



WAR MONKEY MONTHLY



Monthly Newsletter for the Pacific Marauders Gaming Club

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Welcome all to another swell edition of War Monkey Monthly. I cannot tell you how valuable all of your feedback has been in developing this newsletter. So many people have contributed their ideas and hard work to this month's edition, it is unbelievable. But more on that in the "Thank You" section. For now, let the Monkey howl!

Cheers,

TGB

Upcoming Local Events

Game Warehouse:

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

40k League begins Oct 1st

Mordheim Campaign begins Nov (TBA)

Game Towne:

Open 40k gaming every Thursday night from 6:30pm to 10:30pm

Game Empire:

Open gaming 7 days a week.

"Paths to Glory" 40k league in progress but "fresh meat" is always welcome.

And let's not forget:

LA Grand Tournament!!!

October 17th to the 19th at the Ontario convention center.

Contact Information

Game Warehouse

5995 Mission Gorge Rd – Suite C

San Diego CA 92120

619-516-2977

www.gamewherehouse.com

Knightly Games

1560 Ocotillo Dr. Suite C

El Centro, CA 92243

760-353-5253

www.knightlygames.com

Game Empire

7051 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., STE. 306

San Diego, CA 92111

858-576-1525

www.gameempire.com

Game Towne

619-291-1666

www.gametowne.com

Local Game Stores, and Beyond

~ By Jeff Vaca

As you stand clutching this copy of The Monkey in your hot little paw, you are probably already in touch with the local gaming scene. You probably

already know about the "Big Two" game stores in San Diego, namely Game Towne and Game Empire. You might even know about the new kid on the block, Game Warehouse. What you may not know is that there are other places worth checking out within easy driving distance. What are these strange and mysterious places, and where are they located? Well, stop yer howling. Come on down out of the trees and I'll tell ya.

The closest is **Game Cove**. Located just a pothrow away in sunny Carlsbad, Game Cove carries a variety of games including a fair quantity of Games Workshop products. Although a rather small store, Game Cove sports a fairly large number of long card tables as well as a couple of full-sized miniatures tables. They run Rogue Trader tournaments from time to time and have a collection of regulars that seem to be loitering about whenever I've been there. It's probably pretty easy to get a game in if you swing by - but I've never had models with me when I've been by, so I can't say for certain.

Continuing north, we have the **Adventurer's Guild of Riverside**. It's a bit of a drive, but well worth it if you are looking for a full day of gaming or, better yet, an RTT. I've been up there a number of times for tournaments and have never failed to have a great time. The regulars that hang out there are (for the most part) good players, hobbyists and all-around great guys. If you are going to the LAGT then you'll probably be seeing their names at the very top of the final rankings and/or among the award winners. The shop itself has a little of this and that (if you look carefully), but is by and large dedicated to the various GW games. They have a pile of 4x6 tables, plenty of terrain, lots of parking and fast food within easy reach.
Info: <http://www.advguildriv.com/>

Moving a little closer to the coast, we have the **Games Workshop Battle Bunker** in Westminster. They have 15 permanent, fully flocked tables with terrain specifically modeled for each one. What can I say about this place? If you are a player of GW games then you will feel like you have come home - but there are a couple of requirements if you want to actually play. They require a fee, which may either be paid on an annual (for the locals) or per diem

basis (for the visitors), and they want you to have fully painted models. Don't even think about showing up there with your plastic and metal army, or your battleforce from Planet Krylon. If you are ever in the neighborhood, you simply have to check this place out. They also have a calendar full of (what else?) GW events.
Info: <http://www.games-workshop.com/news/us/events/battlebunker/battlebunker4.htm>

For a change of pace, let's venture east of San Diego. Over yonder, beyond the mighty Lagunas, lies sleepy little El Centro - home of **Knightly Games**. A game/comic store hybrid, Knightly manages to stuff a startling number of tables into it's small space whenever they decide to run an RTT. Boasting triple-digit temperatures (outside) and players from both sides of the border, you are guaranteed to have a gaming experience like no other. Although a little light on terrain (consider bringing your own), they always manage to make it up with their enthusiasm.
Make sure to stop by in the summer and try out the very latest in asbestos-wear.

