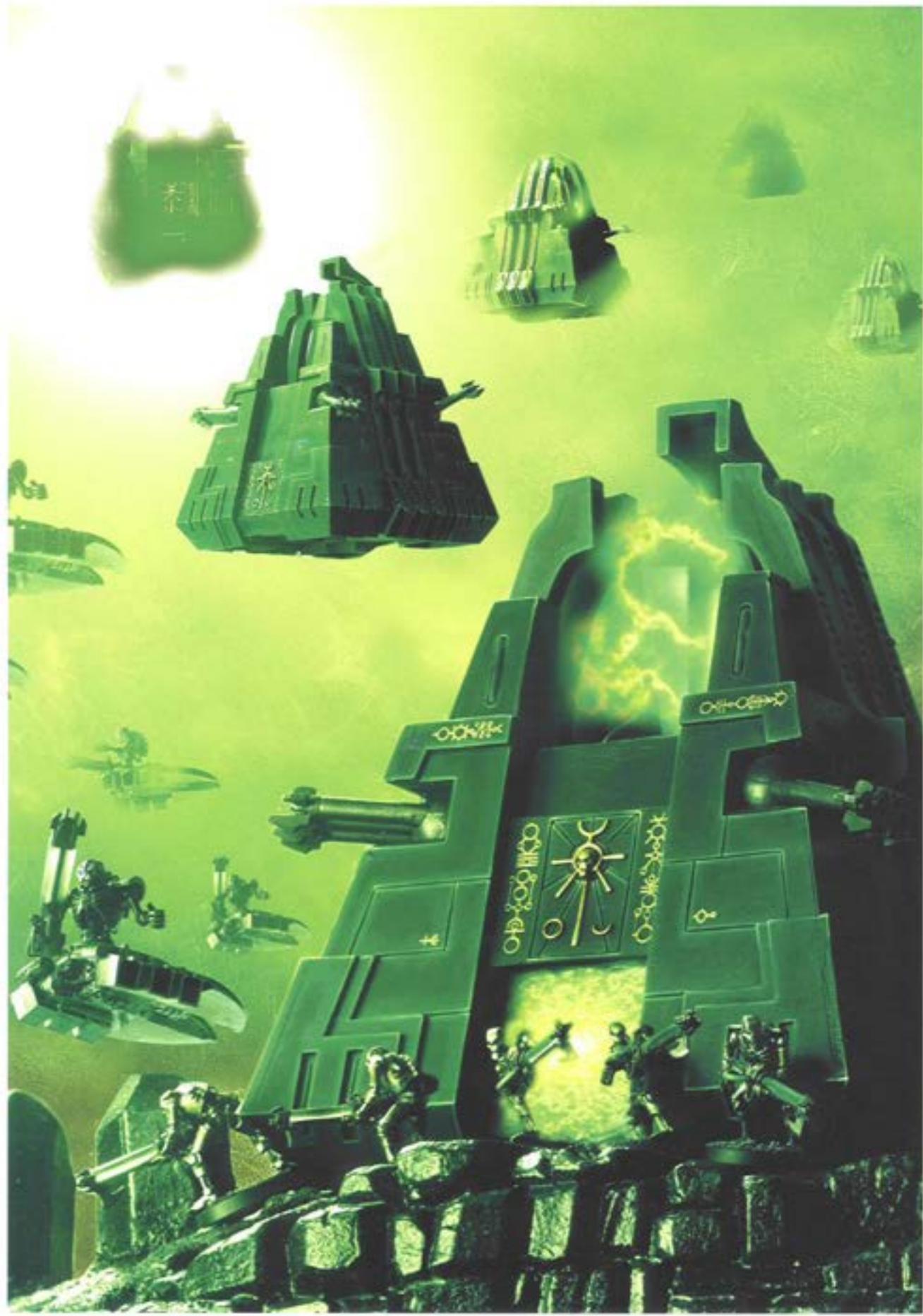


C O D E X

NECRONS





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INTRODUCTION

Welcome, mortal, to the pages of this most forbidden tome, a blasphemous text that will guide you down the path of collecting, painting and gaming with the Necrons in the Warhammer 40,000 game. The backbone of the Necron army is comprised of metallic, skeletal warriors that never truly die. Even their most basic weaponry can strip a man to his constituent atoms in a second. Those with an inkling of the threat posed by the aeons-old Necrons fear them above all, and rightly so, for the true terror of the Necrons lies with their divine masters, whose ultimate goal is to enslave Humanity and gorge themselves on the essence of untold billions.

THE NECRONS

The Necrons, an alien race ancient beyond imagining, are awakening from their sixty-million year dormancy to plague the living once more. Thousands of immortal, soulless warriors have risen from dusty stasis-tombs, intent on preying on the teeming species of the galaxy. Their miraculous technology was far in advance of any contemporary equivalent long before the Eldar, reckoned the oldest among races, had even come into existence. Although the Imperium of Mankind has only recently acknowledged the Necrons' reappearance, their monstrous gods feasted upon colossal stars before the planets themselves were born.

Once a proud race whose empire spanned the stars, the Necrons now exist purely to serve their omniscient masters, inescapably bound to the malignant will of the ancient deities that granted their immortality. At the vanguard of their forces are the Necron Lords, their tattered shrouds flowing in an unearthly breeze as

they silently compel their skeletal warriors forward. Alongside them march the eldritch monstrosities and war machines of their race, some mercurially fast and utterly lethal, some as ponderous and inescapable as death itself. The Necrons specialise in terror attacks, striking without warning, slaughtering their prey and disappearing without trace. The purpose of these attacks is unknown, but their total and devastating efficiency is without question.

The Necrons have no dealings with any other species whatsoever. To the Necrons, each population is another target to be harvested at the whim of their masters. To their gods, races such as Humanity are mere cattle, at best pawns for their interminable wars, at worst prey to satisfy their unquenchable thirst. The menace of the Necron expansion grows with each passing year and will soon reach catastrophic proportions. This could spell the doom of Humanity, for the core of the Necron threat nestles like a cancer within the heart of the Imperium itself.

WHY COLLECT

A NECRON ARMY?

The Necrons are a unique and incredibly potent force on the battlefields of the 41st Millennium. Not only do they have a wide range of specialised units, their most basic troopers are among the most resilient in the Warhammer 40,000 game. A defining feature of the Necrons is their advanced self-repair systems; even the most grievously damaged Necron can rise to its feet once more. Combined with their natural toughness and armour – the equal of any Space Marine – the Necron army is an almost unstoppable force if used properly. Necron technology is so advanced that their infamous gauss weaponry is capable of cutting through infantry and vehicles alike. There are many other advanced and terrifying weapons in their arsenal, and the Necron Lords are able to choose from an array of bizarre and arcane artefacts to augment their already considerable powers.

When collecting an army, it pays to have a solid base of Necron Warriors; if the number of Necrons left on the battlefield falls to a certain critical level, the remnants of the army will phase out, disappearing without trace. The versatility of the Necron army list allows many different types of armies to be selected around this mainstay of Necron Warriors. Units such as Wraiths, Pariah and Flayed Ones are extremely effective in close combat, while Destroyers, Immortals and the vast, pyramid-like Monoliths can unleash a storm of powerful shots upon the enemy's forces.

If you're looking to field an elite army that can deal out a horrendous amount of punishment whilst shrugging off all but the most potent incoming fire then Necrons are ideal. Also, because Necrons are essentially very simple to paint, even the most basic techniques will soon reward you with an impressive and imposing army. They are resilient enough to forgive a player coming to terms with their particular style of battle and, once you've mastered the tactics of these immortal killing machines, there can be no hope for any who stand in your way...

"The Machine is strong. We must purge the weak, hated flesh and replace it with the blessed purity of metal. Only through permanence can we truly triumph, only through the Machine can we find victory. Purify the flesh, live in mind and body. Hail the Machine!"

Praetor Blaster, Iron-Father of the Korgal Clans, Iron Hand Chapter



Colonel Janssen of the Cadian 23rd stared in disbelief as rank upon rank of gleaming skeletal figures rose out of the dunes to the left of his armoured column. Sand cascaded from gleaming torsos and hollow sockets as the creatures straightened and began their advance. They had appeared without a sound, clutching long-barrelled alien weapons, the first red rays of the morning sun reflecting from hundreds of staring skulls. Necrons. Their gaunt faces were expressionless, betraying no trace of emotion or humanity. But Janssen knew, in his gut, that they were evil. His hand shook as he grabbed for the Chimera's comm-link. "Halt the advance! All units fire at will!" he bellowed, and was answered moments later by the roar of his guns.

Turrets swivelling to the side, the column of tanks unleashed salvo upon salvo into the steadily advancing Necrons. His guardsmen foamed up, running into position and opening fire. Let them taste the might of the Cadian 23rd, thought Janssen, his puffed lips twisting into a snarl. Raising his macrobinoculars, he focused on a crater of vitrified sand scattered with Necron remains. Pieces of broken machinery and shining debris were crawling back together, the shattered and blackened Necrons rising as they grew whole again. A tall metallic figure in tattered robes strode across the macrobinoculars' viewfinder for a second, and Janssen's breath caught as what had been merely a puddle of molten metal and fizzing sparks behind it flowed smoothly back into shape, a shining skeleton once more.

Immaculate monoliths began to crest the ridge, their ponderous advance as silent as the metallic warriors before them. Several bulky Necron skimmers swept from behind another dune, swivelling artane cannon in the direction of his armoured support. Janssen began to sweat, watching helplessly as the tremendous forces exerted by their bizarre weapons burrowed through the armour of the tanks, leaving gaping holes before the armoured behemoths detonated. Static charged the air as the dullly pulsing crystals on the towering monoliths began to crackle with sickly green light, discharging thick bolts of

lightning into yet more of his battle tanks. The incandescent explosions seared his eyeballs, and the backwash of heat singed his skin.

"Fall back! Fall Back!" shouted Janssen, a note of panic in his voice as he watched more Necrons rise from the sand, cutting off their escape.

The Cadians were attempting to manoeuvre backwards in disciplined ranks, but few could penetrate the flaming wall of wreckage barring their way, all that remained of Janssen's once-proud tanks. Many of them were on the verge of panic, obstructing their comrades in the confusion. Janssen turned back to the encroaching wall of Necrons as they stalked forward, a look of horror upon his face as he realised they were trapped.

As one, the Necron warriors raised their weapons, green hellfire crackling within the chambers of their guns. They fired without breaking step. All around him Janssen's men writhed and screamed as their armour was stripped away and their flesh flayed from their bones, exposing their viscera before disintegrating completely. Ahead, his adjutant was eviscerated by one of the lethal fields, clutching the bloody ruin of his torso and screaming as an unearthly wind whipped sand across his raw flesh.

Directly ahead of him were a group of imposing figures, solid and statuesque; their sculpted features impassive as they slaughtered everything that came within reach. Disciplined veterans who Janssen had commanded for years were falling to their knees like terrified children at their approach. Horrified fascination held his gaze as the towering figures calmly carved men apart with their gleaming scythes. There was no blood. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a Necron warrior swing its long-barrelled gun in a wide arc, the heavy blade at its end smashing into the throat of the regiment's standard bearer. He forced himself to turn, to run.

Colonel Janssen stumbled away, vision blurred with tears of fright. He tried to order the retreat, but words would not come. His men were being culled, their every retreat cut off. He ran anyway, but tripped on something, landing heavily, his mouth filling with hot, dry dust. It was a skinned body, wounds still pumping blood, staining the sand. He raised his head to see a hunched, skeletal figure with long fingers like fleas, knives ahead of him. The ragged skin of Captain Niels was draped over its bony form as it crept towards him in a low crouch. Janssen tried to scream, but instead he choked on the sand clogging his throat.

The creature reached towards him with its talon-knives and the darkness took him.



THE MYSTERY OF THE NECRONS

Some secrets are best left undiscovered. The galaxy remains a better place for them being undisturbed. Within the mile-long logic stacks of the Librarium Omnissiah on Mars and the archive-catacombs of the Adepts of Terra are a thousand such enigmas. Many are critically linked to the history and power structure of the Imperium and possession of such knowledge is accompanied by an automatic death sentence. Others are less obvious, dangerous nuggets generally overlooked in the morass of information packed into the data archives by thousands of years of Imperial bureaucracy.

For example, there is Mankind's belief that the Eldar and the Orks represent the oldest alien races in the galaxy. And yes, these races have been amongst the stars for millions of years, long before Humanity emerged as the dominant species on its own home world. However, the truth is that other, infinitely older and more malevolent races had long stalked between the stars even then. The Orks do not recall such things, their viewpoint is firmly rooted in the present and they have no care for the past. The Eldar know though, and they remember. Long ago their very existence became so blighted by the knowledge that they hid it within legend and banished the truth to the Black Library, a secret repository of their most dreadful secrets which exists outside space and time.

Another example is the reports of hundreds of tomb-worlds discovered by the Explorators of the Adeptus Mechanicus over the millennia. Most lie at the far edges of the galaxy, dead worlds where ranks of ancient, cyclopean structures bear testimony to aeons-past glories of long-dead races. These towering edifices of brooding stone were raised with technologies undreamed of by the Adepts of Mars and have always excited their interest. Their endless investigations have discovered little and cost many lives, though the High Magi insist that survey teams continue to be despatched and reports made. Some whisper that these worlds are far from dead, that their ageless inhabitants are only sleeping away endless millennia in hidden stasis chambers, waiting for a sign to stir once more.

If the Lexmechanics and Logisticians of the Adeptus Mechanicus could complete their translations of arcane hieroglyphs and sigils within those unbreachable tombs, they would know a little more. They could find passages indicating that these places were built by the Necronyr, a benighted race whose cold science achieved great miracles at a time before the Earth even bore life. If they could read the sine-script of the sepulchres, they might learn that it was the Necronyr who found and worshipped the immortal C'tan and so gained life eternal for themselves. The true horror of the times when the C'tan ruled the galaxy can only be understood by those with access to the Black Library of the Eldar, and they will not speak of it.

Last of all, there is the Machine God of the Adeptus Mechanicus themselves. In Imperial theology the holy spirit of the Omnissiah worshipped by the Tech-priests of Mars is a facet of the Immortal God-Emperor of Mankind – their dogma is as categoric on the matter as it is filled with praise for the holy nature of the machine. However, the most ancient and zealously guarded records of their Order tell of a time before the coming of the Emperor when a far older power was paid homage on Mars. They make veiled reference to unspeakable knowledge won in the Golden Age of Technology, and how it brought about Mankind's eventual downfall in the Age of Strife. That such abject heresy can exist at the very heart of the Imperium is dreadful enough, but the implications if it should ever be proved true are unimaginable.





COMMIT TO: IMPERIAL RECORDS
EST 02-B314 INQUISITORIS 9923/1290
CROPSFILE TO: ALIENS
SEGMENTUM OBSCURUS / XENODRIFT / ELDAAR
INPUT DATE: 2343724.M41

INPUT CLEARANCE: INQUISITOR LORGON
AUTHOR: SYSTEM SUPERIOR MENTAL: ORDER DIALOGUE
TRANSMITTER: NEPTUNE STRIP
THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: VIGILANCE IS THE BROTHER OF TRUTH

+++ BEGIN VOX RECORD +++

RECEIVED, I HUMBLY SUBMIT MY RECENT WORK ON THE TRANSLATION OF THE ELDAAR ARTIFACT FOUND BY FATHER JONES UHELLE ON RAHE'S PHRASE. THE ARTIFACT, NOW KNOWN TO BE ENTITLED 'THE AWAKENER', WAS ORIGINALLY INSCRIBED BY THE FAMOUS LEATHERMAN OF ELDAANSH SHWEF. IT IS ANCIENT indeed, WELL OVER FIVE MILLION YEARS OLD, BUT WITH CLOSE REFERENCE TO THE WORKS OF ORELIS MUNIS AND HIS LINEAGE, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TRANSLATE AND ANALYSE PRIMARILY ALL OF THE ALIEN TEXT. PLEASE PERMIT THE INCOMPLETION OF THIS WORK, HOWEVER, WHAT I HAVE LEARNED SO FAR SEEMS TO BE OF UPSTOPIA IMPORTANCE AND SO I AGREE WITHOUT DELAY, UNDUE THE ADVICE OF COUNSELLOR LIUILLIN. I HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF SERVING THIS INFORMATION TO TERRAN ASTRODRATIS IN ADDITION TO YOUR ESTEEMED SELF. MAY THE EMPEROR'S BLEETING STRENGTHEN YOUR ARMS.

DATA SOURCE: MENTAL: ORDER DIALOGUE

+++ VOX RECORD ENDS +++

Requisitor's Note: Although it is not prone to over-reaction, I hope to translate to operate upon her subject matter. Master Requa seems to have made several personal contacts with Astrodome personnel.

THE BANSHEE'S CALL SHALL WAKE THE DEAD; WHEN DARK PORTENTS WAX NIGH¹

HEED THEM AS THE COUNSEL OF A SEER, OR A FATHER

THE YNGIR, WHO HAVE SLEPT SINCE THE BIRTH OF CHAOS

SHALL CRAWL ONCE MORE FROM THEIR TOMBS, THIRSTING FOR WARMTH.

THE WAR IN HEAVEN SHALL BE AS NOTHING TO THEIR VENGEANCE

FOR THE SONS OF ASURYAN, FEW IN NUMBER, CANNOT STAND AGAINST THEM.²

AND THE EYE OF ISHA SHALL DIM, CLOSING FOR ETERNITY³

SUCH A GENTLE GODDESS CANNOT WITNESS SUCH ATROCITIES AS THEY SHALL WREAK.

THE SOULLESS ONES SHALL BE THE HARBINGERS OF THE DARK FATE⁴

THEN SHALL COME THE LIVING DEAD, THE PROGENY⁵

THEN THE THIRSTING ONES, THE FOREVER DAMNED

AND THE GALAXY SHALL RUN RED AS THE BLOOD OF ELDANESH.⁶

THE VAUL-MOON SHALL BRING FORTH THE DRAGON⁷

THE MASTER OF DEATH WILL DRINK DEEP FROM ISHA'S EYE⁸

THAT WHICH LIES OUTSIDE WILL BE DRAWN TO THE HARVEST

AND THE JACKAL-GOD SHALL TURN BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER.

THE FOUR SHALL TAKE THEIR PLACE AMONGST THE STARS,

THEIR LEGIONS ASCENDANT, UNSTOPPABLE AS THE NIGHT

A DEADLY SHROUD SHALL FALL ACROSS THE SPIRIT

AND THE GALAXY SHALL MOURN.

I — THE SLOSH IS A MYTHICAL ELDAAR CHAPTER. ITS CALL OR NAME IS UNKNOWN. OVER AND ABOVE IMMEDIATE DEATH, THEIR SISTERS IN ARMIS HAVE LEARNED THIS LESSON WELL. MAY THE EMPEROR GUIDE THEIR SOULS.

II — ONE OF THE BETTER KNOWN ELDAAR DEITIES, REPUTED TO BE THE ELDAAR'S BLASPHEMOSUS GOD. THE WARRIOR GODS, THE WARRIOR TO TWO AND FOOLISH REFER TO MINOR DEMONIAC, OR EVEN TO THE KINSHIPS OF THE ELDAAR THEMSELVES.

III — ACCORDING TO INQUISITOR CEDAR'S REPORT "TEACHINGS ON THE SLOSH", THIS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE ELDAAR WARRIOR OF THE HARVEST, EQUIVALENT TO THE EARTH MOTHER FIGURE OF MANY BARBARIAN AND MYTHICAL RELIGIONS.

IV — WITH CERTAIN SLIGHT ALTERNATIVES, THIS NAME CAN ALSO MEAN THOSE WITHOUT FAITH OR DIVINE SPIRIT.

V — THIS IS SPECULATION, BUT COULD THIS BE REFER TO THE RECENT APPEARANCES OF HIGHLY ADVANCED MACHINE CONSTRUCTS?

VI — ELDAANSH WAS ALLEGEDLY A GREAT HERO OF THE ELDAAR WHO DIED TO OPPOSE KAHNE, THE ELDAAR GOD OF REAK. WHAT RELIGION HIS BLOOD AND IS MOTHER TO ME.

VII — KAHNE IS THE ELDAAR GOD OF THE FORCE. A FAIR DAY FROM THE JACKAL-GOD, WORSHIPPED BY THE Adeptus Mechanicus. THIS BLASPHEMOUS DEITY IS DESPISED PHYSICALLY AS WELL AS SPIRITUALLY. THE PALE MOON COULD BE THE ELDAAR EQUIVALENT OF A FORCE WORLDS.

VIII — THE SLOSH CYCLE, IN THE EASTERN QUARTER OF THE SEGMENTUM OBSCURUS, IS REFERRED TO AS KAHL'S CYCLE OR THE CYCLE OF KAHL BY THE ELDAAR OF CATHOLEE LIZHNE.

Requisitor's Note:
The stellar body of star, a star thought to be at least eight hundred million years old, has caused its light to drift into the galaxy. It was classified as a bush star just over a year ago by Dark Genetics stations on Exocite 30. Star Dr Emperor Watch (not Dr All).

The stream of the engines fought against the howling winds in a terrifying crescendo of doom. Hyper-velocity micaparticles skittered across the hull of the ship like skeletal fingers as it swallowed in the storm, shuddering and dropping by steps as the pilot struggled for control. In the midst of tumult, Lakius Danzager, tech-priest engineer, Votaris Laudare, illuminant of Mars, Adept of the Cult Mechanicus was struggling to open up the skull of the failing pilot, and cursing in a distinctly uspiestly fashion as he struggled to find the right tools for the job.

"Damnit! Osil, find me a hydro-coupling, my boy. We'll need one if I can free these accursed fasteners. Look in the vestibule." He tried to keep his voice calm so as not to frighten his acolyte, but Osil's face was pallid in his cowl as he nodded and hurried out through the rusty bulkhead hatch.

The lander's rattling, brass-bound altimeter showed them at a height of nearly seven kilometres above the planet. They had already been dropping out of control for twelve. As Lakius turned back to the ruse-etched panel enclosing the ship's pilot, another violent lurch smashed his shaven skull against it, triggering an

engram patch he had only recently divined from his auto-shrine. It was about their too-rapidly approaching destination, and ran in confusing counterpoint through his right optic viewer as he tried to focus on repairing the nav-spirit.

NAOGEDDON IS A DEAD WORLD

The ringing impact of Lakius' metal-shod head had partially freed the rusting key-bolts. With a whispered prayer for forgiveness from the already distraught machine-spirit he bent to the task. He carefully unscrewed the panel, murmuring the rite of unbinding and ensuring that he removed the keys in the correct cardinal directions. The ghostly image of a dual-coloured sphere hovered in his right eye. Red text scrolled past it.

ORBITAL DISTANCE: 0.78AU

EQUATORIAL DIAMETER: 9,749 KM

ROTATION: 34.6 HOURS

AXIAL TILT: 0.00

As he'd feared, the coupling between the augur spike and the pilot-stool had ruptured, blinding the pilot to its landing beacons. He checked the altimeter as he began the ritual of dislocation to remove the charred remains. Less than two kilometres of howling winds now lay beneath their rocking hull.

WEATHER: SEE STORMS*

"Osil! Where's that coupling, boy?"

"Here, Father. The first one was faulty and I had to go back for another."

0% PRECIPITATION WINDSPEED: CONSTANT 24 KTS
VARIANCE 76 KTS

Lakius took the twist of hydro-plastic without comment but silently gave praise to the Omnissiah that the lad had been attentive enough to spot the difference.



Under current circumstances a normally forgivable sin of oversight could prove fatal. Lakius took a breath to steady himself before beginning the ritual of insertion.

LIFEFORMS:

AUTOCHTHONIC: NONE

INTRODUCED: NONE

Less than a league of free air remained before they would hurtle into solid rock. His servo-hand shook as he tried to apply the prescribed number of half-turns to the coupling mounts. He yearned to simply call the rite finished and resurrect the pilot, but years of discipline and doctrine drove him on as he completed the benediction against failure, applied the sacred segments and retrieved the panel so he could begin the final rites of protection and sealing.

ARCHAEO TECH RESOURCE: LIMITED/XENO
ARTIFACTS*/*9,000,000,000YRS(PREGA) CLASS: OMEGA

"Father, I can see dust dunes below us. I think we're going to crush!"

NOTES:

FIRST CATALOGUED: 7/24375LM32 ROGUE TRADER
XIATAL PARNEVUE ORBITAL AUGURY ONLY*
ANNEXUS IMPERIALUS.

"Mechanism, I restore thy spirit, let the God-Machine breathe full-life unto thy veins and render thee functional." Lakius firmly depressed the activation rune on the pilot's casing and prayed.

LANDED: 6/83202LM35 EXPLORATOR MAGOS DURAL
LAVANK EXPEDITION LOST.

LANDED: 7/362238LM37 EXPLORATOR MAGOS PRIME
HOLISEN ZI EXPEDITION LOST.

