

The Sad Muppet Society presents...

Issue 13, Winter 2002

THE NEWSLETTER



FIGHTING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND



THE SAD MUPPET
SOCIETY

GAMESDAY 2002 | CAPTAIN CRUNCH | BUSHMEN ARMY LIST | SABRETOOTHS
MOONBASE ALPHA | THE NIKRONS | 2002 LEAGUE RESULTS



For those of you who don't already know me, I'm the really sad one. Yep, that's right its 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:
One of the beautiful game boards we got to use at the Warhammer World Open Day

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)

Oh my god, its December already! That's right kiddies, 2002 is almost done with and the Sad Muppet Society is almost one year old (yes, its only been THAT long).

Winding back a bit, I'd like to thank everybody who helped with our Gamesday game 'KROOT', so here goes...

Thank you (in no particular order): Ross, Richard Cox, Dave O-J, Nick (Little), Nick (loopy), Nathan White, Antony, Paul, Ruth, Lee, Richard Harding and everybody who actually played KROOT on the day (not that any of them are likely to be reading this Newsletter).

A full review of the day from Nick Jenkin and David is over the page, complete with lots of pictures of new shiny things...

I'd also like to thank Nathan White again (sorry about the self appreciation society bit) for helping (read: doing most of the work) on the Warhammer World Open Day on the 24th November.

OK, now all the thankyous are out of the way, what else is happening?

Well, on the 18th January next year, we're going to be running another one of our Gamesdays, this time with the 11th Scout Group (see the advertisement opposite for more info).

And on the 2nd March we'll be taking KROOT to Abingdon to Overlord 2003 for another go at the muppet madness before we start work on our 2003 Gamesday game (people keep on mentioning Titans for some reason).

In between all this, Paul's Dark Shadows campaign is gaining pace, and Steve 'I'm still not a member' Bonsey has volunteered to run a 40K campaign (I've seen the system he wants to use and its rather impressive).

There's even a vicious rumour floating around that VOID 1.1 might even be played at the club at some point (ok, I've downloaded the forcebooks and the rulebook and I want to play it).

Anyway, on with a show and I hope you enjoy Newsletter (change to deep, thundering voice) Thirteen.

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 Fourteen is due out on the 18th March 2003 so I need any articles in by the 10th at the latest.

THE CLUB

We've now got a club running, so what's the deal?

Well, as the main aim is just to cover our running costs, 'The Meet' on Tuesday nights is going to cost you £2 if you're a member and £3 if you're not.

So how do I become a member?

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

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

So that's it?

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

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UPCOMING EVENTS

OR MORE OPPORTUNITIES TO SPEND MONEY

18th January 2003	Gamesday V Our very own Gamesday event.
15th February 2003	A Call to Arms St Bartholomew's School, Newbury. £2 entrance. Games, traders, bring & buy competitions, etc. Tel: 01488 658029 for more info.
2nd March 2003	Overlord 2003 Fitzharrys School, Abingdon. £2 entrance. See http://overlord.britwar.co.uk for more info. We might even have a game there.
22-23rd March 2003	St Valentine's Day Aftermath 3 Spiky Club WH40K campaign weekend, Post Office Social Club, Reading. £29 for the weekend (including lunch). Email ookthelibrarian@hotmail.com for more info.
26th April 2003	Salute 2003 South London Warlords annual big fair at Olympia. Check out www.salute.co.uk for more info.
1st June 2003	Conflict: London
29th June 2003	Conflict: Bristol
12-13th July 2003	Attack! 2003 The Corn Exchange, Devizes. £2 entrance. Competitions, bring & buy
13-14th September 2003	Colours 2003 The annual big wargaming fair in Reading.
27-28th September 2003	Warhammer 40000 Grand Tournament 2003 Heat One

2003 SMS Meetings "The Meet"
Glebe Hall, Church Street, Basingstoke

7 January, 21 January, 4 February, 18 February, 4 March, 18 March*, 1 April, 15 April, 29 April, 13 May, 27 May, 10 June, 24 June*, 8 July, 22 July, 5 August, 19 August, 2 September, 16 September, 30 September*, 14 October, 28 October, 11 November, 25 November, 9 December, 23 December*

*indicates dates the Newsletter is available



Guess where this guy's from?

Yep, and there's from Gamesday on the next page

the Sad Muppet Society is almost one year old (yes, its only been THAT long)

GAMESDAY

The Muppets of Glebe

**18th January 2002
10:00am to 4:00pm
Church Cottage, Basingstoke**

In association with the Scouting Association, the Sad Muppet Society are proud to present Gamesday V: The Muppets of Glebe.



This time around the format of the day has changed completely and instead of our standard (or non-standard) tournament, we'll be running several exciting participation games ranging from the epic 'KROOT' Gamesday game to the fast furious 'bring and race' tank racing (complete with pixie marshals); plus there will be others from the Basingstoke Wargaming Club and anybody else we can rope in. In addition to all this, there will be lots of mad people

dressed up all around the place from Genesis Sci-fi club and possibly elsewhere. We're also planning to have a couple of traders and a bring & buy stand so you can get sell all that old stuff and lots buy shiny new things. (perhaps an opportunity for a bit of post-Christmas shopping?) Admission will be £3 (or £2 if you are under five foot tall) and we'll be really easy to find as we are directly opposite the town centre.



Notes

1 Shops are dangerous. They're full of all the things that wives/girlfriends/mothers tell you not to go near. Like toys.

2 And removing bits of the board from Nathan's and Ross's backs where someone had braked a little too hard at the head of the convoy.

3 Obviously not this particular issue as that would involve time travel, which I hear Nathan has not quite perfected yet - needs more alcohol apparently.

4 Which is the last time we let him throw the dice for variable game length. Next time we're using the loaded ones.

5 Although I didn't spot any dangling from the roof but ...

6 Don't mention that bit to the wife. I want it to be a surprise when I bring home a new game. She'll be so excited ...

7 and lost Richard in the middle of Birmingham - not good as he was our guide!

GAMESDAY 2002

THE BIG GW ONE

KROOT goes North

Five in the morning; on a Sunday. So, where were you? In bed no doubt, tucked up and dreaming of ... hmm, let's leave it there... Where were we? Chieveley Services on the M4/A34 intersection. The Muppets were playing convoys and the oft-mentioned KROOT game was on its way to the hallowed halls of Birmingham's National Indoor Arena for Gamesday UK 2002.

After persuading someone that we really, really didn't want his Euros we counted up the red shirts and found that all 8 Muppets were

suddenly the Muppets had arrived - this banner could be seen from the other side of the hall so Muppets everywhere had somewhere to home in on if they got lost or separated.

And then, suddenly, it was 10 O'Clock. The doors opened. A wave of noise and (mostly) human flesh seared its way up the hall, homing in on the defenceless gaming club network tables. Hell had arrived. During the course of the next six hours the Muppets would valiantly defend their tables from all-comers. Tony went off and did his

Inquisitor bit (about as far as I can go on that subject as I didn't get much chance to pop over and see how he was going) poor old Richard Cox went off and tried to persuade the contents of his stomach to remain where they were and the rest of us prepared to make it up as we

Group photo, minus Richard, Tony, Dave and Nathan
who were using the 'Gone to ground' rules

present and fully caffeined up. It was time for the road to hit the show.

Just over 2 hours later we rolled into the NIA Car Park. This was a bit scary in that we'd not only arrived together, and in one piece, but also had plenty of time to spare! Obviously a problem with the planning there - too many things going right.

We duly registered and found ourselves on tables 4 and 8, upstairs near some of those nasty shop things¹. Next came the exciting bit of moving KROOT from Nathan's car² These boards are heavy and there were steps and closed doors involved. Several trees/bushes gave up the ghost but, amazingly, everything else stayed in one piece - including the Muppets (both big and small) and big bird!

Everything came together when the banner went up;



went along. Oops. I mean follow the preset rules and scenarios. Ahem.

All day there were people around KROOT. They spent their time asking questions, reading the scenarios and character sheets, catching up with all the Muppet madness from within the hallowed pages of this very Newsletter³ and generally smiling a lot. For some reason they all seemed to be under the impression that we were intentionally trying to be funny with our game. No idea where that came from. Deadly serious us Muppets. Always. All in all it kept us all very busy, so much so that it was surprising to discover that 4pm had arrived and we had to pack up...

The games themselves seemed to go very well with most of them coming down to the last turn. Big Bird managed to appear in the first and last but decided upon his box environment for the other two. Kermit obligingly managed to win



Little Nick adding the finishing touches to KROOT (i.e. the Tau)



That's a hell of a lot of people there...

the day in the first two scenarios and then got scared by some rampaging cows in the third one. Animal had trouble hitting anything but his drums in the last battle and the rest is very much a blur of dice, rulers, people and Muppets!

Somewhere I remember the Kroot winning three of the battles and the Tau one, by virtue of having something left at the end of turn 4 which coincided, rather spookily, with Richard's ability to throw a one⁴

All in all we had a fully booked table for each time that we ran the battles, which made the day very worthwhile, and helped make all the effort that many of the Muppets have put into KROOT over the last few months seem totally worthwhile.

What about the rest of Gamesday, I hear you yell? Chaos! And I mean that in terms of both the powers from the Eye of Terror (as in the theme for Gamesday) and the general feeling as you walked around. People everywhere⁵. There were shopping areas all around the hall and I was unable to resist. I also saw plenty of bags under the KROOT table to testify to other losses of wallet control during the day. I did manage to hold off from the Forgeworld Necron Pylon

but it got very close at one stage – not helped by Little Nick attempting to hypnotise me throughout the day into buying one. Once the hordes came in it was nearly impossible to get near the retail tables so it was a good job we had a little time just before the doors opened...



The Banner proved to be a lot more useful than we thought, if only to find our table!!!

The 'Eavy Metal area was nasty and made me get far too excited. It had lots of nice new toys that we couldn't buy yet. Like Grey Knights and Inquisitors and others of the Daemon hunting variety. Lots and lots of Khemri toys were also in evidence and they looked very nice – might even persuade me to pick up Warhammer⁶, although I managed not to drool over the glass.

Golden Demon I would report on but I was unable to even get close to the cabinets so I'll have to skip that bit I'm afraid.

And so the time rolled around to 4pm. The sounds of battle died away. The awards were given away. The people went away. And KROOT was finished.

It had been a very long day, but as we journeyed into the sunset⁷, we

could all feel proud to be Muppets and, somewhere on the wind, you can hear mutterings of ideas for Gamesday 2003...

**Nick Jenkin
Metal Muppet**

*One fine day in the MIDDLE
OF THE NIGHT,
Eight Mad Muppets got up
to fight,
In service stations, they met
one another,
Pressed their throttles, and
scared each other!*

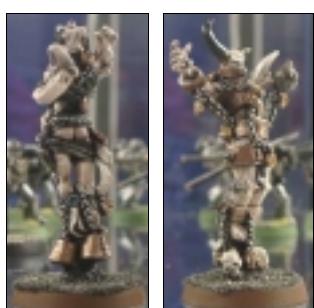
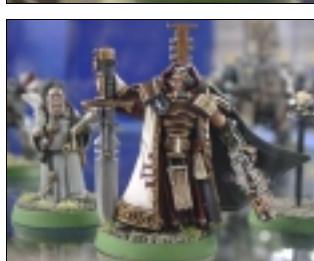
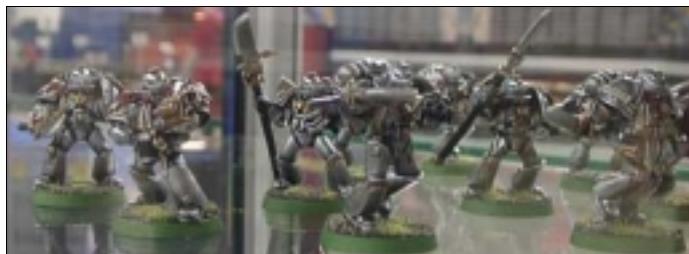
GAMESDAY 1, THE POWER OF MERCHANDISING!

Yes folk's we're here in
Brummie land, and not a
black pudding in sight!

The roads were nice and clear, and we found ourselves in the strange position of being early for a GCN event, (remember February). After working out how to find our way into the building, we set about signing in and having a quick gawp at all the pretty, pretty things on the Forge World stand, (that will be the new Thunderhawk then, £375 need I say more!), and then off we went to unload the cars and start setting up. We only had TWO HOURS to spare before kick off, and the boards were all sorted in less than half an hour, so time for more gawping then. All the other club rep's loved



TEAM WUPPET



the Muppet conversions and many photo calls, (for the miniatures you understand) and kind words later, we were all feeling rather smug, but the real test was still to come, would anyone want to play it?

As the bell tolled TEN, the first wave descended. This huge wall of people, (read ten year olds) flooded into one end of the hall. All we could do was brace for impact, and prepare our charge response.

At first there seemed to be a strange, but very noisy quiet. All the invaders were so busy looking around at all the different tables and sales stands, as well as all the pretty, pretty things, (please see above), that it was 15 minutes or so before we had a full set of players for our first scenario. Then it was all Muppets at the ready and the swarms of enraged Kroot descended from the foothills, to besiege the entrenched Tau. Now this was more like it, I was having a swell time ref'ing it, and Ross and Nick "D" took sides and aided the rather confused combatants.

