

The Sad Muppet Society presents...

Issue 16, Autumn 2003

THE NEWSLETTER



AFTER THE WAR...




THE SAD MUPPET
SOCIETY

ATTACK 2003 REPORTS | THE EYE OF TERROR CAMPAIGN CONTINUES
BRAVE SIR ROBIN | THE AMNIRA CRUSADE | THE CHEF'S COOKER



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:
Blood Angel's 2nd Company
fleet on the move.

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)

Hi folk, welcome to the Autumn issue of the Newsletter. This month, we've got a whooping 28 pages of stuff for you, including eight pages of event reports (guys, I didn't need THAT much about Devizes!)

Anyway, what's up in the land of SMS at the moment? Well, Dave "Other Muppet" Offen-James is in the middle of planning our first WH40K campaign (more on this elsewhere this issue), work is contuning (slowly) on our tournament for next year, A Small Matter of Honour, and the entry details are also now available (again, that's in here too).

Earlier this month Ross, Dave, Nick, Nathan and Paul we're at Colours running 40K in 40 minutes and generally spreading the good word (BTW, a big thankyou to all those who helped out), and in November we'll be doing it again at WarFare in Reading so please volunteer if you want to help out (and its entirely possible that M³ will be ready).

And to add to all this, if you want to coach a Blood Bowl team, we are going to be running a league early in the new year. See Mark Freeth if you're interested as he's running it.

Lastly, please note that we've cancelled the meeting



The Banner at Colours 2003

planned for the 23rd December, on the grounds that the committee will still be Christmas shopping. However we may organise something else so be on the look out.

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 Seventeen is due out on the 9th December 2003 so I need any articles in by the end of November by 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...

Contents

The Ramblings	2
The Rat warbles on and on... and on...	
Upcoming Events	3
Attack 2003	4
A tale of three muppets	
Starsmash IV	10
Nick's report from Colours 2003	
Stand to Attention	12
Mr OJ reviews the new Guard codex	
And the Sky Full Of Angels	13
A little bit about my new Gothic fleet	
One Night Stand	15
Results from our first Eye of Terror event	
Flight of Chaos	16
EoT continues with the retreat of the Chaos fleet	
Night of Chaos	17
An Ork's eye view of our third EoT event	
One Last Stand	18
And the final EoT battle...	
The Chef's Cooker	19
Nick didn't get his coffee and now as a point to make, start rant...	
The Amnira Crusade	20
Dave Driver's Black Templars under the spotlight	
Farseer Vulcaio	23
More tales from the craftworld of Rath-Torhan	
Sir Robin du Galle	24
Paul's tale of Brave Sir Robin	
The 40K Campaign	26
Other Muppet introduces our winter 40K campaign	
A Small Matter of	27
SMS League 2003	28
The Last Laugh	28

UPCOMING EVENTS

OR MORE OPPORTUNITIES TO SPEND MONEY

11th October 2003 Swindon Siege 2003
 Cross link community centre, Ermin Street, Stratton St Margeret, Swindon. Demo games, traders, Bring & Buy etc. Adults: £1.50. Email 2003@sadwargamer.co.uk for more info

19th October 2003 Genesis-SF Club Gamesday
 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; and we're planning to run our Muppet Motorway Madness demo game

22-23rd November 2003 Warhammer 40000 Grand Tournament 2003 Heat Two

13th December 2003 Dragonmeet

7th March 2004 Overlord 2004

8th May 2004 A Small Matter of Honour

2003 SMS Meetings "The Meet"
Glebe Hall, Church Street, Basingstoke
 14 October, 28 October, 11 November, 25 November, 9 December*
 *indicates dates the Newsletter is available

2004 SMS Meetings "The Meet"
Glebe Hall, Church Street, Basingstoke
 6 January, 20 January, 3 February, 17 February, 2 March, 16 March, 30 March*, 13 April, 27 April, 11 May, 25 May, 8 June, 22 June, 6 July, 20 July*, 3 August, 17 August, 31 August, 14 September, 28 September*, 12 October, 26 October, 9 November, 23 November, 7 December, 21 December*

2003 Winchester Club Meetings

I thought I should write a little something putting the Tyrannid's point of view

**HUNGER.....I
 WE....ALWAYS....HUNGER..I
 WE.....ASSUAGE THE**



Paul and Ross doing a fine job running a 40K in 40 minutes demo

**EMPTINESS.....HUNGER.....THERE!.....THE
 PULSE!.....THE
 WARMTH!.....CALLING.....PULLING.....HUN
 GER! . I WE.....NO.....NO!.....IT WOULD BAR
 US?.....HUNGER.....RAGE.....RAGE!.....**

"Ab ha! Confusion has been sewn amongst the enemy; they think we're not here. Spread the word, we charge tomorrow!"
"Tomorrow?"
"Yes. Is there a problem?"
"Um, I though we were on holiday?"
"Dolt!" Smack around head is heard. "That's what they're supposed to think, not us!"
"Um.."
"What now?"
"So I won't be needing this bucket and spade then?"



You see, this is what happens when I ask for just a couple of paragraphs on a tournament, over the following six pages enjoy the three full write-ups on Devizes from Mark, Nick and myself.

ATTACK 2003

A TALE OF THREE MUPPETS

An Exchange Too Far.

On the weekend of 12th-13th July 2003, some intrepid explorers from the SMS ventured down to the 40K tournament hosted by the Devizes wargames group.

I had arranged to drive down with Richard "Eldar Lord" Kerry and on the first day had offered to be the co-driver reading the map and all. Well the night before I got a call from my little friend Julian, who has just got into the 40K "thang" and he asked if he could tag along, just to get a feel for the game and how tournaments went! No problem I thought, I hadn't planned for him not turning up until gone eleven on the Friday night as he had travelled from East Sussex though and we both nattering about the best mix for an Ork army to beat all comers!! Well by 2 in the morning I eventually got to bed, mind racing with the thoughts of the armies and guys I would face! Yep you guessed it, I didn't get to sleep til gone 3 o'clock...and I needed to be up for 7, as Richard would be there at 8!!

The next morning dawned with Julian pounding on my bedroom door, shouting something about "your mate's on the drive, he's been tooting his horn for the last ten minutes"! "I thought you were getting up at 7"? "I was" I screamed running around grabbing clothing to allow me to open the front door, I think it may have been viewed as an underhand tactic if poor Richard had played me in a petrified state of shock after seeing me answer the door naked! Mmmm Nork Deddog eat our heart out!

Well a coffee and lots of profuse apology saw us set off only twenty minutes late, there was lots of discussion on the game and the armies involved, as Julian doesn't get to game much and likes

to squeeze every last bit he can out of the time he gets when he does. We're hurtling down the A303 towards the Ludgershall turn off when I notice that the turning is looming, "not this one Rich" I said with my co-driver's authority, "I have done this before when I last picked Nick up", "it's the second A342 turning!" Okay says Richard...10 miles later we're approaching Thrupton!!! "Well" I said, "I'm sure it was the second turning, or was THAT the second turning". After more apologies and comments

turned up, then I tore across the table at top speed into the plague marines! There was snot flying everywhere! I managed to take out his Dread with a shot from the "Black Gun" while Mark's Marines tore into my Bikes and one of my Slugga boy mobs! Both HQ's met in the middle by a large wood and proceeded to beat the living daylight out of each other, unfortunately I managed to kill the host for his greater daemon! Jeeps was he tough! The end result being a draw! Both of us scoring exactly the same points!!



The pit...

about Julian putting me off by talking too much we headed back onto the right road.

We finally rolled up in Devizes fifteen minutes late, but fifteen minutes early for the first game! Hoorah! Now the nerve wrecking bit!

Well my first game got me drawn against Mark Walker's Deathguard, Mark's a lovely chap, the holder of the 2002 Attack trophy! I looked at the terrain and asked myself what would an Ork do? Move the fast attack into position for some lightning quick moves on turn four or five? No I charged! It was a game where only the troops were deployed, and the reserves came on a turn at a time, I hung on until turn two when my HQ and bikes

My second game was against an Imperial Guard player and I have to admit that when his first turn of shooting took the best part of forty minutes, I knew I had to get into him quickly! My bikes and Trukk boyz performed the perfect Packman impression, closely followed by my Warboss and his retinue! Munch, munch! I had won one with a wipeout! Well that was a draw and a win, what next?

I played against a very nice chap Gary, he fielded an undivided chaos marine force and I had heard about the HQ they had, all re-rolls to wound and additional attacks! Well first turn saw me take out his Landraider! Good ol' "Black Gun" strikes again! I also managed to

take out four of the five havocs on the table, this Gary admitted was his own fault, as he had thought only about getting into a position to shoot me, no regard for his own safety...what a Chaos player! I admire him already!

So after such a good first turn it was looking good.....well at least until Gary's assault, his HQ tore into my biggest slugga boy mob and proceeded to kill ten boyz!!! There was only six left! I threw my HQ at him! He killed a load of the Nobz as well! Gork save uz! Get the Trukk Boyz in there!! He's still killing Boyz and Nobz!

Then his Rhino's roared into action, tearing across the table into my deployment zone, all the marines debussed into range of my Flash Gitz and their screen of Gretchin and the game was lost. We died horribly! Still a great guy to play against, it just goes to show, you can never judge a man by what his tee shirt tells you! (This particular one was a British bulldog, with the logo "PISS OFF" printed above it!

Well what a first day! Back we came on the Sunday, full of beans, well I was! Richard was still drunk from the party the night before!

And who would be my first opponent...Richard! At last my chance to snatch a win after my pasting the first time we played.

The mission was a cleanse with a difference, the setup quarters were worth four points with the other two

being worth two, so it was a straight win or nothing for me! I went for Richard in typical Orky fashion, bull and gate springs to mind! I figured that with the warpgate allowing his deployment only in his own quarter and him having to roll to get things on like reserves, I could kill quite a few before it was all there! (Mmmm must remember to

read the EoT codex to understand that they are likely to come on very quickly) My Warboss and retinue of six mega armoured Orks and Mekboy, Painboss and Waagh Banner Nob, shot thirty-one inches across the table! Ah ha, that's got your attention mister red wine drinker! Bet you wish you hadn't drunk so much eh? Now? Eh? No not at all! All this served to do was bring Richard to his senses about four hours before he would have done naturally! He brought down the whole of the strike force on the poor hapless retinue and kicked there butts!! The rest of the fight was somewhat piecemeal, apart from the scrap in the epicenter! Farseers and Warlocks backed up by Guardians slugging it out with my Boyz and Grots for about four turns, we wore them down, but it cost me dearly! I was beaten by the rest of the firepower laid down, in what I'm coming to appreciate is typical Eldar fashion! Oh well we nearly had him!

I must say that throughout the whole weekend, there was not one person I played who didn't go a little slack jawed at the sight of my Warboss and his retinue piling out of their armour plated Wartrukk, this comprised of over a third of the points value of the army...but boy was it worth it! The next game was against Deathguard, these ones having particularly bad cases of diarrhoea, they were all

brown...nice!
Well it was a very uneventful game, I took

out his Daemon Prince and Dread, along with a couple of Tactical Marine squads, while his termies and a special Heavy support that's actually an assault squad ripped into the rest of my Boyz. The result was a marginal win to him after turn six! I still can't get over my bad fortune at rolling over fifty dice in one assault against his elite assault

Into the Orks

The Rhino shook as the explosion ripped into the soft mud of the battlefield, spraying a geyser of brown liquid high into the air. Tufts of grass intermingled with the falling debris to add a splash of colour to an otherwise dull affair.

All of this was lost on Coniophanes as he sat erect within the confines of the Rhino as it sped towards its destiny. Flames of explosion reflected in the highly polished face mask of his helmet as he waited the downing of the ramp.

He looked down briefly at the Power Fist attached to his arm. His pride and joy ready to smite the green and foul Orks that infested this rock. Power arced across the fist, racing from side to side.

Suddenly the green light came on as the Rhino slammed to a stop, spinning its rear towards the enemy.

"Out!" yelled the driver as he gunned the engine ready to depart as soon as he could, "Now!"

Coniophanes was up and at the door even before it began its decent. He had worked tirelessly with the crew of the Rhino to speed up the ramp's decent and now it paid off as it crashed downwards at high speed into the mud.

Splashes reached his legs. He didn't notice as he shot out of the Rhino, a scream on his lips. Today he would show his commanders exactly what he was made of. Today he would achieve his promotion, no matter what it took.

Ahead of him and his squad he saw the mighty Ork Warboss and his Retinue. For a moment he felt a shiver go down his spine as he realised they were all in Mega-Armour. Then he remembered his Power Fist and raised it high, ready to smite down these enemies of the Serpents.

They hit the retinue with incredible ferocity. Coniophanes spotted his Lord, and the Chosen that always accompanied him, over on the other side of the combat; it was a multiple assault into the heart of the Ork Army. Coniophanes sparked his Power Fist and as it whined up to full power he watched with pride as his squad killed a Nob and wounded another. Suddenly he noticed an Ork charging him, the fist was not ready. He prepared to meet this attack without the aid of his Combat weapon. And then the Ork was gone, smothered under the combined assault of Coniophanes' squad as they opened up a line of attack for the power fist.

