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...
95 ▼ Warzone Tempestora!
The cataclysmic conclusion.

64 ▼ Warmaster Terrain
Some of the great Warmaster Terrain available from Forgeworld.

23 ▼ One of our Colonels is missing!
Three linked battles played on the same night in different stores.

51 ▼ Land Raider Crusader
The new Land Raider variant arrives.
WHlf£ SWiiPF CONTENTS

Regulars
2 Games Workshop News
All the latest happenings at Games Workshop.
36 Index Astartes
An in depth look at the Salamanders Space Marine Chapter.
70 Games Workshop Stores
What's going on in your local Games Workshop store.
87 Games Workshop Stockists
Where can you find our independant stockists.
117 Mail Order
Brand new deals from the Mail Order Trolls and all the new releases.

WARHAMMER WARZONE TEMPESTORA – PART 2
The Imperial defenders are hard pressed as the Ork horde smashes into them. Who will win? Find out in the concluding part of last month's epic battle report.

Features
7 Best of Enemies
Why do Ghazghkull and Yarrick hate each other?
11 Arena of Death
Step inside the Arena of Death as Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka and Commissar Yarrick fight man to, er, Ork!
23 One of our Colone's is missing!
Check out the results of these Battles for Armageddon that the intrepid OZ Studio lads played against some of the Games Workshop Retail boys.
32 Wild Magic
A Mordheim Scenario that takes you closer to the pit.
22 The Future of Warmaster
Rick Priestley explains the future of Warmaster is bright.
51 Land Raider Crusader
A new assault variant of the Land Raider.
54 The Grand Mustering
The huge Empire and Dwarf armies of Mark Roberts
64 Warmaster Terrain
Forge World has loads of superb resin terrain for Warmaster.
66 Bigger, Better, Badder!
Tuomas tells us all about the upcoming new Warhammer.
76 Delaying Action
Our ladz from Brisbane and Mt Gravatt present the last of their linked scenarios.
80 Alien Menace
A treatise on the Ork tribes on Armageddon.

Production Team
Editor: Dave Taylor
Justin "Booster" Keyes
Matt Weaver
Paul Sawyer
aka Fat Bloke
Graham Davey
Nick Davis
Matt Hutson
Phil Kelly
Rich Baker
Cover Artwork; Dave Gallagher
Artwork
John Blanche, Dave Gallagher, Alex Boyd, Paul Jeacock, Neil Hodgson, Adrian Smith, Nuala Kennedy, Paul Dainton, Karl Kopinski & John Wigley

Contributors
Gavin Thorpe, Jervis Johnson, Andy Chambers, Dylan Owen, Jonathan Green, Gordon Davidson, Rowland Cox, Gary James, Karl Fenwick, Alex Boyd, Alan Marriott, Mark Roberts, Troy Cukas, Ryan Kennedy, Dan Richardson, Nick Gilbert, Ben Harris, Geoffrey Macpherson & Dean Rowe

Easy Metal Team
Owen Branham, Martin Footitt, Mark Jones, Keith Robertson, Neil Green, Richard Baker, Dave Thomas, Kirsten Mickelburgh, Joe Hill & Chris Smart

Product Code: 60249999249

ISSN 0265-8712

9770265871059
Fat Bloke Editorial

Paul Sawyer
'Fat Bloke' and Editor

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 sub-sector. 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 Tempestorum, 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,

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 here in the Oz White Dwarf Bunker had heard, he was off trekking across a glacier in Canada. Let’s just hope he doesn’t sit down whilst on the glacier, as we imagine that the ples would really hurt. So in the meantime we’ve nicked one of the Fat Bloke’s Editorials from the U.K. to pop in the place of Dave’s.
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 (‘t’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 Jerv’s refreshing attitude to the game. Jerv 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 Longfang 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 minibuses having a vote for who was the scariest driver (Doug Lister won!). All went very smoothly in spite of an almost complete lack of sleep. Pictured here at the top of Carrantouhill in Ireland are: Dave Cross, Helen Morley, Chris ‘Commissar’ Bone, Sue Ladbrooke 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, and 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 Ravenguard, you can check out their website at: [http://ravenguard.iwarp.com/](http://ravenguard.iwarp.com/) or telephone the club organiser Adam Nordberg on: (07) 4151 1448, or E-mail him at: ehirman0@excite.com

Based in Weribee, 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 Synnot St Weribee. 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 wargames 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) either on: (03) 9974 1187, 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, Weribee, Victoria, 3030.

We have news of a new club which has just been formed in the Cessnock area, The **P.C.Y.C. Trollslayers** 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, Trollslayer 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 Trollslayers, you can contact the Club Organiser, Tony Sharpe, on: (02) 4990 5171.

If you remember last month we featured here **Denizens of the Coast Wargaming Club**, we now have news of their second "Ye Olde Worlde 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 venue, you can contact either Julian Gatt on (02) 4940 1668 (BH) / 0419 881 688(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. 1800.
This month's releases for Warhammer 40,000:

**IMPERIAL GUARD**
- Armageddon Steel Legion Commissar
- Armageddon Steel Legion Lieutenant
- Armageddon Steel Legion assault weapon and Sergeant
- Armageddon Steel Legion Missile Launcher team
- Armageddon Steel Legion troopers (3 models per blister)
- Armageddon Steel Legion Heavy Bolter team
- Armageddon Steel Legion Lascannon team

**SPACE ORKS**
- Ork Stromboyz Nob
- Ork Warboss
- Ork Tankbustas

**SPACE MARINES**
- Scout bike squadron (plastic and metal boxed set)
- Black Templars squad (plastic and metal boxed set)
- Space Marine Devastator w/Multi-melta
- Space Marine Landraider Crusader

**ELDAR**
- Eldar Fire Dragons Exarch
- Eldar Swooping Hawks Exarch

This month's releases from the Black Library:

**WARHAMMER MONTHLY**
- 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

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

**SPACE MARINES**
- Scout bike squadron (plastic and metal boxed set) $59.95 $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 Dragons Exarch $11.95 $13.95
- Eldar Swooping Hawks Exarch $11.95 $13.95

**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**
Merciless 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 druchi as he travels the Warhammer world in search of the five arcane artefacts that will free his soul from the Daemon Tz'arkan. Darkblade Book 1 is essential comic carnage from the pens of Kev Hopgood and Dan Abnett.
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 picture below, and below-right, are a 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 regiments from Necromunda, Luther McIntyre’s and Armageddon. His last mission was to run the Department Munitorium 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 whilst fighting on V’run. 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 were it 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 Ugulhard would have swept away human resistance were it not for the presence of Yarrick himself.

The Ork Warlord glimpsed the Commissar across the battlelines 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 and Yarrick and his right arm at the elbow. The Warlord’s policy of 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 Ugulhard’s bony head from his shoulders. The Ork’s body collapsed to the ground whilst the 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-skinned warriors could see it and knew their champion had suffered defeat. A hush fell over the battlefield as man and Ork gazed in silence upon the gnarled old man brandishing the bloody claw. Then the humans cheered and the Orks wailed in horror, and all at once the defenders leapt upon the aliens 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 green skull. Yarrick understood the Ork mind well and exploited this weakness to the full. He had Ugulhard’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 lasera, and had a bio-implant made that projected a pulse of laser light. This terrified the Orks even more and they called him the Bale 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 paint a confused picture of heroism and dark savagery as the Orks gradually infiltrated the hive complex. But all agree 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 bought proved too much for the aliens with indomitable vigour. Wherever Yarrick stood, the Orks thought of defeat. A hush fell over the battlefield as man and Ork gazed in silence upon the gnarled old man who could kill with a glance.

Yarrick himself.
Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka started his career as a common Goff Ork trooper on the backwater planet of Urk. During a raid, a bolted shell pulsed a large area of his cranium and he suffered extensive brain damage. An Ork Painboy called Doc Grotsnik replaced part of his cerebellum with a bionic device made of an incredible, strong metal called adamantium. 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 stirred 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 it 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 Waaagh! 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 cataclysmic 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 became 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 gunner, gunning down opponents and demonstrating the devastating effects of his adamantium skull when the fighting gets up close and personal.

Graffiti on Warlord Titan Wreckage found by Dark Angels at Westfalsfront IV
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 ground pounders!
The fight of the Millennium
GHAZGHKULL 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.

In the green corner – ‘The Hand of Gork & Mork’, Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka!

In the red corner – Commissar ‘Saviour of Hades Hive’ Yarrick!

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.

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 served 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...
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 him 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 cheated – 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 bolter 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 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 all that 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.
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.

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 Russ. 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 shoota 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!
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 Tankbusta Boyz are also here. These lads are perfect for destroying troublesome enemy tanks. Last but not least is the Stormboyz Nob to lead your Stormboyz to where the fighting is thickest.
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 (Apparently that's his name - DT) takes a closer look at the background of these adrenaline charged tread heads.

Spored to be Wild

The mere thought of ear deafening noise, machines and charging at full speed into battle is enough to make 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 Battlewagons. In fact 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 Kultz 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.
Grand Warlord Adrian Wood has used bits from all manner of plastic kits to convert his Ork bikes.
Orks who number of Freek has the tribe's kiss a fight, irbuggy or II soon be ready to kill

Stuart Witter's scratch-built Ork Battlewagon.
Chris Smart used bits from other Ork vehicles to customize the vehicles in the Studio Speed Freeks army.

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 Meks are always seeking test 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 Kultboy, 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 Fighta-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 like 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 Fighta-Bommerz 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 trukks 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 outcast 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 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 furst', 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 da trigga, 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.

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 rhythmical repetition, it was obvious that Bogrot was agitated. He had been sat on his stationary bike for less than a minute, but it seemed like 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 wiv dere pantz down. Thankfully he could see his leader approaching in his heavily kustomised 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.

Above the almighty din, the Warboss shouted at Bogrot, but the Ork could only see Grimtuff's mouth moving - no words could be heard through the noise of the two rumbling engines.

"Speak up boss, I can't 'ear ya!" the biker yelled, revving his throttle once again for good measure.

"I sed wait fur da uvvas or you'll get shot ta shreds!" the Warboss screamed at Bogrot.

"Race all da uvvas, full speed ahead! Righto Boss." Bogrot let the clutch of his bike slip, pulling a fantastic wheelie as he tore off into the distance, heading straight towards the Marines' camp, who to the dismay of the Warlord and his surpise plan, had been in the middle of heavy weapons target practice.

"Oh well! Who wants ta live forever?" Grimtuff 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.
Ceramic armour cracked beneath the heavy weight of the bike as it hurtled over the fallen Space Marine, continuing its rampage through the enemy's flank. The giant Ork briefly looked down to see the carnage he had just caused. With a grim smile of satisfaction, he noticed the green helmet of the Dark Angel had been crushed to a messy pulp of bone, armour and flesh. Another Space Marine jumped out in front of his bike, his bolter already flashing its hail of deadly shells. Wazzdakka squeezed the red trigger on his crossbar, howling madly as the twin-jinked big shoots and his own scratch-built blasta blazed simultaneously. His bike continued its charge, blood spraying from the wheel as it passed through the puddle where seconds earlier the Space Marine had stood. The speed and ferocity with which his Bike Boyz had struck the flank of the Space Marines had caught the whole army by surprise. Wazzdakka was impressed. The Flamin' Wheelz Speed Kult bikers had devastated the defensive lines, allowing the mob to advance without any resistance. Now it was simply a matter of hunting every last one of these humans down. These ladz could handle any day.

Out of the corner of his eye the Ork leader spotted a fast moving object closing in on his position. Turning to face it, Wazzdakka's black heart leapt for joy. A lone Dark Angels bike was charging at him, its bolt shells exploding all around. Spinning the rear end of the massive warbike, he turned the machine to face the new challenge. The Emperor's Warrior was still a fair distance away, so Wazzdakka let his bike accelerate. Space Marine and Ork hurtled at high speed straight towards each other. The distance between them closed at an alarming rate as the dial on the bike's speedo began to climb faster and faster - he would soon be at maximum velocity.

The two bikes were now within metres of each other. The game of chicken was on and it was Wazzdakka's favourite. The Ork knew Space Marine bikers too well; they would rather die than bring dishonour to their Chapter by breaking off. With a millisecond to spare, the infamous biker veered slightly to his left, drawing his enormous choppa. Its blade chattered as the sharp metal teeth, stained red from the blood of countless victims, began their deadly cycle. He thrust the weapon out horizontally, his long muscular arm extended to its fullest length. The Space Marine's bike continued its charge forward until colliding to a halt with a ruined building. The rider's body was still upright in the saddle, his gauntlet tightly gripping the throttle, whilst the severed, helmeted head rolled to a halt in a nearby crater hole.

Chambers' converted Battlewagon, built around the Space Marine Land Raider.
## 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!

