

Warp Rift

The Battlefleet Gothic Netzine

May/June 2004

Issue 02

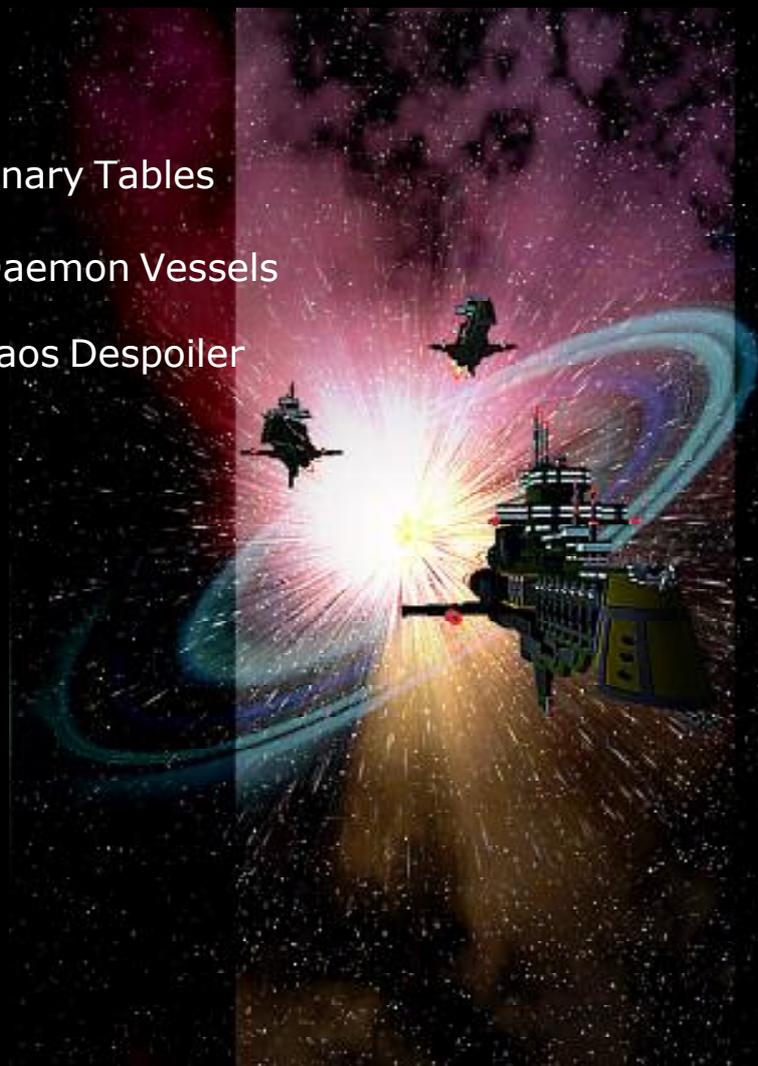
New Fiction

Expanded Gunary Tables

Alternative Daemon Vessels

Building a Chaos Despoiler

And More...



From the Nexus Publishing House

Warp Rift is not endorsed, nor does it endorse, Games Workshop, and it is not an official publication of Games Workshop. Any words, phrases or images are used without permission and no challenge is intended as a result of such usage, including the use of these words, phrases and images without the appropriate symbols of copyright. Additionally, these pages - including content, design and images - are copyright (except where such copyright would infringe other such rights). Licensed names, images and logos are copyright their respective companies or authors. No part of these pages may be 'borrowed' or reproduced, and no articles or rules should be considered 'official' in any way.

Please register your support for this publication.

Download your copy direct from the
official web site, at:

www.epic40k.co.uk/bfgmag/

Submissions:

All types of article are desperately needed, to keep this publication alive. In some cases, submission includes inclusion on the web site at: www.epic40k.co.uk. Please include a note with your submission if you would like this clarified. Submission via email implies approval for publication.

Send your submissions to:

New Rules - wr.rules@epic40k.co.uk

Focus Articles - wr.articles@epic40k.co.uk

Painting and Converting - wr.painting@epic40k.co.uk

Fiction - wr.fiction@epic40k.co.uk

Battle Reports - wr.batreps@epic40k.co.uk

Any comments, feedback or anything else, please send your email to:
warprift@epic40k.co.uk

Warp Rift Publication Team:

Iain (CyberShadow) - Editor, Battle Reports, Ships Mascot

Ray Bell - New rules

Chris French - Articles

John Webber - Painting (with help from CyberShadow)

Space Cadet - Fiction

Credits:

Title Banner - Nicholas Mariana

Cover Picture - Anatoly Matveyev

Additional Graphics - Nick Mariana, Ray Bell

John Webber, Lee Eldridge

Additional Fiction - CyberShadow

01

Warp Rift:
Volume One,
Number Two
May/June 2004

W
A
R
P
R
I
F
T

And so, issue two of Warp Rift hits us all. Firstly, I feel that I owe an apology for a few things. This issue is (again) a week later than I had planned. This is due to my 'real life' job getting in the way of what is important. I tried to tell them that this was all for a good cause, but work refuse to pay to do this. Highly unreasonable! I want to extend my thanks to the sub-editors, for bearing with me and waiting patiently.

This lack of time also results in a few changes to this issue. Unfortunately, the article that I had planned to introduce the various editorial team of this fine publication will have to wait for a future issue. I would like to say that it will be next issue, but I've made that mistake before. Also, the Astronomicon questions and answers make a temporary departure, but will return next issue.

Issue Two sees a compilation of signs of a serious Gothic addict, gathered by Norman. Norman also makes an appearance in the Officers Mess this issue, with a story written in collaboration with Khyron. Ray continues in his own particular style with an expanded gunary table and alternate rules for Daemon Ships.

