Entries for this category consist of four Warhammer miniatures on their standard slottabases (25mm x 50mm maximum size) for Single Miniature. Your entry must include a Standard Bearer, a Musician, and a Champion for a single regiment plus an Army General or a Wizard.

3. Warhammer Large Model
This category is open to Warhammer monsters on 40mm x 40mm or 50mm x 50mm standard bases. This covers Hydras, Dragons, ridden monsters etc. This category also includes War Machines and the appropriate number of crew members eg: Dwarf Organ Gun with three crew.

4. Mordheim Warband
Entries for this category consist of 4-15 models forming a 500pc starting Mordheim Warband as chosen from lists published in the Mordheim rulebook, White Dwarf or Town Cryer. Once again these models must be presented on standard slottabases (up to 50mm x 50mm).

5. Warhammer 40,000 Single Miniature
This Category is open to single Warhammer 40,000 miniatures on standard round slottabases up to 40mm maximum size. Models mounted on vehicles should be entered into the Warhammer 40,000 Large Model category.

6. Warhammer 40,000 squad
This category is for Warhammer 40,000 squads chosen from the appropriate Codex (or section of the 40K rulebook for Tyranids and Sisters of Battle). This category includes squads mounted on bikes, jetbikes and warbikes as described in the various army lists. All models must be presented on standard gaming bases (slottabases where appropriate).

7. Warhammer 40,000 Large Model
This category is open to a single Warhammer 40,000 vehicle, walker, or Monstrous Creature. This category also includes small individual vehicles like bikes if appropriate to the model and the army eg: Space Marine Chaplain on bike. Please note that any Land Raiders must be entered in our Armoured Fury category.

8. Battlefleet Gothic Fleet
Entries for this category consist of 5-15 models of up to 1000 points value as chosen from the fleet lists published in the BFG rulebook, White Dwarf or Planet Killer. These models may be Capital ships, Escorts and Planetary Defence structures. Here’s a tip: bring spare flying stands.

9. Armoured Fury
As we revealed last issue, our special guest for Games Day 2000 is none other than master figure sculptor Jes Goodwin. In honour of Jes’ visit we’ve decided on the special, once-off category ‘Armoured Fury’. Entries in this category must be Land Raiders (or Land Raider based conversions). The Land Raiders may be placed on a scenic base (30cm x 30cm maximum size) although this is not essential. This category will also include Battle Scenes using Land Raiders.

10. Battle Scene
Entries for this category consist of a Battle Scene from either Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, Mordheim or WarMaster. The display must not be larger than 30cm x 30cm x 30cm. The Battle Scene should have at least two miniatures arranged in a combat pose, but otherwise there are no restrictions on the Battle Scene’s theme or content.

11. Open Category
The Open Competition is quite literally that - an open opportunity for you to let your imagination run riot! There are no restrictions on your entry. Anyone can enter, including Games Workshop staff, so beware the competition will be very stiff. Remember that no matter how wild your entry the judges will be looking for well-painted and well-modelled miniatures. You are allowed to include conversions if you wish, but they too should be consistent with the atmosphere of the game world and the spirit of the miniatures.

12. Young Bloods
The Young Bloods painting competition is open to any competitors aged 14 years or under. Your entry should consist of any single Citadel miniature, either Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000, on it’s standard slottabase (25mm round for 40K, 20mm or 25mm square for Warhammer). Note that, like last year, you can enter both metal and plastic miniatures in the Young Bloods competition.

GOLDEN DEMON 2000 COMPETITOR GUIDELINES

- Each competitor is allowed a maximum of THREE categories. You may only enter once in each category and all entries to the Golden Demon Competition must be painted Citadel miniatures.
- Conversions are allowed, but should be consistent with the atmosphere of the game world and spirit of the miniatures.
- Overall, the judges are looking for well-painted miniatures that adhere to the imagery and ethos of Games Workshop's different fantasy universes.
- All entries to the 2000 Australian Golden Demon Awards must be personally handed in and registered at the Hordern Pavillion, Fox Studios Australia, Moore Park, Sydney on the 22nd of October 2000. All entries must be picked up on the day of the event at the specified times, by the entrant in person.

- Competitors will be fully responsible for the transport of their own entries to and from the competition and for storing their own transport and packing materials on the day.
- Once they are booked in Games Workshop undertakes to treat all entries with the greatest care, but can accept no responsibility for loss or damage to individual entries. Entry to the competition is entirely at the competitor’s own risk.
- Entry into any of the competitions gives Games Workshop the right to display photographs and publish any entry they see fit. The judges decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- The Golden Demon Slayer Sword can only be won by entries in Categories 1-10. Previous Slayer Sword winners may only enter Category 11 (the Open Category).
Your Warmaster armies can now defend massive stone fortresses against marauding Orc warbands or attack from a mighty Empire ship with the release of Forge World’s new range of high quality resin terrain models.

Forge World terrain can be used either as stand-alone pieces or, if you’re feeling adventurous, you can incorporate them into your own terrain features to create fantastic landscapes for your armies to fight over.

Model maker Mark Jones has modelled the Black Rock castle piece into a modular terrain board to create a sea bastion defending a shore line.
An Orc warband heads out from its settlement to raid and pillage the lands of men.

Produced in conjunction with Irish Heritage, some of the models in the range are scale models of actual castles and towers, such as Bunratty castle shown to the right.

Not content with really cool castles, those nice Forge World chaps have even made wall sections and towers so you can make huge fortresses of your own.

These new terrain features are just the tip of the iceberg. Forge World also makes scenery for Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000 and much more.

For more details on these and other ranges, contact Forge World mail order on 0115 916 8177 (9pm-6pm Mon-Fri UK time) or send an SSAE to Forge World, Games Workshop, Willow Road, Nottingham, NG7 2WS for the latest catalogue. Forge World also have an online store at www.blacklibrary.co.uk.
Warhammer – there’s nothing else like it. It is, as its players know full well, not just a game but a bizarre and dizzying way of life. It is loud music and long summer evenings. It is the smell of engine oil and the creak of worn leather. It is ice cold beer and hot curry. It is, however, most of all, a game of model soldiers. In short, it’s most of the things that make life worth living and which we’re allowed to print. Well, here it is again, a brand new version of Warhammer and it’s bigger, better and definitely badder than ever!

SO WHAT’S HAPPENED?
Nothing that the vast majority of gamers won’t love! For almost two years over 60 people have worked tirelessly on the new edition of Warhammer. Artists, miniatures designers and writers have dedicated themselves to make the best possible game by gamers, for gamers.

Warhammer is, as it has always been, a mature game with great tactical depth and room for clever tactics and cunning ploys. We’ve not made sweeping changes or reworked things like how the Shooting, Close Combat or Movement phases work. Instead we have hunted down all inconsistencies which the rules previously had, and clarified any unclear points. Of course it would have been remiss of us had we not looked into areas which have previously caused some problems to gamers.

LIKE FOR EXAMPLE...
The new Warhammer gave us a chance to put a lot of things right. It has given us a chance to rebalance the system and make it fairer all round. We have made heroes and big monsters a bit less dominating, giving the infantry and cavalry, your rank-and-file troops, more of a chance to dictate the flow of battle. We’ve also taken the edge off the most extreme magic. In short – all the things people regularly told us they wanted to see fixed.

Magic has been reworked into a dice-based system. It still retains all the character and depth of the previous card-driven system, but is more playable, fluid and fun. Some of the over-powering spells of the past (such as Curse of Years) are gone, only to be replaced with new ones which are carefully balanced so the magic will support armies in battle rather and decide the
For veteran generals, the rulebook is available by itself but we reckon the starter set, full of lovely new miniatures, may be too tempting! And if you’re new to Warhammer, the starter set contains all the rules, dice and terrain you need plus two complete armies to start gaming!
outcome of the game.

Previously, Warhammer Magic was available as a separate supplement, but now players get it as part of the actual rulebook. The magic section also sees the return of the different Colours of Magic, a long-standing favourite of veteran gamers.

The Chariot rules have been rewritten to make them more playable, as have the flying rules, a long-time stumbling block in the rules. We have also developed and clarified the rules governing skirmishing troops, defined different types of Armour saves, reworked the Fast Cavalry rules, added examples and diagrams to illustrate the gameplay – in fact there are so many new improvements that it is hard to list them all here. In short, Warhammer now works better than ever before.

**BUT WHAT ABOUT MY ARMY?**

Many people have written to me, concerned about the fate of their army. I’ve been happy to report that we will continue to support all the existing armies. Bagged with the very next issue of White Dwarf, you’ll get a copy of ‘Ravening Hordes’, a 32 page booklet which provides the army lists for all the Warhammer armies out there at the moment. So, if you are a Chaos Dwarf general or a commander of Lizardmen, you will have an army list to play with right from the start! If you are a new player or hardened veteran, you’ll be pleased to know that the coming months will see a virtual cavalcade of new Armies books: the first one, The Empire, is out next month, and it will be quickly followed by Orcs & Goblins, Dwarfs, Vampire Counts and the insidious Dark Elves.

Whole new model ranges are currently under development. Brian Nelson has been labouring on the new Orcs, while the Perry twins have been working on one of their favourite miniatures lines – the array of the Empire. The Design Studio display cabinets are swelling with new models for all the Warhammer armies, ready to be unleashed upon eager Warhammer generals across the world.

We’ve also worked on the format and rules of the Armies books. This new range of Armies books will see an improved system of selecting armies,
as well as several new units and alternative army lists. Some
overpowering creatures, such as
Greater Daemons and characters laden with magic items, have
been rewritten so that mere mortals have a fighting
chance against them.
That’s not to say that a
Khorne general armed
with a magic sword is
not a fearsome
opponent anymore –
he just isn’t utterly
invincible!

Most importantly, the
new Armies books have
been designed to
accommodate further
entries in the future. As
veteran players will know, the original Warhammer
Armies series of books
contained lists that were
definitive – which is to say it was
impossible to add new troop types,
characters or special characters. The
new books have been designed so
that the army lists are expandable.
White Dwarf will publish periodical
updates of the latest models for all
the armies, so whatever army you
collect you can be sure it will
continue to evolve in the years to
come.

The background of the Warhammer
world, one of the most fascinating
aspects of the game, has been expanded and developed further. All
the Armies books feature extensive
sections devoted to the history
and origins of the race, along with stories
and artwork. We haven’t cut corners
anywhere – these are fully fledged
books crammed with gaming,
painting and background information.

IT’S WARHAMMER –
ONLY BETTER!
The new armies will have consistent
rules, consistent game balance,
consistent terminology. In short
they’ll work better! All the army lists
and rules have been developed
simultaneously, giving us a chance to
balance the points values and the
abilities of the armies against each
other. From the start, we have had a
large, dedicated team working on the
army lists as a whole rather than one
at a time.

There is a simple reason why we’ve
been able to cram in so much new
stuff: The new edition of Warhammer
is a massive tome, 286 pages. This
means that that we could include the
magic system in the rulebook, along with
the rules for siege, skirmish games,
campaigns, extensive background
and much more.

A special mention must be made
concerning the artwork. I’m positive
you’ll be drooling over the handful of
pieces presented here, so I’m sure
you’ll agree that our artists have
ensured that Warhammer has never
been so lavishly illustrated.

As one seasoned Warhammer
player commented excitedly
after seeing the new
book: “It’s Warhammer
– only better!”

WHAT THE FUTURE
HOLDS...
This article shows you just a brief
taste of the new releases of
forthcoming models. As we
release new Armies books
we’ll also be bringing you
full model ranges, so
you’ll be able to field
any unit in your chosen
army’s list.

Armies books will feature unique spell
lists for each race, as
well as a large
selection of magic
items which only the
army in question can
use. In the past, all the
armies had access to the
vast majority of magic
items. Now each army has
unique magical artefacts,
along with its own spells and
rules.

I am convinced that the new
Warhammer is going to be massively
popular amongst wargamers and fans
of fantasy everywhere in the world.
But don’t take my word for it. Take a
look yourself. There is only a month
to go and I’m sure you won’t be
disappointed when it arrives!
During my travels across the Old World I, Albrecht von Glink, have discovered a place that defies sanity. Listen now as I tell you of Outpost Greensborough.

To see the madness for yourself the following rituals are observed on these days!

**FRIDAY GAMES NIGHT**
The ritual of mighty battles. Warlords bring in their own armies and do battle over countless battlefields. All you need to take part is two units and a general of your own.

**SATURDAY BATLEDAY**
More mighty battles! Bring in your own army or join in with one of ours!

**SUNDAY INITIATES DAY**
Introduction day. Want to know more about the Games Workshop hobby then drop by for a game or some tips on painting.
AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY
• BELCONNEN:
  Shop 128A Westfield Shoppingtown
  Belconnen ACT 2617
  Phone: (02) 6253 4747

NEW SOUTH WALES
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  Castle Hill NSW 2154
  PHONE: (02) 9699 8188

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  Queen Street Mall Brisbane QLD 4000
  PHONE: (07) 3831 3566

• MT GRAVATT:
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  Garden City Shopping Centre
  Upper Mount Gravatt QLD 4122
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VICTORIA
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  Greensborough VIC 3088
  PHONE: (03) 9432 2244

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  283-297 Bourke Street Melbourne VIC 3000
  PHONE: (03) 9654 7086

• RINGWOOD:
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  Ringwood VIC 3134
  PHONE: (03) 9876 0099

WESTERN AUSTRALIA
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NEW ZEALAND

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  Auckland PHONE: (09) 302 0279

• WELLINGTON:
  Shop 13 18-30 Manners Street
  Wellington PHONE: (04) 382 9532

HONG KONG

• LOCKHART ROAD:
  Shop LG 7-8 East Town Bldg, 41 Lockhart Road
  Wan Chai HONG KONG PHONE: 2866 4870

• TSUEN WAN:
  Shop 236 Level 2 Tsuen Wan Plaza
  Tsuen Wan NT PHONE: 2405 0797

• TSIM SHA TSUI:
  2006 Miramar Shopping Centre 1 Kimberly Road
  Tsim Sha Tsui KLN PHONE: 2317 4591
EVENTS

WARHAMMER

THE LAST CRUSADE

The Last Crusade will be a huge Bring n' Battle involving a massive Army commencing a Crusade into the Chaos Wastes.
SEE STORE STAFF FOR MORE DETAILS.
ENTER THE FIREZONE

Every Saturday GW Chatswood becomes a battlefield for gamers of all descriptions. Come in this month for the infamous Ork Warlord Goffgob's frustrated attempts to get the better of his new nemesis, the Armageddon Steel Legion!

THE THRONE OF VALAYA

Here at Mt Gravatt our latest gaming table is currently under construction, an ancient Dwarf realm now overrun by mobs of Orcs and Gobboz from Wolfgang's Clan. Many battles will be fought before the temple of the Rune keepers, as Empire and Chaos forces search the ruins for the secrets of the Runesmiths and mighty Dwarfs, desperate to reclaim their lands and Lore clash with the invading hordes!

A CHALLENGE

Dave, Rob and Laurie have also been hard at work painting up brand new Warhammer forces for the table and are seeking worthy opponents, drop by any time and challenge any of the staff to a game!