### YOUR DETAILS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name:</th>
<th>Address:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 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+ □

### ORK INVADERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Supreme Commander's name:</th>
<th>Tick all armies that took part:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Orks □  Speed Freeks □  Chaos □  Dark Eldar □  Eldar □  Tyranids □</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### IMPERIAL DEFENCE FORCES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Supreme Commander's name:</th>
<th>Tick all armies that took part:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Space Marines □  Imperial Guard □  Sisters of Battle □  Eldar □</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### WIN LOSE OR DRAW?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Imperial victory □  Ork victory □  Draw □</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

### Which warzone are you fighting for?

- Plains of Anthrand (Africa) □
- Death Mire (France) □
- Equatorial Jungle (Asia & South America) □
- Infernus inc. Palidus & Diablo Mountains (UK) □
- Helsreach (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) □
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 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 Hardtkaur) missing in action in the Fire Wastes whilst relaying battle plans.

Boosters Slack Templars would be scouring the coastal areas near the Argyle River in search of Von Hardtkaur and clash with my Kult of Speed (Wizbang Golaresta'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 GaunLs 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!
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 changes 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 trukks spread across the table and sped forward towards the four counters on their side of the river. The scent armoured Dakka Mob dismounted behind a bunker to the east, with “Wazzagor’s Sluggas” jumping out into the forest to the west. Opposite Squad “Wazzagor’s Sluggas” jumping out into the forest to the west. Opposite Squad Gruber was already there, covered by the boltgun armed Squads Gruber & Ronoke.

Turn Two
Warboss Gofarsta, Da Buggies (two), Zagruk’s thirteen Stormboyz and Skraga’s ten Skarboyz arrived and sped forward towards the four place where Zaggul had discovered the now dead trees that were screening the thrivins, taking out the rokkit launchers on Skraga’s trukk. To the east, Squad Agrippa reached the island at the river ford, taking out an Ork warthog, Squad Ronoke advanced behind them. Squadron Gruber Immobilised Skraga’s trukk with boiler fire, but inflicted no damage in their assault.

To the west, the ten Black Templars Auxiliary Squad Fokker supported in their five battle brothers of Assault Squad Werner-Fokker screened the Land Raider, whilst Wernashes lead his Nobz towards the Zap trukk. Advancing into battle, Grand Marshal Hughes de Payen disembarked his Command Squad from their Razorback. The Grand Marshal opened fire on the nearby Helreda tram’s trukk, destroying it with an accurate shot from his plasma pistol, in the ensuing explosion three boys were engulfed in flames. Chasing towards Hughes de Payen personally slew six of the Ork squad, the remaining Ork lied and was trampled by the advancing command squad. Hughes de Payen and his bodyguard continued into Wazzagor’s mob behind.

Turn Three
With ‘Flight of the Valkyries’ bursting the speakers, Mek Zagdakka’s Dethkopta squadron flew through the eastern gorge, and Da Bikerz 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 halved by rokkit, shoota and slugga fire from the Dakka Mob, advancing buggies and Skraga’s Skarboyz. Trundled forward, its big shootas and Da Hotdooz (burna mob) who headed through the forest towards the Land Raider.

As the second whirlwind pulsed forward in the next to its brother, the first tank fired at Da Bikers, only killing a nearby Stormboy. The Sword Brethren advanced through the ruins that were screening the thrivins, taking out the rokkit launchers on Skraga’s trukk. To the east, Squad Agrippa reached the island at the river ford, taking out an Ork warthog, Squad Ronoke advanced behind them. Squad Gruber Immobilised Skraga’s trukk with boiler fire, but inflicted no damage in their assault.

To the west, the ten Black Templars Auxiliary Squad Fokker supported in their five battle brothers of Assault Squad Werner-Fokker screened the Land Raider, whilst Wernashes lead his Nobz towards the Zap trukk. Advancing into battle, Grand Marshal Hughes de Payen disembarked his Command Squad from their Razorback. The Grand Marshal opened fire on the nearby Helreda tram’s trukk, destroying it with an accurate shot from his plasma pistol, in the ensuing explosion three boys were engulfed in flames. Chasing towards Hughes de Payen personally slew six of the Ork squad, the remaining Ork lied and was trampled by the advancing command squad. Hughes de Payen and his bodyguard continued into Wazzagor’s mob behind.

Turn Four
On the far west, Skraga’s battlewagon trundled forward, as big shots destroyed two of Squad Werner’s Space Marines in half.

In the centre, Da Kraw’s five Nobz warthogs roared towards Zagrug while Wernashes lead his Nobz towards the rampaging High Marshal Hughes de Payen. With the buggies in support on the river bank, Skraga’s groff rigger Fint resurrected the immobilised trukk, and immediately reversed away from the approaching Space Marines. Jumping from the trukk, Skraga’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 an offense” but it seemed like a good plan to me. My new battle plan was simple, shoot anything that presented themselves as a target, and assault anything 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 dok, my army is constructed mainly around my vehicles. I made sure I had a solid core of boyz to chop down Booster’s Templars, especially two mobs of Skarboyz for strength 4 action, also with lots of burnaz. My bikes/koptas would give big shoota fire support, with two Zzaps to combat his Land Raider. The Whirlwinds concerned me, along with being charged by Space Marines who failed their break tests resulting in shooting casualties, denying me any charge bonuses.

Da Plan: spread out, use speed to locate Von Hardtkaufls 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 Deathkopas laid down a hail of fire at Squad Agrippa. Only two marines succeeded despite inflicting nineteen wounds in combat. The Templarsreply by dropping three bikes into the river. In the continued combat, the Templars destroyed the two ‘koptas and the remaining bikes without any further casualties. Two Whirlwinds sailed towards the Standard B and Zaggul, wounded Zaggul as well as killing a nearby shoota boy and immobilising a trukk. After advancing to the river the ‘Sweet Beaters’ fire was ineffective against Skraga’s trukk. Squad Fokker advanced towards Zaggul, their fire wounding one of Gofarsta’s Nobz. However, Skraga’s assault failed when they the buma boy in combat torched two of the Templars. The boyz leap from the bunker and swarmed the Space Marines.

In a fit of battle rage, Hughes de Payen personally cuts down Wazzagar and 4 of his boyz while his command squad dispatched the remaining Nobz and followed up with one of Wazzagar’s Nobz. The remaining Assault Marines of Squad Werner used their meltas bombs to destroy the Zzap trukk, emerging with their heavy weapon and headed towards the battlewagon.

**Turn Five**

Charging from the battlewagon, Skarfang and his last destroy the 3 marines of Assault Squad Werner for the loss of three boyz.
The battlewagon and Nobz bikers converged on the advancing High Marine and his retinue, reducing the Command Squad to the Standard Bearer in a hail of big shoota, slugga and rokkit fire. Challenging Wizzbang in combat, Hughes de Payen’s only wounding blow struck the Warboss’s cyborg boy. In return, Gofarsta reduced him to one wound before a Nob’s power knife struck him out. Slowed by his power knife, the Nobz succeeded to a MeK’s bumra.

Their job done, Wizzbang led his retinue and Nobz bikers towards the wailing Zaggul. With the support of Zagruk and his Stormboyz, the wounded Zaggul and his boyz fought it out with Squad Fokker, taking out five for the loss of seven sluggaz.

To the east Da Buggies raced up the hill after crossing the river, their fire missing the menacing whirlwinds.

Gunning his trukk, Skraga jumped onto a Templar from Squad Ronoke, before decapitating three Sword brethren. The two burna boys torched the remaining two! Sighting the nearby Space Marines, Skraga and his boyz charged Squad Ronoke.

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

Da Buggies were horrified as Dreadnought Hansel arrived on the field next to them, its fire jamming the lead rokkit launcha. The whirlwinds targeted the central bunker, demolishing Zagrukk’s trukk and the stormboyz. Skraga charged into Squad Ronoke, before Zagruk cut him down.

The Orks try to defend the satchel.

WAAAGH! 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 he intended pounding me with the whirlwinds then mop me up with the Squadda squads and HQs. Fortunately his barrages were off target (two vehicles and about four boyz hit), 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 humie planz!

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON
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 speeding it’s way to the battlefield. Unexperienced 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 our 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 this, with the lead Chimeras ploughing through at full speed.

Turn One

The Orks began their first movement phase by charging towards the guardsmen. The Stormboyz, jumping to within assault range of the lead Chimera. The Dreadnought and the Kanz crashed through a steel mesh fence. The Stormboyz levelled their bolt pistols at the Chimera, but the explosive shells did nothing to the tank’s armour. The Kanz fired off their rokkit launchers at Alpha Two Chimera, one of which exploded in the tracks, stunning the crew inside (and Matt). The ‘Ead Takerz then fired their rokkit launchers at Beta Two Chimera, immobilising it, and destroying the turret mounted multi-laser. The Stormboyz charged the Alpha One Chimera, and while the Boys did nothing, the Nob affixed one of his tank buster grenades to his heavy flamers, blowing the gun off the hull of the tank.

The Imperial Guard movement began with most of the tanks pivoting on the spot, and all but the two lead Chimeras deploying their troops. The Alpha One Chimera tank shocked the Stormboyz who were 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 rear of the tank, and was just triggering it when the tank exploded. The crew was vaporised. The Alpha One Chimera tank shocked the Stormboyz who were 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 rear of the tank, and was just triggering it when the tank exploded. The crew was vaporised.

The Imperial Guard army, the Hellhound (nick-named Big Flamey Death) crashed through a steel fence and stood its ground. Meanwhile on the right flank of the Guard army, the Hellhound, the last (!) of the Imperial Guard, opened fire on the ‘Ead Takerz. The concentrated fire of fifteen Guardsmen and three tanks left gaping holes in the Ork mob, which backed off the sun burning flamers of the Hellhound. Alpha One squad and Beta One squad both took shots at the Stormboyz and then charged into the Orks. The Stormboyz were completely by surprise by this strange tactic of the Guardsmen and four of their number were cut down. The Nob’s choppa sliced through two Guardsmen in one huge sweep, the sight of blood renewed the Stormboyz and they killed five more. Both Imperial squads passed their unit tests and stood fast.

Turn Two

Much to Dan’s dismay none of his reserves made it onto the table. This left the few Orks remaining on the table (over a third had been wiped out last turn) very outnumbered. The Kanz and Kruk the Dreadnought lumbered towards the column of tanks, taking up a imposing position in front of the line. The smoking remains of the ‘Ead Takerz beat out the flames and began advancing around the fence between them and the Steel Legion troopers. The ‘Ead Kickerz, despite the beating they had suffered the turn before began to move towards the Guard Command HQ. They managed to get three buma boy into position to open up on the Orks. On the left flank the Dreadnought set to with two scarabas, killing seven troopers. The Kanz rokt the Kickerz, destroying them and the resulting explosion tore a hole through engine, which exploded, taking with it two Guardsmen who were standing close by. The Kanz followed this up by assaulting the stunned Steel Legion squad and killed three with their power claws. The Stormboyz continued their charge against the two Imperial squads, and two more Orks were cut down. The Orks’ retaliation killed eight Guardsmen, half of their number, the remainder of the troopers fled. Compliments of the Leman Russ, the Exterminator, and the Alpha Command, and two Chimeras opened fire on the Stormboyz, completely wiping them out. The Leman Russ, the Exterminator, and the Alpha Command, and two Chimeras opened fire on the Stormboyz, completely wiping them out. The Leman Russ, the Exterminator, and the Alpha Command, and two Chimeras opened fire on the Stormboyz, completely wiping them out. The Leman Russ, the Exterminator, and the Alpha Command, and two Chimeras opened fire on the Stormboyz, completely wiping them out.

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 dreadful green tide. 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 Stormboyz 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 Stormboyz 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).
Turn Three

This turn Dan was allowed to bring on his Warboss, along with the Can Opener (a squad of Tankbustas) and a horde of Grotz. The Killer Kan were now within striking distance of the Chimera. The last three members of the Ead Kicker tied towards their table edge, but took a shot at a Chimera as they fled, they missed. The Can Opener opened fire on the Demolisher, lodging a rocket down the huge barrel of its cannon which exploded, taking the canyon wall, and finally out of action, leaving the tank otherwise unharmed. The remaining canna of the Ead Kicker opened up with his 40mm killing two of the Command HQ. The assault phase then began, with Warboss Goffgob, and the Tankbustas assaulting the pesky Hellhound tank. The new mob of Killer Kan charged into combat with the Chimera in front of them, destroying both and advancing into another two Chimera. Finally, the remaining Ead Kicker charged the Leman Russ, hoping to punch through the thick front armour, but even the mighty and massive bombard was unable to penetrate.