At this point I should make mention of the other venue that must be investigated. Although not a store, and certainly not available year-round, the **Strategicon** is a great place to play until you pass out. Three times a year (President's Day, Memorial Day and Labor Day) the Strategicon game convention is held at the LAX Westin Hotel in Los Angeles. Games of all sorts are played over the course of the three day weekend, but of particular interest to those of our ilk is the miniatures room. Tables as far as the eye can see, and nothing but time on your hands. Each con hosts a 40k RTT on Sunday, and it's not uncommon to see other GW related events and/or tournaments. You can even run your own, if you wish.
Info: <http://www.strategicon.net>

There are indeed far more stores in the Southern California region that host 40k monkeys, and I'm sure that some of them are noteworthy. Unfortunately, time, space and my limited experience conspire to keep the list short.

The Kabal of the Soul Reapers:

A look at novice player Matt Gifford (aka: The Great Baldy) and his cookie-cutter army of Dark Eldar:

Recently, a close friend of mine (well, Jeff's actually but any friend of the Monkey is a friend of mine) was giving some excellent feedback on what he'd like to see in future issues of War Monkey Monthly. One of his major interests was finding out more about the folks he didn't already know and the type of armies they like to play. He could give a fig about Jeff as he'd already cleaned his clocks so many times at the gaming table. So, I thought; "what the hell? I can count the number of people who know me on two paws." I decided to sit down with the monkey and let him fire off a few lame –er, poignant questions at me. This is what came from that whole dirty encounter:

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

Baldy: Well, I've only got the one: Dark Eldar. I started a small collection of Chaos before the new codex was released but have since given up on them. Who can stand all of that cheese? Well, not necessarily cheese, but chaos can be abused if you know what I mean. Khornate armies with two defilers and all...Any army can be cheesy in the wrong hands..I've also begun collecting some Tau which I have some evil plans for [insert devious laugh here].

M: *What sort of evil plans?*

B: Well, winning for one. Is that evil?

M: *Not really...Um, what turned you on to the Dark Eldar?*

B: Hmm, I'd have to say a lack of options. My buddy, who introduced me to 40k, gave me a [poo] load of minis that he wasn't using as well as a DE codex. I guess I just started from there. I bought the box set and gave all the Space Marines to another friend of mine. So starting with sixty plus minis kind of opened the "webway" for me. Ha!

M: *Yeah, funny...So, what would you say is the theme of your Army?*

B: Ya know monkey, I don't really have one. I like the idea of sowing fear and discord into the hearts of my enemy but I don't think that toughness thre

and a five plus save really have that effect.

Truthfully, my sad painting skills sow more fear than anything. "Oh God, not the pasty Wyches again! Aargh!"

M: *Listen, how can I tell you this? I don't really care for your humor so just answer the questions, got it?*

B: Uh, yeah. Sorry...

M: *Whatever. How long have you been playing 40k?*

B: About two years with a huge lack of actually gaming for about a year.

M: *Really? Why?*

B: That buddy who I gave all the marines to got a life. Well, a job actually. I haven't battled anyone else until recently.

M: *What happened recently to bring you back to the light?*

B: The Eye of Terror worldwide campaign. Despite my lack of gaming, I still frequented the GW website. When I found out about the campaign, I thought it would be an excellent chance to get me back in.

M: *And?*

B: And, I went to Game Empire and found out that they were going to be hosting a league for the EoT. I signed up and there you have it.

M: *How have your Eldar faired in the last few months since you've been back at the gaming table?*

B: Great! I've made many gamers very happy and helped several develop their [butt] kicking strategies. I tell ya, no army can take a whoopin' like the Dark Eldar.

M: *You seem a little sad and bitter, why is that?*

B: You been talking to Jesse?