COME GET SOME

The Belconnen Boys are always telling customers about how they SMASHED their opponents in battle. So bring a painted 1000pt Warhammer Fantasy or Warhammer 40,000 army in to the store any Weekday afternoon or on Saturday and see if their abilities match their mouths.

TWISTED METAL

GW Marion - The Ork Forts in the Fire Wastes have been under siege for months now, the tanks of the Imperium have stymied all sorties. In desperation Urgok the Unstoppable has sent the dangerously unhinged Gwarshow the Bespattered and his Tankbustin Metalheads. These Boyz should sort those 'oomies out, but have they allowed for the new "Croosada Dirty Big Shooty Tank" Check with Staff for more details!

VENGEANCE

(or IT ISN'T EASY BEING GREEN)

"Humies, boss, loadz of 'em" cried the snivelling goblin. The Shaman looked up from his bowl of fango and grimaced. His eyes glowed red in the dim firelight of the cave. "I guess day wasn't 'appy bout us trashin da village d' over week. Get da Beyz!"

The staff at GW Newcastle will be running a series of games pitting the Empire against Orcs in both Warhammer and Warmaster.

Join the Empire troops, howling for revenge over the ravaging of Homlett, in storming the Orc village or marshal the defence of their beloved piece of turf from the marauding humies!
These are just some of the upcoming events happening in our stores. Contact your local store to find out what they’ve got planned.

**ROLLING THUNDER**
GW Parramatta Join each Saturday as Orc Warlord Skarfang Beergut’s Waaagh! gathers momentum, steamrolling its way from the ruins of Karak Kadrin through Sylvania and on into Averland.

**FIGHT CLUB**
Fight Club has begun, a chance for you to play in a tournament style event without rigid restrictions. Play for the sake of playing, where honour and respect from other Fight Club combatants is the greatest reward. Fight Clubs run for 10 weeks, during this time you play a series of games against ferocious generals from all over Brisbane. For full details get in contact with the administrators at Mount Gravatt (07) 3343 1864 or Brisbane on (07) 3831 3566.

**THE LEGEND BEGINS**
GW Adelaide - Captain Roger rose to fame halting an Ork invasion of an Agri World during the Armageddon sub sector war. Come in on Friday the 8th of September between 4pm and 8pm and join the legend of these Death World veterans.

**ARMAGEDDON AFTERMATH**
The battle for Armageddon may be over, but the clean up operation continues...
Bring in a painted Warhammer 40,000 unit to either prevent the Orks from escaping, or to destroy the last vestiges of Humanity on Armageddon. Come along to the Wellington store on Saturday the 9th of September at 12pm to participate.

**ELDRITCH FIRES**
The flames of deceit burn fierce.
When Kin battle Kin.
A storm Eldritch will smite
These lost children of Khaine
Join in the hardest fought battles when Eldar fight Eldar in a weekend of Insurrection at our Melbourne store. Our Civil War runs 12:30 - 4:00pm on Saturday the 9th and Sunday the 10th of September.

**GHOST PIRATES**
Every Saturday during September, Games Workshop Brisbane will be building a Mordheim Ghost Ship gaming table, that will be used at this year’s Games Day. We need your help to construct the greatest ever gaming table that will feature a 3 foot long Ghost Ship. Just turn up at the store between 10am and 2pm to assist us.
Here is your chance to play the latest version of Warhammer Fantasy Battle. All you have to do is turn up at your local Games Workshop store on SATURDAY 16TH OF SEPTEMBER.

ASK STAFF FOR MORE DETAILS.
DELYING ACTION

by the staff of GW Brisbane and Mt. Gravatt

Inspired by the plans for this Games Day’s Mega-display table (check out the photos of its progress on our website), the boys from our Brisbane and Mt. Gravatt stores have created a series of linked scenarios. We showed you the first, Slave Raid, in WD246 and the second scenario, Retaliation, in WD247. Well now we bring you the conclusion, Delaying Action.

The Background

After two weeks of the vigorous campaign of destroying Orc camps, the Empire forces have managed to expel the majority of the raiders from the low-lying mountains. Through intensive interrogation techniques (which included tickling with feathers and the singing of songs by the Tilean bard, Ricky Martino) the commanders have a rough idea on the whereabouts of the main Orc settlement. The plans have been drawn up and the troops assembled for the final push up the mountain. The only problems they can foresee are the numerous Orc delaying forces may just give the Orcs the time needed to make a solid defence.

Scenario Rules

SET UP
The table size ideally should be 6’ x 4’. The terrain is set up in any mutually agreeable way. In addition, the Orc player gets barriers to set up in their deployment area.

ARMIES
The armies are chosen differently in this scenario. The players decide on a points value of up to 2000pts. The Empire player chooses their forces up to this limit from their army list, BUT the Orc player gets half this amount to choose from their army list.

EMPIRE: This is the vanguard of a large Empire force pushing up the mountain, so may be made up of any applicable units from the army list, but may not include either monsters or allies.

ORCS: This force is a small delaying force sent to slow the Empire advance, and give the main settlement time to prepare for the assault. As such, it may not include a warboss, but any other units from the army list may be included with the exception of monsters or allies.

DEPLOYMENT
Both players roll a d6. Whoever gets the highest may choose a long table edge, with other player taking the opposite. The Orc player sets up his barrier up to 24” onto the table from his edge, followed by his army in the same area. The Empire general then splits his forces into two sections. Each section must contain at least one third of the total points value. They then deploy one of the sections up to 6” onto the table, the other section will come on from their table edge at the start of turn three.

TURNS
The game goes for a random number of turns. Starting at the end of turn 4, roll a d6: on a roll of 2+ there is a 5th turn for both players. At the end of the turn 5, roll a d6: on a roll of 3+ there is a 6th turn for both players, and so on.

Turn 4 Turn 5 Turn 6 Turn 7 Turn 8+

WHO GOES FIRST
Empire takes the first turn.

VICTORY
If, at the end of the game, the Empire has at least a third of its UNITS (not points) with at least 50% of their starting strength either moved off or within 12” of the Orc table edge, but not within 12” of the short sides of the table, they have swept aside the Orc defenders and win. If not, the Orcs have tied them up for long enough and win.

Scenario Special Rules

BARRIERS
These are crude defenses put together as some sort of protection for their camp. They are 4” long and count as obstacles (and if the Orcs are clever, defended obstacles). At the start of the game, before deployment, the Orc player gets d3+3 of these barriers. These can only be attacked with torches or flaming arrows.
DELYING ACTION
BATTLE REPORT

Laurie (Mr Gravatt) contemplates the Orcs deployment.

DEPLOYMENT

Uglub spoke to his assembled troops just outside the recently abandoned Orc village.

"Da Boss sez we gotta beat up da umies for a bit, so da Boss kan git da Fort lookin ded ard! So git out dere an smash em! ..." While saying all of this Uglub was thinking that if there were more humans than he could count (which isn't really very many) then he would high-tail it out of there!

Two weeks of dodging all the hard work, two weeks of respite, (two weeks of survival Hef called it!) But the time for action was at hand, time to lead his forces toward their final destination. Heinrich surveyed his troops, still nursing wounds and bruised egos. Reinforcements had arrived late in the night, reporting the campaign against the orc invaders was actually going rather well, despite Heinrich's own efforts. One chance for redemption... one chance to show his worth, just one last chance!

EMPIRE TURN 1

Heinrich's advance force approached the Orc village with due caution. The Orc army were arrayed for battle just beyond the village. Heinrich ordered his crossbowmen to fire at the Goblin Wolf Chariots. The inaccurate fire was answered with some obscene hand gestures and name calling. Heinrich's artillery responded by unleashing the full fury of the Cannons upon the unsuspecting Zoot's Scythe Wolf chariots. When the smoke cleared none of the chariots remained.

ORc TURN 1

Uglub Stormfast bellowed a war cry that would have shaken the bowels of a Stone Troll. His Boar Boyz launched itself forward at the crossbowmen. Boggrub's Wolfboyz joined the charge. The Rock Lobber fired its deadly cargo at the battery of Cannons destroying one and forcing the other crew to retreat in panic. Meanwhile the heroic Crossbowmen cut down a couple of Boar Boyz in

Heinrich rolled the message, drew the cords around the parchment, siged deeply and pulled his thick cape a little tighter. Soon enough the reinforcements would arrive from Kolb and his forces would be on the move once again. He would deliver this message to his troops in a short time, as soon as he figured a way to inspire them. How do you raise the spirits of so many when they have been crushed with such alarming regularity.

A round him were strewn maps, scrolls, notes and cascades of wax. He'd been awake too long pouring over possibilities, analysing the seemingly random movements of the Orcs, their fierce attacks and sudden withdrawals, running amok through villages capturing slaves without a sign of looting. The raids were also increasing, during the two weeks since the Empire began burning Orc camps over twenty nearby Empire villages had been attacked, not so much in retaliation as desperation. Late in the night, it had all been revealed. The Scouts had stumbled over their breathless words as they tried to deliver the report. There had been a huge accident at the Orc settlement where the slaves had been delivered. A towering scaffold had been constructed against the base of the mountainside, that sheltered the Orc Camp. It was assumed the structure was an attempt to build a fortification in the mountainside, and was paid little attention in the past years before the slave raids began. During the night, a massive section of the scaffold had collapsed, exposing the abomination that now scarred the Mountain, mocking the realm with a jutting jaw.

Hef ducked into the Generals makeshift office, frost clung to his fiery beard and steam billowed from his flared nostrils. "Sir, west watch has spotted the advance party from the Kolb, they will arrive by mid-morn. The troops have been assembled for muster, and the camp is being dismantled."

"Thank-you, Hef. I'll join you presently."

"Sir, I am troubled. There are rumours circulating the camp."

"Of a great Warlord, larger than the Giants of Albion? Of a Shaman able to crumble mountains with a word? I have heard them, Hef, the savage Greenskins have an ally in the fear they generate."

"They fear for you too Sir, that your sleepless nights are a result of your encounter with the Squig..."

The Generals ran his hand over his brutally scarred scalp, scabs making his head feel foreign. Gorges carved by the cavernous mouth of that foul beast. Revenge. That was the key.
both the “stand and shoot” and the ensuing combat before they were soundly annihilated. The Wolf Riders and Boar Boyz stared nervously down the many barrels of the Hellblaster, as it prepared to fire.

**EMPIRE TURN 2**

The fleeing cannon crew rallied at a glance from the awe inspiring man named Heinrich. The Hellblaster sight locked squarely on the rather nervous Boggnub’s Wolfboyz. Heinrich ordered the Crossbowmen unit to advance. They swept past the single cannon near the Orc village. The untested Hellblaster was on loan to an amateur crew and the inevitable happened. A devastating explosion rocked the nearby village as the Hellblaster disappeared in a cloud of smoke and debris without inflicting a single hit. The Crossbowmen and cannon, obviously shaken by the explosion, inflicted very little damage to the Wolf Riders.

**ORC TURN 2**

Uglub roared orders to Boggnub’s Wolf Riders, they charged into the remaining cannon, whose crew fled in a stricken panic. The Boar Boyz stampeded into the other, even more unfortunate cannon crew. Meanwhile the Rock Lobber’s shots went wide of the Crossbowmen. The Boar Boyz somehow lost the combat against the ‘unies Cannon crew in what can only be described as just an act of weirdness. They fell back away from the psychotic cannon crew. The Wolf Riders overran the first cannon’s fleeing crew. After snacking on umie flesh the vicious wolves were keen for more.

**HEINRICH’S FORCE.**

- “HEINRICH LEITDORF” HERO, SWORD, SHIELD AND WARHORSE 69
- 2 UNITS OF 16 CROSSBOWMEN, CROSSBOWS 256
- 3 X CANNONS 285
- 1 X HELBLASTER 100
- “SEBASTIAN” HERO, SPEAR AND SHIELD 67
- 10 REIKSGUARD KNIGHTS, LANCE, SWORD, SHIELD, HEAVY ARMOUR & BARDED WARHORSE 390
- 10 REIKSGUARD KNIGHTS, LANCE, SWORD, SHIELD, HEAVY ARMOUR & BARDED WARHORSE 390
- 10 PISTOLIERS, 2 PISTOLS, SWORD, LIGHT ARMOUR AND HORSE 220
- 4 UNITS OF 16 CROSSBOWMEN, CROSSBOWS 512
- 2 UNITS OF 16 HALBERDIERS (INCL. STANDARD BEARER AND MUSICIAN) HALBERDS, LIGHT ARMOUR AND SHIELDS 360
- 1 UNIT OF 10 FLAGELLANTS, FLAIL 100
- “FREDRIK” LEVEL, 1 WIZARD, DISPSEL MAGIC SCROLL 81
- 1 UNIT OF 16 HALBERDIERS, HALBERD, SHIELD AND LIGHT ARMOUR 180
- 1 UNIT OF 15 ARCHERS (INCL. STANDARD BEARER AND MUSICIAN) LONGBOW AND HAND WEAPON 136
- 1 UNIT OF 16 CROSSBOWMEN CROSSBOWS 128

**TOTAL.** 3274pts

Having routed the hapless Orcs, the crossbowmen continued their advance in the direction of the rest of the greenskin horde. Sebastian wasted no time directing the knights towards the ranks of Orc warriors. The Pistoliers, massed ranks of Crossbowmen and Flagellants closely followed these. With so many troops trying to get to grips with the Orcs no more units could fit between the forest and the Orc pig pens. Heinrich rode through the forest to greet Sebastian and take command of the reinforcements.

Fredrick the wizard had forced marched units of Halberdiers, Crossbowmen and Archers along the twisting, rocky mountain paths to arrive at Hell’s Drop Bridge. The waiting Night Goblins, previously enthralled in a looog spitting contest from the cliffs, turned and made rude gestures in their general direction.

**ORC TURN 3**

Uglub was very surprised to see so many umies. One moment Mork was with him as he dispatched the pathetic few soldiers sent to oppose him, next thing it seemed the whole Empire appeared to be attacking him. Well he’d show them... He watched smiling...
as Boggrub’s Wolf Riders charged the remaining Crossbowmen at the village, slaughtering them to a man. Ughub then signalled Urk’s Raiders (Orc Warriors) to charge a unit of the Reiksguard Knights that threatened to break the Orc line. The ensuing melee was a total disaster for the Orc Warriors who were beaten to a green pulp after killing just one of the Empire Knights.

EMPIRE TURN 4

The unit of Knights who’d slaughtered Urk’s Raiders swept towards Grimshank’s Mob (Orc Warriors), but they were cut to great and the cavalry stumbled to a halt. The Pistoliers rode forward behind the Orc lines, facing at the Black Orcs to no avail. Sebastian’s Crossbowmen halted and took careful aim at the Wolf riders who had slaughtered their kin Heinrich, annoyed at the delay sent his Halberdiers around them through the forest.

Friedrick could not get his infantry across Hell Drop Bridge as it squeaked and groaned under their weight. So he began summoning the Winds of Magic to smite the foul Goblins. The Fire Ball flew from Friedrick’s outstretched hand, scorching the Goblins shrieking in agony, they scattered abandoning their loogie spitting contest and the bridge.