Coniophanes swung the fist. The first pass took out a Nob without pause, the mega-armour cleaving apart like butter. The second swing destroyed another and, just as the juice began to fade, he swung it again with all his might and a third Nob stared in disbelief as his lower body was detached from his upper. With the surprise still evident the Nob collapsed, blood seeping into the mud all around.

With so many of their comrades lying dead the Warboss and his remaining Nobs broke and settled into a slow, fighting withdrawal.

"Coniophanes!"

He turned at the sound of the voice in his ear-piece.

"My Lord?"

"Follow them. Do not let them regroup. You have done well here today. Lord Ferrius will hear of this."

"My Lord!" and he turned back to his surviving squad members. "Follow me. We attack the Warboss. Ignore all other targets. The retinue are yours. The Warboss is mine."

"Beware the Snake!"

troops, to find I hit only four times and wounded once! Which he saved! Oh Mork!

My last game was against Mr Jenkin. And what a welcome relief it was to play the good natured Iron Warrior after my

last game! We set too with the usual tactical genius from me..."Gerrem!" Nick withstood the storm and then counter attacked! All over by turn four. But still great fun and a great opponent, there's always something to be said for someone who takes the time to help one while playing the games, rather than riding rough shod over the inexperienced party!

Well you'll read about the exploits from the other lads



Andy's Battlewagon, and its passengers...

in this worthy tome so I'll leave it at that! Until the next time.....
WAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGH!

Mark Freeth
Bear Muppet

Deja-Vu in the Land of Devizes

Deja-vu.

That feeling that you've seen and/or done something before. Oddly enough that little feeling appeared as I parked the car in Devizes early on a Saturday morning, ready for Attack! 2003 and six battles of 40K with my little Serpents of Ferrus. This time last year my Dark Eldar were busy remembering which end of the gun to point at the enemy. This year we'd try with the Iron Warriors and next year? Some ideas in my head but no firm decision yet.

There were ten players lined up for this one and it felt like I was either at a Sad Muppet meeting or down in Winchester as I knew at least

half of them.¹

The missions were going to be randomly generated from a list of six and it was time to get going. As per previous reports I'll try and throw in the high/low lights from the various battles as throwing that many dice for that long does tend to all meld together eventually and the memory is not what it was.

Did it all go according to plan? Of course it did. Now, what's a plan?

Game 1 - Recon v Speed Freaks (Andy)

Great chap this lad with a really nicely done army with a converted Battlewagon and loads of trucks. Oh and those really annoying bikes that I like so much.

Plan: Um, Recon. Get into the enemy

deployment zone with a non-moving army. Great. Having learnt from Cardiff that waiting for the opponent to come to you is handing him the initiative I decided to experiment a little with some of the units.

- I got first turn and my super, heavy shooty army from hell opened up on the flimsily armoured trucks and boyz.
- At the end of my turn he had lost, erm, nothing.²
- Things got better but the Basilisk continually scattered off vehicles – especially the Battlewagon – until it was empty of troops. Then it hit! Great.
- By the end we'd managed to seriously blunt his charge and had blown big chunks out of all his units. Meanwhile my Rhinos and Obliterators had wandered across the board and landed in his end-zone.
- We'd won it but the final score does not really reflect how close the game was, which was a shame

as Andy deserved something out of it.

- The Swedish Chef took the army off to the target range after the battle, rather than to the pub. Would this make a difference for game two?

Game 2 - Death to Armies v Black Templars (Gordon - Winchester)

With so many people that I knew in the tournie I fully expected to meet them on the field of battle. Sure enough up came Gordon's name. Even more typical was that we'd played each other the weekend before with the same armies – training for Devizes. And he wiped me out down to one Rhino. Time to pray.

Plan: Death to Armies is a standard game but with units wiped out counting double points. Therefore we were going to have to keep hitting units continually until they were all dead – since his army doesn't break and run away this was going to be tough.

After much thinking (which did hurt) I set the Basilisk up in the open. The table had limited cover and if Gordon came down the centre then I'd have direct fire available. If he came down the flank then I put a rhino there to, hopefully, cover the Bassie for a while.

- You remember that trip to the target range? If you see Gordon ask him if it worked. The Basilisk was absolutely stunning. It spent the entire game landing shells on Assault Marines, Tactical Marines and the Chaplain (he did manage to survive this at least twice – before meeting a lascannon shot head on!)
- We managed to blow up his Rhinos early and he was then trying hard to walk to me through a hail of lascannon fire. Not nice.
- The Obliterators also deserve a mention; I finally remembered the Twin-Linked Plasma Gun option and decided to open up on his marines before

charging in. I figured that four twin-linked shots of Strength 7 AP 2 guns should create a hole in the unit. First shot; one; buggler. Twin-Linked shot; one; que? Armour Save; one; bloody hell, injured my own chap. Ah well.

- The Emperor's Champion got into the woods with his squad and when he was ready to leave the woods his squad had been, er, vaporised. His Iron Halo had held up until he looked out and discovered the lascannon chap. Bye then!
- Gordon is now unsure about playing me before Devizes as the same thing happened last year. Beat my army to a pulp in Winchester and then my luck turns around in Devizes.

Game 3 - Recon (Again) v Black Templars (Greg Batchelor)

Recon again. Black (actually Red) Templars again. Greg again, and he was looking for vengeance after last year.

He put down three dreadnoughts, several rhinos and a razorback. Pretty quick army then. Hope I can shoot straight this time as well.

- First turn and the Basilisk missed its target of two rhinos but hit a third and blew it up. Long walk now.
- We also immobilised a Dreadnought. Great!
- The Basilisk then had its gun blown off by the Razorback. Feeling mildly miffed it turned around and fired its Heavy Bolter at the Razorback and destroyed it! Wow.
- The Obliterators went toe-to-toe with his Chaplain and died in style.
- My Lord went up against the Emperor's Champion and was called out this time. Two invulnerable Aura saves later and Greg was so happy. Eventually my Lord fell over, especially after causing a wound on himself when he failed to control his daemon weapon and suffered a Perils of the

Warp attack! It was all happening today.

- The Emperor's Champion was eventually killed by a lascannon (pattern developing here) as he stepped out to take on a Rhino that was in the end-zone.
- The Basilisk reached his end-zone as well. More points once again from this marvellous vehicle.
- Stupidly I moved the Predator and exposed its backside to a Dread. Not a good move and it wasn't long before the Predator was being removed from play.
- In the end Greg had killed more stuff and he won by getting more stuff into my end-zone as well. A really, really close game and all the more fun because of it.

Game 4 – Recon (Not again!!)

v Death Guard (Mark – Winchester)

Mark's army usually has a nice lot of Daemons, a Greater Daemon and a Predator. He also had his new toy with him – a Defiler. Once again the stand and shoot army were being instructed to get across to the other side of the board. Deary me.

- He got first turn and lined up his Defiler. He guessed 62" towards the Basilisk – spot on! He then scattered but still had enough of the template on the Bassie. Bang! Exploded Bassie. Ah well time for Plan B. Whatever that is.
- The Defiler also squished my Lord during the game after I got out of the Rhinos – I didn't want him getting penetrating six on the Ordnance table thank you very much.
- Our two Predators shot at each other for the whole game. Both with Mutated Hull and it saved them time after time – we just could not damage each other. They were both still there at the end of the game.
- Tiger, the Obliterator,

saved a Lascannon/Defiler shell at one point.

- We killed his rhinos early again but his Daemon screen kept him alive.
- Nurgle's bloody rot killed off a marine or two. I hate Nurgle's Rot. It's killed a Deathwing Terminator and taken a wound off my Interrogator-Chaplain before.
- His Daemons were shot to pieces but the last one in each squad refused to die which left me unable to shoot his squads and Greater Daemon when it turned up.
- He saved three power fist wounds on his Greater Daemon! And then that thing ate my army. Wasn't pretty.
- On turn five my entire shooting yielded no wounds and no casualties. That was not good.
- We got about equal into the end-zones but he had his expensive stuff left and managed to win by 152 points (I think it was). Bloody close game as always against Mark. Next time mate!

Game 5 – Recon (I should be getting the hang of this by now!) v Chaos Undivided (Gary Batchelor)

It was time to take on Greg's dad. He had a truly scary close combat army with twin-linked Lightning Claw Lord and Lieutenant and Chosen Terminators to back them up.

The Plan: Kill things. Quickly.

- The Basilisk guessed and hit the Land Raider but then managed a one and two on penetrating dice. Bugger. He then proceeded to blow the gun off the Bassie with his Machine-Spirit Lascannon; the normal one had failed to penetrate! Must be a family thing as his son had done exactly the same. The Heavy Bolter then killed a marine a turn until I raced for the end-zone once again.
- We stunned the Land Raider twice in a row

before eventually killing it with a glancing six. Unfortunately he was then into my lines and it got very, very messy.

- My Lord charged his Lord and did manage to kill the Terminators but was absolutely creamed by his Lord – have to put that down to tiredness on my Lord's part. Honest.³
- My Predator killed his Predator with one shot; which made up for the previous performance against Mark.
- We got the Basilisk, Rhino Squad, Obliterators, Lord's Rhino and the Predator into the end-zone for a good win.

And so to the last game of the weekend

Game 6 – Cleanse (At last; not Recon) v Orks (Mark Freeth)

I play Mark quite a lot so have a fairly good idea of what's in his army. For instance I know there's a bloody great HQ involving many mega-armoured Nobz, needs to be killed quickly.⁴

- He got first turn and mega-boosted his HQ deep into my quarter! If my armour had been white it sure wouldn't have been after that booster.
- We fired everything at them. The truck went boom. The basilisk hit and killed one. He failed a pinning test – thank god – which would give me a chance to hit him in turn two.
- Tiger went off and challenged the bikes to a duel, killing quite a few before being counter-attacked by a mob and dying.
- My Lord and my troop counter attack unit both charged into the Ork HQ. The Lord had five attacks and, er, hit once. Once! He did kill with it but even so. The other chaps had twenty-one attacks and took another one down. We lost a few in return and then Coniophanes and his Power Fist got the juice

flowing and caused two insta-kill wounds! Now that's how to do it. Mark has been incredibly unlucky with his morale checks in the past and this was no exception. Off they ran. We kept them within 6" for the rest of the battle so he couldn't rally.

- The Predator meanwhile got into another quarter and survived Kannon fire and a tankbuster bomb charge at the end.
- The Havocs deserve a special mention. Against the Kans we fired off the Lascannon and missed. Autocannon and missed. Missile Launcher took one down. So up steps the Heavy Bolter man. Hits three times and then rolls a five and six for penetration. With the Tank Hunter skill this equates to a glancing and a penetrating hit. The Penetrating explodes and the glancing rolls a six. Wahoo! The luckiest dice throwing you'll see for a while. Two Kans with a Heavy Bolter.
- Oh and the Kommandos were hiding in some woods

Notes

1 We had Richard and Mark (Ork/Imperial one) from the Muppets and Gordon and Mark (Nurgle one) from Winchester. Plus there was Greg Batchelor who I'd played last year – and he was hoping for revenge this year!

2 You remember that Déjà vu thing? Cardiff came flooding back to me. What is it with my guys and turn one. We can't hit a bloody thing which is a bit of a blow for a shooty army!

3 Must put spiky bits on. The number of misses he gets I need a chance to at least get one back.

4 Whatever you do don't let this into your lines. Which is exactly the opposite of what I keep managing against it. Every single time it scares the pants off me by landing in my zone. It has got to stop as I'm running out of underpants.

when a Basilisk shell landed on their heads. It wasn't pretty and there were lots of smears around the woods after that one. They were finished off by lots of marine firing eventually.

- By the end (we had to finish slightly early) we had two quarters, Mark had one and the other was contested. Unfortunately the way of the scoring meant that Mark didn't get anything for all his hard work, which is not good.

So, all in all we had a very reasonable points haul, we'd won four of the six games and we'd managed to finish third. Congratulations to Greg for winning and to young Richard who now has a trophy for his well deserved second place. I'm pleased as we'd avoided the Star Cannons this time. However, I just know that my luck won't hold and I'll end up fighting Richard at Starsmash in September...

Oh and we really, really need to practice shooting in turn one. And Recon is out for a while.

Nick Jenkin
Iron Muppet

Surviving in Devizes

Well it was just my second tournament of the year and Devizes beckoned. The two months prior to Attack 2003 my tournament army had undergone some fairly major changes. First of all was the addition of a couple of Vypers to add a bit of firepower. Then, I thought, umm, Ulthwé based army that would be interesting... So the next thing up was some more Warlocks and a new Farseer. Unfortunately the new Seer Council box set hadn't come out yet, so a little conversion work was in order on Mister Moose Head. One holiday and a few weeks later I was ready, then the Eye of Terror codex came out. Vypers with BS4 sold it to me, a Strike Force. A dozen army lists later and after a couple of test battles (thanks to Nathan, Ross, and

Paul) I was ready, sort of. The night before the tournament I finished converting my old War Walker to its new weapons fit (scatter laser out, starcannon in) and along with a hastily constructed wraithgate (using a plain marker for this didn't work as I keep on moving it) my Rath-Torhan Strike Force was packed and ready to go. The following morning I picked Mr Freeth up, and we were off, more or less in the right direction (no, we don't take the sign marked for Devizes do we Mark). Anyway somehow only arriving 15 minutes late, we had a bit of time to look around the show before round one and whilst I was spending money on some new toys Nick found us, great I'll be facing an Imperial Guard army, yippee!!! Lee was the youngest player in the tournament (never a good sign) and he quickly grabbed his army to make up the numbers (after a rather infamous character from the Winchester Club had to drop out, I understand he's beginning to gain a reputation for this). Anyhow, Lee had lots of troops. Oh, and he had a big scary Basilisk, and a Leman Russ Exterminator. As we were playing a modified version of cleanse all of his army was on the board... against some rangers, some guardians, a couple of support weapons, and my trusty seer council. In fairness, that Exterminator died very fast but after just two turns, I had just four models on the table; and then the cavalry arrived. The two units of storm guardians and my howling banshees quickly rushed through the guard and within two turns everything was dead or destroyed.

