



# WAR MONKEY MONTHLY



“The Baldy Review”

## Monthly Newsletter for the Pacific Marauders Gaming Club

### Our First Issue!

Here it is folks; the most anticipate release of the year! Within these pages you'll find information about all sorts of Games Workshop products and events, as well as army profiles, short stories, and local gaming news. Read on...

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### Pacific Marauders on the Prowl

So it begins....The Pacific Marauders have made their move and captured an outpost along Mission Gorge Road and stand ready to pillage San Diego proper.

Who are they, you may ask, where do they come from? What is it they're going to do to me? Well cool your paws my little poo-tossers, this article will answer all your questions. But first, more questions:

Do you have a passion for Games-Workshop games? Do you play to have fun? Do you believe that sportsmanship and camaraderie are more important than winning? Do you hate cheesy armies and believe that mullets are out of style? Well, my bipedal friend, this may just be the Gaming Club for you.

Pacific Marauders is the premier Games-Workshop Club in San Diego. Composed of veteran, expert, and even (shock) novice gamers, the club is dedicated to the furtherance of this fine hobby and the preservation of the games as a plain-old good

time. Cheese is severely frowned upon and every member is hounded –er encouraged to play with painted armies. We only play the game for the sheer enjoyment of it and always look forward to meeting, and converting, people with the same passion.

If you think you'd like to be a part of the club, why not check us out at **Games Wherehouse** located at 3945 Camino Del Rio South Suite H in San Diego. We are there every Wednesday Night, and some of us are always there. You can also check us out online at:

<http://www.starbasejeff.com/cybercathedral/index.htm>

### Upcoming Events in San Diego

I was planning to include events at some of the other game store in and around San Diego but, as none of them have answered my inquiries I said, “screw it!” Games Wherehouse is the only store I really care about anyway. The owners are enthusiastic gamers and have welcomed the Pacific Marauders to their store with open arms. I will gladly provide the contact information for local stores, however. Perhaps, someday, they'll see the light and respect The Great Baldy when he comes a knockin'.

### Game Wherehouse:

Open gaming 7 days a week. Open from 10:00am to 9:00pm everyday.

Club Campaign: Battle for the Agrapinaa Sector in progress.

Mordheim Campaign begins Sept 29th  
40k League begins Oct 1<sup>st</sup>

### Contact Information

#### Game Warehouse

3945 Camino Del Rio South Suite H  
San Diego, CA 92108-4100

619-516-2977

[www.mksingles.com/index.shtml](http://www.mksingles.com/index.shtml)

#### Game Empire

7051 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., STE. 306  
San Diego, CA 92111

858-576-1525

[www.gameempire.com](http://www.gameempire.com)

#### Game Towne

619-291-1666

[www.gametowne.com](http://www.gametowne.com)

#### Knightly Games

1560 Ocotillo Dr. Suite C  
El Centro, CA 92243

760-353-5253

[www.knightlygames.com](http://www.knightlygames.com)

### The Knights of St. John:

#### A look at veteran player Jeff Vaca and his unique army of Black Templars

I recently asked Jeff (aka: Duece) to answer a short list of question about himself and his choice army. What I got was a lot more than I bargained for...

#### **Q: What kind of armies do you have and which is your favorite?**

A: Until very recently, the Knights were my only painted army. I recently completed a small Tyranid force, but it' s more for amusement than real competition. Soon I will have my 13th Company and Tau forces together and will begin the slow, tedious painting process on them.

#### **Q: With that many armies to choose from, why are the Knights of Saint John your favorite?**

A: I liked the idea of the Holy Crusading Knights. Their light shines into the darkest corners of the galaxy. Remember: "In the grim darkness of the far future, there is new hope."

*I have pursued mine enemies, and overtaken them:*

*neither did I turn again till they were consumed. I have wounded them that they were not able to rise: they are fallen under my feet. For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle: thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against me.*

*--Psalm 18:37-39*

#### **Q: You have a unique approach to your Black Templars army; can you give us some background for their theme?**

No society can exist in the complete absence of anything good. There will always be those, no matter how few, who will rise up against evil no matter what form it takes - and it is into this void that the Knights of the Hospital of Saint John of Jerusalem have stepped. The Black Templars are based upon the ancient order of Knights Templar, which sprung out of the first crusade in the shadow of the Knights Hospitalier (who' s existence actually predated the crusades). Having returned to their ancient roots, and recanting of their worship of the all-too-mortal Emperor of Man, the Knights of St. John have shed their black armor in favor of golden armor and now travel the universe on a new crusade: to free Mankind from both the clutches of the alien and the oppression of the Imperium.

