



# THE NEWSLETTER

## THIS MONTH:

*Eldar beat Dark Eldar*

*Imperial Navy beat Dark Eldar*

*Imperial Guard/Ravenwing beat Dark Eldar*

*Skaven beat Bretonnians*

*Imperial Guard beat Chaos Space Marines*

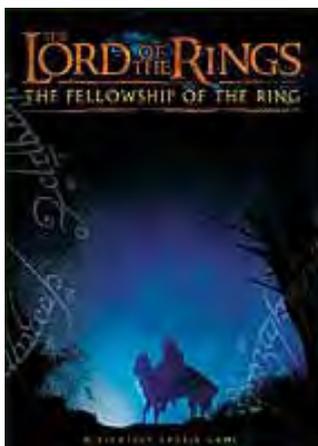
*Imperial Guard beat Dark Eldar/Chaos Space Marines*

*Chaos Space Marines beat Tyranids*

*Black Templars beat Eldar*

## Headlines:

- Armies land on Baracus
- Dark Kin fleet fails to stop Imperial landing
- The 9th Pretorian Rifles profiled



The cover of the new Fellowship of the Ring rulebook

## BARACUS CAMPAIGN:

# TYRANIDS COME TO BARACUS



### Report of a minor skirmish between Gorgus' World Eaters and the outriders of the Hive Fleet Forster:

Detecting the presence of the Tyranids, the World Eaters sent down a squad in Terminator armour. Their first contact with the alien monstrosities was a small brood of Genestealers, and

the only sound was the thrumming of the Chaos autocannon, catching one 'stealer and blowing it to pieces.

As the two sides maneuvered for position, reinforcements came from the skies with a brood of Gargoyles appearing behind the Genestealers, and Chaos Raptors swooping in on their bat-winged jump packs, landing behind a hill to consolidate their position. The Raptors charged into the remaining

Genestealers, wiping them out, while the Gargoyles flew straight into trouble, attempting to take on the Terminators and failing to cause any damage.

The victorious Raptors moved to take on a Termagant brood, catching six of them in a flamer blast. One ducked, the other five

fried, and the 'gaunts reverted to instinctive behaviour and retreated to hide in the woods. They suddenly snapped to attention as the influence of the Hive Mind pervaded the battlefield, but the Warrior brood had arrived too late to save the day.

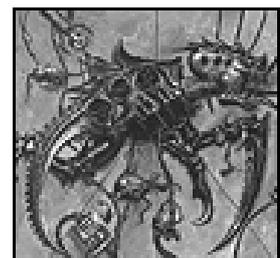
## THE RESULTS SO FAR:

*Eldar (550 VPs)*

*World Eaters (195 VPs)*

*Dark Eldar (173 VPs)*

*Tyranids (108 VPs)*



## BARACUS CAMPAIGN:

# DARK KIN SCOUTS SLAUGHTERED

+=====TO SUPREME RULER  
[TRANSMISSION LOST]  
++++++

I transmit information on patrol on planet [TRANSMISSION LOST] your forces made planetfall and were attacked by our traitorous kin from Rath-Torhan craftworld. My unit and whose of

[TRANSMISSION LOST] +== accounted for some devilish Swooping Hawks before coming under heavy fire from a squadron of jetbikes. However your servants +++++ [TRANSMISSION LOST] +==== fled the field without firing a shot. Myself and the four remaining members of my former unit

will hunt these traitors to their death. We will not stop even after death in our pursue of your enemies. I am no one, I have no life except by your wish.

Grotesque, formerly Zen'thrax Sybarite of warrior troop Zen.



## BARACUS CAMPAIGN:

## RE: THE KILLING FIELDS



Farseer, my scouts have come across the aftermath of the battle between the mon-keigh and our Dark Kindred from the Kabal of the Warped Mind. It would seem that a chance meeting of an Imperial Army regiment and the Dark Eldar stained

the wastes red with blood on the southern continent, outside the ancient settlement of Ga'luc. From what remains on the battlefield, it appears the mon-keigh managed to at least stop the warriors advance towards their centre of operations. We have also identified the primitive armour of those the mon-keigh refer to as 'World Eaters'. From our examination of the corpse you have determined that this warrior-type has much in common with the 'Space Marine' sub-species we have previously encountered, although their genetic enhancement seems to be

far less stable and heavily corrupted.