Game two was a patrol mission against a Chaos Space Marine army commanded by a guy called Gary. A unit of troops and my seer council started on the board vs a unit of Chaos Space Marines. Not a problem, we'll just hide behind the trees. Turn two and stuff started to arrive,



Deploy the wraithgate and pull back, and bit of a theme developing here methinks!

including a Land Raider which I'd been warned about earlier... mainly because it was filled with Terminators and a Chaos Lord. But with the D-Cannons still in the webway there wasn't much I could do about them so the two Vypers blasted away at a Havoc squad making them run away. Next turn that Land Raider got a bit further forward out popped the Lord plus friends and then lots of Guardians turned up. Yippee!!!

However three flammers, and two starcannons later only the Lord remained, and one shot from the War Walker left nothing but his boots. However, sneaking up around the flank his Lieutenant munched a unit of Howling Banshees in two assault phases before trying to pick on my Seer Council. A couple of big pointy sticks sorted him out :-)

Game over and I had another victory under my belt so on to the last game of the day, Speed Freaks. Patrol again, excellent? Err no, as my opponent Andy gleefully informed me that the Speed Freaks would start arriving on the first turn. As it turned out all but two units of them were facing a unit of Rangers and my Seer Council. Umm, first priority, drop the wraithgate methinks.

After hiding behind the woods for a bit, the first part of the webway assault arrived, some Guardians, a

couple of Vypers and a D-Cannon. Umm, well at least those Orky vehicles were dead, or perhaps not as almost all the penetrating starcannon shots bounced off the armoured plating. Together with my War Walker failing even to hit Andy's Battle Wagon things weren't looking good. But then, on the following turn the Warbosses truck happily blew up leaving the huge greenskin in line of sight of Janira, one of my Farseers. One very stern look later the brute's brains were dribbling out of his ears! Andy then got attacked by the "how many flammers?" attack from the Storm Guardians, totally eliminating another unit. Things were looking a bit better now!

By the time my Seer Council had finished chasing down the Battle Wagon the game is effectively over. That was my third victory on the trot and at the end of day one I was at the top of the leader board!!!

After being poisoned by Helen (from Genesis SF Club) the night before I was feeling fairly rotten the following morning and extremely jealous of Ruth, my better half, who was very probably still in bed. The announcements came through and I was fighting our very own Mr Freeth. Having not fought Orks in a very long time, this would be the third Ork army I'll faced

in four days. Ouch. Still, at least we weren't playing patrol this time so my D-Cannons would be on the table pointing directly at a couple of Killer Kans. Now in all my years fighting Ross's Orks there's a few things from the Ork Codex I hadn't seen. The first one was turbo-boosters as warranted by the comment, "that truck moved HOW fast."; and the other was an entire unit of Mega-Armoured Nobs on the aforementioned truck. Too matters worse the whole appeared just behind my army on Mark's turn three. But as luck would have it a single D-Cannon shot cracked open a different truck, sending it flying off the table as my backup arrived on the table. Everything opened fire on Mark's HQ and after the Banshees had charged in (especially with the Exarch dicing the Warboss up in one round) there wasn't much left. Thanks to the shock of seeing six big armoured greenskins I was now awake and ready for round five, and some Death Guard. Mark Walker was the defending champion from last year and seems to have a particular dislike for eldar, "they're really cheesy with their two shot weapons", yes Mike, but still they're only Guardians. Another Cleanse type mission so, D-Cannons on the board along with some Guardians, Rangers, oh and the guys with the wraithgate. The first couple of rounds were fairly boring, although I could have done without Mike's Plague Bearers appearing within a couple of inches of my Seer Council. Thankfully the demons didn't last too long but unfortunately a couple of the Warlocks went down with a rather nasty cold. Mark was enjoying this up until turn three. After piling his possessed bods out of their taxi (I think those D-Cannons might have been a bit close for comfort), I don't really think he was expecting three units of Guardians to turn up and flame them. Seven turned into two in fairly short

order, and then they were chopped up in close combat. Elsewhere my Banshees weren't doing so well, taking far too long to finish off a squad of normal Plague Marines, and once a greater demon appeared in the middle of the combat that got very messy. However the highlight of the game had to come from one of the D-Cannons, with a nice scatter at maximum range removing the battle cannon off Mark's Defiler. In the end it was close, but I had a marginal victory.

The last game of the weekend was for the title and against a 'Red' Templar player called Greg. Between my army mostly being in reserve and Greg's mostly being in Rhinos deployment was a fairly swift affair, as were the first couple of turns. Greg had made a slight mistake leaving his three dreadnoughts out in the open just in front of one of my D-Cannons. Perfect range, perfect shot, and... the autocannon fell off one of them. Not so good. Oh well, back to my normal plan with vehicles, hit them with a big stick (this was marginally more successful). By turn four my army I was nicely tucked into one corner of the battlefield trying to avoid the Rhino rush. And then there it was, an Emperor's Champion, a Chaplin (with a pair of lightning claws for course) and some marines. This was going to hurt, a lot. The priority was to slightly even the odds so out came a couple of flamer templates and Greg proceeded to roll lots of ones and twos for



Waaagh Freeth



The Serpents of Ferrius



Vulcanio's Rath-Torhan Strike Force

armour saves. Excellent. Unfortunately by this time my Starcannons were all dead or just bouncing off Rhinos so some fairly annoyed marines quickly ploughed into the waiting Guardians, who promptly ran away. Although, I fairness, the banshees got rid of that Chaplin.

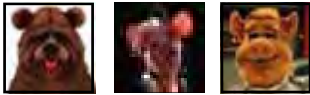
The final turn involved a lot of running into our opponent's deployment zone and in the end less there were less than 500 victory points in it but Greg had won the game, and along with it the tournament. All that was left to do was pack up our

armies, and collect our trophies. In the end between the three of us, Mark Freeth came in a very respectable sixth, Nick got third place, and I was second; boy were the locals shocked!!!!

Richard Kerry
Major Muppet

COLOURS 2003

STUPENDOUS SILLINESS AT STARSMASH




Earlier in September, myself, Mr Jenkin, Mr Freeth and Mr Macoy engaged on a campaign to teach the unfortunates of Newbury the true power of Muppetdom. Oh well never mind. Still, Dave left with the Best Sportsman award and I got to kill marines. And here's a quick run down of Nick and Mark's weekend...

**Richard Kerry
Major Muppet**

Well that was a very strange weekend of gaming. I don't think I've experienced quite such a turn-around in fortune as the weekend at Starsmash IV was to provide. It all began in spectacular fashion when Dave turned up a few minutes late having managed to sleep in a little bit. This was early on the Saturday morning. As you probably remember from previous tournaments there are usually a few hiccups in finding venues but this one proved fairly fraught free; the racecourse being well signposted – even after we left the main road, somewhat surprising in this country. We were a bit early and headed to grab a coffee; only to find out that coffee was only up for sale from 10am when the show opened! Panic!!! So what next then? We sat out on the balcony and watched the golfers in the middle of the racecourse for a while; all very civilised for a tournament as we're normally thrown into the dungeon and left to our own devices. Eventually our friendly organisers appeared and it

was on to the first game. Once again some highlights for you where I can remember them.

Game 1 – Dawn Assault v Orks (Simon)
A Squiggoth, gargantuan in



I killed Crimson fists for a start! Then got an even match with some Relictors! (Don't ask! we licked a few but they didn't taste too good! So we kikked 'em!) Then came Sunday! Those awful things called the Necrons, I managed to take out the monolith after 3 full turns of assault and all his destroyers, heavy destroyers and the tomb spider, not to mention the scarabs.....all to no avail! Those darn warriors and Immortals just won't stay down, they just keep gettin' back up! mmmmmm Must try harder!

The final battle was a real sight to see! If I ever saw 200 greenskins run a race! From the off, on this cleanse mission we were crammed in against Mr. Kerry's Pixies! What could we do but CHAAAAARGE!! Well it seemed a good idea at first, we poured everything into the foolhardy Seer Council, wiping them out! But not before they deployed the Wraith gate thingy! This resulted in a sizeable traffic jam of bikes, Grots Burna and Slugga boyz all chompin at the bit to get at the last Guardians! Hang on a minute, what's all the shimmering on the gate! Where did all those Pixies come from? Howlin' Banshees, fire throwers, the lot!!!! (ed - err, sorry about that Mark)

**Mark Freeth
Bear Muppet**



My favourite army of the weekend ;-)> 157 guardsmen. Oh nice.

size was placed on the table. An audible gulp leapt from the throats of the Serpents; meanwhile I went to change my underwear.

- Turn one and he moved two trukks and a rhino over a low wall and, somehow, managed to immobilize all three! The Squiggoth, on the other hand, moved 6" over the wall and prepared to give my lads a hug.
- Then the sun came up. Arrggggghhhhhhhh, big thing with sharp pointy teeth and big claws suddenly appeared right in front of us. We fired. A lot. It took us a whole three turns to down this thing, including one turn where we managed to inflict one wound out of six shots; even the basilisk hit and failed to wound.
- A funny moment involved his grot rigger with a touch of stage fright. Whilst attempting to repair one of the immobilised trukks this grot rigger refused whilst Orks remained on-board; straight after they disembarked he fixed it. Unreal.
- Rigger: "I can't work with youz lookin over me

shoulder, like."

- Ork: "We getz out."
- Sounds of Orks clambering out of truck.
- Rigger: "It'z fixed now."
- Grumbling sounds as Orks clamber back in.
- In my next turn I destroyed the trukkk and shot the boyz that got out to shreds. Marvellous moment
- My Lieutenant deserves a mention as he went barrelling in and killed the Warboss and then took on a unit of 15+ 'Ard Boyz all on his own. It was surreal as these ladz piled on top of him and he refused to take a wound; every turn he was killing three or four and nothing was getting through the armour – even with the choppa saves. It ended with the 'Ard Boyz reduced to under half-strength and reconsidering their place on the battlefield.

At the end we held two quarters to his none. A fun game and my many games against Orks have prepared me well for what to shoot first – this was to become very telling during my second day battles against Dark



Alex's winning Necron army, lovely aren't they Mark?

Eldar and, especially, the Necrons.

Game 2 – Pitched Battle v Emperor's Children (Colin)

Now this one was to become my favourite of the weekend purely because he was such a nice lad, he won Sportsman together with Dave, and he'd actually used pink on his Children.

- On the first turn we killed a Rhino, a Dreadnought, a Predator and most of his Havocs squad. It was truly scary. This was absolutely unbelievable as my boys normally can't hit a barn door with a huge target on it on the first turn. Wow.
- His Greater Daemon eventually appeared and took out the Predator; this tank had been annoying him all game. The Greater Daemon then went and hid behind a tree.
- However, the best was to happen right at the end and turned a major victory into a massacre. On the last turn I held two quarters, he had one and we were contesting the last one. My Basilisk decided to chance his arm and fired at his Dreadnought that was skulking behind a building. I guessed 60" and, amazingly, this was smack on to his smoke launchers! Even more amazing was the fact it didn't deviate. Next thing you know this little chap has been immobilised.
- Colin then said, "I bet he

goes into fire frenzy on my turn 'cos his only target is that unit of Daemonettes." Guess what? Yep, fire frenzy. One twin-linked Heavy Bolter and a combolter next and that Daemonette squad was completely dead. He took it well though

So at the end of day one I had 37 generalship points and a joint top placing. Unfortunately I was to finish the weekend with 40 generalship points, day two was not nice.

Game 3 – Recon v Dark Eldar (Rob)

I know the Dark Eldar, after all I use them and they are a favourite army of mine. Unfortunately I know what 14 Dark Lances and 6 Disintegrators can do to my army and I wasn't about to be proved wrong!

- He won the deployment roll and took the central spot, forcing me back and then he won first turn. I lost so much on turn one that it just wasn't funny.
- What was funny was when the Talos decided to wildfire and managed to kill two marines, good old 3+ armour saves...
- The Lord's rhino managed to immobilise across a wall – everything that could go wrong.
- The Aspiring Champion did kill stuff in combat before the Talos popped over and shook his hand a little too vigorously.

- My final marine ended up in combat against Wyches, Reavers and Warp Beasts, it took him two turns to die – a feat that was remarkable considering how well the rest of the game went.

By the end he had something like 17 units into my deployment zone and had somewhere near to 3500 victory points. A massacre. Yep indeedy.

I came away from that one having learnt a lot and I need a few more battles against Dark Eldar. Paul? You out there, young man?