The lander's engines rose in a triumphant scream to drown out the rushing winds and skittering dust. Lakius and Osil felt the heavy weight of high-G deceleration as the ungainly craft steadied itself and slowed. Lakius could see dust dunes too now through the curving port in the lander's prow, but the dunes with their trailing streamers of blowing dust were dwarfed by the serried ranks of sharp-angled black monoliths which rose up around the lander as it dipped between them. Osil let out an involuntary gasp as the scale of the structures became apparent. The monoliths were mountain-sized edifices of harsh, alien rock cutting the horizon into a sawtoothed edge or a predator's maw.

LANDED: 6/83964LM41

EXPLORATOR MAGOS PRIME
RESTON EGAL SURFACE
SURVEY*. XENO STRUCTURES
CATALOGUED*.

The lander changed course, angling towards a vast dark triangle which blotted out half the sky. The pilot-spirit was faithfully following the beaten now, bringing them in towards a tiny ring of light in the shadows below it. There lay the Explorator's camp.

(Extracted from
Dust Ex Mechanicus)

SHADOW GAMES

In deep space, twenty light years from the nearest star system, Craftworld Alaitoc glided on its course. Kilometre after kilometre of flowing wraithbone, gleaming domes and towering spires, its real size could only be guessed by comparing it with the swarms of vessels that accompanied it. Even the mighty Void Stalkers seemed like minnows beside a Leviathan. It was one of the last strongholds of a dying race, but the Eldar of Alaitoc were not ready to pass over yet and, within its hidden Star Chamber, measures were being taken to stave off another threat to their existence.

Farseer Alladrios Kulcassian was ancient even by Eldar standards, yet he had come to the Star Chamber to be one with the Infinity Circuit and to let his mind walk among spirits that had known the beauty of the Eldar home worlds and the terror of the fall.



Their presence carried an aura of tragedy that struck hard at Alladrios. Only the most urgent need was sufficient for him to commune with them and then only here in the silence and solitude of the Star Chamber where he was shielded from the Great Enemy and knew that what he heard and saw was the truth. With studied deference Alladrios took a spirit stone from within his robes and laid it on a crystal plinth. The stone was set in an electrum clasp scribed with the symbol of Clan Kulcassian. Alladrios wore one just like it on his breast; the other had belonged to his sister. It was empty but still served to remind him of her, and of the abomination that had hunted her down. Hers was one spirit he would not meet in the Circuit.

For a few moments before immersing himself in the Infinity Circuit, Alladrios meditated to purge his mind of everything except the journey he must take. For centuries Eldar Farseers had dreaded the Mon-keigh psyker-killers, the Culexus Assassins. The Culexus were psychic nulls, carriers of the Pariah gene, a trait that debilitated psykers in proximity to them. That the greatest minds of the Eldar could be hunted down and slaughtered was a source of shame and terror. No stone had been left unturned in the search for the lair of these abominations and it had been Alladrios who had coordinated the search. That search could now be over. Calmly he pushed his expectation and excitement down and, with a gentle psychic nudge, forced his consciousness and soul into the spirit stone that acted as the interface to the craftworld's Infinity Circuit.

Jaramshala walked confidently past Governor Takis' guards, trusting her polymorphine-granted disguise and stolen papers. For five years the Governor had been a growing irritation. Now he was not only withholding titles, but providing sanctuary for condemned heretics. Today he would face the Emperor's justice.

Governor Takis stood twenty metres in front of her in the concourse, exchanging greetings with two of his generalists. He looked up and saw her.

"Baron Victor, how good to see you. I was hoping you would report today, please come with me. Excuse me, gentlemen."

Baron Salos Victor had been Takis' Minister of Production. Earlier that morning his new mistress had proved to be Jaramshala, disciple of the Callidus temple, and his career had ended. Nodding and smiling, Jaramshala followed Takis through a set of double doors into a reception chamber, the doors sliding shut as Takis turned towards her. It was almost too easy. She watched Takis' eyes as she struck. Covering the distance between them in an instant, her deadly C'tas phase blade transcribed a smooth arc before her, slicing effortlessly through whatever protection was conceded beneath the Governor's bulky robes. Throughout it all the eyes of the Governor remained impulsive, no surprise, no pain, nothing. Jaramshala glanced down - there was no blood nor even a tear in the robe where she had aimed her cut. In almost three hundred previous assassinations her venom weapons had not failed her. She struck again, this time a two-handed thrust into the Governor's heart. The blade penetrated to the hilt, doubling Takis up. He slowly straightened, steadily meeting Jaramshala's gaze before allowing an ironic smile to twist one corner of his mouth.

"I was wondering just how corrupt poor old Takis was going to have to get before he was condemned to a swift death. Your High Lords are too soft. That will have to change."

Light burst from his eyes, the light of a sun, blinding and burning the assassin as a sudden phantom wind lifted her and smashed her into the wall. Her reflexes saved her. Rolling into a ball she rode the impact, landed lightly and reached for her neural shredder. A bludgeoning blow sent it spinning while a grip of iron closed on her throat and lifted her. The Governor was wreathed in blafire, held aloft by a wind that seemed only to touch him. Together they spiralled upwards towards the high, arched ceiling. With his free hand, he reached down and smoothly withdrew the phase sword. He held it up and in a language she did not recognise but understand he said,

"How nice it is when one's children come home."

The blade withered in his hand, dissolving into liquid form, which leapt from the hilt to his hand like a serpent of mercury to be absorbed into his skin.

"And how wonderful when they bring gifts. You will not be aware of this but the polymorphine drug you metabolise so often gives human essence such a delicate flavouring."

Alladrios' mind journeyed along the Infinity Circuit, briefly sensing then passing the myriad spirits of his craftworld before reaching out to find one particular Infinity Circuit linked to the Eternal Matrix. The journey was not an easy one, beset with long-lost friends and comrades, but Alladrios pressed on, driven by his solemn sense of purpose. Eventually his consciousness tumbled into the Infinity Circuit of the Legacy of Eldanesh, a Shadow class Cruiser operating far from the nearest warp tunnel. Even as Alladrios connected with it he felt the dread that permeated every spirit stone and every living soul aboard. The spirit of Erannion, seventeenth master of the Legacy of Eldanesh, acknowledged him. Communication was difficult as Erannion and the rest of the Legacy's crew, living or dead, were in torpor, paralysed by the horror which they had tracked down. Alladrios gently reached out through the Wraithbone to the cruiser's instruments, quickly finding what he had come for. Outside, still distant, was a planet, long since hurled into deep space by the death of its sun. The orphan world had been snared by the gravity well of a singularity, not enough to drag it in but enough to change its course so that it was gradually arcing back towards the galactic centre. Alladrios tried to turn his mind's eye to the world, but he could not. In the Star Chamber, Alladrios' body shivered uncontrollably. In the Infinity Circuit of the Legacy of Eldanesh, his mind and soul fought the overwhelming urge to flee, to return to his body safe in the shielded Star Chamber, never to look upon the orphan world again.

The planet was a void to him. Normally his mind's eye would see beyond the mundane, revealing past, present and future as a panorama of possibility. He would see the auras of the living, and the spirits of the recent dead. He would see intent, ambition, hopes and fears, all mirrored in the warp. The exiled world was just rock though, scarred by the absence of any warp reflection at all. Looking at it, it was as though the universe had suddenly become a monochrome, soundless place. Alladrios knew then that his quest neared its end. This planet was what he had been searching for so long. Somewhere, probably beneath the surface, was the Culexus Temple. Throughout his long search he had dreamed of reducing this den of monsters to a charred ruin; now he stood at that moment and still the training and discipline of the path of the Farseer guided his actions. Before making an irrevocable action he must always consider the consequences. His precognitive powers led him along the paths of fate, examining the possible outcomes of destroying the orphan world. He expected to see an age free of fear, the vindication of the path he had followed. Impatiently, he projected his thoughts down a dozen or more alternate futures stemming from the Culexus' destruction, but the only common consequence was a vision of Alaitoc, her towers cast down, her domes smashed, burning in space. For a long agonised moment the Infinity Circuit of the Legacy of Eldanesh resounded with his scream of rage and grief. The Eldar had lived with grief since the Fall. In comparison to that, Alladrios knew that what he felt was his own frustrated pride. He steadied himself and calmly gave up the work of centuries for the sake of the future.

With a word to the crew, the Legacy of Eldanesh was turned about, and with each passing second the pall of fear that had so paralysed the crew subsided. But neither they nor Alladrios dared to look back.

The Star Chamber felt chill as Alladrios rejoined his body; it was more than just cold sweat on his skin, a thin veneer of crystal had crept up his arms. He had been gone for a dangerously long time and it took all his will to reinvigorate his body, pulling it back from the brink to which he had pushed it. As the crystal lattice faded back into pale flesh, he considered what he had seen.

How could the execution of the Mon-keigh temple destroy Alaitoc? If it was within the power of the Imperials to destroy Alaitoc then they would have already done it for no purpose other than their ignorant hatred. The answer must lie in the origins of the Culexus. Alladrios had walked many paths in his span and knew secrets that were otherwise the province of the

Black Library alone. He had pondered the riddle-laden mysteries entrusted to him by his kin within the Infinity Circuit until the ancient legends made sense.

Long ago, before the Fall, the Mon-keigh were nothing. They were comical tree-beasts, part of the eco-system of their world, but with no greater role defined for them by the Old Ones. That was before the God War between the C'tan-led Necrons and the Old Ones, supported by their successor races, had almost consumed the galaxy. In the aftermath of the conflict many worlds were devastated, and it took time to rebuild them. In this power vacuum the lesser creations of the Old Ones, such as the Mon-keigh, developed in unforeseeable ways. Raw, elemental evolution took a hold, turning these noisy but harmless beasts into the life form that now infested a million worlds. The Eldar had let them be, perhaps they were reluctant to harm what little life remained, but others were not. Legends said that the Devoured Ones had sown a terrible crop in ages past. Now it was growing to fruition and the harvesters were being readied.



EVALUATION OF ANOMALOUS VESSEL [EX-302/26] - SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT

Comm to:	Imperial Record CHT 16/2326	Transmit to:	Indomitable Presence (Cletus System)
Credit to:	Inquisition Record ZMI 2/2452	Transmit to:	Astropath Prime Kalch
Report Date:	Space Hulks FG Necron AA	Request:	Astropath-Terminus Galbrecht
Report Cleared:	855P980M39		
Author:	Ship Commissar Stromm	Thought for the Day:	Vigilance is your shield.
	Captain Felstorm		

The ongoing salvage operation aboard the space hulk Usholy Harbinger has been halted by a deeply disturbing discovery made aboard the hulk leading directly to the death of Inquisitor Daska and several of my crew.

Deep within the core of the Usholy Harbinger we found a small but dense asteroid (approximately 3 metres in diameter and displacing an estimated 37 tons). This in itself is not an uncommon feature of such large hulls. In this case, however, the asteroid was not of natural origin but a fragment of some larger, artificially built structure. Using suspensors, we were able to lift the fragment out of the deck of the hulk. On the underside, previously concealed, was an embedded construct, roughly arch-shaped but with its lines interwoven in such a way that they blurred into one another. The effect was unsettling in the extreme – simply viewing the shape caused three of my crew to suffer sudden, violent epileptic seizures. It proved impossible to identify the materials from which it is constructed as each attempt has yielded different results. Our augurs were hopelessly distorted and no tools available to us could mark, let alone penetrate, the substance from which it was constructed.

After considerable reference to our databases we made a match between the material comprising the fragment and pre-human ruins discovered on Tamar IV in 788M38. The Tamar report detailed a pyramid, partially made of a similar substance, which had defied investigation by a specialist Adeptus Mechanicus research team. It did reveal that the pyramid was associated with a race of mechanical beings called the Necrons. There were further cross-referenced reports to which only Inquisitor Daska had the required clearance. Having studied them, he ordered me to put the Indomitable Presence on full battle alert and to stand 200 miles off Usholy Harbinger. From this point onwards only Inquisitor Daska and his specially selected investigators were to have access to the hulk. I assumed that Necron artefacts were unstable in some way and gladly moved my ship out of harm's reach.

It was on their fourth trip to the hulk that the investigation started to go wrong. I was on the bridge of Indomitable Presence when a major energy spike was detected from the hulk. Further augurs revealed that Usholy Harbinger's functional engine had been activated. I immediately tried to contact Daska but got no response, so I voxed Tech-Priest Masseuko instead. He was a loyal and efficient member of my crew and I could be sure of his cooperation. He informed me that Daska had ordered a power feed to be set up to the construct from the hulk's reactor. The procedure was hazardous enough, but the construct was absorbing energy at a worrying rate. I did not have the authority to counter the Inquisitor's order and had to break contact, as Masseuko was needed to perform a supplication to keep the main energy conduit working.

It was almost ten minutes before I could re-establish contact. In that time I conferred with Ship's Commissar Stromm who agreed that we should load torpedo bays and lock all weapons onto the hulk. When Masseuko replied he was wildly elated, calming down long enough to route his bionic eye's optical feed to the bridge. The picture was of poor quality but I could make out the asteroid fragment. The construct was glowing, looking even more like an arch or gateway filled by a swirling mist. The asteroid fragment, which had been fist shaped, was now larger, forming a smooth wall behind the portal and seemed to be expanding backwards like a small fortress. The surface looked like obsidian, braced with silver and from its core emanated a pulsing, sickly green glow which filled the chamber.

I could see Inquisitor Daska standing closest to it while the Tech-adepts scurried around him. Stromm looked over my shoulder. I remember him saying that, whatever his intent, Daska was treading the path to heresy. I told him it was more likely the path to suicide, as at each corner of what was now a small fortress, projections that were plainly weapons were taking form. I tried to order Masseuko to cut the energy feed but he could not hear me over the deep, resonating hum of the device, absorbing all the power the hulk's reactors could provide. I knew then that Daska, Masseuko and the rest of the boarding party were dead men and looked away. As I told my gunnery officer to prepare to fire I saw the look of horror on Stromm's face and could not help looking back at the screen.

Lightning shot from the alien device's weapons to tear at the men around it. The picture tumbled sideways, Masseuko was hit and falling, but the transmission continued albeit with heavy static. The portal flared and a hunched, metallic creature stepped through it. Daska, to his credit, already had his bolt pistol in his hand and a line of explosions across the monster's chest was testament to his accuracy. My hand was raised ready to order my gunnery officer to open fire. I held it aloft as I watched the metal thing fall. By my side, Stromm snarled encouragement to the embattled Inquisitor. Even as the first enemy fell though, three others stepped through the portal. Daska fired at them too but this time his shots found no weak spots in their metal hides. Daska calmly reached for a fresh magazine but before he could load, all three fired at him. He was held in the beams, writhing as layer after layer of his skin was stripped away until all that was left was a bloody rag doll. I watched him fall and then watched the robot he had destroyed get back to its feet. I let my arm fall.

We had surveyed Usholy Harbinger for some time so we knew where to aim. One salvo of torpedoes detonated the working reactor – the hulk started to crack open ending the transmission from Masseuko's eye. I widened the range and kept firing at every fragment large enough to target until the debris was spread through the system.

I do not know why Daska took such a chance. I assume that the creatures I saw were Necrons. As for that device, that black monolith, I have no idea. I have ordered a full sweep of the debris field but will not take further action without fresh orders.

I await your instructions.

The Emperor Protects.

DARKNESS RISING

Scraps of information regarding the current activities of the Necron race are few and far between, ranging from fragmentary prophecies culled from ancient texts to the raving of madmen. Each clue is seized upon by Imperial servants and pored over incessantly until some meaning, however inconsequential, is divined.

The first recorded contact with these mysterious aliens was in 897.M41, on a world in the eastern fringes where the Sisters of the Adeptus Sororitas had founded a fortress-convent, designated Sanctuary 101. Vid logs record a furious battle between the valiant Sisterhood and the warriors of the Necrons, but little of worth is displayed as there appears to have been artificial disruption introduced into the recordings, and the Sisters' opponents are little more than half-glimpsed gleaming shadows. Subsequent investigations into the site of battle revealed nothing more than the mutilated corpses of the Adeptus Sororitas, eviscerated in a hideous surgical manner. No signs of Sanctuary 101's attackers were ever found and the Blessed Sisters' deaths remain unavenged.

Amongst the growing volume of information flowing to the archives on Terra regarding Necron activities, one morsel in particular has merited the attention of those placed high enough to hear it. After-action reports from a company of Ultramarines, under the command of Captain Uriel Ventris, speak of a creature of unimaginable power discovered in the depths of a tomb complex buried beneath the surface of a world named Pavonis. This deathly spectre slaughtered many of the brave warriors of the Adeptus Astartes before making its escape from Pavonis. Its current whereabouts are unknown.

In addition, a disturbing pattern has emerged in the movements of the Tyranid Hive Fleet Leviathan. Initial reports appeared to indicate that the Tyranids were encroaching into the galaxy from below the galactic plane in the form of a closing maw, swallowing whole systems in their wake. However, a number of worlds within the centre of this closing maw seem to have been avoided and left unmolested, as astropathic communication in these regions has, as yet, been unaffected by what some scholars term the Shadow in the Warp. There appears to be no logic to their survival, and why the Tyranids should allow some worlds to survive is a mystery that surely warrants further investigation.

Before now, Necron activities had been confined to sporadic raids, with lone outposts, isolated asteroid bases and frontier worlds coming under attack. A plea for aid from the Tethrock Quay Naval base was the first indicator that events were picking up momentum when the Lux Imperator disappeared and the warship Solar's Fury was destroyed. Naval forces throughout the galaxy have recorded yet more attacks of progressively greater strength, and this has culminated in a bizarre, suicidal raid by five Necron vessels (designated Shroud class light cruisers), which somehow managed to penetrate the

formidable planetary defences of the Adeptus Mechanicus home world of Mars. After pursuing the invaders to the Noctis Labyrinthus, a mine complex in the northern reaches of Mars, defence ships were finally able to catch the Necron vessels. Though all five were destroyed, it was only at a fearfully high cost, and one of the ships actually managed to land on the blessed red soil of Mars itself before being vaporised. What the Necrons hoped to gain by this remains a mystery, and various vocal members of the Adeptus Mechanicus have voiced wildly differing opinions regarding the future of the mine complex, ranging from its total destruction to the enforcement of a Perditia zone. Fresh from his expedition to the dead world of Naogeddon, Magos Prime Reston Egal has proved the most strident in his cries for the site's destruction with fusion bombs and its sealing with ferrocrite, but thus far his demands have been overruled.

It is clear from the increased frequency of these reports that the growing threat of these beings must not be underestimated and that the increase in their activities must be met with greater force and resolve.

"Hh! The Imperium is a big place, my boy. The universe is always unleashing some new catastrophe, some marauding race. Hundreds of worlds die, but millions more prosper. It matters not. Nothing can truly hurt us here."

Lord Magister Ibar Soren, Terra



NECRON ARMY LIST

This section of the book is given over to the Necron army list; a listing of the different troops and vehicles a Necron Lord can use in battle or, in your case, games of Warhammer 40,000. The army list allows you to fight battles using the scenarios included in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook, but it also provides you with the basic information you'll require to field a Necron army in scenarios you've devised yourself, or as part of a campaign series of games, or whatever else may take your fancy.

The army list is split into five sections. All of the squads, vehicles and characters in the army list are placed in one of the five sections depending upon their role on the battlefield. In addition, every model included in the army list is given a points value, which varies depending upon how effective that model is on the battlefield.

Before you can choose an army for a game you will need to agree with your opponent upon a scenario and upon the total number of points each of you will have to spend on your army. Having done this you can proceed to pick an army as described below.

USING A FORCE ORGANISATION CHART

The army lists are used in conjunction with the Force Organisation chart from a scenario. Each Force Organisation chart is split into five categories that correspond to the sections in the army list, and each category has one or more boxes. Each box indicates that you may make one choice from that section of the army list, while a dark-toned box means that you must make a choice from that section.

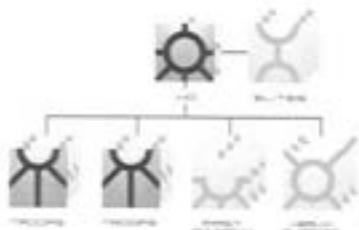
STANDARD MISSIONS

COMPULSORY

- 1 HQ
- 2 Troops

OPTIONAL

- 1 HQ
- 4 Troops
- 3 Elites
- 3 Fast Attack
- 3 Heavy Support



The Standard Missions Force Organisation chart is a good example of how to choose an army.

To begin with you will need at least one HQ unit and two Troops units (dark shaded boxes indicate units that must be taken for the mission).

This leaves the following for you to choose from to make up your army's total points value:

- Up to 1 HQ unit.
- 0-3 additional Elite units.
- 0-4 additional Troop units.
- 0-3 additional Fast Attack units.
- 0-3 additional Heavy Support units.

USING THE ARMY LISTS

To make a choice, look in the relevant section in the army list and decide what unit you wish to have in your army, how many models there will be in the unit, and which upgrades that you want (if any). Remember that you cannot field models that are equipped with weapons and wargear that are not shown on the model.

Once this is done, subtract the points value of the unit from your total points and then go back and make another choice. Continue doing this until you have spent all your points. Now you are ready to rise from your tomb and reclaim the galaxy.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry consists of the following:

Unit Name: The type of unit, which may also show a limitation on the minimum or maximum number of choices you can make of that unit type (0-1, for example).

Profile: These are the characteristics of that unit type, including its points cost.

Number/Squad: This shows the number of models in the unit, or the number of models you may take for one choice from the Force Organisation chart. If this is a variable amount, it shows the minimum and maximum unit size.

Weapons: These are the unit's standard weapons.

Options: This lists the different weapon and equipment options for the unit and any additional points cost for taking these options. If a squad is allowed to have models with upgrades, then these must be given to ordinary team members, not to a character in the squad.

Special Rules: This is where you'll find any special rules that apply to the unit.

SPECIAL NECRON NOTES

Strategy rating

The Necrons have a Strategy rating of 3.

Sentries

When required to deploy sentries, the Necron player may use ten Necron Warriors. These Warriors do not benefit from the 'We'll Be Back!' special rule.

Sustained Attack scenario special rule

When attacking in a mission that uses the Sustained Attack special rule (for example, the Meat Grinder mission) the 25% Phase Out rule is waived.

Capturing Necrons

Due to their Phase Out ability, no enemy army ever scores bonus Victory points for 'capturing' Necrons as they will simply phase out.

Experience

Necrons never gain experience during campaigns, as they have no individual identity or capacity to learn from experience. For the same reason, Necron vehicles have no Leadership value.

C'tan do not gain experience as they are special characters and, because they have been around for a very long time, there is little they have not already learned.

NECRON SPECIAL RULES

The following special rules apply only to those models with the Necron special rule specified in their profiles.

WE'LL BE BACK!

Necrons have a remarkable ability to self-repair even the most horrendous damage. Any Necron model that is reduced to 0 Wounds, or would otherwise be removed as a casualty, remains on the tabletop and is laid on its side to show that it's damaged. Damaged Necrons ignore the normal coherency rules and cannot be attacked in any way – they are seen as just more battlefield debris.

At the start of every Necron turn, damaged Necrons may self-repair. Roll a D6 for every Necron capable of self-repair. On a roll of a 1-3, remove the model as normal. On a roll of a 4-6, the Necron is repaired and stands back up with 1 Wound remaining.

A Necron cannot self-repair if it was destroyed by a close combat weapon that allows no Armour save or any weapon whose Strength is twice the Toughness of the Necron concerned. This can be over-ridden by the Resurrection Orb (see the Necron Armoury). Additionally, the self-repair ability only works if the wounded Necron is within 6" of another model of the same type, although not necessarily of the same unit.

The repaired Necron will immediately be placed in coherency with the closest unit of the same type. Once joined with a unit, the Necron moves and fights with it for the rest of the game. If the nearest unit is in close combat then the repaired Necron may be placed in combat with any of its opponents as long as it maintains coherency. It may not contact a new enemy unit and does not count as charging.

Necron Lords

Necron Lords do not have to have another model within 6" in order to self-repair. If they self-repair, they will stand up with 1 Wound, not their full 3. If the Lord's last Wound is lost to a close combat weapon that allows no Armour save or any weapon whose Strength is twice the Toughness of the Necron Lord then it cannot self-repair unless it or another Necron Lord within 6"

The following apply to all models in a Necron army:

Chain Teleportation

Necrons have several means of teleporting; many models can Deep Strike, a Monolith can bring models to itself, a Necron Lord with a Veil of Darkness can transport a unit, and so on. Under no circumstances can any unit or model make more than one teleport move in a single turn. Examples include using the veil of darkness to move a squad to within 18" of a Monolith, which then phases them to its portal, or deep striking a unit of Flayed Ones onto the battlefield and then moving them with the veil. There are no exceptions to this, no matter how clever your logic.

Fighting the Necrons

Necrons are largely mechanical creatures, and as such it might seem inappropriate that weapons such as sniper rifles, which normally use poison to achieve their effect, and agonisers, which work against an enemy's nervous system, should be effective against them. In practice, anyone using these weapons against Necrons would make

has a Resurrection Orb. If several attacks hit simultaneously, assume that hits that do not allow self-repair strike ahead of hits that do.

