

The Sad Muppet Society presents...

Issue 15, Summer 2003

# THE NEWSLETTER



## BURN BABY BURN...



CARDIFF TOURNAMENT REPORT | EYE OF TERROR CAMPAIGN  
BLITZGOR THE SEMI BAD | THE MARTYRS OF THE VOID



For those of you who don't already know me, I'm the really sad one. Yep, that's right it's all my fault. I'm the mug who started off the Newsletter, the Homepage, and the Column (for those of you who also read the Matrix, Genesis Sci-fi club's magazine). However in my typical style I refuse to take any responsibility for anything else, so officially I'm going to blame the penguin, for absolutely everything.

**Richard (the Rat) Kerry  
Chief Muppet**

**Front cover:**

Lee Cook's 'old' Chaos Lord. Nah, he only looks like Cypher...

**Insert Page 2:**

One of Tony's very angry pygmies...

## Muppet Merchandise

If anyone wants one, we can get 'Team: Muppet' t-shirts and polo shirts, with the SMS logo on the front and the Team: Muppet logo across the back, as modelled by various folk at the club.

These are £15 each and available in various sizes. Speak to Other Muppet (Dave James) for more info.

## EDITORIAL (THE RAT'S RAMBLINGS)

In a continuing trend this year, the Newsletter is a couple of weeks late again, and I'm afraid this time around the Newsletter is a little light. Err, sorry about that, but I've been on holiday, and they've been making me work, and stuff. Anyway, now those pathetic excuses is out of the way, what's been happening? Well, amongst the rest of the chaos (new fantasy players turning up at the club and that sort of thing) you may, possibly, have noticed that Games Workshop have been promoting their new summer campaign, just a little bit. So what so great about this Eye of Terror thing then? Well, allegedly the results will shape the background to the next edition of Warhammer 40000, so that's quite big. And as members of SMS you'll be able to influence of the final outcome even more.

You see, fifteen clubs from across the UK have to chosen to run special Eye of Terror events that will carry extra weigh on the final results, and we're one of them! So at some point in the not to distant future (probably at the meeting you receive this actually) we be running a full-blown 40K in 40 minutes tournament, One Night Stand.

However that's not

everything, you see there's still two months of Eye of Terror goodness to fill so expect there to be a few participation games and the like throughout the summer. Of course far, far, more exciting than this is the news that SMS will be running its very own full-blown, grown up, Warhammer 40000 tournament next year on the 8th May 2004. If you want to know more talk to either myself or Mr Jenkin, or keep an eye on the website. And if you play Fantasy, don't worry because we haven't forgotten about you (look, there are even fantasy article in here this month), because at the Genesis-SF Club Gamesday in October we're planning to do a huge fantasy demo game, once somebody has come up with a suitable idea of course...

**Richard Kerry  
Chief Muppet**

As always I'm on the look out for more articles so if you've got any new rules to test out, want to review something, write a story, or have any other interesting article in mind, email me and you might see it in here next time. Newsletter Sixteen is due out on the 30th September 2003 so I need any articles in by the 20th at the latest.

## THE CLUB

*We've now got a club running, so what's the deal?* Well, as the main aim is just to cover our running costs, 'The Meet' on Tuesday nights is going to cost you £2 if you're a member and £3 if you're not.

*So how do I become a member?*

Sorry, this is going to cost you more money. £5 per year

earns you the title 'Member Muppet' and entitles you to a printed copy of this Newsletter four times a year plus gets you into 'The Meet' at member's rates. In addition to this you can join Team: Muppet, for the glory of, umm, Basingstoke...

*So that's it?*

Yep, it is. At least until we change our minds...

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## UPCOMING EVENTS

OR MORE OPPORTUNITIES TO SPEND MONEY

8th July 2003

### One Night Stand

OK, chances are if you're reading this all already know about this one so moving swiftly on...

12-13th July 2003

### Attack! 2003

The Corn Exchange, Devizes. £2 entrance. Competitions, bring & buy, etc

26-27th July 2003

### STaB 2003

A Warhammer Fantasy Battle tournament in Bournemouth. £5 for the day including entry to the show.

13-14th September 2003

### Colours 2003

The annual big wargaming fair in Reading.

14th September 2003

### Gamesday and Golden Demon Awards 2003

27-28th September 2003

### Warhammer 40000 Grand Tournament 2003 Heat One

19th October 2003

### Genesis-SF Club Gamesday

Probably at Pamber Heath Scout Club, Genesis SF Club will be running a gamesday including boardgames, computers, and possibly even a little wargaming run by SMS

15-16th November 2003

### WarFare 2003

Rivermead Leisure Complex, Reading

22-23rd November 2003

### Warhammer 40000 Grand Tournament 2003 Heat Two

I'm planning to go to this one... (hopefully)

### 2003 SMS Meetings "The Meet"

Glebe Hall, Church Street, Basingstoke

8 July\*, 22 July, 5 August, 19 August, 2 September, 16 September, 30 September\*  
14 October, 28 October, 11 November, 25 November, 9 December, 23 December\*

\*indicates dates the Newsletter is available

*Mr Jenkin and Mr  
Freeth,  
One shall be joining you  
at Attack 2003 in  
Devizes. And one has  
established the forces one  
shall be fielding... and  
there shall be star  
cannons. Lots of them.  
:-)  
(commence evil laughing)*

*Some bloke*

## A SMALL MATTER OF HONOUR



At long last we have a date: Saturday 8th May 2004. That's right folk, the SMS tournament is officially in the planning stage and myself and Nick have already started testing scenarios for it (sort of).

So what's the plan? Well, A Small Matter of Honour is going to be a three game, one day Warhammer 40000 tournament set on the Imperial World of St Michael (read: its going to be at

Church Cottage, the hall you pass to get to the club). At the moment the plan is to go for 1750 point armies (because lets face it, 1500 points isn't quite enough) and probably a couple of little extras (SBNM: Scenario Based Non-Combatant Models). At the moment there's not much else to tell, except to keep an eye on the website for any updates as we'll be working on this little project

probably for the rest of the year.

"The beacon has been activated Commander."  
"Then it is to begin."  
"Yes sir, we have already detected ships moving into the system. The xenos approaches, traitors as well."  
"Indeed. Well let them come!"

*Yer well der's a small  
matter of da boyz sortin  
out oos da tuffest first!  
My boyz verzez da  
panzies not got kikked  
by you ratz.....den it'll  
be klobberin time!*





*Transmission Starts*

"Sir?!"

"Make it quick underling? I'm busy playing Risk here."

"Er. Yes, Lord."

*A pause.*

"Hurry up, I'm trying to take Kamchatka over here."

"Lord. There are reports of Eldar movements in the area."

"What can we do about it? If they're having movements then they should see a doctor.

*Cracking! Kamchatka has fallen!"*

"Er, I mean they are coming for us, Lord."

"Fine. Go and shoot them then."

"On my own, Lord?"

"If you feel up to it."

"Erm...."

"Bye then. Here we go, next state coming up then."

"Erm...."

"Are you still here?"

"Going now, Lord."

"Excellent. Bye. Send a postcard won't you?"

*Transmission Ends*

## EVENT REPORT

# CALAMITOUS COMBAT IN CARDIFF

City by the Bay.

With a very big Tesco store on the A48.

Mind you, Mark (Imperial One) and I weren't planning on visiting Tesco but a slight misread of the map and hey presto there we were. A quick study of a Street Map in the store<sup>1</sup> led us back onto the correct route and, before we knew it, there we were.

The Cardiff 40K Tournament was being run by the Cardiff Wargames Group and it turned out to be a very good weekend spent in the company of a fine bunch of mad 40K Generals.