(When someone knows a gaming system, you get very strange looks when you start asking them to throw "special" dice!) Meanwhile Tony was doing wonders on the Inquisitor game that we'd been asked to baby sit. His players were all smiles all day

and apart from a short break, when Richard and I, (who had no idea of the rules), stood in while Tony's voice came back. (It's amazing what you can get away with by just picking a rulebook page at random, pretending to read something, and then shouting in a loud voice!) Then it was my turn for a break, (all the drivers had got first dibb's on a good look around as this seemed only right and proper). I looked at my watch for the first time and was astounded to see it was already half past one. Right that'll be

some little shinny stuff, and you guessed it, gawped again at the pretty, pretty things, drool, drool, slobber, slobber, want one!!!!!!

Then it was back to the grindstone for the rest of the day, right up until the Golden Demon competition was awarded, when all the lights were lowered and the games had to end. Maybe our game next year should use night fight rules in the last scenario? So that was it, all the invaders returned to their long ships and the huge clean up began. We packed up our table, and all our new toys, in the knowledge that

our game had been really well received. I got a buzz from doing this and actually felt like I was part of the event. I'm sure that I had more fun than if I'd just come along as a visitor even though it was incredibly hard work. Everyone felt the same way and it was

smiles all round as we headed home. Even Richard was happy, having been proclaimed Projectile Vomiting Champion 2002. I really can't wait until next year. Now, what was it we were talking about on the way home, 40k scale Titan Blood Bowl?!!!!!!!

**David Offen-James
Other Muppet**

P.S. Did I mention the PRETTY, PRETTY THINGS!!!!!!



The studio game involved lots and lots of Skaven and a VERY big gun

lunch then! After a nosh, (all supplied by GW for free, thanks lads), I had a drool over some of the Golden Demon entries, and then another look at the pretty, pretty things. Back at the Muppets table, Richard Cox made a brief appearance, He'd been throwing something all day, and it wasn't dice! That lad was not well and he was soon revisiting the facilities. Out in the massed throng, I finally succumbed and bought



'D' Day comes to the 41st Millennium

WHAT'S IN THE NAME?

FROM THE COMMORRAH EMAIL LIST...

"My Lord, I bring news." Typhus Marburg paused in his study of the situation map of the dreary little planet his forces were engaged in ravaging. "Yes?"

"Lord. Starships have appeared in the outer system and are on course for a landing. They have been identified as elements of the Flesh Tearers."

"Yeah? Tell them to sod off and find their own world. Tell 'em we got here first."

"Sire, you misunderstand. They are here to defend this world!"

"What! Why? It's a sorry state of affairs when the followers of Chaos start to defend the weakling Imperium from each other!"

"Um, Lord... the Flesh Tearers are a loyalist chapter."

"They are? With a name like that! Are you sure they're not one of ours?"

"Positive, My Lord."

"Have you been able to call for any assistance?"

"The Astropaths have contacted other forces nearby. Unfortunately this has also alerted other loyalist forces in the sector and they are also headed our way."

"Bugger. So who gets here first then?"

"The Alpha Legion, sire."

"It never rains, it only pours, hey?"

"Umm..."

"What?"

"The Alpha Legion is one of ours."

"It is?!"

"Yes."

"I'm confused. You're telling me that a mob called the 'Flesh Tearers' isn't one of ours but a mob called the - what was it again..."

"The Alpha Legion, sire."

"Right... a mob called the Alpha Legion is one of ours."

"That is correct, sire."

"So who else is showing up to this barney then?"

"The Blood Drinkers."

"One of ours?"

"One of theirs."

"OK."

"The Iron Warriors."

"One of theirs?"

"No. One of ours."

"Go figure."

"The Dark Angels."

"Now I've heard of them. Followers of Slaanesh aren't they?"

"No, I think you're thinking of The Fallen, sire. The Dark Angels are Loyalists too."

"Bugger. So who else then?"

"The Emperor's Children."

"Oh, that one's too easy. They're obviously loyalists with a name like that."

"Um, not exactly my Lord."

"Really?"

"Yes, Lord. They're one of ours too."

"This is silly. All the really evil sounding names are being used by weakling loyalists while it seems as though the forces of chaos have got the naff monikers. Are there any more of these I should know about?"

"A few, Lord."

"OK then, spell it out for me, starting with Loyalists that sound like traitors and then moving onto traitors that sound like Loyalists."

"I will attempt to do so, Lord. OK - the Loyalists that sound like traitors... the Marauders, Rampagers, Destroyers and Storm Lords (all White Scar second foundings in point of fact)."

"I like the sound of the Storm Lords. You sure they aren't one of ours?"

"Quite sure. Then there's the Blood Drinkers and the Flesh Tearers - both of which are Loyalist second founding of the Blood Angels."

"With names like that I'd

always assumed they were more bone headed followers of the blood god."

"Not so far, My Lord. Then there's the Red Talons..."

"I thought they were renegade pirates."

"No Lord, that's the Red Corsairs."

"Oh. OK. Continue."

"The Brazen Claws are loyalists too."

"Good name for a Khornate force though isn't it?"

"Yes Lord. Then there's the Black Guard (not to be confused with the Black Legion which IS one of ours), the Revilers, and the Raptors."

"Hold on a minute! The Raptors? They're definitely ours. Hell we've got a small unit of them attached to our forces haven't we?"

"My Lord, those are the troops known as Raptors but there is also a loyalist legion with the same name."

"Must get a bit confusing for the loyalists then?"

"I imagine so, My Lord. There are also the Doom Eagles, the Silver Skulls, and the Iron Hands (not to be mistaken for the Iron Warriors, who are ours)."

"Bloody hell. Is that it?"

"There are also some lesser known chapters that also seem to cause occasional confusion."

"Such as..."

"The Doomfarers are one that our forces have occasionally encountered."

"Oh yeah. Those yoyos. So what about the Chaos forces that sound like loyalists then..."

"Well as mentioned earlier there are The Emperor's Children, The Iron Warriors, the Thousand Sons, the Lunar Wolves (who changed their name to the Sons of Horus and then to the Black Legion)..."

"Well at least they're easily IDed as one of ours now. The Black Legion eh? Now that's a proper name. Just positively oozes evil from every pore."

"Yes, Lord. To continue, there



are also the Word Bearers, and the Alpha Legion."

"The Word Bearers? What kind of silly name is that for a Chaos Legion?"

"They used to be missionaries sire"

"We you'd think that once they switched to our side they'd change their name to something a little more in keeping with being evil mad men. I mean come on 'The Word Bearers'? It's a silly name."

"Yes my Lord"

"You know, I think the forces of Chaos should have proper Chaos names. There's no room for mistakes when you're called something like 'The World Eaters' or 'The Death Guard'..."

"Actually Lord, both those chapters had those names when they were loyalists."

"You're kidding."

"No, My Lord."

"Yeesh. I would have thought names like that would be a bit scary for the average imperial citizen. I mean "Yay we're being rescued by the World Eaters" just doesn't sound credible while "Aargh! Flee! It's the World Eaters" seems much more likely."

"Yes, My Lord. I believe the latter is more likely these days anyway."

"Makes no bloody sense at all."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Kill 'em all and let the Chaos Gods sort 'em out I say."

"Sounds like a completely reasonable approach to me, My Lord."



Umm... somebody find Nick's drugs, he seems to have misplaced them again...

But sound does not travel in a vacuum, so please feel free to supply you own engine noises.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH & THE NEARLY DOZEN

EPISODE ONE: "A MEETING HAS JUST BEEN ARRANGED



Once upon a Saturday ...

Just after the football results.

Somewhere in the 41st millennium.

In the deepest, darkest, most scary depths of icy space a spacecraft moves silently, albeit with engines on, but sound does not travel in a vacuum, so please feel free to supply you own engine noises.

It is an Imperial craft. You can tell by the whacking great Imperial Eagle that someone has thoughtfully attached to the hull.

According to the writing emblazoned across the front of the ship it is called Doris.

Voices. Cutting through the atmosphere of the ship.

"I have not!"

"Yes you have, mate"

"Not."

"Have"

"And don't call me mate. That's Captain to you."

"Yes, Captain. Sorry, Captain."

"And another thing...."

"Captain?"

"I have not put on weight."

"Yes you have, Captain."

"Right, that's it. Go to your room without Supper."

"Captain?"

"Are you arguing with me?"

"Er, no. Captain!"

"Right. Off you go then and I don't expect to see you until you're ready to apologise."

"Captain." A salute, a smart turn and the man was gone.

The Captain composed himself and then lowered his bulky, er, firm figure, into his seat. One of those nifty spiny ones with control panels in the arms. He surveyed his bridge.

"Heading?"

"Forwards, Captain!"

"Excellent. Keep up the good

work lads."

Suddenly the air began to shimmer. A wave effect followed by bright tinsel colours surrounded the Captain. After a moment's hesitation the shimmering expanded to cover his full figure.

"Er?" Said the Captain.

"That's pretty." Said Crewman 1 as he watched the Captain in the shimmering.

"Not sure about the yellow. Bit bright for my taste." Observed Crewman 2.

"What's happening?" Asked the Captain, somewhat perplexed.

"Absolutely no idea." Answered Crewman 1. "How about you, Two?"

"Well One, if I had to hazard a guess, I would say that the Captain has just been enveloped by a transporter beam and was about to be whisked away by some unseen foe to an unknown destination, where he will probably be required to fight in a Gladiator battle against enemies from all the known races, and some other, as yet, unknown ones."

A silence.

"Wow!" scoffed Crewman 1

"..." The Captain disappeared.

"Well he's disappeared." Observed Crewman 2

"One thing amazes me about that ..."

"And that would be?"

"How did they compensate for his extra weight?"

Somewhere else.

Somewhere very, very dark.

"That's the first one." Said the first shadowy figure. Somewhere in the dark.

"Excellent." Said another shadowy figure from

somewhere else in the dark.

"Shall we proceed?"

A tut.

"Going to be damn silly if we don't, isn't it?"

"Keep your hair on!" Said the first.

A deep, booming laugh echoed around the cavern.

"Nice one, Centurion."

The Captain awoke.

Or at least his eyes opened.

"Yow!" he closed them again as the incredibly bright sun pierced his retinas.

Slowly he tried again. Moments later he wished he had not bothered.

"I shouldn't have bothered." Hmm.

He was outside. A few old wooden buildings stood as monuments to the past. Tumbleweed blew through the once thriving street, now devoid of all human life. Except for our Captain that is.

"Great. Middle of nowhere. Just what I need. I wonder where the nearest food is?" He hoisted himself to his feet. "Why am I here?" he yelled at the sky.

"Er, sorry didn't quite catch that," replied the sky, "could you say it a bit louder or what?"

The Captain's jaw dropped.

"Er...."

"Er? Is that the best you can do? Come on you're supposed to be our new leader."

Things began filtering through the Captain's ears.

"Leader?"

"Yes."

"Leading what?"

"Not going to tell you. So there."

"Why not?" asked the Captain.

"Do you always ask this many questions?"

"Only when I'm kidnapped and brought somewhere I don't want to be to do something I don't want to do."

A pause.

"Will you do it for a Scooby Snack?"

"That's copyrighted."

"Is it? Damn. How about a Captain Crunch?"

"Reasonable. I'll do it for a full box."

"A full box? They don't grow on trees, y'know."

The Captain folded his arms.

"A full box or no help from me."

"All right already. Jeez. A full box."

The box of "Captain Crunch" appeared at the Captain's feet. gingerly he bent down to get them.

"They won't explode, y'know."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I'll tell you later."

"mmmmcrunchmmmm"

"Sorry, didn't get that. Finish what's in your mouth."

A slight pause, filled only by the sound of crunching from the direction of the Captain.

"Do you expect me to stand here and wait for you to tell me what happens next?"

"Yes."

"Oh."

"Now please be quiet. I can tell you that some more guests will be turning up shortly."

"Well they're not getting my Captain Crunch."

That somewhere else again.

"Bloody hell," began the second shadowy figure, "that was hard work. You sure he's up to the job?"

"He comes highly recommended by the Emperor himself."

"Isn't he dead?"

It was later. The sun was refusing to set so it must be late in the afternoon, assuming such a thing exists where the Captain now is.

"I wonder if it's tea-time yet?"

"Death to the False Emperor!" The shriek filled the air, terrifying the Captain so much that he dropped the box of Captain Crunch.

"Damn. Now you're going to pay. Whoever you are!"

Running down the street came a sight that no-one would really want to see. An Iron Warrior clad in the armour of his Warband was running as fast as his power armour would let him. His bolter held aloft ready to pound on the Captain's skull.

"Death to the False"

"Heard you the first time." Replied the Captain.

"Oh, did I repeat myself?" asked the Iron Warrior, still coming on at full pelt.

"Always doing that. So sorry."

The Captain watched as the Iron Warrior neared.

"One question."

"Hurry up. I can't keep this up for long."

"You're an Iron Warrior, yes?"

