



Mini-Campaign: Chaos Gate

By Tony Slade, aka Omega and Robert J. Reiner, aka Arbitrator General

The great foes of Humanity are the denizens of the Warp, yet in Necromunda they are rarely represented except in the excellent Purge! Scenario. Therefore, we decided to develop a story about an incursion of daemons into the Underhive where the Houses of Hive Primus can show their true mettle against humanity's greatest foe. It also gives us an opportunity to introduce a new Special Character to the game – the Inquisitor...

Report: 6235.45a9.001

Security: +++Vermillion+++

Date: +++Classified+++

Source: Temenos Hive

Topic: Possible Incursion

The fabric of reality is constantly being tested by the foul denizens of the Warp. The Undying Emperor's vigil of protection for humanity cannot be underestimated. However, sometimes, His eye is elsewhere; at these times, there are opportunities for the powers of Chaos to enter our realm, and to bring death, terror, and destruction.

When this happens, the first line of defense is usually the helpless and weak inhabitants in the locale of the incursion: hardly the staunchest of protection. But sometimes, such breakthroughs appear in areas that have people who are hardy and strong; people who will not bow down to such creatures of terror. And they will hold their ground until the Emperor sends a reprieve, since the Emperor has his agents everywhere. Any such influx is soon recognized and the vanguard of the Emperors will, the Inquisition, is dispatched to eliminate the foul beasts that sully our Universe.

CAMPAIGN INTRODUCTION

This campaign has been devised to allow Necromunda players to use daemons and Inquisitors in Necromunda. These elements are not meant to be a permanent fixture of the Necromunda Setting, but it is also known throughout the Warhammer 40K universe that Chaos and Daemons always show up where they are least expected, or at least where they think the Ordo Malleus is not looking.

'Unit 760, report your status, over.'

'Prime, this is 760, over. Area appears to be under control. The masses of people are going back to their business. Suspect is in custody and is injured. Confirm Medi-vac over.'

'Extract Zulu Alpha authorized over'

'Roger that Prime.' Ok boys; let's do this by the numbers. This here Wyrd is now the property of Lord Helmawr; let's get him up hive ASAP. Lock 'n load, we move in five.'

The Enforcers had no idea what they were getting themselves into. They had captured a wyrd, or so they thought. The cultist had another idea entirely. As soon as they landed at their supposed base, he planned to start his sacrificial chant and summon the bloodletters through him, even if it was the last act he ever did on this plane of existence. His master Khorne would be pleased indeed.

'That is our transport on approach. Saddle up and move out by twos, let's move people!' The Enforcer Sgt had no idea why his captive was smiling, nor why the kalma had no apparent effect on him. No matter. The captain could deal with him back at the Precinct; his job was just to get him there.

CAMPAIGN STRUCTURE

The Chaos Gate Mini-Campaign is designed to be played by multiple players at the same time, but can easily be played by just two. The special scenarios are explained in a fashion as to allow for multi-player games and the use of Arbitrators and their forces. Using an Arbitrator is not necessarily a necessity, but in a few scenarios, they could be useful. In addition, each campaign segment has events that are associated with it. It is ultimately up to you and your arbitrator how long a session lasts. Typically, this should be a week, or a local gaming night, or how ever long you wish to play that event for.

RULES IN THE CAMPAIGN

All the basic rules for Necromunda as outlined in the ORB are to be used, as well as any other official or experimental rules that you and your group see fit to use. There are a few special rules here and there spattered through out this mini-campaign. It is also recommended that Treacherous Conditions be used in these scenarios as the forces of chaos busting through in the Underhive would most definitely play havoc with the environmental controls, at least we think they would. With all that said, let's get to it...

EVENT 1: FOOTHOLD SITUATION

Report: 6235.45a9.002

Security: +++Vermillion+++

Date: +++Classified+++

Source: Inquisitor Ignatius

Re: Possible Incursion

In response to your earlier alert, I have the following information for you. Sweeps by the Adeptus Telepathica indicate weak, but multiple signals from the sector you are indicating for attention. Peaks were detected in warp-field fluctuations but they are not considered to be signs of imminent ruptures. As of yet we do not believe there is any significant threat, but that does not mean you should relax your vigilance. The mechanisms of the Great Foe are many and subtle, and you must always be on your guard. Be assured that we are monitoring the situation and should any signs become prevalent we will initiate the appropriate procedures.

Remember, Strength through Faith.

+++End Transmission+++

The Foothold Situation is the start of the events, which will ultimately lead to a fight for the very existence of the Hive. It represents the fact that warp space is collapsing close to Necromunda and generating unexpected and unknown goings-on. As a result, more and more chaos cultists, impure characters, and creatures are racing to Necromunda to get a piece of the action as they recognized the signs of an imminent arrival of chaos. Multiple portals to the unknown have been reported to the Enforcers which they are trying to deal with as best they can, while the Guilders, unaware of why it is happening, are at a quandary as to why all the products they make their living off are disappearing from their warehouses and stores and getting into the hands of their customers without paying. This event should be used in all games as an add-on. We

recommend that players should play about 2-3 games each in Event 1, and then move on to the next Event. Any scenario can be used except The Hit (Outlaw), Gunfight (ORB), Hunters (Outlaw), and any Rescue style missions. Follow the scenario according to its rules, but apply these special rules:

Treasure!!! At the end of the first turn, after all players have gone, place the large gas template in the very center of the board. If there is scenery in the way, adjust the template accordingly so that it is on ground level and as close to the center of the board as possible. Once the template is placed to the satisfaction of all players, place 10, yes ten, loot counters in the template. The template is to remain on the table the entire game and does not contribute any further to the game. These items are the items that have been disappearing from the Guild's warehouses and factories, slipping through the Warp portals too randomly appear scattered throughout the Underhive. The loot counters follow the rules for loot counters in the Scavengers Scenario (per the ORB) with one exception, their value. Any loot counters claimed by a gang will instead yield one random item generated on the Standard Rare Trade chart in the ORB, or 2d6x5 credits. Roll a d6 for each loot counter you are in possession of at the end of the game. On a result of '1-3' it contains an item and on a result of '4-6' it will contain the credits. Any items will be rolled on the Standard Rare Trade table in the ORB even if you are an outlaw gang.

