

# THE NEWSLETTER



## THIS MONTH:

*Skaven beat Lizards*

*Bretonnians beat Orcs*

*Orcs beat Skaven*

*Lizards beat Bretonnians*

*Skaven beat Bretonnians*

*Lizards beat Orcs*

## Headlines:

- Armies clash across the Old World.
- White Rabbit very unlucky for lizards & humans.
- Ancient assassin temple profiled.
- Baracus rediscovered.

## THIS TIME ITS FANTASY

The midsummer's festivals this year have been marred by the spilling of blood across the old world. Four races, Bretonnian, Orc, Lizardmen, and Skaven descended upon the killing field of Pamber Heath to do battle.

The first armies to meet were Bretonnian and Orc. The human knights rode the green creatures into the ground without mercy, although the monsters gave a reasonable account of themselves.

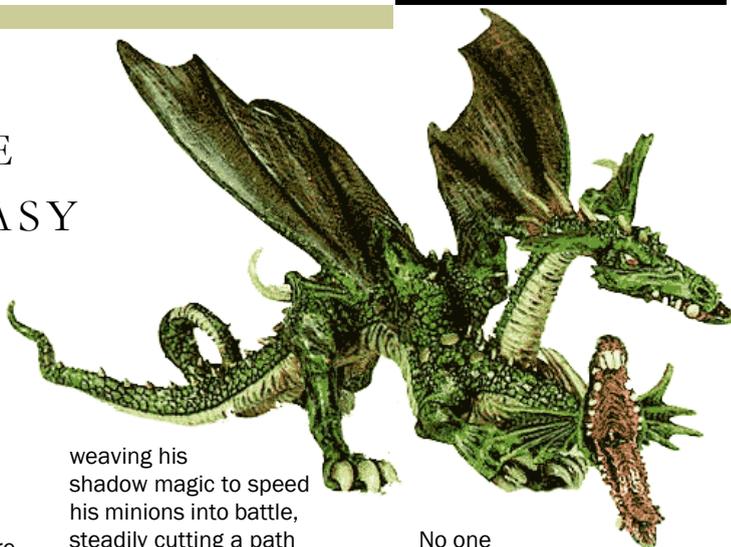
To the south, a Skaven horde charged into an impressive Lizardman army, led by a mysterious Slann mage and his Temple Guard. However even this mighty magician failed to stop Grey Seer Klaw

### THE FINAL RESULTS:

*Skaven (6841 VPs)*

*Bretonnian (4147 VPs)*

*Lizardmen (4146 VPs)*



weaving his shadow magic to speed his minions into battle, steadily cutting a path through the scaly creatures and on to victory.

However against Orcs, Klaw faired less well, narrowly escaping with his own hide intact. Brave Sir Robin's quest also began to fail around about this point. Despite a fierce battle against Slann's children, his noble knights could not defeat his ancient opponent.

It was against a spent and tried army Brave Sir Robin would finally line his forces with. The wondrous war machines of Clan Skyre were ineffective and the winds of magic across the battlefield were non-existent. Knights of the Realm, flanked by Grail Knights, advanced in unison, and steady picking their moment, they charged.

No one would have ever guessed that the cowardly Clanrats would or could hold their ground, but they did. In the confusion, Brave Sir Robin broke, only to be pounced on by the rodents. Although briefly breaking Klaw's Plague Monk allies, the remaining knight faired little better and the ground ran red with noble blood.

Battling over the remains of a human village, the Orc and Lizardman encounter was also a bitter one, at one point half a dozen regiments fought in the same melee, struggling to gain the upper hand. In the end, the Lizards came out on top, but only just.

However, I have seen the future, and its furry.

## THE BOYZ ARE BACK IN TOWN

The towering figure of a Black Orc Warlord gazed out upon the littered battlefield. Bodies lay in crumpled heaps and there looked to be far more brown ones than greens. A board grin spread across his scarred face, exposing long, jagged canine styled tusks. Before him lay a quivering greenskin of the

genus Boriderboss Scaredicatus, he lifted his trusty battleaxe high above his head, and bought it crashing down on its victim's exposed neck, the force of the blow sending the head spiralling far over the rough ground. Rudd Fudd gazed at the blood, smeared over his blade and roared loudly.

Down in the valley, the boars were safety back in their pens, and their riders had all paid the price for showing such supreme cowardice. The rest of Rudd Fudd's boyz heard the unmistakable battle cry, and their chieftain was pleased.

They carried on chewing.