"What gave it away? The stripy gun isn't it? Every time."

"Don't Iron Warriors shoot things? Rather than charge at them headlong."

There was a crashing sound.

"Ow." Said the Iron Warrior.

"You ok?"

"Oh yes. Love falling onto my face. One of my more interesting hobbies."

"I'll wait."

The Iron Warrior clambered back to his feet. Slowly he brushed the dirt from his armour.

"You missed a bit."

"Thanks" replied the Iron Warrior as he brushed the offending sand particle away. "Now, where was I?"

"About to hit me over the head."

"I've changed my mind. Can I shoot you instead?"

"Well that is what you do. But you'll have to back up to full range so that you can get a single shot off, none of this rapid fire stuff for you."

"You're right. Thanks. I'll just walk back up this way a bit then ..."

A few minutes pass.

"Ready?" asked the Iron Warrior as he reached full range for the bolter.

"What is going on?" asked the Sky.

There was another crash.

"Ow." Said the Iron Warrior.

"On the face again?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, thank you."

"I said, 'What is going on?'" asked the Sky, slightly louder than before.

"He's going to shoot me." Replied the Captain, "that is what you want isn't it? This is an Arena after all."

"Is the sky speaking?" asked the Iron Warrior.

"Pardon?" asked the Sky.

"Is the sky speaking?"

"Yes."

"Not you, Chaos man. I was talking to the Captain."

"An Arena. Where we all kill each other to the amusement of the crowds."

"What? Which conversation are you in, Captain?" asked the Sky.

"Yours."

"Er, ok then. What were we talking about?"

"The Sky talking." Said the Iron Warrior.

"Shut up!" Yelled the Sky.

"Ooooh."

A moment of reflection.

"Now. Don't kill each other."

"Why not?" asked the Captain.

"Because there are more to come."

"Great. More Iron Warriors?"

"Yay!" shouted the Iron Warrior, punching the air.

"No."

"Damn."

"More what then?" asked

the Captain.

A laugh. Deep and booming. Sort of a baddy laugh.

"Look around."

Slowly the Captain and the Iron Warrior looked around. Out of thin air shimmering effects began appearing everywhere.

A Blood Angel Marine.

A Sister of Battle.

A Dark Eldar Warrior.

An Eldar Guardian.

An Ork.

A Tau Fire Warrior.

A Tyranid Gaunt.

A Necron Warrior.

"Oh" Remember the kids "... dear. I'm gonna need more Captain Crunch..."

"Let the quest begin." Said the Sky.

"What quest?" asked the Captain.

"The quest to find the answer."

"Answer to what?"

"How to save the Universe."

"Bugger."

To be Continued ...

Will the Captain survive the arrival of all those nice people?

Will the Sky develop better communication skills?

Will the shadowy figures come out of the dark?

Will the Universe be saved?

Find out next time in the next exciting episode of

**Captain Crunch
and the Nearly Dozen.**



Paul's main Warhammer 40,000 army is (in case you haven't already guessed) the Kabal of the Warped Mind, a rather large Dark Eldar force including more or less everything from the list, including a full Wych Cult Army.

"You are no one, you are nothing, you have no life, except by my command."

Cax'th
Kabal of the Warped Mind

KABAL OF THE WARPED MIND MOONBASE ALPHA

Zan'thrax awoke with a start, it was still early and the ship was in darkness. She rose quickly and fumbled for her armour, all about her she could hear the rest of the Fifteenth doing the same. It was strange even here deep in the bowels of the ship where no outside light ever penetrated how things glowed with an eerie light of their own. She finished pulling her glove on with her teeth and activated the Agoniser hanging from her right shoulder. The room lit up and in the sudden dazzle Zan'thrax surveyed the scene, it wasn't good. It showed eleven Dark Eldar warriors all in different stages of dress, none fully and one still barely started, it was Kak'cel she had taken a severe beating from the rest of the squad when Zan'thrax had cut rations after a particularly bad training exercise, still it had been her own fault and she did deserve it.

"Hurry up you maggots," Zan'thrax bowed "last one to the hanger doesn't eat this day." She turned and without looking back sprinted down the corridor, one hundred two hundred meters left, one hundred meters, activate door and into hanger; she turned and there was Kak'cel coming up the corridor with a heap of bodies fighting to stand up behind her. Zan'thrax stepped backwards into the hanger and Kak'cel strode in, the sweat glistening off the bruises covering her exposed upper torso. She hastily pulled her armour top on and was just finishing sealing it when the last warrior stepped across the threshold.

Zan'thrax nodded approval to her, she had learnt yesterdays lesson well. "Who are you," Zan'thrax shouted pointing to the warrior last through the door, " I am no one, I am nothing" she replied in true kabal fashion,

"Well then no one gets no rations today, now to work". And so the hours passed midday meal came and went and the squad got better at the close combat exercises Zan'thrax had learnt while in the Wych Cult, weapons training was reaching a higher level and the Raider looked as if it had been serviced sometime this year, it still looked like a greenskins dinner but spares were in short supply. Then it came just as they were clearing the bodies of the practice slaves off the hanger floor the alarm was sounded. Call to arms. The clubs and staves were dropped the bodies left were they where, rifles collected and the Raiders engines fired up. Zan'thrax sped to the display screen and punched in her code giving notice to the bridge of her squads readiness for action. As the deploy signal came in the hanger doors began to slide open and the entire unit fitted rebreathers as the Raider swept into the void that is space. Their target a small moon with a Mon'kei listening post on it hung above them as they swung around the frigate and turned to allow the jets to slow their decent. This was always a tricky manoeuvre, the Aconite leaving warp as close to the surface as possible and the Raiders orientating themselves for the attack, never know which way is down until they've left the hanger. However it was performed without mishap and the attack run began. Zan'thrax looked at the Fifteenth, if they were nervous they didn't show it as they made final checks on their splinter rifles, the blaster was slung at the ready Kak'cel bearing the weight with ease. She glanced about her they were not making the attack alone. The twelfth and twenty second squads were in on the act, their members

screaming encouragement to the Raider pilots . Zan'thrax keyed her mike "Gunner open me a portal in that wall there, then give covering fire to the others. Ladies now's your chance to prove yourselves to me, if we can get in and out quickly those damned Mon'kei won't know what hit them."

The darklance opened up almost simultaneously with the other ones, the three shots hitting the same wall in close grouping. It never had a chance it buckled for a moment and then gave like wet paper and a large hole erupted outwards as the atmosphere started to vent into space. As the defence turrets swung around the darklances of all three Raiders began to pummel them slicing great chunks of building away. The pilot brought the Raider close to the rent in the wall and Zan'thrax led her ladies into the enemy base weapons hot eyes peeled. As they moved through the base destroying all signs of technology they were puzzled by the lack of resistance; these beings had always put up a good fight in the past. Then as they rounded a corner they found out why. There was fifty of them armed with the primitive lasgun weapons, huddled behind a rapidly constructed barrier, they ducked down when they saw the Eldar. Zan'thrax knew they would fight to the death rather than be taken alive, this called for a different approach.

Zan'thrax selected the weakest two close combat fighters to give fire and keep the humans pinned down, she then led the rest of the Fifteenth back the way they had come. She soon found what she was looking for; a room which had an adjoining wall leading behind the enemies position. Making no sound they prepared for

battle, pulling knives and clubs from their belts, Zan'thrax silently cured the Agoniser hanging down her side, this was to be slave raid and not a fight to the death. Once all was ready Zan'thrax tapped Kak'cel on the shoulder, the blaster was raised and taking careful aim where Zan'thrax pointed Kak'cel fired: A huge hole blossomed in the wall and Zan'thrax led her squad though. Out numbered by at least six to one the

fight was hard but this was what they had trained for and Zan'thrax was in her element, it was nice to taste the souls of the fallen again. The battle was brief and the mon'kei soon overwhelmed. However the fifteenth had lost two members for the gain of only thirty slaves, not a good ratio. Checking the fallen for anything useful Zan'thrax came across the body of one of the Mon'kei

Commissars, so this was why they had fought so hard, these beings inspired great loyalty in the troops, it was nice to see one dead but nicer still to break them in the slave pits.

"That body" she pointed at the Commissar's "flay it and have it hung on the hanger wall, a battle honour for the fifteenth. No, on second thoughts get him to do it" Zan'thrax indicated a Mon'kei with markings that identified him as an officer. "Get the rest back to the ship" . As they started making their way back towards the entry point and the Raider with their captives it occurred to Zan'thrax that the fight had been too easy, there just hadn't been enough of the Mon'kei, in a base of this size there should have been thousands , and listening to the reports coming from the other sybarites it seemed they had fared just as well, meeting only minimal resistance and then coming across a hard knot of defence. This was wrong they were finding something. Instead of retreating to the Aconite,

they should find it, she keyed her mike "This is wrong, there hiding something", she called into the open channel. The channel was silent for just a moment, then the other two Sybarites concurred. "Rendezvous the Raiders at this point and open a new access point" There followed a series of glyphs in the heads up display. The 3 pilots signalled receipt of message and started to sweep in firing their

corridors the twelfth and eighth had searched when they had finished a large area in the centre was blank. No path led to that area. "Well that settles it, whatever's here is in that area. Helon to Drachon Pintilla , we believe whatever's down here is hidden in the central core of the building." "I agree" Drachon Pintilla's voice was harsh, the cruelty in it was palpable and it came from only 2 metres



Darklances to open up a new access , the 3 squads met up and herded the captives onto them.

Zan'thrax Helon and Shagarer started to discuss the situation , their squads still at alert scanning the approaches, Helon scratched her head " So what do you thinks they're up to ?" she asked "My squad found nothing, until we run into a small pocket, easily overrun, they didn't seem to have any fight in them" Shagarer sighed, The twelfth had much the same experience, its as if they knew we were coming and they knew they would die" "That's what I mean " Zan'thrax said "something's wrong, have you ever known them to be this easy , they are hiding something". She began to scratch a floor plan on the wall with her knife. Helon and Shagarer added the

away, as the void shimmered and the Drachon stepped from a warp portal

Shagarer had activated. "I have come to lead the attack myself. We came here knowing what you suspect, no don't be ashamed, after all you're just Warriors doing her bidding like myself. She wants what's buried here. Lead your units to these points" Pintilla indicated where on the floor plan scratched on the wall.

The squads were now deployed. The central area of the base surrounded, no discernable entrance had been found but the Drachon had no seemed to mind. A unit of Grotesques, their bodies stinking of decay had also crossed over from the Aconite; they would be the Shock Troops leading the attack. An Haemonculus waiting to guide them stood apart from everybody, whose

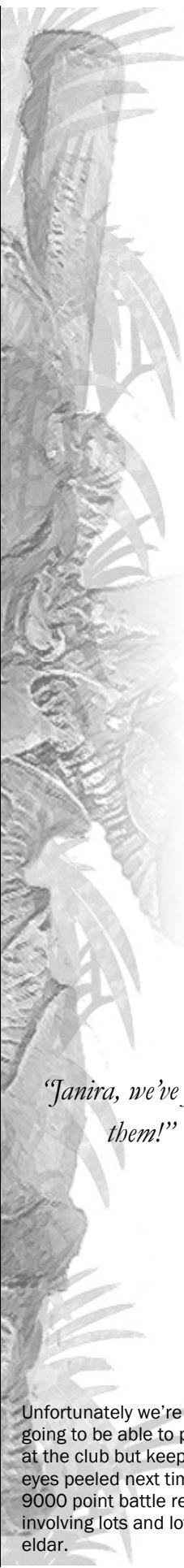
choice this was Zan'thrax didn't know but she was keeping well clear. The Heads Up display came on "All warrior units your job is containment, nothing and nobody gets past you is that understood " Zan'thrax signalled it was and gripped the blades in her left hand tighter, the unit following her lead. Then it happened without any warning the air ten metres in front of their position shimmered, two incubi stepped onto the base. They raised Blasters and shot a huge hole in the Plascrete wall and stepped back through the portal. The Haemonculus lead the Grotesques at a shambling run through the Gap and disappeared beyond

Zan'thrax's sight and still nothing appeared to happen until the Heads Up lit.

Mission complete, set demolition charges and return to your raiders.

"The simple message was delivered in a hissing voice, Drachons's will be obeyed. " You heard Scum now get to it." Zan'thrax barked "Leave the central core they've dealt with that now hurry or no one eats this day." Once aboard the Aconite they stood in the hanger and watched the total destruction of the base, the Aconite joining in with its batteries until nothing remained except a crater. The rush of the souls they had sampled that day was subsiding. Kak'cel whispered to the warrior beside her "I wonder what was down there?" Zan'thrax shot her a glance that said "Wind it in; the ranks of the Grotesques don't need swelling."

Zan'thrax was stood to attention. The agoniser hanging limp beside her, its light extinguished. Her eyes stared forward, fixed on a skull hanging on the wall, maggots appeared to be crawling all over it in and out of the eye sockets. She knew it was only a hologram, she detected no hint of decay, but it still left her with a feeling of foreboding. The



'Janira, we've found them!'