I don't feel so good: During the post game sequence, any fighter that received the bonus experience points for getting a loot counter per the Scavenger Scenario Rules in the ORB must roll to see if they are possessed. This happens due to the item traveling through a Warp portal, which subtly alters the molecular structure, and appearing in a random location in the Underhive. By touching the item, the fighter is connecting to the Warp, with all its consequences. Roll a D6 on the Foothold Possession Chart Below.

<i>Foothold Possession Chart</i>	
D6	Effect
1-2	Nothing: No effect.
3-4	Sick: The fighter does not feel 'right' to himself. He is treated as if he went out-of-action and cannot work a territory, scavenge, or similar post game
5	Possessed: The fighter is temporarily possessed. He rants and raves, fires off a lot of ammunition, but the gang looks at it like he was drunk. Make a note on that fighter's roster area called 'Foothold Possessed.'
6	You seen Jimmy? The gang cannot find the fighter. Roll a further D6. On a result of '1-2' all of his equipment and weapons are gone too. On a result of '3-6' his equipment and weapons were left behind. Either way the fighter will never be heard from again. Cross him off your roster, even if he was your gang leader. In this case, treat the gang as if the leader had died in the last battle.



Guild Marshal Ragnora looked up as the small, red light on his desk intercom suddenly flashed. He leant forward, irritated at the disturbance, and pressed the answer button.

"Yes, Ragnora here. Who is this?"

"Guild Marshal, thank the Emperor you are there," said a breathless voice, "It is Guild Steward Lashar, from Sector 5b Gamma. We have a security situation in the Ororan Facility that needs your immediate attention."

"Explain yourself Lashar," Ragnora replied.

"Yes, Guild Marshal. At 0846 this morning, shift workers were arriving at the Ororan Facility when what we believe was a large explosion initiated on the plant floor. There have been multiple casualties, with many deaths reported. Early indications led us to believe that a plasma cooling system developed a leak, rupturing in the

vicinity of the fusion generator. We initially believed that it was an accident, but tech scans have indicated a warp residue present in the vicinity. As you know sir, standing Imperial orders from Governor Helmawr office are that all such events are to be reported directly to him, but I thought, what with all the other things that have been going on lately, I should contact you first."

Ragnora was confused. Lashar seemed to be talking gibberish.

"Other things? What are you talking about man?" Ragnora asked angrily.

"The disappearances sir. I sent a plaque to you last week telling you this." Lashar timidly answered.

Ragnora dimly remembered the report passing before him last week, but he had dismissed it out of hand. He had believed that it was simply fantasy by the workforce to get off of their shifts.

"Yes, yes, I remember. Very well, contact the Governors office. But get that production line back in order immediately, do you hear Lashar. I will not allow production to slip behind. Cordon off the area of the explosion and get those workers back at their post. NOW!"

EVENT 2: RUMORS AND LIES

At this point, the denizens of Necromunda know that something strange and disturbing is happening. Rumors abound and the local media has too much to report to report it all accurately, resorting to spin and hyperbole, which isn't that unknown in the media. During this campaign event prominent Guilders, Noblemen, and innocent gangs are suspected of harboring valuable stashes or have something the attacker wants. Either way, the Hit and Run Scenario from the ORB is too played by each player, at least once as the attacker and the defender. The following special rules apply:

Destroy the Power Source: In addition to the standard rules for the Hit and Run Scenario, the water still is a secondary target. A rumor or lie, depending on your gang leader's stance, has been told to the attacking gang leader by a random contact he has in the Underhive. He was told that the water still is actually a secret power source that needs to be destroyed. If the attackers are successful in destroying the water still in addition to their Hit and Run object, or if it is their objective, then they will receive a rumor, or is it a lie? Roll a d6 on the Rumor and Lies Chart.

<i>Rumor and Lies Chart</i>		
<i>D6</i>	<i>Lawful Gangs</i>	<i>Outlaw Gangs</i>
<i>1-3</i>	Rumor: A rumor could be a good thing, or even a bad thing. Your gang leader returns to his contact and the contact gives him a map to a new territory as payment for his serves.	Rumor: A rumor is always a good thing for an outlawed gang. The power source was of little concern as your contact cuts you in for a piece of his action. Your gang leader is paid 3d6x5 credits as a reward.
<i>4-6</i>	Lie: A lie was actually told to the gang leader, but he will never know. The gang leader goes back to his contact and the contact pays him 3d6x10 credits profit. Profit you say? Yes, profit, for as the gang leader takes the money the gang is immediately outlawed because the contact ratted him out to the powers that be and the water still was indeed a power source owned by a high-level guider that has now been put out of commission. The watchmen and Enforcers descend on your territories and you flee to the one territory you keep.	Lie: Lies are never any good for an outlaw gang. The contact has ratted you out because hitting the power source was a trap. D3 randomly determined fighters from your gang are arrested. Roll a d6 for each one. On a result of '1-3' they are immediately imprisoned and they, along with their equipment, are never seen again. On a result of '4-6' the charges are trumped up, it is the Underhive after all, and they are released after spending D3 games in Jail, which of course means they cannot participate (or add to gang rating) in those games.