Boggrub’s Wolf Riders scattered into the Village, fleecing the hall of crossbow bolts.

OREC TURN 4

Ughub’s Boyz were being swamped, he gave orders and backed away slowly... The Rock Lobber turned 180° and fired at the Pistoliers, driving the broken cavalry away. Bork Brokenibs’ Black Orcs and Grimshank’s Mob charged the Empire Knights now stranded in front of them. The ensuing combat was a total massacre, with the victor Orcs breaking the Knights and overrunning them as they fled. This however brought the pursuing Orc units crashing into the remaining unit of Reiksguard Knights. With the Orcs just managing to hold on thus far, the scene was set for the most gruesome and bloody fifth turn imaginable. Could the pathetic handful of remaining Orcs hold off the overwhelming Empire force for long enough... Ughub didn’t think so, and he continued giving confident encouragement to his troops while quietly slipping from the field of battle...

EMPIRE TURN 5

Laurie made the first of the random turn length rolls. He only needed to roll a 2+ to continue the battle for an almost certain victory... It came up a 1+. Needless to say that Laurie’s shoulders slumped in defeat, while I turned cartwheels around the store. The Orcs had won!

Chris (Brisbane Store) celebrates the Orc victory by kissing his most valued unit.

WELL, SORT OF...

The Orcs hadn’t really won they had just managed to hold off the Empire force long enough for the Orc main force to ready their defenses. These defenses can be seen at this year’s Games Day.

Laurie had played运动ngly well. He was dealt some excruciatingly bad luck with the final dice roll. Well that’s enough sympathy, on with the gloating... The Orcs performed well assaulting the initial force with the full fury of the Waagh!!! This placed enormous importance upon the reserve forces making crucial leadership tests to make it into my deployment zone. Withstanding a whole load pressure from my staff to win (and with the luck of Mork on my side), I have extended the scores to 3-nil! 3-nil! 3-nil! 3-nil! If you have any questions about Warhammer, Warmaster or Games Day, just pop into your closest store here in Brisbane and the staff will be eager to help.

AAARGH!!!

Well if you’re going to take a fall, take it from a great height! 3-nil! I was robbed. Rolling a 11 for continuation was extraordinarily bad luck. My battlefront looked strong, with Sebastian’s units poised for the final dash – assisted by the General no less! It would have been a case of a few command checks and I would have snatched a victory and salvaged the still tender ego of the Mt Gravatt team. Although I did get to smash lots of Orcs.

Chris played famously – buzzing my lines like a madman. At one stage I was seriously concerned about the safety of my General... Speaking of Generals I imagine the head of the forces leading the final assault against the Orc stronghold at Games Day will be more than just a little concerned about the competence of his troops.

Chris thanks Laurie for his dice rolling.
Alien Menace

Evidence concerning the different Ork tribes unified under the banner of Ghazghkul Mag Uruk Thraka, the boast of Armageddon. This report compiled by the Emperor's most humble servant, Andy Chambers.

Before going on to detail the Ork tribes on Armageddon, it is vital we first establish the structure of Ork hierarchy.

The basic Ork fighting unit is the warband, an organisation roughly equivalent to a company in human military terms.

A warband can comprise anywhere between tens and thousands of warriors plus their associated war machines and is commanded by a large and aggressive Ork chieftain, called the Waaagh!

The warband is split into a number of mobs, with each mob usually led by an Ork noble referred to as a 'Boos' or 'Nox' (pronounced nock, not nox).

Warbands are usually part of a tribe but can be independent. The tribe is ruled over by a powerful Warlord, the most dangerous and ambitious Warboss who has fought his way to dominance over his kind.

A tribe can comprise anything from several hundred to tens of thousands of Orks and may claim control of an entire continent or world. More commonly a vaguely habisable Ork world will sustain several Ork tribes in a more-or-less perpetual state of war with each other, until they join in a Waaagh! against non-Orks.

During a Waaagh!, especially potent Ork Warlords sometimes succeed in forging an empire from their conquests (though their organisation is more feudalistic than imperial). The largest and most stable of these is undoubtedly the Ork empire of Charadan, which has survived for several thousand years under a succession of Warlords. Warlords commanding empires usually select their own title (after all who's going to argue?). Hence the empire of Charadan is ruled over by the Arch-Arunocist, Octarous by an Over-Friend, Jagga by a Great Tyrant and so forth.

Cutting across warband and tribal boundaries are the Ork clans. The clans embody a philosophy (for want of a better term) among Orks, each clan emphasising particular elements of Ork culture above others. For example, the Goff clan embraces aggression, hardiness and hand-to-hand combat as true Orky virtues, while the Evil Sunz clan is dedicated to speed, lightning attack and having the most vehicles.

Typically a tribe and its component warbands will exhibit the characteristics of a single clan. Some Orks become obsessed with clan ideals and it becomes something akin to a religion for them. Where this is the case the Ork will seek out like-minded individuals and join with them to create a warband which completely exemplifies the purest traits of their 'true' clan. However most tribes are less dominated by the clan ideal, and clan values merely serve to instill a sense of unity and make a common enemy of tribes which are part of other clans.

During an Ork Waaagh!, warbands are destroyed and reformed from whatever survivors are available. In those times warbands or even whole tribes may emerge which comprise members of many different clans thrown together by the fortunes of war. In spite of their normal anarchy, Orks will fight alongside each other for the duration of the Waaagh! as they become caught up in the tide of Orkish aggression.

At the conclusion of the Waaagh! a mixed warband or tribe will usually break up under the pressure of inter-clan rivalry. However warbands commanded by an especially determined leader will stubbornly hang together, abandoning their previous clan and tribe affiliations to become Freebooters, Orks who fight for profit and glory.
Great Overlord Ghazgkull’s War Horde

Tribal Colours: black and white
Tribal Glyph: black, white or red one-eyed skull
Tribal Motifs: black and white checks or daggs

Notes: By far the biggest single tribe fighting on Armageddon, Ghazgkull’s horde numbers over three hundred warbands and eighteen heavyweight Ork Gargants. It is built around a core of veteran Ork warbands who have followed Ghazgkull since the last Armageddon war and fought across Sigoroth, Pizzona and a hundred other worlds. The tribe’s glyphs are a representation of Ghazgkull himself, which they display with an almost religious fervour on banners, shoulder plates and vehicles. The War Horde is reported to be fighting in Armageddon Secundus, primarily engaged in the siege of Infernus and fighting in the Paladus mountain region.

White Lightning Tribe

Tribal Colours: steel or red
Tribal Glyph: triple white lightning bolt
Tribal Motifs: red and yellow flames

Notes: The White Lightning tribe represents the largest coalition of Speed Freak warbands on the surface of Armageddon. White lightning bikes, buggies and trucks are scattered all over the icy salt-flats of The Deadlands in the far south, forming part of a roving mechanised horde which has been systematically devastating the war processing plants and pipelines which are vital to the continued survival of the hives on the mainland.

Instructor Veen

[Instructor Veen’s signature]

[Instructor Veen’s notes]

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The Ork race's savage preference for close combat can easily be shown by their diverse range of primitive weapons. Shown here are a selection of Ork choppas that our forces have encountered whilst fighting them. As you can see, they range from brutal cleaver-like blades to powered chainsword weapons. Although primitive, their weight combined with the savage way they are used makes them easily capable of cleaving through the toughest armour.
From Friday the 21st of May until Sunday the 23rd of May our Ringwood store had the Trollslayer Mega-Sale. Hundreds of gamers attended to take advantage of the great deals.

The front doors of the store opened and the hordes of gamers that had been waiting for hours poured in!

If your face is circled pop into the Ringwood store to collect your prize!
Above, decisions, decisions!

Above: "I want it all, and I want it now!"

Above: Ringwood Store Manager Dean Rowe tries to disguise himself as an innocent Koala Bear.

Right: The Staff finally managed to get the Koala head off Dean and back on the Garbage bin where it belongs.
The stars themselves once lived and died at our command, and yet you still dare to oppose our will?

Trust not in their appearance, for the Eldar are as utterly alien to good, honest men as the vile Tyranids and savage Orks. They are capricious and fickle, attacking without cause or warning. There is no understanding them for there is nothing to understand – they are a random force in the universe.”

Imperial Commander Abriel Hume.

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# Northern Territory

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| Devonport     | Toyworld                    | (03) 6424 8622                      |
| Hobart        | Area 52                     | (03) 6231 0271                      |
| Launceston    | Birchalls                  | (03) 6331 3011                      |

**WESTERN AUSTRALIA**

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| Armadale      | Toyworld                    | (08) 9399 7080                      |
| Belmont       | Games World                 | (08) 9473 4707                      |
| Booragoon     | Games World                 | (08) 93 65 0330                     |
| Broome        | Yuen Wing Store             | (08) 9192 1267                      |
| Bunbury       | Games World                 | (08) 9721 8487                      |
| Bunbury       | Youngs Bookshop             | (08) 9721 5004                      |
| Cannington    | Games World                 | (08) 9350 2355                      |
| Claremont     | Claremont Toyworld          | (08) 9385 1220                      |
| Esperance     | Toyworld                    | (08) 9071 2504                      |
| Exmouth       | Toyworld                    | (08) 9743 1482                      |
| Geraldton     | Toy Kingdom                 | (08) 9291 1353                      |
| Hillarys     | Toyworld                    | (08) 9402 5044                      |
| Kalamunda     | Kalamunda Toys & Hobbies    | (08) 9293 1169                      |
| Kalgoorlie    | Games World                 | (08) 9081 7475                      |
| Karrinyup     | Games World                 | (08) 9244 1159                      |
| Mandurah      | Games World                 | (08) 9363 7607                      |
| Manjimup      | Toyworld                    | (08) 9977 2550                      |
| Morley        | Games World                 | (08) 9375 3751                      |
| Perth         | Tactics                     | (08) 9325 7081                      |
| Perth         | Valhalla Games & Hobbies    | (08) 9321 2308                      |
| Yelbenni      | Yelbenni General Store      | (09) 9622 5012                      |

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

- Adelaide: Military Hobbies
- Blackwood: Leisureland
- Elizabeth: Toyworld
- Elizabeth Grove: The Gaming Den
- Inglefarm: Toyworld
- Millcreek: Toyworld
- Moorabbin: Toyworld
- Moorabbin: The Wargamers Supply Line
- Mt Barker: Toyworld
- Mt Gambier: Toyworld
- Mt Gambier: Tunza Games
- Murray Bridge: Toyworld
- Naracoorte: Zappers Entertainment Centre
- Narrooopa: Community Co-op Store
- Port Augusta: Toyworld
- Port Pirie: Public Video
- Renmark: Video Magic
- Tea Tree Plaza: Games World
- Unley: Imagine It
- Whyalla: Toyworld

**VICTORIA**

- Ballarat: Model World
- Beaumaris: Toyworld
- Bendigo: Bendigo Sports and Hobbies
- Casterton: Dee Jay Hobbies
- Castlemaine: Hobby Castle
- Chadstone: Games World
- Cheltenham: Games World
- Croydon: Mind Boggers
- Dandenong: Games World
- Doncaster: Games World
- East Preston: Games World Northland
- Echuca: Toy Kingdom
- Footscray: Ultimate Science
- Frankston: Gamesworld
- Geelong: Mind Games
- Geelong West: Tates Toy Kingdom
- Hamilton: Toy Kingdom
- Hawthorn: Mind Games
- Horsham: Wimmera Hobbies
- Malvern: Mind Games
- Maribyrnong: Games World
- Melbourne: Mind Games
- Mildura: Toyworld
- Monbulk: Toy Kingdom
- Mooroodoo: Emanuel’s Toyworld
- Moorabbin: Military Simulations
- Mornington: Toyworld
- Newborough: Dolls, Bears & Miniature Wares
- Seymour: Toyworld
- Shepparton: Toyworld
- Swan Hill: Toyworld
- Wangaratta: Toy Kingdom
- Warrnambool: De Grandi’s Sportsgoods
- Wernbee: Futuristic Games

Dolls, Bears and Miniature Wares

Earlier this year Dolls, Bears and Miniature Wares (42 Rutherglen Rd. Newborough VIC) sponsored a tournament in the local town of Moe. It’s great to see hobby stores supporting the Games Workshop hobby across Australia.
## NEW ZEALAND

### NORTH ISLAND

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<td>Modelair (Green Lane)</td>
<td>(09) 520 1236</td>
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<td>(09) 620 6786</td>
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<td>(09) 529 5200</td>
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- **Browns Bay**: Toyworld (09) 478 9464
- **Hastings**: Iconix (09) 426 649
- **Gisborne**: Cyberszone (06) 888 7138
- **Hamilton**: Frankton Models (07) 847 5292
- **Hamilton**: Mark One (07) 839 3728
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- **Tauranga**: Home Entertainment Centre (07) 579 6239
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- **Wanganui**: Toyworld Rivercity (06) 347 9664
- **Wanui-o-mata**: Toots Models & Hobbies (04) 564 7377

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(866) 3-522 2580
High Marshal Helbrecht
Helbrecht exemplifies the qualities of stubbornness and unwavering loyalty to the Emperor that are the marks of the Black Templars Chapter. He was elected High Marshal in 989.M41, and is currently leading the Black Templars as they storm Ork space hulks in the Armageddon system.

Weapons are stroked through the dark corridors of the hulk. The cacophony of shrieks and screams from the Orks was like the sound of a mad god. The Orks covered the doors of the generator room were engaged in a fierce firefight with the Orks outside. Soon the alien screams would amount to enough strength to push the handful of Black Templars opposing them. High Marshal Helbrecht turned to the Techmarine kneeling beside the heavy thermal heat ray they had brought aboard.

"How much longer Brother Hexul?" He shouted over the roar of weapons.

"Trained Hexul did not look up from the fine adjustments he was making, as he replied. "The weapon's spar was offended by the rough treatment it suffered on arrival. High Marshal. If its component loops are not realigned by the proper supplicator, it will fail to consume itself and grow to the correct size for full devastation."

"Try to hurry Brother, we don't have much..."

The High Marshal was distracted by a sudden increase in the firing at one of the doors. Howls and yells announced an Ork attack was imminent. He crossed to it in three quick strides, just in time to meet the alien rush. A huge Ork leader crashed through the doorway and vaporized an initiate with a burst beneath his breastplate. Helbrecht parried its next blow and countered with a swing perfectly timed to catch his foe off balance from his missed attack. The glittering energy blade of his ancient power sword slashed through the Orks' neck with barely a hint of resistance and the great Ork fell clutching spasmodically at the stump of his neck.

Helbrecht leaped forward into the lesser Orks behind, hacking and slashing with little fanfare but horrible effectiveness. Limbs and heads flew apart as echoes of the doorway were filled with wretched screams. Brother Mikal came up with his flamers and the surviving Orks were driven back down the corridor by a wall of flames.

"There is a charge prepared called Brother Hexul. Helbrecht instantly switched communications with a nearby compo, "High Marshal to Light of Purity, immediate recovery - code: blue."

The Templars moved to the centre of the chamber and were teleported to the waiting strike vessel in a blinding flash of light. Seconds later, the thermal charge blasted a new crater in the flank of the Ork space hulk.