Unfortunately we're not going to be able to play this at the club but keep your eyes peeled next time for a 9000 point battle report involving lots and lots of eldar.

rest of the room was decorated in an even more bizarre style, the skull was the least thing she needed to worry about. The only other Eldar in the room was a Dracon who sat relaxed behind a desk. The horrors of the room didn't seem to worry her, but then again she'd put them all there herself. Zan'thrax knew that she was being watched not only by this Dracon but by hidden watchers assessing her every heartbeat, the slightest slip would mean her instant death. An hour passed, the muscles in Zan'thrax's legs were now beginning to ache and still the Dracon had made no sign or acknowledgement. A further half hour passed and the Dracon looked up as if she had only just become aware of Zan'thrax's presence.

"The fifteenth did well," it was more a hiss than anything else "You" the Dracon cleared her throat and wiped some spittle from the corner of her mouth with a evil looking claw "Did well". Praise indeed Zan'thrax relaxed mentally, so this wasn't the end she would lie to see another dawn. Her body was still stiffly at attention, best not relax that until she was dismissed. "There are two young warriors joining you later today, both have a lot to learn; but you seem to be able to teach" the Dracon looked down on the papers before her. A quarter of an hour passed. She looked at Zan'thrax as if to say "are you still here ?" and with a wave of her clawed hand said "dismissed". Zan'thrax turned and marched to the

door the Dracon seemingly having forgotten her already. As the door slid to a close behind her she relaxed her shoulders for the first time, taking a deep breath she began to run the stiffness out of her legs.

Back at the hangar the Fifteenth were hard at work cleaning equipment, the Commissar's skin hanging proudly on the wall opposite the door. They all came to attention as soon as they saw her, "Carry on" no need to tell them what the Dracon had said, after all they were all still here weren't they.

**Paul Russell
Exil Pixie Muppet**

RATH-TORHAN CRAFTWORLD THE TRAP IS LAID...

<<NaNathera, Kalen 6.564.46542>>
<<start transmission>>
Janira, we've found them!
Attached to this message are the webway co-ordinates for a world the mon-keigh call Finch. At first sight this maiden world appears undeveloped, however we have discovered evidence of an abandoned outpost predating even our civilisation. I suspect this was constructed by the old ones although we've been unable to confirm this.

According to our Rangers, warriors from the Kabel of the Warped Mind have started to land on this world in force. And if our intelligence is to be believed (unfortunately our agent was lost on a mon-keigh base recently), Cax'th herself is overseeing the survey of this world.

I have been unable to establish her purpose here, although considering Cax'th's reputation for collecting artefacts it is entirely possible that she has

something specific in mind and it is unusual for any Dark Eldar Kabal to have such a keen interest in such a world.
If this is true she is here, then we have an excellent opportunity to strike this ancient foe and perhaps disable this Kabel's activities in this region of space for sometime, possibly even eliminate Cax'th herself (such a prize would end a thousand generations of fear and flight). The Dark Kin's greed will be her undoing.

If only Exarch Leanan himself was still with us to witness such days.

Brother, you must assemble the circle, we will only have one chance at this.

<<transmission ends>>

<<NaNathera, Janira dfsfsj3405f0d6s0d>>
<<start transmission>>
Kalan, we have already foreseen this opportunity and the armies have been made ready. I will join you shortly, as will the council.
The Avatar is awakened.
We are the wind.
<<transmission ends>>



EVENT REPORT

WARHAMMER WORLD OPEN DAY

"What are you doing on Sunday?" This innocent question on Friday night led to me having to get up at 5.40 AM on Sunday morning! "We've been invited (I've volunteered us) to help out at a little gaming event in Nottingham." The master of understatement had struck again!

So early Sunday morning Richard and I found ourselves walking into the hallowed hall itself - Warhammer World! Those who helped run "Kroot" at Games Day will know the pleasure we had being able to wonder around inspecting the tables before the doors opened to the public. We were intercepted by Gareth (one of the GW organizers) before we ruined any scenery with our dribble or left finger prints all over the Forge World display cases!

Pointing to a 4' by 6' table sculpted with Forge World building ruins, blasted road sections and rubble strewn sand bag emplacements all covered in snow and brilliant slush effects, Gareth nonchalantly asked "Will this be alright guys?"

Do bears have a reputation for messing in the woods?

Strangely enough, once left to our own devices, Richard and I managed to squeeze in a game on this beautiful gaming table. I have to ask you reader - should a unit of choppy Ork boyz with a Warboss BOUNCE off a unit of Dire Avengers? Needless to say Richard picked up another three league points (pesky pixies!).

The hall had become busy (but not overcrowded) quite rapidly as more and more enthusiasts made their way into the room. Our little corner became reasonably busy - our table was next to the Forge World stand - did I forget to mention that? Yes! Richard and I were very distracted all day long. I am beginning to believe that

resin has some strange addictive fumes that make you want to spend money! The game we had agreed to play proved to be popular. "40K in 40 minutes" enables players to have quick games with smallish forces. The dynamic of the game changes as having a small number of units means that the games outcome is even more unpredictable - even halfway through the game. One small but decisive combat can swing the balance and having smaller armies makes it a lot harder to "catch up" or bring up other units to bolster faltering assaults (damn those Dire Avengers!). "40K in 40 minutes" is an excellent format for games at exhibitions or conventions as they do only take 40 minutes to play (does exactly what it says on the tin!), and this gives the opportunity for lots of people to have a go during the day.

As the open day was a ticket only event, it meant that it didn't become packed with people. Richard and I realized this as we discovered that we were getting real time to chat to the people playing the games, GW staff and anybody else who wanted to! In this relaxed atmosphere it was possible to have one to one chats with the staff who make all the excellent figures. After getting some very useful hints and tips from one of the miniature sculptors, I ended up having a natter with Tim Adcock - master model maker and a jolly nice chap he was too!

All in all I had a great day, having been at Games Day which is bedlam, this event was like a gaming club showcase, almost like a fantastic club meet! The limited numbers, the easy going attitude of everyone there and the proximity of Bugmans (the products of which I may have sampled)

made it a day to enjoy - although still tiring for anybody organizing or running games. Highlights included seeing a Warhound in action against Iron Warriors, several Necron Monoliths drifting towards massed Space Marine armour and having one gentleman in particular, who went out of his way to express his high regard for this exalted publication. Kudos well deserved by all the magazines contributors for their efforts but particularly Richard for bringing it all together (ed - engage smug mode... smug mode engaged).

I would recommend that everybody try and get up to the next one!

Nathan White
Bug Muppet

PS: Tim Adcock may have alluded to GW doing a brand new Imperial Guard unit, the gaming board we used may be part of some thing bigger



Always seems like everything is arranged at the last minute around here, so in between sorting out stuff to be moved (did I mention I was buying a house...), packing the in-law (who's also buying a house) and everything else; I somehow managed to get a day pass from my better half to go up to Nottingham and run a game (umm, where did I put those marbles). Anyway, here's Nathan's version the events...



for the Cadians launch next year and the young miniature sculptor may have been working on a Marsh Troll holding a pigskin (one for the Blood Bowl fans)!

Classic eldar vs orks, on an incredible snow covered war torn cityscape; plus somebody's arm



At Colours last year Tony picked up some pygmy models with the intention of using them as Shinks in his lizardman army. However, he's also been busy creating some special rules for them, and before you know it, he's got an entire army list, and here it is...

Pygmy culture is primitive, colourful and full of ritual.

BUSHMAN ARMY LIST

A LIZARDMAN VARIANT ARMY LIST

INTRODUCTION

Often referred to as Pygmies, the Bushmen are the natives of the deepest Southlands. The Bushmen, in their home environment, are the masters of hit-and-run, ambush combat. They are close to nature, and beasts of many kinds play an important part in their lives, and their battles.

Pygmy culture is primitive, colourful and full of ritual. Bushmen decorate their bodies with war-paint and tribal marks, and mutilations such as nose-bones, lip and

ear plates. Filed teeth and ritual scarring are considered very attractive (by other pygmies). Bushmen decorate their huts with shrunken heads of enemies and captives are often invited for dinner.

The Bushmen are closely allied with the Lizardmen, and are the source of the Raptors, Salamanders and Stegadons kept by Lizardmen across the continent. In fact, it is rumoured, the homeland from



which the Bushmen originate is a hidden valley missed by the ravages of evolution, filled with prehistoric beasts. Any Bushman unit may be used in a Lizardmen army without alteration, and in the same type of slot.



SPECIAL RULES

The following special rules apply to the Bushman army.

Persistent Bushman units roll all rally tests on 3D6 and discard the highest dice score.

Evasive Bushman not accompanied by beasts can quickly vanish back into the undergrowth. Roll 3d6 to determine the distance to flee after a failed leadership test.

Savannah Bushmen can move through vegetation such as trees, bushes, hedges and long grass without penalty, and will benefit from soft cover if in such terrain.

Natural Armour Many of the beasts that the Bushmen herd have a thick hide, scaly skin, or dense fur. This may NOT be combined with armour or shields as normal. Salamanders and Raptors have a 6+ armour save; Boars and Worgs have a 5+ armour save and Stegadons have a 4+ armour save.

Tribal If there is more than one chieftain, the army represents more than one tribe. Decide which units are in each tribe, and assign a Chieftain to them. They can only benefit from their own Chieftain's leadership.

Blowpipe These have a

range of 12", Strength 3 and 2 x Multiple Shots. They suffer penalties for long range, moving and shooting, etc, as normal.

Poisoned attacks All attacks from Bushmen javelins or blowpipe darts count as poisoned attacks. Note that this only applies to shooting attacks.

Scouts: This works exactly as explained on page 112 of the rulebook with the following additions. Scouting Bushmen count as out of sight if they are deployed within a water feature, and more than 2" from its edge. They must still deploy 10" or more from enemy troops as normal. Bushman characters may be held back from normal deployment and be placed as Scouts after the rest of the army has deployed.

Chameleon With their small stature and skill in the savannah the most skilled of the Bushmen are very hard to spot.

This means that the enemy suffers an additional -1 to hit when shooting at them.

In addition, they are able to sneak up extremely close to the enemy. Chameleon Bushmen are deployed at the same time as Scouts,

and can be placed in one of two ways. Either place them exactly like Scouts, but with no minimum distance between them and the enemy, or place them in sight of the enemy (even in the open), but more than 12" away from them.

Mixed size units This is not a new rule, but a reminder of the ones on pages 59 & 98 of the main rulebook. When shooting at units containing a mixture of different sized models (such as Salamanders) you may choose to target either one troop type or the other. So you could, for example, choose to fire on the Salamander rather than its handlers around it. In this case the -1 to hit for being a skirmish unit would still apply.

Banners There are no rank and file units in a pure Bushman army, so banners work in a different way. Instead of providing a +1 bonus to combat resolution, a unit with a banner gets a +1 bonus when attempting to rally. This, in combination with the Persistent rule tends to give an army that flees often, but keeps coming back for more.

MAGIC ITEMS

Choose from this list and/or from the magic items on page 154 of the warhammer rulebook

Bushmen do not usually use or carry magic items, instead they carry, wear, or are marked by a totem or fetish to represent their chosen patron animal.

The many patrons of the Bushmen are honoured in battle by war paint or tattoos.

These Marks are carefully examined and compiled by the Witch Doctors so that they may pick out the chosen ones from each generation and assign them to duties that befit their status.

Bushman characters may choose Markings from the following list as part of their totem total. Each character may only have a given Totem once, though he may have several different Totems. More than one character in an army may have the same Totem.

You should paint these Totem Markings on your models. Note that the patrons are not always predictable in these markings, so whilst one Bushman of the Boar clan may have a red tattoo, another may be completely red or have purple red or stripes.

Particularly fortunate characters may have more than one Totem Marking and so are marked with a combination of these colours.

Eagle Totem 40 pts (enchanted feathers):
Bushman on foot only. Model can fly.

Totem of the Dead 20 pts (enchanted skull):
Nominate an enemy character at the start of the battle. All unsaved wounds caused by the bearer on the nominated target are doubled.



Bison Totem 50 pts (enchanted fur cloak):
+1 Wound.

Mosquito Totem 30 pts (talisman):
5+ Ward save.

Spider Totem 40 pts (talisman):
Gives its wearer Magic Resistance (2).

Hornet Totem 25 pts (magic weapon):
Always strike first.

Scorpion Totem 50 pts (magic weapon):
+2 Attacks.

Stegadon Totem 15 pts (magic armour):

May be worn in addition to other armour (5+ armour save, combines as normal with other armour saves).

Carnosuar Totem 35 pts (magic armour):

Counts as wearing armour (5+ armour save, combines as normal with other armour saves). Re-roll failed armour saves.

Jackel Totem 75 pts (magic banner):

The unit causes fear.

Raptor Totem 30 pts (magic banner):

The unit gets a 5+ Ward save against normal and magical missiles with a Strength of 5 or more.

Jaguar Totem 20 pts (magic banner):

The unit pursues an extra D6".

Lion Totem 50 pts (marking yellow):

+1 Leadership.

Bear Totem 20 pts (marking brown):

+1 Strength.

Boar Totem 25 pts (marking, blood red):

Frenzy.