Game 4 – Dawn Assault v Necrons (Mike)

Ouch. I've never fought Necrons before. Used them but never fought them. And I certainly had never come across the Monolith as I've never used one.

Let's just say that, from now on, I will be using a Monolith when I can.

This was one of those battles that you look back upon and think "how did I lose that?" Essentially, given a bit more experience against Necrons, I'd have done things a little differently me thinks.

- The Monolith was placed in the centre and it went downhill from there. He got first turn (I really need to practice that roll off) and next thing I know these ten Immortals and a Lord have teleported through the Monolith and are now smack bang in front of my army! Wow.
- Basically he carried on with this throughout the game. Not once did he use the Particle Whip – he was too busy teleporting for the extra WBB roll. A bit more experience would probably have told me that taking out the Monolith would hand the initiative back to me – he's not going very far without it – and, being the centre point of the army, there could be some psychological damage from losing it. My luck failed me anyway as I couldn't penetrate it with lascannons.

- Also bad luck prevailed when I downed nine out of ten Immortals in one turn but couldn't kill the last one; next thing you know there are six of them again. Argh!
- The Basilisk, for once, was failing me. Four shots on target against a single Necron Warrior unit but each time it scattered 5" or 6" and I couldn't even get the partials to work. Jeez!
- My Lord should have gone into combat against his Immortals, just to tie them up, but no, I went skulking off. When I did assault with my Aspiring Champion we lost – lost! Heck....
- Oh and my Obliterators were taken out by weapons that have AP4. Could I roll higher than a 1? Nope. Three wounds. Three 1s. Eek!

In the end we were contesting two quarters but he had the other Two. On points it came down to a major victory to him.

Must try harder.

So the tale was told. We were dead again. Won two, Lost two. We finished somewhere in the middle. Very pleased to get one of the highest marks for the painting and fluff, this is always nice. Talking of which, some more fluff to come from this weekend and the game against Matt Did we have a good time? I think so, although day two was a disaster on the playing front we had a good laugh watching the Serpents being taken to the cleaners. Next year? No idea who's going yet but it could well be the Deathwing. That'll be interesting...

**Nick Jenkin
Iron Muppet**

*Yeah Da Orks iz dip-
loyin two!!!! gerrem
Boyz!!*



Its been a bit of time coming, but the new, updated Imperial Guard Codex is out. Now what about my new Eldar Codex...

STAND TO ATTENTION BOYS

REVIEW OF CODEX: IMPERIAL GUARD 2ND EDITION

First Impressions!

Just like that (whilst wearing a fez of course); the new Guard codex is out, it cleared Parkhurst's east wall using prison issue tights and a hula-hoop. So I thought it might be a wheeze to scribble down my thoughts about what's new and what's not.

Now you all know the 9th Pretorian Rifles. Their attacking instinct is yet to be curbed and the new army list just made their lives a whole lot easier.

So what to tell you first, well let's start at the top:

HQ, four different levels of general can be chosen, and their range of war gear has improved by leaps and bounds, expect every Guard army to now have a Master vox in it. This little beauty basically raises your entire



Commissars, Sanctioned Psykers, and Priests (all of which are listed under HQ but don't take up any slots, leaving room in your list for any desired special characters) and your options look far rosier than they used to.

Your troops have basically stayed the same, a case of if it's not broke don't fix it. However a new option has been put in for fielding conscripts. These are really just a big mob of up to fifty guys with naff stats, and leadership but very cheap points cost. One other change is the introduction of Remnant units; this lets you field one squad from your Infantry Platoon with less than the normally requisite 10 models. This means that when you re-jig your army list to fit the new Codex and find that you're left with an odd number of models, you can still use them as a legal army. This I can only assume to be an oversight on behalf of Games Workshop, as I've never known them to ever change an army in a way that you don't need to buy more of their models. (Of course I'm not paranoid, who said that, you did, oh bugger).

So now to the shiny stuff, Hardened Veterans stay cool and cost less, Ditto for Glory boys, Ogryns rock and a new listing for Techpriests lets you try to mend your tanks.

Talking of tanks the Hellhound goes up in cost by quite a margin, but has just become the best vehicle in the game, sentinels have much more flexibility, and

despite the demise of the Lemn Russ Exterminator the Demolisher and Basilisk march on unchanged.

Heavy weapon squads fill out the last heavy support section option and believe me they are going to be nasty to face. Although not as nasty as the new and improved Rough Riders in think, cavalry chargers with strength 5 power weapons!! Ok so they can only use them once but with their new fleet of hoof rule (the same as the Eldar fleet of foot) they should get the charge and cause mayhem as the ultimate shock troops. Throw in the new army doctrines that let you tailor your army in a unique style and lots of pretty pictures and that's the backbone of the new Codex.

The last one was bad, and us Imperial commanders have often been heard to moan at length. This new volume goes a long way to solving those problems, or at least I think it does, ask me more after I've played a few games using the new lists. Anyway there's always a worse Codex, It's called TAU! (ed - oh thanks Dave, that's encouraging)

**Dave Offen-James
Other Muppet
(aka Colonel Winston, P,
Smallhouse)**



armies leadership to the level of your general. Power weapons have got cheaper, and a bolt pistol only costs 1 point.

Your HQ can also have Special weapon squads attached to it as well, I can't wait to see the look on a marine players face as two melta guns and a demolition charge come flying (hopefully) in his direction! Throw in improved

AND THE SKY FULL OF ANGELS

2ND COMPANY BLOOD ANGELS FLEET

So what's all this Battlefleet Gothic stuff about then? Well sit down and I will tell you a story. Long ago in a time hidden in the mists of legend and before the Sad Muppet Society was formed, there were three sci-fi fans who bought some spaceships and began to play the Games Workshop game only referred to as 'Gothic'. Rumour has it two of them split up the fleets contained in the game, with one (known only as Ross) taking the Chaos ships, and the other (Dave) taking the Imperial ones. Then along came a third, called Paul and he bought many Eldar ships, and there was much rejoicing. This golden age of Battlefleet Gothic continued for a short time, before I was re-introduced into the hobby by these three legends, and said the rules were rubbish, let's play 40K instead (read: my very small Eldar fleet got trashed, a lot).

Anyway, that was a few years ago now and I've since then painted a quite large Eldar army plus others, however over the summer I came to the decision that I've played enough 40K for the time being. I wasn't really in Fantasy mode (that normally hits over the autumn months) so what else? Well, I fancied Blood Bowl so the

old Skaven team came out (there'll be an article about Klaw Kritter's in a later Newsletter), and I started musing again about Battlefleet Gothic.

After several months thinking about it, and downloading every BFG resource off the net, I folded and picked up the game in Reading (after a particularly bad week at work) and another Eldar cruiser. Once I painted the ship, I sat down thought about the kind of fleet I actually wanted. OK, Eldar where fast and nasty, but they where also very fragile, and more importantly their ships were, well alien. After looking at the Full Thrust Japanese fleet a few months beforehand I decided I wanted a more classic warship type look, and to tie in with my existing 40K armies, that meant a marine fleet.

As fortune would have it, the marine Strike Cruiser was always one of my favourite models anyway, and the month before, Specialist Games had just released new (metal) versions of all three of the marine escort ships (previously, these were only available through ForgeWorld, with appropriate price tags to match). My original thought was to have a squadron of each type,

however as a rather liked the look of the Gladius class frigate, and due to a cock-up on the order, I ended up with two squadrons of those, and three squadrons of Nova class frigates. With a couple of Strike Cruisers that was the basic fleet sorted.

However it was lacking something, ah yes, Battle Barges. Funnily enough in the same White Dwarf as the new marine escorts, was a variant of the battleship, with all the weapons batteries replaced with lances. Umm, nice.

Unfortunately a couple of weekends later Mr Jenkin made the mistake of mentioning tombships whilst we were both in GW Winchester, and they happened to

have another Battle Barge on the shelf. Oh well, that would be one of each then.

To finish off the fleet, I cracked and ordered something off ForgeWorld, 15 Gothic-scale Thunderhawks. Just a bit more painting to do and the 2nd Company fleet will be ready...

Richard Kerry
Major Muppet



"Not another 40K article", er not quite. One of the best and most popular Specialist Games to come out in the last few years has been Battlefleet Gothic, and here's a little bit about my new fleet.



"The Baal Sun" in progress...

Famous Ships of 2nd Company, Blood Angels

- **The Baal Sun**, the original Battle Barge assigned to the fleet, recently refitted as a gunship
- **The Angells**, the strike cruiser assigned to Rogue Trader Harda Pelieus
- **The Dante**, flagship of a strike force tasked with eliminating the Kabel of the Warped Mind. Re-commissioned M39 from a wreckage found in orbit of Baracus

Painting the fleet

- This the fun bit. Firstly the ships were undercoated with black spray, and touched by hand where necessary.
- Then, I drybrushed the entire model white, leaving the black undercoat in the recesses of the model.
- Stage two, red. The models were lightly sprayed Blood Red. With the previous underpainting the model appears shaded. White and Blood Red were mixed to create the highlights on the main colour, again drybrushing the model roughly with a large brush.
- Finally, all the details like engines, windows etc were painted on using the laying technique (paint on dark shade first, then highlight with lighter shade).
- And volia!!! One painted spaceship.



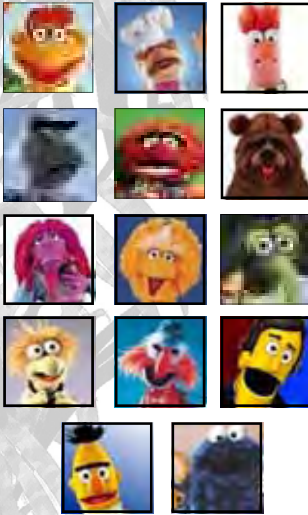
One Strike Cruiser at "The Red Stage"



EYE OF TERROR

“SEE HIM, HE’S TOAST”

ONE NIGHT STAND



Battlezone:

Van Sele's World, Chinchare System, Eye of Terror, Segmentum Obscurus

40K in 40 minutes rules:

- Minimum one Troop choice
- Maximum one HQ choice
- No characters or creatures with more than 2 wounds
No special characters, or Imperial Assassins
- No 2+ armour saves
- No vehicles with a total Armour value greater than 33
- Certain army specific minimum requirements will be waived. For example Imperial Guard players will not need to field an Infantry platoon and may take an Armoured Fist squad as their only Troop choice if they wish.

Van Sele's World, the Chinchare System... was the battleground for the Sad Muppet Society's (first) Eye of Terror event, and our first ever tournament, One Night Stand. Due to certain time restrictions we didn't really have time (or in fairness the experience) to organise a full tournament or another Eye of Terror event for that matter, as members of the club were off on holiday over the summer and that sort of thing. So that only left us with the option of running something at one of our normal club meetings on a Tuesday night.

Well, we've done big mega battles before in a single evening, but they normally have to be ended early because our meetings are only three hours long, and then an idea struck. Last year Nathan White and myself were lucky enough to be invited up to the Open Day at Lenton in November to run a 40K in 40 minutes demo game on behalf of the club, ah ha!!! Thus was born 'One Night Stand' our 40K in 40 minutes tournament, in effect three games in three hours.

Because our players would be using scout forces, we decided to set our



The first games get underway...

tournament at the beginning of the Eye of Terror campaign on Van Sele's World in the Chinchare System. From a background point of view this was fine however it did only leave us two weeks to organise an event. However, as luck would have it, we were already planning another tournament for next May, so after quickly tweaking the rules and the scenarios we were ready.

The day after the Eye of Terror campaign officially started, players gathered at the usual haunt of the Sad Muppet Society, a Scout Hall called Glebe Hall, in

Basingstoke. By some miracle we had exactly the same players on both the side of Order, and Disorder and after mugging conveniently misplaced fantasy player to put pieces of paper out of a hat our 14 combatants grabbed their tables and faced in the first mission of the evening, Patrol.

Whilst most of the players were SMS regulars, there were a few new things to be seen. Mark Walker from the Winchester Wargaming Club had bought his Death Guard with him, there were at least four other new armies that hadn't seen the light of day before, including a rather nice Imperial Guard force which was awarded best army at the end of the evening and an elder army from one of our youngest members, Andy Driver.

45 minutes later, myself and my loyal sidekick, Penfold (otherwise known as Nick Jenkin) bullied the players into ending their games and giving us their results back, and quickly tapped them into a waiting laptop. With most of the army judging done, it



Mark Walker's Death Guard about to do something very unpleasant to Nathan's Imperial Guard

was time for round two, Recon.

Any armies with Infiltrators had an advantage in this battle, as Peter Hibbett's all Genestealer Tyranid swarm demonstrated. However despite completely surrounding Andy's eldar, the bugs were always just out of charge range and even after having the Fire Dragons for tea, there were just not enough left after a few turns of eldar shooting. Unsurprisingly the two tournament players in the tournament, Matt Pinto and our visitor from Winchester were fighting it out for the top slot. Five minutes in, things didn't look good for Matt as a squad of Plague



"See him, he's toast"

Marines charged across the board a hell of a lot faster than that you'd expect a load of plague infested traitors to do. However by the time I got back to their table, after seeing Lee Cook's Word Bearers getting blown to tiny pieces by Nathan's shiny new Basilisk, their weren't many green guys left. Nick who was watching the game, just shrugged his shoulders. Oh well, Matt's infamous luck had struck again. So on to the last battle of the



Mark Freeth smiling for the camera, trying to earn bonus points from round three

day, everybody's favourite, Take & Hold. Somehow Jeff Crane's Tyranids managed to get on to the top table against Matt's Space Marines and that was never going to be pretty. After several turns of trying to duck from the missile launchers the bugs were gone. Jeff was not amused.