The shooting began with the Command HQ and the remaining Ead Kicker, followed by the Demolisher and the remaining Guardsmen concentrating their fire on the Killer Kan. Shot after shot penetrated their armoured bodies, and last one, then another exploded. The last was left with both of its weapons destroyed, and its legs jammed. The Leman Russ fired at the Dreadnought, but missed, and the Exterminator and the Alpha Command Chimera fired on the Grotz, killing eight of them. The Beta Command Chimera fired on the Grotz, killing three of them. The Killer Kan also charged into combat with the Chimera in front of them, destroying both and advancing into another two Chimera.

Final roll of the battle Damef rolled to hit. The many faces of the people’s Dan.

Turn Four

Daniel rolled for his remaining reserves and his Killer Kan clanked onto the right flank, it was make or break time for the Orks. Warboss Goffgob moved towards the Beta Command Chimera, the Can Opener began a mad rush towards the Demolisher, and the Grotz moved away from the tanks which had troubled them last turn. The Tankbustas took aim at the Demolisher with their rokkit launchers, the thick front armour proved too much even for the veteran anti-tank mob. The new mob of Killer Kanz fired at the Command HQ Chimera, taking the multi-laser. The Tankbustas charged another two, but their explosives could do nothing. Finally, the Dreadnought chopped off the multi-laser of the Beta Command Chimera.

The Command HQ Chimera moved into a position where they could fire on the Tankbustas. The Exterminator turned to face directly at the remaining rokki equipment Killer Kan. It fired away with weapon after weapon, until a heavy bolt smacked its internal fuel supply and the Kan was enveloped by a huge gout of flame. The Alpha Command Chimera fired on the Grotz, killing another three. The Alpha Command squad fired, hitting the Dreadnought’s stocky body, but failing to do more than shake it. The concentrated fire of two Chimera wiped out the Tankbustas who were frantically stripping explosives to the Demolisher’s hull. The last assault phase of the game saw the Dreadnought in combat with the Beta Command Chimera, whose armour was no match for the huge power claws of the Orky construction. The claws sheared through the hull and set off a catastrophic explosion which enveloped both the Dreadnought and Warboss Goffgob. Realising that this would be the last dire roll of the battle Daniel rolled to see if he had wounded his own Warboss in the explosion. He breathed a sigh of relief as the Warboss passed his armour save.

Some hot scorcha action!

Waaaagh! 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 tense 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!
Ryan rolled for Ns reserves again and was rewarded with the Killer Kanz. The Tanith First and Only advance on the fuel dump.

Once more for Tanith:

Weil, 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 Grotbreff.

The game was great, full of some very characterful situations (the wartrakk Tank Shocking the guardsmen and then refusing to die, the Sniper (Mad Larkin) killing with every well placed shot, etc.), one of my favourite.

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 tables 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.

Turn One

Fortunately, the entire Tanith army was able to deploy on the board, thanks to the infiltrators ability. This meant Gaunt's Ghosts started 12" closer to their objective. As they advanced through the jungle on both flanks 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 Sprootboyz entered the table from the opposite table edge, and the remainder would have problems reaching the fuel dump in time. The bulk of the Ork infantry would have problems reaching the fuel dump in time. The Ork Wartrak arrived on the Ork's right flank, bursting through an Imperial squad (unfortunately the plasma gunner was killed in his heroic Death or Glory move). A general advance from the Orks began to worry the Tanith. Two fell to the combined fire of the Dreadnought and Killer Kanz. A few more went down in the face of the advancing Shoota Boyz.

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 Slaver.

Ryan rolled for his reserves again and was rewarded with the Killer Kanz.

Turn Three

The Tanith First and Only advance on the fuel dump.

With a wall of Orks in front of them the centre of the Tanith line began to get in a bit of trouble, the Ghosts opened fire on the Shoota Boyz, only causing minimal casualties. The last of the Ork reinforcements appeared, the Bum a Boyz entering from behind the Slugga Boyz (the Emperor 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

Dave Taylor does his happy dance!
SABOTAGE mission

Ryan “The Hammer” Kennedy: Wow, my very first battle report in the hallowed tomes of White Dwarf, and I am going to be playing 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 Ghazghkull 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.

Turn Five

With the objective in sight all units within range swept forward. Heavy fire from assault weapons was concentrated on the Nobz mob. The dangerous Major Rawne lobbed a demolition charge into the fray (a very dangerous thing to do) but fortunately the charge was on target and four Ork Nobz were killed. Grotbreff’s wartruck was also destroyed and the resulting explosion killed another Nob. Colonel Corbec 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 Burna Boyz continued their long haul towards the objective. Another turn and they might just make it. The battle between Warboss Grotbreff and Corbec was short and very one sided, but there was little Ryan could do to stop the Imperial victory except roll 1 or a 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 Gaunt’s Ghosts. For the Emperor, for Tanith!

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

Ryan “Tragic” Kennedy
ONE OF OUR CORONER’S IS MISSING!

AFTERMATH
by Troy Cukas

With Da Planz in Wizbang Gofarsta’s hands and Gofgob 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 meat 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 Xanthias

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 Wartrukk 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 talks 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 hasty alliances. 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 Solkan' (an Estalian warband that uses the Marienburger warband rules) has been doing fairly well. 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 do two things: restart the league on a regular basis (it was every month, but we're currently experimenting with a 6-week limit), and provide special scenarios that were different from the Mordheim games on non-league nights. Every other week I would introduce a new scenario — my players have fought against dreaded Bone Giants, sacked the local Merek 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 doing the same thing.

On the next few pages I've included one of these home-brewed scenarios, 'Wild Magic', plus new random spell 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. Since then, he had 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. 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 — the warlock Reinhold had hired long ago, began 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 name the hedge wizard 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 foot 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 around and proceeded to attack the astonished band of Chaos cultists.

Well I'll be damned, thought Reinhold. Utterly baffled by these new developments. Something new today after all!
homemade scenario in its place on the chart!

**Scenario table for one-on-one games**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2D6 Result</th>
<th>Scenario</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>4-5</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>2D6 Result</th>
<th>Scenario</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 No 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 so 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 4’x4’, or 4’x6’ 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 routers 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 the Random Happenings chart, printed in White Dwarf 240, to see what added effect the spellcaster’s inept dabblings 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 against 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 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-arsonist and burn out your foes with these rules for fires in Mordheim.
* A spate of fires has been reported in the remains of the northern quarters of the city. Bands of Possessed magisters are believed to be linked to these acts of arson.

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 judges 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...
sightly best 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 soled 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 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 slim, 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 weary 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.
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 home world, 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 melta 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 these 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 learnt 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 the 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.

Battlecry

“Into the fires 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 unostentating 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 Ork fortresses by the Orks along the Hemlock river. Preferring the close-quarter fighting within the maze of crudely carved tunnels within the Roks to the long-range duels 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
Rhinos
Land Raiders
Terminator Armour

ARMOURY
Techmarines
Servitors
Predators, Vindicators,
Whirlwinds, Rhinos,
Razorbacks, Land Raiders

LIBRARIES
Chief Librarian
Epistolaries
Codicils
Lexicaniums

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

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

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

RESERVE COMPANIES

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

SIXTH COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer
Squads:
4 Tactical
8 Devastator
Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhino

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-scarred 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.
Salamanders Space Marines support a Land Raider as it advances across the battlefield.
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.

MEGA ORK DISPLAY

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.

ARENA OF BLOOD

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’d 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 game with. 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 Fists 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 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 in 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...err...noise was getting louder and louder. When I stepped 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, after 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 colours...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 prerequisites: it had to have the new “supergianormous” 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 converted a bit and 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 vampiric 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 mythical 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 Ultramarines army and get myself ready for the new Warhammer!

Bryan starts work on his Death Company.

Some of Bryan’s completed Blood Angels.

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 moment. 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.

At 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 that I 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 I was finally allowed to seek enlightenment to one of hobbyists’ oldest questions: “How do you paint an army quickly?” I asked with bated breath

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

With fresh new ideas in mind I headed of 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 back 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 story. 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 overseeing the construction of his brethren, he was set aside to be painted last.

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 making choices and transports for them, twenty down 56,000,000 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.

Craig finishes off his first squad.

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 these will be ready for sale.

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

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

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!
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.

Although designed by the Black Templars Chapter, other Chapters also make use of them in limited numbers.
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.
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 763.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.

**HEAVY SUPPORT**

**LAND RAIDER CRUSADER**

<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>Crusader</td>
<td>255</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Type:** Tank  
**Crew:** Space Marines  
**Weapons:** 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.

**Options:** 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.

**Transport:** 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).

**Availability:** 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.

**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 studded 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.
The Grand Muster

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 manoeuvrable opponent (and almost everyone is more manoeuvrable than Dwarfs!) they will often try and sneak around the sides and roll up your battleline. 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 bolt throwers. These strengthened bolt 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 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
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 Reiksguard Knights.
The "discussion" continued and in the end the Reiksguard Knights remained on the shelf!

Below: This hobbyist purchased enough Battleforces 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) 9829 6111.
Games Day & Golden Demon 2000

Australia

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 off 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 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 as 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 60mm or 50mm x 50mm standard bases. 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 500gc 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 squads mounted on bikes, jetbikes and warbikes as described in the various army lists. 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 Pavilion, 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, photograph 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).
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.

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.

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.

Wizard's castle

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.

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.

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 IS BACK - BIGGER, BETTER, BADDER

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 overpowering 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 army 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 Khornate 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, 288 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.

BEWARE! The Trolls of the North approach.

Every Friday night many stray beasties gather to do battle and challenge each other to mortal combat. Many do not survive with their sanity intact!

What lures such creatures to this place is as yet unknown. I believe it could be the promise of incredible fun and excitement.

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

NEW SOUTH WALES
• CASTLE HILL:
  Shop 495 Castle Towers
  Castle Hill NSW 2154
  PHONE: (02) 9899 8188
• CHATSWOOD:
  Shop 302 Westfield Shoppingtown
  Chatswood NSW 2067
  PHONE: (02) 9415 3968
• MIRANDA:
  Shop 1048a Westfield Shoppingtown
  Miranda NSW 2228
  PHONE: (02) 9526 1966
• NEWCASTLE:
  197 Hunter Street
  Newcastle NSW 2300
  PHONE: (02) 4926 2311
• PARRAMATTA:
  Shop 2161A Westfield Shoppingtown
  Parramatta NSW 2150
  PHONE: (02) 9689 1638
• SYDNEY:
  Shop 619 Capital Centre Arcade
  (George St entrance) Sydney NSW 2000
  PHONE: (02) 9267 6020
• WOLLONGONG:
  Shop 2, 201 Crown Street (Globe Lane)
  Wollongong NSW 2500
  PHONE: (02) 4225 8064

Shops with their name in RED have Games Night every Thursday. Those with their names in BLACK have their Games Night on Fridays.

QUEENSLAND
• BRISBANE:
  Shop B8 Queen Adelaide Building
  Queen Street Mall Brisbane QLD 4000
  PHONE: (07) 3831 3566
• MT GRAVATT:
  Shop 2005 Upper Level
  Garden City Shopping Centre
  Upper Mount Gravatt QLD 4122
  PHONE: (07) 3343 1864

SOUTH AUSTRALIA
• ADELAIDE:
  Shop 25 Citi Centre Arcade
  145 Rundle Mall Adelaide SA 5000
  PHONE: (08) 8232 7611
• MARION:
  Shop 2048 Westfield Shoppingtown
  Oaklands Park SA 5046
  PHONE: (08) 8298 2811

VICTORIA
• GREENSBOROUGH:
  Shop 3.19, Level 3 Greensborough Plaza
  Greensborough VIC 3088
  PHONE: (03) 9432 2244
• MELBOURNE:
  Shop G30/31 Centrepoint Mall
  283-297 Bourke Street Melbourne VIC 3000
  PHONE: (03) 9654 7086
• RINGWOOD:
  Shop L44A Eastlands Shopping Centre
  Ringwood VIC 3134
  PHONE: (03) 9876 0099

WESTERN AUSTRALIA
• PERTH:
  Shop 34 Raine Square, William Street
  Perth WA 6000
  PHONE: (08) 9322 3895

NEW ZEALAND
• AUCKLAND:
  Shop 4 280 Queen Street
  Auckland PHONE: (09) 302 0279

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 0787

• Tsim Sha Tsui:
  2006 Miramar Shopping Centre 1 Kimberly Road
  Tsim Sha Tsui KLN PHONE: 2317 4591
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!

THIRTEEN

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 for the dangerously unhinged Gwarshow the Bespattered and his Tankbustin Metalhedz. 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!

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 Gobboss from Wolfgangs 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 for the dangerously unhinged Gwarshow the Bespattered and his Tankbustin Metalhedz. 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 fungus stew and grimaced. His eyes glowed red in the dim firelight of the cave, "I guess dey wasn’t ‘appy bout us trashin da village d uvver week. Get da Boyzl!"