Crow Totem 15 pts (marking black):

+1 Movement.

Cheetah Totem 5 pts (marking, mottled):

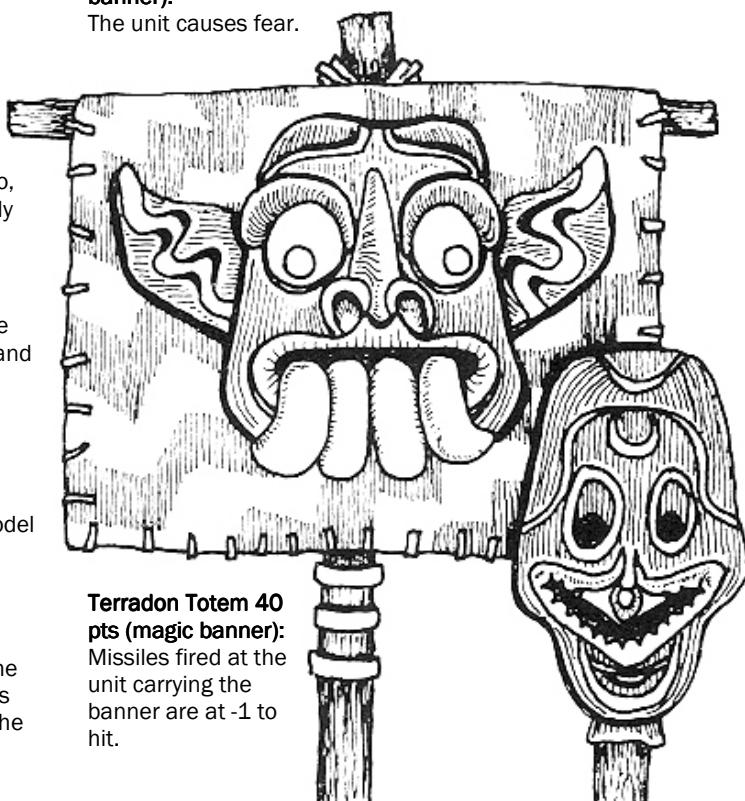
+2 Initiative.

Totem of the Moon 15 pts (marking, albino):

Witch Doctors only. Knows 1 more spell than normal for his level.

Python Totem 25 pts (marking, vermillion):

+1 Attack.



Terradon Totem 40 pts (magic banner):

Missiles fired at the unit carrying the banner are at -1 to hit.



- May ride a Stegadon chosen as normal from the Rare Units section of the army list at the points cost shown there.
- May choose Totems from the Common or Bushman magic item lists, with a maximum total value of 50 points.
- May be given the Chameleon special ability for the extra cost of +20 points, in which case the character takes up a Lord slot instead of a hero slot, and may then spend 100 points on magic totems.

LORDS / HEROES

CHIEFIAN

70 points/model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chieftain	6	4	4	4	3	2	5	3	6

A chieftain is the leader of the tribe, the strongest individual. The Chieftain leads with assistance from, and occasionally under orders from the tribes Witch Doctors.

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May choose either an additional hand weapon (+4 pts) or spear (+4 pts).
- May also choose either a blowpipe (+10 pts) or javelins (+8 pts).
- May carry a shield (+2 pts).

Special rules: Persistent, Evasive, Savannah, Scout. Darts and javelins count as Poisoned Attacks.

WITCH DOCTOR

65 points/model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Witch Doctor	6	2	3	3	2	2	4	1	5

Witch doctors are the tribe's spiritual and intellectual leaders, although they are often the power behind the Chieftain's throne.

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Magic: A Witch Doctor is a Level 1 Wizard. The Bushman Witch Doctors rarely achieve more than a rudimentary understanding of magic, focusing on the animals they deal with on a daily basis, observing their behaviour and environment. Appropriately, Witch Doctors use the Lore of Beasts for their spellcasting.

Options:

- One Witch Doctor in the army may be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard for +35 points.

Special rules: Persistent, Evasive, Savannah, Scout.

CORE UNITS

TRIBESMAN

7 points/model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tribeman	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5
Champion	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5

Bushmen are small, quick and intelligent, usually fighting as a cloud of skirmishers, nimbly dodging the enemy units and skirting round their flanks where they can pepper them with poisoned javelins.

Unit Size: 10-20

Equipment: Hand weapon, javelins and shield.

Options:

- Tribesmen may also scout (+3 points per model)
- Promote one Tribesman to a Musician for +3 points.
- Promote one Tribesman to a Standard Bearer for +5 points.
- Promote one Tribesman to a Champion for +5 points.

Special rules: Persistent, Evasive, Savannah, Skirmish. Tribesman javelins count as Poisoned Attacks.



0-1 BEAST SWARMS

55 points/model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beast Swarm	4	3	0	2	2	5	1	5	10

Bushman armies often march to battle amidst swarms of poisonous serpents, Toads, raptors, and other fell beasts. Thousands of these creatures infest the grasslands, protecting the Bushmen villages from attack.

Unit Size: 1-6

Special rules: Unbreakable, Poisoned Attacks.

For gaming purposes you can use any mixture of small beasts on a 40mm base. The exact number and type of models isn't important, but it should look like a swarm.

SPECIAL UNITS

RAPTOR CAVALRY

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	25 points/model
Tribeman	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	
Champion	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5	
Raptor	8	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	

Although they are difficult to train, Raptors are the perfect mount for Tribesman. Both rider and mount are deadly killing machines and the combination is devastating.

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, shield and spear.

Options:

- Upgrade one Raptor Rider into a Musician for +4 points.
- Upgrade one Raptor Rider Warrior into a Standard Bearer for +8 points.
- Promote one Raptor Rider Warrior to a Champion for +8 points.

Special rules: Persistent, Natural Armour (6+), Cause Fear

WAR BEASTS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	40 points/model
War Beasts	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	3	7	

Although not as dangerous to handle as a Salamander, tribal beast-masters compete for the honour of becoming the handler of a War Beast team. The survivors often advance to become Salamander or Stegadon handlers.

Unit Size: 3+

Special rules: Persistent, Cause Fear, Savannah, Natural Armour (5+).

SALAMANDERS*

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	80 points/unit
Tribeman	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	
Salamander	6	3	4	4	4	3	2	3	5	

Despite the dangers of goading these creatures, such is the skill of the brave Bushmen that herd Salamanders to battle that they are only seldom eaten by them.

Unit Size: 1 Salamander with 4 Bushman Handlers.

Equipment: Bushman Handlers have a hand weapon (goad or prod).

Special rules: Persistent, Savannah, Natural Armour (6+ for Salamanders), Spit Venom.

Spit Venom Salamanders spit venom up to 24" range using their BS to hit as normal and with the normal penalties for long range, moving, etc. Units that are struck suffer 1D6 Strength 4 hits with no armour save possible. Salamanders may not stand and shoot.

Monster If all the Bushman are killed, the Salamander is treated like a ridden monster that has lost its rider. However, when it comes to rolling its Leadership test, assume it fails and just roll on the Monster Reaction chart (page 105) to see what it does.

TERRADONS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	26 points/model
Tribeman	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	
Champion	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5	
Raptor	8	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	

These ancient reptiles are trapped and trained by the Bushman who ride them. Soaring above the jungle canopy, the Bushman messengers and scouts can move from city to city with ease.

Unit Size: 3-10.

Equipment: Bushman Riders have a hand weapon, javelin and shield. Their attacks are included in the profile of the Terradon.

Options:

- Promote one Bushman Rider to a Champion for +10 points.

Special rules: Flying Unit, Persistent, Mounted. The javelins count as Poisoned Attacks.



RARE UNITS

0-1 VETERAN TRIBESMEN

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	15 points/model
Veteran Tribesman	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	6	
Veteran Champion	6	2	5	3	2	1	4	1	5	

These rare and elusive tribesmen are masters of stealth and camouflage. They can stand motionless for hours, evading all but the most thorough of searches, biding their time until they are ready to unleash a hail of venom-coated darts to slaughter their enemies.

Unit Size: 5-10

Equipment: Hand weapon and blowpipe.

Options:

- Promote one Veteran Tribesman to a Veteran Champion for +6 points.

Special rules: Persistent, Evasive, Savannah, Skirmish, Chameleon. Blowpipe darts count as Poisoned Attacks.



STEGADONS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	265 points/model
Tribesman	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	
Stegadon	6	2	0	5	6	5	2	4	5	

Stegadons are huge and terrifying monsters from the depths of the jungle. In battle they are used as living battering rams to smash holes in the foe's line.

Unit Size: 1 Stegadon with either 6 Bushmen crew or 1 character chosen from the Heroes section of the list.

Equipment: Hand weapon, javelin and shield. If the Stegadon is not ridden by a character then it will have a giant bow (crewed by 2 of the 6 Bushmen).

Special rules: Persistent, Howdah. The Bushmen' javelins count as Poisoned Attacks. Stegadons Cause Terror, have Natural Armour (4+) and are Large Targets.

Monster Treat Stegadons as ridden monsters with more than one rider. If the Stegadon is killed then the Bushmen form a small unit of skirmishers. If all the Bushmen are killed, the Stegadon is treated like any other ridden monster. For Victory points purposes, only the Stegadon itself counts. Slain Bushmen are ignored.

Howdah: The combined effect of the armoured howdah, shields and giant bony crest on the Stegadon is to give the Bushman (or character) riding it a 2+ armour save. This armour save cannot be improved, though a character could also have a Ward save from a magic item.

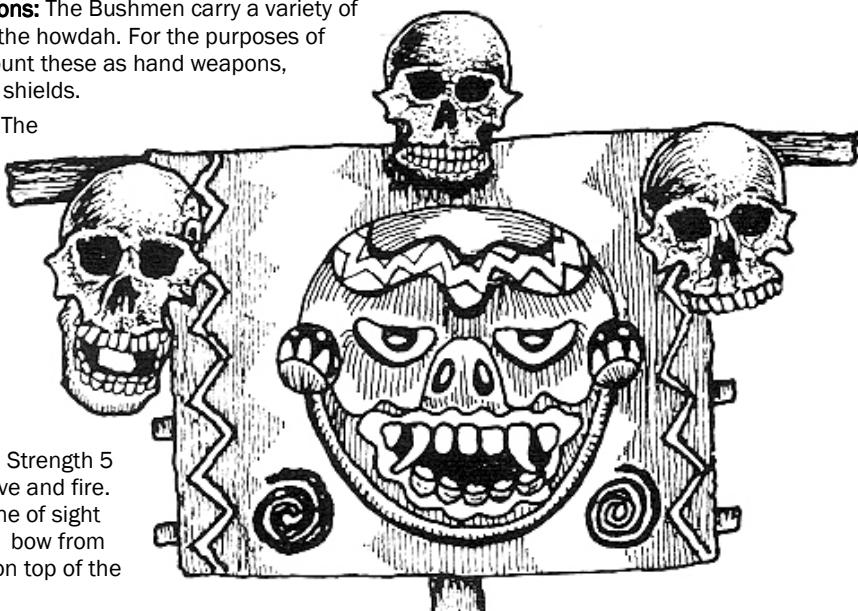
Mixed weapons: The Bushmen carry a variety of weapons in the howdah. For the purposes of the game count these as hand weapons, javelins and shields.

Impact hits: The

Stegadon causes D6 impact hits when it charges, like a chariot.

Giant bow: Treat this as a bolt

thrower with Strength 5 that can move and fire. Check the line of sight for the giant bow from its position on top of the howdah.



That's it for this month, but if you're very lucky, we might be able to see Tony Bushman army in action after Christmas, and he was talking about doing a battle report...

DROP PENGUINS

A WARHAMMER 40,000 SCENARIO

Background

You have received word from your spies that a command element of an enemy force has recently arrived on a nearby planet. They have set up camp and seem to be searching for something. You want to find out what it is.

Your orders are to lead a small force and drop pod to the planet's surface to capture as many of their hierarchy as you can.

Unfortunately you have just received word that many other drop pods have been launched from other vessels in orbit. It seems that it will be a race to capture the enemy.

Forces

Due to the Drop Pod rules no vehicles can be included, even those that might normally be allowed to enter via the atmosphere (e.g. Flyers).

Walkers, Jump Pack Troops and any unit that has Infantry Stats can be dropped via Drop Pods.

Set Up

- Set up the 6 *Capture Figures* randomly on the board. They should be no closer than 12" to each other or to the edges of the boards.
- Roll for who goes first. The highest will go first, second highest next and so on.
- Roll alternatively for a unit at a time. The winner places the Ordnance Template anywhere on the board to signify where the drop pod will land. He then rolls a d6 for any single unit using the Reserves rules as modified below. If the unit becomes available he deploys that unit under the Ordnance Template.
- The Second highest player then does the same for a unit of his choice and so on around the table. Keep doing this until all units have either deployed or have refused to enter on Turn 1. Winner now shoots and assaults, reserve rules notwithstanding, as normal and the turn continues through players 2, 3 and so on.
- Turn 2 onwards: Roll for who goes first, second etc. Roll for reserves exactly as per previous turn. It may be best to mark units that deploy in a turn so that you can keep track for shooting/assaulting. Winner then moves and shoots all his available units first and so on; again be aware of the reserves rules about assaulting.
- On subsequent turns keep rolling for who goes first, second etc.