Elsewhere, Little Nik was fighting Callum's eldar and managed to park his Lord in front of two Vypers armed with brightlances. Being the impartial referees that we are, both myself and (bigger) Nick both pointed at him "See him, he's toast." And the following shooting phase he was. But despite this little setback Nik managed to win his game giving a much needed victory to the bad guys. But on the whole things hadn't gone well for the forces of disorder, with most of their players residing at the

bottom end of the scoreboard and Van Sele's World safely remaining in Imperial hands.

Once the dust had settled and the scenery put away, there was only the awards left to give out. Funnily enough our very own Mr Pinto was victorious but it had been a close run thing. With the certificates given out and lots of happy smiley mugshots taken, it was left to our treasurer to have the final announcement of the day, "Bigger off and go home."

Richard Kerry
Major Muppet

The Final Results

Player	Army	Side	Points
1 Matt Pinto	Space Marines	Order	110
2 Mark Walker	Death Guard	Disorder	103
3 Richard Cox	Sisters of Battle	Order	101
4 Nathan White	Imperial Guard	Order	91
5 Dave Offen-James	Imperial Guard	Order	86
6 Ross McNaughton	Orks	Disorder	84
7 Nick Doren	Chaos Space Marines	Disorder	82
8 Callum Smith	Siam-Hann Eldar	Order	76
9 Andy Driver	Beil-Tan Eldar	Order	73
10 Mark Freeth	Orks	Disorder	72
11 Peter Hibbett	Tyranids	Disorder	70
12 Lee Cook	Word Bearers	Disorder	70
13 Jeff Crane	Tyranids	Disorder	64
14 Steve Burgham	Imperial Guard	Order	44

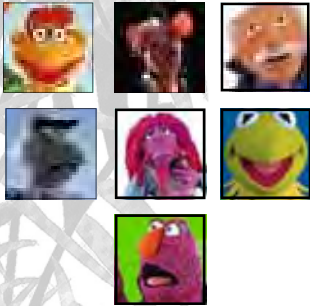
Best Army: Nathan White

Best Sportsman: Dave Offen-James



First place Matt Pinto (left) and second place Mark Walker (right)

*Wazn't my fault boss,
I bloo up three of them
big ones and three of
them little ones.
Not so quite sure of
what everyone's else's
was dooon over on t'
other side of the system
like - wazn't no chaoses
over there like...*



Battlezone:

Chinchare System,
Eye of Terror, Segmentum
Obscurus

As you all know the (so called) forces of Chaos got a good sound thrashing in One Night Stand, so as a follow up to this the fairy style folk of Chaos are attempting to flee back to the relative safety of their own lines.

The commanders of these ships are fully aware of how well defended this strange little back water of a Sub-Sector is. It is obviously far more important to the Imperium than Abbadon could have suspected. They must report back with this important information. All those fallen comrades will have died for nothing if the news isn't re-laid.

The Emperor's forces are well aware of this and are jamming all transmissions, also every available ship has been summoned to prevent the retreating Chaos ships from escaping. So come test your metal as a Fleet Admiral and Anchors Away.

**Dave Offen-James
Other Muppet**



FLIGHT OF THE SERPENTS

FLIGHT OF CHAOS

The explosion rippled along the shields, sending shockwaves in every direction.

"Cobra Class closing, Commander"

"What is the status of Lord Von Russell's flagship?"

Another explosion rocked the bridge of the Styx Class Carrier. Dust settled. Sparks busily weaved their way around the consoles.

"The Lord's ship is on fire and appears to be drifting."

"Curse the Imperials." The Commander clenched his

fists, "Any survivors?"

The crewman checked his monitors; those that were not damaged.

"Some escape pods bearing the flagship's transponder codes have escaped, shall we pick them up?"

"No. We are nearly crippled. The entire Imperial fleet is now chasing us and the Herpetitor. We must escape and warn Lord Ferrius that the Imperials are in force in the Chinchaire system."

Sparks flew across the bridge as another series of Imperial shots struck the ship.

"We've lost primary weapons systems after that last salvo, my Lord."

The commander faced his bridge crew; things were not looking good.

"What of the Murder Class? The Herpetitor?"

"They are ahead of us and have nearly reached the Jump Point. They appear undamaged, but there are multiple bombers and Cobras closing on them."

"What is the status" another explosion smashed

through the ship " ..."

"Shields are down, my Lord. Reports of a hull breach on Level 62A."

"How bad?"

"We're slowing, Sir. Damage reports are flooding in from the entire ship."

"Can the shields be repaired?"

"No, Sir, not whilst we're under attack."

Silence filled the Bridge for a moment, broken only by the sounds of sparks and the screams of the wounded.

The Commander sat back in his chair.

"Open communications to the Herpetitor."

"Sir."

"Herpetitor? This is the Python's Scar."

"What is your status?" Came the gruff reply.

"We are crippled. Our hull is breached. Our weapon systems are down."

"We can aid you."

"No!" Yelled the Commander leaning forward urgently, "You must get word to Lord Ferrius about the Chinchaire System and"

"Torpedoes!"

Explosions ripped through the bridge, throwing the Commander from his seat.

Fires sparked everywhere.

"Hull integrity down to 25%" said the

computer.

"Python's Scar?"

shouted the intercom. "What is going on? We have Cobras closing!"

"Helmsman?" said the Lord as he picked himself up and returned to his seat.

"My Lord?"

"Whilst we still can, take us into the Cobras' flight path; put us between them and the Herpetitor."

"Yes, my Lord."

Death was now stalking them.

"Python's Scar; we salute you. The Serpents will return and destroy those that defend this system. You shall be avenged."

"Beware the Snake!" Chorused the survivors of the bridge crew.

Suddenly they were between the Cobras and the Herpetitor. The Commander watched as the Imperials opened fire. The Python's Scar finally succumbed to the combined firepower of the entire enemy fleet. Fires and explosions ripped through the weakened shell. Through the bridge the wall of fire moved with blinding speed.

The Commander observed the flames as the fire approached. In the brief moment before he was engulfed he let slip a smile. The Herpetitor had escaped. The Serpents would be back.

"Death to the False Emperor!"

And the flames ripped

through his body, incinerating him where he sat. The Python's Scar was no more.

**Nick Jenkin
Iron Muppet**

WHAT!!! You let an enemy vessel escape. What were you thinking. Must I do everything myself! Have yourself hung drawn and Quartered **IMMEDIATELY!!!!!** Officer Commanding, Allied forces. Sub-Sector 4578960-0987 B.

EYE OF TERROR

ONE NIGHT STAND 2

NIGHT OF CHAOS

<<intercepted transmission>>

Admiral, we've tracked the Herpetitor back to the Cadian system. It seems to be in low orbit over the besieged world of Solar Mariatus. Reports of planetary bombardment. With the defense of Cadia as a priority, local defense forces have requested reinforcements immediately.

With your blessing, we can be in system within 7 standard days.

<<transmission ends>>

Eye of Terror "40k in 40 minutes" tournament, 19 August 2003, Basingstoke, Hampshire

"...Van Sele's World Chaos assault failed, those responsible have been executed. We will crush the weak Imperial fools on Solar Mariatus. For the Warmaster. Iron Warriors out..."

<transmission fades into static>

"Boss, Boss, Boss, da Mek sez dere's a fight on..." CUFF
 "...aaaaaaagh..." Crump.
 "Pesky grot. Boyz, da Mek

sez dere's a fight on Solar Marri somfink. Wazza "One Nite Stand" in Basingstoke ? Boyz, izza fight an' we is Ork Piratz an' we is goin'. Waaaggh!"

We gets to Solar Mariwatzit, an' uz Raiderz has da Chaos boyz, Nurgle boyz, red Word boyz, some Bugs, an' 3 lotza Orks facin' just da tin-can Marines, 2 lotza Guard humies, an' some weird Tau boyz - 7 chaos fer 4 humies?...

<<<start transmission: SecurID 7891038501326>>>

High Lord Admiral, our blockade of the Chinchaire System has been highly successful. Following the unsuccessful landing of the traitorous forces on Van Sele's World, Admiral Crane has managed to prevent almost all of the invading fleet from leaving the system and far more importantly in a combined action Rear Admirals' White and Walls succeeded in disabling the enemy flagship. I also have seen unconfirmed reports that the Arch-traitor Von Russell has since been captured.

We believe the traitor Lord Hibbittus was killed when his ship underwent a warp core implosion. Understandably no body has yet been found however Squadron Jamen still performing a detailed survey of the remaining wreckage.

I've enclosed the details of the only escaping enemy vessel, a cruiser bearing the mark of the Serpents of Ferrius. I pray that our forces can intercept them before its too late.

Yours,
 Rear Admiral Kerry

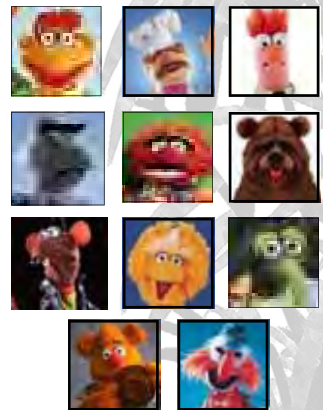
<<<end transmission>>>

<Shimmer, Schweweeoooo, shimmer>

... an' 3 Eldar - da black ones, da red biker boyz (6 Vypers wiv a big Star gun), and anudder lot wid Walker thingys wiv' big Star gunz WAAAAAGGHH !!!

First we hits da humies "Patrol".

Uz Speedy Ork piratz an' da Nurgle boyz does good (looted pirate Basilisk shootin' tankless humie Guard, an' one lone Nurgle boy wadin' through da udder humie army), but da 2 slow Ork armies an' da Bugz dies. Da Marines an' 2 Eldar wins, an' da Solar defenderz is beatin da



Word has escaped. The assault on Van Sele's world was a failure and the remaining Chaos forces have pulled back into the Cadian system to reinforce the war effort there.

On Solar Mariatus, the forces of Disorder have gained almost complete control over the planet, transforming it into a living hell. Swelled by their victories in the Chinchaire system, the planetary governor has reassigned what little Imperial forces he can spare to aid the defense of the capital system.

And above the planet floats the Herpetitor, a ship belonging to the dreaded Serpents of Ferrius. The tide must be turned or else the Serpents will use this world for their own infernal plans.



Dave Driver and Nick Doren fighting it out for the bottom of the table



The Last Line, David Ronaldson's Dark Reapers

The Final Results

Player	Army	Side	Points
1 David Ronaldson	Ulthwe	Order	103
2 Caesar Slattery	Speed Freaks	Disorder	101
3 Nathan White	Imperial Guard	Order	97
4 Mark Walker	Death Guard	Disorder	90
5 Lee Cook	Word Bearers	Disorder	89
6 Antony Walls	Tau	Order	81
7 Alex Ronaldson	Saim-Hann	Order	80
8 Mark Freeth	Orks	Disorder	72
9 Dave Offen-James	Space Marines	Order	72
10 Andy Driver	Eldar	Order	71
11 Jeff Crane	Tyrannids	Disorder	70
12 Ross McNaughton	Orks	Disorder	65
13 Dave Driver	Imperial Guard	Order	60
14 Nick Doren	Chaos Space Marines	Disorder	42

Best Army: Mark Walker

Best Sportsman: Nick Doren



Jeff's bugs sneaking up on Tony's Tau

shoots all da Nurgle boyz). Da red biker Eldar parks a Vyper on da river an' it sinks under a freak wave (difficult terrain test - oops), but dey winz da game. (Da udder armies iz lost in da dust o' battle an' I dunno what dey does) Da Raiderz go fer broke ta "Take an Hold" da command centre Nurgle winz. Da red Word boyz

"Cough, wheeze...Boss..." CUFFF. Silence as the dust settles.

The battered remnants of the triumphant Ulthwe Eldar gazed across the war-torn Solar Mariatus battlefield, seeing bruised Ork Speed Freaks, Imperial Guard, Nurgle Death Guard, Khorne Word Bearers, Tau, Saim-Hann Eldar, Orks, Marines, Eldar, Tyrannids, Orks, Imperial Guard and Chaos.

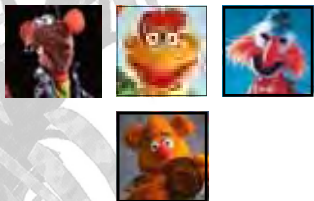
A narrow victory, but just enough to save this continent of Solar Mariatus (9 Imperial victories, 7 Chaos victories, 5 draws). Farseer Brahan of Ulthwe warp-stormed the tattered Ork battle-journal into dust, and allowed himself a brief smile as he watched the Disorder forces retreat. He turned to open a warp gate. There were other Mon-keigh to pull out of the fire.

Caesar Slattery
Guest Muppet

"Captain, we are approaching the Cadian system, estimated time of arrival: 24 standard hours."