M: *I ask the questions here bald boy!*

B: Er, okay.. Maybe a little bitter. I'm oh and twelve, monkey.

M: *Wow! You've lost twelve in a row? You really are sad..*

B: I think we're done, monkey. If I wanted to be insulted, I'd join a "pay for play" league.

M: *No, wait Baldy, don't go. There are plenty of people out there who are dying to know more about you.*

B: Really?

M: *Um, sure. You're uh, er, you're a bald, bitter, celebrity like Danny DeVito only taller.*

B: Well, since you put it that way. What is it that the people want to know?

M: Why you can't win a single game. Oh Baldy, I'm sorry. I couldn't resist!

B: [Darn that monkey. He sure is an insensitive primate without proper parents. I hope he loses his banana in an unpleasant location. Etc..]

M: Ahem, so Baldy, what is your favorite unit?

B: I absolutely adore my HQ squad. I usually take a tooled up Archon for my HQ, give him five or six Incubi in the retinue, and ship 'em off to battle in a shiny raider. I think people are truly afraid of that unit when they get close enough to charge.

M: Why do you think that?

B: Usually because they say "I'm afraid of that unit" or "Boy, am I gonna stay away from them".

M:.....

B: Er, mainly because an Archon with a shadow field, power weapon, and combat drugs is one bad [dude]. I've seen him chew through two squads of terminators all by himself! And do I have to extol the virtue of a retinue with ten attacks with power weapons, initiative five, and a three plus save? If the raider doesn't get popped, the Archon and his buddies will be breathing down your neck by turn two. Bottom line, the HQ is wicked awesome in hand to hand.

M: Whom would you say was your toughest opponent to date and why?

B: "Whom"? You're quite the proper monkey aren't you?

M: Oh, bite me.

B: I'd have to say Bill Pistole and his [darn] Sisters of Battle. He has managed to utterly destroy my army twice! I'm talking complete annihilation where I had zero points on the board and he still had well over half his army intact.

M: You make it sound as though that has never happened to you before. Ha!

B: So you can make jokes but I can't?

M: I thought you made a joke every time you put an army list together! [uncontrollable monkey laughter]

B:.....

M: Whew! Oh, that was good. Ah, I've got one. What other games do you play?

B: ...I'm a big fan of "old school" AD&D, Werewolf, and a few other RPGs. I also enjoy RPGs for my PS2 especially the Final Fantasy series. I got the first one for my old Nintendo and have been hooked ever since. The gold box AD&D games for the PC are definitely an old favorite as well. As far as GW stuff, I'm pretty much a novice.

I don't really have any minis to play the other range of games but I'm getting there. Honestly, all the GW stuff is pretty [darn] intriguing. Someday....

M: Well Baldy, that about answers all my questions. Anything you'd like to add?

B: Nope. I'm all done "monkeying" around! Ha!

M: Yeah, that's great. I haven't heard that one in a while..

B: Oooh. Did I shock the monkey?

M: We're done. Thanks a lot [kind sir]

On a personal note, the monkey and I are great friends, despite the bickering you've read hear. He can be a little feisty at times and I occasionally have to whip him to keep him in line but he doesn't really mind and he means well.

Chimp's Choice

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

When you think of October, you may think of ghost, ghouls, and gremlins but our friends at GW are naturally thinking "Cadians". That's right my pro-simian friends, more I guard. The release of the new Imperial Guard Codex has inspired the release of even more IG minis including some heavily armored vehicles. In fine hobby stores this month you can pick up a regiment of Kasrkins (Cadia's elite storm troopers), Commissar Gaunt, the "Cadian Variant" of the always effective Sentinel, or even the IG's very own Leman Russ tank which includes an upgrade accessory sprue. Yippee! The long awaited sprue is finally out!

For the WFB side of things, GW has seen fit to release the vodka swilling swine from Kislev. Now you can lead an allied contingent of Winged Lancers, axe and arrow touting Kossars, and Ungol Horse archers, to fight along side the Empire, High Elf, Britonian, Dwarf, and even Wood Elf armies. To add some realism to your Kislev contingent, be sure to include the newly released Boyar who is as awe-inspiring as he is portly.