It is difficult to see how badly such a terrible loss of life has affected the combatants, although we have noticed a slight decrease in the activities of Caxth's own scouting forces since the battle. It is possible that she is aware of a new threat on her own life, we do know that the mon-keigh have used specially trained assassins in an attempt to hunt her down in the past. If this is indeed the case then we should perhaps keep a closer eye on these humans.

Ranger Sara.

*"Manthing. Me's bears you's on Albion. MINE. Go away. Takes foul horses with's you. You stays in de fens and you's die. This island, MINE."*

*Grey Seer Klaw's challenge to Brave Sir Robin prior to the Battle of the Fen*

## ALBION CAMPAIGN:

## DEATH IN THE FOG

Bretonnian knights under the banner of Brave Sir Robin have failed to penetrate the interior of Albion after being intercepted by Clan Klaw and Klaw's Dark Emissary guide. Although out-numbered, the knights had hoped to break through the Skaven lines rather than engage them fully. However, early on in the battle, the Bretonnian's

efforts were spilt between the Plague Monks allied to Klaw and the Fen Beast raised by the emissary of the Dark Master. Failing to break either of these units, and with third unit of knights facing a swarm of clanrats led by two chieftains and an unidentified warlord, the Bretonnians had failed to press home their superior

speed and strength. Eventually, two of the three regiments of noble knights were broken and cut down, quickly followed by the foot soldiers supporting them.

*"Rats rule."*

*Grey Seer Klaw*



## BARACUS CAMPAIGN:

## INTERCEPTED COMMUNICATION...

+++++ <<stream obtained data processing>> we have found the life-forms detected from orbital scans. As ordered my squadron directed our warriors to investigate further. However rather than the mon-keigh that I had expected, a contingent of our own kin met us.

I feel that perhaps they were as surprised to see us as we were to see them, although their reinforcements arrived

quickly and conflict followed in short course. Through the talent of Exarch Guegan at least their warrior women were prevented from engaging us directly, however despite my best efforts the warriors of the Swooping Hawk shrine assigned to this mission were lost.

Their spirits may take comfort from the price extracted from the Dark Kin for their rash actions, and

their waystones have already be sent back to <<data lost>> Upon examination of our assailants bodies, the markings on their armour appears to match the previous examples obtained during encounters with the Kabal of Warped Mind. It would seem you were correct <<transmission encrypted>>

<<data stream lost>> +++++

## GAMESDAY III

### THE SIEGE OF PAMBER

I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to keep you guessing over this one as the details are in flux at the moment... or you could check the website for the latest info..

# MASSACRE AT RIVERMEAD

The warhost of Rath-Torhan has suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of Space Marines of the Black Templars chapter on Rivermead.

Coming across a totally unexpected force, the eldar managed to 'slight annoy' the marines for a bit, almost wiping a squad of assault troops with their opening salvo. High above the battlefield, the Swooping Hawks attached to the warhost watched as their brothers were rapidly cut down by an extremely fast moving enemy (apparently enflamed by their misguided hatred of those of the Warlock path).

In the midst of this melee, the eldar wraithlord was at least able to punch his way through the Templar's Crusader, destroying it immediately. Subsequently while engaged with that command squad in combat, the same wraithlord managed to strike down the Emperor's Champion in a single blow and then slowly set to work removing the rest of the unit.

However, at the end of the day, only the wraithlord opposed the mon-keigh and the Black Templars had



gained themselves a convincing victory. Thanks to Al Pidwell of Spiky Club for wiping the floor with my army. Although at least I killed some stuff. Not bad against a tournament player.



**Website Update**  
The Codex: Rath-Torhan Craftworld site has just received a major facelift and is now located with the SMS Homepage. As well as the online version of the Codex, there is also an Adobe Acrobat version which can be downloaded.  
In addition to this, the Baracus Campaign is also being documented online as the battles are being fought so check that as well.

# FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

OK, this might now be old news to some of you, but here's the box for the first of the Lord of the Rings games, the upcoming Fellowship of the Ring.  
You may stop dribbling now.



# BARACUS CAMPAIGN: BARACUS INVADED



Your orders were to stop all forces reaching planetside, scum. You are beneath contempt and you will suffer horribly for your failure.  
We have suffered two defeats in this star system and now SHE has heard. With both Rath-Torhan and now



the mon-keigh on the planet SHE herself is heading to Baracus.  
Your new orders are to keep a watch on the webway and if anything comes through report it immediately.  
  