Paolo and Reeve staggered down the street below the dim glow of the scattered glow-globes, which threw their shadows across the pale, plasteel pavement beneath their feet. A cold wind from the gigantic air conditioning fans high up in the roofs of the dome blew litter around their ankles in a spiraling, random dance.

Dellers Dump was not the nicest of areas, but both Paolo and Reeve knew the walkways and buildings like the back of their hands, since they had dodged and dived through them since they had been young. Normally, they wouldn't have minded walking through the area on their own, but recent events and local gossip had un-nerfed them, so that they had decided to walk home together from Delia's Place after a night on the Wild Snake.

"Ya' know, I 'eard that there was nothing left of old Ridkin except a smear on the alley floor, and a smell of ozone after that scream was heard," Reeve said quietly to Paolo beside him, "and Higris and Spall got there in seconds and they swear they didn't see nothin'."

"Yeah, its bloody weird mate, I tell ya'." Paolo answered, looking nervously over his shoulder towards the dark shadows behind them.

The friends carried on down the walkway, turning the corner on to Adalane Road. They immediately stopped, as ahead of them was pitch darkness. There were no glow-globes illuminating the area; no lights spilling out of windows or doorways to guide their footsteps. The darkness seemed physical, almost as if it was a viscous liquid enveloping all. Paolo looked at Reeve and Reeve looked back at Paolo;

"Bugger this," said Reeve, "Let's cut back through Hellsump Avenue."

The pals turned around, and walked back the way they had just come. As they approached the entrance to Hellsump Avenue, an undulating, unearthly shriek echoed around the walls and buildings around them. Both men pressed themselves against the nearest wall and pulled guns from their holsters.

"What the Feth was that?" said Paolo, glancing up and down the walkway, scanning and scrutinizing every dark, shadowed niche, nervously fiddling with the handle of his autopistol.

"You don't think it's...like...you know...that thing that got Rid..." Reeve suddenly paused in the middle of his reply as a scrabbling noise above them suddenly broke the quiet, whispered conversation. Both the friends looked upwards, slowly and measured. As they examined the rooftops above them, a shadow broke away from the overall background darkness and skittered directly towards them.

"Run!" Reeve screamed, "For Feth's sake, run."

Both fighters scabbled away and ran for their lives. Looking straight ahead, fearing to look behind them for fear of what they might see, Reeve, followed by Paolo, ran as fast as they could. They could hear the pounding of feet behind them, interspersed with the sound of long, sharp claws scabbling for purchase against the plasteel walkway.

Reeve suddenly turned right into an alleyway and scrambled over the rim of a dumpster.

"Come on Paolo, get in," Reeve called to Paolo, "It's almost on us."

Paolo leapt up and Reeve grabbed his hand to pull him in. Suddenly, the creature that had been chasing them rounded the corner of the alley. Reeve and Paolo looked at the creature, both frozen in fear and terror. The creature slowly came into the small circle of light from a glow-globe above the alley. The creature was truly horrific. It looked like some sort of terrifying hound, but this was one was not covered in cuddly fur. This one was covered in some form of red, armoured scales; around its head was some sort of fan, tipped with vicious spines and spikes. Its tail was tipped with what looked like a scorpion's tail, with liquid dripping and oozing from its tip. But these were not the most horrific attributes of the creature that the friends were noticing. What entranced them were the green, glowing eyes and the long, brutal teeth in the creatures' mouth.

Slowly and menacingly, it crept towards them, a deep and guttural growl coming from its throat. It did not take its eyes from them for a moment, and the friends did not break the gaze either. It stopped about 10 feet from them, growling and moving its tail back and forth in a hypnotic manner. Paolo and Reeve were transfixed by it, Paolo half out of the dumpster and Reeve holding on to his arm.

Suddenly it leapt forward and Reeve let go of Paolo's arm with a scream. The creature landed on Paolo's back, and dragged him down from the edge of the dumpster's side. The crash of the hound into the dumpster knocked it back a couple of feet and the raised lid fell down, putting Reeve into utter darkness.

"Aaragh...no...no...oh my God...no...ah...urgh...argh...please...no...no...please....." came the pleading from beyond the protective metal sides of the dumpster.

Wrapping his arms around his legs, Reeve curled up into a foetal position and sobbed and whimpered as he listened to the events outside. Eventually the sounds died down. But Reeve did not move; he couldn't. The sounds of his friend and colleague being torn to pieces just a few inches from his place of sanctuary had broken his mind and he remained there, simpering and crying until others heard the sounds and found him several hours later...

EVENT 3: FREE FOR ALL

“Dog One...Dog One...this is Sector control. Please respond. Over.”

“Zzzh...Zzhh...This is Dog One...We are at... zZh... Gamma 4...Mob on...ZzZzh...outnumb...Zzzh....d...please send...zzZzzhz... Over.”

“This is Sector Control, Dog One. Please repeat you last message. Over.”

“Sector...Zzzhz...citizens looting...Zzzh...Numerous unidentified creatures reported....Over...zZzZHh...”

“Roger, Dog One. Please repeat location Dog One. Over”

“ZzZzzHhh....zZzzHh...”

“Please repeat Dog One. Over”

“ZzzZzHhh...”

“Repeat Dog One. Over”

“.....”