And speaking of drunks, Beast of Chaos commanders can now add the inebriated Centigors to their army choices. No more pesky conversions with hacked-up horses and half-hewn humans to soak up all your free time. Rounding out our list of Drunkards are the new Dwarf box sets. Thanks to GW, the fabulous Dwarf minis are now in boxes instead of blisters. Kind of makes you feel better

about spending the thirty-five bones for a flame cannon doesn't it? Look ma, a cardboard sleeve! As always, we have saved the beast for last; this month's **Chimp's Choice**. And the winner is...um...er...hmmmm. I guess I'm not all that enthusiastic about the October releases. If I had to choose than it would have to be Colonel Schaeffer. This cigar chomping mini reminds me of Sergeant Apone of *Aliens* fame. The head alone is worth ten bucks!

This month's **Chump's choice** goes to Commissar Gaunt. I realize, of course, that Gaunt has a huge following and that all the fanatic Black Library enthusiasts are going to wet themselves with this new mini, but come on folks! This is Warhammer not Street Fighter. He looks like an anorexic M. Bison for crow's sake. But if you must use him, just make sure that you keep all the Ryu inspired sound effects to yourself...

Glory' s End ~ By Jeff Vaca

How long has it been?

Brother-Captain Armenius adjusted his position against the bulkhead, trying not to abuse his broken ribs any more than necessary.

How long has it been? Minutes? Hours? Days?

He looked at the bodies surrounding him through the dim, hazy illumination. The steamy air was thick as soup, and it mixed with the blood and bile covering the floor in such a way that Armenius believed that he could taste the dead.

Couple of days. Maybe less.

Armenius glanced down at the shredded remains of his helmet. A long, ragged gash running down the left side of his face oozed slow blood and bore grim testimony to the severity of his encounter.

"I am a Space Marine," he recited. "I am the Emperor' s finest. I know no fear. I cannot fail."

*But I did fail. My brothers fell and I live on.
How did I let this happen?*

He allowed his mind to drift back...

The Space Marine Strike Cruiser, *Emperor be Glorified*, returning from cleansing the *Balthor* system from it' s Chaos taint, moved at best speed through the icy blackness of space on it' s return voyage home. Brother-Captain Armenius stood gazing out at the stars, filled with pride at the bravery and honor displayed by his battle brothers during the recent actions. He savored the memories of glorious deeds as an Epicurean would savor a fine wine, appreciating both the sweet savor of victories gained as well as the bitter taste of lost comrades who' s memories would live on in story and song.

Suddenly, the darkness of space was broken by a crackling flash of light, and Armenius watched as a swirling cloud of glowing plasma grew from a central point. The cloud increased in size and intensity until it was too bright to look at and then, just as suddenly, it was gone. In it' s place was a darkness within the darkness - a huge shape outlined by stars.

"Proximity alert! Proximity alert!", screamed the VOX system, "Pilots to your craft. Charge main batteries. Reduce speed and come about to oh-nine-seven."

The massive ship was not moving under power, but was instead drifting free in space. It was scanned and classified as a Space Hulk. So ancient was it that identification of the original vessel was impossible. Layer upon layer of twisted metal and salvaged wreck made up the chaotic mass of nightmarish proportions. It was impossible to determine just how many vessels made up the hulk, but the overall impression was one of each craft growing into another so as to constitute a hulking life form unto itself.

A probe was launched containing a Cyber-Altered Task unit, or C.A.T., which maneuvered deep into the vessel, ultimately locating what appeared to be some sort of control center. Downloads of the hulk' s logs painted a sketchy picture of an ancient cargo vessel caught in a warp storm and forced to survive in the warp on salvage, luck and grim determination. The time stamp dated back to the early days of the Imperium, however references to salvaged technology from before the Dark Age were prevalent. That was the hook.