After the success of the vessel displayed on the cover of our first issue, John has persuaded kr00za to part with a few secrets of how his Despoiler was made. Add to this a second work of fiction and a brief battle report, and we have a fairly packed issue for you again. We all hope that you enjoy this issue. If you have any comments, please dont hesitate to let us know. We want this to work, and we want you to tell us how. Until next issue...

Good hunting, CyberShadow

Issue Two - Contents:

Lock On

You Know You Have Been Playing Too	
Much Battlefleet Gothic If... (Norman)	03

Encyclopaedia Gothica

Alternate Gunary Table (Raymond Bell)	07
Daemon Ships (Raymond Bell)	08

The Dry Dock

Kr00zin' (kr00za)	11
-------------------	----

Officers Mess

Not All Is As It Seems (Norman)	16
Memories (Norman)	18

Ships Log

Recon Engagement (Chris French)	20
---------------------------------	----

Void Stalker

Docking Claws	21
Incoming	21

You Know You Have Been Playing Too Much Battlefleet Gothic If...

Suggested by the greater gaming web
community, compiled by Norman, edited by
Chris French

- (1) When watching sci-fi movies, you wonder if the weapons being fired count as lances or weapons batteries.
- (2) You think the Death Star blowing up was caused by rolling a double-6 on the critical hit table.
- (3) You have begun to model your first Emperor Battleship at 1:1 scale (you'll be finished painting the first bolt any day now)
- (4) You believe that your 6+ Space Marine armor causes the enemy to roll sixes more effectively.
- (5) You cannot understand why they don't use hundreds of expendable indentured workers to load the torpedoes in Star Trek.
- (6) You have attached working rocket engines to all your space-ships (just in case).
- (7) Your fleet outnumbered Battlefleet Pacificus, and you still think you don't have enough ships!
- (8) Your latest conversion took
- (9) You see a sailboat and think "Bloody Eldar".
- (10) You write posts about Battlefleet Gothic at 6:47 AM on a SUNDAY!
- (11) You wonder what the broadside WB firepower of an Imperial Star Destroyer is.
- (12) You have already calculated the number of launch bays a Star Wars Trade Federation Battleship actually has.
- (13) When watching a Star Trek or B-5 re-run, you smile inwardly at how the upcoming Emperor's Great Crusade will wipe 99.9% of those accursed alien Xenos out of existence in only another 20 - 30 thousand years.
- (14) You have "conclusive proof" that the Romulans evolved into the Eldar.
- (15) Your 20-month-old son knows

to handle your cruisers so that he does not snap off the antennas.

(16) Your wife sees you looking at toothpicks and saying "torpedoes...".

(17) Your wife recognizes the difference between the fleets (Chaos, Orks, Imp..)

(19) You play D&D and think the Orks there are a fungus.

(20) You walk into the local GW store; you are greeted by first name, and they ask you about BFG rules.

(21) The owner of another store asks you to help organize a RT tournament after the game re-release. (If it happens I'll be asking for advice from the list).

(22)) You start naming your ships after the wife, kids, nieces, nephews, other family members, friend and then you start with the family pet's names.

(23) You begin to wonder if your bosses really are members of a Chaos cult.

(24) You see any sort of ship model and start thinking about how you can convert it.

(25) You always try to park your car with its side towards the sun.

(26) You're free to commit crimes,

as you can move your car two times compared to the police moving only once.

(27) You answer your telephone with "Hello, you're talking with Fleet Commander/Prince/...".

(28) You turn pale as your flagship gets shot to pieces -- as you suddenly fall back in reality and remember that you had a date with a lovely girl five hours before the game, but were too busy thinking about attack plans (and this really happened to me).

(29) You go steal golfballs at a nearby course to make moons and asteroids.

(30) You send to GW mail order for a pile of ships and do not even have to wonder how to put them together without any instructions....

(31) You've spent more on the fleet than your SO.

(32) Or your car.

(33) You have to get a 3rd Mortgage for the fleet you are dreaming of.

(34) You buy a trailer and have it especially fitted out to transport your fleets -- complete with alarm system, and your own multiple boxed spare minis just in case you need a few more.

(35) The parts that make up your hulk cost more than your first paycheck when you were a kid.

(36) You can use the phrase "Well, the first three Desolators I built..." and not feel silly.

(37) You say "brace for impact" before an argument with your wife.

(38) (God help most of us) You have X number of fleets and you are still impatient for the Tau and Dark Eldar. :-p

(37) You are checking posts at work, then start writing a note and put down the initials CM for Case Manager, but realize you are thinking "Chaos Marines".

(38) You take your ships to work with you to paint or assemble on lunch hour.

(39) You start gossiping to co-workers at the water cooler about the heated arguments between Orkyboy and D Causey.

(40) You are Orkyboy or D Causey.

(41) While walking down the street, you glance at every discarded piece of foam/cardboard/wood for possible use in your new space station, while ignoring the scenery... (that's me).

(42) You must visit the Split Pig Inn to recover from the agony of losing to a kid that could be your son.

(43) You insist on only renting red cars when you travel because you are sure they go faster.

(44) When traveling, you turn in your laptop/digital camera bag as checked baggage so that you can be sure that your spaceship miniatures in their customized porter are hand-carried. Especially when you tell them the ship classes names like Dictator, Murder, Carnage, Slaughter, Terror ship, Reaper or talk about the 40K universe in general.... <<grin>>

(45) You get stopped and interrogated by airport security after your spaceship porter is zapped in the X-ray machine and flagged as suspicious. They let you go with your ships only because they get tired of listening to you talk for 30 minutes straight about what a cool game Battlefleet Gothic is.

(46) You go to a gaming store you haven't visited in nine months and are recognized immediately as "the Battlefleet Gothic guy."

(47) The owner pulls you aside to tell you all the straight gouge about BFG he heard direct from GW distributor, and you tell him with sincerity his source is misinformed.