During this campaign event, everything is starting to get out of control. All the gangs are having problems controlling their territories. There are roaming bands of beasts running through settlements. More and more Enforcers are being diverted to this section of the Underhive, but there are rumors abounding that the Imperial Guard or even Space Marines have been seen in the Underhive. Who really knows for sure? Truth be told, the gangs are just trying to keep order in their settlements, drinking holes, slags, and other various territories. During ‘Free for All’ any scenario can still be played. Life in the Underhive is just getting worse, far worse. The following rules apply each and every post game sequence:

Common Folk: Once you and your gaming group have played a few ‘Rumors and Lies’ scenarios the gangs will start to notice that the locals are getting a little restless. There are weird things happening. The balance of power is shifting from one gang to another, outlaws are running rampant through the shanties and settlements, and in general, nothing seems to be what it really was before the warp rifts started happening. The locals are so on edge that communities are banding together to help each other. During any game in ‘Free for All’ in which both gangs get to use all their fighters, a lawful gang that is defending will have D6 Common Folk come to their aid against the outlaws, even if the attacker is lawful too. The Common Folk will even help Enforcers. The

common folk appear at the edge of the defenders deployment zone, closest to the center of the board. Roll a d6 for each common folk on the chart below.

<i>Common Folk Chart</i>	
<i>D6</i>	<i>Common Folk</i>
<i>1-3</i>	Juve Stats armed with a Stub pistol and knife
<i>3-4</i>	Ganger Stats armed with a Shotgun w/solid and scatter rounds and knife
<i>5</i>	Leader Stats armed with a Chainsword and Autopistol (one max, re-roll other results of ‘5’)
<i>6</i>	Ganger Stats armed with a heavy Stubber and knife (two max, re-roll other results of ‘6’)

Common folk are controlled by the defending player and are treated like fighters of the same type as those in his gang; after all, they are just common folk under the protection of the gang aren’t they? This means that they benefit from the gang leaders’ leadership when in range, test to escape pinning when in range, and test to break when someone within range gets taken ‘down’ or ‘out-of-action’ just like any other friendly fighter.



Enforcers: In this time of shortages and chaotic happens, all Enforcer Precincts will patrol at full strength (10 man squads) and the successive game restrictions are ignored temporarily.

Shortages: Weapons and ammo are even scarcer then before. Hired Guns are buying up more stock then usual, Guilders are hoarding personal stashes, and the Defense Force is limiting as much military equipment as they can.

Rare trading has been hit even harder. When you attempt to find rare trade you must modify the number of items found by '-2.' Treat all negative and '0' results as no items offered. In addition, all ammunition checks are taken at a '-1' due to the fact that ammunition is scarce as well. Although more frequent, ammunition checks will not be adjusted past '6+' and all checks for exploding weapons are taken on the weapons base ammunition check number.

EVENT 4: PURGE

The Imperial Battle Barge broke through the electric blue cloud cover 15 miles above florescent ash wastes of Necromunda's vast, desolate badlands and swung down towards the vast spire of Hive Primus. Navigation lights intermittently flashed below its dull, metallic fuselage and guidance thrusters ignited as the pilot guided the streamlined vessel towards the landing pad, stretching out from the gargantuan needle-like tower rising up from the surface. It slowed rapidly, swung around and landed, steam venting from its landing gear. As the engines whined to a standstill, a large doorway swung down like the jaws of a giant creature beneath the barges bridge. From out of the barges gaping maw, a solitary figure walked. He walked with the confident steps of a man sure of himself and his abilities. He was armoured in golden carapace armour, chased and fluted with intricate designs. A deep, crimson robe pinned with an emerald brooch on his shoulder fluttered in the dusty wind. In his gauntleted hands, he held a vast hammer nonchalantly, which crackled with electrical energy. He looked around at the vista around him, taking in the scene and waiting.

Behind him came a squad of soldiers; dressed in grey fatigues, respirators hiding their faces and rifles held across their chests, they formed ranks on either side of him and waited. Looking around at the assembled soldiers, the powerful figure wrapped his crimson cloak around his golden carapace armour and strode onto the landing pad and through the archway leading into the upper hive. The Inquisition had arrived.

The Inquisition has been seen on Necromunda. They have started at the top of the spires where their land craft has been spotted spilling out their Storm Troopers and henchmen in search of leads. The Underhive is being cordoned off and no one is allowed over the wall, to or from the Underhive. The Necromunda Defense Force reserves have been all called up and a few Inquisitors have been seen in all their glory,

scouring the Underhive and purging beasts, Wyrds, and saving as much of humanity as they can. In all games during 'Purge', the following special rules apply:

Spyrers: No new Spyrer gangs can be used. In addition, any Spyrer gangs that complete their vows are isolated in the Underhive and must continue to play until the next campaign event.

Defense Force Surplus: The supply shortages are over, for now at least. With the stream of military types running all around military equipment is freely available on the black market. The following items are available as common items to every gang, lawful or unlawful, but at the half the cost listed in the trading post section: Las Pistols, Lasguns, Grenade Launchers, Lascannons, Flak Armour, Frag Grenades, Respirators, and Photo-Visors. There is a catch though. After the credits are paid for the item roll a d6 for each item separately; on a result of '1' the item is defective and useless. Cross that item off your roster.

Hired Guns: All hired guns want more action, and the protection that gangs can provide them as well. All hiring fees for hired guns are halved, rounded down, or a minimum of 10 credits. Although it may be cheaper to hire them, all hired guns still add their normal amounts to your gang's gang rating.

Wyrds on the Loose: Due to the weakening of the fabric of reality that separates the real universe from the Warp, Wyrds are discovering that they have a new access to the energy sources that feed their abilities. Whenever a gang hires a Wyrd there is a chance that they will immediately go rogue, but they are also tending to be more powerful. All hired guns and other Wyrds, except for Ratskin Shaman, have twice the number of powers. Roll twice on the relevant charts when selecting their powers, but there is also a price to be paid. At the end of each player's turn, roll a d6 for each Wyrd that they are in control of. On a result of '1-2' the Wyrd is suffering the influences of the warp storms and immediately switches sides. Your opponent now controls that Wyrd. This means that Wyrds may switch sides many times in a game.