Reserves Rules

All rules are as stated in the Main Rule book with the following exceptions:

- Units becomes available on Turn 1 on a 5+, Turn 2 on a 4+, Turn 3 on a 3+ and Turn 4 onwards on a 2+. They must be deployed when they become available, they cannot be held back.
- Drop Pods do not deviate and therefore cannot be lost to the Warp nor can they disappear off the board edge.

Objective

- The Winner is the force in control of the most Capture Figures at the end of the game. To be in control you must have a unit of at least half strength in contact with the Figure.
- Independent Characters, Walkers and Skimmers cannot capture the Figures. (eg Dreadnoughts, Wraithlords, Sentinels, Talos, Tomb Spyders etc)
- If the squad holding the Captive is in Close Combat at the end of the game then the Capture Figure is contested, even if only one of the enemy squad is still alive.



It's not going well for Little Nick, check out the battle report next time to find out why.



This is the first part of Nick's battle report, so let the pinguining commence... but I'm afraid you're going to have to wait to next time to see how it all went because we've run out of room this month. Sorry.

Capture Figures

- To capture the Figure your squad moves into contact with it during the movement phase.
- You can move freely with the Capture Figure but cannot leave the board.
- You cannot Fleet of Foot/Claw whilst the Capture Figure is with your squad.
- You cannot assault whilst the Capture Figure is with your squad.
- You can be assaulted and shot at as normal.
- You can pass the Capture Figure onto another squad by moving within 2" of the other squad.
- The Capture Figures can move whilst not in captivity. The players roll for each figure at the beginning of every turn to see who controls it. The winner can then move the figure 6" in ANY direction. These figures are effectively surrounded and are a little disorientated by the sudden arrivals all around them. They will not move within 2" of another unit. Difficult Terrain does not affect this move.
- As you move into contact with the Figure he gets a single shot at you to represent refusal to fall into captivity. This shot will wound on a 4+. Normal armour saves apply. The Figure cannot do anything in Close Combat to you.
- The Capture Figure can be killed by enemy fire and by enemy assaults against the squad holding it at the time. Work out the number of wounds done on the squad. If this number exceeds the models left in the unit then the Capture Figure will take a wound on a 4+, no matter the weapon being used. The press of bodies around him offers some protection. If wounded the figure then has to take a normal armour save. If he fails he is removed, no matter how many wounds he would normally have. He cannot be hurt in Close Combat if he is outside the 2" Kill Zone. This represents your forces preventing the enemy from capturing them and obtaining the vital information.



Nick's back so let the metal madness begin...



Notes

1 Enjoyed as it was fun to build an army that required few models and was easy to paint. Not enjoyed as being an all metal army it really is heavy.

2 Style? I've got style? A groovy style? And a buggy that just won't stop. When the going gets rough I'm super tough with a (Please fill in missing words)

3 Never, ever rely on the WBB (We'll Be Back) Roll. It never works when you need it. Bloody thing

4 It's an old age memory thing. Every now and again I forget entirely why I was talking about Penguins.

5 So who wants to play him next since he's now bound to fail and go spinning off into the warp?

6 Rumour has it that there are 6s on my dice; this is something I need to check.

7 Sometimes known as the entire enemy army.

8 Who do better as flayed ones than mandrakes (go figure)

THE NIKRONS

OR HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE MY METALLIC NASTYNESS

Once upon a Saturday I used the old Necron rules and enjoyed using the very limited number of units.¹ Recently the all-new Codex has exploded on to the scene and thrown us Necrontyr loads of new goodies. Has it changed the way that I play Necrons? Well read on and I'll attempt to explain how this new Codex has affected my style of play²...

that lovely Veil.

- Their low initiative always gave problems in hand-to-hand but they could last with that Toughness 5.
- My second favourite unit in the old rules.

Warriors (Raiders)

- A marine with the ability to get back up on a 4+.³
- Needed lots of these because 1500 points was not easy to get to without them.
 - Difficult to kill but very slow if you wanted their weapon to operate at full power.
 - With low initiative you really didn't want to get into combat with these guys. If they did, however, they could last a while and tie things up with their high leadership.

Destroyers

- Jet bike with Toughness 5, a 3+ save and a 36" Strength 6 AP4 Heavy 3 weapon, which can be fired at full whack even after moving 12".

- You could have 3 in a squad or upgrade 1 of them to a Strength 9 AP3 (or 2-can't remember⁴) Heavy 1 weapon.
- The low numbers in the squad meant that a single casualty was going to have you reaching for the Leadership/Morale Test dice.

Scarabs

- Ah my favourite unit.
- Off you go little beetle, hiding behind anything because you are so small, assault something and then explode.
- Yes they used to go bang with Initiative 10, auto hit anything in base-to-base and wound with a Strength 3, AP2 (I think).
- I had them take out a complete unit of six Harlequins and cause some serious damage to Chaos Terminators.
- Tended to get one game where they'd be ignored

until they went bang. Next game they'd be targeted. Delicious unit.

Overall the army was very orientated towards shooting, primarily short range fire fights. They could take out tanks and super toughness opponents with their Gauss Weapons. The biggest problems were phasing out (still a problem but a good character trait and I have no problem with this), lack of variety; really crap at hand-to-hand combat once the Scarabs went bang and small units forcing leadership/morale tests very early.

So, how have things changed? And have they changed for the better?

Good questions. I suppose the two major gripes I had with the original list were:

1. Not enough variety
2. No real ability in assault.

Let me have a quick look at these two gripes before moving on to the units themselves

Not enough variety

Well they've taken the original five choices and turned them into eleven. To the originals they've added Pariahs, Flayed Ones, Wraiths, Tomb Spyders, Heavy Destroyers and the Monolith. You'll note the C'Tan are missing. Correct.

No real ability in Assault

Well, scarily, the Necrons now have units that are supposed to be more suited towards hand-to-hand combat, becoming – wait for it – a more rounded army!

The New Days

Let's start with the old ones first ...

Lord

- At the moment he has operated exactly as he did before. Take a unit of Immortals and bounce them around the battlefield.
- He's done his job very

nicely and hasn't disappeared into the warp for a while⁵ for a nice cup of tea.

- The Veil has proved itself useful over and over again. The ability to bounce behind someone's lines or out of combat you can't win (i.e. against Wraithlords – done that, been there, still trying to find my Immortal's head) is second to none.
- One new piece of wargear, that I have found invaluable, is the Resurrection Orb. The ability to repair something within 6", including the Lord, is a nasty shock for your opponent.
- The difference for the Lord will come when I build my new one with a Destroyer body. You'll then see him go off with an Invulnerable Save, attach to a unit of Wraiths and go hunting characters with his Invulnerable Save killing weapon. Hmm. Toughness 6.

Immortals

- Exactly as before. Great at shooting – although my unit of eight did manage the feat of failing to kill two scouts in one round of shooting, thus earning a nasty stare from the Lord.
- The only difference now is that I generally only take one unit of five as I want more of the other stuff in my army.

Warriors

- The phase out necessitates using a lot of these chaps – just to ensure you stay on the table 'til the bitter end.
- I have thirty in my army normally. Originally I was using two units of fifteen as this helped stop any Leadership tests and gave people something big to worry about.
- The problems?
 - * Two units can only shoot at two targets.
 - * If they get assaulted then I lose a lot of firepower.
 - * Leadership starts at 10! What am I worried about?
- The solution?



- * Split them into three units of ten.
- * More targets to shoot at.
- * More mobility for capturing objectives.
- * Not quite so bad when they get caught in combat.
- At the moment they've only tried this configuration once, we lost, but they did last longer and caused more damage with their shooting.⁶

Destroyers

- One of the best units around.
- Now that I can have three-five in a unit the amount of firepower they can chuck out is very scary. Non power armoured foes have learnt to deal with these babies quickly as 15 shots, hitting on 3's with an AP of 4 are going to hurt. Even power armoured foes are not happy about them.
- They have a 12" move and can still fire up to 36".
- With a Toughness 5 they can be difficult to kill – and, of course, they can try to get up again as very little can insta-kill them – erm railguns, demolishers
- I use them to blow holes in units, to capture objectives or to go and have some fun playing with Toughness 3 opponents.
- So far they've done well against Eldar and Orks but not so well against those pesky Blood Angels. Still, there's always next time!

Scarabs

- I honestly thought that when they took away the

explosive ability that I'd have no use for these guys anymore. How wrong can I be?

- A unit of ten of these babies is the first thing down on any of my Necron lists.
- Why? Fearless. 3 wounds per base. 3 attacks per base. 10 bases. 120 points. I use these exclusively as a living shield and send them in against anything that I don't like⁷. They can tie things up for an entire game, or die horribly if something with strength 6 arrives and insta-kills them.
- In the games they've fought I've had them hold up Eldar Guardians, Blood Angel Death Company, Ulthwe Storm Guardians, Deathwatch Marines, Ork Bikers and even Tyranids (just ask Nathan about 5+ saves on my final base)
- Have yet to try them with disruption fields at 4 points per base.

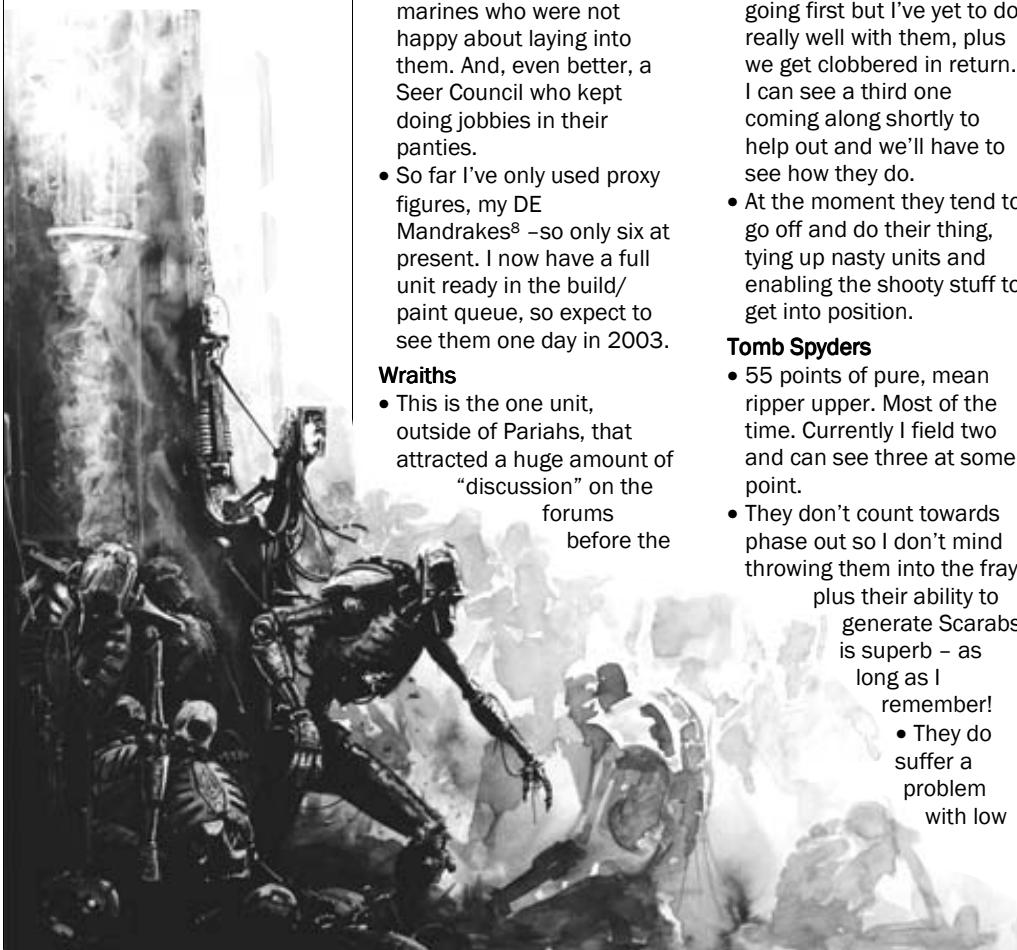
And the new ones ...

Pariabs

- Hmm. Used once so far so a little difficult to form an opinion.
- Anything that's Strength 5, Toughness 5 with a 3+ save, a weapon that can shoot 24", assault 2 Strength 5 AP4, and that ignores invulnerable saves in assault has got to be worth it, hasn't it?
- At 36 points a piece, maybe. A unit that doesn't count towards phase out?

Phase out necessitates using a lot of these chaps – just to ensure you stay on the table 'til the bitter end.

Another one of those units that you look at and think, why on earth would I want to use a unit with no guns



Oops. Now we're getting to the main reason why my 1500 point army doesn't include them. Too risky.

- In the one 2000 point battle so far they were targeted as the Wraithlords were unhappy with them. Funnily enough they managed to kill one without having to charge in – which was a surprise to me and the Wraithlord. Unfortunately the other 2 then shot them up whilst they stood around admiring their handiwork.
- I will use them again. Sometime.