(48) You've offered to pay Bob DeAngelis large sums of money so that he will will you his ships.

(49) You've ordered a subscription to Soldier of Fortune's Spanish edition just in case Bob accepts you're above offer.

(50) You start counting your fleets and the number of ships and start comparing it to everyone else's.

(51) You start comparing fleets and realize that you could have put yourself through school with the investment.

(52) You compare fleets and realize that you have had to keep a secret budget in order to prevent your relationship from becoming a divorce statistic. (Ow! :))

(53) You just went shopping, for some toys for your son, and found yourself looking at them as potential spare parts for modeling if he broke them.

(54) Just last week you went and bought four miniature ship models (imported, no less) *just* so you could get the turrets out of 'em... you have no interest in actually building the ships themselves at all!

(55) None of the things the posters are saying are danger signals seemed odd to you!

And one from Your Obedient Sub-Editor...

(56) You have ever been detained by local law enforcement because you discussed Chaos cruisers around mundanes. ("Yeah, Devastation is OK, and I like Carnage, but for now I'm just sticking with the quadruple Murders... umm, what seems to be the problem, officers?")



Alternate Gunary Table

Ray Bell

The Gunnery table has flaws but is still functional. I've taken the Gunnery table and realigned the firepower values to be steady in the column shifts and increase and decrease as the original has strange jumps in strength and duplications (such as firepower 5 and 6). This Gunnery table also has an additional ten rows of strength, which I find are often needed. You will find that weapons batteries become slightly more potent overall.

Closing	Capital Ships	Escorts		
Moving Away		Capital Ships	Escorts	
Abeam			Capital Ships	Escorts
Defences				Ordnance
1	1	1	0	0
2	2	1	1	0
3	2	2	1	1
4	3	2	2	1
5	4	3	2	1
6	5	4	2	1
7	6	4	3	1
8	6	5	3	2
9	7	5	3	2
10	8	6	4	2
11	9	7	4	2
12	10	7	5	2
13	10	8	5	3
14	11	8	6	3
15	12	9	6	3
16	13	10	6	3
17	14	10	7	3
18	14	11	7	4
19	15	11	8	4
20	16	12	8	4
21	17	13	9	4
22	18	13	9	4
23	18	14	9	5
24	19	14	10	5
25	20	15	10	5
26	21	16	11	5
27	22	16	11	5
28	23	17	12	6
29	24	17	12	6
30	25	18	12	6

Daemon Ships

Alternate Rules by Raymond Bell

The current 'incarnation' of the Daemon ship rules in BFG are quite overwhelming. They are far too good! But are rarely used, this is probably due to them not being official until recently (no one wanting to play against them).

With the Official version you have the ability to teleport a ship pretty much on top of an enemy formation, great for the Slaughter! (With a Mark of Slaanesh the ship would cause -3 Ld to all enemy vessels within 15cm all the time being completely invulnerable! Crazy! A Slaughter with this upgrade would cost 210pts for an amazing advantage!) Or perhaps teleport the Planet Killer behind the enemy fleet, just wait until its solid! I think I've made my point. What I've done is to limit their power: they can only 'appear' near certain ships (Chaos ships), I've eliminated the scatter dice and they are dependant on the presence of Chaos ships with a certain upgrade (as having a Fleet of Daemon ships, was at best, ridiculous). Please contact me with any views on these alternate rules (my email address is at the front of this publication).

Daemon ships prowl through their own ever changing territory hunting any vessel to leave or enter the warp within their grasp. Hunting most commonly alone, haunting nearby space, killing or casting terror across local systems. Over recent centuries the sightings of these vessels has increased extraordinarily. Most sightings adjacent to the eye of terror. During the 13th Black Crusade theories of control or allegiance of these abominations with the Renegades of Chaos had been confirmed. The Renegades had some how found a way to snare these predatory inhabitants of the Warp.

Chaos Warmasters or Lords call upon these Ships of Daemon Kind via a Temple of Summoners built on their vessel for the worship and control of a specific Daemon ship. Only able to exist in real space for short durations Daemon ships are only summoned for battle, occasionally translating back into the warp to regenerate.

A Daemon ship requires a specific Temple of Summoners to be fielded (make a note in both ships stats). Which will be placed on a ship with a Warmaster or Lord replacing his Mark of Chaos option. To upgrade a Ship to a Daemon ship you must increase its cost as follows.

Battleship.....	+50pts
Grand Cruiser.....	+30pts
Heavy cruiser.....	+25pts
Cruiser.....	+20pts

Daemon Ship special rules

A Daemon ship may not have a special commander.

Daemon ships may not carry an Exterminatus weapon or score any points for landing troops in Planetary Assault. When a ship with a Temple of Summoners is on standby 'it's' Daemon ship may not enter play until this ship is 'awake'. During Escalating engagement the Daemon ship may not come into play until the capital ship with 'it's' Temple of Summoners has entered the field.

Daemon Leadership is normal (1=6, 2-3 =7, 4-5 =8, 6= 9).

The Daemon ship has its own attack craft limit and so will never contribute to the fleets attack craft limit.

Deployment by Warp translation

A Daemon ship may be kept off the table until summoned or deployed as normal. To Summon a Daemon ship, during the beginning of the Movement phase(before any ships have moved) place the Daemon ship 4D6cm away from 'it's' Temple of Summoners in any direction, facing in any direction. It may not be placed in celestial phenomenon or on any other ships base or ordnance marker. Until the 'end' of the 'next' Chaos end phase the Daemon ship is spectral and will not affect anything else on the board (may not shoot or be shot at, is unaffected by ordnance and can't launch any, it cannot interact in any physical way!), the Daemon ship may then move in the movement phase as a normal ship, it may use special orders to aid its movement. Any enemy ship within 15cm of the Daemon ship when it is spectral suffers -1Ld when attempting to go on special orders. At the end of the end phase roll to make the Daemon ship solid if you wish (but not if it is in contact with ordnance or an enemy ships base), on a 2+ it is solid and acts as a normal ship, on a 1 it is still spectral (you may try again in the next Chaos end phase). If the capital ship with the Temple of Summoners onboard disengages or is destroyed the Daemon ship will immediately become 'spectral' and disengage at the 'beginning' of the next Chaos movement phase.