Special Scenario: In addition to standard scenarios a new scenario may be used: Arbitration Scenario: Purge!!! This scenario must be played at least once by each gang in the campaign.

EVENT 5: STORMING THE BARRICADES

The Necromunda Defense Force is spread thin. The Ordo Malleus is on the planet and in force. The sloth and greed of the Noble House above the wall have allowed chaos to taint them at almost all levels. Although the taint is only temporary, it is being dealt with, and swiftly. Reporters have story upon story of this person or that being interrogated or not coming back from questioning.

The Ordo Malleus is doing their job and forcing back the chaos incursion at all levels. Their next step is the Underhive. The gang structure of the Underhive has allowed chaos to thrive and has halted its advancement as well. Although the chaos gods are trying to establish footholds through the Underhive, the constantly changing power struggle of gang warfare makes it hard for one side to be favored over another and this unbalance is working against the warp creatures and chaos beings. The Ordo Malleus has taken advantage of this and has set-up as many situations as possible to storm the barricades of the chaos encampments. The Ordo Malleus has also linked all the activity to what they are calling the Chaos Gate. This is an ancient device either uncovered or smuggled to Necromunda that is the center of all the warp fluctuations and fissures. In all scenarios during 'Storming the Barricades', the following special rules apply:

Prior Events: All the special rules from Event 4: Purge!!! are still in effect.

Newbie's: All gang fighters that are recruited into a gang start with 3D6 experience instead of 1D6. If this takes them up a level, or two, then immediately roll the advance. In addition, Juve start with 1D6 experience and if this gets them an advance roll, it is immediately rolled and applied.

Mysterious Healer: In all the chaos and confusion, healers and naysayers are appearing all over the place. In each post games sequence a gang leader may seek out healer by spending 1D6 credits. If the roll is '2+' then he is approached by a healer who can heal serious injuries for 50 credits each. For each 50 credits your leader spends, one serious injury of your choice is removed from a fighter in your gang. You may heal as many serious injuries as you can afford to heal. Roll a d6 for each injury that you heal in this manner. On a result of '1-3' mark 'Foothold Possessed' on the fighter's roster entry.

Special Scenario: In addition to standard scenarios a new scenario may be used:
Arbitration Scenario: Storming the Barricades. This scenario must be played at least once by each gang in the campaign.



"I want fire laid down on sectors 4, 5, 7, and 9. Squads are to hold their positions at all costs. We will not fall back, do ya' hear me Master Sergeant" the Captain screamed into the vox-mike.

Orlando Drien, captain of the 4th Platoon of the Necromundian 'Spiders', surveyed the scene before him. They had been battling against an unremitting enemy for more than four hours now. Casualties had been severe on both sides but still the enemy kept coming. His own command had been so reduced in numbers that he had press-ganged several, so-called Hive gangs into the Defense Forces ranks. Initially he had thought that they would only be a temporary stopgap until more Imperial reinforcements arrived, but several of the 'gangsters' had surprised them with their skill and strength. He had given one of these men, a grizzled veteran called 'Duke' command of two squads, and he was now over on the east quadrant defending the line admirably.

"Quadrant 6, what is your current situation, over" he spoke into the vox-mike.

"Feth, it's getting hot here. Mueller, Ghang, and O'Dol are down. We have multiple targets swamping the sensors and Mel says that something pulled five of his men over the wall. Can't say exactly what, but it wasn't human I can tell you" Duke replied.

Drien could hear the weapon fire in the background of the broadcast and knew that Duke and the men were under severe pressure.

"What's your supply situation like?" Drien asked.

"Energy packs are running low. Frag and Krak; well, I can count them on one hand. Can you re-supply?"

"That's affirmative Duke. I will bring the stuff myself. Be with you in five. Over"

Drien turned to the corporal beside him,

"Thorne, grab as many lasgun energy packs as you can and some F & K's from the bunker; we are heading over to Quad 6 for a recce and re-supply."

"Multan," he now spoke to the lieutenant scanning the kill-zone in front of their position through a visual scanner, "you have command until I return. I'm going to the eastern sector to re-supply 9th squad"

"Yessir." The lieutenant replied without ceasing his scan.

Multan came running up to Drien carrying two large ammo canisters and a rucksack on his back. The canisters contained the grenades and the energy packs were crammed into the rucksack. They both ran off between two, dark brown pillars supporting the platform above the command post, heading off towards the firefight in the east.

They started to hear the fizz of Lasgun fire and the distinctive 'crump' of frag grenade explosions several hundred meters from the eastern barricades. They sped up as they heard shouts and screams echoing through the dark, and as they closed on the positions, they could start to see the flash of the lasgun fire flying out over the tall walls overlooking the eastern quadrants fire-zone, striking at shadowed and unseen enemy rushing towards the walls.

Drien jogged up to the stairs which lead up to the walkways at the top of the barricades, with Multan following behind, panting with the effort of carrying the supplies. Above him, Drien could see guardsmen firing the rifles at unseen targets beyond the barricade, shouting encouragement at each other and pointing out targets in the murky distance.

He looked up and along the wall, trying to locate Duke and finally found him leaning over the parapet and loosing off his bolt pistol towards the base of the wall.

"Follow me," Drien said to Multan, and started to climb the stairs up to the top.