Tomb Spyders

If a Necron cannot self-repair because no model of the same type is within 6", it may still self-repair if there is both a Tomb Spyder within 12" and another model of the same type on the battlefield. If the Necron recovers then it will immediately join that model's unit as normal.

Victory Points

For Victory point purposes, base all calculations on each unit's original and final strengths only. So if a unit of Warriors started with 16 members, lost 10 casualties but gained five Warriors from other units, they would finish with 11 Warriors and would not count as being below half strength. Similarly, if the same unit lost nine casualties then it would be worth half its points to the opponent, even if those casualties have self-repaired and joined other units.

PHASE OUT

If a Necron army is reduced to 25% or less of its original number of models (in other words, 75% of its models, rounding fractions up, are destroyed), it will disappear in an eerie fashion, leaving behind nothing of its presence. This gives an automatic victory to the enemy, regardless of the victory conditions of the scenario being played. For example, if an army of 50 Necron models is reduced to 12 models or less, it will disappear from the battlefield. Remember that you only count models with the Necron special ability, so C'tan, Pariah, Scarab swarms, Monoliths and Tomb Spyders do not contribute to the total number of Necrons in the army or to the current number of casualties. However when Phase Out occurs, the whole Necron army, including models without the Necron ability, phases out.

Phase Out is calculated at the beginning of the Necron turn after all We'll Be Back! rolls have been taken.

adjustments to counter the Necrons' defences, for example, using acid rounds instead of poisoned rounds or altering the charge from an agoniser to affect the Necrons' power systems. Because of this, Necrons do not receive any special immunities in this regard. In the Warhammer 40,000 universe there are many troops with an equal claim to special immunities, such as Tyranids and Daemons. It is therefore logical to assume that weaponry will keep pace to maintain fairness and avoid unnecessary complication.

Morale

Necrons don't suffer panic or fear in the same way as other races, but will retreat where circumstances make it logical or advantageous for them to do so. Consequently, Necrons take Leadership, Morale and Pinning tests just like other troops do. Note that if Necron units have suffered casualties which have then self-repaired but are separated from the main body of the unit then these models are ignored when considering whether the unit is in coherency or not.

NECRON ARMOURY

RANGED WEAPONS

Weapon	Range	Str	AP	Type
Gauss flayer	24"	4	5	Rapid Fire
Gauss blaster	24"	5	4	Assault 2
Gauss cannon	36"	6	4	Heavy 3
Heavy gauss cannon	36"	9	2	Heavy 1
Gauss flux arc	12"	5	4	Heavy D6 (per target unit)
Particle whip	24"	9	3	Ordnance 1/Blast
Staff of Light	12"	5	3	Assault 3

Gauss Weapons

Gauss weapons are horrifying devices that can strip a target down molecule by molecule and reduce it to its constituent atoms in a matter of seconds.

Against troops, any roll to wound of a 6 automatically causes a wound regardless of Toughness. Even a target which the weapon could not normally hurt because of its high Toughness or because it is immune to weapons below a given Strength is wounded. Saving throws apply as normal.

Any vehicle that suffers a hit from a gauss weapon will suffer a glancing hit on a D6 roll of a 6 on the Armour Penetration roll, even if the target's Armour value is greater than could normally be penetrated. Note that a roll that beats the target's Armour value by rolling a '6' doesn't cause a glancing hit as well as a penetrating hit.

If a gauss weapon inflicts a glancing hit on a vehicle against which only glancing hits are possible, for example, a hull down vehicle, a vehicle screened by smoke launchers or one protected by a kustom force field, then a glancing hit is still inflicted. If a gauss weapon scores a glancing hit on a vehicle with a roll of 6 when it would not otherwise be able to damage it, and the vehicle is one which treats glancing hits as penetrating hits, such as the Hellhound, then it remains a glancing hit.

Staff of Light

The Staff of Light is a device of arcane technology that serves as both a symbol of rank and a weapon for Necron Lords. As well as projecting devastating blasts of energy, the Staff of Light may also be used in the Assault phase, in which case it counts as a power weapon.

Particle Whip

The Particle Whip emits a tightly focused particle beam, which is used as the carrier for a single immensely powerful bolt of energy. Note that any model under the hole in the middle of the Ordnance template is hit with an AP1 attack. The particle whip is an Ordnance weapon.

CLOSE COMBAT WEAPONS

Warscythe

Warscythes are made from the same living metal as the hulls of Necron ships and the C'tan necrodermis (see page 27). They have phase blades that slip effortlessly through the most powerful armour. A well-directed Warscythe can cut the barrel from a Leman Russ or carve a hole in the side of a bunker. There are no saving throws of any sort (including invulnerable saves) allowed against Warscythes, and when attacking vehicles 2D6 + Strength is rolled for armour penetration.

WARGEAR

Only Necron Lords may select items from the Wargear list below (except for disruption fields which are available to several unit types (see the troop profiles for details)), and they are limited to 100 points worth of items each.

Item	Points
Chronometron	10
Disruption Field	5
Destroyer Body	30
Gaze of Flame	15
Lightning Field	25
Nightmare Shroud	30
Phase Shifter	30
Phylactery	15
Resurrection Orb	40
Solar Pulse	20
Veil of Darkness	60

Chronometron

10 points

The Necrons are the masters of space and time. The chronometron allows the Necrons to act out of phase with the normal time flow, advancing normally while their opponents move in slow motion.

A Necron Lord with a Chronometron, and any unit he has joined, rolls an extra dice (and discards the lowest) when determining how far they can make a sweeping advance and fall back.

Disruption Field

5 points

The grasping, metal claws of the Necrons pulse with unnatural energies that seem to warp the skin of vehicles as they strike. Even the most heavily armoured vehicle can be torn apart by Necrons with such powers.

Disruption fields are used in assaults against vehicles. Any hit inflicted on the target by a unit equipped with disruption fields will score a glancing hit on a D6 roll of a 6 regardless of the vehicle's Armour value in exactly the same way as for ranged gauss weapons.

Destroyer Body

30 points

The Necron Lord is mounted on a destroyer platform, allowing him to rise over the battlefield and dive down with deathly speed to destroy his enemies.

The Necron Lord is mounted on an otherwise unarmed Destroyer platform. He moves as if mounted on a jetbike and gets +1 Toughness. As a result he can't be instantly killed by weapons with Strength 10.

Gaze of Flame

15 points

Flickering witch-fires blaze from the metal death mask of the Necron Lord, chilling the very heart of those who look upon it, stealing away their strength and crushing their courage.

Models belonging to units which charge into combat with the Necron Lord gain no bonus to their Attacks for charging as they are inexplicably slowed at the last instant (even Tyranids, Daemons and other things which you would think were immune to such powers).

Note that only the normal +1 Attack for charging is lost. Any additional advantages due to a unit's special abilities are unaffected. Enemy models fighting in a close combat involving a Necron Lord with a Gaze of Flame suffer a -1 Leadership penalty, in addition to any other modifiers.

Lightning Field

25 points

Bolts of energy arc from the Necron Lord to nearby Necrons, energising and charging their carapaces.

Powerful arcs of energy link the Necron Lord and any unit he has joined. For every wound inflicted on them in close combat by an enemy unit or independent character, a single Strength 3 hit (with no AP) will be struck back as they are burned and shocked. The return blows are calculated after all other attacks are resolved and will hit the enemy that triggered them. For example, if one attacking unit inflicted three wounds they would therefore take three hits in return.

Nightmare Shroud (One per army)

30 points

The worst fears are summoned from the pits of nightmare and thrust into the minds of all those near the Necron Lord. Palpable waves of horror radiate from the metal-skinned monster, and all who look upon it will find their courage tested to the very limit.

The Nightmare Shroud may be activated in the Shooting phase instead of firing a weapon. Every enemy unit with a model within 12" of the Necron Lord must take a Morale check as though they had taken 25% casualties. All the normal exceptions apply, ie. units that will never fall back are immune to the Nightmare Shroud.

Phase Shifter (One per army)

30 points

The very fabric of the Necron Lord seems hazy and indistinct, as though he were not completely corporeal. Shots and blows pass through his mechanical body and even the most powerful weapons cannot harm him.

A Necron Lord with a Phase Shifter gains a 4+ Invulnerable saving throw.

Phylactery

15 points

This inconspicuous charm is a powerful self-repair device, filled with tiny, spider-like creatures that swarm all over a wounded Necron Lord, re-knitting his body so that he may continue to fight.

When a Necron Lord is reduced to 0 Wounds and attempts his Self-repair roll at the start of the Necron turn, instead of using the normal rules, use the following table to see what happens.

D6 Result

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 1-3 | The model is removed as a casualty as normal |
| 4 | The Necron Lord stands up with 1 Wound. |
| 5 | The Necron Lord stands up with 2 Wounds. |
| 6 | The Necron Lord stands up with 3 Wounds. |

Resurrection Orb

40 points

With a gesture from the Necron Lord the scattered remains of destroyed warriors crawl together before standing ready to do battle once more.

The Necron Lord is able to augment the self-repair systems of Necrons within 6" of him. All Necron units with a model within 6" (including the Lord himself) may attempt 'We'll be back' rolls even if they were damaged by weaponry that causes instant death or close combat weapons that allow no Armour save.

Solar Pulse (One per army. One use only)

20 points

The Necron Lord's staff releases a flash of energy, blinding his enemies and illuminating the battlefield.

The Solar Pulse is used at the beginning of the Necron turn. If the Night Fighting rules are in effect, they will cease to apply during the Necron turn in which the Solar Pulse is used. If the Night Fighting rules are not in use then for the following enemy turn after the Solar Pulse is used, the Night Fighting rules will apply to any unit firing at the Necron Lord (and any unit he has joined). If a unit cannot see the Necron Lord as a result they may redirect their fire at another target.

Veil of Darkness (One per army)

60 points

The Necron Lord can summon a veil of darkness which twists about it like a ghostly cloak blown by an ethereal breeze. When the darkness ebbs, the Lord and those nearby will have disappeared, only to reappear mysteriously some distance away moments later.

A Necron Lord can use a Veil of Darkness at the start of its Movement phase instead of moving normally. The Necron Lord and up to one unit of Necrons (specifically Immortals, Flayed Ones, Warriors, Destroyers, Heavy Destroyers or Wraiths) within 6" of it are removed from the tabletop and both are then immediately placed back together anywhere on the tabletop using the Deep Strike rules. The Veil may be used even if enemy models are in base contact with the Necron Lord or any of the Necrons that move with him (the enemy models are left behind).

HQ

NECRON LORD

Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	
Necron Lord	100	4	4	5	5	3	4	3	10	3+

The most sophisticated of the C'tan's servants, the Necron Lords act as leaders and energy loci for the Necron warriors. Clad in crumbling vestments and wielding ancient, arcane staffs, they are a chilling sight on the battlefield, directing their warriors' attack in unnatural silence. The patina of age mars the silvered perfection of their forms and they wear the accumulated power of millennia like a robe. Glittering arcs of energy surround their every gesture and soulless fires burn in their empty eye sockets.

Number/squad: 1

Weapons: Staff of Light.

Options: A Necron Lord may take up to 100 pts worth of equipment from the Necron Wargear section of the Armoury. He may also upgrade his Staff of Light to a Warscythe for +10 pts.

Character: The Necron Lord is an Independent Character and follows all the rules for characters given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

SPECIAL RULES

Necron. The Necron Lord follows the Necron special rules as detailed on page 13.



ELITES

O-1 PARIABS

Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	
Pariah	36	4	4	5	5	1	3	1	10	3+

Number/squad: 4-10

Weapons: Warscythe with built-in gauss blaster.

SPECIAL RULES

Soulless: Any enemy unit with a model within 12" of a Pariah counts as having Leadership 7, unless it would normally be less than that.

Psychic Abomination: Any psyker within 6" of a Pariah at the start of their turn must take a Morale check or fall back along with any squad they are leading. If the psyker is in close combat at the time and fails the Morale check, he will not fall back but will only hit on a 6 in the Assault phase for that turn.

Fearless: Pariahs are assumed to pass all Morale tests, even if failure is normally automatic, and cannot be pinned.

IMMORTALS

Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	
Immortal	28	4	4	4	5	1	2	1	10	3+

Number/squad: 5-10

Weapons: Gauss blaster.

Options: The entire squad may have disruption fields at +2 pts per model.

SPECIAL RULES

Necron: Immortals follow the Necron special rules as detailed on page 13.

FLAYED ONES

Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	
Flayed One	18	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	10	3+

Number/squad: 4-10

Weapons: Claws.

Options: The entire squad may have disruption fields at +3 pts per model.

SPECIAL RULES

Necron: Flayed Ones follow the Necron special rules as detailed on page 13.

Infiltrators. In the right circumstances, Flayed Ones can work their way into a forward position on the battlefield. They may set up using the Infiltrators rule if the mission allows infiltrators. If it doesn't, they set up normally with the rest of the army.

Deep Strike. Flayed Ones are often teleported into position, emerging out of the ground to begin their grisly work. Flayed Ones may therefore be held in Reserve and enter play by Deep Strike, even in missions which do not normally allow Deep Strike or Reserves.

Move Through Cover. Flayed Ones roll an extra D6 when rolling to move through difficult terrain. In most cases, they roll 3D6 and pick the dice with the highest score.

Terrifying Visage. Units in close combat with the Flayed Ones must take a Leadership test at the start of each round of combat. If they fail then for that round they may only hit the Flayed Ones on a roll of 6 regardless of WS.



Crafted from a terrible symbiosis of Necron technology and human evolution, Pariahs represent the next phase of the C'tan's ideal for the galaxy. Resembling artificial beings of soulless perfection, Pariahs radiate a sense of palpable menace and horror to those around them. Blotting out psychic emanations and infusing those nearby with the sense of their own mortality, Pariahs embody the ultimate horror of the Necron threat.

The Immortals were among the most favoured Necron servants of the C'tan, and were the first of their kind to give up their cursed, fleshy bodies to become the soulless Necrons. Implacable metal giants, the lustre of their gleaming bodies has been eroded by the ravages of time. Fleshless metal skulls strike fear into the hearts of their foes and the eerie silence of their advance is more unnerving than a bloodthirsty battlecry.



Twisted and ghoulish terrors of the night, the Flayed Ones advance before the Necron force, spreading fear like a plague before them. Stooped yet tempestuously agile beasts from man's darkest nightmares, the Flayed Ones' long flensing blades can strip the skin from their prey in seconds. Thin and wiry, they adorn themselves with the still-wet hides of their victims, leaving the skinned corpses to sow fear and confusion amongst their enemies' ranks.

TROOPS

WARRIOR

	Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Warrior	18	4	4	4	4	1	2	1	10	3+

The skeletal form of a Necron warrior is a spine-chilling sight, as bullets and lasblasts bounce harmlessly from its metallic limbs. The gauss flayer which it wields is no less terrifying, as it strips its target atom by atom; in a heartbeat it dissolves skin, muscle and then disintegrates bone until nothing remains.

"That we, in our arrogance, believed that Mankind was first among the races of this galaxy will be exposed as fully of the worst kind upon the awakening of these ancient beings. Any hopes, dreams or promises of salvation are sought but dead is the word."

Excerpted from the Dogma Ossuary

Number/squad: 10-20

Weapons: Gauss flayer.

Options: The entire squad may have disruption fields at +2 pts per model.

SPECIAL RULES

Necron. Necron Warriors follow the Necron special rules as detailed on page 13.

Reserves. Any Warrior units in excess of the minimum required by the Force Organisation chart for the mission being played may begin the game in reserve whether the Reserves special rule is in use or not. When they arrive they must emerge from a Monolith portal. If there is no Monolith when the units become available, they will be forced to wait until a Monolith becomes available.

Any Warriors which do not get deployed by the end of the game count as having been destroyed for the purpose of calculating Victory points.



FAST ATTACK

WRAITHS

Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	
Wraith	41	4	4	6	4	1	6	3	10	3+

Number/squad: 1-3

Weapons: Claws and barbed tail.

SPECIAL RULES

Necron. Wraiths follow the Necron special rules as detailed on page 13.

Phase Shift: Because they can phase in and out as they move, Wraiths have a 3+ invulnerable save. When attacking models in or behind cover, Wraiths count as having frag grenades so will strike simultaneously.

Wraithflight: Wraiths move in the same way as a jetbike but, because they can pass intangibly through terrain, they regard no terrain as impassable and never have to take Difficult Terrain tests. Wraiths cannot end their move 'inside' objects to avoid being shot at. They cannot move through enemy models or vehicles either.

DESTROYERS

Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	
Destroyer	50	4	4	4	5	1	2	1	10	3+

Number/squadron: 3-5

Weapons: Gauss cannon.

SPECIAL RULES

Necron. Destroyers follow the Necron special rules as detailed on page 13.

Jetbikes: Destroyers count as jetbikes for movement purposes. They may also move and fire their gauss cannons.

SCARAB SWARMS

Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	
Scarab Swarm	12	2	0	3	3	3	2	3	10	5+

Number/swarm: 3-10 swarm bases.

Weapons: None.

Options: The entire swarm may have disruption fields at +4 pts per swarm base.

SPECIAL RULES

Fearless: Scarab swarms are assumed to pass all Morale tests, even if failure is normally automatic, and cannot be pinned.

Deep Strike: Scarab swarms can burrow underground to get to the enemy or drop into battle from a high altitude. They may Deep Strike in missions which allow it.

Swarms: Scarab swarms move and fight in the same way as jetbikes, but don't get the +1 Toughness bonus and may move through difficult terrain with no need to take a Difficult Terrain test. For the purpose of mission objectives, Scarabs can't capture table quarters, hold objectives or count as surviving troops in a Meat Grinder battle.

Vulnerable to Blasts: Template, Ordnance and Blast marker weapons inflict two wounds instead of one on Scarab swarms. A weapon of Strength 6 or higher will, of course, instantly kill a swarm as normal.

Small Target: Being extremely hard to hit in cover, the swarm's cover save is at +1. Note that this doesn't give them a cover save if they wouldn't normally get one.



Grotesque floating killers, Wraiths move like ghosts, shifting in and out of phase. A Wraith's spinal cord is elongated and fluid, equipped with powerful shock lashes and blades. Wide, hunched shoulders support a leering, skull face, and long, whip-like arms wield scalpel blades for fingers and a nightmare assortment of arcane surgical equipment.



Necron warriors fused to skimming flyers are known and feared as Destroyers. They are a heavily altered form of the Necron Immortal, equally broad with a more pronounced spine from which their terrible weapons draw their power. The speed and ferocity of their attacks are undiminished by their antiquity, and they remain at the forefront of the red harvest.

Silver, beetle-like constructs, Scarabs move ahead of the main army, flying in swarms so thick that they blot out the sun. Scarabs appear without warning, silent but for the rustle of carapace on carapace, a moving carpet of death more deadly than the sum of its parts.

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what in my ear
Of his strange language all I know
There is only pain and fear.

Inscription transcribed from
the walls of Cremax

HEAVY SUPPORT

TOMB SPYDERS

Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	
Tomb Spyder	55	2	2	6	6	2	2	3	10	3+

These arachnid creatures are artificial constructs created to maintain the ancient Necron tomb complexes. Their many eyes stare out from a featureless, metallic block. The hooded carapace of a Tomb Spyder provides essential protection while their flexible metal limbs repair Necron technologies, which they will also fight to protect.



Like their lighter brethren, Heavy Destroyers are a fusion of a Necron Immortal and a flying skimmer craft. As standard, these mount the heavy gauss cannon and home in on the enemy armour, fixing them with their baleful multi-lensed targeters before raking them with devastating heavy gauss cannon fire.

Number: You may include 1-3 Tomb Spyders as a single Heavy Support choice. Tomb Spyders are deployed as a single unit but do not have to be placed together and operate as independent units during the game.

Weapons: Claws.

Options: One claw may be replaced with a particle projector equivalent to a Staff of Light. This will reduce the Spyder's number of Attacks by one.

SPECIAL RULES

Hover: Tomb Spyders move by gravitic propulsion but far more ponderously than airborne Necrons like Destroyers. They move and assault in the same manner as normal models on foot, even though they hover low above the ground.

Monstrous Creature: A Tomb Spyder is a monstrous creature. Its attacks ignore Armour saves and it rolls 2D6 for Armour Penetration against vehicles.

Fearless: Tomb Spyders are assumed to pass all Morale tests, even if failure is normally automatic, and they cannot be pinned.

Artificier: Each Necron turn, a Tomb Spyder that is not in close combat can expend energy to create a Scarab swarm. The swarm is placed in contact with the Spyder at the start of the Assault phase. Roll D6 for each swarm produced. On a 1, the Spyder takes a wound as it is drained by the energy expenditure. Each swarm produced will form a unit with the Tomb Spyder that created it and must retain coherency with it for the remainder of the game.

HEAVY DESTROYERS

Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	
Destroyer	65	4	4	4	5	1	2	1	10	3+

Number/squadron: 1-3

Weapons: Heavy gauss cannon.

SPECIAL RULES

Necron: Heavy Destroyers follow the Necron special rules as detailed on page 13.

Jetbikes: Heavy Destroyers count as jetbikes for movement purposes. They may also move and fire their heavy gauss cannons.





MONOLITH

	Points	Front Armour	Side Armour	Rear Armour	BS
Monolith	235	14	14	14	4

Type: Tank, Skimmer.

Crew: None.

Weapons: Gauss flux arc (see below).

Transport: Special.

SPECIAL RULES

Living Metal: The Monolith is made of living Necron metal which is not only self-repairing but is capable of adapting its structure to resist incoming attacks. Attacks which count the target's Armour Value as being less than it really is (such as bright lances and blasters) do not do so against the Monolith. Similarly, weapons that get additional Armour Penetration dice (such as chainfists, monstrous creatures or meltas weapons) do not get the extra dice against the Monolith. Ordnance weapons still roll 2D6 for Armour Penetration and select the highest score.

Ponderous: The Monolith is a skimmer which can move up to 6" a turn and can if it wishes remain totally stationary. It will not drift if stunned or shaken and if immobilised will not crash like other skimmers, but will sink slowly to the ground and continue to fight from there.

Deep Strike: A Necron attack is often started by Monoliths teleporting to the surface to act as bridges for the invading forces. A Monolith may therefore be deployed by Deep Strike if the special rules for the mission being played include it. Because of the sheer mass of the Monolith, it is not destroyed if there are enemy within 1" when it arrives. Instead, move any models that are in the way the minimum distance necessary to make space for the Monolith.

Gauss Flux Arc Projectors: The Flux Arc projectors will fire D6 shots at every enemy unit with a model within 12" of the Monolith. Each 'weapon destroyed' result inflicted on the Monolith reduces the number of shots at each target by -1.

Power Matrix: The Necron Monolith is capable of focusing incredible, unearthly energies. The power matrix cannot be disabled by a 'weapon destroyed' result and may be used even if the Monolith moves, or is shaken or stunned.

The Monolith may use its matrix in one of the following ways each Necron turn:

1. In the Shooting phase it may discharge the matrix's energy as a particle whip.
or
2. In the Movement phase it may use its portal to allow entire Necron units (specifically Warriors, Immortals, Flayed Ones, Destroyers, Heavy Destroyers or Wraiths) and any Necron Lord that has joined such a unit to phase out (even if in close combat) and re-enter play by emerging from the Monolith portal as if they were disembarking from an access point on a stationary transport vehicle (even if the Monolith moved). The access point is the portal at the front of the model.

The Portal is used in the Necron Movement phase as follows:

- If a unit of Necron Warriors is eligible to enter play from reserve (see the Necron Warriors entry) then they must emerge from the portal even if you would prefer to fire the particle whip. Only one unit of Warriors can enter play from each Monolith in a single turn. The Necron player can decide which.
- If there are no eligible reserves, and a Necron unit (specifically Warriors, Immortals, Flayed Ones, Destroyers, Heavy Destroyers or Wraiths) and any Necron Lord that has joined such a unit is at least partially within 18" of the Monolith, they may phase out and re-emerge from the portal. Any models in the unit that, although eligible to self-repair, failed their 'We'll be back' roll at the start of the turn and were removed, may re-roll once as they emerge from the portal. If you intend to use the portal in this way during a turn then leave models that failed to self-repair on their sides until the end of the Movement phase.

The Monolith combines the properties of transport craft, armoured destroyer and Necron power icon. Its ponderous form floats across the battlefield, its crystal core pulsing with sickly energy, powerful beams of gauss lightning whipping from its weapon mounts. The frontal section is capable of opening a dark portal and transporting Necrons to the battlefield to cause fresh havoc.



"They will seek to harvest us at first, for they will be hungry after their long sleep. Then they will turn their efforts to enslaving the survivors. The galaxy will bleed the stench of death into the void, and it will attract the others of their kind. We must choose unity or death."