#### **Q: In the EoT campaign and in the current Club campaign, Assault on Agrapinaa, you choose to play your Knights, why is that?**

A: Because they' re painted? No, seriously - they were still the army to play in any case. The vigilant watch that Mankind holds against the ever threatening nightfall of Chaos must be unwavering in it' s resolve and uncompromising in it' s response. Wherever the darkness falls, the light of the Knights must shine.

*The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.*

*--Isaiah 9:2*

#### **Q: How have you performed with that army in both campaigns?**

A: Win or lose, they always perform well, laying down their lives for the defense and betterment of their fellow man.

*He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.*

*--John 12:25*

#### **Q: What, would you say, is your typical force org**

***for the Knights and why?***

A: I like to play a lot of different lists (although I've gotten a little lazy lately and have been playing similar lists). Every tournament list that I have ever played has been different, but the best lists are those with an emphasis on troops, but enough different units or vehicles to make it interesting for both my opponent and me.

***Q: What is your favorite unit in your army?***

Far and away, my favorite unit is Squad Joshua - always bearing the black and green checked swords. Consummate Tyranid hunters and frontline shock troops, this basic squad is known by name far and wide by the enemies of Mankind, for even the lowly Neophytes have prevailed against Carnifex, Hive Tyrant, Genestealer swarm and Chaos Lord. What sets this squad apart from any of the other squad? Only those who have stood before them could tell you - but there are none left to tell!

*And ye shall chase your enemies, and they shall fall before you by the sword. And five of you shall chase an hundred, and an hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight: and your enemies shall fall before you by the sword.*

--Leviticus 26:7-8

***Q: Ok, lame question: Do you prefer shooting or assaulting with the Black Templars and why?***

A: Actually, a little of both. I have played all-assault armies many times (often with no heavy weapons at all), but it's much more fun to have something to do in every phase. And - it has yet to be seen if the new vehicle rules will be the death of the assault army...

***Q: Who has been your toughest opponent (general) and why?***

A: Including or excluding cheese-mongers? In my estimation, a great general is one who not only plays a good game, but also has a good attitude, a good army concept, a well painted army and who takes the time to actually learn the rules. The list of generals who I respect is long and distinguished, and will soon fill the roles of our new club.

***Q: What has been the toughest army for you and why?***

A: Speed Freaks. For some reason, I have developed a classic rivalry with the green-ones. They are fast, mean, and terribly hard to get out of their cans. Both victories and defeats have been sweeping and glorious and, I must say, I owe them one!

***Q: How long have you been playing 40k?***

A: I've succumbed to the addiction about 3 years ago.

***Q: What got you started?***

A: After playing just about every non-miniatures game under the sun, I was looking for something new - but I found it in something quite old. Pulling my dusty copy of Space Hulk down from the shelf, I found myself wondering what a Space Hulk game would be like with more miniatures and without a board. After that, it was all over...

***Q: What do you like best about 40k?***

A: The look of well-painted armies on well-made terrain. There's nothing like it.

***Q: What other kind of games, either GW or RPG, do you like to play?***

A: Bah to RPGs! (after many years of playing I finally quit cold-turkey and never looked back) I currently have a collection of about 300 games - most of them German board games, but others are war games (REAL war games), Avalon Hill, party games, a chess collection, other classic games, and many more.

Thanks Jeff for all your great insight. I'm not sure I like your aversion to RPGs (Burn the heretic!!) but, you can't please all the monkeys all the time...Jeff is a regular at Games Warehouse, a charter member of Pacific Marauders, and the site administrator for the Cybercathedral.

## **Chimps Choice**

A monthly review of new releases from Games Workshop and their affiliates.

September will see more than twenty-five new releases from citadel miniatures including a plethora of minis for the new Beasts of Chaos Army for WFB. More than nineteen new models will be rampaging across the battlefield with the beast herds including battalions of Ogres led by the Mighty Shaggoth. LoTR will be graced with four new releases this month including Tom Bombadillo and some jacked up hobbits resting peacefully on their biers. And don't forget the Cadians! With the release of the new IG codex, hordes of the human guard will be lining the selves at your local hobby store. The battle force is out, as are the command squads and the heavy weapons teams. Tau

Pathfinders will finally pick-up some heavy guns in the way of rail rifles and the Eldar are due for some new Wraith Lords. Specialist Games has seen fit to unleash the Carnival of Chaos upon the streets of Mordheim as well as some special Characters for Blood Bowl. Electronic titles are on the move as well with the release of Fire Warrior for the Play Station 2 and two army building CDs from GW.