Black Templars do not have Scout squads. Instead, Initiates 'adopt' a Neophyte to train, teaching them their skills and educate them in battlecraft. In return, a Neophyte must serve their initiate, attending to their day-to-day needs and waiting on them at the Chapter feasts.
SPACE MARINE SCOUT BIKERS

The Tenth Company of many Space Marine Chapters maintains a force of bikes. Some are employed to train new recruits who will eventually join bike squadrons as full battle brothers. Others are used to provide highly mobile support for Scout squads behind enemy lines.
STATUS: DEADZONE – TALES FROM NECROMUNDA
On the industrial hive world of Necromunda, savage gangs struggle for survival in the shattered tunnels and domes beneath the teeming hive cities. Status: Deadzone is a savage anthology of dark science fiction short stories, all set in the devastated urban nightmare of Hive Primus. Featured authors include Gordon Rennie, Jonathan Green, Alex Hammond, Neil Rutledge and Matthew Farrer.

• ONLY $12.95 NZ$14.95

WARHAMMER MONTHLY #32 – Ephrael’s back!
This month’s war torn issue sees the return of daemon-slaying Battle Sister Ephrael Stern in book II of the stunning Daemonifuge. Trapped in the Eye of Terror, Leonato must battle against Tzeentch’s chosen champion, Haereth, to win the Blade Encarmine. In Gordon Rennie’s Sacrifice, can the noble Ultramarines destroy the Chaos infested space hulk before it engulfs their planet? And in Mordheim – City of the Damned, hardened mercenaries Uli and Marquand must use all the tricks of their trade to outwit an assassin.

• ONLY $4.95 NZ$5.95

INFERNO #19 – Tales of Fantasy and Adventure
Inferno! is Games Workshop’s all-action anthology of short stories, illustrated features and comic strips. In Mark of a Warrior, we find out just what it takes to join the feared gangs of House Goliath. There’s more comic mayhem this month as the suicidal fighta-bomber pilots of Deff Skwadron take to the skies for Da Big Push. Also, a bizarre tale of intrigue and adventure from the tables of Talabheim’s most notorious drinking den kicks off the first of many Tales from the Ten-Tailed Cat. All this and more in the new Inferno!

• ONLY $9.95 NZ$11.95

DARKBLADE – The Graphic Novel
Here at last, the first book of the adventures of the Dark Elf, Malus Darkblade. Enticed by rumours of a fabulous treasure, while raiding an ancient temple, Darkblade falls foul of the daemon, Tz’arakan. The mighty warrior and his lizard mount, Spite, have but one year to complete a most perilous quest at the daemon’s bidding. Malus must travel to the very edges of the world in search of the five arcane artefacts, or the daemon will keep his soul! Non-stop carnage from Dan ‘Gaunt’s Ghosts’ Abnett and Kev Hopgood.

• ONLY $14.95 NZ$16.95

Get all the latest news on the Black Library website at www.blacklibrary.co.uk – now including an online store!
Welcome to the conclusion of our colossal two-part battle report, taking up from where we left off in White Dwarf 248 as the Imperial forces desperately regroup before the onslaught of the Ork invasion. For those of you who didn’t catch the frantic struggle across Hive Tempestor in last month’s battle report, never fear, as we will review events so far and take a bird’s eye view of the tides of battle before getting down to the thundrous climax of this enormous battle report.

Under the ruthless and cunning guidance of Warlord Gnazghulli Thraza, innumerable Greenskin tribes have been forged into an all-consuming invasion of Ork Gnazghulli has once more targeted the planet of Armageddon to bear the brunt of his conquest, pouring thousands upon thousands of frenzied aliens onto the beleaguered planet’s surface, suffocating its inhabitants with war and blood.

At the embattled Hive of Tempestor, the Orks seized much of the huge industrial conurbation, but the Imperium responded rapidly, sending in battalions of the Armageddon Steel Legion on a moment’s notice to defend the hive. Many of the soldiers were defending their very birthplace, the city they had trained in. The streets were blocked with tanks as the Steel Legion formed into a defensive line of steel and firepower, platoons of soldiers positioned throughout the buildings for when the fighting became close and desperate.

The Steel Legion mustered its forces on the outskirts of the city, waiting for the Adeptus Astartes to supply contingents of Salamanders and Blood Angels. The reinforcements were just in time, the Orks’ numbers had swelled to a point where the wall of tanks would burst like a dam if the fight was not taken to the enemy.

And so began the biggest Warhammer 40,000 battle report we’ve ever attempted, with the main board crowded by 9,000 points of miniatures and the three peripheral tables around it locked in pitched battle, each vying to affect the game on the main table. The result would directly affect the Armageddon Campaign, as Tempestor is the region disputed by our battles here at the GW Nottingham Headquarters.

In the plains to the east of Hive Tempestor, Speed Freeks and White Scars clash at breakneck speed. Far above on the Space Hulk Ogroth, the Black Templars hunt the Orks infesting its dingy corridors. A horde of Greenskins arrows toward the Imperial Artillery in a last-ditch attempt to stop their lethal barrage. The battle has been joined in earnest, and all that remains is the bloody conclusion:

Sergeant Haines wiped the blood from his face with the back of a ripped glove, the echo of shellshock forcing him to his knees when he tried to stand. Steadying himself on the twisted railing, Haines took stock of what remained of his battered squad. Three of his old friends had died in the blast from the crude missile that had screamed down towards them from the black shape of the Ork Hulk. He could see its ugly, twisted shape on the horizon, blotting out the marine of the new day with its obscene bulk. The remains of the planet’s Leman Russ lay twisted and molten in the crater now beneath him – he could taste the acrid smoke even through his respirator. Two of his squad lay torn and broken on the gravel below, their unblinking eyes staring at the bruised sky.

He was brought to his senses by a pain in his hand; the metal of the walkway, wrenching violently into angular new shapes by the explosion, was now hot enough to burn. He needed to get his troopers to safety, his vantage point was too dangerous. At any moment the rusty, shattered structure could give way.

Strengthening himself, Haines got to his feet, feeling the harsh wind blow grit and ash into his faceplate. Thumbing the image enhancer on his photochromatic visor, he could see the streets falling with bands of screaming aliens. The Blood Angels on the right flank seemed fewer in number, mere glimpses of crimson among the rooftops. He could see flames licking around the stained glass of the Tank Factory’s windows. As he was watching he heard the subsonic thud of the stolen Blaiknik as it blew another huge chunk from the roof of the factory. The Orks seemed to have abandoned any thoughts of capturing the city, they were tearing it to pieces. The road in the centre of the city were turning green as the beasts ran onward, following as they neared the Imperial lines. He closed his eyes as pockets of blackness filled his vision.

A commanding voice crackled through the comm-link. For a second, Sergeant Haines could have sworn that Commodore Harrick was addressing him personally.

“Men of Armageddon, this is your time. This day will be remembered for centuries. The Emperor’s eyes are upon us, and we cannot fail in his sight. We will fight every single one of these aliens exterminated, the streets purged of this infestation. We will hold our line no longer. Launch the counterattack! FORWARD IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR!”
WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY

LAST MONTH.,

Due to the rapid Ork insurgence into the heart of Tempestora, the Imperial forces were forced to defend the city with the resources at their immediate disposal. Although the majority of the Imperial forces assumed a defensive role, the Blood Angels plunged deep into the enemy lines at the first opportunity. The Death Company butchered scores of Orks in the storage sheds by the barracks only to be surrounded by a swarm of angry Greenskins. The Steel Legion provided a solid firebase, picking off the most dangerous elements of the Ork force and harrying the Ork squads as they appeared through the city's streets. However, despite the initial success of the Imperial troops in whittling down the Ork numbers and the accurate barrages of the Imperial artillery, the Orks' combined offensive was devastating.

In taking the fight to the heart of the Ork lines, the Death Company had over-extended themselves and were pulled down by weight of numbers and pure Ork tenacity. The mobilised right flank of the Ork forces sped through the Tank Factory, and led by Warboss Gorbog they cut through Dreadnoughts, Terminators and Assault Marines alike to claim half of the huge building. The Salamanders were now locked in battle to the death with the rampaging Warboss. Worst of all, the barrages from the menacing Ork hulk above the battlefield were taking a heavy toll on the Steel Legion, crippling tanks and breaking the morale of the troopers as the Ork horde raced through the streets toward them...

MEANWHILE...

The battle shown here is but a part of the titanic clash across Tempestora. Three peripheral battles raged to the east, the north, and directly above Tempestora, all with the chance to affect the main table. Each conflict was on a smaller scale and the dust settled long before the main game finished. The arrival of reinforcements or the silencing of one side's supporting fire could make all the difference...

FLANK MARCH

The White Scars Space Marines intercepted a Speed Freeks warband as it sped to reinforce the Orks in the city, and a desperate, high-speed battle raged across the plains to the west of Tempestora. The head-on collision of the two sides proved that they were well-matched, nearly all of the combatants died in the swirling melee of sleek white bikes and clanking, smoking Ork vehicles. Spearheading a last desperate assault, the White Scars Chaplain managed to drive the remaining Orks back, only to see the tell-tale dust cloud of Speed Freeks reinforcements on the horizon...
**OBJECTIVES**

1. The Main Bridgehead  
2. The Generator Spheres  
3. The Barracks  
4. The Comms Relay Centre  
5. The Tank Factory (North)  
6. The Tank Factory (South)

**Imperial held**

**Ork held**

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**SILENCE THE HULK**

Within the darkened confines of an orbiting hulk, the fanatic Black Templars Space Marines stalked tunnels riddled with Orks in an attempt to shut down the vessel's weaponry before its devastating broadsides crippled the Steel Legion Platoons in Tempestor. Led by the Emperor's Champion himself, the battle brethren had three objectives to destroy, but the Ork resistance was gathering and the Templars found themselves blocked into the twisting, infernal confines of the hulk by mobs of angry Greenskins. Worse still, the Emperor's Champion had been slain by an Ork Dreadnought, and the Warboss even now was speeding towards them in a crude transport vehicle packed full of his hulking retinue.

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**SMASH DA BIG GUNZ**

A task force of Orks had been dispatched to the ash wastes surrounding the north of the city, where the Imperial Artillery fired lethal Earthshaker shells into the main Ork force in Tempestor. Their accuracy and efficiency had taken a heavy toll on the Ork numbers. The Ork task force, loaded into super-charged trucks, sped up the mountainside in an effort to overwhelm the Catachans assigned to defend the artillery and destroy the three Basilisks raining shell after shell onto the heads of the Greenskins. Above them Ork Flighja-Bommerz roared through the sky, strafing the Catachan lines and damaging one of the Basilisks. As the main bulk of the Ork force reached the imperial front line, the Imperial Guardsmen prepared for close assault...
07.38 THE BARRACKS

The city was indiscernible with the chaos, noise and light of full-scale war. Far below, dark-skinned figures raced through the streets to plunge into the thick of the fighting. The low rumble of the Imperial guns played counterpoint to the sharp crack of detonating shells. Whirlwinds of dust and debris reached 8th to the wild colours of the sky, like souls escaping from the shattered buildings below.

Brother-Sergeant Gallo boosted his jump pack, feeling the pull as he rose to the highest tier of the barracks and surveyed the scene before him. He was in the centre of a city-spanning invasion of Orks, in the midst of the largest war the Imperium of Man had experienced. In the space of an hour, several thousand lives had been lost on both sides of the battle, and yet he could think of no more fitting way to die. They were honourable, blessed to give their souls in the name of the Emperor. Gallo’s hearts were beating hard and fast, pouring adrenaline through the thick, sacred blood he could feel pulsing through every vein.

Eights feet above the streets, looking down upon the hordes of Greenskins as they gibbered and howled, Gallo felt like a god. Earthshaker shells capable of levelling fortified towers burst beneath him with the fury of thunderbolts. It was at times like this, within the eye of the hurricane, that Gallo savoured the violent sounds of battle. The screams of the dying and the distant crackle of flamer fire reached up to him like prayers, infusing him with battle-lust. Every muscle screamed for the release of close assault, but still Gallo waited, appreciating the carnage laid out before him and his battle brethren.

In the middle distance he could see the looming bulk of the Tank Factory, the birthplace of many of the Imperium’s armoured divisions. It was sacred ground and must not be allowed fell to the claws of the aliens, but Gallo had faith in the capabilities of the Salamanders contingent protecting the ancient machinery. He had fought alongside the dour, valiant warriors before and knew that they were virtually invincible in defence. The humans of the Steel Legion were of less consequence, but had raised enough fire into the Ork lines to pin them in place whilst the Blood Angels did their work.

Over to the right he could see the squat grey shapes of the 8th platoon rolling across the bridge, Ork artillery raining upon the armoured hides of the transports like hail. Somewhere behind him he knew Commissar Yarrick would be leading his troops, taking the fight to the heart of the enemy in a perfectly timed counter-attack. For a human, Yarrick was inspirational, a true leader. Never before had he seen such presence from one so outwardly frail. Nevertheless, it was to Brother-Sergeant Gallo that the members of the Veteran Assault Squad looked for leadership, and lead them he would. Feeling the Black Rage burn within him like purifying flame, the pressure of his holy wrath ringing in his ears, Gallo bared his teeth. He felt the wind of death at his back. He could see Orks on the roofs below him.

With a scream of fury and hate, the Blood Angels fell upon their prey.

07.39 THE BARRACKS

Brother Gallo could clearly see his foe despite their feeble attempts to scramble out of his sight. To his disappointment, there were only two of the vile creatures scuttling on the rooftops, but their blood would sate his rage for the time being. Descending, face contorted in a snarl of battle-lust, Gallo let the shells from his consecrated bolt pistol blossom across the Ork’s hideous features. Brother Trochius sighted in and covering behind the ruins of the barracks, but the white hot flames screaming from the nozzle of Trochius’ flamethrower consumed it nonetheless. The beast fell from the roof,
sailing frantically, its roar fading as it plummeted toward the streets. In the gloom Galileo could see muzzle flashes and billowing flames as his comrades accounted for the creatures below. It looked like this was to be an easy fight after all. Galileo felt a momentary pang of disappointment until he saw a heavy figure run from the cover of the tower, scraps of clothing burning, its thick skin covered in blisters and scorch marks. Nearly twice the size of the last and with some kind of metal backpack strapped to its shoulders, the Orc turned to face him. Although parts of it were still covered in burning flame fuel, its face split into a leering, cracked grin. Clearly it had no understanding of the danger it was facing. He would fall upon it like an angel of death, and he would see its black heart in his hand.

Galileo hoisted his pack and headed straight for the beast, power sword raised.

There was a resounding bellow from the wretched throat of the alien and without warning a cloud of Orcs equipped with crude, rotor-driven jump packs crested the roof behind them, pistols flaring. Their war cry drowned out the rumbling of their crude weaponry as they arrowed into the rear of his squad. Brother Trolus was struck heavily from behind by an Orc's great axe, his helmet bent at an unnatural angle as the armour held but the neck beneath did not.

Three of the evil creatures clung on to Brother Simeon, emptying their crude pistols into the power cells of his jump pack. He heard the low thump of an internal explosion. That was not a good way to die.