Maechu, Farseer of Ulthwe

NECRON SUMMARY

C'TAN AND NECRON STATISTICS

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save
The Nightbringer	6	4	10	8	5	4	5	10	4+*
The Deceiver	5	3	9	8	5	5	4	10	4+*
Necron Lord	4	4	5	5	3	4	3	10	3+
Necron Immortal	4	4	4	5	1	2	1	10	3+
Necron Warrior	4	4	4	4	1	2	1	10	3+
Necron Destroyer	4	4	4	5	1	2	1	10	3+
Scarab Swarm	2	0	3	3	3	2	3	10	5+
Necron Flayed Ones	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	10	3+
Pariah	4	4	5	5	1	3	1	10	3+
Necron Wraiths	4	4	6	4	1	6	3	10	3+*
Tomb Spyders	2	2	6	6	2	2	3	10	3+

* Indicates an Invulnerable save.

NECRON VEHICLE

Vehicle	Armour:	Front	Side	Rear	BS
Monolith		14	14	14	4

NECRON WEAPONS

Weapon	Range	Str	AP	Type
Gauss flayer	24"	4	5	Rapid Fire
Gauss blaster	24"	5	4	Assault 2
Gauss cannon	36"	6	4	Heavy 3
Heavy gauss cannon	36"	9	2	Heavy 1
Gauss flux arc	12"	5	4	Heavy D6 (per target unit)
Particle whip	24"	9	3	Ord.1/Blast
Staff of Light	12"	5	3	Assault 3



My pilgrimage began on the fifth day of Barbel, in the year of the Emperor's grace 903M41, when I set forth upon the road from Holy Terra to Sanctuary.

Three hundred and seven days I journeyed upon the currents of the Empyrean, although to my sisters on Terra almost six years had elapsed as I travelled the length of two thirds of the Emperor's domains.

Sanctuary III was, as I recalled from my days as a Novice, a desolate, wind-swept place where I felt the vast distance from Terra deep within my soul. My task was to reconsecrate the hallowed ground of the convent, which still bore the scars of the Necron attack that had slaughtered our sisters and destroyed their community twelve years before Inquisitor Hoth had, of course, removed our Sisters' bodies and, to our Order's great chagrin, has yet to return them to us. In the absence of a grave, I erected a memorial to each fallen Sister; for each a single statuette of Our Martyred Lady to stand eternal vigil over the site of their martyrdom.

A Book of Retributions
by Caenoss Sepherna of the Order of Our Martyred Lady



The C'tan Unleashed. by Paul Dainton.

THE BEGINNING OF TIME

It is said that the birth of the star gods took place during the creation of the universe itself, formed of insensate energies unleashed in that churning mass of unimaginable force. In this anarchic interweaving, the sea of stars began to swirl and eddy into existence and for an age the universe was nothing more than hot gas and dust ruled over by the incomprehensible forces of billions of young suns. Long before planets had formed and cooled, the first self-aware entities emerged from the seas of plasma and mountainous flares of the suns themselves.

In later eras these creatures would become known as the C'tan, but at this stage in their existence they bore little semblance to the terrifying entities they would later become. They suckled as monstrous parasites upon the uncaring parents that bore them, shortening the lives of suns by uncounted millennia. In time, these star vampires learned to fly on diaphanous wings of magnetic flux, leaving their birthplaces to drift to new feeding grounds and begin the cycle anew. They paid no heed to the hunks of solid matter which they passed in the void, the internal fires and pulsing electromagnetism of these new-born planets insufficient to even register on their monstrous hunger.

THE RISE OF THE OLD ONES

Just as the stars gave birth to creatures fitting to their ilk, so the planets eventually gave rise to life which began the long climb to sentience. First to cross the sea of stars was a race of beings called the Old Ones. They possessed a slow, cold-blooded wisdom, studying the stars and raising astrology and astronomy to an arcane science. Their understanding of the slow dance of the universe allowed them to manipulate alternate dimensions and they undertook great works of psychic engineering. Their science allowed them to cross the vast gulfs of space with a step and they spread their spawn to many places. The Old Ones understood that all life is useful,

and where they passed they kindled new species and impregnated thousands upon thousands of worlds to make them their own.

THE NECRONTYR

As the Old Ones spread across the galaxy, younger, fiercer races struggled in their wake. The Necrontyr were such a race, born under a fearsome, scourging star, which uncannily drove their evolution forth with atomic winds and plasma storms. What little information is known of the Necrontyr tells that their lives were short and uncertain, their bodies blighted and consumed by the searing caress of their cruel star. They were a mercurial, morbid folk, their precarious lifespans riven from cradle to grave with constant loss.

The Necrontyr sought control of their destiny through science, but learned that they could not conquer the curse that had been encoded into their bodies. They persevered, yet still their accomplishments gained them naught. Their star still reigned over them as life-giver and death-god combined. Their cities were built in anticipation of their demise, the living becoming temporary residents hurrying through the sepulchres and vast tombs of their ancestors.

Unable to find peace on their own world, the Necrontyr blindly groped outward to other stars. Using stasis crypts and slow burning torch-ships, clad in living metal to resist the age-long journeys through the void, they began to colonise distant planets. Sometime into their slow expansion, the Necrontyr encountered the Old Ones. The colonisation of these ultra-intelligent mystics had been immeasurably swifter than that of the Necrontyr. That, and their immense longevity (nigh immortality) kindled a burning hatred in the Necrontyr, which ate at them spiritually as much as their hideous cancers consumed them physically. Why should one race be granted such long lives while their own were cut so cruelly short? Jealousy begets hatred and the Necrontyr turned their entire civilisation towards destroying the Old Ones and their spawn.

WAR IN HEAVEN

The terrible wars which followed would fill a library in their own right, but the Necrontyr could never win. Their superior technology was consistently outmanoeuvred by the Old Ones thanks to their mastery of the webway portals. The Necrontyr were pushed back until they became little more than an irritation to the Old Ones, a quiescent peril clinging to the outer dark among the halo stars, exiled and forgotten. The Necrontyr's fury was cooled by long millennia of imprisonment, turning instead to an utter hatred of all life and an implacable determination to avenge themselves upon their invincible foes.

Since earliest times the Necrontyr had studied the suns to try and understand their baleful energies. After long, bitter centuries of searching for some power to unleash upon the Old Ones, the Necrontyr perceived anomalies in the oldest dying stars. In the complex skeins of etheric energy the Necrontyr found a sentience more ancient than any corporeal lifeform in creation, beings of pure energy that had spawned in the birth of the stars themselves. These entities had little conception of the universe when the Necrontyr first found them, feeding upon the solar flares and magnetic storms of bloated red giants. Here was the weapon the Necrontyr had sought, the children of the stars themselves – progeny of their death-god to cast down the Old Ones.

The power of these creatures was awesome, the raw energy of stars made animate, and the Necrontyr called them C'tan, or star-gods in their tongue. The entities were dispersed



across areas larger than planets, their consciousness too vast to comprehend, and how the Necrontyr were able to communicate with them is a mystery. Understanding that such diffuse minds could never perceive the material world without manifesting themselves, the Necrontyr forged bodies for them to occupy, cast from the living metal of their ships. Fragmentary legends tell of translucent streamers of force shifting across space as the star vampires coiled into the realm of matter across an incorporeal starlight bridge.

THE C'TAN INCARNATE

Incomprehensible forces were compressed into the living metal of the false bodies which the Necrontyr had forged as the full power of the C'tan found form. As the C'tan became ever more manifest with the focusing of their consciousness, they began to appreciate the subtleties and pleasures of both matter and life. The close weaves of dancing particles enthralled them and the deliciously focused trickles of electromagnetism leaked by the mortal bodies of the Necrontyr about them awoke a hunger in the C'tan quite unlike the one they had sated among the raging torrents of stars.

The Necrontyr fell into awe of their discovery, and the C'tan quickly took control. The powers of the C'tan were indeed those of gods and it was not long before the C'tan became truly worshipped as such. Perhaps they were tainted by the material world they had entered, or perhaps their manifestations were true to the sun-bound existence they had enjoyed before, but they were as cruel and capricious as the stars that bore them. They revelled in the adulation and epicurean delights of uncouth mortal slaves.

THE FALL OF THE NECRONTYR

Armed with weapons of god-like power and ships that could cross the galaxy in the blink of an eye, the Necrontyr stood ready to begin their war anew. But the C'tan had another boon to grant their subjects. They offered the Necrontyr a path to the immortality and stability their race had always craved. Their cursed flesh would be replaced with living metal in imitation of their gods. Their discarded husks would be consumed and their cold, metal forms would be free to pursue their vengeance against the Old Ones and an uncaring universe, freed forever of the weaknesses of their mortified flesh.

Whether the Necrontyr truly realised the price they would pay for accepting this pact with the C'tan will never be known, but their race was utterly purged, becoming instead the Necrons and cursing themselves to eternal servitude of their star-born

THE OUTSIDER

"It was as silent as the void, and to look upon it was to know terror. It defied above us with slow, liquid grace, and its gaze caused madness and despair wherever it fell. Those it came near took their own lives rather than endure its hellish presence."

—Mervin, Harlequin Shadowmen

Scrapes of information gleaned from the infinity circuits of Eldar craftworlds hint at a great war for ascendancy between the C'tan. The nautic Harlequins have a legend, recounted barely once every century, about the lunacy of the Outsider. They tell the tale of when the Laughing God tricked the Outsider into eating its brothers; the C'tan's unceasing thirst for ascendancy ensured success. But fragments of its victims lingered, twisting like shards of glass within its essence, slowly but steadily driving it insane and forcing it into exile. The mocking amusement of the Laughing God earned it the eternal enmity of the Outsider, and the Harlequins whisper that one dark night it shall return.



gods. The C'tan feasted upon their entire race, leaving behind only ghostly echoes of the Necrontyr. Only a few of the very strongest retained their intellect and even they were shadows of their former selves.

The Necrons cared not; they would live forever as their gods had promised. Only one thing truly remained of their race, a burning hatred of the living. Legions of the undying metal warriors set forth in their tomb-ships, and the galaxy burned. The Old Ones' mastery of the warp was now countered by the C'tan's utter supremacy in the material universe, and the enemies of the Necrons suffered greatly in the slaughter which followed.

NECRON ASCENDANCY

The C'tan now dominated the galaxy. The last bastions of the Old Ones were besieged and the races they had nurtured became cattle for the obscene hunger of the C'tan. To the young races, the Necrons and their gods were cruel masters, callously harvesting their populations at will, figures of terror who demanded their adoration and fear in equal magnitude. For reasons that will probably never be known, the C'tan began to battle amongst themselves for sport and spite as they unleashed destructive forces beyond comprehension. Planets were razed, suns extinguished and whole systems devoured by black holes. New cities were built by the toil of millions and then smashed down again. As the harvests grew thin, C'tan eventually devoured C'tan, until only a few were left, and they sported amongst themselves for an age.

Eventually even the Old Ones, legendary for their patience and implacability, became desperate. They manipulated life into new forms with an ever stronger link to the warp, desiring minions with the capability of channelling psychic power to defend themselves. They nurtured many potential warrior races, and there is speculation that these included the earliest Eldar, the Flashan, the K'nib, and many others. Millennia passed as their creations bore fruit and the C'tan extinguished yet more life from the galaxy.

THE OLD ONES STRIKE BACK

The hot-blooded young races spread across the galaxy, battling Necron science with warp-spawned magicks. The C'tan's empire of destruction was sent reeling; the forces of the Empyrean were anathema to them and, for all the hellish destruction they unleashed, they could not stay the Old Ones' relentless advance.

The C'tan, unified for the first time in millions of years, turned to finding a way of quelling the soul-fuelled energies of the young races. They instigated a great warding, a plan to

VISIONS OF THE SLEEPING GOD

Zaraphistion pronounced the last invocation and looked toward his master for the final act of the ritual. The Despoiler held a booted Space Marine, identifiable as a Space Wolf by his fangs and pack tattoos, securely in the Talos of Horus. With a single, slow swing of his Daemon Sword Drach'nev, Abaddon cut from shoulder to hip. Letting the split cadaver fall limply, Abaddon thrust Drach'nev into the altar before him. Ripples of rich blood ran down the blade and seeped through the shills, totems and fetishes that covered the shrine. The altar began to shake, crimson tendrils of smoke spiralled up from it, coalescing into a fanged and horned visage that gared down on the Despoiler and his Sorcerer.

Zaraphistion addressed the apparition.

"Hragott, spirit of the warp, I command you in the name of the Four Powers to speak."

A hollowing vapourous glow reached out from the apparition to stir the thick blood on the altar, which bubbled wildly in response. The daemonic manifestation spoke with a voice like a howling gale.

"I have expected your summons, Abaddon thrice-cursed. I will tell you what you wish to know but heed well, you will pay a higher price than this offering. One day, your soul will be the plaything of the Flesh Hounds."

Abaddon raised the Talos of Horus and reached inside the crimson mist. For a moment the Talos burned with a dark flame and the apparition howled in pain. The Despoiler leaped forward.

"You dare threaten me? I think not. Learn to serve with grace, little daemon, or suffer the consequences. The warp is full of whispers about Mars, tell us what you know."

With a last twist he withdrew the Talos, crimson tendrils dripping from the claws. The daemon hissed and snarled but lowered its gaze.

"In the shade of Terra, beneath the mountains of mist, there is a new type of death. A sacrifice of men, but the precious souls are not consumed, they are cast aside. Many are the daemons that wait like vultures to feast on the leavings from this rich table."

Zaraphistion turned excitedly to Abaddon.

"Mars is in the shade of Terra and the mountains of mist are Noctis Labyrinthus, the augurs were true."

The Despoiler nodded then fixed his gaze on the daemon, which recoiled before him.

"Show me more. What is on Mars?"

The daemon form blurred and contracted into a pulsing ball of crimson ichor. As if squeezed by an unseen hand the pus oozed onto the altar, covering it in a grisly sheen in which shapes twisted and formed.

The Traitor Marines saw a great chamber of basalt, around it towering machines of antique silver stretched endlessly upward. Set in the floor was a vast sarcophagus of adamantium and gold. From each of the machines in turn a flickering beam of unimaginable energy flowed in a gleaming arc to the sarcophagus.

Outside the summoning chamber, Abaddon's Black Legion bodyguards heard an unfamiliar sound, the harsh, grating laughter of the Despoiler.

forever defeat the magicks of the Old Ones by sealing off the material universe from the Empyrean. With their god-like power it was only a matter of time until they succeeded, and the greatest work of the C'tan was begun. But before this was complete, the seeds of destruction the Old Ones had planted millennia before brought about an unforeseen cataclysm.

The growing pains of the Young Races threw the untapped energies of the warp into disorder. War, pain and destruction were mirrored in the bottomless depths of the sea of souls. The maelstroms of spirits unleashed in the carnage coalesced into the previously formless energies of the warp. Older warp entities became terrifying predators, rending at the souls of vulnerable psykers as their environment was torn asunder and reforged by the energies called forth for warning in the material universe.

THE APOCALYPSE LOOMS

The denizens of the warp clustered voraciously at the cracks between dimensions, seeking ways into the material world. The Old Ones brought forth newer creations to defend their last strongholds, like the hardy, green-skinned Krork and the technology-mimicking Jokaero, but it was already too late. The Old Ones' intergalactic network was breached and lost to them, their greatest works and places of power overrun by the horrors their own creations had unleashed.

Most proficient of these horrors were the Enslavers, beings whose ability to dominate the Young Races and create their own portals with transmuted psykers brought them forth in ever greater numbers. For the Old Ones, this was the final disaster as the Enslavers took control of their minions. The Pandora's box unleashed by the Young Races finally scattered the last of the Old Ones and broke their power forever.

Life had stood at the edge of the precipice during the war between the Old Ones and the C'tan. Now as the Enslavers breached the Immaterium in epidemic proportions, the survivors looked doomed.

THE C'TAN ENTOMBED

The Necrons had been vindicated in their pursuit of cold science, and had the undoubted pleasure of seeing the Old Ones' civilisation collapse. Unfortunately, it appeared that the last of their masters' cattle would be lost with it. The C'tan, however, had a solution in keeping with their measureless perception of time. They would allow the Enslavers to take what was left and let the galaxy become a wasteland; the psyker swarm would die away and in time the galaxy would throw up new life for the C'tan to consume. It may take millions of years, but the most important thing was to ensure that they would be there to see it.

The C'tan chose to escape the great catastrophe that they could sense coming by descending into Necron stasis-tombs which would be sealed for millions of years. Their machine slaves and Necron warriors would guard them while they slept on worlds purged of all life to keep the Enslavers from their door. Only when they were disturbed by a sentient race with the correct characteristics to be mastered and consumed would the star-vampires emerge.

Just two of the C'tan have emerged from their tombs to plague the galaxy thus far. They have found a new and unexpected age of civilisation and war. The galaxy is blossoming with life but still overrun with latent psykers and worshippers of the infernal warp energies unleashed by the war with the Old Ones. It will take time and many great machinations for the C'tan to regain their rightful place as rulers of the galaxy; the agents of Chaos must be overthrown, the Eldar eliminated, the great work completed and Humanity subjugated before the harvests can truly begin anew.

But the C'tan and their Necron slaves are ageless, their science is still unparalleled and time is on their side.

SPECIAL CHARACTERS

O-1 C'TAN

A Necron army may include one C'tan. If selected it will count as an HQ choice on the Force Organisation chart.

The C'tan have many abilities in common. These are defined below and apply to any C'tan used.

Monstrous Creature: A C'tan is a monstrous creature. Its close combat attacks ignore armour saves and roll 2D6 for Armour Penetration against vehicles. In addition, a C'tan can reshape its necrodermis (see below) at will to form blades and spikes. Its close combat attacks therefore ignore Invulnerable saving throws.

Immune to Natural Law: The C'tan are able to warp reality around them to varying degrees. They can walk on air, pass through solid objects and generally show off. C'tan ignore terrain when moving, will tend to float above impassable terrain and cannot claim to be "inside" objects to avoid being shot at. When attacking models in or behind cover, C'tan count as having frag grenades so will strike simultaneously.

Necrodermis: In their natural state, C'tan are immense energy beings. When they walk among mortals, though, they are clad in a necrodermis which binds their essence. A C'tan has an Invulnerable save of 4+. If it loses all of its wounds, the necrodermis is breached and the essence of the C'tan is released. This inflicts a S6 hit on every model within D6" of the C'tan with no Armour save possible.

If a wraithcannon inflicts instant death on a C'tan it will not be transported to the warp but will take a wound without the benefit of its Invulnerable saving throw. If a C'tan phase sword or knife strikes a C'tan it will inflict no wounds and will be absorbed into the necrodermis, disarming the attacker.

Drain Life: A C'tan's close combat attacks drain the life energy from its opponents. Any model reduced to 0 Wounds by a C'tan will not regenerate or recover because of bionics, nartheciums, exsanguinators or any other similar wargear.

Manifestation: Despite being contained within the necrodermis, the C'tan is a living god. The sheer power on display is extremely intimidating. Any unit that wishes to assault the C'tan must take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the unit's nerve cracks in the face of ageless evil and it may not make an assault that turn.

Above All Others: C'tan may not join friendly units and may be picked out by enemy shooters even if within 6" of other targets. All other normal targeting restrictions, such as range and line of sight, apply.

Fearless: C'tan are assumed to pass all Morale checks, even if failure is normally automatic, and cannot be pinned.



Gods from ancient times, the C'tan appear as metallic skinned apparitions floating above the battlefield. Phantom, ethereal winds howl around their vestments, wreathing them in ghostly fires that emanate from deep within their bodies. Their touch is death and to look upon their countenance is to gaze into an abyss of time that has known the span of millions of years. Though they choose to appear as humanoids, they are utterly alien, and exist only to serve their own ends.

Of the C'tan at large in the universe, two are known to many races: the Nightbringer and the Deceiver. The Deceiver has been active for longer, pursuing complex plots apparently for the sheer delight of causing mischief. It sees mortals as its playthings and delights in breaking their minds and spirits before consuming their essence. The Deceiver's powers are all derived from a combination of its voice, its presence and an inexplicable knowledge of other beings' thoughts, desires and fears.

The Nightbringer is the ultimate in implacable destruction. A grim reaper from the dawn of time, it carries a stylised scythe as a potent symbol of its power. The Nightbringer projects its power through its necrodermis, channelling it with its gaze or its scythe.

Each of the C'tan has used many names during their long existence; the Deceiver was Artemora to the Jokaero, Sathsarrion to the Initiates of the Gethvar, Mohagg to the thrice-damned Carnochinae and Harrimoch to the Vendichi travellers. Often the C'tan will disguise their identity. Only by witnessing the ways they exercise their power is it possible to know them and few who know them tell of it.

The C'tan wield the primal energies of creation. Their power is such that they can defy natural laws and alter the fabric of reality itself. Even if a C'tan is destroyed in a battle, its essence will reform in a Necron Tomb and return to wreak its vengeance later.

"We are less than cattle to these beings, doomed to be cast aside, consumed or made sport with for their pleasure. There is not one amongst them that would lay hand to a world of Man as I would to an ant on my boot."

Imperial Kessel at the Council of Elders

THE NIGHTBRINGER

The Nightbringer is death incarnate, a sadistic god with the power to unmake the stars. It delights in inflicting pain and suffering not only to feed, but simply because it can. Its gaze is death and its mighty scythe has feasted on the deaths of civilisations. With a starship imbued with a measure of its power, the Nightbringer has destroyed entire star systems on a whim and gorged itself on the death agonies of countless billions of lives.

With the passing of the Necronyr race, much of what was known of the star-gods faded into mythology, though awareness of the Nightbringer has remained with every race since that time. The war between the Old Ones and the C'tan unleashed forces beyond understanding, and the suffering caused among the elder races cannot be fully comprehended. Of all the star-gods, the Nightbringer is the most ancient and inflicted the greatest misery upon the galaxy, quickly discovering that terror and anguish were the most delectable of sweetmeats.

THE BIRTH OF DEATH

The very star under which the Necronyr race lived their brief, morbid lives gave birth to the vast sun-spanning energy that was the Nightbringer. In their quest for a weapon with which to defeat the Old Ones, the Necronyr turned to the mighty coalescent energy feeding within the photosphere of their star. The first of the C'tan to manifest across the incorporeal starlight bridge, the Nightbringer brought with it the curse of death that had plagued the Necronyr race since their birth. Having fed on the sustaining, but flavourless power of a star, the Nightbringer found the epicurean delights of the Necronyr's awe and fear much more to its liking and slaughtered those who had brought it into being, feeding on the essence of their terror and suffering. Its appetite knew no bounds and only with desperate pledges of servitude were the Necronyr able to convince the creature they had summoned forth that there were yet more races beyond their world that could be feasted upon – species beyond number for it to destroy.

Soon after, the Necronyr awoke the powers of many more of the star-gods, becoming their willing servants in the war against the Old Ones. Like the other star-gods, the Nightbringer craved worshippers and slaves, though many of its servants soon descended into murderous insanity, unable to withstand the horrifying, bloodthirsty visions its presence brought on. Weaned on a diet of slaughter, nothing else could satisfy its hunger and the Nightbringer eagerly threw itself into the war against the Old Ones, laying waste to entire regions of space in the name of its monstrous appetite.

AN AGE OF SLAUGHTER

The war against the Old Ones was a conflict the likes of which the galaxy had never seen before and has yet to bear again, with both forces having the power

of creation at their fingertips. As the fighting dragged on, and the colossal scale of destruction intensified, the Nightbringer grew increasingly detached from the cause it had supposedly been fighting for, content merely to destroy and feed at will. The Nightbringer used its powers to reach into the minds of the young races and plant the seeds of their darkest fears, nurturing whole species whose entire existence was suffused with the horror of death and mortality. Ultimately, the Nightbringer was undone when the Deceiver convinced it that the most succulent feasts were to be had in the living energies of its fellow C'tan. So began a reign of murder as the Nightbringer brought all its powers to bear in hunting down and consuming its fellow gods. As the C'tan fought among themselves, others followed the Nightbringer's example and fed upon one another, but none could match the scale of its slaughter.

When the Old Ones struck back, the Nightbringer had feasted upon the C'tan until only four remained. The anarchy brought about by the Old Ones' counter-attack and the Enslaver plague forced the surviving C'tan to abandon their last, great work and retreat into their stasis tombs. Primordial fear of the Nightbringer had been imprinted upon the collective psyche of many more races than it could ever have fed upon, but it cared not. It had become the personification of death in every species' racial memory, the terror of mortality its parting gift to the galaxy. To the Eldar it was known as Kaelis Ra, the Destroyer of Light, while to the emergent race of Man, it simply became the Reaper. Of all the young races, only the Krork escaped the Nightbringer's boon, their race being spared the fear of death.

FINAL BETRAYAL

As the Nightbringer prepared to begin its long slumber, the Deceiver's final machinations unfolded. It had betrayed the whereabouts of the Nightbringer's tomb world to its enemies and an armada of alien vessels attempted to destroy the death god before it could escape into stasis. They were unsuccessful, but banished the Nightbringer's most potent weapon into the Immaterium, a realm that is anathema to the star-gods, thus preventing it from accumulating the vast amounts of the energy it required to survive its entombment.