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 marshalling 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.

**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 4 and 8pm and join the legend of these Death World veterans.

**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 1884 or Brisbane on (07) 3831 3566

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

**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 years 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.
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 Ore 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 Ores 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 Ore 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 barriers 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.

WHO GOES FIRST

Empire: take 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.
DELAYING ACTION

BATTLE REPORT

DEPLOYMENT

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

"Da Boss sez we gotz ta 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 Ore 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 Scythes Wolf chariots. When the smoke cleared none of the chariots remained.

ORC TURN 1

Uglub Stormfart 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 Wolffioyz 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 Crossbowanen cut down a couple of Boar Boyz in

Heinrich rolled the message, drew the cords around the parchment, sighed 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.

Around 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, Ill 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 mountain peaks 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 General ran his hand over his brutally scarred scalp, scabs making his beard feel foreign. Gorges carved by the cavernous maw 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 Boggrubs, WolfBoyz. Heinrich ordered the Crossbowmen unit to advance. They swept past the single cannon near the Ore 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 Boggrub’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 ‘umies 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 HELLBLASTER 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
- ‘FRIEDRICK’ LEVEL 1 WIZARD, DISPEL 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.** 1635 5pts

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 Ore pig pens. Heinrich rode through the forest to greet Sebastian and take command of the reinforcements. Friedrick the wizard had forced marched units of Halberdiers, Crossbowmen and Archers along the twisting, rocky mountain paths to arrive at Hells Drop Bridge. The waiting Night Goblins, previously enthralled in a loogie 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...
Boggrub’s Wolf Riders charged the remaining Crossbowmen at the village, slaughtering them to a man. Ugglub then signalled Urk’s Raiders (Ork 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 the distance was too great and the cavalry rumbled to a halt. The Pistoliers rode forward behind the Orc lines, firing at the black Orcs to no avail. Sebastian’s crossbowmen barked 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; 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, fleeing the hail of crossbow bolts.

**ORC TURN 4**

Ugglub’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 Brokenribs’ 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 vicious 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... Ugglub 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!
Evidence concerning the different Ork tribes unified under the banner of Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, the beast 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 Warboss.

The warband is split into a number of mobs, with each mob usually led by an Ork noble, referred to as a 'Boob' or 'Noob' (pronounced neck, not noble). 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 habitable Ork world will sustain several Ork tribes in a more-or-less perpetual state of war with each other, until they join in a Waaghi against non-Orks.

During a Waaghi, 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 Charadon, 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 Charadon is ruled over by the Arch-Arsonist, Octaracus by an Over-Fiend, Jagga by a Great Tyrant and so forth.

Cutting across warband and tribal boundaries are the Ork clans. The clans embody a philosophy (far want of a better term) among Orks, each clan emphasising particular elements of Ork culture above others. For example, the Goff clan embraces aggression, hardness and hand-to-hand combat as true Ork 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' 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 Waaghi, warbands are destroyed and reformed from whatever survivors are available. In these times warlords 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 antipathy, Orks will fight alongside each other for the duration of the Waaghi as they become caught up in the tide of Orkish aggression.

At the conclusion of the Waaghi, 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 Ghazghkull's War Horde

Tribal Colours: Black and white
Tribal Glyph: Black, white or red one-eyed skull
Tribal Motifs: Black and white chevrons or daggers

Notes: By far the biggest single tribe fighting on Armageddon, Ghazghkull'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 Ghazghkull since the last Armageddon war and fought across Aelgorash, Piscina and a hundred other worlds. The tribe's glyph is a representation of Ghazghkull 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 Infernum and fighting in the Paladius 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 water processing plants and pipelines which are vital to the continued survival of the hives on the mainland.

Inquisitor Yuan
Imp Ref. 590/1: Great Overlord Haagheult's War Horde

Imp Ref. 589/6: Orc designation. Wartoros
Dominant leader of warband

Notes: Veteran unit (Spartans?)

Imp Ref. 768/4: Planet identification markings

Imp Ref. 567/8: Orc designation. Nob

Notes: Basic Orc warrior or 'Shoote Boy'. Capable of ranged combat but most dangerous in assault.

Imp Ref. 664/6: Assault weapons

Adapt. Agra. Cal. 38/40/120 Support weapon

Adapt. Agra. Cal. 35/36 Support weapon

Adapt. Agra. Cal. 39/8/120 Support weapon

Adapt. Agra. Cal. 39/8/120 Support weapon

Adapt. Agra. Cal. 39/8/120 Support weapon

Adapt. Agra. Cal. 39/8/120 Support weapon

Adapt. Agra. Cal. 39/8/120 Support weapon
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.
RINGWOOD TROLLSLAYER MEGA SALE

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!
Ah, decisions, decisions!

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

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

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.

CODEX: ELDAR AUS$19.95 NZ$22.95
CODEX: CRAFTWORLD ELDAR AUS$11.95 NZ$13.95
## AUSTRALIA

### AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY
- **Canberra** Logical Choice Games  (02) 6248 7722
- **Canberra** Revenant Games  (02) 6298 3632
- **Tuggeranong** Toy Kingdom  (02) 6284 8844
- **Tuggeranong** Toyworld  (02) 6293 1532

### NEW SOUTH WALES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Store/Supplier</th>
<th>Phone</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Albury</td>
<td>Games 'N Hobbies</td>
<td>(02) 6041 6719</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armidale</td>
<td>New England Hobbies</td>
<td>(02) 6772 0194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Batemans Bay</td>
<td>Toyworld</td>
<td>(02) 4472 5673</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bathurst</td>
<td>Toyworld</td>
<td>(02) 6334 3144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowral</td>
<td>Toyworld</td>
<td>(02) 4861 2868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Braidwood</td>
<td>Braidwood Newsagency</td>
<td>(02) 4842 2410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broken Hill</td>
<td>Model's 'n' More</td>
<td>(02) 8087 9144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brookvale</td>
<td>Games Paradise</td>
<td>(02) 9939 4100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byron Bay</td>
<td>Sunrise Hobbies</td>
<td>(02) 6685 8922</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camden</td>
<td>Toyworld</td>
<td>(02) 4655 8383</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castle Hill</td>
<td>Hobbies in the Hills</td>
<td>(02) 9899 5207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cessnock</td>
<td>Toyworld</td>
<td>(02) 4900 4772</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlestown</td>
<td>The Games Shop</td>
<td>(02) 4947 8648</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffs Harbour</td>
<td>Toyworld</td>
<td>(02) 6652 7898</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dee Why</td>
<td>Spectre Bark Games</td>
<td>(02) 9971 6097</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Double Bay</td>
<td>Toy Villa Toy Kingdom</td>
<td>(02) 9327 7558</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dubbo</td>
<td>Angus &amp; Robertson</td>
<td>(02) 6884 6262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eastwood</td>
<td>Mega Games Trader</td>
<td>(02) 9804 6171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erina</td>
<td>Casey's Toyworld</td>
<td>(02) 4365 1131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faulconbridge</td>
<td>Signal Box</td>
<td>(02) 4751 2088</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gosford</td>
<td>Wizards of the Central Coast</td>
<td>(02) 4324 0004</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glen Innes</td>
<td>Carelles Young World</td>
<td>(02) 6732 1997</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goulburn</td>
<td>Toyworld</td>
<td>(02) 4821 2333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inverell</td>
<td>New England Hobbies</td>
<td>(02) 6722 5661</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kotara</td>
<td>The Games Shop</td>
<td>(02) 4957 1157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lake Haven</td>
<td>Toyworld</td>
<td>(02) 4392 7704</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lane Cove</td>
<td>Beyond Toys Toy Kingdom</td>
<td>(02) 9418 6165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leeton</td>
<td>Leeton Toy &amp; Hobby</td>
<td>(02) 6953 2141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leumeah</td>
<td>Megohm Tool</td>
<td>(02) 4828 2200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lismore</td>
<td>North Coast Hobbies</td>
<td>(02) 6621 3193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lithgow</td>
<td>Lithgow Outdoor</td>
<td>(02) 6352 3250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liverpool</td>
<td>The Comic Shop</td>
<td>(02) 9601 2622</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maitland</td>
<td>Toyworld</td>
<td>(02) 4933 5034</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macquarie</td>
<td>Toyland</td>
<td>(02) 9887 3822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mayfield</td>
<td>Card Trek</td>
<td>(02) 4986 8511</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrylands</td>
<td>Angus &amp; Robertson</td>
<td>(02) 9637 6430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mullaley</td>
<td>North West Hobby Supplies</td>
<td>(02) 6743 7811</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mullimbiny</td>
<td>Warpt</td>
<td>(02) 6684 4740</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mudgee</td>
<td>Mudgee Bookcase</td>
<td>(02) 6372 5157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newcastle</td>
<td>Mainly Military Hobbies</td>
<td>(02) 4929 1140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newcastle</td>
<td>Modern Times Bookshop</td>
<td>(02) 9519 6191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orange</td>
<td>Parkers Toy Kingdom</td>
<td>(02) 6366 1486</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parkes</td>
<td>Bailey's Bicycle Centre</td>
<td>(02) 6882 6633</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parkes</td>
<td>Parkes Bookcase</td>
<td>(02) 6882 5175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parramatta</td>
<td>Total Gamer</td>
<td>(02) 9655 8477</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penrith</td>
<td>Tin Soldier</td>
<td>(02) 4731 4623</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port Macquarie</td>
<td>Port World of Models</td>
<td>(02) 6584 1223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raymond Terrace</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Toy Barn</td>
<td>(02) 4987 6156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sydney</td>
<td>Games Paradise</td>
<td>(02) 9267 2069</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sydney</td>
<td>Tin Soldier</td>
<td>(02) 9232 5668</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tamworth</td>
<td>Angus and Robertson</td>
<td>(02) 6766 4454</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tamworth</td>
<td>New England Hobbies</td>
<td>(02) 6766 3765</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taree</td>
<td>Mal's Toy Shop</td>
<td>(02) 6551 3613</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tweed Heads</td>
<td>Toyworld</td>
<td>(07) 5524 5090</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wagga</td>
<td>Logical Choice Games</td>
<td>(02) 6921 5505</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warriewood</td>
<td>Toyland</td>
<td>(02) 9970 7199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woy Woy</td>
<td>Book Exchange</td>
<td>(02) 4344 6206</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### NORTHERN TERRITORY

- **Alice Springs** Toyworld  (08) 8932 6394
- **Casuarina** Comics NT  (08) 8945 5655
- **Casuarina** Enchanted Worlds  (08) 8945 5544
- **Katherine** Katherine Books  (08) 8972 2530

### QUEENSLAND

- **Altkernvale** Games Exchange  (07) 4725 4661
- **Annerley** Comic Warrior  (07) 3229 5197
- **Annerley** Mind Rush Hobbies  (07) 3392 8166
- **Aroona** Top Video  (07) 5492 5799
- **Aspley** Hobbyrama  (07) 3265 8122
- **Brisbane** Comics Etc.  (07) 3232 4446
- **Brisbane** Wargames Warehouse  (07) 3210 2020
**SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

Adelaide  Military Hobbies
Blackwood  Leisureland
Elizabeth  Toyworld
Elizabeth Grove  The Gaming Den
Inglefarm  Toyworld
Miticent  Toy Kingdom
Morphett Vale  Model Maria
Morphett Vale  The Wargamers Supply Line
Mt Barker  Toyworld
Mt Gambier  Toy Kingdom
Mt Gambier  Tunza Games
Murray Bridge  Toyworld
Naracoorte  Zappers Entertainment Centre
Nuriootpa  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
Basumaris  Toyworld
Bendigo  Bendigo Sports and Hobbies
Casterton  Dee Jay Hobbies
Castlemaine  Hobby Castle
Chadstone  Games World
Cheltenham  Games World
Croydon  Mind Bogglerz
Dandenong  Games World
Doncaster  Games World
East Preston  Games World Northland
Echuca  Toy Kingdom
Footscray  Ultimate Science
Frankston  Gamesworld
Geelong  Mind Games
Geelong West  Tales To Kingdom
Hamiton  Toy Kingdom
Hawthorn  Mind Games
Horsham  Wimmera Hobbies
Malvern  Mind Games
Maribyrnong  Games World
Melbourne  Mind Games
Mildura  Toyworld
Moorabbin  Military Simulations
Mornington  Toyworld
Monbulk  Toy Kingdom
Moree Ponds  EmanuelsToyworld
Mount Waverly  Military Simulations
Newborough  Dolls, Bears
Seymour  Toyworld
Shepparton  Toyworld
Swan Hill  Toyworld
Wangaratta  Toy Kingdom
Warrnambool  De Grandi's Sportsgoods
Werribee  Futuristic Games