Disengaging and returning- 'Haunting'

Daemon ships may automatically disengage at the end of their movement and then be 're-summoned' as above. This gives the enemy player victory points for the Daemon ship disengaging (unless it is destroyed or crippled). In the warp (when disengaged) you may reload ordnance (the attack craft translates into the warp), repair criticals as normal and repair hits when you return:

Roll a D6 with the following modifiers +1 for being a battleship, +1 for each full turn it has been in the warp. 1-3 = No change, 4-5 = 1 hit repaired, 6 = 2 hits repaired.

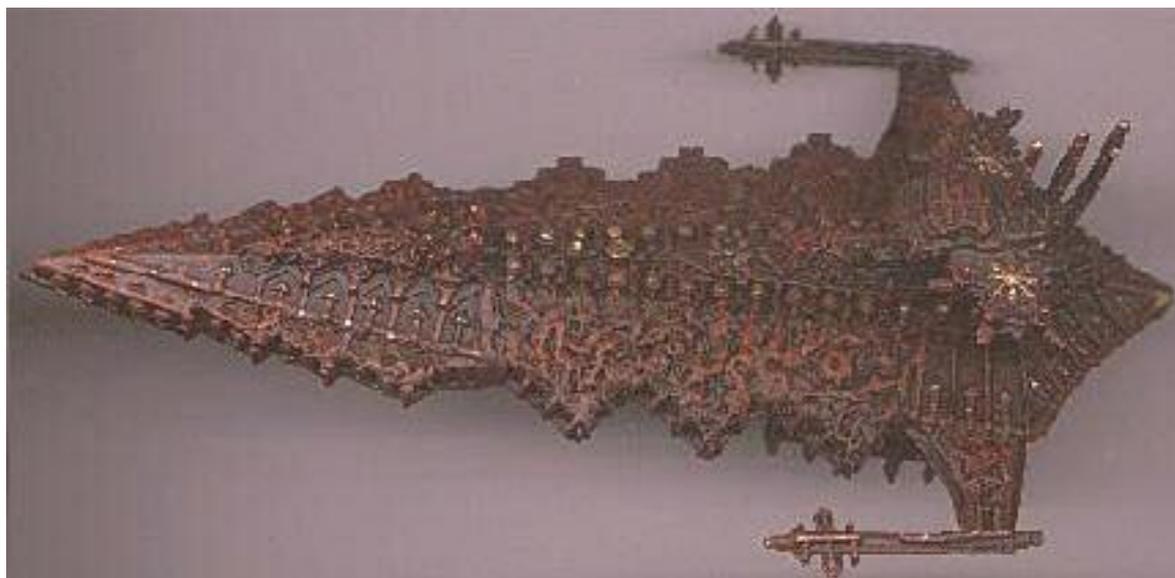
Squadrons

Daemon Ships may be placed in a squadron with the ship that summoned it (remember to keep squadron coherency). But may not squadron with any other ships (unless part of the Lord or Warmasters squadron). As you can only have one Lord or Warmaster in a squadron you will never have more than one Daemon ship in a squadron (Unless using the Original Chaos fleet list). Note that if you roll four 6's when placing the Daemon ship it would 'normally' be out of squadron coherency (being 16cm away), ignore this just make sure the ships are within 15cm of each other at the end of the movement phase.

Marks of Chaos

Daemon ships may have marks of chaos at the normal points value but will only be in effect when the ship is 'solid'. Daemon ships with Marks may only be summoned by ships with the same Mark, which in effect means only Chaos Space Marine ships with a Warmaster or Lord and Normal (Original Chaos fleet list) Warmasters can summon a Daemon ship with a Mark of Chaos. The Mark of Slaanesh costs double for Daemon ships! (50pts).

The Planet Killer may not become a Daemon ship!