But the Nightbringer simply allowed its followers to perish while subsisting on the scant morsels it had already absorbed. The bland millennia passed with the Nightbringer on the verge of extinction, its dwindling reserves of energy barely able to sustain it. It was left to the intervention of one of the young races to unwittingly provide it with the energy it needed to finally awaken. Though weak from its long dormancy, the Nightbringer escaped its tomb on the world of Pavonis, reaching into space to feed on the stars and grow strong once more.



THE NIGHTBRINGER

Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	
Nightbringer	360	6	4	10	8	5	4	5	10	4+

Number/squad: 1.

Weapons: The Nightbringer carries a scythe, but this is purely for show and does not affect his profile in combat.

Character: A C'tan is an Independent Character and follows all the rules for characters given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook, modified by the 'Above All Others' rule (may not join friendly units and may be picked out by enemy shooters even if within 6" of other targets).

SPECIAL RULES

Lightning Arc: In the Shooting phase the C'tan can project an energy blast through his scythe with the following profile:

Range 24"; Strength 9; AP 2; Assault 1

Gaze of Death: The Nightbringer may choose to use the Gaze of Death instead of attacking normally in close combat, the C'tan's eyes blaze with dark fire draining the life energies of those around him. Place the Ordnance template over the C'tan. Any enemy models entirely beneath it are hit automatically. Models partially beneath it are hit on a 4+. Every model hit takes a Strength 4 hit with no Armour saving throw permitted.

Etheric Tempest: In the beginning of the enemy Assault phase, after moves have been made but before any blows are struck, the Nightbringer may harness its power to summon etheric winds which hurl its opponents away from it. Any enemy unit (not vehicles) with a model within 6" and which doesn't consist entirely of models with unmodified Strength 4 or more must move 2D6" directly away from Nightbringer as if it was falling back. Move the nearest model of an affected unit away first and then move the rest to maintain coherency with it. This ability can be used to drive a unit out of close combat. Necrons in close combat with affected troops will consolidate if all their close combat opponents are swept away.

Swathed in blackened, rotted robes, it pushed itself clear of the tomb, the solid stone screepling atom by atom and reshaping itself in a swirling black shroud. More and more of the stone disintegrated to form the coalescing darkness of the creature. Soon all that was left was the slab of the tomb with the final piece of the metal burning brightly at its surface.

Urul had a barely-perceived vision of a gaunt, mouldering face with twin pits of yellow glowing weakly from within. There was insanity and a raging, unquenchable thirst for suffering in those eyes. A cloak of ghostly darkness hid its true form, a pair of rotted, budge-swathed arms, all that penetrated its nebulous outline. One limb ended in long, grave-dirt encrusted talons, the other in what appeared to be a huge blade of unnatural darkness, angled like a vast scythe.

As the creature rose to its full height, Urul saw that it towered above the mortals beneath it, swirling eddies of darkness at its base making around the bodies of those not quick enough to escape its grasp.

The cloak of darkness swept two of the alien warriors up. The scythe arm flashed, passing through their armour and bodies with ease, and their withered corpses dropped, no more than shovelled sacks of bone.

Excerpted from Nightbringer

THE DECEIVER

The Deceiver's greatest achievements are wrought from deception and lies, its empire of fear built upon manipulation and mistrust. Subtle and charming, its web of half-truths and outrageous falsehoods have led planets to their doom and great leaders into slavery, all for the mocking amusement of the lord of deception. In ages past, even when the Necrontyr were still clothed in flesh, the other C'tan learned to shun the influence of the Deceiver. Only a few were consumed by the entity itself, others were set to fighting amongst themselves.

Across the impossible gulfs of time since the Necrontyr race was transformed, all of their fantastic knowledge has become dust. The only artefacts that survive from that age are the Necrons and the monolithic stasis tombs themselves. These carry but a whisper of those ancient times and are tainted with an alien morbidity which makes them nigh incomprehensible. It is said that the legends of the Eldar contain many scraps of true tales about individual C'tan, obscurely referenced among the deeds of Asuryan and Eldanesh, Isha and Kurnous. But even they acknowledge that their own gods were born of a time of war in heaven that had been raging between the Ur-folk and the Yngur since the birth of creation. Separating truth and myth about the C'tan is impossible, though given their nature perhaps it is a mistake to even try.

Of all the so-called star-gods, the C'tan in the ancient Necrontyr scripts, Yngur to the Eldar, the one known as the Deceiver was the most insidious and capricious. The little that can be gleaned indicates that even the Necrontyr knew few truths about this entity when they first discovered it and spoke

the aeons-long words its dissipate form could notice. Its manifestation is also said to have been a time of great rejoicing among the Necrontyr – they were awe-struck by its fluid transition to an earthly form among them and the ease with which it adapted to the realm of matter. They first named it Mephef'ran, the Messenger, and believed it was a bridge to mediate between themselves and the other star-gods.

As the C'tan began to gather followers and devotees, the messenger soon outstripped all others. The star-gods seemed too remote and awe-inspiring for many Necrontyr, but Mephef'ran communed in ways they understood. Perhaps this was because it was never as powerful as the other C'tan, and used guile and skill to secure its future. There are indications that many gave themselves willingly to become its slaves but the messenger sent them to serve other gods, perhaps fearful of the jealousy it would provoke if its power waxed too strong. Certainly the messenger stoked the fires of hatred which the Necrontyr felt towards the Old Ones, drawing them towards a war which would burn the galaxy to cinders.

THE BETRAYAL OF THE NECRONTYR

It is known that as the battlelines were drawn, the inconceivable power of the C'tan offered the Necrontyr a great gift. Their short-lived race, ever blighted by their uncertain existence, could gain immortality, but at a terrible price. By giving themselves to the star-gods utterly, the Necrontyr could

"What were you seeking?" whispered Lakius. The thing's ferocious smile was spread almost ear to ear.

"Knowledge, mostly. I wanted to know how the galaxy had fared, who was left after the plague. You can't imagine my surprise on finding your kind and the Krook scattered everywhere. I've seen you Humans trying to forge an empire in the name of a corpse. I have seen your churches to the machine. Racially, your fear and superstition are most gratifying. You make excellent subjects."

"You are Necrontyr then. You went into stasis to escape a disease."

"No, your language is inefficient. The plague was not a disease and it couldn't harm us, but..." The thing tilted its head back as if dreaming of long lost times. "It was killing everything else." It looked back at Lakius. "And no, I am not a Necron. You mistake the slave for the master. You'll understand better when I take you back inside."

Excerpt from *Deus Ex Machinae*

THE DECEIVER

	Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Deceiver	300	5	3	9	8	5	5	4	10	4+

Number/squad: 1

Weapons: The Deceiver does not carry weapons.

Character: A C'tan is an Independent Character and follows all the rules for characters in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook modified by the 'Above All Others' rule (can't join friendly units & may be picked out by enemy shooters, even if within 6" of other targets).

SPECIAL RULES

Deceive. In the Shooting phase, the Deceiver can visit an enemy unit with visions of their destruction realistic enough to shake the bravest. The power has a range of 24", requires a line of sight and cannot be used on a unit that is in close combat. The unit must take either a Morale test (as if 25% casualties had been suffered) or a Pinning test at the whim of the C'tan using the power, even if they would normally pass such a test automatically. This does not extend to vehicles.

Grand Illusion. A Necron army commanded by the Deceiver may adjust its deployment after the enemy army has deployed but before the first move. This option is exercised after all infiltrators, scouts, etc., have moved. The Necron player nominates a unit and rolls a D6. On a 1-3 the unit may be redeployed subject to the deployment rules for the mission. On a 4-6 the unit nominated may be redeployed subject to the deployment rules for the mission and a further unit can then be nominated. This process could result in the entire army being redeployed.

Dread. If it is not in close combat in the Necron Assault phase, instead of making an Assault move, the Deceiver can affect the perceptions of a single enemy unit with at least one model within 24" so that they regard any unit assaulting them as being particularly terrifying. The unit must take a Leadership test and if it fails, models in the unit will hit only on a 6 in the ensuing Assault phase. This does not extend to vehicles, fearless models or any other model without a Leadership characteristic.

Misdirect. If in close combat during the enemy Assault phase the Deceiver may choose to leave close combat before blows are struck. Make a fall back move in any direction; the enemy may only consolidate. The Deceiver will leave an illusion in its wake to occupy and frustrate its enemies.

be consumed and remade, their minds embedded into machines of living metal like the gods themselves. Freed of their mortality, the Necrontyr could pursue their vengeance of the Old Ones through the millennia without fear or hesitation.

So the messenger proclaimed, but despite its honeyed words the Necrontyr were riven by doubt at the prospect. Those who had not surrendered to the gods already were enjoined by the rest to submit but could not be persuaded to make such a giant leap of faith. It was only now that the Deceiver's true face began to show as it lured the unbelievers into the clutches of the faithful with promises of mediation and compromise. All were seized by the believers and delivered to their fate. Then the believers themselves were added to the glittering ranks of unliving machines and the Necrontyr race was utterly purged, becoming instead the Necrons, cursed to eternal servitude.

WAR AMONG THE GODS

As the C'tan gained ascendancy it is told that it was the Deceiver who first set one against another as the harvests of sentient populations grew thin. Driven at first by bravado and later by desperation, the C'tan fought with a casual disregard for their slaves which left millions dead and whole star systems consumed. In a whirl of pacts and betrayals the Deceiver tricked and consumed several of its fellows, declaring them to be the best of all feasts. But the Deceiver remained the weakest of the C'tan and was always careful to avoid the clutches of the mightiest.

Eldar legends tell that the paradise which the Old Ones had created had been utterly desecrated in the wars with the Yngir. By the time the Old Ones marshalled their own means to strike back effectively at the C'tan only four of the entities remained and life across the galaxy had been all but extinguished. The legends portray the Jackal God as helping and hindering both sides equally, always keeping itself at the edges of a conflict where it could take advantage of any opportunity or weakness. As both sides became increasingly wary of the Deceiver's machinations it employed a dizzying array of false forms and impersonations to obscure its presence.

In many ways the doubt and mistrust this sowed between the Young Races by the Deceiver contributed more to the star-gods' cause than any number of legions or ships. When the C'tan abandoned their last great work and instead withdrew to the safety of their tomb-worlds in the face of impending apocalypse, the Deceiver was the last to go. Now that the long sought for conditions for the re-emergence of the terrible majesty of the star-born have arrived, Mephet'ran has been the first to emerge.

NEW BEGINNINGS

The Deceiver has spent millennia abroad in the galaxy gathering followers and interfering with attempts to disturb its brethren. The Messenger has living followers once more among the ranks of the Adepts Mechanicus, and with them has gathered many pariahs to become its new slaves. It has even succeeded in locating the potent Talismen of Vault, great weapons forged by the Eldar before the Fall to destroy the C'tan if they rose again.

Through subtle machinations, the Deceiver has destroyed most of these awesome devices and placed the remainder beyond the reach of the Farseers for all time. The war that was provoked to achieve this ravaged an entire sector of hundreds of worlds and eliminated entire star systems in a fashion unseen since the War in Heaven. That such limitless suffering has been caused is as nothing to the Deceiver; it would have destroyed the Gothic sector a thousand times over to achieve its goals. In recent times the Deceiver has reluctantly concluded that it needs the other star-gods if they are to reassert their rule once more. The legacy of the Old Ones is gnawing at the very fabric of reality, and their old slave races need to be brought to heel.



ALIGNMENT OF ALIEN STRUCTURES ON ANGELIS



UTILITATUM ADMINISTRATUM SOLUM
INSCRIPTOR: E.O.
SCHOLA EDATRIX: Cernit
EDO PURIFICATUM: Zeta
EDO DIABOLUS: Beta
EXEMPLARIS: Gamma
TABLEA LIBRARIA: PONENTIS-INTONSO

TRANSMITTED: BASE STATION ANGELIS RECEIVED: DOLMUS IV
DESTINATION: MARS

>> OVERRIDE ORDER 6780-OXI<<

INTERCEPT/REDIRECT: TERRA DATE: 843045-M35
TELEPATHIC DUCT: ASTROPATH-TERMINUS KABEL

REF: AdMech/cep0232q8/IP

AUTHOR: Adeptus Praefectus Primus SAUL MAGELLAN (SITE DIRECTOR)

Further to a report made by Chief Orbologist Lutrix Vox, initial study of orbital scans revealed several unexplained anomalies with the planet of Angelis. These have been summed up as follows:

1. The planet's eco-sphere appears to be deteriorating for no apparent reason. Despite having a favourable oxygen/nitrogen rich atmosphere, and low levels of background radiation there are no signs of life, not even on a micro-organic scale.
2. A group of formations of apparently unnatural origin.
3. An energy source issuing some sort of beacon from the area around the unnatural formations which remains indecipherable.

We have now established a ground base and have begun investigating these problems. We can indeed confirm that the formations are most definitely not natural and are structures of alien origin. The material of which these structures are built has proved impervious to all scans, phase field generators and even psychic probing. Excavation teams have begun digs around these structures in the hope that we may discover some further clue as to their origin.

Thought for the Day

"A fine mind is a blessing of the Emperor - It should not be cluttered with trivialities."

Survey teams have completed mapping out the area and have reported some quite startling relationships between the structures.

There are three notable features in total and these are detailed as follows:

The first is a group of three pyramid structures arranged in a loose line. All three pyramids are four sided but of differing dimensions. It was at first thought that all three pyramids were in the same plane, with the four sides facing due north, south, west and east. However, accurate surveying has revealed small shifts of around 0.0056°. This places each of the three pyramids with one of their corners facing the third of three features.

Further work by Adeptus Astrologicus Hervetus claims that this pattern conforms to the proof:

$$x = [i(n/m) - (n/m)] + o(n/m)$$

where $x=1$.

This, he states, places the pattern in direct warp conjunction with a star constellation visible during the summer solstice from the location of the pyramids.

I am unsure of the significance of this upon our investigation, I am inclined to think it is mere coincidence.

The second of the features is a long trench, running alongside the pyramids. The trench is some 800m in width and, owing to filling by drift sands, of as yet undetermined depth. The existing trench runs directly north for some 60km, before increasing damage

from sand storms and shifting continental plates has eroded the trench completely, making estimation of its original length impossible. It could stretch right to the planet's pole or even further.

Once again, Adeptus Astrologicus Hervetus is keen to point out that the positioning of the trench in relation to the pyramids matches the viable correlation between his constellation mentioned earlier and the eastern galactic spiral arm. I once again must emphasise my scepticism of these theories.



The third and final feature lies some ten kilometres from the group of pyramids and offers the most in terms of investigating possibilities. It looks to be a pyramid of similar design to the others. However it appears to have been damaged, or has in some way been dismantled, or was simply never completed. We are about to begin an expedition into this pyramid, which I myself will lead. I hope to include more details about the interior of these structures in my next report.

Your Ob't Servant,

Saul Magellan
•Classified•

COLLECTING A NECRON ARMY

When collecting a Necron army, one of the attractions is watching as it grows from a small raiding force to a larger army of invasion. From this, you can then expand your force to one capable of destroying any foe which the star gods decree.

WHERE TO BEGIN

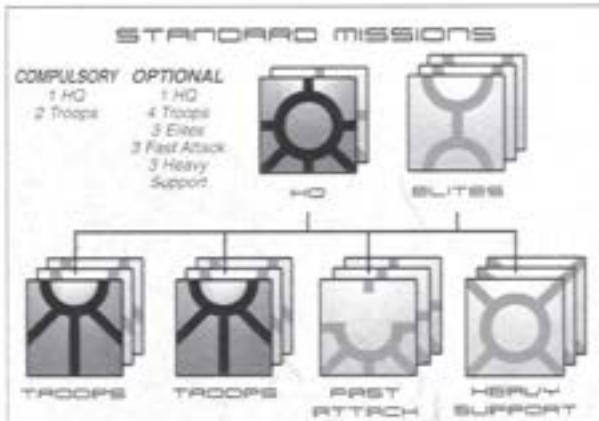
The Necrons have a great deal of choice when it comes to selecting their forces. From small, scuttling Scarabs and Necron Warriors to the ponderous might of the Monolith, they can employ some of the most fearsome weaponry in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. Even the weapons carried by the lowest warriors are capable of destroying the most heavily armoured vehicle. Each Necron unit has different abilities and specialisations on the battlefield and choosing which to take can be tough, but the best thing to do first is pick a 'core' force and build your army from there. This means you'll quickly be able to get your models on the table, ready to play some games.

When choosing which units to pick, you should keep in mind the Force Organisation charts as these dictate which type and how many of each unit you'll be able to field. The best one to start with is the chart for Standard Missions, which allows you to pick a tactically flexible force that can be easily expanded into a larger, balanced army.

As you can see from the chart on the right, a force chosen from the Standard Missions Force Organisation chart must have at least one HQ and two Troops units, so it's a good idea to start collecting these first. Once you have this core force painted, you'll be ready to play some games. From

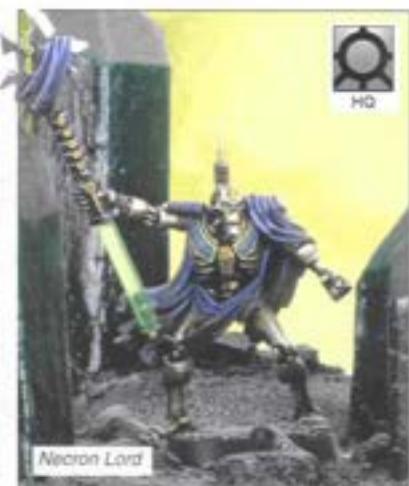
here you can expand your army to play more varied scenarios and include some specialised units.

The different elements of a Necron army need to work together to be successful and, as your army expands, you'll learn what works best for your style of play. Soon you'll be leading the serried ranks of the Necrons to victory after victory to feed the monstrous hunger of their star-spawned masters.



THE HORROR OF THE NECRONS

On these pages you'll find the different elements that make up a Necron force. Each unit has a character of its own, as well as a unique role in battle, and by combining these into a coherent whole, you can be confident that you are well on your way to victory.



Necron Lords are amongst the most powerful of the C'tan's servants. They have access to a wide array of arcane technology which can devastate their enemies or help support nearby units. Immortals are powerful units, able to lay down a storm of high strength gauss fire whilst maintaining their relentless advance towards their foe. Destroyers excel at high-speed attacks that are the bane of infantry and light vehicles alike.



Panihs make an excellent escort for your Necron Lord. They are armed with warscythes, which is a devastating weapon at range as well as in close combat. Their horrifying psychic presence makes them extremely dangerous to High-Leadership troops and enemy psykers.



Necron Warriors form the heart of your army. They are at their most destructive at relatively short ranges and you'll need a solid core of Necron Warriors in your army to prevent it from fading out, so make them key to your battle plans. Scarabe swarms are fast moving units that are best used to tie up more expensive enemy units.



Heavy Destroyer

Heavy Destroyers are highly mobile and well armoured. They excel in destroying enemy tanks with devastating blasts of gauss energy that can obliterate even the most heavily armoured of foes.



Wraiths

The ghostlike Wraiths are fast moving, lethal opponents in close combat and are almost impervious to destruction as even power weapons can pass through them without causing any damage.



Monolith, Tomb Spyders and Flayed Ones

The Monolith, a massive edifice capable of teleporting units across the battlefield, is equipped with a fearsome array of powerful weapons. The grisly Flayed Ones are able to deploy close to the enemy to disrupt battleplans early in the game. Against enemies with low Leadership they can be devastating, as their fearsome visage can make it harder for opponents to strike them in close combat. Tomb Spyders are deadly in close combat, and their presence makes it easier for fallen Necron Warriors to self-repair.

CONSTRUCTING YOUR MODELS

Your Necron Warriors and Destroyers are made up from plastic kits, so on these pages we'll guide you through the process of assembling them, as well as showing you some handy tips on how you can get the best out of these versatile models.



Glue the model's legs to its base and glue the two halves of the torso together, before attaching it to the legs. Necron Warriors look particularly evil in a hunched pose, so try to angle the torso forward slightly. You can use Blu-Tac to try out different poses before gluing.



Necron Warriors' arms come in matched pairs, so clip them from the frame together. Attach the arms first, and then the cable section of the gun. Attach the gun's end piece, remembering not to attach the plastic rod to the gun until after you've painted and varnished the model.

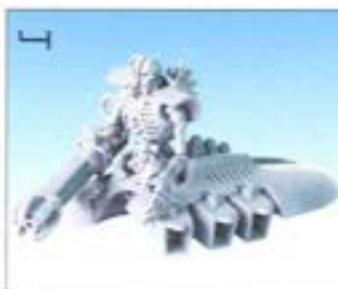


With the gun in place you can now position the head. By gluing the head on at different angles, you can give your model a really dynamic feel. You could have the warrior aiming his weapon, looking down the barrel of his gun or menacingly scanning the battlefield.

CONSTRUCTING A NECRON DESTROYER



When putting your Destroyer together, glue the lower spine onto the bottom half of the carapace first, otherwise you won't be able to fit it in place once the top half is on. Now glue the top half of the carapace down and fit the front pelvis plate.



Finally, glue the model's head in place, keeping in mind the angle and position of the gun when you come to glue it. Once again, do not glue the four transparent rods into place on the gun before you've finished painting and varnishing the model.



Glue the front and back halves of the Destroyer's torso together, then fit the curving back spine in place. Once this has dried, fix it to the lower spine. You can alter the angle of the torso, so consider how you want the model posed before you glue this in place.



You can now glue the Destroyer's arms on. The left arm is easy, since it is just one piece, but you can angle the right arm to either have the gun 'at rest' in a raised position or pointing menacingly down the battlefield. The gun comes in two halves, so glue them together, attaching the cable piece and end piece before gluing it to the right arm.

PAINTING YOUR MODELS

Below are some basic techniques you can use for painting Necrons. Many of these can be used to paint a good majority of the units in your army, but remember that there's no right or wrong way to paint your force – pick a method you're happy with and stick with that.



1



2



3

We first used a Chaos Black spray to apply the undercoat to the model, then drybrushed it with Boltgun Metal. Alternatively, you can simply spray your Necrons with Boltgun Metal.

Next, we applied a watered down mix of Brown and Black inks and, once this had dried, we highlighted the metal with Chainmail and painted the cable on the gun with Snot Green. The model is now ready for gaming, though you can add extra details as we'll show you in the next step.

The gun was painted in a Chaos Black/Boltgun Metal mix and its edges highlighted with Chainmail before we applied a Black Ink wash. The eyes were painted with a dot of Snot Green, then we picked out the chest glyph with Shining Gold.

DRYBRUSHING AND INK WASHING



Drybrushed Necron Warrior



Ink washed Necron Warrior

Drybrushing is a technique which you can use to highlight your Necrons, and will allow you to get your army painted quickly. Dip your brush in the highlight colour, and then wipe away most of the paint from the bristles. Now, lightly draw the brush over the Necron; the raised areas of the model will catch the highlight, leaving the recessed areas coloured with the darker basecoat.

Another method you can use to paint your Necrons is an ink wash. To do this, mix Brown and Black inks together with a little water and brush a light wash of this over the model's basecoat, allowing it to seep into the recesses.

BASES

When we finished painting our model, we applied PVA glue to its base and sprinkled it with some sand. Once the glue dried on this model we painted its base Chaos Black, then drybrushed the sand with Codex Grey. This is a really simple way of tying your models together.



VERY IMPORTANT BIT!

A point that can't be stressed enough, is that you shouldn't glue the transparent green rod in place until AFTER the model has been painted and varnished, to avoid dulling the rod. To fit it in place, apply PVA glue to the gun, then attach the rod. Using PVA instead of superglue will ensure that even if some glue gets on the rod it won't blemish it.



EXPANDING YOUR FORCE

Once you have your two Troop choices and one HQ choice you're ready to begin expanding your army. One convenient way of doing this is to choose a unit from each of the other categories in the Force Organisation chart.

THE ARMY GROWS

Once you've got your core force painted and played a few games, you'll probably want to include more models and fight bigger battles. There are a lot of unit types to choose from in the Necron list and all have their strengths. In this section, we'll give you some guidance about the best way to expand your Necron force.

A good way we've found of making sure that a force expands in a balanced way is to pick a selection from each of the remaining categories on the Force Organisation chart – Elites, Fast Attack and Heavy Support. This way your army can grow quickly whilst still being flexible enough to hold its own against whatever mission or army you find yourself playing. For example, you might decide to take a unit of Immortals, a squadron of Destroyers and a Monolith, giving you a hard-hitting, fast moving force capable of teleporting across the battlefield and unleashing a devastating array of gauss fire.

The Necrons are equipped with some of the most horrifying weaponry in the galaxy and can be used in a variety of ways. The implacable march of the Necrons across the battlefield, supported by relentless gauss fire, is a fearsome

threat, and they are also more than fully able to mount a solid defence. Every gauss weapon is capable of stripping the most heavily armoured foe down to its constituent atoms and no opponent can afford to ignore this ability.