We are no-one, we are dead except by her order.  
  
Captain Rus'elan, the Dark Star

*"We's sneaks up on theirs boats and nick 'is em. Then's we's runs for it and whacks em's over the heads til they's stop moving. Then we's whacks em's some more, just in case."*

*Skaven Chieftain, Lord Squeek, grand battle plan to invade Albion*

*we're very sad indeed...*

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"The Newsletter" is written by Richard Kerry with the help of some very sad muppets (as detailed in full elsewhere))

Contributors this month include:  
 Paul (Evil Pixie) Russell  
 (Sergeant Major) Dave James  
 (Unreal) Ross McNaughton

**Upcoming Events**

- Colours 2001, the Hexagon, Reading, 15-16th September 2001, [www.colours.org.uk](http://www.colours.org.uk)
- Gamesday & Golden Demon 2001, National Indoor Arena, Birmingham, 30th September 2001, [www.gamesday.co.uk](http://www.gamesday.co.uk)
- WarFare 2001, Rivermead Leisure Complex, Reading, 17-18th November 2001

**BRAGGING RIGHTS**

Players (Wins)	Opponents						Total Wins	Games Played	Current Rank
	Antony	Dave	Mike	Nick	Paul	Richard			
Antony		1			2	1	4	7	3
Dave					1/3	1	2/4	6/4	2
Mike							0	0/1	7
Nick					0/1		0/1	0/2	6
Paul		2				0/1	3/1	13/7	4
Richard	2	1		0/1	6/3		10/5	12/6	1
Ross	1		0/1			0/0	1/1	3/3	5

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

**PROFILE:**

**9TH PRETORIAN RIFLES**

A captain should lead his army, not hide at the back, behind rows of cannon fodder, this is my way of thinking, and why the 9th Pretorian Rifles have evolved in the way that they have. The goal was to produce an attacking Imperial Guard army.

Before I begin to describe how I've moulded my troops, I'll first divulge the golden rules for creating an effective army:



**Number 1**, pick an army that has the same traits as your preferred style of play.

**Number 2**, when selecting your chosen units, carefully study their profiles, and give them the objectives that they are best suited to.

Did I follow the above plan, did I hell.

Hence, the 9th Pretorian Rifles were going on the offensive. The command squad ride around in a brightly painted Chimera transport. When they reach their target four troopers bearing flamers jump from the Chimera's rear ramp and run towards the enemy, reducing them to barbecued spare ribs. In addition, their transport has been retro fitted with a turret mounted heavy flamer that can add to the units 'fire' power. Then the unit commanders can

mop up any survivors with the aid of cold steel, (they don't like it up 'em you know).

The rest of the company follows a similar path. The troop units are under orders to move forward whenever possible, and with the inclusion of two full squads of Sentinel walkers, a Hellhound tank (this explodes brilliantly), and a Salamander scout vehicle, (that's effectively four fast attack units) the fight can really be taken to the foe!

Throw in a squad or two of Ogryns and an Assassin for close combat ugliness. Oh and did I mention, lots of TANKS!!!!!! (evil laugh ensues).

The Emperor's enemies beware, the 9th Rifles are on the move and they're heading your way!

*"The stained interior shook violently, fixtures rattled and several stowed las guns crashed to the deck plates. The Chimera bounced and lurched as the drivers steered across the boulder-strewn landscape. Through the viewing slits Captain Renfield spied several advancing units, their bright red uniforms standing out like beacons in the full noonday suns. Farranti followed his gaze, focusing on the troops outside. The Commissar returned to his compatriots. They sat, bolt upright, every nerve and fibre on edge. Beads of sweat rolled from their foreheads, some splashing down onto the polished surface of their weapons. The heat inside the cabin was intense. The suns light on the outer hull turned the inside into a roasting oven. Add to this the pilot lights emerging from the end of the four flamer units on board, and even the stiff upper lip of Captain Renfield, began to sweat under his thick, fully buttoned tunic.*

*The APC made one final lurching movement, and then the rear ramp crashed down allowing a swathe of blinding light to flood into the compartment. All of a sudden, sound erupted around them as they tore down the ramp and straight into the swirling melee of battle!"*

*Extract of a speech read by Colonel P Small-House of the 9th Pretorian Rifles, at the funeral of Captain C, T, Renfield.*