Five games over the two days. 1800 points a-side. Using the new assault rules (hurray!). A quick look around the Scout Hut presented twenty armies arrayed for battle; there were at least four Imperial Guard armies, three Tau, two Tyranids, two Eldar, one Necron, two Chaos (including moi), one Ork and five Marine armies (including Mr Mark) – this was a major surprise as you normally find mainly marine armies at these events. I ended up only playing against one of the marines, which made an excellent change – no offence to marine players! So began the weekend of death and destruction: I won't go into too much detail as everything kind of blurs together after that many games but I'll try and throw in the highlights where I can remember them.

### Game 1 – Dawn Assault

**v Imperial Guard** (Ian Jones)  
Excellent introduction to the weekend with a scrap between two nasty shooty armies. He won the roll for table quarters and plonked a Leman Russ in the middle of the table. Eek!

The plan was simple: March towards him and try and destroy anything with a big gun early. Then assault

whatever was left.

Remember to capture table quarters.

Highlights of the battle for me were:

- My Basilisk missing his troops and scattering into the rear of a Leman Russ, blowing it up and taking a couple of infantry with it.
- His Basilisk blowing the gun off my Basilisk. Damn!
- The Obliterators ignoring just about every single shot coming their way.
- My troop choice in their rhino surviving a round of firing within their smoke shrouded Rhino and then eating Guard in close combat.
- One marine with a lascannon missing a Leman Russ in one turn, then blowing its gun off in the next and finally blowing it up a turn later.
- My Lord hiding at the back and refusing to get out of his Rhino.
- Oh and half way through we suddenly remembered that the first turn should have been night fight. Oops

Eventually we held three quarters and contested the other one.

A cracking game with the man who eventually won best sportsman.

Final Score:

Iron Warriors	25
Imperial Guard	7

I looked over to see how Mark was doing and he had the kind of shell-shocked look that resembles a rabbit caught in headlights. I wandered over and was greeted with the sight of Chimeras everywhere dropping their loads into the middle of Mark's marines. I did witness Mark's Chaplain being killed by a Sentinel (I think) in close combat; at which point I thought it best to retreat.

### Game 2 – Pitched Battle

**v Biel-Tan Eldar** (Sorry, forgot

to make a note of the player's name – apologies to the nice young man)

I was nearly fighting Dwarfs<sup>2</sup> after this young man picked up the wrong army in the morning! Fortunately his brother's Eldar were available for him to use – unfortunately they were mostly unpainted and even some Chaos Marines had snuck in and were pretending to be Striking Scorpions.

I counted fifteen Dark Reapers, ten Rangers, two Wraithlords and assorted other figures as they placed themselves in cover and prepared to blow my bits clean off.

The Plan: Concentrate fire on Dark Reapers and Wraithlords. Capture quarters with Obliterators and Deep-Striking Terminators (assuming they could be bothered to show up)

Highlights:

- Basilisk killing eight Scorpions with a single shot
- Obliterators ignoring Rangers/Reapers and just waltzing around the battlefield
- Surviving Mind War twice – love leadership 10.
- Watching nice marines die in a single turn of shooting to Dark Reapers. Ouch.
- Killing both Wraithlords before they got into Close Combat
- Terminators being killed in Close Combat by Rangers. Erm?
- Tiger Obliterator capturing a quarter on his own.

Hardly anything remained on either side by the end but we held three quarters and he had the one. Somehow I'd finally managed a win over Eldar. Scary.

Final Score:

Iron Warriors	18
Biel-Tan Eldar	14

**Game 3 – Patrol****v Imperial Guard (Oz)**

I hate patrol. Bits and pieces turning up all over the place thus making it very difficult to form a coherent plan, but we persevered through dedication to our cause.

This man had hordes of infantry – it's Guard after all - and three Leman Russ of various types. I couldn't tell you what the difference between them was but they all had big, big guns! Ouch. Have to kill these as soon as they show up and hope they don't all come in together.

So that was the plan.

Outshoot him as much as possible and then assault if anything presented itself.

Highlights:

- Missing everything in turn 13.
- Nearly the whole of my army, except the Basilisk, showing up in turn 2.
- Three Leman Russ all turning up together for him in his turn 2. Ow....
- Turn 3. Squad 1 fire lascannon at the nearest Leman Russ. Hit. Penetrated. Big Bang. Kills some infantry as well. Cool. Squad 2 fire lascannon at second Leman Russ. Hit. Glancing. Weapon Destroyed. Wahoo – big gun gone. Havocs fire everything at third Leman Russ. Hit. Penetrated (love Tank Hunter veteran skill). Bang. Destroyed. Three shots. Three Leman Russ. Eek! He was so happy.
- Tiger nearly got into close combat but eventually died.
- Basilisk showed up in turn 4 and finally killed a couple of infantry before the battle ended.

He didn't have a lot left at the end and the three Leman Russ kills had somewhat dampened the game in the third turn.

Final Score:

Iron Warriors	29
Imperial Guard	3

And so ended day one. Off we trundled to Porthcawl by the sea – and boy was it

blowing a gale. Fortunately we were guided in by a local on the old mobile as we were stumped when a roundabout appeared which was not on our liddle instructions.

A nice couple of beers and an Indian meal later and it was back to the room for a quick bash at the Warhammer 40K CCG (which was fun but we really must read instructions in more detail next time). In the morning we managed to stagger off for the proper full breakfast (after all it was going to be a long day) and then back to war we went.

**Game 4 – Cleanse****v Black Templars (Andy Lake)**

Andy took great delight in telling me that my Iron Warriors were about to be eaten by his Black Templars. Oddly enough I thought the same thing – I have this dislike of Emperor's Champions.

So let's see; my shooty army against his assaulty army. I wonder how this was going to pan out.

The Plan was one derived from panic. Set up two layers of shooty lines. Havocs behind Terminators. Infantry behind infantry. Obliterators ahead of both lines. Predator in the centre forcing him back and two rhino squads hidden in the centre able to support either side if they got hit.

Highlights:

Could be a few here;

- My entire army missing in turn 1 shooting phase. Not a single casualty on the assaulty army. Please see previous battle.
- Basilisk being blown sky high before it even got a shot off.
- Being in assault in his turn 2 as he hit my Terminators and Tiger.
- Killing his Chaplain with a power-fisted Terminator; nice
- Watching as his rhinos got stuck between the Predator and other obliterator – unable to

Okay, listen!!! I will say this only once, they were big, shitty brown and I be afraid of them!



I think it's fair to say that the tournament was a resounding success, Nick played an absolute blinder in coming fourth overall, (how they didn't spot the loaded dice is beyond me....three Leman Russ in succession....in one turn!! I ask you? For the love of God! Three! He also beat my army in the painting awards...sheesh! Nick's score: five games five victories, mine well I did have the handicap of my army case rolling over three or four times at the bottom of my road, getting lost on the way to Nick's then nearly killing a deer, or was it a chimera in disguise? Anyway with the casualties removed it had set the mood for the day, after losing my three games on Saturday, the first being a very punchy Guard Mechanised brigade, I couldn't believe he came at me like that!! Twenty guards on one Tac squad of eight marines, it wasn't pretty!

Then getting to our hotel on the night, being guided in by one of the locals who was in the bath at the time, but that's another story, a lovely curry, a quick game of 40K cards game then a sleep in the middle of a street party! Great! It was just what I needed, I went in aggressive and murdered a Tau army, but was brought down to earth with a bloody battle with the Dark Angels!

Great weekend, great company, great games. I enjoyed every minute. I'm learning all the while now! So be watchful Mr Kerry, my Guard are coming! Mwuhahahahahahaha!

**Mark Freeth**

**Revanant Muppet!**

pass within an inch of either one – and so my back lines remained safe for a while longer.