Necron Warriors are not the fastest fighters in the galaxy, but they can call upon other, more lethal units such as Wraiths – deadly, fast moving creatures that can tear an opponent to shreds before he can raise his weapon. Not only that, but the C'tan themselves are amongst the deadliest creatures ever to stalk the voids between the stars, and there is little, if anything, that can stand against them.

Alternatively, you may decide to field large numbers of Flayed Ones and Pariahs to wreak havoc within enemy ranks. You might also want to include a Tomb Spyder to help with your 'We'll be back' rolls.

How you fight your games and which models appeal to you will also play a large part in your selections. After you've played a few games, you'll soon discover what combination of units works best for you. Whatever style of play you favour, the Necron army can be tailored to fight in that manner, so it's completely up to you how you field it.



NECRON TACTICS

Once you have your army ready for battle, you'll want to fight and win with it. Learning how to use your army is part of the pleasure of playing Warhammer 40,000, and to help you begin the harvest of the Young Races, we'll illustrate some effective tactics for using your Necrons.

When you start using a Necron army you'll quickly find that it's like a machine in which each part must be connected to the others in order for it to function. Because of this, the most effective formation is the phalanx. The phalanx is a solid block of troop types in which each element of the army can both give and receive support from the others.

There are variations on this theme and it is the options that you select that makes your Necron army unique, but never forget to keep the enemy under pressure. Used correctly, the Necron army advancing in serried ranks is an unstoppable and remorseless adversary that can strike terror into any opponent.

DESTROYERS AND TOMB SPYDERS

Destroyers can cover the flanks of the phalanx. Since they are able to move more swiftly than Warriors, they can move from position to position whilst blinding away with their gauss cannons. The Necron army's firepower increases massively when the phalanx gets within range, so the Destroyers must provide covering fire until then. Tomb Spyders have a formidable assault potential and can create Scarab swarms as they move. Their ability to ensure other troops can self-repair means you should keep them central to the phalanx.

MONOLITHS AND HEAVY DESTROYERS

A Monolith will draw a lot of enemy fire, but should still be able to advance implacably. Heavy Destroyers should target enemy tanks and heavily armoured opponents, keeping close to the main body of the phalanx to screen them as much as possible from incoming fire.

FLYIED ONES AND WHAATS

Intensify the pressure on the enemy with Flyied Ones or Whaats on the flanks. Flyied Ones can deep strike to spread terror, while the Whaats race out of the formation to eliminate any units that do not keep a respectful distance. Enemy troops caught this way will be engulfed in the Necron advance and swallowed up.



NECRON WARRIORS

Necron Warriors form the numerical bulk of the phalanx. They provide vital numbers to prevent falldown and when they fire, they can inflict considerable damage, both to vehicles and lightly armoured infantry. Warriors are effective in assaults and even powerful enemies such as Space Marines and Orks will find it difficult to prevail against them.

C'TAN OR NECRON LORD

At the centre of the phalanx, ready to move to the front when the time is right, is the Necron Lord or C'tan. The Necron Lord cannot easily be singled out, but can quickly offer support to any unit that is assaulted.

PANATHS AND IMMORTALS

Panath and Immortals add considerable mobile firepower and assault capability to a Necron army. They are ideal guards for the commander, giving the phalanx a formidable zone.

SCARABES

Scarab swarms range ahead of the main phalanx and are fast and expendable. They can do considerable damage if the enemy underestimates them – and any shots fired at them will reduce the volume of fire falling on more valuable units.

PAINTING DETAILS

The more specialised units in your army will benefit from a little more attention to make them really stand out. Once you've learned how to use the basic painting techniques, you can add extra detail and character to these models very easily.



Necron Lord



Destroyers



After applying the Necron Lord's metallic colours, we painted the cloak with a mixture of Chaos Black and Codex Grey, highlighting this by adding more Codex Grey to the mix. We picked out the model's chest and head symbols with Shining Gold, then painted the staff in the same manner as the Warrior's gun, but used Mithril Silver to make it more ornate. For the Destroyers, we mixed a wash of Black, Brown and Green inks over their skimmer body to create a truly ancient feel to the model. The targeting face-plate was painted with Skull White and Snot Green, which was then gloss varnished.



Pariah



Flayed Ones

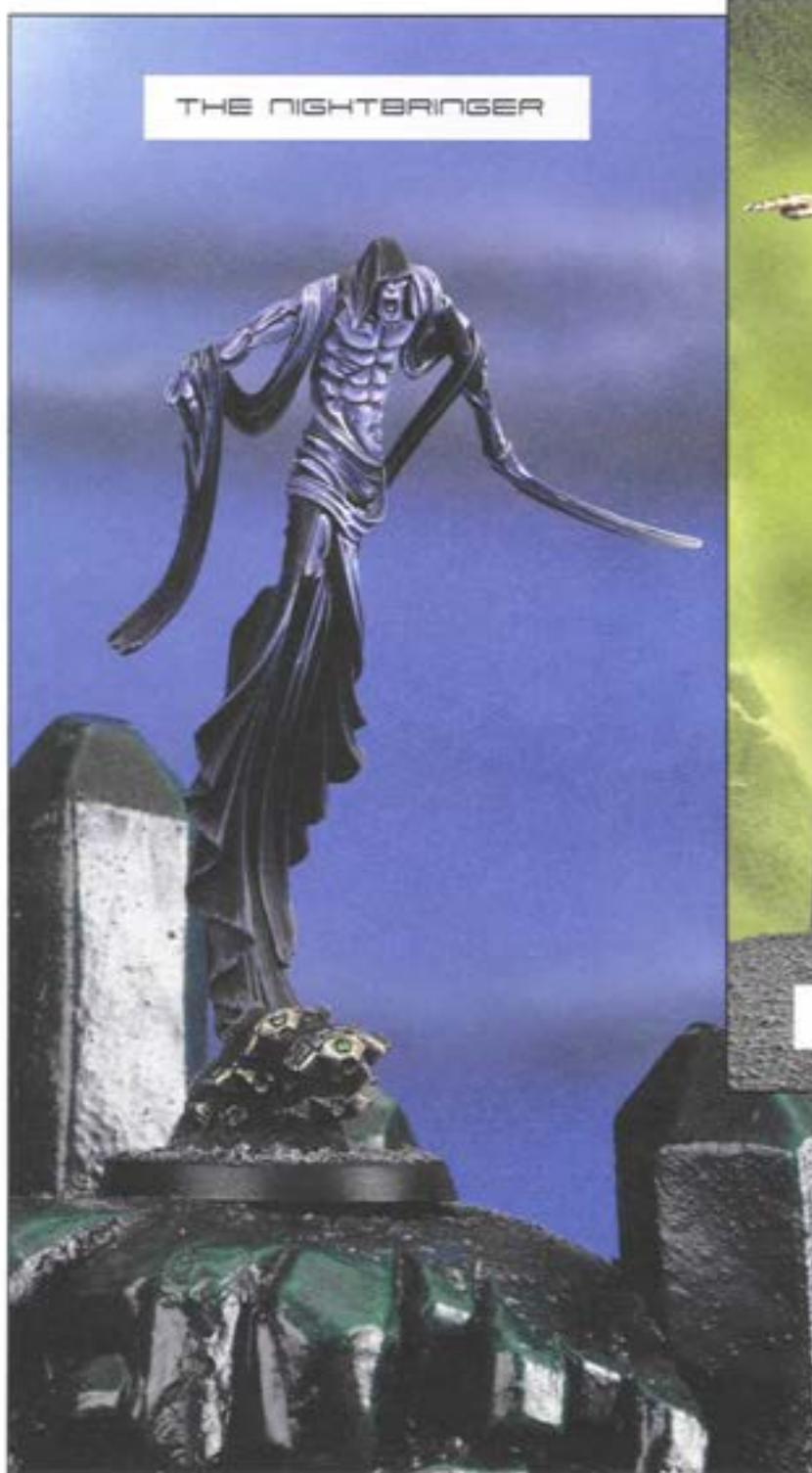
To emphasise the uniqueness of the Pariahs, we didn't apply an ink wash, as we wanted a much cleaner, fresher appearance. We painted the head and chest plates with Skull White and then gave them a coat of gloss varnish. The chest symbol was painted with Ultramarines Blue, with a Shining Gold detail, and the 'third eye' on the forehead was painted with a dot of Snot Green.

To paint the skin draped across the Flayed Ones' bodies, we painted on a Dwarf Flesh basecoat, then highlighted it with Elf Flesh. To make the flesh look like it had been flayed recently, we applied a line of Blood Red to the edges of the flesh, then gave it a coat of gloss varnish.

C'TAN

The C'tan are monstrously powerful star gods, so if you're going to include one in your army, it will really benefit from the best paint job you can give it. Remember, a C'tan has the power of a god and is able to change its appearance at will, so it can look exactly the way you want. The possibilities are endless and it is up to you how you want it to look. There's no right or wrong way of painting the C'tan, as they are capricious beings which can alter their appearance to suit their own ends.

THE NIGHTBRINGER



THE DECEIVER



To emphasise the difference between the two C'tan gods, we chose contrasting colours to bring out the essential character of each model. The Nightbringer is the embodiment of death, so it was painted in dark, threatening colours, while the Deceiver's living metal form was painted in awe-inspiring golds. Using appropriate colour schemes like this is a good way to bring out specific traits in your models.

COLOUR SCHEMES

Necrons may display a wide variety of colour schemes due to the whims of their masters and the environment surrounding their tombs. On these pages you can see several different painting styles used by the 'Eavy Metal team. Remember there's no 'correct' way to paint your Necrons so you can paint them in any manner you like.

METALLICS

The most common colour scheme for a Necron force is one that makes use of various metallic colours as shown below. These give the models an ornate appearance, reinforcing the link to their mysterious, long-dead civilisation.

Key	
Top: Basecoat	Mix
Bottom: Highlights or ink wash	



CERAMICS

Experimenting with different colours and finishes can give your Necron army a look all of its own. These Necron Warriors have been painted lighter, non-metallic colours and given a gloss varnish to give their armour the feel of an advanced, alien material.



ANCIENT

These models were painted with a mixture of dark metallic and earthy tones, which gives them the appearance of having lain within an ancient, dusty tomb for many millions of years.



Dark Flesh & Busted Copper
Mithril Silver



Dark Angels Green &
Camo Green
Tin Bitz



Tin Bitz & Brazen Brass
Mithril Silver



Tin Bitz
Brazen Brass &
Bleached Bone



Boltgun Metal and
Tin Bitz
Scaly Green



Brazen Brass
Tin Bitz



Regal Blue & Skull White
Vomit Brown



Camo Green &
Chaos Black
Vomit Brown

COMBINATIONS

By mixing several approaches you can create effects that are truly unique. The miniatures shown here use different metal and ceramic techniques, and there's no reason why you shouldn't experiment in this way yourself to find a combination that really appeals to you.



Chaos Black & Gloss Varnish
Burnished Gold



Boltgun Metal
Dwarf Bronze & Chestnut Ink



Chaos Black
Hawk Turquoise &
Gloss Varnish



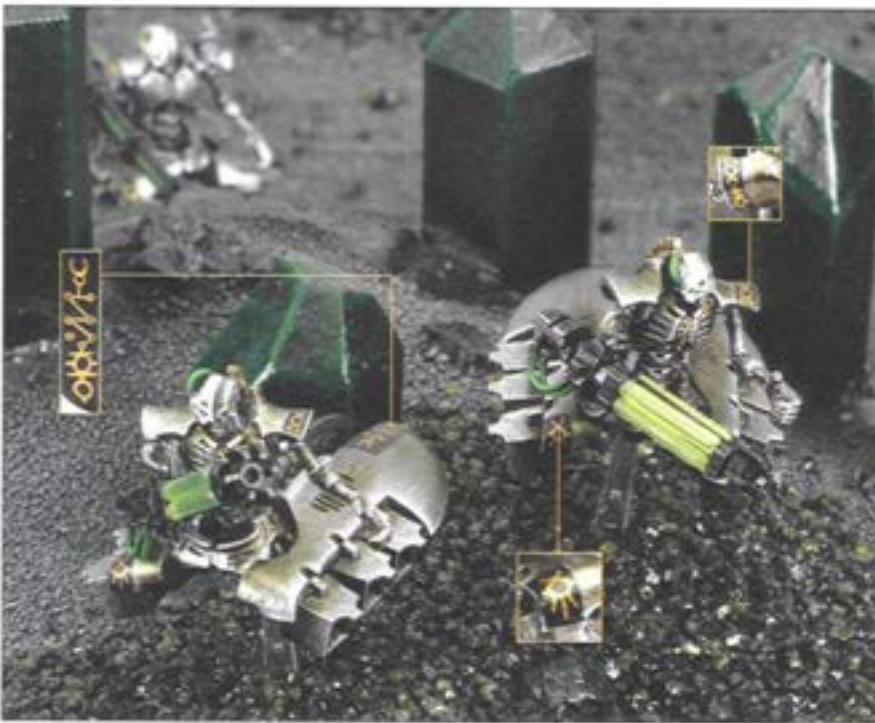
Boltgun Metal &
Brown Ink
Scab Red &
Gloss Varnish

NECRON HIEROGLYPHICS

The Necrons display all manner of mysterious sigils, runes and carvings upon their tomb complexes and Monoliths. On this page we'll show you how to put these markings onto your models and give you ideas as to where they might be applied.



Necron hieroglyphs are found on many of their tombs and can be represented in several different ways:



TRANSFERS

The Necron transfer sheet provides a simple method of embellishing both your models and scenery. Cut the symbol you need from the sheet, and dip it in a saucer of warm water for about thirty seconds. Then, using a pair of tweezers and a brush, gently slide the symbol from the backing paper onto the model.



Necron icons are best saved for the bigger models in your army, those with large, flat surface areas to apply them to. The Destroyers are good examples of this, having the flat areas on their bodies where you can apply transfers or paint on icons of your own devising. The Monolith really benefits from having the gold icons on its sides, which helps to emphasise the ancient mystery of this Leviathan. Remember, there are many hundreds of Necron tombs scattered throughout the galaxy so don't be afraid to invent new designs for your own models.

THE MONOLITH

The Monolith is an imposing model and forms the centrepiece of your army, so it's worth giving some thought to how you're going to do it justice. This needn't be difficult, as it is a reasonably simple model to paint.

Before you undercoat your Monolith, it's a good idea to use masking tape to cover the transparent components so as not to get any paint on them when spraying. Try to cover the entire surface of each transparent piece, but don't worry if the tape also covers some of the model itself. Once the undercoat is dry and you've removed the masking tape, the edges can be painted in by hand.

We painted the Monolith by drybrushing across the panel lines with Dark Angels Green and adding some Goblin Green to lighten the very edge. The hieroglyphs were picked out with Burnished Gold and the weapons drybrushed with Bolt Gun Metal. Instead of drybrushing the Monolith, you could simply undercoat it with Chaos Black, paint the details and then apply a coat of gloss varnish to the entire model.

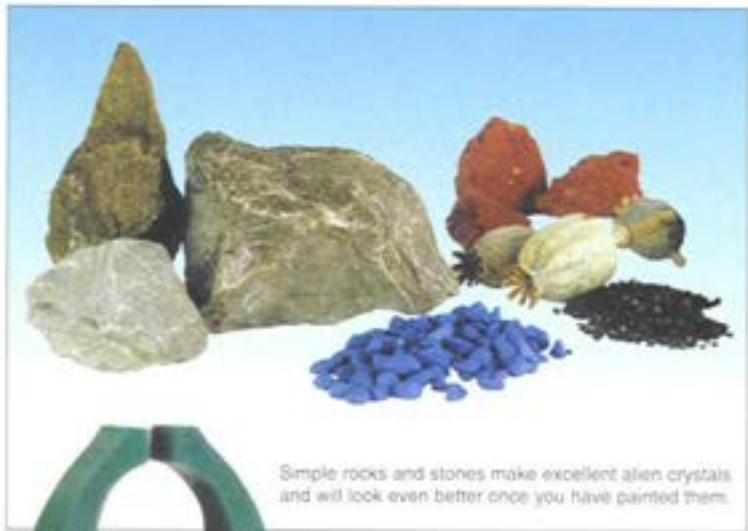
You'll need to assemble and undercoat each of the four gauss-flux arc weapons separately from the rest of the model before fitting them into their mounts. Remember, as always, to insert the green rods only after you've finished painting and varnishing the model!



NECRON SCENERY

A fully modelled battlefield is an impressive sight and one themed to your army is even better. It's always much more involving to play battles over such a battlefield and it can be the inspiration for specific scenarios or even campaigns.

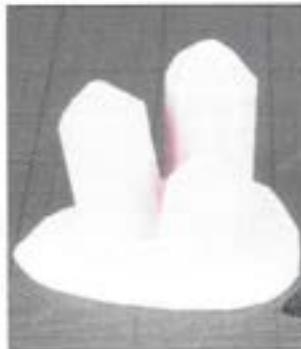
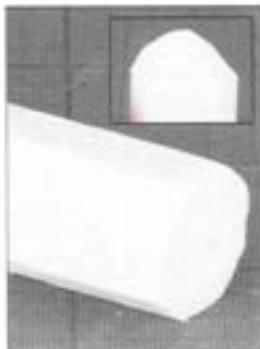
Using materials commonly available in hobby shops, DIY and garden centres, it's possible to create stunning terrain and scenery with only a little effort. If you add in pieces from your bits box and take the time to plan your terrain, you'll find it's not as hard as you might think to create something really impressive. By theming your terrain and making scenery pieces that can be set up in a variety of ways, you'll find that missions and campaigns will begin to suggest themselves to you – for example, a particularly impressive tomb structure could represent the stasis chamber of a Necron Lord, or even a C'tan, and would make an ideal objective for an enemy in a Sabotage or a Take & Hold mission.



Simple rocks and stones make excellent alien crystals and will look even better once you have painted them.



NECRON CRYSTALS



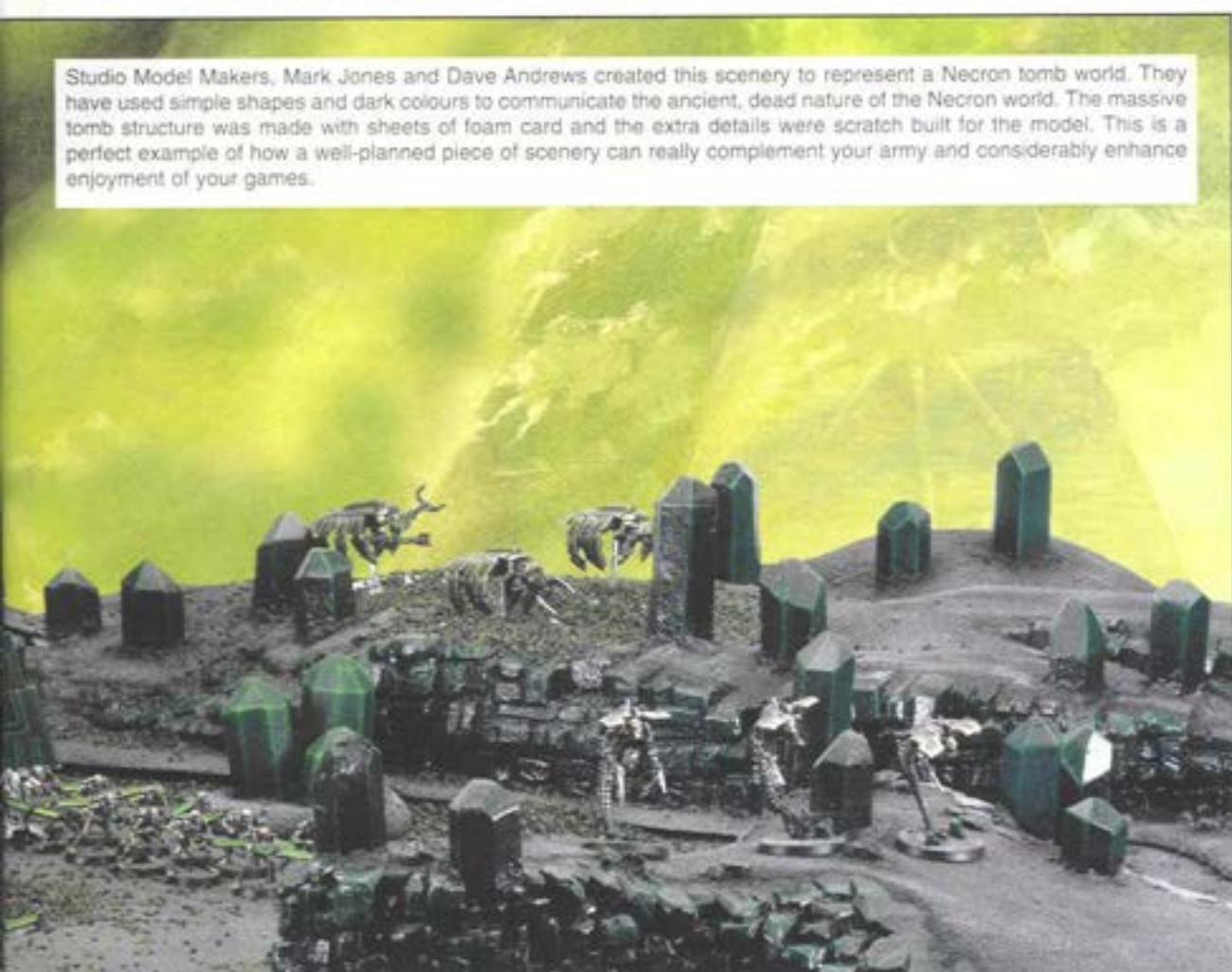
Creating themed scenery needn't be all that complicated. To make the alien-looking crystal formations, start off with a squared strip of foam or polystyrene, marking a line on each of the top corners where the strip will be cut to create an eight-sided shape.

Using a sharp knife, cut down the length of the strip, following the lines drawn along the edges (making sure you cut away from yourself when using any sharp tools). When you've cut the sides, you can trim the top to give it a pointed crystalline shape.

Once you've made yourself a few crystals, mount them on a base of foam card or cardboard, with PVA glue, for extra stability. For best effect, it's a good idea to fix these at an angle to one another so they appear to have formed naturally in the landscape.

As the crystals are made from foam, hand paint the undercoat on using Chaos Black rather than a spray, since spray distorts foam. Drybrush Dark Angels Green over the crystals, and paint the edges Snot Green. For our crystals we then covered the base in PVA, dipped it in sand and painted it to match our terrain. The finishing touch was to apply a coat of gloss varnish to give it a crystalline sheen.

Studio Model Makers, Mark Jones and Dave Andrews created this scenery to represent a Necron tomb world. They have used simple shapes and dark colours to communicate the ancient, dead nature of the Necron world. The massive tomb structure was made with sheets of foam card and the extra details were scratch built for the model. This is a perfect example of how a well-planned piece of scenery can really complement your army and considerably enhance enjoyment of your games.



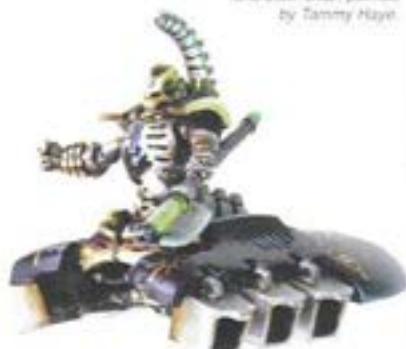
SHOWCASE

On this page you'll find some examples of models painted by the 'Eavy Metal team. It's not always practical to lavish this level of attention and detail onto every model in your army, but putting that extra effort in really pays off and hopefully these will inspire you in your own painting.

Necron Lord
designed by Juan Diaz,
painted by Tammy Haye



Necron Destroyer Lord
designed by Jeff Goodwin
and Juan Diaz, painted
by Tammy Haye



The Nightbringer
designed by Alex Hedgeson,
painted by Kristen Mickelburgh



Tomb Spyder Diorama
by Kristen Mickelburgh.
Tomb Spyder designed
by Tim Adcock.



Necron Warriors Diorama
by Darren Latham.
Necron Warriors designed by Jeff
Goodwin and Colin Grayson.



TRANSMITTED: SPHEROK 2569
RECEIVED: CITADEL OF JUSTICE, TERRA
DATE: 5681753M41
ASTROMYTH DUCT: THULE/ZIND
AUTHOR: MARSHAL PRIMUS ROGAL SURN
TITLE: INTERCEPTED TRANSCRIPT
THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: ONLY IN DEATH DOES DUTY END

A MESSAGE TRANSCRIPT HAS BUT RECENTLY COME INTO MY POSSESSION WHICH I FEEL BEARS INVESTIGATION AT A HIGHER LEVEL OF AUTHORITY. ACTING ON INFORMATION GAINED THROUGH INTERROGATION OF MEMBERS OF THE LOCAL UNDERWORLD, MY MEN AND I WERE ABLE TO INTERCEPT AN ILLICIT LANDING IN THE WILDERLANDS OUTSIDE KULACH ON THE NORTH EASTERN CONTINENT OF LAHMIA. THE INFORMATION DETAILED BELOW WAS EXTRACTED FROM THE CORTICLE OF A HOLOMAT COURIER CAPTURED IN THE OPERATION THAT FOLLOWED. IDENTIFYING ELECTROS AND METAL RESIDUES ON THE HOLOMAT INDICATE THAT IT WAS MANUFACTURED ON THE FORGE WORLD OF INCALADION. THE ALLEGEDLY STOLEN HOLOMAT ITSELF WAS REMOVED BY MEMBERS OF THE CULT MECHANICUS WITHIN ONE WORK CYCLE OF ITS RETRIEVAL — WHICH WAS FELT TO BE IMPRESSIVE CONSIDERING THEY HAD NOT BEEN INFORMED OF ITS PRESENCE AT THE PRECINCT HOUSE. THEY ARE UNAWARE THAT DECRYPTION OF THE SERVITOR'S STORAGE FUNCTIONS TOOK PLACE PRIOR TO THEIR ARRIVAL.