Scanners showed no life signs, and the C.A.T. had encountered nothing unusual, but Commander Julius was taking no chances. He ordered six full squads of Space Marines, half in massive Terminator armor, to enter the vessel via boarding torpedoes and recover what artifacts they could. Each deployed to a separate portion of the huge hulk in hopes that one or more would stumble onto something useful. The *Glorified* matched course and speed with the drifting mass, then powered down its drive to conserve what resources remained after their last mission. Julius remained on the bridge listening to the comm chatter as the six teams progressed into the bowels of the dark vessel.

Exploration proceeded without incident. Each squad remained in contact with the other five, relating their activities and progress and recording what little could be made out through the heavy atmosphere inside. Hours passed as each team sought out any sign of the treasures hinted at by the ship's log, but none were found. Deeper and deeper down the twisting corridors of the hulk the Marines traveled.

"Tighten up your formation," barked Armenius, "maintain coherency!" Touching his comm he continued, "Armenius reporting. Proceeding down corridor 86J. Situation secure."

The thick, hazy atmosphere inside the hulk made visual scanning difficult so Armenius and his team had switched to thermal scanners. As he switched off comm, he wondered why a dead, drifting ship would be generating enough energy to maintain such an atmosphere. Scanners had shown no such energy discharge, but still...

"Xenos, xenos!" came the cry of Sergeant Uriel over the comm. Bolter fire could be heard in the background. A lot of it. "No contacts, no warning. They were just on us. By faith - they're coming through the..."

The captain's throat tightened as reception was lost. The sudden thought of an ambush in these close quarters was bad enough, but scans hadn't detected life signs. How could this happen? He touched his comm,

"Jacobius, Gideon - support Uriel in sector K".

Turning to his men, "Prepare to move. Benedict - make a path"

The sound of Brother Benedict's chainfist rose from a low hum to a high pitched whine and bulkheads melted before him as he ran it's edge across their surface.

"Armenius proceeding to Sector K. Notify..."

"Jacobius on site," the comm interrupted, "Uriel down. All lost. No sign of xenos."

"They didn't get one of them?"

"No sign of xenos."

Armenius had been distracted by the comm and had failed to notice that his squad had cut their way through to a large, dimly lit chamber. He was drawn back as his men stopped in their tracks.

"What in the name of the Emperor..." he heard Brother Benedict whisper.

Looking up, the captain's breath caught in his throat. The room extended up as far as he could see, spanning multiple levels of the ship. The chamber was supported by massive columns each of which, along with every bit of wall space, was covered with some sort of large canisters. Full of apprehension, Armenius stepped closer and, reaching out, brushed aside the thick layer of dust, soot and grime that had collected on the surface of the alien device. Somewhere in the dimness of the room, a flickering light appeared.

As he squinted to see inside, an internal system was activated, illuminating its contents.

"By my faith" Armenius muttered as he stumbled back from the canister.

"Brother Galvin, set flame charges! Brother Benedict, find and destroy the controls!"

Without question, his men sprang into action, but even as they moved to do his bidding some canisters began flickering to life as others opened, exposing their contents with an ominous hiss. Clawed hands clutched at the edges of the openings as a second set of arms with razor sharp talons emerged.

"Too late - fall back!"

I am a Space Marine.

"Galvin, set down a suppressing fire with your flamer."

I am the Emperor's finest.

“Benedict, try to cut through to free space.”

I know no fear.

“By all that’s holy, they’re *Genestealers*.”

I cannot fail.

Captain Armenius tried to stand, once, twice, finally gaining some measure of success on the third try. The distant sound of tearing metal came to his ears as he wiped sweat and blood from his face.

His men didn’t make it to the hull. They fought their way though what seemed to be thousands of Genestealers in an attempt to reach safety, each falling in turn to the fearsome claws of the aliens. All the while, his comm betrayed the fate of his comrades. Now he stood alone.