**TASMANIA**

Burnie  Toyworld
Devonport  Toyworld
Hobart  Area 52
Launceston  Birchalls

**WESTERN AUSTRALIA**

Albany  Hobbytronics
Armadale  Toyworld
Belmont  Games World
Booragoon  Games World
Broome  Yuen Wing Store
Bunbury  Games World
Bunbury  Youngs Bookshop
Cannington  Games World
Claremont  Claremont Toyworld
Esperance  Toyworld
Exmouth  Toyworld
Geraldton  Toy Kingdom
Hillarys  Toyworld
Kalamunda  Kalamunda Toys & Hobbies
Kalgoorlie  Games World
Karingup  Games World
Mandurah  Games World
Manjimup  Toyworld
Morley  Games World
Perth  Tactics
Perth  Valhalla Games & Hobbies
Yelbeni  Yelbeni General Store

**PORT MACQUARIE**

Port Macquarie  Gee Whiz!
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

Auckland
Modelair (Green Lane) (09) 520 1236
Auckland
Santa Fe Models (Balmoral) (09) 620 6786
Auckland
Toymagic Henderson (09) 836 5516
Auckland
Toymagic Milford (09) 486 6816
Auckland
Toymagic Mt Wellington (09) 527 8094
Auckland
Toymagic Royal Oak (09) 625 1482
Auckland
Toymagic St Lukes (09) 815 3129
Auckland
Toyworld New Lynn (09) 827 4654
Auckland
Toyworld Newmarket (09) 529 5200
Auckland
Vagabonds Novelties and Collectables (North Shore) (09) 489 2750

Browns Bay
Toyworld (09) 478 9464

Hastings
Iconix 0800 426 649

Gisborne
Cyberzone (06) 868 7138

Hamilton
Frankton Models (07) 847 5292

Hamilton
Mark One (07) 839 3728

Hawke
Hobbytown Howick (09) 537 1259

Levin
Sciascia Books & Souvenirs (06) 368 6891

Lower Hutt
Model Crafts & Hobbies (04) 570 1881

Manukau City
Toyworld (09) 263 4175

New Plymouth
Toyworld (06) 757 5912

Papakura
Toy Town Toyworld (09) 298 7449

Palmerston North
Heroes for Sale (06) 356 6779

Tauranga
Home Entertainment Centre (07) 578 6239

Upper Hutt
J & N Gifts & Hobbies (04) 528 3456

Wanganui
Toyworld Rivercity (06) 347 9664

Wanui-o-mata
Toots Models & Hobbies (04) 564 7377

SOUTH ISLAND

Alexandra
Alexandra Paper Plus (03) 448 9494

Christchurch
Comics Compulsion (03) 379 7866

Christchurch
Hobday Cycles & Toyworld (03) 366 9502

Christchurch
Toyworld Barringtons (03) 332 2068

Christchurch
Toyworld Matamata (03) 888 6601

Christchurch
Toyworld Northlands (03) 352 5489

Christchurch
Toyworld Riccarton (03) 343 0330

Christchurch
Toyworld Shirley (03) 385 5366

Dunedin
Toyworld (03) 477 6614

Invercargill
Area 51 (03) 218 4314

Nelson
Cycles & Hobbies (Richmond) (03) 544 8079

Nelson
Toyworld (03) 548 0959

Oamaru
Victor Nelson (03) 434 9077

Queenstown
Queenstown Paper Plus (03) 442 5296

Queenstown
Toyworld (03) 442 8445

Timaru
Toyworld (03) 684 8540
SOUTH EAST ASIA

THAILAND
GAME SOCIETY SHOP
206 Siam Square Soi 1,
Rama 1 Road, Patumwan,
Bangkok 10330, Thailand
(66) 2-252 8027
T SUPREME CO. LTD.
695 Sukhumvit 50,
Prakanong, Klongtoey,
Bangkok 10250, Thailand
(66) 2-742 9142
T SUPREME SHOP
Siam Discovery Centre,
5th Floor, No.989, Room 514,
Rama 1 Road, Patumwan,
Bangkok 10330, Thailand
(66) 2-658 0522

PHILIPPINES
HOBBY CAFE
4/F Edsa Node, Robinson’s Galleria,
Edsa cor Ortigas Avenue
Quezon City, Philippines
(632) 634 8982
HOBBY CAFE
Cinema Level,
Filinvest, Alabang,
Muntinlupa City, Philippines
(632) 850 4234
NEUTRAL GROUNDS
3/F Cadillac Lane
Virra Mall, Greenhills
Shopping Centre
San Juan, Philippines
(632) 724 9265
NEUTRAL GROUNDS
U-B10 2/F University Mall
Taft Avenue (beside DLSU-Taft)
Manila, Philippines
ngrounds@1-manila.com.ph

MALAYSIA
THE GAMES CASTLE SDN. BHD.
8A Jalan SS 22/25
Damansara Jaya
Selangor, D.E
West Malaysia
(60) 3 7772 8994
gamescastle@hotmail.com

BRUNEI
JUSTOYS
Block G, Abdul Razak Complex
Gadong BE 4119
Bandar Seri Begawan
Brunei Darussalam
(673) 242 3268
justoys@brunet.bn

SINGAPORE
COMICS MART PTE. LTD.
10 Jalan Serene
#02-05 Serene Centre
Singapore 1025
(65) 466 4213
www.comicsmart.com

COMICS QUEST
55 Siglap Road
#02-08 Siglap Centre
Singapore 455871
(65) 242 2110

HOBBY FOCUS
14 Scotts Road
#02-51 Far East Plaza
Singapore 228213
(65) 734 5803

LEISURE CENTRAL PTE. LTD.
220 Orchard Road
#03-01 Midpoint Orchard
Singapore 238852
(65) 887 5985
christos@sgnet.com.sg

MINIATURE HOBBY
200 Victoria Street
#03-28 Parco Bugis Junction
Singapore 188021
(65) 336 2168

TAIWAN
ALL SPORTS
33, No.51
Sec 1, Pa Teh Road
Taipei, Taiwan
(886) 2-2321 0423

CARD YOU STAMPS & COINS
203, Chien Kuo 3rd Road
Kaoh Shiun, Taiwan ROC
(886) 7-2284 767

DEMONT’S DEN
B1, No.293
Sec 3, Roosevelt Road
Taipei, Taiwan
(886) 2-2364 4325.
www.likeit.net/dd

EAST MODEL TOY COMPANY
4F-15, 70 Hsining S. Road
Taiwan ROC
(886) 2-2331 5666

HONG XIANG
No.176-1, Renai 1st Street
Taipei, Taiwan
(886) 7-235 2787

I KE GUAN
18 Dabel Road, Shilin
Taipei, Taiwan
(886) 2-2883 4208

UFO COMICS
No.164, Sec 4, Ximen Road
Tainan, Taiwan
(886) 6-2819 666

YA XIN
No.757, Hsi Ta Road
Kaohsiung, Taiwan ROC
(886) 3-522 2580
And They Shall

Helbrecht exemplifies the qualities of stubbornness and unswerving loyalty to the Emperor that are the marks of the Black Templars Chapter. He was elected High Marshal in 889.M41, and is currently leading the Black Templars as they storm Ork space hulks in the Armageddon system.

BLACK TEMPLARS SPACE MARINES

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.
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, Leonatos must battle against Tzeentch’s chosen champion, Haeroth, to win the Blade Enarmine. 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 Uili 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-bommer 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’arkan. 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!
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 Tempestora is the region disputed by our battles here at the GW Nottingham Headquarters.

In the plains to the east of Hive Tempestora, Speed Freeks and White Scars clash at breakneck speed. Far above, on the Space Hulk Ogon, the Black Templars hunt the Orks infesting its dingy corridors. A horde of Greenskins arrow toward the Imperial Artillery in a last-ditch attempt to stop their lethal barrages. The battle has been joined in earnest, and all that remains is the bloody conclusion....
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 Gorbag they cut through Dreadnoughts, Terminators and Assault Marines alike to claim half of the huge building. The Salamanders were now locked in a 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

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 Tempestora, Their accuracy and efficiency had taken a heavy toll on the Ork numbers. The Ork task force, loaded into super-charged trukks, 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 Fighta-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...

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 Tempestora. 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.

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 Tempestora. Their accuracy and efficiency had taken a heavy toll on the Ork numbers. The Ork task force, loaded into super-charged trukks, 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 Fighta-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...
The city was incandescent 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 ash reached into the vivid colours of the sky, like souls escaping from the shattered buildings below.

Haines realised he was standing to attention on an exposed walkway in full view of the Ork horde. Motioning for his squad to crouch, he realised that there was one more thing he had to do.

The iasgun that had so recently felt 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 and most violent war in living memory. 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 honoured, blessed to give their souls in the name of the Emperor. One last string of prayers, infusing him with battle-lust. Every muscle screamed for release of close assault, but still Gallio 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 fall to the claws of the aliens, but Gallio 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.

Over to the right he could see the squat grey shapes of the 64th 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 throat 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.

Brother Trochius sighted a third cowering comrade, his face contorted with rage for the time being. Descending, face contorted with a snarl of battle-lust, Gallo let the shells from his armoured flamethrower scream from the nozzle of Trochius’s flamer. Brothers in the 64th Platoon’s Chimera looked across the bridge, speeding toward the Orks’ comrades in the 64th Platoon’s Chimeras nearing the south side of the bridge, speeding toward the Orks’ mortar batteries. Singing his lasgun over his shoulder, Haines clambered down the rusted rungs of the ladder.

He could hear the metal screaming under his weight. He had to jump the last twelve feet, landing heavily on the rough gravel beneath him and feeling pelted with pain in his shin. But it was important not to show a second’s weakness in front of his troops. Ork bullets carved up the floor around them, ricocheting off the smouldering remains of the battle tank. Glad of the faceplate that covered his grimace, he sprinted for the nearest Chimera.

Brother Gallo could clearly see his foe despite his feeble attempts to scramble out of his sight. To his disappointment, there were only two of the vile creatures scurrying on the rooftops, but their blood would sate his rage for the time being. Descending, face contorted with a snarl of battle-lust, Gallo let the shells from his consecrated bolt pistol blossom across the Orks’ hideous features. Brother Trochius sagged behind the radio masts of the barracks, but the white-hot flames screaming from the nozzle of Trochus’s flamer consumed it nonetheless. The beast fell from the roof.
Gallic boosted his pack and headed straight for the beast, of death, and he would see its black heart in his hand, danger it was facing. He would fall upon it like an angel.

There was a resounding bellow from the wattled throat of Gallic's Chimera as more Ork bolts thudded into the stoneworks, and the Chimera roared back at the Orks, windming rictus by the Black Rage. It roared in pain and swung back, crude power claw scything through the air, crackling with charged energy. Alactus pivoted to avoid the swing, his bolt pistol into the thing's back, his face twisted into a grim determination. Haines ran out onto the ramp as the Chimera sped along the streets, grabbing Butler's outstretched arm. At the last moment, Butler's legs gave way, and Haines could see that his knee was a mess of shattered gristle. Bracing 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 was writhing in agony as he was dragged across the cruel street.

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

"No choice sir incomi—"

A tremendous explosion rocked the tank forward, the rear ramp 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.
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 jammed 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 Phemeus climbed the ladder to set charges on the coolant regulator above, whilst the survivors of Squad Actaon took up position at the foot of the ladder.

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 Navarre 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 Templars 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 Geryen, 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 Navarre charged out of the sewer pipe and into the retinue. Initiate Navarre’s power axe cut deep into the hide of the Warboss, causing him to howl 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 aliens fought on tenaciously and struck back, and only two Black Templars of Assault Squad Navarre survived to fight on, saved by their cracking storm shields.

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 mobs. 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 Fighta-Bommerz 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 Basilisks and reducing the Imperial bombardment of Tempestora. 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 assailed the buggy that was still behind the Catachan lines with such vigour that it exploded, killing one of them in the blast!
that shuddered towards them. As the screaming 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 Outriders were spotted ranging ahead of their comrades, an easy target for the wrath of the Space Marine bikers' 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 Outrider Nob drove straight into their wall of bolter fire with lethal results.

A squad of Attack bikes veered towards the wartrukk of the Warboss of this new incursion. The rattle of heavy bolter fire was followed by a huge crash as the wartrukk 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 bolter fire. 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 as though 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 Dethkoptas whirring over head and the remnants of a mob of Burna 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 Dethkoptas in mid-air.

The battle was raging with the fury of a storm across the barren plain. The Chaplain Subedei Khan and his remaining entourage sped forward, blasting their bolters into the wartrukks ranging towards them, which erupted in a ball of fire leaving the squad free to speed towards the outpost to help what remained of their battle brothers.