I TRUST THAT IT IS APPARENT THAT THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE CLAIMS MADE CAUSED ME A GREAT DEAL OF CONCERN. AT THE RISK OF APPEARING PREJUDICIAL I AM FORCED TO CONCLUDE THAT SOME MANNER OF SCHISM OR HERESY IS TAKING PLACE WITHIN THE RANKS OF THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS. WHILE THE WORDS OF ONE HERETIC CANNOT BE GIVEN TOO MUCH CREDENCE, THE VERY CONCEPT OF A DIVISION AMONG THE TECH-PRIESTS BEARS RIGOROUS INVESTIGATION AT SOURCE. I WILL PURSUE ENQUIRIES IN THE GATES OF VARI REGION AND INCALADION FORGE WORLD BUT MY RESOURCES ARE NATURALLY LIMITED IN RELATION TO THE CULT MECHANICUS. IN TRUTH THIS MATTER REQUIRES INQUISITORIAL AUTHORITY TO RESOLVE.

ARS JUSTICATUS
ROGAL SURN
MARSHAL PRIMUS
SPHEROK SYSTEM

***** Begin Transcript *****

++ How dare you lay accusations upon a fellow of the Cult Mechanicus! I demand immediate representation before the collegiate extremes and repatriation to Mars. You have no rights! ***
*** Tech-Adopt Hyrcan, you stand accused of heresy, heresy, the employment of the black arts, inter alia Technologia Extremum, uncouth worship of servitude and traffic with possessed texts. Do you deny your guilt? ***
++ I refuse to participate in the theatrics you dogmatists see attempting to dress up as a legitimate trial — take me to Mars and there we'll see who's the guilty one! ++
*** Your request is denied and a plea of ineffable guilt duly entered in the record. Questioning shall proceed. Discreetly, discreetly will be ensured to elicit a response if you continue to be intractable. Why did you leave Mars? ***
++ You think I fled don't you? You think I was trying to escape but you're wrong, there are more of us there than you can imagine, many more. We heard the words of Cormachair and we knew that the resurrection was nigh. He is but a harbinger of the times to come. ++
*** What resurrection do you referenc... ***
++ Is you weren't so ignorant you'd know. The ancient ones are returning! The true spirit of the machine is upon us! ++
*** Silence! Your blasphemy will not be tolerated here, of all places. What are these ancient ones you speak of? ***
++ The ancient ones are the Nephrons and their living gods. Their shrines stand everywhere but you don't see it. Just good works to be investigated. Until it was their alliance our ancestors plundered we who understand shall venerate them upon their return. ++
*** You deliberately test our patience in hopes of termination. Your lies will not succeed! ***
++ I have stepped into the forbidden zones, can you say the same? I have walked with trepidous steps where the very highest authorities of our order proclaim it is death to stand and I have seen the truth behind the lies you dogmatists espouse. I will never be lied to again for I have seen the face of god. --
*** Blasphemy. Your self-aggrandizing claims have no basis in scientific fact. It is the consideration of this body that you have turned to the worship of Chaos and your sanity is lost. ***
++ Wrong! Wrong! Chaos is but a shadow of this realm, only those driven mad by fear at the hidden throne of this realm would seek to hide among those corrupted abominations. --
*** What is in this place you speak of? ***
++ -- --
*** Speak or the stimulus will be increased further! ***
++ The Noctis Labyrinth of Mars itself, wait! I see you flinch at that name! Even in this benighted corner of the Machine God's realm you know of it! --
*** Once again you lie. Those mines were obliterated in the great purge. All know that nephrite means death to metal or flesh. Cease your blasphemies and speak truly. ***
++ I'm intelligent — see the truth soon enough. The star-gods... return... (pauses)
*** Why did you attempt to pass through the Gates of Vari? ***
++ -- --
*** We ask again, why did you attempt to pass through the Gates of Vari? ***
++ -- --
*** Speak! Your attempt to enter that region means your life is forfeit no matter whether you confess or not! To continue your silence only continues your pain. Speak and unburden yourself. ***
++ -- --

***** Transcript Ends *****

Rogue Trader Septimus Greggory and his crew stood staring at their fortune. Centuries of dust obscured it, but from the moment Greggory had reached up and swept his gloved hand across its surface, he had known the wall paintings would make him and his crew very rich indeed.

Greggory had travelled to the remote system of KVX-193 in search of an ancient civilisation. They had expected to find a fertile, wooded world populated by a simple, pastoral people called the Silvae; just the type Greggory had spent his career exploiting.

When Greggory's ship had arrived, he had found a completely dead world.

"Set the extractors up and get some beams along these walls!" Greggory's voice echoed up and down the length of the subterranean chamber. "I want this dust cleared before we start the removal."

Rosalind Marquis, Greggory's second in command, straightened herself up from where she had been examining an exposed section of the paintings. Marquis was an accomplished explorer and an expert in primitive autochthonous civilisations. "My lord, these images would appear to represent an account of the indigenous species' ethnological development. I request I be given time to study them, to determine why and how the evident ecological collapse occurred, and why an entire species died out in less than a thousand years."

"I don't care why they died. Marquis, just that they left something valuable behind. Be finished by dawn, they come off then."

Greggory, the crewmen and their team of servitors cleared out, leaving Marquis to set up the temperamental extractors on her own. When she had the machines running, she activated a glow-beam and played its light along the length of wall before her.

The paintings were quite simply beautiful. She could see immediately that they represented an extensive pictorial history of the long-extinct people of KVX-193. She set the extractors to clear the entire length of the chamber and stood back in awe as the rise and fall of an entire race was slowly revealed before her.

Eight hours later, as the morning sun pierced the chamber entrance Greggory returned to find Marquis pale and drawn, evidently disturbed.

"Marquis, what is it? What have you seen?"

"Seen?" Marquis turned to face Greggory, and by the harsh light of the glow-beam tracing an arc along the length of the wall, she told him.

"Look, here." She directed Greggory to the first of the paintings. "The Silvae attained what the Machine God adepts class Xenos Subject-awareness Index level Beta, and started recording their history many thousands of years ago. At first it's standard spirit-worship, but look here." She pointed out another area, one in which the primitive Silvae bowed in worship to a tall, slender humanoid who smiled down at them in mocking patronage. A host of metallic skeletal warriors surrounded the figure, standing watch over the scene of obeisance.

Marquis seemed distracted for a moment as she studied the disdainful expression on the god-like figure's face. Greggory laid a hand on her shoulder and she shivered.

Their new god demanded the peoples' total adoration. Here, it seems to be testing them, promising the race as a whole greatness at its side should they prove worthy."

"Then it disappears. It becomes a distant figure. The images suggest it's sleeping, but through the ages it reappears. It appears to be returning at important points in history, directing the Silvae down certain paths, and always testing them."

Marquis led Greggory further down the chamber, indicating with wide sweeps of her arms the passing of millennia. She pointed out occasions where the visitor would deliberately intervene in the Silvae's development. For unknown reasons their god steered them away from mundane advancements, halting achievement at the early iron-age level and instead empowering them to intellectual feats verging on the metaphysical. Because of their fickle god, the Silvae slowly became a deeply spiritual and philosophical people.

"See here Greggory? This is the beginning of the end for the Silvae. The Imperial Explorers arrived. They made contact following the prescribed protocols, but there was conflict nonetheless. I imagine the missionaries took exception to the native religion. They bombed the centres of worship, killing hundreds of priests, then left. We know from the records we uncovered at Kar Dusseish that the fleet logged the world before carrying on towards the rim. Of course we don't know what happened out there because it didn't return."

They were nearing the end of the paintings now, and Marquis led Greggory on to the last phase of Silvae history.

"After the Explorers had left, the Silvae were in turmoil. They couldn't understand why their god had not returned to protect them. Their religious leaders couldn't help, as all the senior priests had been killed in the bombardment. Here the god returns, but not to adulation and idolisation. Instead it finds the Silvae on the brink of sliding back to barbarism and it is disgusted. I believe that the chronicle indicates that the god considered his people as having failed him, of being unworthy of his continued patronage."

Marquis held her glow-beam to the penultimate section so Greggory could see the consequence of the god's wrath. The paintings depicted death and destruction on a scale Greggory had only rarely glimpsed in his long career as an agent of the Imperium. Skeletal death stalked the rain forests, unleashing grotesquely destructive beams that stripped skin from muscle, muscle from bone and reduced bone to atoms. Weapons of awesome scale were unleashed upon the surface of the planet until all life was scoured from the land, forcing the few survivors to take refuge below ground.

"They didn't last long after that, my lord. There were too few of them to maintain a viable gene-pool. They lived down here, two, maybe three generations before they simply gave up. The land could not support them and they lived in constant fear of their former protector returning to eradicate the few remaining survivors."

Greggory left Marquis alone as he stalked off to round up his crew and begin removing the paintings. Marquis shivered, feeling as if she were under scrutiny. She turned to the painting, and her eyes met with those of the Silvae's perverse god. She could swear it was laughing at her...



"We are born for a darker purpose than that of mere existence. There will come a time when the stygian night never ends, where dead stars will spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and when the beings that hid like shadows will feed on us forever."

Adept Cottessain at the Observatory of Seldoth,
shortly before his disappearance

'Heavy destroyers on the right flank!'

'Enemy troops sighted ahead!'

The warnings came not a second too soon and Marshal Augustine braced himself against the inner wall of the Righteous Crusader as a massive detonation rocked the Black Templar Land Raider, tilting its eighty-ton bulk up on one track. The mighty vehicle slammed back down, shattering the stone road of the Triumphal Way, and Augustine wrenched down the ramp lever, lest the armoured vehicle become their tomb. He charged from the belly of the Land Raider into the smoke-filled hell surrounding the burning Basilica of St Capilese, drawing his power sword and bolt pistol. From all around them, the gleaming skeletal warriors that so plagued this world were pouring from the ruined buildings either side of them. Ahead, the Divine Peacock bellowed smoke from its ruptured sides, its red-lit hull blocking the rubble-choked roadway. A living carpet of scuttling, silver beetle-like creatures boiled from grates and cracks in the roadway, swarming over the flanks of the Land Raider. Sickly green coils of energy flickered around their claws as they flooded the tank's interior and Augustine knew that the vehicle was doomed.

The Black Templars spread out, firing on the soulless mechanical warriors before them. Several were blasted from their feet, only to rise once more as their hateful bodies

reformed. Beside him, Tech Marine Praepollo jerked, caught in the flux of energy from one of the warriors' guns. Augustine could hear his agony over the vox-net as the Tech Marine was flayed alive, layer by layer.

'For the Emperor!' bellowed Augustine, charging towards an advancing group of silver warriors and cutting them down with great sweeps of his power sword. He smote the loathsome beings, sick to his very soul that such abominations had desecrated this world of the Immortal Emperor. He hacked his last opponent to the ground, kicking its shattered body from the blade of his sword, and turned as a lance of jade light speared through the Righteous Crusader. The mighty war vehicle exploded in a vast orange fireball, its engine and ammunition detonating and flipping it over onto its side.

Augustine roared in anger, catching sight of a tall figure, its metallic sheen partially obscured by grave-dirt encrusted robes, carrying a long staff, its barbed end wreathed in coruscating emerald fire. As he watched, the creature slashed with its weapon, shearing Brother Navarre in two and severing Apothecary Leatus' arm from his body in a spray of crimson. The Apothecary collapsed, first his armour, then his flesh disintegrating from his skeleton in a matter of seconds.

Augustine snarled and moved to intercept the robed Necron Lord as it slew another of his warriors. Dozens of the beetle-like creatures swarmed around him, biting and stinging. He stamped hard on their bodies, crushing them beneath his armoured boot as a whipping, barbed tail lashed out, snapping his sword arm and pulling him off balance. Crackling blades slashed across his breastplate, scoring deep gouges. Augustine wrenched his arm free, turning to face his attacker.

Two writh-creatures, their spines curved and ridged, floated before him, leering skull faces wedged between hunched shoulders from which whipped slender arms bearing scalpels



talons and a nightmare assortment of hooked blades. They had no legs, merely elongated spinal blade-tails darting back and forth as they swirled around him. Augustine ducked a flurry of slashing blades, stabbing with his power sword at the belly of one of the creatures. The blade sliced through the beast's body, sliding clear with no resistance, but Augustine was amazed as the beast shrugged off the blow, uninjured by his killing thrust.

The second Wraith spun behind him, its tail lashing around his legs as its hooked fingers clawed at his armour. He hammered his elbow into its head, stumbling as again his blow passed clear through the monster's body. Was he fighting ghosts? Quick to press their advantage, the Wraiths attacked again, their blades, claws and barbed tails slashing through his armour and ribboning the flesh beneath. He brought his sword around in a crushing arc, and this time his blade bit home, smashing one of the abominations to shards. He felt hot pain sear his legs as dozens of the insectile creatures climbed his body, each stabbing into his legs again and again.

His warriors were dying all around him and he could see yet more of the Necrōn skimmers flying in to strafe those few who had broken through the ambushers' trap. Augustine felt

the Wraith's tail whip assoud his wrist as its body slammed into him from behind, driving him to his knees. He struggled to rise, the smaller beasts weighing down his arms with their numbers. Augustine roared in anger as the shadow of the Wraith's claws rose above him before hammering down into his chest.

The long blades punched through his armour, tearing into his hearts and lungs and rippling outwards. Augustine fought for a breath that would not come as his hardened ribcage cracked open and he toppled forwards, his face slamming into the roadway.

His last sight was of his remaining warriors being cut down in the roiling firelight of the burning cathedral.



ADEPTUS MECHANICUS

REF: XENOS WEAPONRY

FILE REF: G945-902X

SUBJECT: ALIEN WEAPON TECHNOLOGY

(RECRONTYR)

ARCHIVIST: MAGOS TRANTOR

COLLATED: 0342999.M41

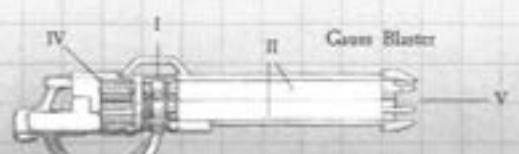
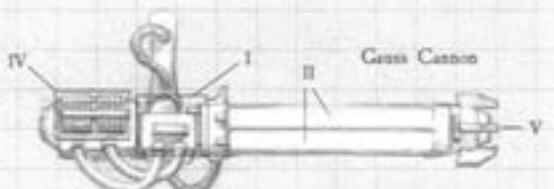
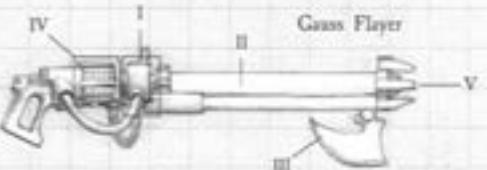
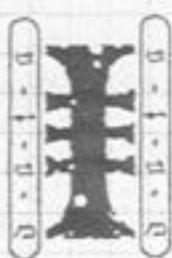
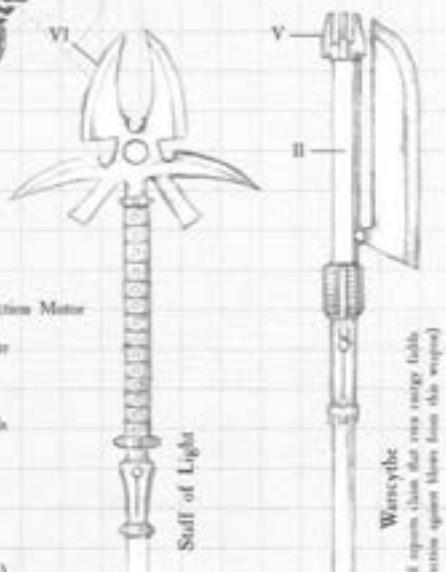
SECURITY: OMICRON

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: REVERE THE DIVINE, FOR IT IS THE SOURCE OF ALL POWER



KEY

- I Asynchronous Linear Induction Motor
 - II Linear Accelerator Chamber
 - III Combat Attachment
 - IV Electromagnetic Field Coils (postulated)
 - V Beam Focusing Array (unknown method)
 - VI Facial Edged Blade (Power Weps Equivalent)
- Note: Also capable of ranged attacks



Note: All postulations are assumptions based on after-action reports and therefore their veracity may be suspect, though our own deductions based on observation & study remain accurate.

THEORY

IN REGARDS TO THE POSTULATIONS PUT FORWARD BY MAGOS BARROUS CONCERNING THE OPERATION OF THE ARMAMENT CARRIED BY THE NECRONS KNOWN AS GAUSS WEAPONS, THE FOLLOWING REPORT EXAMINES THE HERETICAL IMPOSSIBILITY OF SUCH WEAPONS' OPERATION. AT THEIR MOST BASIC LEVEL, GAUSS GUNS CAN BE DESCRIBED AS ASYNCHRONOUS LINEAR INDUCTION MOTORS. WHEN FIRED, THEY APPEAR TO PRODUCE A FOCUSED BIPOLAR MAGNETIC FIELD AND ANYTHING THE WEAPON IS TARGETED AT, SUCH AS A HUMAN BODY, WILL BE 'PULLED' (AT THE SUB-ATOMIC LEVEL) TOWARDS THE GUN. THE WEAPONS APPEAR TO PULSE WITH INTENSE CURRENTS, WHICH FORM THE MAGNETIC FIELDS THAT STRIP THE TARGET'S CONSTITUENT ATOMS TOWARDS THE WEAPON. IT IS POSTULATED THAT THE WEAPON ASPECT IS JUST ONE OF THE MANY POSSIBLE USES FOR SUCH TECHNOLOGY AND THAT MANY MORE MIGHT BE POSSIBLE.

DESIGN

THE DESIGN OF A GAUSS WEAPON WITH ALL ITS PARAMETERS KEPT DYNAMIC TO ACHIEVE MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY IS A MATHEMATICAL IMPOSSIBILITY, AS PROVED BY MAGOS BARROUS DURING THE CALCULOMETRY SCHISM. THE GREATEST PROBLEM ENCOUNTERED IN GAUSS WEAPON DESIGN IS DEVISING A MEANS TO SAFELY GENERATE AND RELEASE THE POWER OF THE DISCHARGE, WHICH RUNS IN THE MULTI-MEGAWATT RANGE. BECAUSE THE POWER REQUIRED IS EXTREMELY HIGH, EVEN MICROSCOPIC

IMPERFECTIONS IN DESIGN WILL GENERATE MASSIVE ENERGY LOSSES. IF A MECHANICAL TRIGGER IS USED TO DELIVER THE PULSE, THE MOMENT THE FIRING MECHANISMS COME INTO CONTACT, MICROSCOPIC IRREGULARITIES IN THE MATERIAL WILL DISSIPATE SO MUCH ENERGY AS TO BE COMPLETELY VAPOURISED. WHEN THE TRIGGER CLOSES, THESE VAPOURISED SURFACES AND THE MOLTEN METAL BENEATH THEM WELD TOGETHER, AND THE TRIGGER IS THUS RUINED. HOW THE WEAPONS EMPLOYED BY THE NECRONS OVERCOME THIS PROBLEM IS UNKNOWN.

ASSUMING FIRING DIFFICULTIES CAN BE OVERCOME, THE FINAL EFFECT WILL BE TO PRODUCE A BEAM CAPABLE OF STRIPPING A TARGET DOWN TO ITS CONSTITUENT ATOMS EXTREMELY RAPIDLY. SINCE HIGH-ENERGY POWER SUPPLIES ARE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS AND DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN, IT FOLLOWS THAT ONE WOULD WANT TO MAXIMISE EFFICIENCY IN ORDER TO OBTAIN THE BEST POSSIBLE RESULTS WITH THE LEAST POSSIBLE ENERGY. THIS ALSO PRESERVES THE COMPONENTS OF THE WEAPON SINCE MOST ENERGY LOSSES ARE TYPICALLY DISSIPATED AS DAMAGING HEAT OR DESTRUCTIVE BACK CURRENTS, SUCH AS ENCOUNTERED BY PLASMA WEAPONS.

EFFECTS

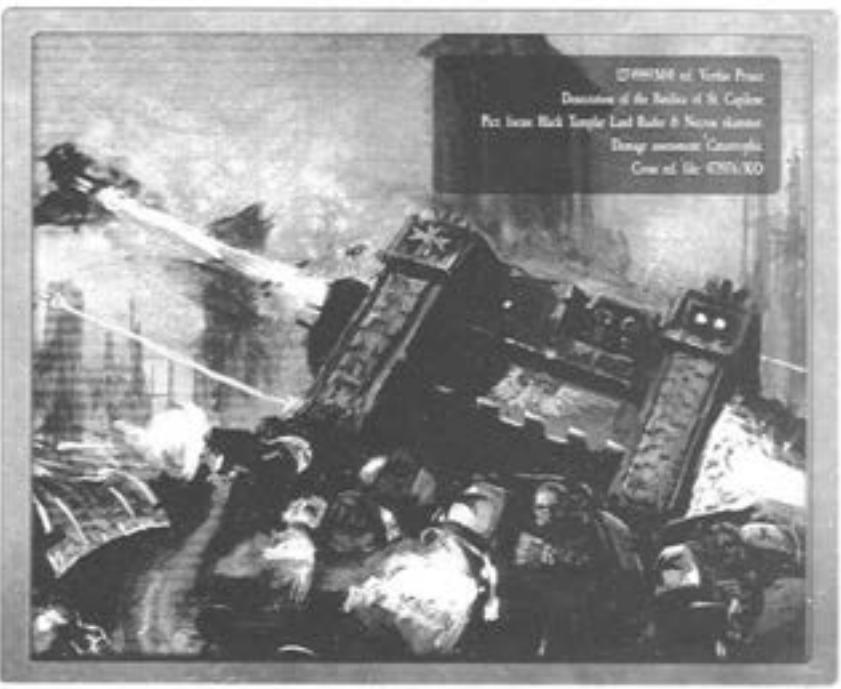
EXTENSIVE STUDY OF GAUSS WEAPONS AND THEIR EFFECTS ON BOTH ORGANIC AND INANIMATE MATTER HAS, THUS FAR, BEEN HAMPERED BY THE LACK OF A WORKING DEVICE TO EXAMINE. INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE REMAINS OF SOLDIERS AND THEIR EQUIPMENT, REVEALS A FASCINATING LEVEL OF INTERACTION BETWEEN THE GAUSS-FIELD AND THE TARGET'S ATOMIC STRUCTURE. IT APPEARS THAT THE

FIELD GENERATED BY GAUSS WEAPONRY IS CAPABLE OF BREAKING THE BONDS OF THE TARGET MATERIAL AT THE SUB-ATOMIC LEVEL AND ENERGISING THEM WITH AN OPPOSING MAGNETIC CHARGE TO THAT GENERATED BY THE WEAPON ITSELF. THIS ACCOUNTS FOR THE 'FLAYING' EFFECT NOTED IN MANY AFTER-ACTION REPORTS FROM COMMANDERS IN THE FIELD. AS EACH LAYER IS EXPOSED (BE IT FLESH, MUSCULATURE OR ARMPLAS), IT IS BROKEN DOWN BY THE WEAPON'S BEAM AND CARRIED TOWARDS THE GUN. OBVIOUSLY THIS RESULTS IN CATASTROPHIC FAILURE OF THE COMPONENTS INVOLVED AND THEIR DISSIPATION INTO VAPOUROUS FORM.

SUBJECT IQ REMAINED OPERATIVE FOR THREE HOURS FOLLOWING INJURIES INFILCTED BY A GAUSS WEAPON, THOUGH THE LIMBS CONCERNED WITH PRIMARY LOCOMOTION WERE STRIPPED TO THE BONE AND 90% OF THE DERMAL LAYER WAS ABSENT. THESE EFFECTS WERE OBSERVED AFTER EXPOSURE TO A WEAPON CARRIED BY A BASIC NECRON TROOPER. THE

EFFECTS OF LARGER NECRON WEAPONS CAN BE SEEN IN THE BELOW SEGMENT OF PICT-CAPTURE TAKEN FROM THE BATTLEFIELD ON VERDUS PRIME.