- Andy's missile launcher marine missing the Predator over and over again until the final turn.
- Tiger getting into charge range of the Crusader. "He's only strength 4 isn't he?" asked Andy. "Ah. Actually he's strength 5". I'll leave the evil smile to your own imaginations. "&6%!" He said. Tiger now wears a Crusader on his Power Fist. Marvellous stuff.
- The Emperor's Champion failing to call out my Lord in combat – wimp. Then making 3 of 4 Iron Halo saves. Damn.
- My Lord dying to a power fist. Oops.
- Andy having to consolidate his Emperor's Champion squad into the middle of my army. After the next shooting phase everyone in the squad, except the Champion, was dead.
- The Champion dying to a man with a bolter in close

*Boy, I hope our armour  
has been suitability  
cursed by the powers of  
Chaos*

**Notes**

- 1 We could have done with a Street Map of Tesco itself; this place was huge.
- 2 Obviously they wouldn't have been Squats as we all know they do not, and never have, existed.
- 3 This is becoming something of the norm for my Iron Warriors. Against Matt's Eldar they have recently continued this trend of missing everything on turn one or bringing the wrong ammo. Obviously the target practice isn't working.

combat.

- Tiger dying eventually to assault marines. Gotta love the invulnerable save when you pull it off.
- Andy fixing a rhino only for me to blow it up straight away (not with the lascannons but with a plasma gun). Me failing to fix a rhino since turn 2.

Eventually we held two quarters, he had one and the final one was contested. An excellent battle that went right to the last turn.

Final Score:

Iron Warriors	20
Black Templars	12

Mark had been fighting Tau and when I wondered over there were not many of the suits left. Mark had been rolling really well and was about to take three armour saves when I sat down next to him. He failed all three. He gave me one of those sideways glances that suggested I move away very quickly and off I ran.

### Game 5 – Recon v Chaos Space Marines

(Andy Vaughn)

Top table? What the heck am I doing up here? Nose bleed time.

This was going to be nasty as he had a Tzeentch Lord, terminator retinue and some Thousand Sons marines. As well as Lascannons and a Dreadnought – which was getting cranky as it hadn't been in combat yet.

The plan was simple (just like me): Hope he came towards me and then shoot him to death. Ignore the mission parameters of getting into the other deployment zone; just wasn't going to happen with my static army. Time to pray.

Highlights:

- Basilisk surviving around ten lascannon shots – either because the poor chap kept rolling 1 or 2 to hit or because his glancing results (it was hull down) were always a 1 or a 2.
- Basilisk landing a shell directly on his Lord and retinue and killing the lord and a couple of Thousand

Sons chaps.

- His Dreadnought conveniently going into fire frenzy twice and staying out of close combat range.
- Tiger wandering around and killing marines – he eventually went down to a dark blade.
- And the best 'til last: four wounds on the other two Obliterators from the Thousand Sons marines' bolters. Ah-ha says I, 2s to save. 4 dice later and my two obliterated were being removed from the table. Somehow I'd thrown 4 1s. So embarrassing for them. Tiger was laughing.

Eventually he did get three units into my deployment zone but by then that was about all he had left. On victory points we had won, but not by a lot.

Final Score:

Iron Warriors	20
Chaos Marines	12

My favourite game of the weekend, with no disrespect to the other opponents, would be the one against Andy Lake's Black Templars. It had everything and went all the way to the end to determine who had won.

The fighting died away as the weekend came to a close. The award ceremony saw various prizes given out for the top two, best sportsman and best painted army, and congratulations to the winners. There was also a raffle for an Ork Battleforce that our very own Mr Freeth walked away with!

The Serpents of Ferrius had done me proud by winning all five games and coming in a very impressive 3rd Place overall. Somehow I have to learn how to massacre my opponents from now on.

We'd like to thank the Cardiff boys for running a splendid little tournament and we're looking forward to the next one.

**Nick Jenkin  
Iron Muppet**

*The chamber was dark when the young commander marched in. He approached*

*the hunched figure by the window, a window that overlooked the castle courtyard where an Eldar Ranger was receiving his daily flogging.*

*For a while there were only the sounds of screaming from below. Then the figure spoke.*

*"What news of the Kar-dyff campaign, Lampropeltis?"*  
*"It is complete my Lord Ferrius."*

*The figure turned to study his commander.*

*"Tell me what happened."*

*There was a brief pause whilst Lampropeltis collected his thoughts, a word out of place here could cost more than he could imagine.*

*"We faced severe Imperial defence, My Lord. At least 2 battalions of Guard faced us but we dealt admirably with these through our superior skill with weaponry. All Leman Russ battle tanks were destroyed in rapid succession. Infantry were no match for Coniophanes and his assault troops.."*

*"Coniophanes did well?"*  
*asked Ferrius.*

*"Yes, My Lord." There was almost a tinge of regret in this statement. Ferrius chose to ignore it.*

*"Continue."*

*"We also had to deal with some Black Templar marines. This encounter cost us dearly in men but we eventually triumphed over the Imperial scum. I myself was severely wounded in this encounter and only the quick thinking of my bodyguard prevented my death."*

*He paused, as if expecting Ferrius to interject at this point. Instead a wall of silence came his way.*

*"As we approached the central area of the capital we were assaulted by those Eldar scum, of which you have a prisoner in the courtyard."*

*A scream punctuated the air.*

*"Ah yes. I wondered where he had come from."*

*"My Lord. The Eldar scum were despatched with*

*alacrity, personally I was impressed by the Basilisk gunnery and I have suggested some gifts for the crew."*

*"I have yet to read your full report."*

*"Finally we were faced with an Undivided Chaos Legion." Ferrius looked up sharply. "They were after the artefact?"*

*"Yes, My Lord."*

*"This shall be looked into. Do we have some prisoners?"*

*"No, My Lord. Unfortunately we killed all those that we came into contact with."*

*"Unfortunate." A pause as Ferrius contemplated this news. "Continue."*

*"We despatched some of this Legion and were able to capture the artefact before they could regroup."*

*"Show me the artefact."*

*Lampropeltis removed a small sack from his belt and passed it to Ferrius. Slowly Ferrius opened the sack and an unnatural green light suffused his skin. He smiled.*

*"You have done well, Lampropeltis. With the power that this orb provides we can begin our new campaign without fear."*

*"Excellent news, My Lord. Where are we heading?"*

*Ferrius replaced the orb into the sack.*

*"Prepare your fleet, Lampropeltis. Recruit all that you need. We move on the system of Bsing shortly. After we have destroyed them and collected the second orb we move onto D'veeezes."*

*Lampropeltis bowed. "I go to do thy bidding, Lord."*

*After he had left Ferrius returned to his vigilance of the courtyard. A scream filtered through the window.*

*"Jailor!" He called. A figure in the courtyard turned.*

*"My Lord?"*

*"Bring that Eldar scum to me." Ferrius studied the Orb, "I have a need to test the power of our latest acquisition."*



# WORD BEARERS LEGION

## 29TH COMPANY, RAVEN DETACHMENT

The 29th Company is part of a Word Bearers Host of sixty Companies.

The 29th Company are a Search and Destroy force commanded by the mighty Daemon Prince Tasharan, Keeper of the Way. Their primary role in the Host is to find worlds worthy of sacrifice to the gods, and begin to eliminate likely resistance before a major invasion can begin.

The 29th Company has six Detachments. Warhound Titan Troop, Heavy Armour Troop, Air Support Squadron, Raven Troop, Crow Troop, and Eagle Troop.

The Raven Troop are the first detachment to be committed during a search and destroy mission, often being

deployed weeks in advance of the rest of the Company. Raven Troop are currently under the command of the Dark Apostle Sarinus.

Sarinus arose through the ranks of Raven Troop, being the soul survivor of many squads during his years of battle left him as the natural choice of commander. The role of commander has only recently passed to him, his mentor Dilatus who had achieved Daemon Princehood fell in battle during a skirmish for territory with the Serpents of Ferrius; of the Iron Warriors. The Daemon Sword carried by Dilatus was the subject of an ill fated recovery mission. An eldar war host got wind of the Ravens plan and went

out of their way to make sure they did not retrieve the sword.

Sarinus has vowed to hold aloft the Sword in battle once again in honour of his Mentor, and destroy the eldar who keep it from him in the process.