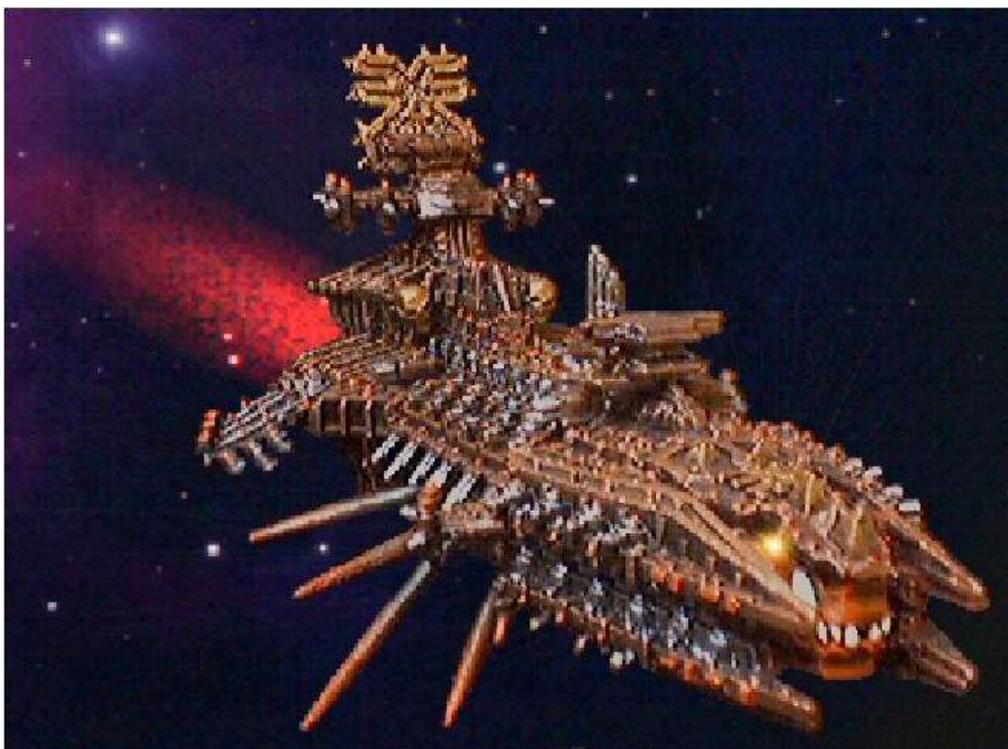


Soundlessly, the hanger doors slid back, in contrast to the sound of the klaxons which wailed to warn of the atmosphere leaking out. Debris was sucked out of the growing gap, as more of the vacuum was revealed slowly. A rotating light started up, as the crews of the Interceptors secured themselves into their respective vehicles. Landing pads rotated the craft to point towards the expanse of void, and they were suddenly catapulted out, through the open hanger doorway and thrust into the cold, uncaring space.

Kr00zin'

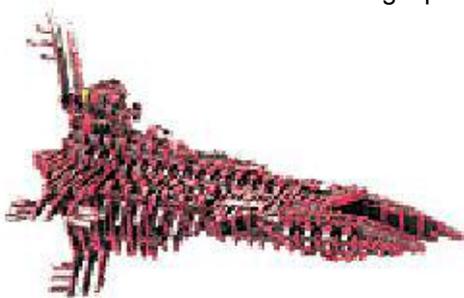
By kr00za

With the popularity of the vessel which graced the cover of our first issue, we thought it only proper to visit the dockyards or kr00za, and see exactly how it was all done.



Parts Needed:

In addition to a single plastic Chaos Cruiser, you will need:



1 BFG Chaos Despoiler



1 Extra Chaos Despoiler Upper Prow



1 Extra Chaos
Despoiler Command Deck 2



1 Chaos Repulsive
Grand Cruiser Wing



1 Chaos Repulsive
Grand Cruiser Bridge



1 Planet Killer Bridge



1 WH40K Chaos Juggernaut Head and Head-Plate

Construction:

One of the key components in giving this model its fierce Khornate character is the prow.

•1 *Building the Prow*

Cut the bumps off each of the upper prow sections and file flat so they will sit flush together and glue together.

Trim down the Juggernaut Head-Plate so it will fit into the prow section.

Glue the head and headplate together then glue to the! prow.

Cut a section from the Chaos Cruiser and use to blend the underside of the Juggernaut head to the prow.

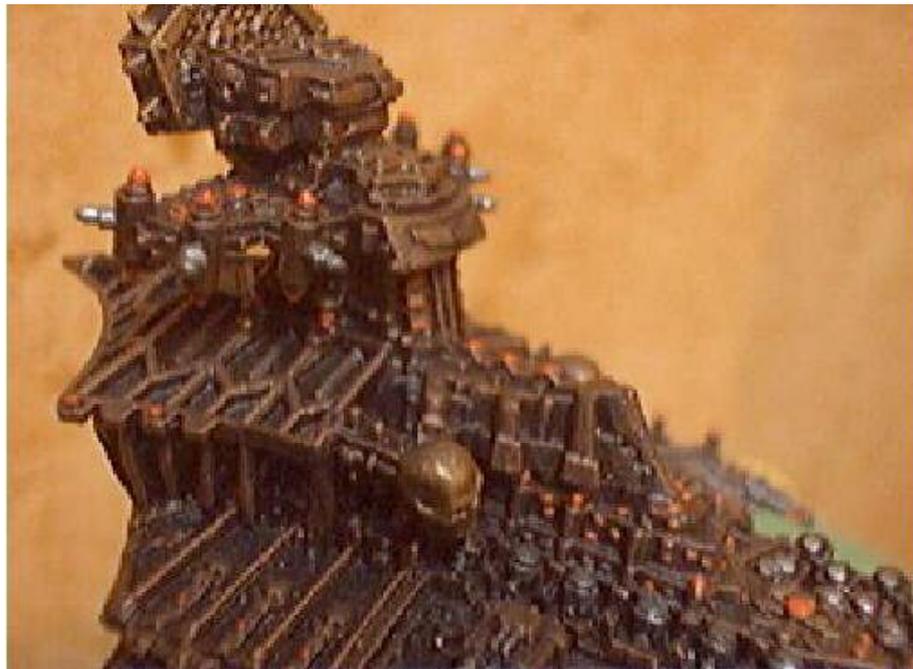


•2 *Building the Hull.*

Construct the rest of the model as usual.