No sooner had Drien placed his foot on the first step then a large explosion shook the entire area. No more than 50 feet away a gigantic fireball ripped through the barricades wall sending metal shrapnel whizzing over their heads. Unfortunate guardsmen who had been firing their guns directly above the explosion were thrown up and way in great arcs, their bodies shattered and crumpled by the force of the detonation.

Dazed and bloodied, Drien lifted his head and shook it to stop the ringing in his ears. Beside him lay the body of Multan, a large, two-foot long shard of metal impaled through his eye-socket. Looking around him at the scene of destruction, he saw a dozen broken bodies scattered across the ground; some were moaning and crying for their parents or the Emperor himself to spare them from the agony of their injuries.

Grabbing hold of the stairs bent and twisted railings, Drien pulled himself shakily to his feet. He brushed himself down, and then started to look at the destruction caused to the barricades by the explosion. Looking upwards towards the balustrade that ran around the barricade top he noticed a form rising up through the rubble – it was Duke, the Hive gang leader that had been in charge of the sector. Drien waved to him and Duke raised a weary hand back in recognition. Then he seemed to be trying to say something but Drien could not make out what the words were: the ringing in his ears was still affecting his hearing. He shook his head to try to shift the disability and his ears popped, clearing the deafness. He looked back up at Duke and shouted, “What did you say?”

“Be...behind you...” the Duke replied.

Turning slowly, Drien pivoted on the spot to look at what Duke had been warning him of: standing before him was a creature that he had heard of only in his darkest moments; a daemonette of Slaanesh. The creature was about 6 foot tall, skin pale as ivory. It's eyes were large and effeminate and were set in a face so beautiful and seductive that Drien found himself transfixed as if roots had grow from his feet and dug deep into the ground.

The creature licked its lips with a tongue split like a snakes and strode hypnotically forward towards Drien. It did not have hands as such, but its arms tapered down into claw-like appendages razor sharp and dripping with the blood of guardsmen. It stepped forwards, sensually and insidiously, step by step until it stood before the Guard captain.

Drien knew he had to react quickly for these creatures were swift, agile, and deadly. He drew his power sword and plasma pistol and uttered the charge order to his remaining troops. Or, at least that is what he wanted to do, but his lips would not move. His hand signals were likewise useless.

‘By the Emperor, you shall feel his might!’ Drien bellowed and rushed the creature. He lifted his power sword and swung it in a high arc at the creature’s head but again, as he tried to move his feet, but they would not move at his command.

‘Fine’ he thought to himself. He pulled the trigger on his plasma pistol, set to high, and was astonished to see it was still in his hip holster. He had never drawn it. This could not be happening to him Drien thought. With his body not moving at his command he could only express true horror at what he was witnessing. He would not give in, as long as his thoughts were of the Emperor he would find his salvation, at least not of his own free will.

From the platform above, the former hive ganger Duke watched this, unable to speak or to warn Drien to flee. He watched as the creature casually leant forward and pushed its purple lips against Driens’, almost tenderly but with a purpose that was devious and sinister. It wrapped on arm around the guardsman, and slowly drew its other claw back before thrusting it forward through the chest of Drien. Driens body shook with the impact, but still the embrace held until Driens body slowly sagged and his head fell backwards, and the creature pulled its claw from his chest and the body slumped to the ground. The creature listed its appendage to its lips and licked the fallen guardsman’s blood from it with its forked tongue. It then raised its head, looked directly into Dukes eyes, and hissed through bloodied lips; Duke offered a prayer to the Emperor for he knew that his time of release had come.

EVENT 6: CHAOS GATE

+++Start Transmission+++

Reference: Temporal Warp Rift –Classified---

Security: Vermillion

Date: Classified

Location: Classified

Source: Inquisitor Ignatius

My Revered Lord,

The fear that our order have long contemplated has happened. My investigations have lead me deep into the depths of the primary habitat hive of the Planet [censored], and the rumors and speculations have been proved true.

A deceived initiate of a heretic cult has initiated a cataclysmic sequence of events leading to a 'rip' in the fabric of reality separating our universe from that of the foul, despicable denizens of the warp. This has lead to creatures of our greatest enemy entering our realm in great number, slaughtering and murdering the innocent citizens of the hive. Planetary Defense Forces, alongside armed militia and citizens have tried valiantly to hold back the flood, but they have suffered considerable casualties and deaths.

The location of this 'Chaos Gate' is included in this Cipher-plaque, but I will give a brief description of the portal myself: The 'Chaos Gate' itself is a large, circular doorway, some 12 feet in diameter. It stands high up upon a tower in the depths of the Underhive in the Shenandoah Facility. An altar of sacrificial bodies lies beneath it, made up of so many bodies, twisted, beheaded and so charred beyond all recognition that I am unable to ascertain the number of innocent victims used to open the portal. The area within the portal itself is an ever-changing visage; colours and visions blurring and mutating into each other randomly and erratically.

Through this portal, I have witnessed myself, using my Servo-skull, the foul daemons of Chaos entering our realm. Registered signs indicate that all the major forces of chaos are present, and I fear an unholy alliance has been formed to utilize the opportunity that this prime site offers them.

It is my conclusion that a major, strategic effort is made to close this so-called 'Chaos Gate' with immediate effect. I am marshalling my forces as I write this message, and will initiate an assault at the first appropriate opportunity, but the

influx of these creatures may be such that my efforts maybe in vain, therefore I urge the Order to send additional forces immediately.

Your faithful servant,

Lord Ignatius

Strength to the Emperor!