Raiderz. Da Raiderz pullz back an' sends a "Recon". Uz Speedy piratz just kills da uvver humies, but we loses lotsa boyz to da 3 humie Senti-watzits. Nurgle loses to da black Eldar (nasty big Star gunz an' Dark Reapy gunz

loses all but 3 boyz to da 6 Vyperz but shoots dem all ded, wiv da last Vyper dyin' to.... A bolter shot. Uz Speedy boyz charges over da hill an chops up all but 7 o' da black Eldar but loses mosta da Boyz. We just winz da battle, but da black Eldar killed more in da last two.



The tension starting to crack Dave



The field of battle, all 12' of it

Our last Eye of Terror event, 'One Night Stand' saw the combined might of Dave Driver's and Nathan White's Imperial Guard assault a communications bunker defended by Mark Walker's

and the Guard eventually surrounded on all sides. However in the end the battle was a draw with each side achieving one of

ALL OUT WAR!!!!

ONE LAST STAND

and my Death Guard, plus Jeff Crane's Tyrannids. As to be expected, the battle was epic with Nathan's Baneblade dominating the centre of the battlefield

their objectives and with the communications bunker itself contested.

Richard Kerry



Bugs, thousands of 'em

THE CHEF'S COOKER

A RANT ON UNPAINTED ARMIES

Start Rant

Am I elitist?

I hate unpainted armies. There. I've gone and said it. If there's one thing guaranteed to get my goat then it's facing off against the grey and silver brigade. It can completely destroy my desire to carry on with the game. Yes, my feelings are that strong!!

Many, many times I've come up against an army that contains mostly unpainted miniatures, and I don't just mean undercoated or base coated, I mean completely unpainted. If I'm lucky they've been glued together – sometimes – and that's it. Then they're stuck in a box and carted off to their first game. And then their second, and their third and so on, until the army falls out of favour and the next flavour of the month army comes along in all its glory; of grey and silver. Until the next one comes along and then the next

The main culprits I've found tend to be in the GW stores themselves. I have stopped playing in the stores now. Once upon a time some GW managers insisted that models were painted in the standard minimum 3 colour lark but this seems to have been abandoned now, leading to poor looking games which do nothing to help advertise their products. As a passing personage I might be interested in seeing two fully painted armies facing off and finding out about the game, but to see drab grey and metal armies is just really uninspiring. And this isn't just about the so called GW kiddies either; it's the "adults" that do it that hack me off. Come on, it doesn't take much to throw a few colours onto the models and show some effort does it? That model costs money. Don't you want to show it off to its full potential?

Now some will argue that they hate painting. My response will be an unequivocal "so what?" When you got into this hobby you knew what it involved. Every box states that the models are supplied un-built and unpainted. Doesn't that give it away a bit? So you may not have the inclination to paint 'cos you just want to play. Fine. Hire someone to paint it for you. What? That's expensive. Actually no, not necessarily. Pop down to a GW shop and there are always some really useful painters frequenting the place; ask them if they'd like to earn some money painting your army and see what happens. What about that club you belong to? Maybe there's someone who fancies painting a different army but doesn't want to actually play with them. Or how about if the club did a painting night now and again – would that entice you to paint?

Personally I find painting both boring and therapeutic. The basic troops can get boring after a while and painting a whole army is daunting but stick with it; develop an easy paint scheme. I find the HQ, vehicles and the like therapeutic; it is really rewarding to know that everything I've put down on that battlefield has been painted by me. Brilliant feeling.

I spend hours, days, weeks, months painting my stuff. I'm not quick. Never have been but not a single model is allowed on the table unless he/she/it is completely painted. Full stop. I just hate, really hate, fielding anything unpainted or not finished. I've done it once or twice and will not do it again – no matter what. If I want that unit for a battle then I will paint it up and it will not come out to play before it is finished.

Now, there is absolutely no way that I expect that from everyone; in fact I would never dream of demanding that only fully painted models make it to the tabletop, except in tournaments but that's another story. All I'm after is for my opponent to show me a little respect for the work I've put into my army. I have no problem with models that are currently undergoing painting turning up; provided that the next time I see them they are a bit further along and not in the same fixed state of unpainted-ness for months/years on end. Undercoated models I'm a bit more dubious on but, again, the odd unit is not a problem – providing they move on and are not left to rot.

Oh and I'm not even suggesting it has to be Golden Demon standard. Good grief; I can't paint that well; I paint to a standard that I'm happy with. You paint to your own pre-defined standard; if you're happy then I'm happy. If you've got the basic 3 colours on a model then you've achieved something that you should be proud of. Show it off. I do. Am I elitist?

If wanting to get the most out of this hobby by insisting I play against mostly painted armies means that I'm elitist then so be it. I'm in this to enjoy myself and to ensure that my opponent has a couple of hours that they can look back on and think, yes that was good fun, let's do that again some time.

End Rant.
Nick Jenkin
Metal Muppet



The Rat has let me have my own likkle rambling space, here in the corner of the kitchen. What do I intend to do with this? Cause trouble, that's what!

I want to use this space for things that don't really fit anywhere else. Little rants, observations and general "things" for want of a better word. I'd like to start some healthy debate within the Sad Muppets and beyond; let's have some fun.

Anyone still here? Do you field unpainted armies? Why do you do it? Do you agree with the Chef? Do you now hate the Chef? Why not throw a response into the next Newsletter? Let's get some healthy debate going here and have some fun!

Oh and a word to the wise; no personal attacks. Remember, the Rat has final say on everything that sees print. Keep it civilised. We're muppets and we don't need to sink that low.



Dave's been promising to send me this stuff for ages, and here it is!

THE AMNIRA CRUSADE

Dawn was beginning to break as Emperors Champion Dintarak rose from his kneeling position from where he led the crusading Black Templars in prayer. The rest of the marines rose as one, and began to prepare for the coming assault.

As the sun rose above the horizon, the Templars stood ready behind the barricades. In the distance, a veritable sea of black stretched as far as the eye could see. The wind carried the hissing and chittering of the Tyranid swarm as clearly as the sound of a waterfall. The Emperors Champion strode out to his appointed position in the defence line.

He raised the Black Sword, the symbol of his rank and authority, high above his head. All eyes turned to the centre of the line as battle brother Forasnak stood upon the barricade and held the crusade banner up on high. He slowly let it unfurl in the breeze. An audible silence fell across the assembled marines as they gazed upon the ancient banner, for what may be their last time. The banner was the bottom left corner of the immense banner that was divided at the beginning of the crusades, thousands of years ago. Its once pristine shape and surface was

pitted with bullet holes and scorch marks, but it still held true, and was adorned with the history of the crusades greatest victories.

Dintarak lowered his sword, and all eyes returned to the now approaching foe, the sound of their approach increasing in volume on the steadily rising wind. The

'In the name of our Glorious Emperor, CHAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGE!!!!'

Emperors Champion spoke, 'Today, the true test of our strength, courage and faith is upon us. None shall falter in their duty. All shall uphold the honour of the Crusade, the Chapter and of the Emperor. Give no quarter, for you shall receive none. We shall take the charge of the alien scum, and they will break upon our attack like waves break on rocks. Remember, the Emperor is ever vigilant.'

Big guns...



With that, the Tyranids came into view over the grassy scrubland, Dintarak raised his sword on high and held it there, its perfect surface glinting gently in the dawn light, as the Tyranids came skittering towards the

barricades. Alien projectiles zipped past the Templars, but none flinched. The Tyranids were within a hundred and fifty metres; they would be upon them in mere seconds, when the Emperors Champion roared above the now clamouring din of the swarms approach, 'In the name of our Glorious Emperor, CHAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGE!!!!'

He swung his sword down in a great arc as he vaulted the

The Army

The army itself is very basic and the changes between the two sectioned detachments are minor. The main force consists of: Emperors Champion Dintarak, Chaplain Lecanorsa, and squads Maeofek, Barrintar and Smiunar. There are also three rhino troop transports in this part of the force.

The first detachment consists of: 10 assault marines (squad Kazinbad) a whirlwind and a Dreadnought (codename: Buffy). The Second detachment varies in that two assault marines are dropped and the whirlwind is replaced by a predator annihilator.

This arrangement gives me a slight defensive/offensive edge depending on the scenario, in any case, most of my squads will charge as opposed to be charged as the dice normally go in their favour this way!!!



Big missile launchers...

History of the Amnira Crusade

At the start of the second founding, near to the end of the 31st millennium (M30), the Black Templars chapter was formed from the gene seed of the Imperial Fists chapter of Space Marines. They adopted the black and white colour scheme of the armour of Sigismund, the first Emperors Champion. The Black Templars then began a crusade across the known galaxy, a crusade that has been unbroken for ten thousand years.

At the beginning of the crusades, when the chapter went forth and split into fighting companies, each was given a part of the enormous banner that adorned the temple on Terra, devoted to their name. At the start of every new crusade, another piece of the banner is bestowed upon the command unit of the crusade, to rally their troops in a time of need. Each banner has written upon it the successes of that particular crusade, and, it is said, that once the Emperor re-ascends the throne and walks amongst mortal men again, that all the pieces of the banner will be rejoined, charting the history of the Black Templars successes

from the day of the their founding. The Amnira Crusade was bestowed the bottom-most left hand corner of the mighty banner when they were founded, and it is carried to this day by the crusade, charting its many victories over aliens and heretics. The honour of bearing it is currently that of battle brother Forasnak.

The Amnira crusade was founded in 452.M39, when a system called Amnira, near the sub-space anomaly known as Glebe, was reported under attack by a number of different alien races. Once the newly formed crusade arrived, the whole of the outer edges of the system were ravaged by a warp storm of unprecedented proportions, trapping the Templars in the system with many foes of all different sizes and races. To this day, the crusade has endeavoured to defeat all of the aliens and heretics within the system, strongly believing that the warp storm was conjured by the Emperor himself, and that it is a test of their courage and faith. They believe that once all their foes are slain, that the Emperor will lift the warp storm as their reward for their courage, and they will

be free to do His bidding across the rest of the galaxy. This particular crusade has kept the heraldry of the original Black Templar colour scheme, with the white Templar cross, as opposed to the more common black cross on white backing.

I created the army on a whim, when I decided to make a model of a space marine posed to strike with a big sword. I did such a good job in my eyes I decided to paint him as an Emperors Champion for a Black Templars army. Upon completing the paint job I decided that I liked it and thus the ranks of my Templar army began to swell.

First, a squad of nine marines with close combat weapons, a power weapon and melta gun. These were followed by the newly released Rhino and a Chaplain, who was in the near future to become known as 'Mr. Cheese' due to his ability to walk through units. The ranks swelled furthermore with the conversion of a Razorback using the heavy bolter turret from an old Land Raider, and a six man squad to transport. Two more squads of Templars followed, one nine man and one ten man, both

in new Rhinos, soon to be joined by a Dreadnought and the spectacular new Predator.

Soon after this, my old Land Raider was converted to a Crusader pattern and a number of old Terminators were acquired from a friend. Lightning claws and thunder hammers were ordered and attached, and a veteran sergeant added, converted to lightning claws on the new terminator captain. Two squads with bolters were made from spare marines and given heavy weapons, and a second Dreadnought was purchased, soon to be followed by a new Chaplain, this time without a jump pack, but wielding a mighty thunder hammer in addition to his Crozius Arcanum. Just after Christmas, a new Whirlwind from Forgeworld was purchased, and supplemented by two large assault squads and a command squad. This is how the army stands at the current time, no more is planned as I have nearly 4000 points and am eagerly awaiting the release of the plastic Cadians in the not to distant future to create another 4000 points of loyal servants of the Emperor.

barricade, the rest of the Crusade hard on his heels as they countered the Great Devourers charge.

There was an audible crunch as the two sides slammed together in a flail of claws and a swirl of chain blades. The Templars disappeared momentarily as the lead Tyranids swarmed over them, and then found themselves behind the Templars charge as the effect of their tactic suddenly became clear. In the initial charge, all those Templars who were not killed ended up in the centre of the Tyranid wave, where they set about unleashing death and destruction in the most honourable way they knew. Chain blades slashed and

bolt pistols roared against the biting and clawing of unholy monstrosities. Those Tyranids who were swept over and past the Templars now found themselves on the receiving end of the

second part of their plan. The heavy weapons and tanks of the Crusade now came forth, and began pounding the entrapped Tyranids with bolter, lascannon and missile. Land



Big, umm, marines; complete with glow in the dark power weapons



Beware: for he weareth the beard

Raider Crusaders rumbled relentlessly forward as Whirlwinds dropped their deadly payloads deep into the swarm, causing untold damage. The Templars ripped through the Tyranids with righteous fury, blasting chitin away in chunks, and severing body parts in sprays of ichor.