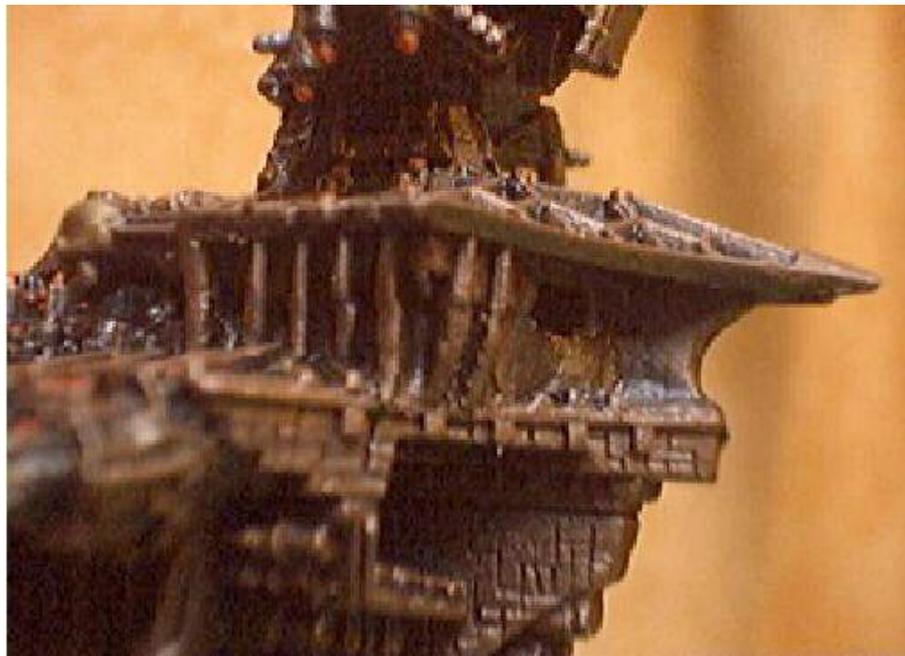
Use the rear section of the Chaos Crusier to raise the Stern of the vessel, and the under-prow section of the Chaos Crusier to extend it.

Again fill in any gaps, and add the Repulsive Grand Cruiser Wing to the underneath and the two Despoiler Command Decks to the sides.



•2 *Building the Bridge.*

Cut off the front most aerial from the Repulsive Grand Cruiser Bridge.
Glue on the Khorne Symbol and add the Planet Killer Bridge.



•4 *Finishing*

The rest of the model was finished using Chaos Cruiser parts, cutting sections from it to build up the under-side of the Despoiler.

Cocktail sticks were used as spikes.

Its hard to give good details about this part of the build as I didnt take any pictures of it at the time. But this stage of the build is more a matter of choice, anything goes really just so long as all the gaps are covered and your happy with the end result.



•5 *Painting*

I paint my ships using metallic paints. I think it makes them look more realistic.

My Khorne ships are painted by...

Undercoating Black.

Drybrushing with TinBiz

Inked in Black

Repeated light drybrushing of Beaten Copper.

Skulls n stuff lighty drybrushed with Bronze.

Guns and Aerials painted BoltGun

All lights and windows painted BloodRed.

Painting in this way gives the ships a metallic look but they still have a Khorne reddish look.

Not All Is As It Seems

By Norman

The throne room on the Planet Killer was almost crowded. Warmasters, lords, sorcerers, mutants, priests and prophets of the ruinous powers and even some daemons were present, all standing before their supreme lord's throne. Warmaster Abaddon, the Despoiler, Heir to Horus and First-Chosen of the gods of chaos had gathered them to personally ensure their loyalty and give the orders for the coming grand crusade that would topple the Cadian Gate.

The Warmasters Fathom and Captain Am Sinn knelt before the brazen throne. A broken body, once a great commander in the Despoiler's service and now reduced to host one of the infernal citizens of the warp, gibbered at them.

"Warmasters! You are both to take your forces to the Bygone system and attack the Planet Titlelist. It is a pleasure world for the imperial navy and guard. It is our will that you destroy the defenses and exterminate the planet's surface with Virus bombs. Smash away the imperial ships and orbital defenses. Leave nothing alive in the entire system."

Fathom lifted his head, but did not dare to look into the eyes of the Warmaster of Chaos. "Lord! I, warmaster Fathom can take this system without this cur's help! He is lowly scum. Even the enemy did not recognize him. He is only a captain, barely fit to command a cruiser!"

The massive figure on the throne shifted, his eyes gazing at Am Sinn's kneeling figure. A snarling laughter escaped the Warmaster's throat. "Beware of the sleeping tiger, Fathom. And do not question my decision again!" His Talon of Horus patted the daemon thing almost affectingly. "Now go and take command of your forces."

Both stood and bowed to the Despoiler. They

turned and walked out of the hall. Passing the two possessed dreadnoughts guarding it, Fathom suddenly turned to Sinn.

"Upstart whelp! I will prove you are not entitled to grace the presence of the Great Abaddon!" He literally spat the words at the other.

Am Sinn bowed his head. "If you feel this way, Warmaster, than I think you should have the honor of attacking Titlelist. My force will remain in reserve to counter any relief." Fathom stepped back, startled. Then he smiled. He had cowed that fool into fearing him. Good. "I shall do so, Sinn! And prove that you are nothing but a cur!"

Without any more words, Sinn turned and strode off. A medium-sized figure emerged from the shadows, when he reached the docking bay, joining his master. "I see, that you have set in motion your plan, hm?" "I have, Ian, I have. Fathom is a fool and Abaddon...well, we shall see. Now get the engines started. We have work to do."

"Great Warmaster! It is all Sinn's fault!" Fathom again knelt before the great throne. This time, he was alone in the presence of the Despoiler. Well, except his usual terminator bodyguard, who all eyed the cowering figure, ready to do, what their master, Abaddon, commanded.

"If Sinn had done as he was supposed to have, I would not have been slaughtered by the 13th Cadian task force."

"Is that so? I see." The daemon-thing at his feet giggled insanely, as the Warmaster beckoned with his claw and the doors opened.

Am Sinn strode in, lowering his head before the Chosen of Chaos and took his place beside Fathom. He sensed the other's growing irritation. "You heard what Fathom

said. What is your defense, Sinn?"

"Warmaster Abaddon, if you will please", said Sinn, pulling a little device out of a pocket and pushing a button. Out of the holorecorder, an image flared into life, depicting the two warmasters emerging from Abaddon's throne room. The speakers activated. Upstart whelp! I will prove you are not entitled to grace the presence of the Great Abaddon!"