+++End Transmission+++

This is the climax of the Chaos Gate Mini-Campaign. All the forces of chaos have been beaten back, whether or not it was due to the efforts of the Inquisition, the Necromunda Defense Force, or the gangs and settlements may never be known unless the Chaos Gate can be closed. This scenario should be played as many times as your group wants, but should always be played until the gangs are successful. The Chaos Gate must be closed and the Ordo Malleus will do everything in its power and throw every resource it can muster to this end. The following special rules apply to the Chaos Gate Event:

Prior Events: All the special rules from Event 4: Purge!!! and Event 5: Storming the Barricades are still in effect.

Special Characters: If you group allows the use of special characters then they will come out of the woodwork now. As long as a gang can afford to pay them and meets their individual payment needs, they will fight to close the Chaos Gate. This means there is no need to find them, just pay them.

CAMPAIGN WRAP UP

With the closing of the Chaos Gate the Imperial forces, from the Defense Forces to the Inquisitors that landed on site to contain and purge the situation, the Underhive has taken substantial hits to its economy, lifestyles, and general outlook and mood. A few months after the closing of the Chaos Gate things should return to normal. With all the battles and dead laying around the Underhive is an easier place to scavenge, for the time being at least. All gangs are given a reward for their involvement. Roll a D6 to determine your gang's reward on the Campaign Wrap-Up Chart.



<i>Campaign Wrap-Up Chart</i>	
<i>D6</i>	<i>Reward</i>
1-2	Warzone: The Underhive has been laid to waste. For your gang's efforts you earn 100 credits to put in your stash, and D3 rolls on the Imperial Loot Chart below. Next, your gang returns to its territories and finds that they area is decimated by a battle or more. Your local rivals are nowhere to be seen. Roll three times on the Standard Territory Chart in the ORB. Immediately add one of those territories of your choice to your gang's list of territories.
3-4	Military Contact: Your area of the Underhive was under the control of the Necromunda Spiders. A few battles were fought here, but you still gain some nice rewards. Since your gang helped out the winning side in some fashion you immediately are paid 100 credits to put in your stash and gain the Guilder Contact Territory. In addition, a few military units are being decommissioned and the fighters are being allowed to return to their lives. Roll a D6. On a result of '1' nothing of note happens, but you get to roll D3 times on the Imperial Loot Chart below. On a result of '2-3' your gang may recruit a 'Juve' armed with a laspistol and knife for free. He will start with 11 experience points and you must roll two advances for him as well. On a result of '4-6' your gang may recruit a 'Ganger' armed with a lasgun, laspistol, and flak armour for free. He will start with 40+D6 experience and you must roll two advances for him as well. Any 'free' fighters still contribute the standard amounts (base cost plus equipment) to your gang rating.
5-6	Mother Load: Your gang returns to its territories to find random debris from a firefight of great magnitude. Imperial wreckage and dead soldiers are everywhere. Roll D3 times on the Imperial Loot Chart. Apply Warzone, Military Contact, and roll D3+1 'free' items on the standard rare trade table. These 'free' items are immediately added to your gang's stash without having to pay for them. They are all salvaged from the area. Then, once this is done you stay around to cleanup the area. The locals learn to love you. You may add a Settlement Territory to you territory list as well.

<i>Imperial Loot Chart</i>	
<i>D6</i>	<i>Imperial Loot</i>
1	Your gang salvages a las pistol, flak armour, and one fighter's work of frag grenades.
2	Your gang salvages a special weapon. Roll a further D6.
	1 Grenade Launcher with Frag and Krak Grenades
	2-3 Flamer
	4-5 Meltagun
	6 Plasmagun
3	Your gang salvages an Imperial vehicle squadron and finds enough parts and equipment to sell to the Guilders for 6d6x5 credits profit.
4	Your gang salvages what appears to be a slaughter. You actually find an Imperial Guardsman alive that wants out of the Guard. He was a member of your house before being pressed into the Spiders at the start of the Chaos Gate Campaign. He will join your gang for free. He is a standard 'Ganger' with 40+3D6 experience. Roll all advances on your house. In addition, he is armed with a knife, flak armour, laspistol, frag grenades, and a lasgun. His cost is free to you but he will still add his standard amount (base + experience + equipment) to your gang rating.
5	Your gang salvages a heavy weapons squad emplacement and finds enough parts for one complete weapon. Roll a further D6.
	1-2 Missile Launcher with Frag Missiles
	3-4 Heavy Bolter
	5-6 Autocannon
6	Your gang salvages a dead Imperial Commissar and finds a power sword, plasma pistol, bio-scanner, and carapace armour. (Re-roll if this result is obtained more than once.)

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Tony Slade been dodging and diving, over and through, the pipes and walkways of the Underhive for many years. Rob has a bunch of Necromunda things under his belt, but with all the 40K campaigns out there and players using chaos and daemons, he just loves the opportunity to put his cool looking Inquisitor backed up by his Kasrkins in the Underhive for a mission or two.

Jahn Beurk opened his bloodied eye and looked around the room at the people gathered around him. His other eye was so swollen from the beating that he could not open it, and, he thought, he was unlikely to be able to ever use it again. He had so far accomplished his mission so far, to tell the tales of his house's exploits in closing the supposed Chaos Gate. It was real to them all, even he was there. Many a god fighter, friend, or respected local lost their lives in the past few months, but he was a survivor and was ready to take his beating today.

He studied the three men that were in the room with him, slowly focusing on their apparel and faces: one was an Imperial Guard Major, a member of the 'Spiders', Necromunda's resident regiment of the Emperor's army, dressed in grey fatigues. The Major had a black goatee flecked with grey and his head was cropped close to his skull. Across his right eye, a long, inflamed scar stretched from eyebrow to chin.

The other figure was a priest of the Imperial Cult, dressed in a dull red robe with a gold, intricately woven hem. His face was hairless, as was his head, but coming out of the back of his head were a multitude of wires and tubes, twisting down to a small steel box on his belt that had a whole host of buttons, dials and protuberances.