*I won, Ner Ner Ner Ne Ne Nerrrr!*

*Dave the Orc*



*“Doh!”*

*Grey Seer Klaw on failing to cast a spell, and knocking himself to the ground in the process*

*“Da boyz gonna eat good tu nytt, wen we finnish rowstin doz stinkin borrh boyz we got tuns uv jewsy rats fu puddin. Sum won get me u toof pik, fares lowds u snotos awtsyde.”*

*An unnamed orc after finally defeating a skaven army*



**SHIPS OF THE LINE**

## OFFICIO ASSASSINORUM: VENENUM TEMPLE

The Venenum Temple of the Officio Assassinorum emphasizes the use of poisons and non-technical weapons to kill their foes. They use poisoned swords, daggers, and projectiles fired from weapons using highly-compressed air to be silent. They are masters of disguise and stealth, and they are masters at hand to hand combat. They are especially chosen for agility and their ability to stay totally silent when needed but also to have the ability to mimic the mannerisms and characteristics of others.

The Venenum temple stresses subtlety and cunning. The silent kill is

always the best kill. The unknown Assassin is always the most effective Assassin. They shun weapons that cause noise or that leave easily traced evidence. They strike from the unknown and they disappear again into the unknown.

All the Assassins of the Venenum temple are trained in the use of Polymorphine, and only the Callidus approach their mastery of this drug. The Venenum Assassin may masquerade as any humanoid they choose, from a beautiful woman to a crippled old man, to aliens such as Orks and Eldar. In addition to Polymorphine, they use a

range of implants to change their size, shape and physical appearance. It is only when they are injected with Polymorphine that these implants react to stimulants within the drug and transform the Assassin to mimic the encoded shapes needed to take the place of those they choose to replace.

The Venenum Assassin will be landed behind enemy lines to take the place of a trusted underling of their intended target, and then they will only reveal themselves when they attack their target at the crucial moment of battle.

## FOLLOW THE WHITE RABBIT

The fortunes of war often swing in different directions over the course of any given battle. Led by a great white rabbit, Grey Seer Klaw has probably had more of his fair share of the good luck, except for all the miscasts of course.

The dubious honour of 'Most Unlucky General' after the carnage of Pamber Heath

goes to Brave Sir Robin. After gaining the perfect position against the skaven horde, Sir Robin's knights managed to comprehensively fail to kill enough of the vermin, and to make matters worse, the nobles couldn't parry the blows against them. To cap it off, running away (slowly), probably wasn't such a bright idea either.



### THE WORST RESULTS:

*Brettonnian 90 VPs*

*Lizardmen 249 VPs*

## KLINGON/FEDERATION ALLIANCE DEFEAT THE BORG

After the sacrifice of three Klingon cruisers and the USS Tomato, the Borg have been stopped at Pony 359.

Just a few hours earlier, a Klingon attack fleet, led by a young Romulan commander, had managed to wreck Federation defences in this area of space, destroying a Galaxy class starship and one of the new Defiant class vessels in a single salvo. However with the arrival of several scout cubes, Klingon,

Romulan and Rederation ships were forced to work together.

From the bridge of the Excelsior class USS George, Captain Dave James watched as his ship flew straight through the largest Borg cube, whilst all around him ships collided into the alien invader.

As the Klingon commander said before the battle "it was a good day to die."



WARHAMMER 40,000

THE BARACUS CAMPAIGN

The sun slowly crept over the horizon. Its first rays sparkled on the methane ice crystals covering the building. Its warmth would not melt them for seventeen days yet, but spring had finally arrived. With the increase in temperature the air began to stir and tiny dust devils swirled and danced across the cracked earth. Nothing else moved. There are no leaves to move, no animals to join the hunt on this first day of the new year. There had not been for so long now even the mountain far out on the horizon were beginning to forget them.

As the sun rose higher an observer would have noticed more buildings dotted across the plain or he might of wondered what could have caused the great cracks that rent the ground in all directions. But there was no observer. The atmosphere, what there was of it, could not support life as most of the universe knows it. Methane for the most part with only a few molecules of other gases clustered together as if for warmth. For millennia now no one has come here. Some say the thirteenth legion

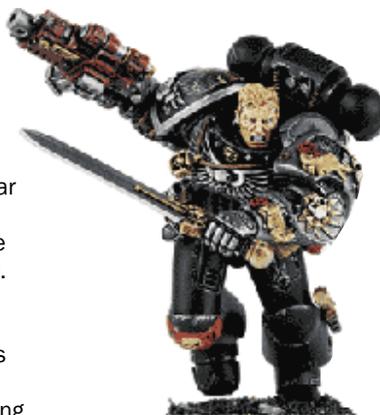


disappeared in this region of space. The Blood Angels whisper of here in stories to frighten would be marines. They talk of a great talisman, an artefact of unknown origin, named the KinSlayer, being here. That battles have been fought for it, peoples destroyed for it. The Eldar speak of this place only in myths and legends, and do not willingly enter its star system. The Dark Eldar fear it, and won't mention it's name aloud; all except the Kabel of the Warped Mind. Some say Caxth has been here herself, others know when to keep their mouths shut and their thoughts hidden. Life has no meaning

here.