"If you feel this way, Warmaster, than I think you should have the honor of attacking Titlelist. My force will remain in reserve to counter any relief." "I shall do so, Sinn! And prove that you are nothing but a cur!"

Sinn turned-off the recorder, looking at Abaddon.

"A nice trick, Sinn. And foresightful, too. My own sorcerer proves your version, Sinn." The terminator-armored figure looked sideways to Zaraphiston, whose hooded frame was barely visible in the throne's shadow.

"Yet, Fathom is the senior warmaster and the superior ship commander, I am giving him a new command."

Fathom looked up. It was true; he was senior and a gifted tactician. Surely, the Warmaster could not waste his talents.

"I am ready to take on new orders. This time, I swear, I shall not disappoint you, Great Warmaster!" "No, you will not." A slight gesture and two of the towering Black Legion

terminators moved beside Fathom took his arms and lifted him up. "Arrrghhh...but...but Lord! The new command...?" "Yes. A very special one! The command of Trowel shall be yours. Until you refine your tactical skills, anyway. Do not fail me." Abaddon's left hand padded the pommel of the daemon Sword Drach'nyen, which was suspended in a repulsor field besides the throne.

"Nooooo...have mercy, great lord! Not the Trowel, I beg you!" Fathom screamed, as the two hulking guards dragged him away. "Now, Sinn. You forced-back the Grey Ghost Space Marines from the system, I believe?" "Yes. I took minimal losses. A grand cruiser, a heavy cruiser and a survey ship." "Good. So, what shall I do with you now?"

"Lord, I am going to join my forces with that of Daemon Prince Khyron.", he said, silently turned and strode of the room. Another terminator lifted his Reaper-autocannon, but a curt gesture from Abaddon stopped him.

The heir to Horus smiled. Excellent. Khyron will have his hands full controlling the lot of his. If he succeeds, it will be time to remind him of his roots and who is the commander of the Black Legion. Infernal Guard...pah! If he did not succeed...well, so much the better.

Sinn walked out of the hall, passing the ignorant dreadnoughts. Briefly, he wondered of Abaddon's lack of anger, but he continued to his shuttle, anyway. There was a war to be won.



Memories

By Norman

2300 hrs a lone figure stands in the observation blister on the Despoiler Battleship 'Red Devastation'. This one location aboard the ship is a reminder of how small and insignificant we are compared to the vastness of space. Here is where he comes when he needs answers from the gods as well as when he needs to search his own heart. He stares out at the horrific beauty as his Ship enters the Warp. Captain Am Sinn recalls the events that brought him to this place and time in his life.

It seems like only moments before as he replays those days in his mind. The look on her face still burns in his heart. Why had he not been able to see it then? His beautiful Alexandria, a prize for any man, yet it was he, she loved. Daughter of the Governor to Theata Prime made her a valuable catch but her beauty alone had captured his heart. He was also a career man desperate to rise through the ranks in the Imperial Navy as his Family had for Generations.

"Am, You can not be leaving me so soon" she wailed! "You just got back from the planet Fallon VII days ago. I don't give a damn if your precious Admiral has given you command of a new battle ship. I wanted this time for us. To hold you and to have you hold me." She was speaking through tears of anger, "not counting the time we are apart."

He tried to explain his joy at the assignment. The pride he felt standing in the Great Hall. "Alex I love you very much, but I also love my career in the Imperial Navy. This is a great honor!" He had determined to take the Command before he even considered her feelings. At the time he felt she was being childish.

He could see her anger rise as she took a deep breath and practically spat her next words at him. "Well go back to your Dammed Ship, and your Dammed Navy, I'm returning

to my Father's mansion on Theta Prime, Ohhhhhh!" She spun on her heels and made her exit displaying her rage as only a woman of her beauty could have done.

He didn't go after her. Right now there would be no reasoning with her and he had a ship to ready for departure. Her father would calm her down and make her see the error of her ways. Any way those transport ships traveled slower than his battle ship. He could possibly make it back only a few weeks after she, herself arrived. If the Emperor was good to him on this campaign who knows, it could be over almost before it began. What glory that would be. A short but victorious campaign would mean riches as well as promotion. "Foolish Woman, She knows I love her."

What a different day he wishes for now, as his mind will not let him escape those dammed memories. Again this great Captain, known for his insight and great battle plans feels the pangs of doubt as again he asks himself, Why?, Why had he made such wrong decisions when it came to his personal life? Why could he not change the events of the past. Did the Emperor already know the outcome? Did he, and just refuse to see? Is destiny set before us to live out as puppets or is it our choice? Are the decisions of my future any better? Well my course is set, my path is laid based on the events of the past and I will see it through. His anger and determination rising within him as he recalls the events of the day that changed his course and his life forever.

Deep space, aboard 'Red Devastation' several months into his campaign. Overlooking the bridge arena sits Captain Sinn in his command pulpit. Listening to the sounds of the engines as they hum in the background and the feel of the ships vibrations as they come through his seat letting him know his ship is running like a well-blessed land speeder. Captain Sinn

overlooks a large, amphitheater-like bridge, with the controllers and servitors sitting at their stations, facing toward the arena. In the center of the arena, are the stations for the officers supervising the ratings and adepts. Walking on the walkways between the tiers, Captain Sinn watches his Chief Petty Officers walking among the crew dealing out punishment as necessary.

Knowing that his flag officers are located at the rear end of the bridge, above the crew on a raised platform performing their duties for the God Emperor, the Captain allows his self a moment of relaxation.

Coming up behind the Captain a tall Yeoman approaches the sitting Captain. "Captain Sinn, Sir, Astropathic message from the Governor of Theata Prime, said the yeoman. Had he the slightest twinge of dread when he took the slate? He saw the code 'EYES ONLY'." "Master of the watch, Take the deck, I'll be in my Quarters for the time being." Getting up Captain Sinn leaves his pulpit for the Captains quarters located behind his station.