In the end, the beasts fell back, but he knew that they’d return. Brother Benedict had been the last to go, falling to wounds after the creatures had retreated. With his one remaining arm he had helped to beat them back. *He* had not failed.

With one final utterance into his armor’s comm, he time stamped it and triggered the upload mode, relaying the entirety to the *Glorified*.

Remembering the name of his ship brought a laugh to his lips, but what came out was more of a rasping cough. *Emperor be Glorified*. Indeed he had been, by the deeds of his mighty Space Marines, but now the time for glory had come to an end. This Hulk had stolen any hope of future glories away and cast down those who thought themselves mighty.

He could hear them now – coming for him. It was time to join his men.

It was time to fall in the dank halls of *Glory’s End*.

Eye of Terror: Fun or Farce?
**Commentary on this year’s world wide 40k
campaign**

With all the hype and undue attention the Summer campaign received, you might expect that the entire universe might, even now, be a flaming ball of carnage and destruction. Not so my friend, not so. Once again our brethren at GW have lured us into a web of lies and deceit that can only be described as sheer brilliance.

How else might they encourage thousands of novice and veteran players to dedicate themselves to two months worth of spending and fanaticism? Why, promise them unrealistic results of course. Did you honestly believe that the results of a few hundred thousand battles would actually make an impact on the money-making machine er- game? My misguided cousins, what could possibly lead you to put your faith in such empty promises? Certainly not your government. Certainly not your friends or family. No sir. The honest and forthcoming folks at GW had you hook, line, and sinker.

And what has resulted from the many hours of sweat, frustration, and furious cheating? Well, GW now has a pretty good idea of the folks who like to play and the armies they like to play with but that’s about it. As an esteemed colleague of mine has commented, GW is not going to change the game. All of the upcoming releases and publications have already been planned and no amount of “favorable” results will ever change them. It reminds me of the Albion campaign when all that the victors received was a few trinkets of magical power to add to their army lists, not the game changing results that the masses had hoped for.

Don’t get me wrong; GW is not the maniacal monster that I might make them out to be. On the contrary, they are the biggest proponents of the hobby and would do just about anything to ensure the continued interest of and participation from the befuddled masses. Indeed, the message boards for the EoT were chalked full of speculation and paranoia that inspired many a gamer to continue on to the bitter end. And how about those event cards, delicious weren’t they? Like so much of the campaign, they did not mean or change one damn thing.

By far, the best thing that ever came from the summer campaign was all the new missions. If you have not been fortunate enough to play one of these excellent missions, I encourage you to log on to the website and download a few; it will be well

worth your while. The new mini's were nominal and merely support for the campaign's allure.

You must agree that GW accomplished their mission to get people playing. They certainly caught my attention. Do I feel cheated or dismayed by the irreverent promises and speculation on the impact on the 40k universe? Not at all. Deep down, I think we all knew that nothing would change, but we kept on playing. And that, my hairy friends, is the one reason I have enjoyed being back on the 40k scene; battling folks who just want to have fun. Despite the apparent dual purpose of this summer's campaign, it was, for me, more fun than fishing for termites with a stick. I hope you all had as much fun as I did!

Ork Story

~By Bill Pistole

Gash Nak peered at the broken down truck in rage. How had he come so far only to be thwarted now? He picked up a heavy pipe and knocked Mad Gibbins across the cranium. "I said fix dat truck now or I'm gonna fix you for good!" roared Gash Nak.

A desperate and frustrated look grew on Mad Gibbins' gnarled face. He knew he was the most gifted mek boy in the clan but he also knew Gash Nak wouldn't think twice about ending his life if he failed to get this truck operational. "Right boss, I'll 'ave it in tip-top shape in no time!" Mad Gibbins shouted assuredly.

The rest of the boys weren't in much better shape. They had taken a pounding trying to get close enough to the human encampment for a final assault. They were now in position to make a lightning fast assault, but only if they could first contend with the broken vehicles and wounded boys.