This month's Chimps Choice has got to be the Chaos trolls. These mean looking minis will inspire fear in all but the most stalwart of troops and gamers alike. The models are sweet and grotesque at the same time. Protruding bellies, wicked maws, and gory weapons add to the models' gruesome appearance. They are a must have for the Beast of Chaos armory.

I must admit that I'm a little disappointed with September's releases. GW has once again shown its undying support for the foul forces of Chaos with more than twenty-eight of its forty new releases paying homage to the dark powers. How many new cultists do they need? The new army builders for 40k seem rather lame as well, though I have yet to check them out for myself. But a separate CD for the Enemies and Armies of the Imperium? At thirty bucks a pop, you're better off with Army Builder for all your gaming needs. By far the most disappointing part about the new releases is that ninety-five percent of them are metal. How are you supposed to convert that? I'm sure you expert modelers won't have too many problems but for novices and beginners, it can be a little tricky.

## **The Mighty are Fallen**

### **Part I**

Commander Ignaseous Maximus XXXIV scanned the horizon from atop the blue rock outcrop where his ground forces had assembled. The red sun of Tabor MK 7345.8.5 was setting fast and his time was growing precious thin. Chatter on the vox caught his attention.

"Commander Maximus.. Have you located the atrocity?"

Maximus continued to gaze south across the broken landscape, ignoring the pressing inquiry.

"Commander Maxim-"

"Not yet." He replied impatiently

Intel reports had confirmed a large force moving at high speed toward his position. Maximus

assumed that a scouting party, dispatched from recently captured outposts, was scouring this sector looking for the same Altar of plague and disease that he and his contingent of Grey Knights had been sent to eradicate. He knew instinctively that the enemy was pressing ever closer even before the telltale haze appeared in the cloudless sky along the southern horizon.

"Damn!" he spat "We're running out of time!"

He quickly withdrew his stare from the rising dust cloud and returned to his search. He was tempted for a split second to seek out the altar with his minds eye but quickly dismissed the thought. To use his powers so close to the shrine might invoke the daemonic powers to which it had been consecrated. Still, the sun was even now dipping low in the eastern sky. The Altar had to be found quickly. The veteran commander began to doubt he could secure the seething canker before the enemy was upon him.

"Yet, we must have faith brothers," he reminded his men as much as himself "We will find what it is we seek."

The Altar's location had been pinpointed to within a kilometer of Maximus' position but the fading light had made it difficult to see little beyond vague shadows. He continued to survey the surrounding terrain. There were few landmarks; heaps of broken blue rock here and there, odd crystalline spears that shot up from rifts in the cracked earth, ravines filled with putrid yellow mud that cut into the splintered surface and scarred the ground like an ancient wound. His gaze followed a long south running stream that boiled with the foul substance, it polluted reek nearly rocked the huge man back on his heels. And then, he found it. The rivers of mud converged in a massive pool of cankerous putrescence from which rose the diabolical shrine to the fetid God of pestilence and disease.

"I've got it," he announced over the comm. "All squads move to sector eight five dash ni-"

"Xenos!" Sergeant Ademinus shrieked like an injured whelp, cutting off his superior's last command. "Pirates sir, bearing point one two five and closing fast!"

"Too late," he muttered. "Belay my last.. all squads move to intercept."

His tone was sharp but collected, belying the fear that crept along his spine like a nagging pain. He had not expected these raiders. By all reports the

xenos pirates operating in this sector had either been destroyed at Fort Daka or were being engaged by the Knight of Saint John some three hundred kilometers east of the main continent. How the force before him had managed to escape total slaughter was beyond his comprehension.

“Where’s my Air support!?” he barked.

Just then, the pirate’s line erupted with explosions, racking three of their transports with orbital bombardment. Flames rippled along their ranks liberating several fortunate souls, redeemed by the cleansing fire. But it was not enough to halt their advance.

Engines whined as the raiding force exploded across the barren plain, quickly closing the three hundred meter gap. Black hearted warriors danced lithely across the yellow mud rivers, scrambling to reach their despoiled objective. Glittering shards of splintered crystal bent the last rays of the setting sun in to a macabre myriad of stinging death. Bolts of dark energy shattered the outcrop that had just recently hid the Grey Knights from view.

Five full squads of valiant space marines, the Emperor’s finest warriors, made their way resiliently toward the enemy line, ignoring the chittering of crystal as it glanced off their heavy armor. A detachment of high-speed jetbikes slammed into the nearest of these squads, decapitating three marines in their first pass. Behind them came the transports, overflowing with death and agony.

Maximus tightened the grip on his keen blade and quickly surveyed the battlefield. He had to take the battle to the pirates. He couldn’t wait for the vicious marauders to come to him. He gathered his bodyguard about him.

“We’re taking that shrine,” he said flatly  
“Terminator with me!”