The most recent search and destroy mission has led the Ravens into many battles against a stubborn Genestealer Coven, Imperial Guard home defence forces and their nemesis The Sisters of Battle.

Today they stand on the edge of another daring mission, ready to cleanse another planet of resistance.

**Lee Cook**



*"This is Raven 29, we still have some eyes on you lot."*



# WHAT WERE THE OTHER 12 BLACK CRUSADES LIKE?

We keep hearing about the impending 13th Black Crusade but we have never heard of any of the others. After deep investigation of the archives in the Black Library, I can now reveal the history of the first 12 Black Crusades.

The 1st Black Crusade didn't get very far. It was just after the Heresy and the traitor legions hadn't taken enough black paint into the Eye with them. They tried to make the "black and other colours we couldn't paint over in time" crusade but it was a total flop.

The 2nd Black Crusade was really just a glorified shopping trip to the nearest forge world where they held the planet to ransom for 32 million litres of "matt black" paint (and 1 million litres of "hot pink" for the Emperor's children).

The 3rd Black Crusade was cancelled at the last minute

when Abaddon realised he had forgotten to set the video to record "24".

The 4th Black Crusade coincided with the Cadian Sector cup. The crusaders ended up watching football the whole time instead of fighting.

The 5th Black Crusade got off to a bad start after Fulgrim spiked Abaddon's drink with hallucinogen at the Pre-crusade party the night before. He arrived on the bridge of his Battleship the next morning wearing black suspenders and a feather boa. The whole thing was called off in embarrassment.

The 6th Black Crusade came to an unexpected halt when Black Legion techmarines informed Abaddon he needed to renew his pilots licence just after they passed through the Cadian gate. Abaddon was a few millennia out of practice and wrapped his flagship around an

asteroid trying to do a 3-point turn.

The 7th Black Crusade never really happened because Abaddon forgot to send out the invitations to the other Chaos Legions who didn't bother turning up.

In the 8th Black Crusade, Abaddon felt he had been stood up last time round and deliberately didn't invite the other legions in a fit of pique. The Black Legion burst out of the Cadian Gate but their fleet was so small on it's own that no one noticed. They tried bursting out a few more times before slinking away and promising not to tell anyone.

The 9th Black Crusade started well enough but was quickly cut short by a nasty bout of food poisoning because the Death Guard were providing the catering.

The 10th Black Crusade was actually prevented from leaving the Eye by



Zaraphiston. Abaddon said something unkind about his mother so he kept the entire fleet in a time warp for 100 years. After they got out, no one could actually be bothered to invade anywhere.

The 11th Black Crusade came out on completely the wrong side of the Eye because Abaddon was holding the map upside down.

For the 12th Black Crusade, Abaddon tried a different strategy and decided to try invading the Imperium by email. He actually succeeded in encoding himself as a computer virus.

Unfortunately, the Cadians had just upgraded to Norton STC version 43693528 and Abaddon was deleted trying to get through the firewall.

**Matthew Pinto**



The Eye of Terror campaign is this year's big Games Workshop global campaign and it looks like its going to make the Dark Shadows and Armageddon look like little tiny events. And of course we've already started...

<<<Update>>>

Chaos forces appear to still be in still of the Vivian capital city despite a vicious counter-assault by the combined forces of the Black Templars and Flesh Tearers. Eldar intervention in this conflict has been confirmed.

<evil laughing in the background>

*The first one is taken  
Master. I've sent  
scouts to the Danish  
subsector for support.  
Beer division en-  
route.*

# THE EYE OF TERROR

## GW'S 2003 WORLDWIDE CAMPAIGN

VIVIAN 23

The vid screen flashed into life showing the industrial world before them.

"Vivian sire"

"Excellent, are they here."

"Yes my lord... Death Guard, Iron Warriors, Word Bearers, World Eaters and more stand ready at your command."

"Umm, good. At my command let loose the storm. Let nothing remain in our wake."

"Praise the Dark Gods, may they bless our descent."

"Yes, indeed..."

>commander, the inquisitors shuttle has just docked<  
>thank you number one, ill be there directly, driverius out<

Upon overpowering the defender's orbiting starships, the three Chaos forces landed and closed in on the Governor's Palace. Before reserves from the Black Templars arrived in the

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*"Very well Lord Abaddon, I shall bring the company to Oakridge as per your request; but I want his head on the end of a very big stick. The Angels of Death must not escape the storm."*

*"The remains of your envoy will remain with us."*

*"For all eternity, we are legion."*

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Unidentified Death Guard unit moving into the capital city

The Imperial world of Vivian 23, while relatively small, was home to a Black Templar Crusade.

As part of groundwork for Abaddon 13th Black Crusade the Dark Angel traitor had identified the industrial world of Vivian as important target. For reasons unknown elements of the Word Bearers and Word Eater's legions were dispatched in order to launch a lightning raid on the planet's primary city.

In addition to these forces, the mysterious 13th Company (originally part of the Death Guard legion) also joined the assault.

system, a Necron force also joined the assault. Teleporting onto the surface, the loyalists quickly realised that the city had already almost been lost and that half of their own forces had

disappeared during teleportation.

By the time ground based reinforcements had arrived the city was already lost and a fresh force of World Eaters marines were arriving to fortify the positions taken by the 13th Company and Raven detachment. Strangely, the Necron lord disappeared just as a detachment of Grey Knights entered the fray.

He whereabouts, and those of the Grey Knight heroes remain unknown.

As of writing, it is believed that the Chaos forces have abandoned Vivian 23.





Reports have been flooding in that the Chaos allied forces have taken the planet within the Ridgeoak system known as Vivian 23.

Chaos forces along with their Necron forces, managed to defeat the Mordian regiment assigned to this sector, even the desperate dash made by the Templars did nothing to stem the tide!

The Templars suffered sufficient setbacks provoking them to withdraw to Glebe where they have support possible in the Revanater, Blood Angel and Ravenwing support. Will nothing stop the unholy crusade?!

Rumours abound of the Ork sectors within Den-Cliddes being targeted by the Chaos Crusade, this may well result in the Imperium undertaking some unholy alliances to stem the flood! All in the name of the Emperor!

The latest reports from the Leytad system reports Tyrannid increased activity, could this be part of the Chaos alliance!?

Rally the Guard and the fleets, call the Brothers in The Revanaters, Blood Angels and The Dark Angels along with their Ravenwing company. We must prepare for the onslaught!

**Lord Betanee**

Master of the Revanaters Sons of the Imperial Fists.

*Necrons had a nice picnic whilst we let them Chaos chaps do all the work. Mind you our Lord went off with his Immortals and hasn't been seen since; we're assuming he's gone to the cinema or something.*



## FINCIUS

*The Governor watched the doors to his private office open. The bulky guard stood aside to reveal an elegant form. An alien.*

*The creature virtually floated towards the elderly man, its features hidden beneath a faceless helm. It stopped, scanning the silver haired Governor, the lord of this world. "Mon-keigh, your world stands on a knife's edge."*

*Governor Ussell was taken aback. How dare this alien come in his palace and threaten him. Even behind his icy expression his fury slipped through. The alien's head turned realising this. In a smooth motion the alien raised his hand, drawing an image from thin air.*

*Stars punctuated the darkness and in the void was a single ship, an ancient vessel, barely intact.*

*Alien looked straight past the Planetary Governor to a figure half hidden in the shadows. "You know what this is?"*

*The black-clad man moved into the light, showing himself as a member of the Inquisition. "The Sword of Dantis". The*

*Governor looked puzzled. "A ship lost to Abbadon's 12th Black Crusade."*

*The alien nodded. "Two days."*

*"Impossible" barked the Governor. The alien quietly laughed as he dematerialised from the room "We will not intervene..."*

The sparsely populated Imperial world of Fincius is actually some distance from the Eye of Terror but is believed again to have fallen under attack by Chaos forces directed there by the Fallen Angel, Cypher.

However unlike the assault on Vivian 23, the forces of the Imperial were not caught by surprise when the Sword of Dantis appeared to their system.