The final figure was the one who scared Beurk the most; he, or it could have quite probably be she, stood quietly, and inputted no opinion into the conversation between the other two. The figure was very tall, almost 7 feet, and was dressed in a deep blue, almost black, hooded cowl and robe. At his side was a large, scabbarded sword that had a pommel in the shape of a skull that had ruby eyes, which the figure rested his velvet-gloved hand upon. On one of the fingers was an intricately fabricated ring; it was a fine carving of two intertwined serpents each feeding on each other's tail.

As he stared mesmerized at the ring the finger flexed, and he heard a whispered voice that asked, "What have you seen?"

The voice made him start out of his trance as it seemed to come from all around him, but at the same time it seemed as if it had been whispered just to him alone.

"I don't know what it was," he cried out.

The priest and the Major stopped the conversation and turned to look at him.

"What did you say?" the major asked.

"I answered all your questions. Let me go, I have nothing more to tell you," Beurk replied.

"We will tell you when you have answered our questions fully and to our satisfaction. Until that time arrives, you will sit quietly. Do not shout out again unless we speak to you. Do you understand?" The priest enquired.

Beurk remained silent and the Major and the priest took this as an affirmation and returned to their conversation.

"What did you see?" the voice asked once again.

This time Beurk did not cry out. Instead, he remained quiet and still, and looked resolutely at the bloodstained floor beside the chair that he was strapped too.

Again,

"What did you see?"

Beurk looked up at the Major and the priest. It could not have been them that spoke; they had their backs to him and were talking to each other and paying him no attention.

"Answer me," the disembodied voice spoke again.

Beurk looked up this time, straight at the hooded figure. He stared into the shadowed folds of the hood, trying to make out some feature or shape to the darkened face within. As he stared at the figure the priest and the Major ended their conversation and with one last look at Beurk, then a nod of affirmation to the hooded figure they turned and left the room, closing the heavy, plasteel door behind them.

So there they remained, Beurk and the unknown hooded figure. No conversation passed between them for several minutes and neither did each other move. Finally, Beurk said,

"I have told all that I know. The stories where hear-say and rumor, I know, but I have a job to do,"
The figure said nothing. He just waited, unmoving and Beurk felt like unseen eyes were boring into his very soul from the shadows of the hood.

"Look, okay, I'll tell you everything that I know," Beurk pleaded, "A noble of House Ulanti, I can't tell you who, client confidentiality you know, told me the facts and I just reported them as he told them. I did not knowingly lie, tell any untruths, or spin it. It was exactly how I was told"

For the first time, the hooded figure moved. He stepped forward, lowering the hooded from his face. Beurk could now see the man that had waited silently through the interrogation by the priest and the Major.

Beurk's first impression of the man's face was of a hawk. His nose was large and hooked and he had thin, bloodless lips tightly pressed together. The lips were now curled into a slight, knowing smile as he leant close to Beurk's broken and bloodied face. Beurk looked into the man's cold and black eyes; there was no distinction between pupil and iris, Beurk noticed, they were both melded into one. It was like looking into the vast emptiness of space; a void of emptiness and loneliness where a man would lose himself for eternity with no clue to which direction one should travel to bring oneself back to the warmth and security of companionship. Finally, the man spoke for the first time, but he did not open his mouth; rather Beurk heard the voice deep in his soul. The words branded themselves into his mind as the deep, cold eyes enveloped him,

"You will tell me everything....."

"Like Hades I will." Beurk tried to say, but before he could finish the statement a gauntleted hand shot forward and lifted his off the ground. The hooded figure swelled to its full height.

"Your life is mine to take. You will tell me all you know, the easy way, or the normal way. Tell me what you know and you may live, maybe. Otherwise you any your entire house shall be dermed heretics and Imperial Justice shall be exacted on your entire house. This is not a matter to be taken lightly. You and your underhive scum have no idea the evil you have wrought to your world. I am here to cleanse this evil and I WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS INSOLENT!" With little effort the hooded figure threw Beurk clear across the room with a wet thud.

When Beurk came too he had a major class headache. The Spider's Major was in the room as well as the hooded figure. Something was wrong though. He felt different. He looked down and saw tubes going in and out of various parts of his body. He had no control over his actions or his thoughts. He was reliving the past few days over and had no way to stop. He started to scream and passed out again.

"Major, press this Beurk into Imperial Service, effective immediately, then, transfer him immediately to the penal colony of Jurapa 7. I will deal with him later. His house shall not be as fortunate."

The two robbed Imperials left the room and the Major came to attention and saluted. "I shall not fail you my Lord." He immediately started the paperwork and prisoner transfer paperwork. This former ganger was in for a new world of hurt, and all because he was noble enough to put his house business before the Emperor's. This would be a painful lesson for his house, assuming they lasted the night.

"This is Major Zantos control. I need a cargo Valkarie sent to Zulu 715. Make sure that it is staffed and ready to go as soon as it lands for an immediate departure under fire."

"Roger that Major Zantos. Valkarie 4519 in bound. ETA 48 seconds."

"Confirmed control." The Major and his command squad, or rather what was left of it, escorted, rather guarded Beurk out onto the roof. They all watched as a full squadron of Valkaries and three Thunderhawks landed in the ash wastes near the encampment he had been taken too. The Hooded figure walked up to each transport and gunship in turn and prepared his troops. Beurk knew not what was happening other than he was being taken off world while the major equipment was being brought out of the Thunderhawks. Was this a cleansing or a take over? Clearly the Ordo Malleus meant to confirm for themselves that the Chaos Gate was closed. Better them than his men thought the major.