Distracted for a crucial second by the assault on his squad members, Galileo had neglected to kill the hulking beast he was charging. He spun back, lunging furiously, power sword hissing through the air where the creature had been. Too late he realised that this monster also had a jump pack, as it rocketed straight past him and barrelled into Brother Alieo. It bore him to the floor, and with its cruel metal fingers it tore his chestplate away from his body, spilling his guts on the floor. Blood poured from Aloe's shattered torso, thick plumes of vitae covering the Orc's scorchled face. He watched as Brother Aeluatus slipped his bolt pistol into the thing's back, his face twisted into a grinning rictus by the Black Rage. It roared in pain and spun back, crude power claw scything through the air, cracking with charged energy. Aeluatus pivoted to avoid the blow and nearly made it clear, but the lethal instrument caught his midriff and carved out his gut. Aeluatus flung himself at the beast, teeth sinking into the dark meat of its shoulder. The monster kicked out and boosted into the air, flames belowing from its pack into the exposed flesh of Aeluatus's midriff. The Marine's contorted body fell back down to the roof where he landed twisted and in agony. He lay forked out on the floor, staring wide-eyed at the puddle of his lifefluid as it seeped away.

Astonished by the ferocity and efficiency with which the simple trap had been sprung, Galileo ordered his men to fall back.

07:45 THE COMMS CENTRE

Haines dove for the cloud of dust behind his squad's Chimera as more Orc bolts thudded into the stoneworks around him. All of his squad had made it into cover. Against the odds, and Haines splintered again for the back doors of his tank.

"Richardson, we're at the rear, lower the ramp, repeat. LOWER THE RAMP!" His found himself shouting into the comlink, voice harsh with panic. If his squad was attacked in a dust cloud by a swarm of Orcs they would suffer. The hydravics lining the rear ramp of the Chimera opened, painfully slowly. Haines flung himself into the ridt-interior, spinning back to help his comrades into the confines of the tank.

"MOVE! COME ON!" he saw his soldiers sprinting for the open ramp, but Butler was holding them back, limping with an expression of grim determination. Haines ran out onto the ramp as the Chimera sped along the street, grabbing Butler's outstretched arm. At the last moment, Butler's legs gave way; Haines could see that his knee was a mess of shattered gristle. Bearing himself on the lip of the ramp, Haines held tightly onto Butler's greatcoat, dragging him along the gravelly, rough street, muscles burning as he attempted to pull him into the tank. The rest of the squad rushed past him, and he could feel the ramp begin to close.

"Richardson. What in the Emperor's name are you doing! Man down!" Haines was losing his grip. Butler wailing in agony as he was dragged across the cruel street.

Richardson's reply cracked over the comm-link as the ramp neared vertical.

"No choice sir, infirm—"

A tremendous explosion rocked the tank forward, the rear lifted clear of the ground by the overwhelming force of the blast. Haines was flung backward into the bulkhead, his spine arcing, pain lancing through his head. He lay flat, feeling a trickle of blood seep out of his ear. His pain was nothing next to the fury at losing another of his squad. He knew that he, too, would die this day, but not before he avenged the deaths of every one of his friends.
SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

The Orks were getting dangerously close. The ramshackle Ork Dreadnoughts reached the now undefended pipeline, and a missile from one fused the tracks on a Leman Russ. However, this was again of little help as it did nothing to stop the devastating battle cannon from firing. More Ork reinforcements were arriving – another mob of Boyz as well as a two-speeding Trukk mob. However, the slower Trukk was quickly targeted by the Leman Russ and the Orks ended up cowering behind the smoking wreck of their transport. The Fight-Boomers came in for another run and this time one of the smart bombs lived up to its name and struck home, finally destroying one of the objective Bastions and reducing the Imperial bombardment of Tempestor. With renewed determination, the Orks rushed forward. The last remaining Sentinel was surrounded with Boyz, while the Trukk mob sped up the slope towards the remaining big guns. The Imperial Ogryn squad assualted the buggy that was still behind the Catachan lines with such vigour that it exploded, killing one of them in the blast.

The Ork Dreadnoughts storm into the front line of the Imperial Guard defence.

SILENCE THE HULK

Diving into cover behind a bulkhead, Fernandez considered the situation. The Warboss and his retinue, speeding down the main concourse, had to be stopped. Fernandez ordered Assault Squad Navarro to leave the sewage pipe and engage the roaring aliens. Dreadnought Honoured Ancestor Barbarous took up position in the concourse and trained his guns on the Warboss's Trukk, blowing it apart and catching a Nob in the explosion. The retinue scattered for cover. The Sword Brethren continued their advance on the Fire Control room, adopting a position directly behind Fernandez. The fighting on the left, around the CooLant Tanks was still fierce as three more Black Templers were ripped apart by the Ork Dreadnought. Grim realisation passed over Chaplain Fernandez that he might not be able to take all three objectives. Determined to take at least one, he ordered the towering form of Dreadnought Barbarous to engage the Ork Dreadnought.

The Orks continued to advance on the Black Templars, confident that their superior numbers would carry the battle. Cutting down Initiate Ceryn, the Trukk mob climbed back into its Trukk and zoomed off to support the Orks around the Fire Control room, only to jam their trukk under the sewage pipe. The Warboss and his retinue recovered their senses and set off towards the cover of the Fire Control tower as all around them the hulk shuddered as another bombardment was unleashed. Taking advantage of the moment, Assault Squad Navarro charged out of the sewer pipe and into the retinue. Initiate Navarro's power axe cut deep into the hide of the Warboss, causing him to bowl in pain, but his victory proved to be short-lived as his armour was crushed by the Warboss's enormous axe. Another Nob in the retinue was cut down before the Orks were fully recovered. However, the alien's fought on tenaciously and struck back, and only two Black Templars of Assault Squad Navarro survived to fight on, saved by their crackling storm shields.

With the Sword Brethren behind him, Chaplain Fernandez broke cover. He headed for the Fire Control tower, snapping off shots at the Ork Trukk mob stuck under the pipe, and was rewarded as the Trukk exploded, scattering the mob inside. Dreadnought Barbarous moved left towards the CooLant Tanks to see another of the Black Templars die at the claws of the Ork Dreadnought. Enraged, he charged the metal behemoth. Taking advantage of the sudden arrival of the Honoured Ancestor, an Initiate pinned his grenade pack into one of the leg joints, immobilizing the metal beast. Barbarous hit the Dreadnought at full speed, smashing it in two with his armoured bulk. Finally free of the Ork war machine, the Neophytes of Squad Phenex climbed the Ladder to set charges on the coolant regulator above, whilst the survivors of Squad Action took up position at the foot of the ladder.
The battle was raging with the fury of a storm across the barren plain. The Chaplain Subedel Khan and his remaining entourage sped forward, blasting their bolters into the wartrucks roaring towards them, which erupted in a ball of fire, leaving the squad fire. He wrenched towards the outpost to help what remained of his battle brothers.

He was too late to save the last Assault Marine. Surrounded by the three remaining Tankbusters, and exhausted after decimating most of the unit single handed, he succumbed to their repeated blows.

All the remaining Orks and wartrucks charged towards the Attack bikes. Bullets ricocheted off the bikes' armour. The Warboss and Tankbusters leapt on the bikes and tried to rip the gunners from their sedecars. As Attack bike rammed one Ork to the ground, crashing its bones under its wheels. The Warboss flailed helplessly at his foes, and the Tankbustor Nob struck out with his choppa, clanging it uselessly off a rider's shoulder pad.

With a prayer to the Emperor, the Chaplain and his men entered the combat. Alone, he hacked down three Orks. The Warboss, now tasting desperation, whirled his choppa around his head in a devastating circle of death. Biker Sergeant Olophai swerved his bike to a halt in front of the giant Ghrenskin, ducked and weaved and thrust his power sword deep into the alien's gut. Coughing blood, the Warboss collapsed, at last dead.

A last unit of Ork Trukkz zoomed towards the remnants of the White Scars, but their vehicles' wheels were blown out by fire from the Scouts still in the building. The last two wartrucks let rip with their big shootas as they sped by, cutting down the last Space Marine biker, leaving the Chaplain the lone survivor of his squad. Fearing the wrath of this blood drenched servant of the Emperor, the few survivors of the Speed Freak horde retreated, the Chaplain having to fight the suicidal urge to race after the fleeing enemy. Almost his entire battle force had died fighting off the Ork attack, but there were not enough of his men to continue on to the Hive. More reinforcements were needed. The Chaplain's aching fingers reached for his comlink and with a reluctant voice he demanded reinforcements from the main force of White Scars he had been diverted from.

The Speed Freaks that Chaplain Subedel's force had driven back were merely the first wave of attack. With commendable speed, more of his White Scars brethren had arrived on the field of battle. As the Space Marine reinforcements charged their engines in a frenzied attempt to reach Hive Tempentor, a tell-tale dust cloud obscured the horizon once more. But this time the White Scars were ready for the tide of clanking Ork machinery that shuddered towards them. As the screaming Warbosses returned, launching their screeching missiles from the sky, the White Scars force drove through the resultant explosions unharmed, as though their grim determination for vengeance protected them from this deadly storm.

Ork Outsiders were spotted ranging ahead of their comrades, an easy target for the wrath of the Space Marine biker's bolters. The Ork bikes blew apart in balls of flame. A squad of White Scars jumped out of the Rhino which had sped into position and the Outsider Nob drove straight into their wall of boltfire with lethal results.

A squad of Attack bikes veered towards the wartrakken of the Warboss of this new incursion. The rattle of heavy boltfire was followed by a huge crash as the wartrakken was hurled into the air, smashing down into a copse levelling the stunted trees. The Nobz and Warboss staggered out of the wreck, only to come under fire from the Scouts sniping from the woods across the river.

Meanwhile, Ork Trukks were being wrecked all along their line as the White Scars concentrated their fire with deadly precision. Orks flew into the air as their vehicles exploded from under them. The survivors scrambled about in the churned up bloody mud before being cut down by a second wave of Space Marine boltfire. A mob of Stormboyz turned tail and jetted off into the distance, deciding that enough was enough.

The Orks were too shaken to return fire effectively. A hail of bullets pattered off power armour, although it was merely a shower of rain. The White Scars Assault Marines, as always in the forefront of conflict, came under the combined firepower of Ork Dethkloks whirring ever head and the remnants of a mob of Bursa Boyz, who bathed them with flames. The resolute White Scars ignored the intense heat and powered their jump packs to leap up and strike down one of the Dethkloks in mid air.
07.45 THE TANK FACTORY

Warboss Gorbag cursed the tenacity of the Space Marines. The armoured warriors had been on the run a second ago but now they had dug in again and their shooting was more intense than ever. They must be good because they’re green, Gorbag thought to himself. Well they only had green-painted armour so they weren’t as good as real Orks but they were certainly trying hard. Flames and boiler rounds rained down from the shot-scarred gantries on either side of the tank factory like an infernal hail, killing two of Gorbag’s bodyguard in a shower of impacts. A flame tank hidden among the half-finished hulls at the north end of the tank factory lurched forward, pouring fire. It torched Thugfang and bounced an autocannon shell off Ghashku’s mega armour, dazzling him. Suddenly Gorbag found himself alone in the meadstorm as the ‘Ard Boyz charged off after a Space Marine command squad they’d spotted lurking behind the row of unfinished tanks beneath the left hand gantry.

One of the Space Marine leaders must have spotted that Gorbag was unprotected and signalled to launch an attack on him. Armoured figures leapt from the right-hand gantry, Space Marine assault troops slotting down to the factory floor on forked legs of white flame. TheOrks they had just abandoned was torn asunder as a shell from the Basilisk blasted a squad of Space Marines further along it, sending armoured limbs and torsos spinning in all directions. More shots flew from across the squad’s shattered position, sending sparks flying and scoring several solid impacts which knocked another Space Marine over the edge to land with a sickening crunch two stories below.

The jump packers hit the ground with a shriek of engines and wash of heat. Gorbag roared and dashed out with his power claw but the Space Marines stayed well out of reach, darting in to strike at his back like dogs worrying at a bear. Despite his thick mega-armour, some of the blows bit deep, and blood started dripping down Gorbag’s arms and legs.

07.50 THE COMMS CENTRE

Sergeant Haines’ anger drove him to his feet. He could feel it burning in his chest like a hot coal, the need to take revenge upon the host of invaders. Teeth gritted, he assessed the situation within the Chimera: three of his squad were ready and able to fight. That would do. He saw Holst sitting slumped in a pool of his own blood at the front of the tank, heavy battered and dead in the dead man’s arms. Steve grinned and turned out of his seat and propped the corpse against the bulkhead. Looking through the viewfinder, Haines saw the massed Orks in the wide streets ahead, their stunted slave-race scurrying before them under the barbed whip of a Slavemaster. Culling their captive would not take long, their miserable lives not worth a single bullet. He swung the cumbersome weapon over to where the Warlord and his iron-clad retinue staggered on, herding their absurd suits of armour through the streets. Cursing loudly, Haines let loose a stream of large-calibre explosive bolts at the hulking Warlord. They exploded scant feet in front of the creature, stitching a crackling line of explosions through the air as they detonated in the Ork’s arcane force field. His frustration was replaced by grim satisfaction as a lascannon shot from the left seared through the energy shields and blew a gunking Ork’s armoured head apart. It toppled, stiffly and slowly, into the dust. It was good to see such marksmanship under pressure. Ahead to the right he could see Yarrick’s vehicle speeding towards enemy lines, taking comfort in the knowledge that it contained a squad of the most highly trained and best equipped Storm Troopers on the planet. To the left was Colonel Lewis’ transport containing Commissar Weiss and his small squad of hand-picked veterans. Haines’ Chimera sped on, following closely. He could see the unglamorous figures of Ork Dreadnoughts looming behind the crowded ranks of slave-runs. Under the leadership of Commissar Yarrick they would strike at the heart of the Ork offensive, a holy spear to drive back the alien in the name of the Emperor. Through the pain, Haines smiled.

07.53 THE BARRACKS

As one, the remaining Blood Angels shot into the air, quickly forming a tight formation and blasting at the enemy with their bolt pistols. But the Orks were right there in front of them, the whine of their rotor blades reminding Gallio of a swarm of ugly insects. He would exterminate them all.

The battle was rejoined eighty feet above street level, Orks and Space Marines fighting desperately in a whirling aerial duel. Gallio’s carefully prepared manoeuvres were being disrupted by the Orks’ enthusiasm for the fight, and even at full retreat the beasts were still attacking hard and fast. Gallio shouted for his squad to gain height, rocketing directly upward in an attempt to get some distance between his squad and the aliens’ crude weaponry. The gamble paid off; Gallio and Corporon were far above the Orks, the aliens
Chimera screeched to a halt in a violent arc, flinging a spray of gravel and the Orks on top into the middle of the street. One alien was crushed to death by the skidding tracks as the tank stopped in the midst of the aliens, facing towards Haines. Barely a moment had passed before Imperial Guard Storm Troopers had thrown open the hatches of the vehicle, cutting down the Orks with beams of fierce laser fire.