As the invading forces led again by the 13th Company

and World Eaters landed.

They found a massed Imperial force waiting for them, supported by no less than two Space Marine Chapters (the Revanaters and the Bubonic Monks). Despite suffering horrific casualties these forces held the invaders at bay long enough for the Sword of Dantis to be disabled.

With this victory there is still hope...



## CODIX: EYE OF TERROR

Set, surprisingly enough, around the Eye of Terror, this years Warhammer 40000 worldwide campaign has its very own Codex describing the opening events of the campaign and also four entire new variant army lists, the Lost and the Damned, 13th Company Space Wolves, Cadian regiments, and the Ulthwe Strike forces . And as the campaign progresses the Eye of Terror website ([www.eyeofterror.com](http://www.eyeofterror.com)) will be used to collate the results.

And in addition to all the other special events throughout the country (nah, the world), certain events will have a much greater weighing, and guess what... we'll be running one. Once we've figured out what to do...



*"Here there be Star Cannons. Someone go and tell the Terminators."*

*"Can't, Sir."*

*"And why not, pray tell?"*

*"Erm, they appear to be hiding behind the sofa, Sir."*

Well here we are again, in the land of the Martyrs of the Void.

You'll be glad to hear that it's been an incredibly busy couple of months for these chaps with lots of painting and even some battles thrown into the mix.

## THE MARTYRS OF THE VOID

### OR HOW I BUILT A MARINE ARMY THAT CONSISTS PURELY OF TERMINATORS, PART III

Last time we were here the testie termie had been done. Well, stand back, now we have a full seventeen Terminators, two Dreadnoughts and a Land Raider Crusader all painted up! Told you I'd been busy. I won't bore you with the details of the Terminators as they followed the exact painting pattern of the testie termie. However, I did do a couple of small conversion/swaps. I find the assault cannon on the Terminator to be very under-sized and I was wandering what to do about it. Then along came Dave McCoy with his spare bits and said "How about these Ravenwing assault cannons? I don't need them." I think I nearly tore his arm off in the excitement! Initially I tried cutting the assault cannon off and then sticking the Ravenwing barrel onto the end but this just had no purchase and, to be frank, looked ridiculous. So I began experimenting with other positions for the gun and, eventually, discovered that it fitted really rather well onto the side of the hand holding the original assault cannon – in fact there's hardly any gap what so ever! Now I think they look like they mean business and it's going to hurt when it shoots you.

The Interrogator-Chaplain is the other one to receive a slight change. Gone is the normal back banner and in its place is a Ravenwing bike, erm, thingie with all feathers on it (seemed to fit the Deathwing theme nicely). It fits into his back banner hole without further ado and looks different enough to stand out. He also gained the different face colour of Rotting Flesh rather than Scaly Green because I thought he deserved to be marked out separately. So that was it – suddenly

seventeen Terminators were staring at me with a kind of quizzical "Well who do we have to kill now then? And what about our likkle gun platforms and transport?" So I was forced into building the Dreadnoughts and the Land Raider Crusader<sup>1</sup>.

I've gone for a mix of Dreadnoughts. One is pure firepower – twin-linked lascannon and missile launcher. This is for tank/Dreadnought busting and will nearly always be found somewhere near the back of the army. The other one is my light transport/infantry killer – armed with twin-linked autocannon, power claw and a storm bolter, he will be found nearer the front.

Painting them proved reasonably straight forward. I decided to keep the overall scheme the same but opted to change the front area Hawk Turquoise a little to distinguish between the two. Oh and I managed to get myself an art pen in order to write on the names<sup>2</sup>. Adds that little finishing touch I feel.

So that was all the easy stuff, now it was the turn of the Crusader. To be fair this was one of the easiest kits to put together until I came to those damned hurricane bolters. They were fun. Not. Metal on metal is always good for a laugh, throw into that the fact that these bolters have the most small and uneven surface I've seen and you get some very fun results. Took me three attempts to glue and, after much swearing, they were on and the process of painting began. Again the same colours are used and it was all straight forward, apart



The Setup. Note the Crusader hiding behind the ruins

from the number of coats of paint involved I enjoyed doing it<sup>3</sup>.

So that was the painted 1500 point army. We're talking 20 models in total. 20!? Boy am I going to be outnumbered or what<sup>4</sup>?

If you're still awake then we'll move onto the battles: Battle One v Orks (Mark F) A nice little recon mission against an Ork horde. He got first turn and next thing I know my Crusader has been destroyed by an Ork Kannon. What?! It hurt very badly to lose a 255 point model to his 35(?) point gun with the first shot of its first battle. Damn. Fortunately no-one failed their saves on the way out. We shot his bikes to pieces (I hate Ork Warbikes!) and then really failed to kill much else from shooting. His Kans were proving surprisingly resilient and I made the mistake of ignoring them after a while.

I ended up charging into him and causing much damage – lucky really since I was going last most of the time (damned power fists) and he was trying to roll 5/6 to wound me. Eventually he did manage to hurt me really bad with those Choppa thingies (4+ saves! Ouch!) And his Kan getting into combat was painful to say the least.

We caused lots of damage but, eventually, we could do nothing to prevent him



getting a couple of under-half strength units into our zone. I ended the battle cursing missile launchers (failing to hit) and with the autocannon Dreadnought and one Terminator left. Orks: 580 points. Deathwing: 280 points.

Lessons learned:

- Don't rely on firepower
- Thunder Hammers are lethal in combat (just ask his Boss)
- Choppas really hurt
- Ork Kannons deserve respect

Battle Two v Orks (Ross)

Ah, good old Orks again. Ross fielded a similar army to Mark but included Dreadnoughts rather than mega armoured Nobs. We decided to play Pitched Battle and I set up with the Crusader refusing one flank and the lascannon Dreadnought the other. I won the roll but let the Orks go first (most of my weapons are 24" range and I needed Ross to come towards me). Fortunately his shooting failed and I prepared to let loose.

This game proved to be the opposite of the one against Mark. By holding the Crusader back and using it to protect the exposed Terminators I think I gave Ross a headache as to where to attack. I was also doing very well with my saving throws and only failed two during the entire game. The Terminators and Dreadnoughts cut huge holes in his units and, at one stage, the Crusader hit with every single shot in a single turn – this did not do one of his units much good.

The big shootas were proving ineffective time after time and the rokkits just weren't hitting. This gave me the chance to choose my targets and then pummel them. This is a tactic that I've picked up in tournament play. Basically it involves picking a target and then throwing everything at it in order to destroy it, force it back, immobilise ...

whatever. The idea is to take it out of the game and then move on to the next target. If your original target dies or goes under half strength, then you will get points for it and it probably can't take table quarters/objectives anymore.

As an example:

In a particular turn we had the choice of shooting Killer Kans, a truck mob, Dreadnoughts, Bikes, a Tankhunter mob, Slugga boyz or the Warboss in his truck. Since I'd get a save from all the shooting I left the Kans, Dreads, Truck, Tankbusters and Boyz alone as they could not charge in his next turn – not close enough. This left the Warboss and the bikes. There were only two bikes and I'd get a save against them in combat (even against the annoying Psycho Blasters) so that left the Warboss.

I could target him with everything except the Crusader (out of range by an inch – oops). First up was the autocannon Dreadnought (the ideal truck opener). This it did admirably and caused a wound on a Nob. So now they were on foot. Both Terminator squads now opened up. Missile launchers fired krak and both instant killed a Nob. Six shots from assault cannons and twenty shots from storm bolters eventually left the unit with a Nob on a single wound and the untouched Warboss. I still had my other Dreadnought but praying that he would fail his leadership test I chose to not fire anything else at them. He failed his test and, because he was now under half-strength, he was not going to rally. Hurrah! The lascannon Dreadnought then targeted the bikes. One lascannon and one krak missile later and the two bikes were also dead.