Gorgob, the second in command under Gash Nak, had taken a severe plasma blast to the left shoulder and face. While being an enormous ork nob and commanding the most feared mob of skar boys in the clan he was still only flesh and blood. He was moments from slipping away for eternity, not that he'd really be missed as he knew Trog was anxious to take his place, but he had no desire to slip away just yet. "Giz Gak!" Roared Gorgob. "I needs fixen up..." as he faded into unconsciousness. Giz Gak was the clan dok, well really a mad dok. He cared more for 'enhancing' the wounded boys

than actually healing them; of course that was a pretty standard practice for ork doks.

Giz Gak summoned his grot orderlies and had Gorgob lugged into his private tent. "Right, let's take a look and see wot da problem is 'ere," muttered Giz Gak slyly. All of Gorgob's skar boys knew that he would never be the same; he may be better or worse but not the same.

Gash Nak roared for Gorgob "Gorgob!" One of the grot orderlies squeaked "'e's been taken to Giz Gak's tent for fixen." A boot landed squarely in the poor grot's face smashing out what few remaining teeth he had. The other grot orderlies quickly swarmed him stealing his teeth and any other positions not securely fastened to his being. A high-pitched squealing ensued as the grots began fighting amongst themselves to try to get the most teeth. Teeth are used for trade so they tend to be much sought after in ork society. Gash Nak peered over his left shoulder at the squabbling grots and they quickly ceased their fighting and ran to hide in various hovels.

"'Uge Trog, now you are da second in command since Gorgob's out" spat Gash Nak. This was both good and bad for 'Uge Trog. If things went well 'Uge Trog would get lots of teeth, lots of respect and a whole lot of fear. However, if things went poorly he was as good as dead. "Come wif me!" shouted Gash Nak.

Gash Nak and 'Uge Trog walked towards the hastily erected command post. Orks are not known for their meticulous strategies or planning but they do have a sort of low cunning that is often overlooked until it's too late. Gash Nak was not an exceptionally bright ork and followed pretty standard ork tactics. However, he had worked with Scrappa Dead-eye on numerous conquests and had learned a few things. You see Scrappa was a blood axe nob that had spent quite an extensive amount of time studying and mimicking the tactics of Humans. This had made many orks hate him because of his controversial views on warfare. Gash Nak was at least bright enough to know that this could be an advantage and spared his life for this reason alone. "Get me Scrappa, now." Shouted Gash Nak to the skar boys guarding his quarters.

"We gonna give dem 'umies a good stomping boss?" asked Trog.

"Dat's right Trog, Dem 'umies wont know what 'it em!" replied Gash Nak. While appearing to be primarily bionic free Gash Nak actually had a

huge portion of his skeleton replaced with steel and Iron. He had suffered a most hideous defeat at the hands of a competing warboss. Giz Gak and Mad Gibbins had spent many long hours trying to save his broken body, as well as trying out some crazy new ideas they had thought up. Gash Nak got the name Iron Toof because his teeth were actually replaced with iron, as was his entire cranium, shoulders, arms and a portion of his spine. This made him incredibly resilient even to the most terrible of weapons. In place of his hand's he had been gifted with two enormous power claws capable of tearing a Lemman Russ in two. He did occasionally go into a berserker fury but that's to be expected with the amount of head trauma he'd taken over the years. He now had his own clan and was about to show the humans what orks were made of.

Scrappa entered the tattered tent. "You wants ta see me boss?" asked Scrappa. For a blood axe he was enormous with a monstrous rocket launcher thrown over his shoulder and several grots standing around him carrying additional ammo. He wore a set of camouflaged fatigues with tank treads attached to his body to act as body armor. He was shunned by most of the clan for his almost human views on tactics but he knew that the humies were smarter than the orks thought. If you want to beat a humie you have to act like a humie, he always says.

"We got one more chance to give dees 'umies a good stompen! I don't want any more mistakes," shouted Gash Nak, always seeming to be in a foul mood. "You always say, 'If'n I wants ta beat da 'umies I gots to fink like a 'umie,'" so let start finking like a 'umie den!"