Glancing at the viewscreens ranged above him, their dome-helm displays lingering on the screen, Haines knew he could see the interior of the Chimera in 64th Platoon. The column of tanks was taking heavy losses from the Ork mortars, but one had made it across the bridge and the screamed man had launched a counter-attack into the force of Orks protecting the artillery. Now was the time – if they did not strike back with a steel fist they would quickly be overwhelmed.

Snagrot glared out of the vision slit in his Kan. It was hot and sweaty in the close confines of the fighting machine and Snagrot was impatient to get going and kill some Humies Stormboyes and a big mob of Gretchin slaves were milling around in the street ahead, slowly mustering to move against the communication post. Too slowly for Snagrot. He kicked the go lever at his feet and the Kan started walking, each step bashing Snagrot’s thick skull against the hatch over his head. The Grots squirmed, scurrying to get out of his way as he jerked the right arm lever to take a swing at one of them. He caught the unfortunate slave between the blades and scanned it in half with a practiced flourish. The remaining Grots vanished from sight as if by magic.

Snagrot was confident. Five more of the barrel-chested killer Kans marched with him. The buildings on either side of the street ahead swarmed with gretchins. In between rose the roar of the Kan’s engine, and the clash of its metal claws striking the concrete he could dimly hear Ork war-chants. This was going to be fun.

The Humies obviously had other ideas. A bright beam of light seared into the lead Killer Kans from the far end of the street, striking one in the legs. The wounded Kans staggered to a halt, gouting smoke, but a Mekboy was onto it in seconds and it was soon marching again, albeit with a bit of a limp. They had barely got going again when a raging shriek heralded a salvo of three massive explosions which rocked Snagrot’s Kan and sent chunks of concrete and steel spinning away from the buildings. Dust billowed everywhere and Snagrot had to stop for a moment to get his bearings. Another shriek was ringing, closer now, WHAM-WHAM-WHAM. The three impacts rolled onto one as the shells slammed down all round him and the other Kans. The Kan’s metal skin rang with hits from shrapnel and flames shot past the view slit. The shock wave alone almost tipped him over.

Deflected and bleeding from his ears, Snagrot started turning his Kan around to go a different way. The Humies were ranged in on this street and no mistake, it was time to be somewhere else. He got about twelve skull-bashing paces before another salvo landed, this one with devilish accuracy which placed the Kans in a macabre of fire and smoke. The rookstil launched on Snagrot’s Kan cooked off in the heat of the blast, sending the Kan reeling as they detonated prematurely. Snagrot repeatedly kicked the go lever to keep moving but the Kan had taken barely four more paces before another salvo landed and the world dissolved into smoke and flames again. Snagrot saw one of the other Kans take a direct hit and blow up, another was struck by a big piece of armour plate from the wreck and staggered crabwise. Snagrot was desponding of getting a direct hit. His Kan was limping uselessly with smoke pouring from its wrecked arm, the insides stank of smouldering plastic and hot oil. Just a few more paces would get him to the corner of the barracks building, but that seemed an unreasonably long way off.
SILENCE THE HULK

The Killer Kaa, joined by the remnants of a Trukk mob, charged the beleaguered Black Templars Assault Marines. Meanwhile, the only remaining mobile Trukk mob zoomed over to the rear of the Fire Control room to prepare a counter-attack. Having strained with the weight of the zap guns, the Grot riggers began to pull them into position on the bridge over the chem pit. The Warboss dispatched the last of the Assault Marines and swept down the concourse towards Chaplain Fernandez, as the Killer Kaa’s and remnants of the Trukk mob charged towards the Terminators in an attempt to hold them up.

Caught off guard by the momentum of the Warboss’s charge, the remaining members of the command squad were swept off their feet, leaving only Chaplain Fernandez standing. With his cracking crazed, Fernandez cut down an Ork Nob and fatally wounded the Ork Warboss before he too was punished into the ground. The remaining members of the retinue, overcome with battle-hurt, charged into the combat between the Sword Brethren and the Killer Kaa. The Killer Kaa managed to stomp one of the Terminators before the Sword Brethren hit back with their thunder hammers, splitting one apart and catching the accompanying Trukk mob and retinue in the catastrophic explosion. Howling, the Trukk mob and retinue fled the combat, leaving the remaining Killer Kaa to its doom. Back at the Coolant Towers, Squad Pheneus reported that Objective one had been destroyed.

Now in command, Sword Brethren Senior Initiates Venarius grimly acknowledged the situation. He ordered Dreadnought Barbaros to attend him, and the survivors of Squads Pheneus and Actaeon to advance on the left flank towards the Power Generator. There was still a chance, if they could only break through the Ork lines around the Fire Control tower. The combat around the Killer Kaa ended with the crack of a thunder hammer smashing the Kaa at the cost of another Sword Brethren’s life. Reforming his squad, Venarius advanced towards the Trukk Boyz who had joined up with the Orks in the Fire Control tower. Hoping to tempt the Orks in the Fire Control tower out in support, he ordered the charge.

The bulk shook as another barrage was fired off at the battle raging miles below. Squad Actaeon emerged from a corridor next to the chem pit, only to be fired upon by the zap guns positioned on the bridge. Luckily the shots dissipated as they hit the corridor side. The remaining mobile Trukk mob rushed forward past to the side of the Fire Control tower, ready for a counter-attack. The Sword Brethren’s charge hit the Orks with the force of pure rage. But bolstered by the proximity of the Ork defenders in the Fire Control tower, the mob put up a stubborn defense, cutting down Initiates Venarius and the remaining Sword Brethren for the loss of only one Ork Boy. The Ork defenders poured out from the Fire Control room quickly overwhelming the remaining Terminators.

Knowing that the battle was lost and with more Ork reinforcements appearing on the outer edge of his auspex scanner, Senior Initiates Pheneus reluctantly sounded the general recall, and the Black Templars were teleported back to their awaiting Strike Cruiser to lick their wounds. There would be a next time...
More Orks were arriving all the time now, although the Catachan guns fired on them as soon as they came in range. The seemingly unstoppable Dreadnoughts were still advancing, despite suffering numerous glancing hits, and one had now reached charge range of the Imperial lines. Oversead, the Fighter-Bombers had run out of smart bombs, but one of the pilots flew in close and opened up with his ‘izzy shootas at the weak rear armour of one of the Basilisks. This cunning tactic paid off and the shots ripped through to put the tank out of action. Meanwhile the Trukk Boyz leapt from their vehicle and, pursued closely by the Ogryns, scaled the cliff up to the final Basilisk. Once they were able to assault, the Orks made short work of the last objective. The Imperial barrage had been silenced.

**FLANK MARCH**

Now the entire line of Marines was in close combat, locked in a bitter struggle with the faltering Orks. Chaplain Subedei Khan, despite his wounds from the previous engagement, hacked at the Greenskins who swarmed around his bike with terrible fury. Roaring in their bestial tongue, the Warboss and his surviving Nobz charged into the fray, but the White Scars blocked and dodged, their terrible anger seeming to make them invulnerable to everything that was thrown against them. The Warboss and his bodyguard stood their ground, but his minions ran yelping from the carnage. The Orks fought each other to scramble onto the sole intact trukk. One mob made it to safety, the others scattered, terrified without the comfort of a throbbing engine and burning wheels beneath their feet.

Now the White Scars moved in for the kill. Subedei Khan with his brother bikers and the Assault Marines all rushed against the defiant Warboss. His Nobz tried vainly to protect their master, but a sweeping attack from one of the Veteran Sergeants skewered him on the end of a power sword. Outnumbered and leaderless, the Nobz ran for it, only to be cut down by the faster bikers.

To stop the survivors escaping, the Attack bikes homed in on the remaining Ork trukk, blowing off its wheels. The bikers smashed into the Ork trukkers, who had nowhere to run, decimating every Greenskin still alive on the battlefield.

With no Orks left to oppose them, the White Scars reinforcements sped across the plain, onwards towards their objective, praying to the Emperor that they would not arrive to find only: city of corpses...

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The White Scars finally rout the Speed Freaks, running them down in a hail of Bolter fire.
08:11 VIA TEMPESTORA

Sergeant Haines ordered his men to disembark. The Chimera, grind to a halt after a sharp turn, Gayner flinging open the top hatches and stepping onto the roof of the tank. Orks had already partially surrounded them, banging on the side, jeering and firing their bolters harmlessly at the Chimera’s thick front armour. The remainder of his squad seemed eager enough for battle, blasting away at the aliens in the street below. As Haines clambered onto the roof of the vehicle, fighting the pain that wracked his body and the flashes of light behind his eyes, he saw old man Yarrick in the street, flanked by Commissar Weiss and Colonel Lewis. His eyes lit up at the thought of fighting alongside his childhood hero. Below him, the tank’s heavy boiler thudded thick explosive bolts into the Orks that got too close; Richardson was almost as good a marksman as he was a driver. A bulky, stick-shaped grenade landed fizzing on the tank, rolling toward the open hatch. Haines booted it off in the direction of a cluster of Orks, and was rewarded by a satisfying explosion. It was time to join the fight at close quarters.

08:13 THE BARRACKS

At first, Brother Galio thought the airborne Orks were scattering as the last few Blood Angels screamed down from above. He saw them descending, almost in freefall, blasting away with their dirty, rusty weapons at the Tactical squads below. He could see the squad led by Brother Luca emerging from the shattered remains of a building, pulling themselves free from the piles of wreckage, bloodied but undaunted. From the right, a swarm of slave creatures were blasting at the emerging Marines, one of the runs staggering under the weight of the blocky composite weapon strapped to its back.
The Storm Troopers were wading through the slave-run towns towards the Ork front lines, snapping necks with their heavy boots and incinerating the aliens with their heavy boots. The favourable beasts did nothing more than tug at their clothing and stumble through the crowd. The leering Slavemaster swung his man-catcher from behind Yarrick, hoping to snap the old man’s neck, Haines was amazed to see the savage instrument slowed drastically; a bubble of light blossomed around Yarrick as the vicious electroplated prow was thrust forward. He caught it easily with one hand, pulling forward hard so that the Ork came off balance toward him. Yarrick’s famous battle claw closed around the Ork’s shoulders, snapping the impudent alien in two.

In front of Haines, four heavy-set Orks rushed towards Commissar Weiss. They bellowed their war cry at deafening volume but Weiss’s own voice rang out over the din, a battle-palms to the might of the Emperor. With perfect timing, the Commissar stepped backward, whilst pushing forward with his power sword. One of the Orks evaded itself with its own momentum, and Weiss withdrew the blade so fast Haines barely saw it enter the throat of another alien. The Orks uncoordinated attacks were highlighted by the certainty of Weiss’s blade, parrying and slicing with the arm on the backswing, the eerie sword cracking it parted the tough sinews of an Ork neck as if it were rotting fruit. Suddenly Weiss stood alone, glaring at the aliens, daring them to come forward. But Weiss didn’t even flinch. This man was a fitting commander in arms for Yarrick, thought Haines, as explosions blossomed at the end of the street. The Chimera behind him were still firing, barrages flaring as their supporting fire thudded into the Orks on the left above. The aliens fled into the darkness. Haines felt his heart beating like a drum as the ground shook beneath his feet.

08.23 VIA TEMPESTOR

The phalanx of white vehicles sped on through the streets of the ruined city. The colours of the new dawn were reflected in the thick alien blood covering the bright armour of the White Scars bikers as they rode of battle grew ever more frequent. As they neared their destination, the crackle of small arms fire could be heard, staccato and frantic above the subsonic booms of the artillery bombardment. Chaplain Subedai Khan’s comm-link buzzed, and he turned to the bikers riding alongside.

“Yarrick has given the order. We strike now. Bear north and form up in my command. May the Emperor bless your blades, my brothers.”

The grim warrior swung his crozvis arcana forward and the White Scars accelerated, pushing their steeds to the limits, motors roaring as the high-performance bikes raced along the wide road. Subedai could see the three gigantic spheres of the power generators ahead, lit by flashes of light like blinding fireworks across the sky. He could see figures darting around the base, Ork warbikes circulating the generators as if in victory. A wide-tracked truck filled with whirling aliens moved into view. Grotsch-runts cavorted around a battery of Ork artillery. Subedai scooped; he could not see a single Imperial trooper. His worst fears began to grow stronger; they were too late, the hive had fallen. “We shall see how sweet their victory tastes when they lie bleeding in the dirt. Squadrons Tempeia and Mangodes fell first. The rest of us strike straight and true. CHARGE!”

08.26 DEVILS CROSSROADS

The Orks in front of Yarrick were driven forward by the bulk of the Ork Dreadnoughts as they crushed...
forward, jets of steam and whining servomotors punctuating their approach. Last time Haines had seen these mechanized warriors they had seemed tiny amongst the towering buildings of Tempestoria, but now they loomed above their alien patron, dwarfing the size of the Orks beneath them. Fretting in anticipation of the combat to come, the threat they posed seemed all too real here at the front line, and once again, Haines felt a bitter hollowness in his gut. Two of the Storm Troopers had already fallen beneath the violent, frenzied blows of the Orks that were trampling their slaves in their eagerness to fight at close quarters. A mighty war cry belched from every alien throat as they charged headlong into the Storm Troopers, the rigid lines of the Troopers felling those at the front with searing laser bolts before the wave of Orks crashed into their lines, pulling down man after man with the momentum of the stampede.

Seeing the danger, Colonel Lewis shouldered-charged the largest Ork, knocking the wind out of it as it barreled forward. The Colonel grimaced with pain but stabbed upward through the beast’s chin, his power sword cleaving through the Ork’s metal-clad jaw, its red eyes dimming. Using its corpse as a body shield, Lewis pushed forward into the serried ranks of alien hordes.

Mustering his squad, Haines charged into the fray alongside Commissar Yarrick. Taking up firing positions in the dirt, Haines and his squad poured shot after shot into the ranks of the Orks, adding to the confusion and chaos of the fight. In the presence of one of the Imperium’s heroes it was easy to remain calm, and even with the splitting pain in his head Haines fired more accurately than ever. A growing Ork rushed him from a nearby building, but Gayner hit it hard in the side of the head with the butt of his rifle as Haines bludgeoned it against the creature’s chest. Alien blood gushed over his ripped gloves, but Haines could not waste a second. He wrenches the blade free and took up his rifle again, shooting into the mass of Orks. Haines could tell the aliens were torn between their fear of Yarrick and the fervent wish to take him down, and this was costing them dearly.

08.14 THE TANK FACTORY

Just as things were looking desperate for Gorbag, Skarnek rushed up with Ghastkul and together they both charged the Space Marines surrounding their Warboss. Penned between the raging Ork Warboss and the remnants of his bodyguard, the Space Marines were suddenly outmatched. Ghastkul plunged into the melee with a scream of tortured metal and grinding pistons as his mega armour built up to top speed. He flattened one Space Marine and crushed his power armour like an egg with his power claw. Skarnek stabbed twin after twin with his deadly sword, allowing Gorbag to take them apart in a bloodstained frenzy of bloodshed. The shadowy gloom of the factory was split asunder by red flare and green lightning from the Battlewagon’s zap gun arced overhead and punched into the flame tank, tearing off a track and disabling its turret. A rousing cheer echoed through the factory’s cavernous interior as an ‘Ard Boy with a burn shaved the nozzle of his torch into the eye socket of the Salamanders’ Captain and turned up the gas, killing him with a blast of flame. Moments later the ‘Ard Boyz were driven back by a furious Space Marine counter-attack led by a black-armoured Chaplain wielding a hammer which cracked with barely suppressed energies. The Chaplain’s blows drove three ‘Ard Boyz back, but in succession, their armour blown apart by thunderous impacts from the mighty weapon.