That one round of shooting had accounted for two of his fastest units, both of which would have caused me major grief in combat. Two years ago I'd have been targeting

the Dreads and Kans because they look scarier. How things change.

Eventually he had a Dreadnought left. The other one was unable to move or fire. And everything else was dead or running away. We'd lost two Terminators and lots of ammo.

Lessons learned:

- Shooting can have a massive impact
- Set up with the assumption that you're not getting first turn – this leaves you less exposed
- Crusaders are lethal when used as supporting fire
- Assault cannons can seriously damage the health of Killer Kans

So what's next then? Well, after a short break in order to paint some other armies (plural!) I'll be back to finish this lot up to 2,000 points and that will include another Land Raider – got to love them.

There will be more battles to come, and I'm seriously considering putting this lot forward as my Muppet Army for 2004. On the other hand I'm not looking forward to star cannons and plasma weapons, they're going to hurt. A lot. I'll let you know how it all goes.

**Nick Jenkin**  
**The Termina-Muppet**



Half way through and the Orks are closer and the Deathwing are pulling back



The End. The two dreadnoughts are all that remains of the Orks, and one of them couldn't shoot!

#### Notes

1. Actually that was reasonably true. Madam came in and said "Haven't you built that big tank thing yet? You've had it for over a year." Hmm.
2. And I was only in the art shop because madam was looking for some more cross-stitch stuff.
3. Four coats of Liche Purple. 4!?! I've got another one of these behemoths to do so I'd better stock up on the old paint me thinks
4. Looking on the bright side; this Army all fits into one box.



For a bit of a change, here's a Warhammer Fantasy Battle bit, submitted by Mr Waple as part his Muppet Army.

*Well consider myself  
all edumacated!!*

**DEATH TO RATS**

MUPPET ARMY  
AN ACCOUNT OF BLITZGOR  
THE SEMI BAD

The dust had settled over the field, the buzzing of flies failed to overpower the noise of the wounded. Several snotties were running around removing the juicy parts of the still live ones and some not so juicy bits from the dead ones. The average snotling knew a vast amount about the anatomy of each race, but this centred on the preparation and cooking of individual organs.

He should have been ecstatic and happy. He should have been proud of his effect and skills; the six bodies of dead raiders lay at his feet to underline the point. But he wasn't. It kept coming back to that moment when instead of disembowelling his brother so he could claim the tribe, he stopped and let his brother live. He knew he would be a better leader of a WAAAGH horde. So he had gone to war as a boss, but not the Big Boss. The names had started during that failed campaign into the humie territories. There was no doubt he was bad and downright evil at times. But that moment of mercy haunted him. Around the

He just couldn't understand it. The tactics had been sound, the boyz hadn't started arguing within their ranks like they normally do everything had started as he had hoped, well until the second minute of the battle anyway. Where that assassin had come from he had no idea. He had even less of an idea of how it had killed da boss. He only seemed to be throwing tiny bits of metal and every one knows the bigger and heavier the weapon to more powerful it is. Must have been a pointy ear'd trick. So the march home had been a brutal one, a few hangings to keep the boyz in lines. Even the usually bouncy snotties had been quiet. The news had reached them of a surprise attack back home. Some stunties had dug a hole in the ground and then appeared in the middle of the home range. The cheek of it - all to avenge the theft of one helmet, it seemed that the helmet (and head) had belonged to someone important. Well it was his fault that he was walking around the caves on his own then stupid stunty. The one bit of good news that these stunties seemed very old as they had big beards. Only the most old and frail orcs had beards. As he completed this line of thought Blitzgor roared out an almighty WAAAAAGH and picked the pace up for the journey to kill the OAP Stunties.



bonfires as the boyz chewed on the day's beaten opponents, the name Blitzgor the Semi Bad had been forged and it had stuck. Now many turns of the sun later the name was still there.

Admittedly he had done so much to try and prove otherwise. He had gone into the dark and dreaded mountains and captured, and tamed a Wyvern; no mean feat itself. He had successfully fought back a very large pointy ears army that had come to remove the greenskin presence in the area, when other bosses had said they were beaten; he had enjoyed their deaths afterwards as way of apology. He had even taken the challenge and entered the mines to capture a stunty helmet on his own; he had brought it back with the head still in it. But all these and more had failed to convince the boyz to remove the semi from his name.

That evening as he sat, chewing on a nice bit of humie liver he pondered the problem that he had become, unwittingly, his life's work. He was absently watching some snotties fighting for the right to be in the next pump wagon

charge. He had never worked out why they would be so crazy as to fight for the privilege to be killed in a mindless charge on a pump wagon. Mind you, he thought, it was probably better than being thrown aloft in a doom diver. The things snotties do to cause pain, more often on themselves than on the enemy. He had never forgotten the first time he had witnessed a doom diver throw a snotling skyward with a shriek that faded into the distance. Neither had he forgotton the sight at the end of the battle of the remains of the pilot who had missed his target by some way. How one foot was still twitching after an hour was so staggering that most of the horde came to look. He almost laughed at the

memory, but caught himself, he knew that if he laughed the boyz would see it as a sign that he was still only semi bad. He would show them all. That was it, he would lead his horde against them all. Surely this was the one



Blitzgor himself!

challenge and the one achievement that would mean recognition that would remove the offending word. He would leave the safety of





Woof, woof

the orcish lands and travel a long path to fight a horde from every race in the world. He had already dispatched humies by the hundred. The pointy ear'd ones were also usual fare at the dinner table, they definitely tasted funny, probably all that thinking. But to go and find lizardmen and rats and other things would be a challenge, not just on his lands, but on

given to one of the Big 'Uns. They would leave the following day on the trek to fight them all. Every member of the horde was in no doubt that not only were they taking steps to glory and food, but also a step closer to their own deaths,

*The sound of pathetic squeeking underfoot makes Blitzgor bend over and put his ear to the ground. He calls over a nearby snotty and bashes his skull to bits in anger. Had he realised that such easy small opponents were close at hand, he would have been at war already. Two rather pensive gobbos come over and clean away the mess of the snotty as Blitzgor draws a deep breath to scream an almighty WAAAAAAAAGH into the night and summon his horde to feast.*

theirs. And finally when they had heard of him from one end of the range to the other, and talked of his tales round the fires they would all call him Blitzgor the Bad, or even better Blitzgor the Very Bad.

The next morning started badly, one of his bosses did not agree with the plan. But after some close and deliberate discussion he saw Blitzgor's point, as it entered his forehead. The plan was quickly accepted by the remainder and a promotion

all for a word. The average Orc Boy found it amazing that his general would go to war for one word, after all it was widely known that Blitzgor could neither read or write.

**Scribe Mark Waple  
Crazy Harry Muppet**

*Ed: We won't mention the incident with the Skaven assassin... (insert: high pitch evil laughing)*

<b>BLTZGOR'S HORDE</b>	
<b>LORDS</b>	
<b>Blitzgor the Semi Bad</b>	<b>451 points</b>
Black Orc Warboss, choppa, additional hand weapon, wyvern, basha's big axe of bashin', drog's dead 'ard armour	
<b>HEROS</b>	
<b>Night Goblin Shaman</b>	<b>145 points</b>
Hand weapon, level 2 wizard, dittos double doin doo dahs, dispel scroll	
<b>Night Goblin Shaman</b>	<b>145 points</b>
Hand weapon level 2 wizard, dangley wotnotz, dispel scroll	
<b>CORE UNITS</b>	
<b>16 Orc Boyz</b>	<b>156 points</b>
Choppa, light armour, spear, shield, musician, standard bearer, orc boss	
<b>19 Orc Boyz Big'Uns</b>	<b>224 points</b>
Choppa, light armour, additional hand weapon, musician, standard bearer, orc boss, nogg's banner of butchery	
<b>20 Goblins</b>	<b>100 points</b>
Hand weapon, shield, spear, light armour, musician, standard bearer, goblin boss	
<b>12 Goblin Wolf Riders</b>	<b>174 points</b>
Hand weapon, spear, shield, musician, standard bearer, goblin wolf rider boss	
<b>SPECIAL UNITS</b>	
<b>15 Black Orcs</b>	<b>238 points</b>
Choppa, heavy armour, additional hand weapon, musician, standard bearer, black orc boss, warbanner	
<b>Orc Boar Chariot</b>	<b>80 points</b>
Hand weapons, spears, chariot, scythed wheels, two angry boars	
<b>RARE UNITS</b>	
<b>Giant</b>	<b>205 points</b>
Big club	
<b>Goblin Doom Diver Catapult</b>	<b>80 points</b>
3 goblins, hand weapons, catapult	
<b>Total Points 1998 points</b>	

Rite! If yer ask me I fink the sneekie gitz is looking fer da boyz ta come an giv 'em a rite kikkin! Da Boyz over at da Red Skull tribe 'eard datt you woz sneekin aroun' like litul snotties, back stabbin' like da Gobbo gitz and fightin' da puffy pointy ear way! Well we iz gonna get da wolfies an boar Boyz fom da souff and gonna giv ya a rite kikkin!