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

All the remaining Orks and wartrukks charged towards the Attack bikes. Bullets ricocheted off the bikes' armour. The Warboss and Tankbustas leapt on the bikes and tried to rip the gunners from their sidecars. An Attack bike rammed one Ork to the ground, crushing its bones under its wheels. The Warboss flailed helplessly at his feet, and the Tankbustas 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 Oloseg arrived to a halt in front of the giant Greenskin, drenched and weaved and thrust his power sword deep into the alien's gullet. Coughing blood, the Warboss collapsed, at last dead.

A last unit of Ork Trukks 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 wartrukks let rip with their big shotas 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 Freek 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 comm-link and with a reluctance voice he demanded reinforcements from the main force of White Scars he had been diverted from.

The Speed Freeks that Chaplain Subedei's force had driven back were merely the first wave of attack. With commendable speed, more of the White Scars brethren had arrived on the field of battle. As the Space Marine reinforcements charged their engines in a fresh attempt to reach Hive Tempestor, 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.
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 bolt 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, gouging fire. It touched Thugfang and bounced an autocannon shell off Ghashkul's mega armour, dazing him. Suddenly Gorbag found himself alone in the maelstrom 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 jetting down to the factory floor on forked tails of white flame. The gantry 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 spiriting in all directions. More shots fire from the Orks raked 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. A flame tank hidden among the gantries on either side of the tank factory lurched forward, gouging fire. The jumpers fell amidst the ruins of the factory like an infernal hail, killing two 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 bolt 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, gouging fire. It touched Thugfang and bounced an autocannon shell off Ghashkul's mega armour, dazing him. Suddenly Gorbag found himself alone in the maelstrom 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 jetting down to the factory floor on forked tails of white flame. The gantry 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 spiriting in all directions. More shots fire from the Orks raked 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. A flame tank hidden among the gantries on either side of the tank factory lurched forward, gouging fire. The jumpers fell amidst the ruins of the factory like an infernal hail, killing two 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 bolt 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, gouging fire. It touched Thugfang and bounced an autocannon shell off Ghashkul's mega armour, dazing him. Suddenly Gorbag found himself alone in the maelstrom 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 jetting down to the factory floor on forked tails of white flame. The gantry 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 spiriting in all directions. More shots fire from the Orks raked 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. A flame tank hidden among the gantries on either side of the tank factory lurched forward, gouging fire. The jumpers fell amidst the ruins of the factory like an infernal hail, killing two 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 bolt 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, gouging fire. It touched Thugfang and bounced an autocannon shell off Ghashkul's mega armour, dazing him. Suddenly Gorbag found himself alone in the maelstrom 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 jetting down to the factory floor on forked tails of white flame. The gantry 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 spiriting in all directions. More shots fire from the Orks raked 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. A flame tank hidden among the gantries on either side of the tank factory lurched forward, gouging fire. The jumpers fell amidst the ruins of the factory like an infernal hail, killing two 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 bolt 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, gouging fire. It touched Thugfang and bounced an autocannon shell off Ghashkul's mega armour, dazing him. Suddenly Gorbag found himself alone in the maelstrom 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 jetting down to the factory floor on forked tails of white flame. The gantry 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 spiriting in all directions. More shots fire from the Orks raked 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. A flame tank hidden among the gantries on either side of the tank factory lurched forward, gouging fire. The jumpers fell amidst the ruins of the factory like an infernal hail, killing two 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 bolt 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, gouging fire. It touched Thugfang and bounced an autocannon shell off Ghashkul's mega armour, dazing him. Suddenly Gorbag found himself alone in the maelstrom 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 jetting down to the factory floor on forked tails of white flame. The gantry 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 spiriting in all directions. More shots fire from the Orks raked 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. A flame tank hidden among the gantries on either side of the tank factory lurched forward, gouging fire. The jumpers fell amidst the ruins of the factory like an infernal hail, killing two 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 bolt 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, gouging fire. It touched Thugfang and bounced an autocannon shell off Ghashkul's mega armour, dazing him. Suddenly Gorbag found himself alone in the maelstrom 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.
...wearing 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 hatch to the front of the vehicle, cutting down the Orks with beams of fierce laser fire. Glancing at the viewscreen, ranged above him in the tank, Sergeant Haines could see the interior of the Chimeras 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 platoon had launched a counterattack 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 vason 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 Humans Stormboyz 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 Grotts scurried, 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 scattered it in half with a practised flourish. The remaining Grotts 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 awamed with greenkais. In between 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 Humans obviously had other ideas. A bright beam of light spailed into the lead Killer Kans from the far end of the street, striking one in the leg. The wounded Kan skewed to a halt,outing 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 roaring shrek 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 shrek was roaring, closer now, WHAM—WHAM—WHAM, the three impacts rolled into one as the shells slammed down all round him and the other Kans. The Kans' metal skin rang with hits from shrapnel, and flames shot past the view slit. The shock wave alone almost tipped him over.

Deafened and bleared from his ears, Snagrot started turning his Kan around to go a different way. The Humans 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 maelstrom of fire and shrapnel. The rokkit launchas on Snagrot's Kan cooked off in the heat of the blast, sending the Kan reeling — another was struck by a big piece of armour plate and blow up, another was struck by a big piece of armour plate from the wreck and staggered crabwise. Snagrot was desparing of getting a fight now. His Kan was limping unsteadily 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.

VIA TEMPESTORASTara's Chimera was accelerating fast toward the swarm of aliens in the centre of the street. As it rounded the corner of the towering building to the right, Haines saw two aliens drop onto the roof of the tank and start blasting at the hatches. Suddenly, the...
The Killer Kans, 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. Heaving and straining with the weight of the zzap guns, the Grots hauled 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 Kans 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 crackling crozius, Fernandez cut down an Ork Nob and fatally wounded the Ork Warboss before he too was pummelled into the ground. The remaining members of the retinue, overcome with battle-lust, charged into the combat between the Sword Brethren and the Killer Kans. The Killer Kans 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 cataclysmic explosion. Howling, the Trukk mob and retinue fled the combat, leaving the remaining Killer Kan to its doom. Back at the Coolant Towers, Squad Phemeus reported that Objective one had been destroyed.

Now in command, Sword Brethren Senior Initiate Venatus grimly acknowledged the situation. He ordered Dreadnought Barbarous to attend him, and the survivors of Squads Phemeus and Actaon 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 Kan ended with the crack of a thunder hammer smashing the Kan at the cost of another Sword Brethren’s life. Reforming his squad, Venatus 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 hulk shook as another barrage was fired off at the battle raging miles below. Squad Actaon emerged from a corridor next to the chem pit, only to be fired upon by the zzap guns positioned on the bridge. Luckily the shots dissipated as they hit the corridor side. The remaining mobile Trukk mob rumbled forward past 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 defence, cutting down Initiate Venatus 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 Templars.

Knowing that the battle was lost and with more Ork reinforcements appearing on the outer edge of his auspex scanner, Senior Initiate Phemeus 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. Overhead, the Fighta-Bommerz had run out of smart bombs, but one of the pilots flew in close and opened up with his 'cavy 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 Nobs 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 Nobs 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 Nobs 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 a city of corpses...
Sergeant Haines ordered his men to disembark. The Chimera ground 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, blustering 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 bolter 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 satisfyingly large explosion. It was time to join the fight at close quarters.

At first, Brother Gallic 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 Lucio 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 runts staggering under the weight of the blocky composite weapon strapped to its back.
already cut as the grinning Slavemaster unleashed a wounding chain of bullets into the Blood Angels squad. Two Marines fell, crumbling into the rubble. The cracking gun overheated, its bearer dancing in pain, but the ugly, twisted slaves continued firing. This was enough to maintain the massed Ork front from above, and Gallico finally had time to shout a hoarse warning. The Orks barrelled into them like charging bulls, bellowing their deafening battle cry. The huiking Ork that had halved his squad on the roofs above had landed like a rock from the sky, black recesses of the building, Gailio plummeted into the street. The Storni Troopers were wading through the slave-runts towards the Ork front lines, snapping necks with their heavy boots and incinerating the aliens with their hellguns. The mewling beasts did nothing more than tug at their clothing and scuttle away, cowering through the crowd. The leering Slavemaster swung its 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 buckling around Yarrick as the vicious electroluted prod 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 rung out over the din, a battle-psalm to the might of the Emperor. With perfect timing, the Commissar stepped backward whilst pushing forward with his power sword. One of the Orks eviscerated 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 blows, parrying one arm on the backswing, the ornate sword cracking as 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. Bullets bounced off his baroque breastplate, but Weiss didn’t even flinch. This man was a fitting comrade in arms for Yarrick, thought Haines, as explosions blossomed at the end of the street. The Chimaras behind him were still firing, barrels flaring as their supporting fire thudded into the Orks on the line 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 TEMPESTORA

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 streets of the ruined city. The colours of the new dawn were reflected in the thick alien blood covering the streets of the ruined city.

08.23 DEVIL'S CROSSROADS

Sergeant Haines sprinted for the front line, pausing briefly to shoot at the Orks on his left. It was only the momentum of their assault that stopped the Orks from counter-charging, only Yarrick's fearsome reputation that stopped them from being overwhelmed. His soldiers were hot at his heels, rushing to fight alongside the Orks. He could hear Yarrick's stentorian voice even over the maneol of battle surrounding them.

"Chaplain Subedel Khan, report position... Spare not one of them! Emperor be with you, out!"
forward, jets of steam and whining servomotors punctuating their approach. Last time Haines had seen these mechanised warriors they had seemed tiny amongst the towering buildings of Templestora, but now they loomed above their alien creators, pincers the size of the Orks beneath them snipping 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 shoulder-charged the largest Ork, knocking the wind out of it as it barrelled 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 aliens.

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. Agrowling 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 flung his bolt into the creature’s chest. Alien blood gushed over his ripped gloves, but Haines could not waste a second. He wrenched 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, Skarmek rushed up with Ghaskhul 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. Ghaskhul 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. Skarmek stunned two with his trusty spanner, allowing Gorbag to tear them apart in a bitter spray of bloodshed. The shadowy gloom of the factory was split asunder as rokkits and green lightning from the Battlevragon’s zzap 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 bumba shoved 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 crackled with barely suppressed energies. The Chaplain’s blows slew three ‘Ard Boyz in quick 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 slanted through entrance invitingly, 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 Ghaskhul at his heels, but before he got three paces, fire raked down from the gantries and across both of them. Ghaskhul took a bolt in the face and went down with a clattering sound like oil drums being dropped off a cliff. Skarmek managed to get his heavy back-pack force field generator working just in time to deflect a fiery bolt that slammed 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 jolt of extra fuel sent his mega-armour thundering forward, with Skarmek scuttling to keep up.

08.27 THE POWER GENERATORS

The next salvo landed further away and Snagrot heaved a sigh of relief. Several warbikes and a truck full of Boyz roared past his labouring Kan. Snagrot looked up ahead to where they were going and tried to figure out where he was on this crude street map chalked on the inside of his Kan. There, that must be where they were going and tried to figure out where he was on this crude street map chalked on the inside of his Kan. There, that must be the generator thingy ahead. thought Snagrot.

The ‘Ard Boyz take the fight to the Salamanders Command speech.
Adeon struggled within the incarcerating darkness of his tomb to get enough systems back on-line to charge the aliens. He would see that each one of them was destroyed even if it meant grinding each one into the dust under his massive metal feet.

Sympathies fizzled and connections sprung back into place as the mighty Furioso Dreadnought he was entombed within stamped forward towards the crowd of Orks. His twin power fists with which he had crushed hundreds of aliens and heretics hung inert and shattered by his sides. The Dreadnought was still a powerful tool, Adeon reassured himself. He would make them pay for the damage they had wreaked.

+++ENGAGE+++ 

Suddenly a swarm of white-painted, armoured bikers and vehicles hurtled out of the streets behind it, guns flashing yellow through the murk as they ripped into the warbikes, the truck, the buildings and everything else. Warbikes skidded and burned in the onslaught. A few seconds later, the truck 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 clanked 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 Iris 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 blossomed 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 fight!

The throng of white-painted Bikers and vehicles hurled out of the streets behind it, guns flashing yellow through the murk as they ripped into the warbikes, the truck, the buildings and everything else. Warbikes skidded and burned in the onslaught. A few seconds later, the truck 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 clanked 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 Iris 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 blossomed 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 fight!

+++EROUTING POWER+++ 

The thick liquid around his shattered body warmed as 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 swarming around his legs, axes clanging uselessly off his thick adamantium 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.

Suddenly a swarm of white-painted, armoured bikers and vehicles hurtled out of the streets behind it, guns flashing yellow through the murk as they ripped into the warbikes, the truck, the buildings and everything else. Warbikes skidded and burned in the onslaught. A few seconds later, the truck 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 clanked 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 Iris 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 blossomed 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 fight!