Warboss Gorbag could see the north doors through the smoke and flames by now. Yellowish light spilled through entrance moulding, victory was almost in his grasp, and he was damned if he was going to be beaten now. He clanked forward towards the surviving Salamanders with faithful Ghastkul at his heels, but before he got three paces, fire raked down from the galleries and across both of them. Ghastkul took a blaster round in the face and went down with a splintering sound like off drums being dropped off a cliff. Skarnek managed to get his heavy back-pack force field generator working just in time to deflect a fiery bolt that smashed off the invisible barrier. Unperturbed, despite the fact he was bleeding ever more freely from a dozen shrapnel wounds, Gorbag bit down on his turbo boost control and a jet of extra fuel sent his mega-armour thundering forward, with Skarnek scuttling to keep up.

08.27 THE POWER GENERATORS

The next salvo landed further away and Snagrot heaved a sigh of relief. Several warbucks and a truck full of Boys roared past his flagging Kan. Snagrot looked up ahead to where they were going and tried to figure out where he was on the crude street map chalked on the inside of his Kan. There, that must be the generator thingy ahead. Thought Snagrot,
Suddenly a swarm of white-painted, armoured bikers and vehicles hurtled out of the streets behind it, guns flashing yellow through the muck as they ripped into the warbikes, the trukk, the buildings, and everything else. Wartheks skidded and burned in the onslaught. A few seconds later, the trukk blew and scattered its cargo of Boyz all over the street. Snagrot snarled and kicked the go lever until it broke. His Kan pounded forward, its limp disappearing as it built up to full speed.

The white-armoured Humies were too busy massacring the surviving Trukk Boyz to notice his Kan coming up. Snagrot plunked into their midst without taking a single shot and brought the Kan’s claw down on one of their trikes and smashed it in two. The driver and gunner were mangled in the wreckage, their bright red blood smearing over the white metal. Another trike skidded around nearby and its gunner tried to bring his gun to bear on Snagrot. He jerked the right arm lever and scythed his claw into the vehicle, tearing the driver’s head from his shoulders and burying the claw in its fuel tank. Half a second later the fuel caught a spark and the wreck bloomed in a mushroom cloud of flame. Snagrot was so pleased these white bikers had arrived that he laughed out loud — without them he would never have got a light!

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The thick liquid around his shattered body warmed the Furioso barrelled at full speed into the storage sheds, his little, brothers fighting fiercely alongside him. The Furioso took out an entire section of the wall. Orks swarmed around his legs, axes clanging uselessly off his thick adamantine skin. He wondered at the sheer number of the beasts, but it was inconceivable they could penetrate his armour. They teemed out of the broken building like insects from a shattered hive. He would stamp them into the floor, his metal frame whining as he felt the aliens’ bones pop and crack beneath his feet. In time, they would all lie dead. The Orks were scurrying around him, avoiding his blows. He cursed again at the cruel trick of fate that had cost him his arms. With the power fists operative, he would have bathed in their blood.
Adeon felt a dull clank as something heavy landed on top of the Furioso. He had been engrossed in the fight, feeling the Rake swell behind his weathered sockets. He saw the view behind the Furioso: Orks with crude jump packs had landed to his rear. The one clinging to his back was bigger than the rest, leaping and slapping blood onto his armour, a massive claw churning at his carcass. They hacked at the joints in his limbs with sharp axes, wedging grenades into the recesses of his arms, harrying at him with their crude weaponry. Hewhirled round, flinging three to the floor, but he could still feel the large one climbing up his back, gaining purchase. Suddenly Adeon felt a stinging pain as for the first time in centuries a sharp, thin beam of sunlight fell across his face. He realised with a appalling pang of horror that the beast atop his beloved Furioso wielded a power claw. Electricity crackled across the wound, and the Ork leaned over his consecrated sarcophagus, his sweaty, bloody bulk blocking out the light of the new day’s sun. Adeon felt utter revulsion as a trickle of the beast’s black blood dripped into the sterile waters of his tomb. The Ork’s metal fingers dug deep into the front of his mighty Dreadnought as the Orks swarmed around him, climbing on his arms, firing explosive bolts into his joints. The cruel claw pierced through the skin of his inner sanctum and the amnestic fluids around him spilled into the dirt. He had no choice.

**SELF DESTRUCTION SEQUENCE INITIATED**

**FIVE**

**FOUR**

**THREE**

**TWO**

**ONE**

Emperor have mercy on my soul, prayed Adeon. Then there was only light.

Gorbag crashed into the Space Marines at full speed, trampling one underfoot and cutting another in half with a sweep of his claw. As Skarmac put another one down with his kustom slugs, the ‘Ard Boyz, who had been on the verge of running, threw themselves at the Space Marines again, yelling and screaming as they swarmed back into the fight. Through a red haze of berserker fury, Gorbag saw them bodily dragging down Space Marines and unloading their slugs into the prone bodies of the foe. But they were like children in comparison to the rampaging Warboss. One, two, three, four, the huge figure left a trail of twitching Space Marine corpses in his wake with severed limbs and torn bodies as marks of his passing. One brave warrior managed to swing his chainsword at Gorbag’s exposed face but the Warboss was a seasoned fighter and caught the snarling blade in his claw, crushing it and rending the Space Marine with fist-sized slugs from his kustom shoota. Only the Chaplain survived, cutting his way clear through the ‘Ard Boyz before escaping through the north doors. Gorbag lumbered a few paces after him but he was easily outpaced and the ‘Ard Boyz were keener on looting the Space Marine corpses for extra armour plates than chasing the Space Marine champion.

The bright light outside hurt Gorbag’s eyes. The thunder and rumble of the battle was still about him but he allowed himself a moment’s satisfaction that he had captured this huge factory. Happy visions of looting hoards of tanks and guns manned by his Boyz flicked through his brain. They’d have to start calling him Warlord soon. As if on cue, the wartruck which had split off from his force at the start of the battle clattered around the corner of the factory packed full of Boyz who were racing away into the factory out of sheer exuberance. Gorbag turned to survey his new acquisition and realised it wasn’t exuberance that had prompted the Trukk Boyz fusilade.

The Battlewagon and the Basilisk were still back at the south end, blasting at the garthions with shells, tokkis and zap-bom lightning bolts. They were annihilating green-armoured warboss wherever they struck but a handful of Space Marines still clung to scraps of cover and fired back defiantly. Gorbag cursed roughly. He was going to have to go back and clear out the whole gaizin’ thing again...
The White Scars' attack took the Orks completely by surprise. A row of twin-linked bolters opened fire almost in unison, the air crackling as explosive bolts impacted on the blackened chassis of warbikes and trucks alike. The fleeing Orks ran straight into the teeth of Squad Jharaat's crossfire as they disembarked from their Rhinos, pouring more bolt shells into the beleaguered allies. The Assault Marines descended from above like raptors, bolt pistols flaring as they scattered the green-skinned units around the Ork artillery. Chainswords hissed through alien flesh as they completed the execution.

The Orks abandoned their smoking transport moments before it caught fire, and rushed with a throaty roar towards the White Scars. Subedei Khan kept the triggers of his bolters pressed flat, scores of bullets scything into the Orks, blinding limbs and blood all over the street. To the right, the bulky Attack bikes hissed streams of searing heat into a group of Orks pulling trophies from fallen Blood Angels. Dozens of corpses lay scattered, unrecognisable after a titanic explosion.

Subedei roared in anger, spurring his bike forward, crozzius swinging like a club into the chest of a wounded Ork. The beast came apart; a shower of blood spattering the front of his black vehicle. To his left, Kubeleth Khan charged forward, power spear levelled like a lance. A thick-necked alien was impaled through the throat by the attack, lifted from his feet by the force of the charge. With a twist, Kubeleth Khan wrenched its head from its body, swinging the cracking spear back to catch another between the shoulders. The street was soon filled with the remains of the alien invaders.

The lone Ork Warbike that remained active was driving with commendable skill, weaving in and out of the Marines' blades, even managing to fell one with a blast from his spitting weaponry. Subedei was about to rectify this when a shadow loomed over him from behind the Attack bikes. An Ork dreadnought, hacking into the bikes' armour as if it were parchment-thin. Unable to turn the bulky multi-meltas in time, the warriors died as the scything pincher mangled bike and Marine alike. A blinding explosion of superheated fusion blossomed between Subedei's bike and the Dreadnought, he could feel the wash of heat searing his skin. His squad was moving away, consolidating their position, running down the remains of the Ork resistance. He turned his bike around, determined to avenge his lost brothers in the bloody thrill of the hunt.

Even amongst the swirling, deadly battle around him, Sergeant Hanes could not help but watch Yarrick as he calmly executed the aliens around him. An old man by anyone's standards, his sheer presence elevated him above the howling, bulky Orks trying desperately to fell the ancient warrior. Five of the Orks rushed him at once, shouting bestial curses. Yarrick's biotic eye flashed, a sharp red lance of laser energy slicing across their leader's face. Clutching at his ruined features, the Ork turned tail and ran, his comrades abandoning the charge as Yarrick strode toward them.

The clanking Ork Dreadnoughts were in the thick of the fighting now, lifting one unfortunate Storm Trooper into the air. Even as he fired desperately at the metal monstrosity, bullets striking lines in the rusty steel of the Dreadnought's hull, it closed its pincers. The trooper fell in two pieces to the gravel below. Yarrick strode up to the machine, staring up at it, his face contorted with anger. Small wonder the Orks feared his gaze, thought Hanes, Mastering his squad, Hanes charged into the fray alongside the Commissar. He heard the hydraulics of the pincer hiss as the Dreadnought sent a hammer blow towards Yarrick's chest. He saw the searing forcefield of amber energy buckle around Yarrick for a second, fighting against the inertia of the attack. Then, to his horror, the pincers broke through, catching Yarrick around the chest.

Yarrick was down in the air like a trophy. With a hissing of hydraulics and the whine of servomotors, the cruel pincer began to close. Hanes heard the old man's ribs crack under his ornate armour. He was powerless to help, desperately fending off the attacks of the aliens, and he knew with a sickening certainty that if Yarrick was killed Temporator would fall, that they would die to the last man. Yarrick's biotic eye scored deep scars across the armoured hull of the machine, trying in vain to find a weak point. The beast raised Yarrick higher for all to see.

In a blur, the Commissar's famous battle claw whipped out, catching a thick bundle of wires and hydraulics in its iron grasp. Yarrick snipped through the thick cords, a gout of steam and oil hissing from the gap as the pincer relaxed its grip. Hanes looked on in amazement as the old man started to take the war machine apart with the grim concentration of a surgeon. The battle seemed to have stopped as all eyes watched the frail old man pull the monstrosity's claw open with hardly any effort. The Dreadnought emitted a high pitched whine, its metal muscles and electronic sinews severed, powerless to react as Yarrick climbed onto the top of the iron beast. He stood there above the rolling mass, bloodied but triumphant, head held high. Then, as he shouted praise to the Emperor, the old man opened fire on the Orks. The aliens scattered, before him as the Imperial troops surged forward. Hanes snarled and pressed his slaughter.
WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY

Rowlands: I’m sure Gary and Andy will be suffering from a severe case of “If it hadn’t been for those pesky White Scars!” Even so we all agreed it was a fantastic game, with plenty of memorable moments; my personal favourite was when Yanick went one to one with a Killer Kan on the last turn and emerged bloody but victorious.

At the time it felt absolutely right that the Imperium won. As far as I was concerned the Imperial Guard had played really well defending both the Comms Centre and the Bridgehead. In fact not only was the Bridgehead held, the Imperial Guard advanced over it and assaulted the Orks on the other side! In the centre the Imperial Guard had fared well too. The Ork advance had been stopped by the timely assault of Yanick, the Command HQ and the Storm Troopers. Throughout the game the Imperial Guard had provided good fire support, especially that fantastic shot against Gary’s Warboss’s trunk!

It was literally in a turn that things went from going well to seeming very shaky indeed. In turn three, the Orks seemed to do everything right. Tanks exploded, Space Marines were hacked to pieces, and the Tank Factory looked like it was going to fall to the Orks. The orbital barrages, which up until then hadn’t been worrying us, suddenly started raining death. The Orks were closing in, and when they do that it’s bad news! Moving through the streets was a risky business. The Ork support weapons on the bridge had to be removed before the Chemsons could cross safely (as safely as you can when you’re approaching a horde of alien barbarans intent on destroying you!).

Imperial Guard allied with Space Marines are a frightening force. The Guard provide solid firepower, whilst the Space Marines excel in close quarter fighting. In fact, the Blood Angels excelled so much and carved so far forward that I was unable to support them. This led to the Blood Angels fighting half the Ork army on their own, and suffering very badly for it. The Salamanders also had a tough ride against the Orks, almost being wiped out to a man. The Imperial side had decided that the Salamanders could hold out on their own. This was our big mistake. In hindsight it would have been far better to have supported the Salamanders with Yanick, the Storm Troopers, the Command HQ and the Hellhound. Together we could have burned the Ork scum out of the factory, and dispatched any left alive.

Andy and Gary were challenging opponents who never gave up, even when Gordon bombarded them (although there were a few groans!). There was a great sense of fun on the day, and I hope this battle report inspires avid gamers everywhere to play lots of Armageddon games. We may have won a narrow victory, but there will be many more battles before the Orks are driven from Tempestor...

OBJECTIVES

1: The Main Bridgehead (IMPERIAL)
2: The Generator Spheres (IMPERIAL)
3: The Barracks (ORKS)
4: The Comms Relay Centre (IMPERIAL)
5: The Tank Factory (North) (CONTESTED)
6: The Tank Factory (South) (ORKS)

Owen: I was in placed in charge of the factory and my mission brief was “whatever happens, don’t let it fall into Ork hands.” Our side thought this would be a simple task, but we were wrong. The first thing I noticed was that the Salamanders would be up against was the Warboss and his retinue, supported by about thirty Ork Boyz in three trucked-up Ork vehicles. I managed to slow down their advance for the first few turns by immobilizing the wagons, but it wasn’t long before the Warboss got into the fight and proceeded to wipe out most of my army. I had nothing that could stop him except time. However, luck was on my side and the game ended with just enough Space Marines left to contest one objective and deny the Orks the victory points. If the game had gone on for another turn, I would have lost the factory and given the enemy a draw. Thanks to a squad of eight Salamanders dodging shells from an Orky Basilisk, this didn’t happen, and the Imperium won by the smallest of margins. It was tooth and nail all the way but the Salamanders of the Adeptus Astartes hung in there and proved their worth.