Flayed Ones

- Another one of those units that you look at and think, why on earth would I want to use a unit with no guns and only Strength 4? Because they're damn good, that's why! I think they've been one of my most consistent units so far.
- They're good in combat and the Terrifying Visage does cause problems. I've had Orks that were scared of them, even Deathwatch marines who were not happy about laying into them. And, even better, a Seer Council who kept doing jobbies in their panties.
- So far I've only used proxy figures, my DE Mandrakes⁸ – so only six at present. I now have a full unit ready in the build/paint queue, so expect to see them one day in 2003.

Wraiths

- This is the one unit, outside of Pariahs, that attracted a huge amount of "discussion" on the forums before the

Codex was released.

- Why? Well let's see;
- Strength 6; Initiative 6; 3 Attacks; move 12" and assault 6"; move through difficult terrain without worry; 'we'll be back' roll; 3+ Invulnerable Save.
- What?! How dare they make it that cheesy! Um. They didn't. The downsides are always forgotten in the heat of a good old forum debate and there are a couple of humdingers with the Wraiths.
- 41 points each; only 1-3 per unit; no power weapons; 1 wound; T4.
- At the moment I only have two – and these cost 82 points!
- Against opponents without power armour they've done brilliantly. They've seriously upset Eldar and Orks. They do eventually get shot to pieces but have normally done a fair bit of damage before that happens.
- However, against power armour they have a problem without power weapons. They do cause wounds and tend to be going first but I've yet to do really well with them, plus we get clobbered in return. I can see a third one coming along shortly to help out and we'll have to see how they do.
- At the moment they tend to go off and do their thing, tying up nasty units and enabling the shooty stuff to get into position.

Tomb Spyders

- 55 points of pure, mean ripper upper. Most of the time. Currently I field two and can see three at some point.
- They don't count towards phase out so I don't mind throwing them into the fray, plus their ability to generate Scarabs is superb – as long as I remember!
- They do suffer a problem with low

initiative and low Weapon Skill but even so, 3 attacks with Strength 6, Toughness 6 is not to be sneezed at.

- I do have one kitted out with a gun and he has killed a total of one marine in five or six games. That's it. Hmm.
- Plus their ability to help with 'we'll be back' rolls is second to none. Keeping them within 12" of the models isn't normally a problem and they have proved their worth on several occasions so far.
- Will suffer when swamped or hit by something with higher initiative and great strength, (i.e. Dreadnoughts and Wraithlords) but generally nice to have around.

Heavy Destroyers

- Hmm, this one I've not had any great success with yet.
- They've managed to take out a Whirlwind on turn one but usually miss and get zapped pretty early on.
- Probably just me – I tend to let them get isolated – but I will learn to use them properly at some point – probably need to fill out the entire squad to give me a better chance.

Monolith

- Oops. Got one but haven't built or painted it yet. Looks nice though...

Summary

I'd say that my tactics have shifted quite considerably since the new Codex and units came out. I've gone from a short ranged shooty army which panicked on getting into hand-to-hand into a short ranged shooty army with some nasty hand-to-hand components of my own. Not scared to mix it up now but still suffering from the lack of low AP weapons, hopefully tactics will come with time and more games.

Anyway, I've taken up far too much of your time so I'll sign off for now but, beware, somewhere out there are metallic monsters, ready to cause mayhem somewhere on a tabletop near you.

**Nick Jenkin
Metal Muppet**

MARTYRS OF THE VOID

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

Welcome back to the whacky world of the Martyrs of the Void.

This time I'm going to keep things short and sweet as, er, not a lot has actually happened with them! Been meaning to, I have, honest, but those pesky Sisters of Battle got in the way and I've been busy painting them instead.

But hold! Not everything is completely lost, for I have done the test figure. Yes, the Testie Termie has been done and is ready for a quick rundown of how he came to be.¹

Well in the beginning ...

... I decided that gluing the arms on before starting to paint was going to be suicidal as I'd never be able to get to certain areas of the model. So he got undercoated in bits with Chaos Black Spray. Then all the areas that failed to get hit by the spray² got a nice thinned version of the potted black.

And then I sat there looking at him and thinking about colours. Eventually the Liche Purple came out and covered the front leg armour, plus the rear leg "supports" or whatever they are. Next up was Hawk Turquoise. Originally I was going to paint half and half between the purple and turquoise but decided against it³ and instead just planted some turquoise onto the chest eagle and knee pads.

I'll list the rest of the bits as otherwise we'll be a while (ed - see the big friendly coloured box in the middle of the page).

This gave me a total of 14 colours on one figure. Bit much but what the heck - there are very few of them so they'll need to stand out a bit.

You'll probably have looked at the list and thought one or two things - apart from "This

man needs help" - What are Leg Runes? And the base isn't green? What gives?

Basically the spaces on the legs were looking bare in Chaos Black, in between the Liche Purple. I didn't want to use block colours so began experimenting with various camouflage colours. After three or four of these I gave up. Not working so what else can I do? I was now doodling and realised I could doodle on the Termie!⁴ So I did, in Shadow Grey because it stands out without being too over the top. Just in case I need to mention it - the runes do not say anything! They're just brush swirls.

The base has changed from my normal green because of two reasons; firstly my new Necron army will be using this same basing technique and I wanted my Deathwing to have a shared history with them - hence the base; and secondly I was bored with green!



As promised last time, the saga of Nick's Martyrs of the Void continues...

who need to know these things - there are 33 vehicles, from bikes to tanks to flying things with big guns!

As you can see this was a relatively easy period for the Martyrs but next time promises to be positively unhealthy. Having now seen their brave Testie Termie survive the design stage the other Termies are fighting to get out of their blisters. If all goes according to plan

(whatever one of them is) I'm hoping to be painting like a mad thing for a couple of months and we'll see what we can come up with before next time.

Next time on the Martyrs of the Void

Will the blisters break under the pressure?

Will paint be spilt in the mighty army painting sessions?

Will the fledgling army be up for a massacre sometime in early 2003?

All this and more on the next exciting instalment of Martyrs of the Void!!!

I love the taste of paint sometime gone midnight on one of those nights when the plan has gone out of the window

**Nick Jenkin
Mad Metal Muppet**

Helmet/Chainfist	Scaly Green
Nose/Helmet Top	Rotting Flesh
Body	Liche Purple
Knee Pads, etc	Hawk Turquoise
Jewellery	Burnished Gold
Scabbard	Dark Angels Green
Storm Bolter	Boltgun Metal
Details	Blood Red
Leg Runes	Shadow Grey
Powerfist Teeth	Chainmail
Feathers	Bubonic Brown
Pipes	Scab Red
Base	Scorched Brown

It was only after he was finished, and in a moment of boredom, that I did a count to see how many figures/ vehicles I've actually painted. By sheer fluke he is the 350th Infantry Figure that I've completed for my various armies! For those

Well in the beginning...

Notes

1 Painting and building: not the whole genetic engineering thing that seems to be going on

2 Why is there always so much metal that remains nice and shiny after a good spraying session? Does the spray have an argument with the metal and then go off in a huff?

3 All came down to the Land Raider and Dreads. I needed a simple design so that they would look reasonably good. Turquoise is just a pain to coat evenly over large areas.

4 Doodle. Make marks with ink/ paint etc. Not anything else that doodle might involve depending on which part of the country/world you hail from.



MUPPET ASTARTES: SABRETOOTHS



It was a black day indeed. The Orks had finally been routed, but at such a cost. Jorrell stood, eyes fixed on the dead and dying comrades that littered the

Fielding a Sabretooth Marine army in Warhammer 40K:

The Sabretooth's play as a standard space marine army, and follow all details and points values, as listed in Codex Space Marine.

Special Rules:

Sabretooth Space Marines have NO extra special rules!

Force Organisation:

The Sabretooths use a special Force organisation chart.

Due to the heavy losses the chapter have suffered, they are forced to field a higher proportion of scouts than would normally be the case. In game terms this is represented as follows: For every tactical squad fielded, first you must have a scout squad of at least as many models. Also the scout squad has to be placed first, so an army with three troop choices would have to include at least two scout units, one of which would have to contain at least as many models as any tactical squad in the army.

field of battle. Apothecaries hurried from man to man, in an attempt to stop a huge pool of valuable gene-seed from being lost forever. Grand-Master Tawrus was receiving the last rights from a senior chaplain, kneeling by his side, he uttered scriptures and blessings as a sarcophagi was prepared to receive this mighty warrior

so that he may still lead his battle brethren.

He didn't know the true horror. Jorrell did, and all of his courage was needed to fight back the tears.

The call had come through and the Sabretooths had not flinched. Yet no one else had heeded the distress call, so the entire chapter had been mobilised in order to save the planet Murne from being ravaged by a massive Ork horde. Three strike cruisers had deployed their forces on the planets surface, and their flagship, the battle barge "Ulysses" full of the chapter's reserves and heavy equipment, followed close behind. These would be deployed as soon as the slower moving barge made low orbit. Yet Grimtoof's main fleet had other ideas, and the night sky had been filled with streaks of artificial lightning, as the ships, high up in orbit, let loose their huge weaponry.

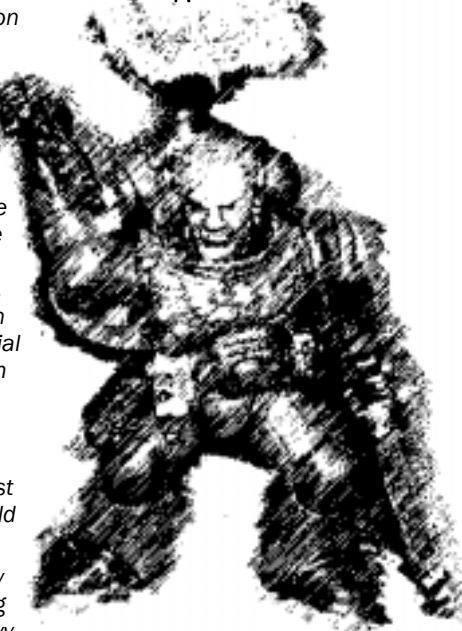
Nothing had been heard from the Ulysses for the last ten hours, and silence could mean only one thing.

Somehow the vast majority of the Sabretooth's fighting force, its backbone of heavy

machinery and transport capacity had been lost. Either in the depths of space, or smashed upon the bloody battleground. The future was going to be a hard one.

Upon his return to the Sabretooth's home planet of Pacharra, and within the sanctity of his own private meditation chambers, the tears would flow freely.

**Dave Offen-James
Other Muppet**



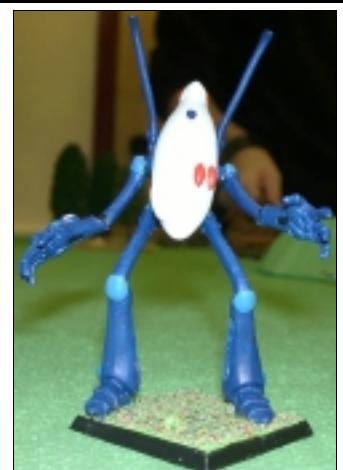
DEADLY DISCO DIVIAS

FROM DENE B DAFTWORLD

The Eldar are well known for they're slow exploration of all aspects of their personalities. On the little known Daftworld (Yes! I mean Daftworld) of Deneb, the inhabitants have also followed this philosophy towards self discovery. Unfortunately when they got to the bit about getting drunk and boogying, they got a bit stuck. As none of them have been sober for the last three thousand years, they have forgotten to continue the search for the ultimate truth in the universe.

Their nights are spent "Getting down" and "Strutting their funky stuff!". During the day they go out to do battle with anyone that they feel may have "Spilt their pint" or "Dissed the threads - man!." The fighting prowess and bravery that they display is explained as being either a cross between "Jive walking" and "Dutch Courage".

The sight of them moon-walking into battle in their frilly shirts and flares has struckem..... fear(?) into



many an opponent.
Party On Dudes!!
Nathan White

LIES, DAMN LIES & STATISTICS

OR WHAT THE NUMBERS CAN REVEAL

The Enemies				
	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
Chaos	12	8	2	2
Dark Eldar	3	1	1	1
Eldar	12	2	1	9
Imperial Guard	3	3	0	0
Necrons	0	0	0	0
Orks	9	6	0	3
Sisters of Battle	4	3	0	1
Space Marines	32	11	4	17
Tau	4	3	0	1
Tyranids	6	2	1	3

So, what can we glean from this table?

- I hate Eldar. The only one I've managed to beat is Ulthwe. If you're interested it's the Dark Eldar and Necrons who have beaten Eldar.
- 32 games against Space Marines!? Add in the 12 from Chaos and you've got 44/85 games against Marines. I new they were widespread but I think this helps justify those claims. This is games in Tournies, SMS, Winchester, Games Workshop etc.
- As a mini-breakdown of marines:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
Black Templars	1	1	0	0
Blood Angels	7	2	0	5
Dark Angels	4	1	0	3
Salamanders	3	1	2	0
Space Wolves	7	5	0	2
Vanilla	10	1	2	7

- Blood Angels are a pain and yet the other assault army – Space Wolves – I seem to like playing against. Go figure. Must be that scary Chaplain!
- Chaos I have fun with. I've lost to an undivided and a Khorne army and yet I've beaten Nurgle in 3 of 4 battles (drawn the other one). No Richard that is not a challenge to your Death Guard (ed - that be fighting talk that)
- I have problems against 'Nids, but not always against the other horde army of the Orks. I always choose the wrong targets in the 'Nid army for whatever reason, must be a panic setting in.
- I won't mention the Imperial Guard 'cos it'll upset Dave.
- And I haven't fought the Necrons yet. Why not?! I really want to be beaten to a pulp by them just to see how I'm supposed to play my army!