+++EROUTING POWER+++ 

The thick liquid around his shattered body warmed as 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 swarming around his legs, axes clanging uselessly off his thick adamantium 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 clang as something heavy landed on top of the Furioso. He had been engrossed in the fight, feeling the Rage swell behind his withered 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, leaking its filthy blood onto his armor, a massive claw clawing at his carapace. 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. He whirled 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 crippling 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, its 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 amniotic fluids around him spilled into the dirt. He had no choice.

+++ SELF DESTRUCT 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 Skarmek put another one down with his kustom slugga, 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 sluggas into the prone bodies of the foe. But they were like children in comparison to the rampaging Warboss. One, two, three, four, the hulking 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 riddling 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 tooting 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 teeming hordes of tanks and guns manned by his Boyz flashed through his brain. They’d have to start calling him Warlord soon. As if on cue, the wartrukk which had split off from his force at the start of the battle clattered around the corner of the factory, packed full of Boyz exuberance. Gorbag turned to survey his new acquisition and realised it wasn’t exuberance that had prompted the Trukk Boyz fusillade.

The Battlewagon and the Basilisk were still back at the south end, blasting at the gantries with shells, rokkits and zzap-bom lightening bolts. They were annihilating green-armoured warriors wherever they struck but a handful of Space Marines still clung to scraps of cover and fired back defiantly. Gorbag cursed roundly. He was going to have to go back and clear out the whole zoggin’ 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 trukks alike. The fleeing Orks ran straight into the teeth of Squad Jharatai’s crossfire as they disembarked from their Rhino, pouring more bolt shells into the beleaguered aliens. The Assault Marines descended from above like raptors, bolt pistols flaring as they scattered the green-skinned runts 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. Subdeei Khan kept the triggers of his bolters pressed flat, scores of bullets scything into the Orks, blasting 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.

Subdeei roared in anger, spurring his bike forward, crazily charging like a club into the chest of a wounded Ork. The beast came apart, a shower of blood splattering the front of his black vehicle. To his left, Kubelei 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, a twist, Kubelei 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. Subdeei 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 soying pincer mangled bike and Marine alike. A blinding explosion of superheated fusion blossomed between Subdeei’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.

The White Scars chase down the Ork resistance, securing the Imperial hold on the Power Generators.

Even amongst the swirling, deadly battle around him, Sergeant Haines 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 bionic 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 chattering 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, belligerent staring lines in the rusty steel of the Dreadnought’s hull, it closed its pincer. 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 Haines. Mustering his squad, Haines charged into the fray alongside the Commissar. He heard the hydraulics of the pincer hiss as the Dreadnought seared 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 pincer broke through, catching Yarrick around the chest.

Yarrick was boosted in the air like a trophy. With a hissing of hydraulics and the whine of servomotors, the cruel pincer began to close. Haines 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 Tempestor would fall, that they would die to the last man. Yarrick’s bionic 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. Haines 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 whistle, 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 roiling mass, bloody 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. Haines snarled and joined the slaughter.
WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY

Rowland: 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 Yarrick 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 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 Yarrick, 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 Trukk!

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 fail 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 Chimeras could cross safely (as safely as you can when you're approaching a horde of alien barbarians 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 Yarrick, 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 Tempestorum...

Owens: 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 tooled-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 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 army it 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 Furioso 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?
Hiatts
t really hate Ork Dreadnoughts. It was all going so well until that Dread turned up right next to the Codling Towers. Up until then, everything was going to plan. My fifteen-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 fifteen 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 get 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 charging 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.

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 lunchtime!

So, with Alex now more familiar with his army we decided that as 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 effectively take the Warboss and his retinue out of the game as early as possible by trashin his truck 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 Subedai 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 affect 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 valiant 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’. Pity! 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 the tank factory can tear equally 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 1,500 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 gantries where the Salamanders clung on to the end. Just one extra casualty on the surviving Salamanders 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 blimming table.
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 fanatic 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, Slugga 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.

Karl: Well what can I say but “Yes! Eat that you Imperial scumbag!” 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 Slakk Bommerz 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 Matt 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 knew 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!
Sergeant Haines lay exhausted at the base of a shattered statue at the heart of Hive Tempestora. 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 Yamck, 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 beasts, 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 anaemic 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, to drive the Orks out of the city and ultimately to drive them 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.

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

Van Heulen sighed, and leaned 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.

Above him, the broken statue of the Emperor cast its shadow over the dying soldiers in the street. He remembered seeing it for the first time as a child, hiding behind his grandfather's legs from the penetrating gaze of the towering figure. Now, the statue was blackened and broken. Its sword was shattered, the left arm missing at the elbow, but the grim dignity and menace of the effigy remained. It stared down at Sergeant Haines with cold, sightless eyes.

For the first time in his life, Haines felt he could stare back.
• ORK WAAAGH!
The Ork menace continues to grow with the appearance of the Stormboy Nob & Warboss with Attack Squig

• STEEL LEGION!
Armageddon’s finest rumble into action

• FAST ATTACK!
Space Marine Scout Bikers

ANYTHING AT ALL – GIVE US A CALL

(02) 9829 6111

Or e-mail us at trollz@games-workshop.com.au

Or order selected products online:
WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM.AU

WHAT MAIL ORDER CAN DO FOR YOU
• COMPONENT PART SERVICE – Mail Order has a limited range of components.
• HOME DELIVERY – Set postage rates no matter how much you order!
• RULES SERVICE & ADVICE – If you have a gaming or hobby question give us a call.
• ADVANCE ORDER – Why wait? If you like a product, place an order.
• OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK – 8am to 10pm Monday to Friday and 10am to 6pm weekends and public holidays!

HOW TO USE MAIL ORDER
Ordering by Mail Order is easy. If you have a credit card you can order over the phone:
• GIVE US A CALL ON – (02) 9829 6111
• TELL THE TROLLS WHAT YOU WANT – If you are not sure, just ask the Phone Trolls. They will be happy to help you out.
• SIT BACK & RELAX – After you have placed your order, just sit back, relax and wait for your parcel to arrive on your doorstep.
• COMPLETE PERSONAL DETAILS – Fill out your name and address in the space provided at the bottom of the form.
• PLACE ORDER IN THE POST – Send your order to:
Games Workshop Mail Order, P.O. Box 576 Ingleburn NSW 1890

AND THAT’S IT!

HONG KONG MAIL ORDER

• South-East Asian customers can call Hong Kong Mail Order on (852) 2355 2799 or fax through your orders on (852) 2355 2063.

• Hong Kong Mail Order email: gwhk@hkabc.net
• For payments to Hong Kong Mail order we accept Visa & Mastercard.
• Post and Packing Information: We will ship via Speedpost to all South-East Asian accounts within 1-3 days. Postage charges are the actual postage charge incurred by us.
• Hong Kong Mail Order is open Monday - Friday from 9am - 6pm (local time).
• To calculate prices in HK$, just multiply the $AUS amount by 5.

* South-East Asian customers can call Hong Kong Mail Order on (852) 2355 2799 or fax through your orders on (852) 2355 2063.

• Hong Kong Mail Order email: gwhk@hkabc.net
• For payments to Hong Kong Mail order we accept Visa & Mastercard.
• Post and Packing Information: We will ship via Speedpost to all South-East Asian accounts within 1-3 days. Postage charges are the actual postage charge incurred by us.
• Hong Kong Mail Order is open Monday - Friday from 9am - 6pm (local time).
• To calculate prices in HK$, just multiply the $AUS amount by 5.

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

The Imperial Guard are the largest and most diverse fighting force in the galaxy, fighting across a hundred warzones upon ten thousand planets. This 48 page Codex details everything you need to know to field an Imperial Guard army.

STEEL LEGION LIEUTENANT
Designed by Alan & Michael Perry

$11.95 NZ$13.95

STEEL LEGION SERGEANTS & SPECIAL WEAPONS
Blister supplied with one Steel Legion Sergeant and one Special Weapon. Designed by Alan & Michael Perry

$14.95 NZ$16.95

NEW

ARMAGEDDON STEEL LEGION SQUAD

$49.95 NZ$54.95

STEEL LEGION ARMY DEAL

$300 army deal

THE ARMY...
Commissar Yarrick
1 Steel Legion squad box, plus enough blister packs of Steel Legion Imperial Guardsmen to make three complete Imperial Guard squads and a command squad. Including lascannon, heavy bolter and special weapons.

3 Steel Legion Sentinels
1 Imperial Guard Chimera
STEEL LEGION HEAVY WEAPON TEAMS
Designed by Alan & Michael Perry

STEEL LEGION GUARDSMEN
Designed by Alan & Michael Perry

STEEL LEGION ARMOUR

STORM TROOPERS
Designed by Mark Bedford

TREADHEADS DEAL
Buy any 3 Imperial Guard vehicles and receive the cheapest for half price.
This offer is only available until 31st September 2000.

ORDER Trollz@games-workshop.co
The Space Marines are mankind's most awesome warriors. This 48 page Codex details everything you need to know to field a Space Marine army.

**CODEX SPACE MARINES**

$19.95 NZS22.95 Codex

**SALAMANDERS TACTICAL SQUAD**

$39.95 boxed set NZS44.95

**DEVASTATOR WITH MULTI-MELTA**

$11.95 NZS13.95 each

**BLACK TEMPLARS SQUAD**

$39.95 boxed set NZS44.95

**SPACE MARINE BIKE**

$17.95 NZS19.95 each

**SPACE MARINE SCOUT BIKERS**

$59.95 boxed set NZS64.95

**LAND RAIDER CRUSADER**

$79.95 boxed set NZS89.95

**NEW**


Boxed set contains 1 multi-part plastic Space Marine bike. Designed by Jes Goodwin.

Buy any 3 Ork vehicles and receive the cheapest for half price.

This offer is only available until 30th September 2000.
The Craftworld Eldar have specialised forces unique to their own craftworld, the Bael-Tan Swordwind army, Saim-Hann Wild Riders, and the Ghost Warriors of Iyanden are just some of the forces covered in this book, along with special rules and the background of the Craftworld Eldar.

Codex Craftworld Eldar is not a stand-alone Codex. You will need a copy of Codex Eldar to make full use of the craftworld army lists.

STRIKING SCORPIONS

Eldar are deadly in battle, utilising advanced weaponry and mysterious wargear. This 48-page Codex details everything you need to know to field an army of these proud warriors.

ELDAR EXARCHS

Swooping Hawk Exarch
Howling Banshee Exarch
Dark Reaper Exarch
Striking Scorpion Exarch
Fire Dragon Exarch

DIRE AVENGERS

Boxed set contains 8 multi-part plastic & metal Dire Avengers. Designed by Jes Goodwin & Mike McVey
ELDAR SUPPORT WEAPON PLATFORM
Designed by Tim Adcock, Juan Diaz & Mark Harrison

Elad support weapon platform comes with 3
Guardian crew and an Eldar support weapon of
your choice.

The support weapons available are: D-cannon,
vibrocannon and shadow weaver.

Support weapon platform
mounting a shadow weaver

ASPECT WARRIOR DEALS

• DEAL 1: ASPECT WARRIOR SQUAD DEAL.
For $35 you receive an Exarch and 4 Aspect
Warriors. Choose one of the following Aspects,
Striking Scorpions, Fire Dragons, Howling Banshees,
Swooping Hawks or Dark Reapers.

• DEAL 2: WARP SPIDER SQUAD DEAL.
For $53 you receive a Warp Spider Exarch and 4
Warp Spiders.

• DEAL 3: SHINING SPEAR SQUAD DEAL.
For $70 you receive a Shining Spear Exarch and 3
Shining Spears.

• DEAL 4: FALCON GRAV TANK.
If you order any of the above deals, you can grab a
Falcon Grav Tank for only $50!!
With all the races currently in the Warmaster range released, we thought we'd do some deals for them. All the deals work out to be roughly 1000 points, so all you need is a splash of glue, a coat of paint and then it'll be ready for all comers.

**HIGH ELVES ARMY DEALS**
- For $105, get this High Elf Army. It includes 3 Spearmen Units, 2 Archer Units, a Heroes and Wizards Pack, 2 Silverhelms Knights Units, and a Repeater Bolt Thrower Unit.
- For $110 you get 2 Spearmen Units, 2 Archer Units, a Reaver Knights Unit, a Chariot Unit, a Hero on a Dragon, a Repeater Bolt Thrower Unit, and a Giant Eagle Unit.

**UNDEAD ARMY DEALS**
- In this deal, you get 2 Skeleton Units, 2 Skeleton Archer Units, 2 Skeleton Cavalry Units, a Bone Giant, a Skull Chukka, a Bone Thrower, and an Undead Characters Pack for $115.
- $135 gets you this Undead Army. This has 2 Skeleton Units, 2 Skeleton Archer Units, an Undead Hero on Zombie Dragon, an Undead Sphinx, 2 Units of Carrion, 2 Units of Undead Chariots, a Skull Chukka, and a Bone Thrower.