Dintarak clove a path for himself through the foe, hunting for a suitable opponent, one who

would be a challenge to his martial prowess. Suddenly, the sun was blocked out by a vast, winged shape, which swooped down and landed amongst the seething mass of combat. The Emperors Champion struck out in the direction of this mighty beast, and, as he neared it, the sea of Tyranids parted, and formed a swirling arena of chitinous bodies around the two. Dintarak stood with his sword in front of him, as honour dictated, "thou shalt not attack unless thou art attacked". The Hive Tyrant roared, spreading its wings and four huge scything

As he awoke, his senses were assaulted by huge influx of pain. But pain was good. That meant he was alive.

talons in an acceptance of the Champions challenge. The pair faced off, neither flinching or breaking the others gaze. Without warning, the beast leapt toward him with a sweep of its vast wings, hammering into the small form of the Space Marine. Dintarak was bowled from his feet, but rose almost immediately to counter the beast's second assault with a display of whirling swordsmanship. The Hive Tyrant missed the Emperors Champion as he slashed at him, but lost a claw to his feinted parry at the last minute. The creature roared in pain and landed in front of Dintarak, towering over him, intending to crush him like the nuisance he was. But the Champion was quicker. Running beneath the sweep of the beast's claws he struck at its underside and legs as he passed, causing the creature to fall to one chitinous knee as he severed a muscle beneath its armoured hide. The beast took flight again, but could not see the impudent form of the Emperors Champion. There was a sharp stab of pain through its torso and with a roar, it realised that the Emperors Champion was

clinging to its back, stabbing his sword deep into his foe.

The beast turned a

somersault, trying to throw off its unwanted passenger, but Dintarak clung on grimly, and kept stabbing and slashing at the beast, trying to find a weak spot.

As the beast began clawing at its own back, trying to rid itself of the pest that annoyed it, with failing strength, Dintarak swung his mighty sword at the base of the creatures wing, and embedded it into the bone. He then began sawing as the beast bucked and thrashed in mid air as it realised what was happening, but it was in vain. The wing came away in

a snapping of chitin and spray of ichor. The beast began to scream as it plummeted in a spiral toward the ground, the Emperors Champion still clinging to its doomed back.

The battle was over. After the death of their mighty leader, the Tyranids had lost heart, and most fled back into the grasslands, pursued relentlessly by the remaining Templars.

In a shallow crater, surrounded by pieces of their vanquished foes, the Emperors Champion stirred. As he awoke, his senses were assaulted by huge influx of pain. But pain was good. That meant he was alive.

Ignoring the recommendations of his armour's built in logic-engine; Dintarak struggled to his feet. As he rose, bits of chitin and bone fell from his battered armour. He looked down at where he'd lain in the broken mess that was the remains of the hive tyrant. Had the beast not broken his fall he would surely be dead. Nearby lay the Black Sword, embedded deep into the remains of the creature's torso, the only thing that had kept him from being pitched off of the dying beast's back. He pulled the obsidian blade from his foes torso and gave thanks to the Emperor for the resilience of the war spirit that resided within the ancient blade. With that, he strode forth from the crater, ignoring all the pain from his many wounds, leaving the carnage of the battlefield behind him as he headed back toward the Templar lines to fight another day.

Dave Driver
Bodging Muppet

RATH-TORHAN CRAFTWORLD

FARSEER VULCAIO

"Janira, he's returned, Master Vulcaio is back on Rath-Torhan. The Circle has been convened to meet with him."

Rath-Torhan like many of the ancient craftworlds of the eldar is steeped in legend and myth. Over the eons, many personalities have etched themselves upon the collective memory of these people. Among them the infamous war leader Neath Leanan is particularly noted on this small craftworld. However there have been many others who have strayed too close the line in the defence of Rath-Torhan. Rare among the eldar craftworlds, Rath-Torhan has always harboured a deep seated respect for those who dared to stray from the path and seek balance with the darkness within their own souls. However the path of Outcast is never one to be trod lightly. Many lose their souls to the Great Enemy and never return, and sometimes those that do make their way home are scarred for the remainder of their lives, often only finding peace from the chorus of thoughts within the craftworld's Infinity Circuit. From this tradition comes the story of Farseer Vulcaio. Vulcaio was one of the first generation born on Rath-Torhan after the fall of their civilisation. From a young age he studied the old ways of the elder, their myths, their legends, and their lost legacy. Determined that not all of their kind were consumed by the Fall, Vulcaio spent many of his early years walking the forbidden, ancient ways;

travelling far and wide throughout the area of space the mon-keigh now label the Eye of Terror.

As his craftworld struggled against their Dark Kin, Vulcaio walked places that the eldar had not been for millennia, always striving for more and more of the ancients' knowledge.

As time past, the young ranger was assumed to be lost to the craftworld, another victim to the lust for adventure often manifest in the young. However one day, on the maiden world of Furdiafieth, a warrior of the Red Dragons Corsairs found the badly wounded Vulcaio, and the seal of Rath-Torhan that he still clutched in his hands.

On his return home, the secretive Vulcaio took to the path again, now vigorously pursuing the path of seer. Disturbed by direction of his study and the strength of his newly manifested powers, the Circle watched as Vulcaio quickly became entrapped in the seer path, becoming a farseer of enormous power. But the centuries passed, Vulcaio's interest again turned to the crone

worlds.

One day, five hundred cycles ago, a young seer by the name of Elan Janseanalis discovered that his master had left Rath-Torhan once again to wander those under those forbidden skies.

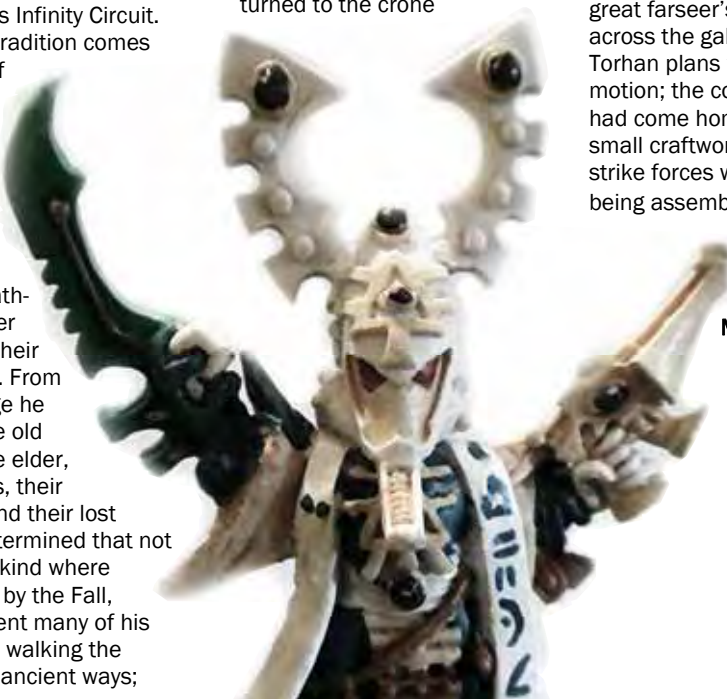
But now, something in the Eye of Terror has stirred the mon-keigh legions, creating unity where none should be, and purpose where only desire existed. And Vulcaio has return once again to Rath-Torhan, this time bearing a terrible warning. The Eye has opened, and soon war will consume all. No longer could Rath-Torhan escape the attentions of the Despoiler, their pursuit of the Dark Eldar Lord Cax'th and the Kabal of Warped Mind would have to wait; greater was the peril from the crone worlds.

And then the 'great' Eldrad of Ulthwé spread the word throughout the webway; the great enemy was on the move. But on Rath-Torhan the warhosts had already struck the first blow of the great war, recapturing an ancient weapon from the clutches of the Word Bearer's legion. And as the great farseer's words echoed across the galaxy, on Rath-Torhan plans were already in motion; the council of seers had come home and on this small craftworld, the first strike forces were already being assembled...

**Richard Kerry
Major
Muppet**



The Rath-Torhan Strike Force is an elite warhost even among those of this small craftworld. Barely a full squad of aspect warriors could be spared, but to accompany the council of seers the Circle has selected the most skilled among the craftworld's High Guardians; and ahead of them the way is to be prepared by the Rangers. However being sourced from Rath-Torhan, the warhost still favours raw firepower and manoeuvrability over force of numbers. Such is the proper way of war for the eldar.





I think Paul is back in Fantasy mode...

SIR ROBIN DU GALLE AND THE WARHOST OF THE LADY

Sir Robin du Galle sat in his great hall, all about him hung trophies of his families past glories and honours; the hall itself a magnificent tribute to the masons art. He was not alone, Knights and lesser Nobles were also gathered here and serving lads and lasses moved between among them, although little had been eaten. Sir Robin now sat in silence the food and drink untouched before him. Lost in thought he awaited the King's messenger and whatever Doom his actions had merited, however he cared not for on his left was an empty chair his wife's! She had been murdered four years previous and that act had led to this day and was the only thing on the Earl's mind. To his right sat his sister The Lady Stella and her husband Sir Rene Artios but their thoughts were

mixed as the messenger's party also contained their daughter return after many years of study in the house of The Lady. Sir Robin glanced over at his son, sitting the other side of his mothers chair, "If I was to take the Quest I could leave my estates in tact for him," he mused "but what of Stella and Rene for they supported my actions, indeed they even rode with me as I executed my revenge."

The messenger's party which had arrived three hours earlier and been shown to apartments to freshen up after their journey, now made their entrance at the great hall. Nine hooded and cloaked figures made their way into the centre of the company. There was distinct noise of armour and everyone gasped in surprise as the seven rearmost figures dropped their cloaks to reveal armour emblazoned with the sign of the Grail. An execution! Why else send Knights of the Grail to such an unimportant castle, but the eyes of the host come to rest on the King's Messenger. No shining armour here, no outward display of power just a long dress and a Staff of a Prophetess and one step behind and to the left Jacyn, Rene and Stella's daughter returned from her studies and wearing the symbols denoting her as a Damsel, a practitioner of the arts of magic. All eyes returned to the Prophetess. Sir Robin moved to stand six feet in front of her, Rene and Stella taking up their positions on his left and right.

"My hosts are you prepared to except the Doom of the King" The Prophetess's voice reached every corner of the great hall even through she only spoke softly. The Knights and lesser nobles held their breath as squires came forward and removed the sword belts from the three accused. The

Prophetess flicked her eyes across Stella's face "You stand with your brother," "I do and not only here but I rode him carrying his Banner." If Jacyn felt any emotion of this she did not show it. The Prophetess spoke again "Then you also except the judgement of the king?"

"I do."

The Prophetess raised her hands, "Sir Robin du Galle, Sir Rene Artios and the Lady Stella Artios stand here accused of riding rough shod over the lands of your Peers without regard to their positions or station, of hunting the woods and fields of the said Peers without thought of for your neighbours. Do you have anything to say." The hall held it's breath, if Sir Robin asked for quarter maybe he could save his sister and brother in law. He cleared his throat "All I had to say I said in my written confession to the King, but let me say for public record, if these men of honour and position had done their duty of keeping the roads free of brigands and ratmen then I would still have a wife and my son a mother, then we would not of had to do it ourselves." The Prophetess lowered her arms "Then meet thee Doom." The Grail Knights stepped forward and unsheathed their swords. "Sir Robin your lands are forfeit and pass with immediate effect to your son." Sir Robin nodded. "You are also to pass into Exile never to return to these lands once yours."

Sir Robins eyes dropped to the floor. Exile, death would of been kinder. "As for these others who stand beside you they will join you in exile, this will start in two days time enough to put your affairs in order and to consider a request from your King.. The Prophetess finished speaking and the Grail

A Strange thing

I would like to relate a tale from my childhood. Now many of you youngsters ask why there is a statue in the town square, well, buy me another drink and I'll begin. When I was a small lad no bigger than knee high I worked for my Father in this very tavern and one afternoon late in the summer of my sixth year, there were two very strange looking knights in here drinking Bier. They weren't like these knights we get round here, they were Bretonnians all dressed up with fancy cloth over their Armour. (Fade to wobbly lines as we go back into the past). The Inn was dark, the liquid in the jug darker, "What did you say this was called Barkeep ? " "Dunkel, Sir." The Knight reached into a pouch and removed a strange white bulb and took a bite, the Barkeep stepped backwards. Three empty jugs sat on the table, two mugs per Knight per jug and they were still going strong. "Dunkel, Dunkel, Dunkel, " the Knight said rolling the foreign word round in his mouth. He bit on the bulb again and passed in on to his mate. Who took a mouthful. Just then the door burst open " Lizard ! Lizard attacking the village !" The Knights sprung to their feet, and rocked forward, bracing themselves against the table. "Lizardmen you say, we'll soon put a stop to that, Ratmen, Dwarves, we don't care." They both drained their mugs and staggered towards the door. Outside they blinked twice as the sunlight hit their eyes after the gloom of the Tavern, they blinked again "That's a Bloody Dragon, that is." The first Knight bellowed, the messenger took a pace back "That's what I said Lizard." The second Knight pulled another bulb and chewed on it. "Damn these Elvish phrasebooks, Ho Hum, Dragon, Lizardmen, All the same to me, CHARRRGE !!!!!"

And that how we come to have a statue of a Dragon holding its nose in the village square, the only Dragon to ever die from a breath attack from a human.

Sir Bertrum woke and clutched his head, "Where are We?" he said and then wished he hadn't.

"No idea," Sir Lawrance replied "but I seem to remember something about a dragon."

"and a celebratory drink after"

"Aye"

They looked around them. All their kit was to hand and their horses neatly groomed and tethered to a tree nearby.

Sir Bertrum reached for his purse, It was empty except for a slip of paper. On it was written in bad Bretton "Your bill paid in full"

"Bastards had me money"

"Not so loud Bertie me old mate my head hurts" Sir Lawrance checked his purse, "Bastards have had mine as well and the last of the garlic Bastards."