We iz now deafinitlee goin ta Waaaagh on da skitterers, we might even tell da dead blokes dat drink da humies blood, dat yous taste even better!!

Saddle up me boar you gitz, we're gonna kikk off nar!



After many years of high taxes, injustice and state brutality, the people of Kesh rebelled against the Emperor. Led by the usurper Lancelot, a popular and influential General, the rebels stormed the Palace aided by the majority of the Army, and the Emperor and his evil Court magician Adolphus were forced to flee. With them into exile went many units of the Navy who, unlike the Army, had prospered under the old regime. Vowing to regain his Empire the Emperor made a dark pact with the forces of Chaos and, with their support, led a powerful fleet back to Kesh.

Hearing of the approach of the Loyalist fleet, the usurper Lancelot made alliance with the Elves and the Dwarves and even offered concessions to the old enemy, Bretonnia, stressing the threat from Chaos. Hedging his bets, the Emperor Malcom had also contacted Lancelot's allies, promising to stab his demonic friends in the back, once Lancelot was dead. Not to be outdone, the Lords of Chaos had already decided that, should the battle swing their way, they would turn also upon their erstwhile ally and destroy all the forces of light in one fell swoop.

Twenty leagues east of Kesh lie three islets known as the Three Brothers. This was to be the scene of the first naval battle of the Keshian Civil War.

## THE KESHIAN CIVIL WAR

### THE BATTLE OF THE THREE BROTHERS

After a night and morning of changeable winds and light airs the wind strengthened and steadied from the south. This allowed the opposing fleets to begin closing for battle. However the lengthy approach had shown up the handling qualities of the two fleets, the rebels managing to retain their cohesion, while the Slaanesh had become fatally separated from the rest of the Loyalist fleet. While the main Loyalist fleet tried to beat up towards their enemies against the wind the whole rebel fleet headed for the Slaanesh.

At 1:30 the Elven warship 'Feonor' opened fire, hitting the Slaanesh Hellslicer 'Decapitator' and a well placed spell put the Slaanesh flagship 'Radiante' into a maelstrom from which it would be hard put to escape.

Fifteen minutes later the Slaanesh fleet came under heavier fire from the Elven fleet, with crippling hits on the 'Slaanni' and the 'Spetznaze'. The stopped 'Decapitator' also became the focus of much enemy fire. Under the onslaught the Slaanesh fleet began to lose its cohesion.

To the north the Chaos fleets were gamely, but slowly, getting closer to their enemies and, above them, the opposing air cover had come within insult distance. At 3:15 a rash gyrocopter squadron attacked a Winged Terror and were ruthlessly punished for their temerity, all three Dwarven craft being lost.

The Chaos sorcerer now sent a great spell against the rebel fleet, immobilising it with terror, while the air war continued unabated.

Imperial griffons attacked Dwarven war balloons, going down two for one, two Pegasii fell to attacks by Taurus riders and the Elven dragon fell 'spouting fire' when it pressed the 'Radiante' too closely.

As both the Elves and the Bretonnians continued to press home their attack on the hapless Slaanesh, the 'Radiante' retaliated, casting a pall of hellish radiance over the nearest Corsair, totally entrancing the crew. However as they swam adoringly to the 'Radiante', the Slaanesh lost two more ships, the 'Dehumaniser' blowing up and the 'Slaanlanze' boarded.

To the North the air combat continued in favour of the Loyalists although a well pressed-home Dwarven balloon attack seriously inconvenienced a Winged Terror, damaging it badly before its tormentors were driven off.

By 4pm the Slaanesh fleet was all but destroyed, only the flagship and a squadron of Deathgalleys able to fight. To the south, two Taurus riders made a disastrous foray against a Bretonnian buccaneer, decrewing it but losing a flying bull in the process. As the Chaos Dwarves, the Bretonnians and the Dwarves now came into firing range the battle entered its second stage. The 'Scharnhorst' was damaged badly by plunging fire, holing her beneath the waterline, then sunk by torpedoes from the 'Selma'. The 'Bismark' opened fire, but missed completely. A scrimmage now developed in the centre between the three main combatants with the Plague fleet closing as fast as its rotted paddles would allow.

Whilst the Loyalists continued to use their flyers expensively against small Bretonnian ships, the Dwarf monitor 'Gov.Moore' sank the unlucky 'Radiante' by ramming. The 'Scheer' was torpedoed at this time and the last Taurus rider was mobbed by Elven war-eagles. The 'Selma', brilliantly handled, now slipped through the protecting cruisers and put three torpedoes into the 'Bismark', seriously wounding her but not quite putting her down. The concussion jarred the great mortar however, making it impossible to fire for an hour. The Chaos Dwarves continued the attack despite their setbacks, sinking many small Bretonnian ships, but by now three Dwarven subs were amongst them causing much consternation.

In one of the last shots of the day, an Orc wyvern rider scored a squigbomb hit on a Dwarf ironclad the 'Alabama'. The wyvern was promptly shot down by the enraged Dwarves.

Night was falling as the last desultory shots were fired. The Loyalist fleet had not been defeated but poor tactics had seen it fragmented from the start. As the sun set the remnants of the Slaanesh fleet were being destroyed whilst to their credit the Loyalists had gained almost complete air superiority. As the 'Bismark' limped away, hoping to make vital repairs the light forces of both sides sought to stay in touch throughout the night. Come the dawn, both sides were eager to continue the engagement.

COMING SOON to a MORTIMER NEAR YOU!!  
THE 2<sup>ND</sup> NAVAL BATTLE OF THE KESHIAN CIVIL WAR

Jeff Crane





## KABAL OF THE WARPED MIND

## ZAN'THRAX GOES TO COMMARGH

Zan'thrax stalked the twilight world that were the corridors of the Aconite towards the mess hall, her thoughts were dark many brave warriors had died on Finch and all for nothing, even the artefact they had been looking for hadn't been found. What a waste of their most precious resource, life it self. She wouldn't mourn the passing of all of them but she had lost nearly half her squad! Upon reaching the mess she seated herself amongst the other Sybarites, usually there would of been six squads represented here but today only three Sybarites were in attendance; half the ships warriors had never made it off Finch! Helon and Shagarer both looked the way she felt, "How many" Helon asked not looking up from her beverage. "Seven, but I needed a new crew but the last of the second squad came over so I count nine." "One more then either of us, how's your Raider, the Twentieth's is to be used as spares." "Shagarer spoke for the first time," But the landing jets and weapon are ours." Helon looked up and Zan'thrax saw a deep scar running across her forehead, "And the crystal matrix is mine." "Well that only leaves odds and ends I'll get a crew over there fast." She keyed her comms. and gave the orders. As she finished speaking an Haemonculus appeared at the door. "Sybarites double your number by evening meal" it hissed and was gone. "Double your numbers that's rich, but where do we get the bodies from. I suppose it'll have to be five warrior teams. But that wont answer the problem of transport." Zan'thrax stood as she spoke "Back to work, no rest for the wicked as the Mon-keigh would say." The three Sybarites all chuckled as they left the mess and headed back to their respective hangers.