**EMPIRE ARMY DEALS**
- For $115, this deal has an Empire General stand, an Empire Hero stand, an Empire Wizard stand, 3 units of Empire Halberdiers, 2 units of Empire Crossbowmen, 1 unit of Flagellants, an Empire Cannon, a Steam Tank, and a unit of Knights.
- For $140, you get an Empire Hero on a Griffon, 2 units of Halberdiers, 2 units of Empire Crossbowmen, 1 unit of Flagellants, 2 units of Handgunners, 2 units of Pistoliers, 2 units of Empire Skirmishers, and an Helblaster Volley Gun.
CHAOSES ARMED DEALS
• For $85, get a Chaos Warrior Unit, a Marauder Unit, a Chaos Knights Unit, a Chaos Hounds Unit, a Marauder Horsemen Unit, a Dragon Ogres Unit, and a Chaos Heroes Pack.
• For $105, get a Chaos Warrior Unit, a Marauder Unit, a Chaos Knights Unit, a Marauder Horsemen Unit, a Chaos Hounds Unit, a Harpies Unit, 2 Chaos Spawn, and a Chaos Hero on

DWARF ARMY DEALS
• The first deal has a Dwarf General, a Dwarf Hero, a Runesmith, 2 units of Dwarf Warriors, 2 units of Trollslayers, 2 units of Thunderers, a unit of Dwarf Cannons, and a Gyrocopter for $100.
• In the second deal you get 2 units of Dwarf Warriors, 2 units of Dwarf Rangers, 2 units of Trollslayers, a unit of Dwarf Cannons, a Dwarf Flame Cannon, a Dwarf Gyrocopter, and a Dwarf Characters Pack for $110.

ORCS ARMY DEALS
• For $135, get a Orc Characters pack, 2 units of Orc Warriors, 2 units of Goblins, 2 units of Boar Boys, a unit of Black Orcs, a Giant, a unit of Goblin Wolf Chariots, and a unit of Trolls.
• For $150, get a Orc Hero on Wyvern, 3 units of Orc Warriors, 2 units of Goblins, 2 units of Wolfboyz, a unit of Ogres, a Rock Lober, a unit of Black Orcs, a unit of Trollz, and a unit of Goblin Chariots.

TOLLAR, a unit of Black Ores, a unit of Trollz, and a unit of Goblin Wolf Chariots.

$14.95
NZ$16.95
each

$11.95
NZ$13.95
each

Dwarf General on Wyvern

Chaos Dragon

For $85, get a Chaos Warrior Unit, a Marauder Unit, a Chaos Knights Unit, a Chaos Hounds Unit, a Marauder Horsemen Unit, a Dragon Ogres Unit, and a Chaos Heroes Pack.
• For $105, get a Chaos Warrior Unit, a Marauder Unit, a Chaos Knights Unit, a Marauder Horsemen Unit, a Chaos Hounds Unit, a Harpies Unit, 2 Chaos Spawn, and a Chaos Hero on

DWARF ARMY DEALS
• The first deal has a Dwarf General, a Dwarf Hero, a Runesmith, 2 units of Dwarf Warriors, 2 units of Trollslayers, 2 units of Thunderers, a unit of Dwarf Cannons, and a Gyrocopter for $100.
• In the second deal you get 2 units of Dwarf Warriors, 2 units of Dwarf Rangers, 2 units of Trollslayers, a unit of Dwarf Cannons, a Dwarf Flame Cannon, a Dwarf Gyrocopter, and a Dwarf Characters Pack for $110.

ORMS ARMY DEALS
• For $135, get a Orc Characters pack, 2 units of Orc Warriors, 2 units of Goblins, 2 units of Boar Boys, a unit of Black Orcs, a Giant, a unit of Goblin Wolf Chariots, and a unit of Trolls.
• For $150, get a Orc Hero on Wyvern, 3 units of Orc Warriors, 2 units of Goblins, 2 units of Wolfboyz, a unit of Ogres, a Rock Lober, a unit of Black Orcs, a unit of Trollz, and a unit of Goblin Chariots.

$14.95
NZ$16.95
each

$11.95
NZ$13.95
each

Dwarf General on Wyvern

Chaos Dragon

For $85, get a Chaos Warrior Unit, a Marauder Unit, a Chaos Knights Unit, a Chaos Hounds Unit, a Marauder Horsemen Unit, a Dragon Ogres Unit, and a Chaos Heroes Pack.
• For $105, get a Chaos Warrior Unit, a Marauder Unit, a Chaos Knights Unit, a Marauder Horsemen Unit, a Chaos Hounds Unit, a Harpies Unit, 2 Chaos Spawn, and a Chaos Hero on

DWARF ARMY DEALS
• The first deal has a Dwarf General, a Dwarf Hero, a Runesmith, 2 units of Dwarf Warriors, 2 units of Trollslayers, 2 units of Thunderers, a unit of Dwarf Cannons, and a Gyrocopter for $100.
• In the second deal you get 2 units of Dwarf Warriors, 2 units of Dwarf Rangers, 2 units of Trollslayers, a unit of Dwarf Cannons, a Dwarf Flame Cannon, a Dwarf Gyrocopter, and a Dwarf Characters Pack for $110.

ORMS ARMY DEALS
• For $135, get a Orc Characters pack, 2 units of Orc Warriors, 2 units of Goblins, 2 units of Boar Boys, a unit of Black Orcs, a Giant, a unit of Goblin Wolf Chariots, and a unit of Trolls.
• For $150, get a Orc Hero on Wyvern, 3 units of Orc Warriors, 2 units of Goblins, 2 units of Wolfboyz, a unit of Ogres, a Rock Lober, a unit of Black Orcs, a unit of Trollz, and a unit of Goblin Chariots.

$14.95
NZ$16.95
each

$11.95
NZ$13.95
each

Dwarf General on Wyvern

Chaos Dragon

For $85, get a Chaos Warrior Unit, a Marauder Unit, a Chaos Knights Unit, a Chaos Hounds Unit, a Marauder Horsemen Unit, a Dragon Ogres Unit, and a Chaos Heroes Pack.
• For $105, get a Chaos Warrior Unit, a Marauder Unit, a Chaos Knights Unit, a Marauder Horsemen Unit, a Chaos Hounds Unit, a Harpies Unit, 2 Chaos Spawn, and a Chaos Hero on

DWARF ARMY DEALS
• The first deal has a Dwarf General, a Dwarf Hero, a Runesmith, 2 units of Dwarf Warriors, 2 units of Trollslayers, 2 units of Thunderers, a unit of Dwarf Cannons, and a Gyrocopter for $100.
• In the second deal you get 2 units of Dwarf Warriors, 2 units of Dwarf Rangers, 2 units of Trollslayers, a unit of Dwarf Cannons, a Dwarf Flame Cannon, a Dwarf Gyrocopter, and a Dwarf Characters Pack for $110.
Did you know that you can place an Advance Order for all new games and miniatures, then have them delivered to your home postage free.

Just give us a call to find out the prices and what other advance orders and special offers are available!

The new version of Warhammer will be available from the end of September!

For $139.95, the Warhammer Box Set comes with the Rulebook (including the rules for magic), assorted dice, templates, range rulers, a card building, and starter armies for both Empire and Orcs. These armies even include a Hero and War machine each!

The Warhammer rulebook will also be available separately for $69.95. Perfect if you have an already existing army or don't play Empire or Orcs. The first lot will come as a hardback, but after these are sold out, it will only be available as a softback.
Did you know that you can place an Advance Order for all new games and miniatures, then have them delivered to your home postage free. Just give us a call to find out the prices and what other advance orders and special offers are available!

**GAMES WORKSHOP ONLINE STORE**

**WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM.AU**

That's right, Games Workshop now has an online store. So if you have access to the internet you can log on to http://www.games-workshop.com.au, follow the links and place your orders from the comfort of your own PC.

**RULES OF ENGAGEMENT**

The dedicated hobbyist spends hours of their time painting and collecting armies of Citadel Miniatures so that they can play their favourite games. At Games Workshop, we appreciate your commitment to the hobby and feel that you should be given the opportunity to take part in this offer for being a loyal customer.

Skulz is the great new offer for Games Workshop Store and Mail Order customers. Simply stick the special Skulz tokens we send you (or the tokens your receive from store purchases) for purchases over AUS$25 onto a Skulz collector's card and claim special gifts.

This is how it works. Every time you spend AUS$25 we'll give you one Skulz token, if you spend AUS$50 we'll give you two and so on. Once you have ten Skulz you can send them in and choose a free gift from the ‘10 Skulz’ category. However, you can continue to collect and choose from the extra special gifts by collecting 25 Skulz. It doesn’t stop there though, claim some awesome gifts by collecting 50 Skulz! Please bear in mind that all the gifts are subject to availability. In the event that a gift is unavailable we ask that you make a second choice. Should your second choice also be unavailable Mail Order shall contact you to arrange a replacement.

PS. The Emperor has chosen to help you on your arduous journey, with freebie Skulz tokens along the way!

The Skulz offer is open until October 31st 2000. This Skulz offer is open to residents of Australia, New Zealand and South East Asia.
This is your Mail Order form. Now that you’ve seen all the models and new releases in this issue, we know that you can’t wait to get your hands on them. All you have to do is fill out this form, stick it in an envelope with your payment and post it to:

**GAMES WORKSHOP MAIL ORDER**

PO Box 576 Ingleburn NSW 1890 AUSTRALIA

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CODE</th>
<th>DESCRIPTION</th>
<th>PUBLICATION/PAGE</th>
<th>PRICE</th>
<th>QTY</th>
<th>TOTAL PRICE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CODEX ARMAGEDDON</td>
<td>WHITE DWARF 248</td>
<td></td>
<td>$11.95</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$11.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GHASONKULL THRANA</td>
<td>WHITE DWARF 248</td>
<td></td>
<td>$29.95</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$29.95</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Please start my WHITE DWARF subscription with issue number: ............

Use this form to mail order Games Workshop products and Citadel Miniatures from this or any recent issue of White Dwarf. When you have totalled up your order, please don’t forget to add the postage and packing charge. PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK CAPITALS AND USE A BLACK PEN.

**METHODS OF PAYMENT**

You can pay by cheque or money order made payable to Games Workshop Ltd. Alternatively, we take Mastercard, Visa, and Bankcard. If you wish to pay by credit card, please fill in the relevant details on the form overleaf. If you have a credit card, you can place an immediate order by phoning our Mail Order Hotlines – but make sure you have your card with you when you phone.

**DISPATCH & DELIVERY**

So that you get your games and miniatures as quickly as possible we always dispatch your order via our express delivery service. All orders placed before noon are dispatched on the same day.

**POSTAGE & PACKING**

Within Australia: Add $5.00 for Standard delivery (3-7 days, in Australia) $10.00 for Deluxe delivery (1-3 days, in Australia) Overseas: Add 40% of the order value. If you pay by credit card, postage & packing will be charged at cost if less than this (minimum P&P $10.00)

Use this form to mail order Games Workshop products and Citadel Miniatures from this or any recent issue of White Dwarf. When you have totalled up your order, please don’t forget to add the postage and packing charge. PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK CAPITALS AND USE A BLACK PEN.

**METHODS OF PAYMENT**

You can pay by cheque or money order made payable to Games Workshop Ltd. Alternatively, we take Mastercard, Visa, and Bankcard. If you wish to pay by credit card, please fill in the relevant details on the form overleaf. If you have a credit card, you can place an immediate order by phoning our Mail Order Hotlines – but make sure you have your card with you when you phone.

**DISPATCH & DELIVERY**

So that you get your games and miniatures as quickly as possible we always dispatch your order via our express delivery service. All orders placed before noon are dispatched on the same day.

**POSTAGE & PACKING**

Within Australia: Add $5.00 for Standard delivery (3-7 days, in Australia) $10.00 for Deluxe delivery (1-3 days, in Australia) Overseas: Add 40% of the order value. If you pay by credit card, postage & packing will be charged at cost if less than this (minimum P&P $10.00)

Please feel free to photocopy this form.
ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION

Buy a ONE Year subscription to White Dwarf (that’s 12 issues) for only $120 and you’ll receive your choice of any box set to the value of $22.95 FREE!
Overseas (one year): Only $140

TWO YEAR SUBSCRIPTION

Buy a TWO Year subscription to White Dwarf (24 issues) for just $230 plus we’ll send you your choice of any box set to the value of $59.95 FREE!
Overseas (two year): Only $270

You know it makes sense!

www.games-workshop.com.au
WARHAMMER
IT'S BACK! BIGGER, BETTER AND Badder!

All is revealed next issue!