Scrappa could hardly believe his ears! Gash Nak was actually going to listen to his plan for once. He could barely contain excitement. The grots sensing their master's excitement began to fidget wildly.

Gash Nak, becoming annoyed with the little grots, booted them out of the tent one by one. "Get dem smelly little gits out of me tent before I eat dem!" snapped Gash Nak at Scrappa. Of course Gash Nak had already removed the grots. "Right den, let's start looken at da plan of attack."

Scrappa knew that the standard ork tactic was to get in the trukks and charge the enemy and that Gash Nak would not stray too far from this path. He had to keep his plan orky in nature but with enough trickery to gain an advantage over the humans. "'Ere's da plan I been finking uv." Stated

Scrappa. "Da Skar boyz and da Trukka boyz charge while I take me blood axe tank hunta boyz and da Burna boyz 'round da side ta sneak attack da 'umies!" he said getting more excited the closer he got to the end of his sentence.

"I knew you Blood Axe boyz was a bunch of sissies!" Screamed Gash Nak. "You wont t a sneak around da side so you don't have to be fighten like true orks!"

Scrappa, sensing his growing peril quickly tried to counter Gash Naks rising anger. "No boss, see da 'umies will fink we's all charging like normal so da won't be finking about us at tacking dem in da side! It's a good plan and sneaky too. Mork and Gork will be pleased when we crush dem 'umies."

Gash Nak's face had a look of befuddlement as he tried to comprehend the plan of attack that Scrappa had laid out. While not a difficult plan to understand, Gash Nak's war battered brain had long since become inefficient; it also didn't help that he had bits and pieces removed that Mad Gibbins and Giz Gak didn't figure he would need and the odd squig 'enhancement'. Finally after several silent moments had passed Gash Nak's mouth opened wide and he roared "I like dis plan, Waaaagh!" Immediately after his furious shout of Waaaagh, the ork war cry, shouts could be heard for several moments as the other ork of the clan joined in.

Scrappa was pleased that he would not have to be in the frontal assault, not that he was afraid but he knew that his plan was sound and he would be rewarded; plus he got to blow things up with his rokkit which he loved to do even more than fighting.

Trog had stood silent the entire time the attack plan was being discussed. Not sure what to do or say for fear of Gash Nak's rage. All he knew was that he was going to be leading the charge and the pansy blood axes would. He would be charging the humies and that's all that mattered to him.

As night set in there seemed to be no reduction in the sound of orks making ready for the coming assault. There were many things to be done before the boyz would be ready. Slipnop, the leader of the speed addicted trukker boyz, went over his trukkk with a fine-toothed comb making sure everything was in tip-top shape. While, of course ork trukks were never in tip-top shape, they were incredibly reliable and grot riggas could seemingly fix all but the most grievous damage. The other

trukker boyz went about making minor repairs or last minute upgrades to trukks that seemed to have no rhyme or reason to their construction. The Skar boyz, the biggest and baddest of the ork mobs, gorged themselves on a tasty array of squigs. Squigs, for the uninformed, are the single most useful creature to ork society. They are used for practically everything. Slavers train squigs to help keep grots in order. Many Nobs train particularly ferocious squigs as attack and guard squigs. Kommandos often train them as sniffer squigs to detect enemies near by. While the Flash Gits, called so because of their insane love of all things flashy, would actually wear squigs as hairpieces and jewelry. Let us not forget the single most important function the squigs served, a seemingly limitless and mobile food supply; making the orks capable of prolonged campaigns without fear of starvation.

All around the camp orks clamored here and there as shouts were heard deep into the night...

In our next issue:

Coverage of the LA GT
More Chimp's Choice
The Mighty are Fallen part II
Army Profiles
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 Warehouse, Games Workshop, or any individual or group associated with these entities. Both Jeff Vaca and Bill Pistole have consented to the publication of their stories.

Any disagreements can always be settled at the gaming table...

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See you next month!