"Hair of the dog, there should be a flask in the saddlebags."

"Don't mind if I do, first today"

Sipping the wine from the flask they looked at each other.

"Dragon you say, don't remember that"

"You know big scaly thing, breathes fire hates garlic."

"That was real?"

"I think so"

"Not just a dream then, we'll be famous"

"This wines disgusting and my mouth feels like a dragons sh% %e in it."

"Language, remember we're Knights of Brettonnia not peasants"

"Sorry My Lord" Sir Bertrum said rising slowly and making a formal bow. He fell over.

"I think I'll just stay here until the ground stops spinning"

He was answered only by snores.

Knights sheathed their swords. The accused heads snapped up and three sets of eyes fixed the Prophetess with keen stares. "A request my Lady?" Sir Robin's voice was thick with emotion; to be asked to perform a task just after pronounced exile was unheard of. "Yes a request, the King asks if you would be willing to lead a crusade into the Southlands and hunt down the enemies of Brettonnia, this Crusade will be joined by myself, the Damsel Jacyn and these Knights here, sworn to protect us. This is no small matter so think long and hard before you decide but may I say that personally I hope the three of you will consent." Sir Robin took one step forward, "I feel that I speak for us all when I say we are most willing to serve his most noble Majesty the King in this matter."

The gathering erupted into shouting and banging on tables, their friend and Lord was saved and a fight was in the offering. The noise was deafening until a slight figure rose from his chair, after only a moment the hall became

"I feel that I speak for us all when I say we are most willing to serve his most noble Majesty the King in this matter."

hushed. Clearing his throat he spoke "I, Earl William" the title sounded strange in his ears "decree that any Knight, man or squire wishing to join my father in this adventure should make himself known to the Captain of the Guard, so that a suitable army can be selected to escort them south". The Hall once again erupted into cheering and the formal part of the evening was over and the feasting began.

And so it was that in two



The host of Sir Robin de Galle advance upon a horde of Skaven in the Battle of the Six Armies

days a sizable force was assembled on the Tourney fields below the castle. As it stood awaiting the order to march Earl William came over to his father, "Sir Robin your sentence of exile begins in three hours and by then you must be clear of these lands, once yours now mine." The captain of the Guard stood behind the Earl and Sir Robin knew he would carry out the order to force him from the Earldom, after all he had selected him for the post and although he would have loved him to join him on this Crusade he knew in his heart that his son would need someone as loyal to be his right fist.

Sir Robin, Sir Rene and The Lady Stella at once mounted, and with a wave of farewell the once Lord of this land began his exile. An unusual exile to be sure. How many exiles went willingly and at the head of an army containing so many fighting men and both a Damsel and Prophetess of The Lady. Within three hours the head of the column was out of the Realm, but it was another three before the last off the camp followers made it...

Paul Russell
Money Muppet



Its been a long time coming, but finally we're running a Warhammer 40000 campaign, set to run over the autumn. I shall leave Dave to explain all...

"Bugs, Sir."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Yep got 'em."

"And here... and here and here ... oh and, er, over there as well."

"Hmm." *Lowers binoculars.* "So we're surrounded then?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"You sound happy, Sergeant. We're surrounded by some of the nastiest, most evil, little bugs that this Universe has to offer and you're happy. Tell me your secret."

Sergeant whips out a spray can.

"I bought me bug spray, Sir."

Slap.

THE NX-2478 ZPQ CRUSADE

A WARHAMMER 40000 CAMPAIGN

High Marshall Lutchter stared at the scanner read-outs and a wry grin spread its way across his hardened features.

For many months his flagship had led the Imperial crusade into the depths of uncharted space. The Empire must expand. Stagnation is death.

A diverse blend varying from the Iron Guard of Mordia to the elite of the Adaptus Astartes sped their way through the never-ending blackness, gradually closing on the slowly spinning solar system only known as NX-2478 ZPQ. Soon the Emperors flag would fly. Soon his benevolent wisdom would bring light to this heathen backwater of space.

The campaign will follow a very simple premise.

An Imperial crusade is entering a previously unexplored solar system. Who will they find is yet to be discovered.

Three different factions will feature and all have their own reasons for being there and their own view of the battle zone. Each faction will get their own map of the region that shows the system and all relevant installations and inhabitants that each particular faction has access to.

If a faction fights a battle in a territory that neighbours a region that they already control then due to the enhanced supply lines and logistics at their disposal, they can add +1 to all reserve rolls that they may need to make.

The campaign will last

approximately four meetings. Everybody need not fight the same number of battles provided that each faction

"My Lord, the Imperial Army has taken the north bridge, we are unable to reinforce your position."

"It matters not slave, this world is ours now. Continue to hold the command center, and end of the war is at hand"

<<intercepted transmission - 13th Company Death Guard Indent>>

has equal opportunity to claim the system. This way people can dip in and out of the campaign as they wish leaving people the opportunity to play alternative games during the four meet period.

The three factions will be:

- The Imperial Crusade,
- The Eldar,
- A League of Chaos / Orcs / and Dark Eldar.

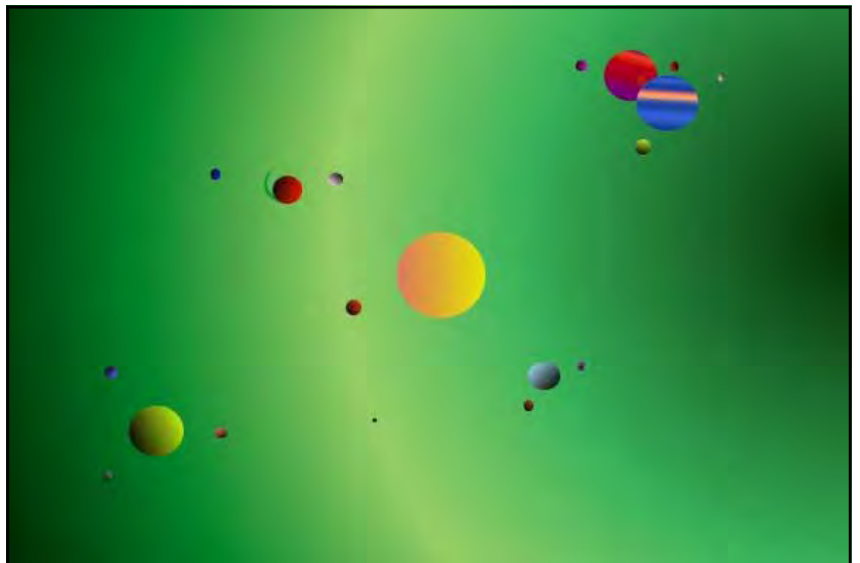
Who ever holds the most territory at the end of the campaign has control of the system and will be declared the winning faction. Dark Eldar cannot hold territories as they hit and run taking their prisoners with them, but if they win in a territory, one of their fellow faction forces can move into it

providing they control a neighbouring zone.

And of course there are other things out there, including a splinter Tyranid fleet, and cultists already established in the system.

So what are you waiting for, glory awaits!!!

Dave Offen-James
Other Muppet



The NX-2478 ZPQ system in all its glory

A SMALL MATTER OF HONOUR



At long last here are the details for our very own grown up tournament on the 8th May 2004, so without further ado, let the games commence...

Richard Kerry
Major Muppet

dropped and data collected and this had led to many new discoveries. Her whole plan had to be revised but when looking at the long view things always changed. Then had come the clash with the worshippers of She Who Thirsts, this had been bloody and many a soul was lost to the warp. But they had triumphed and now there are fewer of these demented souls. Which was nice. It seemed every race had joined in the conflict and the Warped Mind had been pushed hard to keep ahead of the game choosing to fight only when necessary and running when not.

When the Crone world had emerged into normal space Cax'th had ordered a landing. If rumours were true a great prize lay there for the taking. It had, but a Craftworld force had beaten them there and the ensuing battle was long and hard, however Cax'th had her item. Whilst interrogating a prisoner it muttered the name Rath-Torhan. Cax'th was sent for; with Her usual efficiency She dragged all it knew out. So they had got the item from Finch? Leaving the planet they had run into the Craftworld fleet and taken a pounding although victory was theirs, fleeing though the warp with hulks in toe had been difficult, now they had the materials to bring the fleet back up to strength.

Cax'th stood, she keyed her comms "How long before repairs are complete?" "Half shift before normal functions are returned another week and we will have ninety percent original spec functions" came the reply. Cax'th considered for a moment "We'll wait here as long as we can, get the Aconites on patrol in shifts keep them fully loaded and

crewed. As soon as we're ready we will teach those Rath-Torhan meddlers to get in my way, plot the position of their Craftworld I want to know where they are."



The fleet was in a sorry state, it had only just made it to the asteroid field

and now hung in space licking its wounds. Cax'th sat in her room staring out the window, had it been worth it? Her fleet had suffered badly in the conflict but in the final engagement they had won many a prize ship and the hulks of the derelicts would come in useful for repairs. They may even come out of it with an advantage. When the rift had expanded and the xenos had started fighting amongst themselves, Cax'th had seen her chance. The world on the edge of the rift held objects she needed to study and a landing was organised. A small party had been

Tournament Details

What is it?

A Small Matter of Honour (04) is the first of hopefully a long line of Warhammer 40000 tournaments run by the Sad Muppet Society. Hosted in Church Cottage in Basingstoke, there'll be three battles over the course of the 8th May 2004 running from 10:00 to 19:00. Plus much silliness of course. To enter please contact Richard at muppet@genesis-sf.org.uk. Tickets will be £10 each and entry is only open for over 16s.

Army Limitations & Requirements

No more than 1750 points may be spent on the army, using the Standard Force Organisation chart unless specifically allowed to use an alternative (such as Saim-Hann) and fielded as a single detachment.

Any army list published by GW at least one month before the tournament may be used with the following exceptions:

- Blood Angels Army of Death
- Tyranid Seeding Swarms
- Harlequins
- Genestealer Cults

Please note that the latest version of a army list should always be used (for example of the new Chaos Space Marine Codex). Options not specifically part of an army list (such as Kroot Mercenaries and Death Watch) may be taken. However these as these troops may only be used in the final scenario and must 'sit out' the first two games. Please note that this applies to ALL Imperial Assassins, even ones bought as part of a Demonhunter army.

The following extracts from Chapter Approved will be used:

- Trial Assault Rules
- Crux Terminatus
- Transport Rules
- Any codex corrections or Q&As

Any wargear or vehicle upgrades must be represented upon the miniature whenever possible.

In addition to this you will also need to bring along three models to use as civilian researchers/archaeologists or similar alternative depending on your army. These will be used in specific scenarios.

Is There Anything Else I Need To Know?

Yep, probably. Once you've entered we will send out your tournament pack which will include a map of how to reach us, a few of the scenarios from the day, and anything else we might think will be useful.

THE SAD MUPPET SOCIETY

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

Email: muppet@genesis-sf.org.uk
 Web: www.rkerry.fsnet.co.uk/sms
 Yahoo Group: groups.yahoo.com/groups/sadmuppets
 Phone: 0118 9820489 (David)

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, Mark Freeth, Dave Driver, Caesar Slattery, Lee Cook, Jeff Crane and Peter Hibbett

Not nearly enough Imperial Guardsmen where harmed in the publication of this Newsletter.

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 30/09/2003)

Player	Won	Drawn	Lost	Wiped	Played	Points	Rating
Richard Kerry	14	2	1	0	17	47	2.76
Nick Jenkin	12	0	3	0	15	39	2.60
Matthew Pinto	10	0	1	1	12	31	2.58
Dave Driver	8	2	3	1	14	31	2.21
Antony Walls	5	5	6	1	15	28	1.87
Andrew Driver	9	2	7	3	21	38	1.81
Paul Russell	5	3	6	1	15	27	1.80
Nathan White	6	0	5	2	13	23	1.77
Peter Hibbett	4	3	5	1	13	23	1.77
Ross McNaughton	6	5	8	3	22	35	1.59
Dave Offen-James	3	7	7	3	20	35	1.50
Lee Cook	4	4	7	3	18	27	1.50
Nick Doran	4	3	3	5	15	21	1.40
Mark Freeth	2	5	6	3	16	22	1.38
Ed Melhuish	1	0	0	0	1	3	3.00
Dave Gowan	5	2	0	0	7	19	2.71
Dave Macoy	3	1	2	0	6	13	2.17
Ben Dove	4	3	1	1	9	19	2.11
Mark Waple	3	2	1	1	7	14	2.00
Mark Lant	2	1	0	1	4	8	2.00
Nathan Yates	2	0	1	1	4	7	1.75
Steve Burgham	0	2	1	0	3	5	1.67
Jeff Crane	2	1	3	1	7	11	1.57
Callum Smith	2	0	3	1	6	9	1.50
Richard Crane	0	3	3	1	7	9	1.29

THE LAST LAUGH

From eBay.co.uk...

One a kind Unpainted scratch built tank For use with wahammer 40,000 or any other table top Sci-Fi game. Postage £1 UK only. For International bidders I can only except payment through paypal.

Current bid: £1.60
 Time left: 2 hours 33 mins
 Location: Tyne wear
 United Kingdom /Newcastle



How about Lots and lots of Hot Jelly. It will be as hot as fire and just as annoying to fight in.

OTHER THANKYOUS

GW Mail Order
 (for getting things right, in the end)