Entering his quarters, the place he most feels at home. Captain Sinn makes his way to his desk. Surrounded by pic slates of all his favorite memories, pic slates of Alexandria, his wedding, his father the Fleet Admiral, friends from the Naval Academy, his first ship command, and trophies from many campaigns. Captain Sinn takes his seat behind the ornate desk that his crewmen secretly built for him on their last leave after celebrating the destruction of the Orks in the New Founders system. A cold chill ran down his spine as fear grips him for what the data message holds from Alexandria's father. Opening the data slate, Captain Sinn reads the message.

Dear son, I regret to inform you that my daughter, your wife is reported as being missing, presumed dead when the Passenger vessel May's Tide was reportedly destroyed by Pirates and Orks in the Newell system. The Navy originally reported the ship was destroyed by the Pirate / Ork force. What I

found was through my agents was an Imperial Governors son was commanding the Taskforce of Imperial Ships.

Apparently this was the fellows first real combat command. The Captain panicked, mistaken the May's Tide as a pirates vessel and gave the order to his taskforce to open fire. When he realized his mistake he attempted to cover it up. A friend of mine from the Inquisition discovered the truth but has been hampered in his investigation of the matter. Apparently this particular governor has more than a few friends in the Imperial Navy and the Inquisition as well.

If you should ever come across the IMS Imperial Justice commanded by Lord Captain Cornelius Adams, you will know who ordered the death of our beloved Alexandria. I am sure as a man of honor you will perform your duty as befits you. One more thing you must know my son. She was three months pregnant with your first child.

Later, when Captain Sinn failed to report to the bridge, Lieutenant Stephan by-passed the lock to the Captains quarters. Sitting in his chair was Captain Sinn looking out into space with a pic slate of Alexandria grasped tightly in his hands and his eyes a blaze. Without looking, Captain Sinn gave an order that would change his life forever.

"Lieutenant Stephan, prepare the taskforce to make a warp jump for the Calais system we are going after a Renegade Imperial Warship's". "Task force Adams has turned from the Emperors Guiding Light, we have orders to hunt them down and destroy them to a man" spoke Captain Sinn with ice in his words.

Turning from the observation blister Captain Sinn begins to leave. "Begging the Captains pardon, do you have orders for the fleet sir?" asked Stephan. "Yes, Commander prepare a change in course for the Newell System", "We must go and pay our respects," said Captain Sinn. "Then we will gather some supplies before heading to Twell".

Recon Engagement

By Chris French

The fight was the canonical Imperial v. Chaos shootout. What was decidedly non-canonical was the size of the forces involved - a mere 250 pts. each!

My Imperial force consisted of a Gothic escorted by two Swords, while my opponent used a Murder backstopped by two Infidels. Leadership on both sides was notable by its absence (Ld 6 on the Imperials; Ld 7 on the Chaos units). For this fight, we disregarded the rule about Chaos forces always having to have a Warleader, otherwise the Chaos forces would have been restricted solely to escorts.

Tactics were brutally simple. Both sides charged headlong at each other, then turned at close range and began blasting. First blood was drawn by the Gothic, and in no small manner - a lance shot annihilated the Murder's bridge, halving the Chaos CA's Leadership permanently!

Unable to score serious damage against the Imperial CA, the Chaos player concentrated on the Swords, and although he succeeded in killing both of them, the Imperials swatted both of the Infidels, leaving only the line ships to slug it out.

The cruisers exchanged shots, and maneuvered furiously to get at each other's aft arc. Neither side managed to score telling damage, until the Chaos player committed a serious tactical blunder.

The Chaos player wanted to get a shot off at close range. To do so, however, required him to remain in place for a turn. He tried to Come To New Heading (against Ld 4, remember), and failed, he tried again, and succeeded. His joy was short-lived, however. He had two blast markers in contact, which not only neutralized his shields but were immune to Blast Marker removal! The Imperial player showed no mercy; first passing a Lock On check, then plowing a full broadside of lances into the shieldless Murder. Result: One crippled Chaos cruiser. With his Leadership, firepower, shields, and just about everything else in ruins, the Chaos player departed the field with all haste, giving the win to the Emperor's finest.

A couple of points stand out in this fight. First, escorts are not all that effective in less-than-squadron strength. Second, if one has Blast Markers in contact, the last thing one should do is remain where one is.



Docking Claws

The best of the web, listing sites which deal with Battlefleet Gothic. If you have a site that you would like listed here, drop us an email.

www.epic40k.co.uk (www.epic40k.co.uk) - The host of this publication, www.epic40k.co.uk is a growing site featuring the EpiComms Forums for great Gothic and Epic chat, the Players Index to find players in your area, and the Spotters Guide, a discourse on the vessels in the game, as well as lots more.

[Port Maw \(www.one-end.com/portmaw\)](http://www.one-end.com/portmaw) - Currently undergoing a revamp, Port Maw has always been a favourite for web surfers looking for Gothic. In particular, the site has a large collection of new vessels for the game.

[Blackstone 6 \(http://blackstone.outpost10f.com\)](http://blackstone.outpost10f.com) - While currently not being updated regularly, there are still a lot of useful articles here, and some excellent extra counters and downloads.

The Golgotha Spiral

(<http://www.angelfire.com/games4/chubbybob/bfg1.htm>) - An excellent site focussing on the vessels of the Golgotha Spiral, and the unique vessels which patrol it. An gold mine for the Gothic converter.

Incoming

Got an event for Gothic coming up? Let us know. We want to hear about meetings, groups, conventions and games. So, put the word out, and drop us an email detailing your events.