His men straightened and the call and prepared themselves for teleportation. Maximus keyed the coordinates on his wrist-mounted navi-com.

“For the Emperor !”

Light flashed and for a moment the dark landscape was ablaze with an azure hue. The blinding flash was gone in an instant, echoing some four hundred meters from its origin in another brilliant spark of light. Too far. The massive suits of armor sank to the knees in a river of nauseating mud. The pestilent shrine was now fifty meters to the north behind the behemoths. Maximus spun about just as a salvo, loosed from the Valkerie

screaming overhead, decimated a squad of bat-like raiders, leaving only a smoking crater to mark the spot where they had taken cover. Between him and the shrine, Maximus spotted a lone squad of pirate warriors making their way up the steep embankment like shadows in the deepening twilight.

“Our first target. Move in and open fire”

The xenos squad, warned by the harbinger of the blinding light, was belly first in the muck. The initial volley had done little to thin their ranks.

“Charge! Kill the Alien!” Maximus cried.

His men replied with a guttural, inhuman roar as the smashed like comets into their prey. The weak and fragile pirates could find no quarter with Maximus and all of them, more than a dozen, fell bloodied and mangled to the mud beneath his feet.

But he had lingered too long. A transport, carrying the fell lord of the Alien scum and his bodyguard had turned a full circuit from the initial thrust and was now behind the Commander and his men. A blasphemous metal monstrosity slammed into his right flank just as the Pirate lord closed ranks with deadly speed. His men pressed in a tight circle, weaving and desperately fending off the deathly quick blows of the Dark Lord’s Incubi. Maximus, at the rear of the press, rammed his blade deep into the belly of the steel best, skewering the squealing abomination. He focused his mind then. In a shower of white-hot steel, the Talos exploded and buried itself in the sputtering mud, hissing as it sank.

The advance of the Dark Lord had been all too quick. Five of Maximus’ finest lay lifeless in the yellow slime and still the vile raiders pressed in. Maximus quickly surveyed the battlefield. The pirates were slowly falling back and on the defensive. The Valkeries had routed several of the raider’s hard won positions and the Jetbikes lay in a smoking pile on the nearside of the blue outcrop. A scream for his second in command, Lieutenant Timothy, jarred his thought back to the melee that whirled about him. Timothy sank to his knees and fell forward onto his chest. His headless torso twitched slightly as his crimson blood mingled and churned with the yellow sludge. The Dark Lord faced him then, hatred burned in its eyes like a blazing pyre. Maximus was beset on three sides, his entire squad was wiped out. Yet he fought on with the courage bestowed on him by his charge as the Emperors champion.

A massive power glaive swept his knees, felling him to the muck. He rolled to his back and instinctively raised his sword to ward the killing blow. Sparks flew high into the black night as another glaive struck his raised sword. A third drove in a high arc towards his exposed leg and severed it at the knee. The Dark Lord, patient to let his bodyguard take the man apart, laughed cruelly as blue lightning blazed down the course of his of his wicked claw.

Pain blinded the shattered Maximus; he could barely register the malevolent faces closing in around him. A flash of steel captured his eye and he followed the arc of the deathblow until it halted, millimeters from his neck. He could feel the power pulsing through the weapon. Sweat dripped into his eyes. The gurgling slime slithered into his severed limb, and burned with an intensity that he had never known.

And then, the blade lifted. Only to be replaced by the barbed hand of the Dark Lord. His vile grasp tightened around the man's neck and sent agonizing waves of pain into his skull and chest. Maximus twitched violently, blood and bile exploded from his mouth and nose.

Blackness took him then, stole him from the reality of the battle that raged about him, and delivered him into a nightmare he knew he would not escape...

### **In our next issue:**

Army Profile - Toni Judd: Death Wing  
Eye of Terror: fun or farce?  
Chimps Choice  
Battle for Agrapinaa Campaign Coverage  
*The Mighty are Fallen* part II  
And more....

### **And now for the disclaimer....**

The entire context of this newsletter is brought to you by The Great Baldy himself: Matt Gifford. The information contained herein is solely his opinion and does not necessarily reflect the views of the Pacific Marauders, Games Wherehouse, Games Workshop, or any individual or group associated with these entities.

Disagreements can always be settled at the gaming table...

If you have any questions, comments, or concerns, or if you're interested in getting involved, please feel free to contact him at:

[thegbaldy@yahoo.com](mailto:thegbaldy@yahoo.com)

### **Special Thanks to;**

My wife Noeli, for putting up with me.  
Jeff Vaca for his input and encouragement.  
All my battle brothers at Games Wherehouse.  
The Pacific Marauders Gaming Club

See you next month!