I'll get this out of the way quickly. Once upon a time I was an accountant. Stop. Don't run away just yet. Then I got better and moved into IT. Sheesh!

Anyway where's this going? Down the pub hopefully, or if not, I've always had a fascination for statistics (let's just assume that the word vital is missing)

Ever since I started playing 40K I've been keeping a record of every single battle I've fought – no matter the point size – including the army I faced and the opponent. Sad I know but it's proving invaluable in churning out weird and wonderful stats.

So I thought I'd share my experiences after 85 battles using 5 different armies. Err, so here it is...



The Basics

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
85	39	9	37

Very close, and I'm happy with the knowledge that I'm almost 50/50 across the board. You'll be surprised the boost that can give you in a tournament .

The Armies

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
Dark Eldar	42	20	7	15
Flesh Tearers	13	5	1	7
Necrons	15	7	1	7
Iron Warriors	13	5	0	8
Sisters of Battle	2	2	0	0

Unsurprisingly the Dark Eldar, my first army, has fought more battles than anyone else. After all they have been in 3 Tournaments this last year so that accounts for 13 of those battles.

I did, however, get surprised by the fact that the DE make up nearly half of my battles. Not only that but they are positive with wins against losses; not bad for a "weak" army. The others are not that surprising as they are all fairly new and have been much underused; the Iron Warriors are currently on a 3 game losing streak. Will have to do better next year.

Oh and the Sisters have been a surprise so far but then they haven't met any power armour, expect that to change when they meet Dave's Marines and Nik's Bezerkers. Should be messy.

Anyway that ends this extravaganza in statistics and, who knows, in a year's time I might bore you to death with the updated ones. Be interesting to see how they change and grow over next year.

Nick Jenkin



I hate Eldar



It might be a year late but we don't care. Paul has dusted off his Dark Shadows campaign booklet and hordes of man-things. And here's the state of play so far...



OK, folks, the 2002 league is done and dusted, but what about next year? Well, as the league has sort of worked this year, they will be another opportunity to pickup the Pixie Jam Trophy next year, however we're going to be making a few changes.

CLUB CAMPAIGN DARK SHADOWS



Well the mists have recoiled and the armies made a bid to land on the shores of Albion. First came the Nipponese but the shoreline was held stoutly by some Orcs. The Orcs scoring a

direct hit on the ship in turn one with there Snotling crewed Rock lobber, the Japanese had to swim for the shore, a lot didn't make it but those who did soon learnt how to kill Orcs in close combat. Further down the shore a Goblin army made the mistake of trying to land on the beach held by High Elves. Bolt-throwers are deadly against troops packed into landing ships!

Is that nice? Do I make comments about your snaggle-toothed, arse-dragging, leg-humping, crotch-smelling, ball-licking Dog soldiers?

No, we Samurai at least know the meaning of honour!

SMS LEAGUE 2003 BRAGGING RIGHTS

The main point of the league was to get different people to talk to each other, however because it was originally structured as a 'home & away' type of thing, we had to close the league about half way through the year so we stood a chance of finishing it. Unfortunately by September it became apparent that format wasn't working because people were trying to fit league games in rather than play new people.

So, we opened the league up again and introduced the league rating (basically points divided by games played).

This system works quite nicely as everybody, even really new members, can be involved with the league, and with the qualifying period of ten games the ratings are actually representative of somebody's skill (as opposed to their luck).

However its become apparent that the bonus point system we have does create two problems: it makes anybody who has scored a lot of bonuses uncatchable in the league (this mainly means me and Matt), and makes it very difficult for anybody with a rating above 2 to improve (because we've got to keep on wiping opponents or they rating drops).

To get around this we're taking away the bonus point, sort of. Instead of the victor earning the bonus point for a wipe out, the loser loses a point for being wiped out or massacred. Or to look at it another way, the loser gains a point for not being massacred.

Anyway, to sign up, see either myself or Dave 'Other Muppet' James and the new league starts from the 1st January 2003. Good luck!

Richard Kerry

"Well, we Samurai fight for the Emperor, the Light of Heaven so, I suppose we fight for good, our good that is"

Kasumi, the Emperors Hound

After a lull Marauders from the Empire landed and although the Dwarves had a cannon they used wet seaweed as a wick with it failing to fire on several occasions. Go Halbards! The Lizardmen had heard of a Vampire incursion and had sat up all night offering moral support to the Dwarves (and a couple of Stegadons) as the thrall Nathan had thought better of the idea.

Paul Russell
Money Muppet

2003 UPDATED RULES

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.

David Offen-James
Other Muppet

2002 SMS LEAGUE

THE RESULTS

AND THE DUST SETTLES

Well folks what a year we've all had!

I'll start this look back by explaining just where the league came from, as Richard needs as many words as possible to pack out the last page of the newsletter (*ed - lies all of it*).

The idea of the SMS league was initially a way of getting you members to have a reason to keep coming to our then fledgling gaming club (especially as we had to commit to six months hall rental in advance). The possibility was always there that the club might not find enough regulars early on so I devised the league to give everyone a reason to keep turning up.

The league proper was under way, and a whole three battles were played at break neck pace at our inaugural meeting. Soon more members were signing up and proclaiming their victories, and the initial records chart was incredibly close with only a couple of points separating the entire field. The arrival of the wipe out bonus really started to get things moving (too much so as it turned out, but hindsight is a wonderful thing).

By and large it seemed to be working really rather well, a surprise, as I was behind its evolution. Right from the very beginning challenges were thrown down and people (that's you folks) seemed to be enjoying the competitive edge that the league can give to battles.

Then we ran into a problem. New people at the club weren't getting games against regulars because they weren't signed up to the league and everyone wanted to play league games. So a few tweaks had to be hastily made. We changed the system, so that a player's points total would be divided by the number of games they'd played. This gave everyone a grading of

between 0-3. The beauty of this system, is that new members can come in and compete straight away, instead of having an impossibly large points tally to have to chase. Once a new league entrant has amassed ten results, a half reasonable average can be established and this official grading can then count as an official league score. This prevents a person winning one game, achieving one wipe out, so having a maximum score of 3, and leading the league tables on one game result. This, we felt, would be just a touch unfair (oh and you'd kill us!).

With the evolution of TEAM MUPPET, and the odd tournament or two being entered by various members throughout the year. I'm sure the league has helped them to prepare, and work out suitably nasty armies. But it's not just been about beards, as many have had real fun (I know, I saw you) playing with small forces or strange scenarios of your own invention. I hope you all agree that declaring your battle as a league game does do something to spice up the whole evening.

This years overall winner will, at the last club meeting before Christmas, be receiving the soon to be

Bragging Rights 2002

Player	Won	Drawn	Lost	Bonus	Played	Points	Rating
Richard Kerry ¹	17	0	2	12	19	46	2.42
Matthew Pinto	12	2	1	7	15	33	2.20
Dave Driver	8	0	6	8	14	24	1.71
Nick Jenkin ²	9	1	7	9	17	28	1.65
Nathan Yates ⁴	7	1	5	5	13	20	1.54
Dave Offen-James	13	1	7	5	21	32	1.52
Richard Cox	8	1	7	5	16	22	1.38
Nathan White ³	6	0	11	8	17	20	1.18
Antony Walls	3	3	4	1	10	10	1.00
Nick Doran	2	4	8	4	14	12	0.86
Peter Hibbett	3	1	8	2	12	9	0.75
Ross McNaughton	2	3	14	5	19	8	0.63
Paul Russell	3	1	14	3	18	10	0.56
Dave McCoy	1	0	0	1	1	2	3.00
Steve Bonsey	1	1	0	2	2	5	2.50
Richard Crane	1	0	0	0	1	2	2.00
Jeff Crane	1	0	1	0	2	2	1.00
Mark Freeth	1	1	2	0	4	3	0.75
Lee Cook	0	0	2	1	2	1	0.50

coveted "PIXIE JAM TROPHY", and if you've checked out the web site at all lately, then you'll know who's getting it, and if not, then you can probably guess. So we all have to make every effort to knock him down a peg or two next year (*ed - oh, a challenge eh?*). As for the other positions this year, well I may not have won, but I had a bundle of laughs trying!

2003 sees a few subtle changes to the points system (see opposite page for more details), but nothing too radical. And just remember, next year, IT COULD BE YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Dave Offen-James
Other Muppet

Anyone with a greyed out bonus box has either received a bonus point for painting or sportsmanship, in addition to (or instead of) any wipe bonus points. The various trophies are:

1. The Pixie Jam Trophy, for winning the league.
2. The Sportsmanship Trophy, for, umm, being sporting... as voted for by members of the league.
3. The Best Army Trophy, awarded by the committee (after a lot of discussion).
4. And last, and very much least, the Beardy Trophy for Beardyness.



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

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Yahoo Group: groups.yahoo.com/groups/sadmuppets
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THE COMMITTEE

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

THE CONTRIBUTORS

(in no particular order of importance or achievement)

Richard Kerry, David Offen-James, Paul Russell, Antony Walls, Matthew Pinto, Nathan White, Nick Jenkin, Dave Driver, Geoff Crane, and Moonwhim

Santa Claus was not harmed in the publication of this Newsletter (mainly because of his penguin army).

TEAM: MUPPET

This year we were mostly defeated in...

Banbury (by Tony's car)

Nottingham

Bracknell

Bristol

Devizes

Nottingham (again)

Reading (Ross's fault)

Birmingham

Nottingham (yet again)

In 2003 we will of course attempt to improve upon this by being defeated in more places.

OTHER THANKYOUS

Dark Star
(for mostly supplying my next army at a discount)

Andy Chambers
(for not hitting us at Gamesday)

THE END OF THE YEAR!!!

Well kiddies, that's it for 2002 and the first full year of the Sad Muppet Society and what a year its been (even got to the big Gamesday thing, did I mention that...).

But, we'll be back next year of course with lots more muppet madness including Gamesday 5 on the 18th January, the new league, the grand Team: Muppet tour,

hopefully a VOID 1.1 battle report (from myself and Mr White), the rest of Drop Penguins (from that Nick fellow) and hopefully some new toys (come on, Christmas without toys, what fun would that be).

Anyway, until then, have a great Christmas and New Year.

Til next time, play nice.

Richard Kerry
Chief Muppet



VOID

THE LAST LAUGH

OR SOME MORAL SUPPORT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Picture the scene, a Battle Sisters squad is out on a mission...

Sister Superior: All right, Sister Catherine. See that Dreadnought over there? Go ahead and fire your meltagun at it. It's just like those passenger vans we were practicing on back in Rosencrantz.

Sister Catherine: That big red one over there? With the claws?

SS: Yes, that one. Paste it.

SC: (shouldering meltagun) Because red things are bad, right? That's why I'm shooting the hissy gun at it?

SS: Um...well, not _all_ red things are bad. The Flesh Tearers are our allies...technically...

Sister Margaret: Barely.

SS: ...Right, Sister Margaret, but we all recall what happened the last time someone used a meltagun to carve 'Sanguinius sucks!' on the back of one of their land raiders, don't we? And don't confuse Sister Catherine.

SC: I'm confused! I thought I just had to shoot it, not spell something on it.

SS: Just ignore Sister Margaret. Go ahead and fire the hissy gun at the dreadnought. It's a very naughty dreadnought and it deserves it.

Sister Patience: You can do it, Sister Catherine! We believe in you!

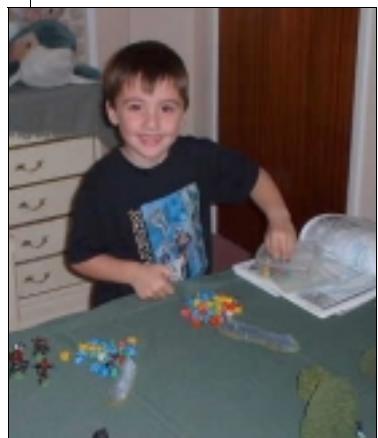
SS: That's right...our prayers will guide you. Fire away, Sister Catherine.

SM: (muttered) Because we're paste if that dreadnought gets in charge range and you only managed .500 on parked vans.

SS: That's QUITE enough, Sister Margaret! Look, she's crying now. I hope you're proud of yourself!



The big cheese, Dave Driver's Chaplin needs a jump pack so he doesn't trip over his beard



Young Master Jenkin, soundly beating his old man's Iron Warriors, a lot.



And finally here's a few minis from a fellow called Moonwhim ripped directly off www.coolminiornot.com.
A pot of honey anyone???

Merry Christmas!!!