The Aconite was in normal space waiting to make the final hop to the city of the Dark Eldar. The three new Sybarites stood with their under strength units as Zan'thrax, Helon and Shagarer organised the Raiders. The leap to Commargh was done quickly and the Raiders launched. The approach was made with caution as they didn't know which faction held the ground but the landing was made without incident and the raiding parties made their way into the city. Commargh, the city of the Dark Eldar, the people who had turned their backs on the outside, the cause of the fall, hated as much by the Warped Mind as those who had turned on them after their return. If they were caught they wouldn't last the hour and they were here to press warriors to their cause! In all the years since Cax'th had led them home they had tried this only once before and it hadn't been a great success; the Kabal must have suffered very badly on Finch to need to do this again. Zan'thrax led the remains of the Fifteenth through the streets, sounds of screaming echoing all around them, by the Gods this was a depressing place; they were to double their number and return without detection and as quickly as possible. Warriors from different Kabals would be nice as this would help keep the rivalries down back on the fleet and picking off warriors in ones and two should be easier! They soon came across what they were looking for, two warriors pinned down by a larger force. Moving quietly they crept along the edge of a building and stopped only ten metres away. Giving hand signals Zan'thrax ordered the attack, it was swift and brutal. Two warriors laid down covering fire across the battle scene

killing many and three ran forward and clubbed the bewildered prey into submission. Zan'thrax opened a portal and the bound warriors were sent through back to the waiting Haemonculus on the Aconite. Two down only three more to go, How Zan'thrax hated this place the constant fighting amongst themselves, if only they could turn it against the aliens running around the galaxy the return of the Eldar would be assured. The next two warriors they came across were moving down the street, making no attempt to conceal themselves. They got shot out of hand, if they made that mistake here they were no use to the Kabal. It started to rain, the heavy acrid water added to the disenchantment of the place, the light grew even duller and the visibility was down to mere metres. This was both a blessing and a curse: not getting caught would be easier but finding "volunteers" would be harder and time was running out. The Fifteenth reached the end of a block of buildings on the edge of the square. The square was filled with Eldar watching something in the centre. Zan'thrax ordered the Fifteenth into the building and they climbed the stairs to the roof. Even this was packed and mingling with the people they made there way to the edge. Zan'thrax shot a glance down into the square, the place was packed and so were the roofs and windows overlooking it, however the centre was clear and floodlit. In the space crouched six Wyches, blood flowed off most of them and a Warp Beast and its Master stood unscathed in the centre. Memories of such duals filled Zan'thrax's mind, but those days were gone, she was a Sybarite on a mission. Moving from the edge she



signalled The Fifteenth to select some stragglers from the back, probably pickpockets and thieves but they would do. The Fiftieth surrounded them and the portal was quickly activated, the whole group, twenty or more where herded through while they were still dazed with The Fifteenth opening fire on the crowd which had turned not expecting an attack and then they stepped through themselves.

The mission was complete they had more than doubled their number, but some would be lost in training others would never conform and would become slaves; so that was good.

**Paul Russell**  
**Evil Pixie Muppet**

*<<<intercepted communication:  
27043 partial decrypt>>>*

*...damn them. The upcoming mon-keigh war has clouded my visions.*

*We should never have come back here, I should have foreseen that She would want her revenge.*

*The article has been retrieved and passed onto the guardians, I can only hope the council will*

*<<<content deleted>>>*

*I await her with no fear.*

*We are already dead, we were the wind...*

*<<<message ends>>>*

*<<<message starts>>>*

*Enforcements dispatc...*

*<<<message terminated by interference>>>*



**THE SAD MUPPET**  
SOCIETY

*valde tristes sumus...  
(we're very sad indeed...)*

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**THE COMMITTEE**

**Chief Muppet** Richard Kerry  
**Money Muppet** Paul Russell  
**Other Muppet** David Offen-James

**THE CONTRIBUTORS**

(in no particular order of importance or achievement)

Richard Kerry, David Offen-James, Paul Russell, Nick Jenkin, Lee Cook, Mark Freeth, Matt Pinto, Dave Driver, Mark Waple, Antony Walls, Jeff Crane, Mark Lant, and some other people

No Black Orc Warbosses where harmed in the publication of this Newsletter.

*Labelling Vampires as  
Evil Tut Tut..*

**OTHER THANKYOUS**

**The Auditors**  
(for making the production of this Newsletter and work in general such... fun)

# THE LEAGUE 2003

The league is a chance for members to test each other's metal (again).

- A win is worth 3 points
- A draw is worth 2 points (any result where the winning margin is 10% or less of the starting values of the armies involved or defined as a draw by the scenario)
- A loss is worth 1 point unless you are wiped out or massacred, in which case it is worth 0 points.
- Various bonus points for sportsmanship, best painted armies etc will be awarded at the end of the league year.
- And you must play at least ten games to be in contention for the title and you must be a member.
- Remember any game can be a league game as long you agree with your opponent beforehand.

**Bragging Rights 2003 (as of 30/06/2003)**

Player	Won	Drawn	Lost	Wiped	Played	Points	Rating
Richard Kerry	10	1	0	0	11	32	2.91
Nick Jenkin	10	0	2	0	12	32	2.67
Antony Walls	3	3	3	1	10	18	1.80
Andrew Driver	5	1	4	3	13	21	1.62
Peter Hibbett	2	3	4	1	10	16	1.60
Nick Doran	3	3	1	4	11	16	1.45
Lee Cook	3	3	5	3	14	20	1.43
Ross McNaughton	3	2	8	2	15	21	1.40
Dave Offen-James	2	4	6	2	14	20	1.43
Mark Freeth	2	3	3	3	11	15	1.36
Dave Gowan	4	2	0	0	6	16	2.67
Matthew Pinto	7	0	1	1	9	20	2.44
Mark Waple	3	2	1	0	6	14	2.33
Dave Driver	5	1	2	1	9	18	2.11
Paul Russell	4	2	2	1	9	18	2.00
Ben Dove	3	3	1	1	8	16	2.00
Nathan White	4	0	2	1	7	14	2.00
Dave Macoy	1	1	1	0	3	6	2.00
Nathan Yates	2	0	1	1	4	7	1.75
Mark Lant	1	1	0	1	3	5	1.67
Steve Burgham	0	2	1	0	3	5	1.67
Richard Crane	0	3	2	1	6	8	1.33
Jeff Crane	1	0	1	1	3	4	1.33

# THE LAST LAUGH

**LASGUN USES...**

1. Warming soup.
2. When left on, a seat warmer in your Leman Russ.
3. Disco effects/pyrotechnics.
4. Cigarette lighter.
5. Changing T.V channels.
6. Selling to get funds for a better weapon.
7. Throwing at the enemy (may do more damage)
8. Using for grave marking for IG troops.
9. Paperweight.
10. A cooking utensil.
11. Looking slightly menacing.
12. Strapping onto a Boltgun as a laser sight.
13. Annoying friends by shining it in their eyes repeatedly.
14. Burning ants.

**What the Emperor's thinking...**

"39,002 bottles of Emperor's Tears on the Wall, 39,002 bottles of Emperor's Tears, take one down, pass them around, 39,002 bottles of Emperor's Tears on the wall. 39,001 bottles. . ."

**WANTED:** Daemonette seeks anything, anytime, any place for forbidden pleasures. No kinky stuff please, I'm not that kind of girl. Call 1900-SLAA-NESH

15. Wall ornament.
16. playing "spotlight"
17. Used instead of a Sun Tan bed.
18. Holding the doors on Chimera shut.
19. A really useful tool for knocking things off those hard-to-reach shelves.
20. Tickle space marines.
21. Light camp fires.