Alan: The Sons of Sanguinius excel at one thing: close combat. With a Blood Angels arm they really is a case of getting in the thick of the fighting as quickly as you can, and this is exactly what I did. However, although my Death Company squad caused tremendous damage with their first devastating charge, my timing was slightly out and the Assault Marine squads reached the enemy a little later, by which time most of the Death Company had been killed. Full credit to Andy for pouring in enough troops to finish the job, if he’d hesitated I would have broken right through to the Power Generator and defended it to the last man. Also, if the Fusco hadn’t been crippled by those lucky Tankbusta shots, I feel sure it would have wreaked havoc amongst the alien ranks.

A little more support and my initial push would have led the way to a complete rout. Still, I very nearly collapsed the enemy’s flank, it was an Imperial victory and there was tons of bloodshed – at the end of the day, what Blood Angels player could ask for more?
Matt: I really hate Ork Dreadnoughts. It was all going so well until that Dread turned up right next to the Cooling Towers. Up until then, everything was going to plan. My fifty-man Black Templars squad led by the Emperor’s Champion easily managed to slaughter the large Ork unit protecting this first objective. In the end my fifty strong unit proved to be a disadvantage as it meant I couldn’t get my Dreadnought into base contact with the Ork Dread. The Black Templars special rule that they never break from combat meant that I had to wait until the squad got lucky and destroyed the Dreadnought or got killed in return. When I finally got the opportunity to charge, my superior Space Marine Dreadnought easily destroyed the crude Ork one, but by then it was too late to win the game.

In hindsight I should have sent my Dreadnought with the initial wave so that if anything nasty turned up I would have had the right tools to destroy it. In the end though it was my own indecision that lost me the game. My Terminator squad spent the game going back and forth, when what it should have been doing was engaging at the same time as the Command squad and Assault squad. When they did get into combat they were pretty destructive, but again this was too late.

Gordon Davidson

Gordon: So finally the Imperial artillery was silenced. In my defence it took Adi six full turns with almost almost double the amount of troops I had (reserves add up you know and the two Fighta-Bommerz were lethal). I’m very proud of the accuracy of my barrages; not only did they destroy large numbers of Orks, they also wound Andy C up immensely! No matter what my guess was, they would deviate onto his huge mob of Killer Kans, causing mayhem and no small amount of mirth on my part.

This was an exciting and very different battle to fight and the initial shots from my Leman Russ and Basilisk severely blunted the Ork attack. Adi had to fight a long, slow war of attrition that, had he not been allowed extra reserves, would have been too much for him to overcome. To be fair, the scenario did weigh heavily in my favour, and allowing ourselves some flexibility in the rules gave Adi a fighting chance (he was tremendously sporting in very trying circumstances).

I had a great day, upheld the honour of the Imperium, guessed huge barrages ranges very accurately, participated in the most ambitious battle report ever written, and we won. Hurrah!

Paul: This was a game of two halves if ever there was one! We had planned to play the game to conclusion and then retire to watch the main game unfold with either myself or Alex actually affecting the outcome. However, it wasn’t to be as my inability to make armour saves and a distinctly wishy-washy battleplan led to something of a stalemate with only a handful of survivors on each side. And all this by luncheon!

So, with Alex now more familiar with his army we decided that neither side had enough troops to carry on with the fight, the survivors would return to their main forces and garner reinforcements with which to take advantage of the ‘hole’ in the enemy line. Meeting once again on the open plains outside the hive itself, the second clash proved to be a much more decisive affair.

Prepared for the Speed Freeks mobility (and the outrageous Outriders!), I decided to keep my force compact and attack in devastating waves rather than assault piecemeal, as my advantage of mobility was countered by the Speed Freeks’ own manoeuvrability. Other priorities were to effectivly take the Warboss and his retinue out of the game as early as possible by freezing his turks and forcing them to cross the battlefield on foot, effectively neutralizing them for the early part of the battle. Oh, and those pesky Outriders had to die! Luckily Chaplain Subedal Khan’s stirring oration as the White Scars sped to battle did the trick (power armour and twin-linked bolters helped of course) and the Orks were soundly thrashed, run down by the speeding Space Marines intent on aiding their Imperial allies at the hive.

This left me to make an entrance on the main table and although the White Scars would be arriving later than anticipated they would still be able to make a significant impact. We decided that we were only going to play on for another turn as the day was drawing to a close. So with only one turn to play with I couldn’t afford the Tank Factory conflict as I would have hoped but instead opted to cleanse the alien filth from the Power Generators objective. With speed and precision, the white-armoured children of Jhagatai Khan swept the Greenskins away and ultimately turned the tide of the battle in favour of the vainant Imperial defenders.
Andy: We wuz robbed! The White Scars arrived and nicked an objective off us at the proverbial eleventh hour. This meant me and Gary got one measly turn to kick them off it and then the game was ended because we were ‘out of time’. Piffl talk about the clock being your enemy (I prefer perfectly timed lightning attack". - Fat Bloke). Admittedly all the players were dead beat by then and barely capable of lifting dice, let alone continuing the conflict, but this so-called Imperial ‘Victory’ deserves to be thoroughly sneered at (Mutter, grumble, whine).

The game itself was great fun. It was tremendous to be able fight across such a cinematic battlefield. Admittedly me and Owen found to our cost that those ragged holes in your hands and arms as you struggle to move troops around inside it (real bloodshed!). The combination of darkness and inaccessibility inside the factory produced some unexpected results. Like not realising quite how many Salamanders were in there until about turn four (not just me either, Gordon wandered up while we were deploying and made the immortal comment ‘Not much Imperial stuff in there’).

As it turned out there was an entire 1,600 point Space Marine army in the factory, and our mechanised blitz got bogged down. In retrospect I should have included some mobs of foot troops to help clear the place, especially the upper grottoes where the Salamanders clung on to the end. Just one extra casualty on the surviving Salamander squad would have clinched the whole building and that would at least have kept the game to a draw. But it was not to be.

I was wrong to think that the Imperial players would be in disarray because there were three of them. Quite sensibly, each Imperial player had given themselves a single area of operations to think about, whereas me and Gary ended up running up and down the battlefield endlessly. We would have been better off dividing the table between us and concentrating on our respective sectors. Overall the distance we had to cover into the teeth of the enemy’s guns was too great to achieve anything decisive except in the attack on the factory. I suppose what we should have done was ensured Alex Boyd, a veteran Ork Warboss but not with a Speed Freek army, had some practice beforehand instead of throwing him into the arena with Fat Bloke. To be fair on Alex he did hold the White Scars to a mutually-assured-destruction-athon in the first game of the day, but then the Marines broke through decisively on the second go.

Last of all I should say thank you to everyone who played or helped out, especially Gav and Jervis for sorting out the scenarios (a proper ‘thank you’ for the devastating off-table bombardments will be arranged for them in due course) and the guys from Warhammer World who let us play on their bloody table.

Gary: Curse those White Scars! After a shaky start I think Andy and I had the Imperium on the back foot, and I suspect they were a bit worried. If Paul hadn’t stolen that objective from me at the last minute, the result could have been very different. Still, I suppose that it’s in character to have the Space Marines turning up at the last minute and saving the day. The style of this game was very much dictated by the terrain. We were so far apart that even if moving a full 6 inches each time we would still take 6 turns to reach the enemy. The Ork plan therefore depended on holding our own objectives and attacking the one which was most accessible – the Tank Factory. I still think this was a sound approach.

This was a very enjoyable game, despite Gordon’s dastardly accurate bombardment from the adjacent table. The Orks’ performance was variable, as usual, with some units disappointing and others excelling.

It was disastrous to have my Warboss’s truck blown up with a lucky shot on the first turn – despite having a kustom force field protecting it – and then watch as all those points in mega-armoured Nobz tip-toed forwards 6 inches in the whole battle. All my regular opponents will be laughing at me and saying ‘I told you so’ because this always seems to happen to them.

There were some great highlights though. The Orks with rokkits excelled, damaging or destroying several tanks and blowing both the arms off the Blood Angels Dreadnought. Everyone knows an Ork can’t hit a barn door at twenty paces – but remember that an Ork rokkit launcher costs half as much as a Marine equivalent, which makes things even! When up against Marines or tanks, Orks need lots of rokkits, and the Imperium was rightly afraid of exposing their armoured units to them.

The Stormboyz also did well, clearing the Blood Angels out of one objective and finishing them off as they fled. Up until now my experience with Stormboyz has been that July too said in WD246 that they run away too fast, but with fifteen in the mob they performed much better – the enemy have to kill five before there’s any real chance of them breaking, and in city terrain they can make effective use of cover and are useful for gaining a height advantage. Finally Kandreg, the Stormboyz Nob who, in a former battle, stole a Dreadnought powerpack to make a jump pack, bagged another trophy by killing off the Furloso Dreadnought.

Orks have no concept of looting and all of this blow’n up of tanks and nppin’ apart of Dreadnoughts has just served to encourage them further. They had so much fun that they’re bound to be back, and next time the siezy Guard might not have their big brothers with them to hold their hand. Waaaagh!
FLANK MARCH

Alex: The first half of the day was exceptionally bloody and a lot of fun on both sides. I threw everything I had at Paul's White Scars, and he fought back just as hard – in the end, pretty much all of the squads had been wiped out. It was so fast and furious that it was over before the main game was even halfway finished, so we decided to fight it again. In retrospect, I wish we'd left it.

Paul learnt from his mistakes and in the second game he deployed all his hard-hitting troops in one block, breaking through my defences in one devastating charge. With hindsight, I think the Speed Freeks were always going to have a tough time against the White Scars. These fanatical Orks excel at one thing: manoeuvrability. Against a White Scars force, this advantage disappears; the Marines can respond just as quickly. As a result, the armies are on an equal footing, but with one big difference: Speed Freeks just don't have the numbers to pull down Space Marines. My traditional tactic of huge mobs of angry Orks was denied to me, and so Paul was able to break through and reinforce the Imperials on the main table.

Still, I loved playing with the unusual elements of the Speed Freeks army; Outriders are deadly, Slogga Boyz in trukks never fail to make an impact, and my Warboss proved to be virtually invulnerable (so many 6+ saves...). In the end, everybody had a great time.

SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

Adi: Well let's face it, halfway through the battle the game was lost. Gordon had smashed my forces and there was no way I was going to salvage anything. He won.

We then decided that all my vehicles could recycle onto the table, but that didn't really help either.

I have to say it all came down to a few lucky dice rolls and Gordon saying “Yeah you can scale that sheer wall without penalty” and stuff like that. I made poor use of the Bommex although I really hate them. I would have been better off getting in close and shooting a Basilisk in the rear armour with all the short range shotty guns rather than the ‘one shot kills all’ smart bomb, that has to hit on a 5+. Anyway I won through in the end (inevitably really) even though the main table got blasted rather badly. It would have been better if I had been allowed to recycle all my vehicles from the start (or had more troops), but hindsight is a wonderful thing!

Karl: Well what can I say but ‘Yes! Eat that you Imperial scumbags!’ This was a battle I didn't think I could win. My main game plan was just to hold up the Black Templars as long as possible, allowing me to place as many barrages onto the main table as I could. It worked better than I thought.

I placed the Shoota Boyz and Stikk Bommarz on the two objectives nearest to the Space Marine deployment zone, the rest of my army came on in reserves. The Shoota Boyz were too close to the enemy, so they only had one shooting round before the Black Templars front line was upon them. As Karl had chosen the ‘accept any challenge, no matter the odds’ vow, he was hitting me on a 3+.

The Shoota Boyz were doomed, only their weight of numbers allowed them to survive as long as they did. The Coolant Tanks looked like they would be the first objective to fall. Through a stroke of luck my Ork Dreadnought arrived in time to charge into the rampaging mass of Black Templars. The Marines needed 6s just for a glancing hit after the Emperor’s Champion was crushed to death, so I know the Dreadnought could hold out for some time.

My plan of using the Trukk Boyz and the Warboss as fast response squads worked a treat, allowing my forces to stop the Space Marines whenever they tried to advance on the objectives. They also allowed me to move on the enemy’s flanks, causing confusion and taking Matt's mind off his mission.

My only regrets were setting my Shoota Boys too far in and that the zzap guns didn't see enough action. Then again, who cares, because I won! WAAAGH!
Thanks once again to everybody who took part or contributed to this battle report, especially the guys from Warhammer World, who not only let us use their fantastic boards but also put up with a two-week photoshoot in their hall with near inhuman patience. Also thanks to Nick Davis and Rich Baker for building such a cool Space Hulk board in such a short time. Cheers lads!

E34: PLAZA-IMPATER

Sergeant Haines lay exhausted at the base of a shattered statue at the heart of Hive Tempestor. He was surrounded by the wounded and dying, a fine layer of drifting dust covering the scattered corpses of aliens and humans alike. He was bleeding from dozens of cuts, the linings of his greatcoat sticky with congealed blood. His ears rang, blocking out the moans of the battered soldiers surrounding him. Every joint felt like it had been dislocated. He could feel his pulse beating behind his eyes.

And yet, Haines’ heart felt fit to burst. He had fought alongside Commissar Yarrick, actually next to him, and pushed the Orks, some of the way at least, out of the hive. Somehow he was still alive. This morning Haines felt sure he would not see the colours of the sunset, that he would die with a rusty Ork blade through his chest, or blown apart by an unseen explosion. In the space of one morning he had killed a score of the beast’s, his boots slick with their blood. He knew for a certainty that at least two of his squad had made it through the battle alive. Haines knew this would be the most important day of his life, a day that would be remembered.

But Sergeant Haines knew there were many more battles to fight - to complete the cleansing of this area, to drive the Orks out of the rest of Hive Tempestora, and ultimately to win back the entire planet. This war would not be over quickly. And Orks never gave up, no matter how many of their number they lost. It was against their nature.

A change of pressure and the low thrumming of powerful engines made Haines look up. A deep green Thunderhawk gunship streaked across the anemic sky, casting a brief shadow over the square. The Salamanders of the Adeptus Astartes, leaving as abruptly as they arrived, their medics reclaiming what they could from the many casualties. They would be heading straight to a new combat zone, thought Haines, immersing themselves once more in their lives of eternal war.

H Hive Monitor Van Heulen surveyed the wreckage of his city from the observation deck of the airship. He had long since stopped calculating the damage - numbers too large for his mind to encompass fading from his tired brain. In a way, the crushing despair had retreated, curiosity taking its place.

Below him was the skeleton of the city, the bones beneath Tempestora exposed by the plague of Orks. Buildings he knew like his own household were ablaze, plumes of acrid smoke reaching up to him through the clouds of dust, hot winds sculpting them into whirling, abstract shapes. Van Heulen felt light-headed as an explosion on the south walls tore away another chunk of the disintegrating hive, structures tumbling slowly and silently to the athen floor.

Imperial shuttles shot through the night beneath him, carrying tanks and soldiers to wherever they were needed next. It was of little consequence who had won the battle. Hive Tempestor had been ground into the ash just as he had foreseen. This was the price of war.

Van Heulen sighed, and leant his forehead on the reinforced glass. He prayed that one day it would all be restored, one day they would drive the Orks back into space forever. After such losses, such hideous casualties and world-spanning destruction, they couldn’t possibly invade again. That, at least, was certain.

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