This planet is dead. This planet is a ghost planet, where phantoms stalk and legends have been born. This planet is no place for the living. This planet is Baracus. This planet will soon have visitors.

*If you wish to come to Baracus, you will need a legal Warhammer 40,000 army to the value of 3000 points using a single standard force organisation chart. Battles will be fought using smaller forces so you won't need models for all your units at once. Oh, and the units are unique, when dead they stay dead for the remainder of the tournament. Contact Paul Russell for more info.*



*The new Tau codex: cover art?*



*And perhaps the artwork from the upcoming Kroot regiment box set*

ALIEN ARTEFACTS DISCOVERED



Despite the best efforts of our we have been unable to locate the originator of this artefacts, found near Nottingham, last year. Local officials believe the alien may have

sought employment within the local community, possibly McDonalds.

*Okay, its just a silly excuse to print a couple of old photos taken at the Black Library Open Day last year but aren't they nice.*

*Shoot straight, conserve ammo, watch your back, and never, ever, cut a deal with a dragon.*

*Street Proverb*

*we're very sad indeed...*

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"The Newsletter" is written by Richard Kerry with the help of some very sad muppets (who harmed no dragons in the production of this newsletter)

Contributors this month include:  
(Evil Pixie) Paul Russell  
(Green) Dave James  
(Unreal) Ross McNoughton

### Upcoming Events

- Warhammer Grand Tournament, GW Head Office, Nottingham, 28-29th July 01
- Colours 2001, the Hexagon, Reading, 15-16th, September 01
- Gamesday & Golden Demon 2001, National Indoor Arena, Birmingham, 30th September 01

### Rumourville

- The Tau look like they're going to be available around Gamesday this year, and they look really, really mean (Range 30" Strength 5 AP 4 Assault 2 basic gun anybody?).
- High Elves are next on the fantasy line-up (December or January), followed by Skaven and then a combined Chaos book.
- Forgeworld will be doing 40K scale Thunderhawks and a Warlord titan!!!!!! Quite, quite mad.

## BRAGGING RIGHTS

Players (Wins)	Opponents						Total Wins	Games Played	Current Ranking
	Anthony	Dave	Nick	Paul	Richard	Ross			
Anthony		1		2	1		4	7	2
Dave				1	1		2	6	4
Nick				0/1			0/1	0/2	3
Paul		2			0/1	1	3/1	11/3	6
Richard	2	1		4/1		1	8/3	10/4	1
Ross	1						1	3	5

Key: WFBv6 / WH40K (as from 8/1/01)

### EMPIRE OF THE SHORT:

## KARAK VORN



The Dwarf settlement of Karak Vorn is in the southernmost part of the World's Edge mountains, far from the centre of Dwarf civilisation. It has never been a large hold, but its position turned out to be its salvation, as it was hardly affected when Skaven magic shook the World's Edge mountains and destroyed the greater holds.

The mountains surrounding Karak Vorn are all but mined out, and the settlement makes its way providing weapons, equipment and

lodging to the increasing number of Dwarf adventurers who come south to seek their fortune.

**Thrund Gunnarson**  
A couple of generations ago

(perhaps a hundred years in human reckoning) Karak Vorn's lord died without an heir. The wisest Dwarfs held a council and chose Gunnar of the Engineer's Guild to lead them. Gunnar was a wise and fair lord, but at heart wanted only to return to the Guild, so he trained his son to take his place. Thrund (the Dwarven word for 'handgun', as close to a subtle pun as Dwarf humour will ever come) took over from his father when he was considered old enough, allowing Gunnar to return to the Guild.

In battle, Thrund carries the hammer Rhungrom, a magical weapon which can fly from its wielder's hand to strike any foe. The hammer was forged at Karak Vorn and in the same way that it always returns to its wielder's hand,



so it has always found its way back to its birthplace.

**Kurgan Ironaxe**

When Gunnar was called to service as Lord of Karak Vorn, it was Kurgan who took over as head of the local Engineer's Guild. Now Kurgan, younger and more active than Gunnar, tends to represent the Engineers on the battlefield, accompanying Thrund and carrying his distinctive combination of axe and pistol into combat.

**Skalli Skavenslayer**

Slayers are not known for staying too long in one place, but Skalli has used Karak Vorn as his base of operations for several years. His ambition is to meet a Demon of the Horned Rat in one-on-one combat, and the sightings of Skaven creatures have kept him in the area.