IN THE IMAGE, WE SEE A BLAST FROM A NECRON SKIMMER PENETRATING NOT ONE, BUT TWO ARMoured FACES OF A LAND RAIDER VEHICLE. I NEED NOT REMIND MY LEARNED READERS THAT THE PROBABILITY OF A WEAPON IMPACT DEFEATING THE ARMOUR OF SUCH A VEHICLE IS REMOTE, BUT TO PASS COMPLETELY THROUGH A LAND RAIDER WITH NO VISIBLE DEFLECTION TO ITS TRAJECTORY WOULD REQUIRE AN ENERGY SOURCE SO POWERFUL THAT IT IS UNLIKELY WE COULD REPLICATE IT ON ANY WEAPON SYSTEM SAVE THAT EMPLOYED BY A TITAN OR STARSHIP. THAT SUCH WEAPONRY MAY BE MOUNTED ON WHAT IS ESSENTIALLY A LIGHT SKIMMER FILLS ME WITH DREAD AND WONDER IN EQUAL MEASURE. IF OUR ORDER COULD SOMEHOW MANAGE TO ACQUIRE SUCH A MACHINE THE POSSIBILITIES MIGHT BE ENDLESS.



--- BEGIN VOX RECORD ---

Commander.

As per Inquisitor Caevak's instruction, I directed my Deathwatch Kill Team to the distress call from the beleaguered Cadian 23rd with all haste. The Cadians had indeed been attacked by a force of Necron raiders of unprecedented size, accompanied by the vast megalithic structures reported in previous engagements. The Imperial Guard fulfilled their role, thus we were able to concentrate on our mission. Brothers Emeric and Weiss, their M-40 pattern bolters each loaded with a psychically impregnated Odysseus bolt, opened fire upon the Necrons designated by Brother Quetus' marker beam. As this ammunition has the mass-reactive core removed to ensure it remains whole, it took several direct hits from Brother Seal's heavy bolter to finally fell the Necron.

As predicted, the damaged xenos engaged its teleport device and faded from view. A brief communiqué with the strike vessel's Astro-path was enough to inform me that the Odysseus bolts had vanished from the battlefield. I immediately ordered our withdrawal, the Thunderhawk responding with commendable speed.

Astro-path Miesha's divinations betrayed the location of our quarry with perfect clarity, she had ascertained the destination of the Odysseus bolts seconds after my team arrived on board. We made all speed to Berica, a dead world on the outskirts of the system and the location of the Necron's reappearance. I took the opportunity to check and consecrate my weaponry and prepare my soul for the coming operation.

Nearing our destination, the otherwise featureless horizon became intermittently studded with xenos architecture, mainly obelisks and pyramids.

We were entering a necropolis, of this I had no doubt, and the suspi-
sus was betraying the Necron's location as within the desiccated heart of
the dead city. The Thunderhawk landed in the midst of the tomb
complex, and we entered a many-tiered structure whose architecture
seemed to defy both gravity and logic.

It took several hours to trace our way through the labyrinthine
passageways and twisting tunnels that led to our destination. However,
Astro-path Miesha's guidance proved invaluable and, with the Emperor's
grace, we eventually found the chamber we had been searching for.

The chamber carved up and outward, mighty pillars stretching up into
the darkness, revealing a space so capacious it could easily have
accommodated a Reaver titan without its carapace touching the groined
roof. The suspi- had failed us and was no longer receiving a signal,
but given the sight which confronted us, this was of little
consequence.

Stretching away from us along the hieroglyph-encrusted walls were
serried ranks of Necron warriors, many in a state of extreme disrepair.
Huge, arachnid forms were sliding soundlessly around them, whizzing
suspensor fields projected onto the damaged constructs. Shards of
broken metal flowed and coalesced around the inactive warriors like
swarms of glittering insects until the Necrons were whole once more.
Closer magnification revealed the giant reconstruction drones surrounded
by shimmering clouds of dust; Brother Quetus theorised that these
were microscopic repair organisms.

As we watched, three more Necron warriors materialised at the end of
the line, one merely a shattered torso that manifested at chest height
and fell to the floor with a loud clatter near our position. Our vigil
was uncovered, and the Necron that had been made whole again
awakened from their dormant state and started jerkily forward, raising
their arcane weapons. We had no choice but to fight, as Brother
Krasovic had not completed his benediction of the thermic charges.

I must admit that I saw the possibility of our escape as increasingly
remote as more and more of the functional Necrons moved from the
line and a carpet of scarab-drones flowed from the archway opposite
our position. Forming a circle of defence around Krasovic, we prepared
to sell our lives dearly. Quetus was flayed apart in a second, his cry
of rage echoing throughout the vast chamber. Phaedron charged the
nearest cluster of warriors to buy Krasovic time, his power sword
cleaving apart several before he was buried under a mound of silent,
stabbing Necrons. Andric and Weiss added the strength of their
firepower to my own but were whittled down to their constituents
before they could empty their bolters. Weiss struggled in the
mandibles of one of the arachnid-drones, his power fist smashing it
apart even as the blasphemy tore his legs from his body. Dulac died
without a sound, his bolter firing wild as he slumped. The hoede was
almost upon us when Krasovic finally signalled the completion of his
work. I requested the teleport of the remainder of the squad to our
strike vessel and it was afflacted immediately, mere seconds before
detonation.

A full report, including a vid-log of the inside of that hellish
chamber, is in the hands of Inquisitor Caevak. I only pray that the
information we gained was worth the lives of so many
of my battle brothers.

May the Emperor guide their souls.

--- VOX RECORD ENDS ---

THREAT ASSESSMENT OF THE NECRON FLEET

Increasingly, the Imperial Navy has found itself confronted by Necron ships. In general these encounters have ended disastrously with losses being so great that no base of experience can be built up. If this situation is not rectified then victory will continue to prove elusive. I have collated all available information on the Necron fleet to present this summary of their composition and capabilities. By necessity this is primarily drawn from Battlefleet Obscurus here at Cypra Mundi, but also includes the testimonies of officers of Battlefleet Ultima collated during the Syrus Concussion.

In almost thirty recorded encounters a total of five different classes of Necron ship have been identified. These can be split into broad types that match our own classifications, specifically Capital Ships (including Battleships and Cruisers) and Escorts. Whilst these classes accurately reflect the size and potential of Necron ships, they do not have the same implications tactically as our own ships. Imperial Escorts, for example, specialise in scouting, harassing the enemy fleet and providing close support for Capital ships. The Necrons do not follow this doctrine. Their Escorts are far more aggressive and nimious, are often extracted to fleets comprised exclusively of Escort class vessels. Imperial Capital ships will normally engage the enemy in a formation that allows them to provide mutual support. Necron Capital ships do not utilise any recognisable standard formation; indeed, on occasions their behaviour is more akin to attack craft, with each ship fighting independently of the rest of the fleet. In this regard their tactics bear a close resemblance to those of the Eldar, emphasising speed and the sudden application of overwhelming firepower. The apparent sundering of such tactics rarely handicaps their effectiveness and it is my theory that there is a governing method that is so sophisticated that it cannot be correctly analysed on the basis of our experiences to date.

As with the Eldar, Necron tactics are dependent on the quality of their ships, which are, if anything, even more advanced. No Necron ship has ever been witnessed translating to or from Warp Space. On repeated occasions, though, Necron vessels have appeared well within maximum sensory range without any approach being detected. During the attack on Hothoth it was reported that on first sighting the Necron fleet was noticeably decelerating, which raises the possibility that whatever their means of propulsion it is so fast that when moving at full speed their vessels are undetectable. The fact that they slow down to fight would indicate that even they find it impossible to perform fine manoeuvres or accurately target enemies while travelling at full speed. As with so much else about the Necrons this is a mystery that may only be solved by the capture of one of their ships intact. I fear though that such an enterprise would incur an unbearable cost in ships.

Where our own ships rely on void shields for defence, Necron ships use a combination of stealth and adaptability. Their hulls cloak all internal energy emissions and prevent accurate tracking. It is only when they change course or speed, or when they fire weapons that they can be scanned reliably. Until then, Necron ships appear as sensory phantoms. Practically, though, this will often have to suffice for targeting purposes. It should be noted that, whilst Necron ships are both fast and agile, they are not capable of the sudden changes in direction available to Eldar craft, so leading fire is preferable.

Even if detected and hit, Necron ships are extremely resilient. What would be crippling blows to an Imperial Cruiser often fail to superficially damage a Necron ship. We have no certain evidence why, as the classes we have identified are not massive enough to support armour of the requisite thickness. We do know that they have impressive automated repair capabilities, which can seemingly repair virtually any damage in minutes. This technology is not invincible, however, and when activated the stealth features of Necron ship hulls is instantly compromised, leaving them far more vulnerable to attack.

Necron weapon systems all utilise energy projection. The effect is similar in appearance to arc lightning but is far more dangerous. It has been postulated that the energy is extra-dimensional in origin. Regardless of its source, it is projected very accurately using a ranging particle beam at longer distances. In some cases the discharges have been seen to pass through a ship's shields leaving them undamaged. Necron ships complement these weapons with a variety of horrific close range systems. Most common of these is the use of swarms of small 'scarab' robots to infest the hulls of target vessels before emitting a signal that disrupts mechanical communication and control functions within the sectors infested. Another common Necron weapon involves the sudden discharge of stored solar energy from all parts

of the hull, which inflicts damage on all ships in proximity. The blast is powerful enough to overload the shields of any Escort in the Imperial fleet, and the effect of several overlapping bursts can be dangerous to Capital ships as well. Any fleet engaging the Necrons should also expect to be subjected to boarding actions. Once shields are down, raiding parties will commonly attack several decks simultaneously. Naval armaments with shotguns have proved to be no match for Necron warriors in this type of fighting so, until a better solution can be found, heavier weapons should be used and the risk of damage to ship systems tolerated. Conversely, boarding attacks against Necron ships have been effective as their Warriors are slow to respond to the threat, allowing time for boarders to set charges and withdraw before they come under heavy attack.

Necron ships have demonstrated an ability to disengage effortlessly from combat by seemingly phasing out, and this has made it impossible to turn pyrrhic victories into substantial ones. To date no Necron ship have been captured in battle, due in no small part to this ability. While they are able to escape from unfavourable encounters it is unlikely we will devise counters to their technological advantages. On the other hand, though, the Necrons' reluctance to fight to the finish has meant that commanders who eschew caution and seek to inflict damage, come what may, have been more successful than those who conserve their forces. This leads me to believe that defeating the Necron fleets will be a task that requires selfless sacrifice and unrelenting fury. Fortunately the Imperium does not lack for either.

Your ob't servt
By the hand of Lord Captain Morley,
Attach'd to the Fleet Instaurum of Alien Studies,
Docking Complex Heraclis, Cypra Mundi.





The last of the ward seals disengaged with a pneumatic hiss and the massive door swung ponderously open, its incredible mass balanced on a complex series of counterweights and suspensors. Tech-adept Phineus Roche stepped back to avoid the door's swing and nervously clutched the data slate to his chest.

The Praetorians either side of him moved forward, massive weapons trained on him, their dead-eyed stare unseeing to the young priest of the Omniaiah. Could the man he was to see truly be so dangerous that his gaolers should need to take such precautions? An adept in a scarlet robe, his face hidden behind a mask of cybernetic implants, stepped through the door, his hands lated before him. A mass of waving mechadendrites arced above his shoulders, swaying like hungry snakes.

Phineus remembered the instructions given to him by his mentor, Arch-Magos Mordecai Holatas, and licked his suddenly dry mouth, cursing the weak, organic matter for betraying him so. Phineus pictured the bloated mechanical form of the Arch-Mago, forever bound within his forge-temple, his few remaining fleshy components fused with the arcane, life-sustaining machineries of the Omniaiah. One day he too hoped to ascend the heights of mechanisation achieved by his patron, feeling the beating heart of an entire planet around him, in tune with the subtle rhythms of the machine spirits encircling the Martian temples. He bowed to the senior adept before him.

"I have come to question the heretic Adept Corteswain," announced Phineus in what he hoped was a suitably reverent tone. "I am told that he may have useful information regarding a number of recent incidents my master wishes explained."

Phineus felt pleased at this masterful understatement regarding his purpose. The details of these incidents had triggered a memory in the vast repository of knowledge that served as the Arch-Mago's brain and thus Phineus had been sent on this mysterious errand to question a man he had never heard of and whose history was unknown to him. Briefly he wondered what heresies this man had espoused to warrant such incarceration.

The Adept nodded; there was no other reason to come to this place. He indicated that Phineus should follow him through the door, speaking in a rasping monotone from a throat that was no longer wholly organic.

"I am Adept Kurstobal and you must follow these guidelines. Keep away from the energy field of the cell and do not record anything the prisoner says," cautioned Kurstobal, holding out his hand to receive Phineus' data slate. With apparent reluctance Phineus handed over his slate, knowing that the recording engrams implanted on his cerebral cortex would do a better job of recording this session than he ever could on his own.

Phineus made to move past Kurstobal, but the mechadendrites slashed from his back, blocking his path.

"Cybernetic divination indicates that your cranium contains implants that are forbidden in this place. You must deactivate them before you may enter."

"What?" blustered Phineus. "This is outrageous. I come with the authority of Arch-Mago Mordecai Holatas, Bringer of the Sacred Light!"

"That does not matter: all must follow the rules. Deactivate them now or be on your way."

Knowing that he had no choice, Phineus deactivated the engrams with a thought. Kurstobal nodded and pointed to an elaborately carved archway, its red stone carved with runes of spirit binding and confinement. Nothing mechanical could be used within this space without Corteswain's gaolers knowing about it. Arch-Mago Holatas would not be pleased.

Slowly, he advanced through the archway, feeling a warm, electric sensation pass through his flesh as the machine spirits of his body communed with those of the cell complex. The light in this place was dim, the glow globes set to their minimum lux level. At the end of the passageway, he could see the shimmering glow of the energy field that prevented the heretic abbot from spreading his dogma to the masses. Phineus mustered his confidence and marched along the corridor, cut from the stone of Mars, and stood before Corteswain's cell.

He had not known what to expect when Arch-Mago Holatas had despatched him on this errand, but knew that it was important that he learn as much as he could from this man. Nevertheless, Phineus was shocked by his shambolic appearance. The cell was shrouded in darkness and bare of clutter, yet Phineus could see the walls were scrawled with lines and circles, overlapping and intertwining in nonsensical patterns. He could not see the man clearly, hunched as he was in the darkest pool of shadow at the rear of the cell. The little light in the passageway illuminated patches of raw flesh, encrusted with a mass of weals and pockmarked skin. His hair was wild and unkempt, his manner that of a feral savage.

"You've seen it, haven't you?" he screeched, never once turning his face towards Phineus.

"Seen it?" repeated Phineus. "Seen what?"

"The One who lives Beyond, the Lord of Insanity, He who dwells on the world within the world. It craves... it feeds!"

"I do not understand. Who are you talking about?" asked Phineus, trying to regain control of the conversation.

"You don't know?"

"No, but perhaps you could tell me of it."

Corteswain laughed, a high-pitched, braying noise. "Be careful, young Adept. I may just do that. But you may not thank me for enlightening you. Would you be willing to cast off the shackles of your false god, to tear out those abominations against nature you so hanker for? The Machine God exists, but it is a false god! Come to enslave us all."

Phineus crossed his hands in the image of the Divine Machine, horrified at this heresy. How could a member, even a former member, of the Adeptus Mechanicus give voice to such blasphemy? He backed away from the cell, lacing his fingers behind him and moved onto the reason for his visit.

"Adept Corteswain, I have been instructed to question you on certain unusual occurrences, and have been led to believe that you may be able to shed some light on them."

"Occurrences? What sort of occurrences? Where?"

"In the north-eastern reaches of the Segmentum Solar, some nine hundred light years below the galactic plane. Several of our research outposts have been attacked, their priceless technology stolen, the few survivors raving and insane. The Skitarii assigned to protect the bases apparently turned their weapons on one another

in bizarre fits of madness. It is all very confusing really. We are... well to be honest, we're not sure at all what's happened."

"Did you recover any bodies, dead ones I mean?"

Corteswain's maniacal voice was calming now, the quest for knowledge focusing his scattered mind.

"Yes, several, though our Generators cannot explain the premature ageing and wasting of their flesh. It is as though they were, for want of a better expression, drained of their life."

"Ah, yes, yes. I see now. It has begun then. It took me to its world of madness then tossed me back. I was unfit you see. I was tainted with our crude imitations of the Machine God's image."

"I don't understand."

"No? Well let me explain, my innocent young adept. I was part of an Adeptus Mechanicus team exploring a dead world out towards the Eastern Fringe called Cthelmax. We explored the depths of this world and found many wondrous things, but we were not alone there. Emissaries of the One Who Dwells Beyond waited and attacked us. I alone survived, but when I awoke it was to find I had been transported beyond the Emperor's light. I beheld a scene of bedlam. Living engine-obelisks of metal belching lightning in whipcord arcs, a horizon that stretched up and round to enclose a bloated red sun that seemed so close I could reach out and touch it. Like a malevolent crimson eye, the sun roared and seethed in its death throes, the machines feeding on its luminescent energies like obscene mechanical parasites."

Corteswain shuddered at the memory before continuing.

"Then I beheld the master of this domain and I knew in that moment that I was doomed. Not to die, you understand, but to truly appreciate the insignificance of my being. The Machine God, you see? It's everywhere, it feeds on us. I saw my companions from Cthelmax fed to the machines, their bodies and souls reduced to their component atoms to feed the insatiable hunger of the Machine God. Why I was cast back into this place I do not know, only that I was. And I knew then that everything we think we know is wrong! The Machine God does not love us, nor does it want our worship. We are naught but playthings to it and I would not be tainted by such evil!"

Corteswain turned, shuffling awkwardly along the floor to the front of his cell and into the light. Phineus gasped in horror as the ruin of Corteswain's frame was exposed. His body was hideously deformed where he had torn the blessings of the Machine God from his flesh and Phineus saw that the heretic's fingernails and teeth had been removed to prevent him from opening his veins. Corteswain's legs ended in blackened stumps in mid-thigh, his chest a mass of poorly healed scar tissue where he had burned away yet more implants.

As Corteswain raised his face, Phineus recoiled from his horrific countenance. His eyes had been torn from their sockets, scoured gouges in his cheeks telling Phineus that these wounds had also been self-inflicted. Had what Corteswain seen been so terrible that he had been willing to endure the agony of such mutilation?

Horrified, Adept Phineus fled the chamber, the shrieking voice of Corteswain following him down the passageway.

"It feeds, young Adept! It feeds!" screamed the heretic. "If it has turned its attention our way once more then we are naught but food for the gods! Food for the gods!"



CAMPAIGN PLAY

The Necron re-awakening has begun. Throughout the galaxy, dead worlds begin to stir as the C'tan marshal their legions and scheme how to re-establish their mastery over all that lives.

When you have had some practice using the Necrons in one-off games why not consider creating an exciting campaign or some unique missions set against the backdrop of the re-awakening. Whilst stand-alone games are great fun, there is a lot more enjoyment to be had from campaign play. Decisions taken will lead to real consequences in later games, and defeats can be avenged in a far more satisfying fashion.

Experience

The Warhammer 40,000 rule book contains a section which explains how you can keep track of the experience gained by your troops so that they gradually ascend to veteran or even elite status. An ongoing campaign is obviously the best way to incorporate this system into your games. Depending on your own tastes, you can amend the Battle Honours to include skills that will be particularly beneficial in games against Necrons. The two examples below show new Battle Honours that can be introduced to the Battle Honour table in Necron campaigns.

Necrons do not collect Experience points. This means that as the campaign proceeds their enemies will gain useful skills but will also get more expensive in points. Towards the end of the campaign this will make the Necron armies appear relatively larger and emphasise the desperate heroism of their opponents.

NEW BATTLE HONOURS

Robot-Hunters.

The unit has become especially adept at destroying Necrons and knows exactly where to strike them to prevent self-repair. All Necrons wounded by this unit in close combat will not be able to self-repair unless there is a Resurrection Orb within 6"

Intuitive.

After the initial terror caused by the Necrons' ability to deep-strike troops onto the battlefield the unit has developed an uncanny ability to predict when it is about to happen. If any Necron unit deep strikes onto the battlefield, roll 4D6 for each unit with this honour and check to see if the arriving Necrons are within this distance in inches. If they are, then the unit with this honour may take a free shot at them as soon as they appear, counting as being stationary. This does not apply if the honoured unit is falling back, pinned or in close combat.

THE NECRONS AND THE IMPERIUM

The Necron Threat

The Necrons present an inimical threat to the Imperium but it is not the same type of threat as a major Ork Waaagh! or the advance of a Tyranid hive fleet as the Necrons have no interest in gaining territory or fighting wars on huge battlefronts. Instead they strike without warning and withdraw once they have achieved their objective.

The Red Harvest

The C'tan are energy vampires who savour the unique essence of sentient creatures. As such they do not regard their attacks on the Imperium as warfare but as a harvest of lesser beings.

Their approach is therefore idiosyncratic and may, for example, be more concerned with causing terror than defeating armies. When a world is harvested there will be major battles as the Necron Warriors descend, for which the standard Warhammer 40,000 missions can be used, but there are also possibilities for more unusual games. For example, a mission could feature a group of retreating Imperial Guardsmen being chased down by a pursuing pack of Necron hunters, or an advance into a ghost town where Flayed Ones lurk amongst the bodies of their victims. Horror movies provide a great source of inspiration for this type of mission and the Necrons really work well in this type of game, with their refusal to stay dead and a terrifying arsenal of weapons.

Infiltration

The C'tan and Necrons do not want their enemies to have the opportunity to develop new weapons to use against them. This opens the possibility of campaigns where the objective is a key Imperial research station or a particular individual. Such bases will be well-defended and will require a raid rather than an all-out attack by the Necrons. A campaign based on this premise could use the Cityfight rules to cover fighting within the complex itself and should be set up so that time is on the side of the defenders with the prospect of reinforcements arriving.

Graven Images

The Imperium is a vast collection of disparate worlds. Often the Imperial Creed is the only unifying factor. In some places even that is lacking and here the people are vulnerable to falling under the sway of the C'tan. The star-vampires delight in being worshipped as gods and the vast power that they wield is a convincing argument to a primitive culture. C'tan domination of such a world might be countered by Imperial agents or perhaps Space Marines who periodically recruit or train there. Naturally the locals might be induced to fight to defend their new god.

THE IMPERIAL RESPONSE

Heroic Defence

The traditional imperial response to alien attack is based on entrusting each system to its Governor. Because of the time lags implicit in warp communication and travel, each system must be able to defend itself and the resources of an entire world are not to be sniffed at. This type of campaign is really the flipside to the Red Harvest campaign, with the emphasis placed on the Necrons' victims. A campaign featuring several Imperium players fighting as a team against a Necron force commanded by the campaign designer can make an interesting change of pace. The Necrons can be played more for drama than out-and-out efficiency, and missions can be created that are deliberately unbalanced.

Inquisitorial Investigation

The Ordo Xenos will inevitably take a major interest in the Necrons and the C'tan. This provides a great opportunity for a cross-system campaign using the Inquisitor rules. Cross-system campaigns work best if you organise them in phases during which you stick to one game system and then take the consequences into account in the next phase. An Inquisitor campaign, particularly one involving bands which include Tech-priests, can flesh out the background for a Warhammer 40,000 campaign very effectively. As an example, two bands could be seeking a Necron tomb, one band containing a Tech-priest who regards the Necrons as sacred living machines, the other a Tech-priest who sees them as abominations. With one outcome the tomb might be raided by Space Marines, with another the Necrons will be awoken to attack an unwary Imperial world.

Tomb Raiding

Ultimately the only way to destroy the Necron threat is to seek out their tombs and destroy them. This will, of course, be resolutely resisted by the Necrons and will result in fierce battles raging across the surface of a dead world with the option of playing low points games depicting assault forces fighting their way into the tombs. The C'tan are unlikely to tolerate such an affront from a lesser species and the consequences of such raids could become quite apocalyptic.

NECRONS AND THE ELDAR

Old Grudges

The Eldar are one of the few races that have real knowledge of the Necrons and the C'tan. They will not therefore make the mistake of underestimating the threat they represent. Moreover, whilst the C'tan will maintain a certain level of contempt for the Eldar, they do present a rare opportunity to strike at one of the creations of the Old Ones. Engagements between Eldar and Necrons are quite likely to occur in space, so campaigns can include a Battlefleet Gothic element. Cityfight can be used to

cover battles on craftworlds, and Warhammer 40,000 for Necron attacks on Exodite worlds.

The Legacy of the Old Ones

The C'tan still have an abiding hatred of their ancient enemies, the old Ones. Although their civilisation is no more, it is possible that some degenerate descendants of theirs still live on backwater worlds. These rather tragic creatures are a choice delicacy to the C'tan so they attach a disproportionate importance to seeking them out. This can be exploited by the Eldar to ambush and destroy Necrons or to lure them from their tombs. You could even have some fun by using a Warhammer Lizardman army in a game of Warhammer 40,000, although this would require a bit of preparation to deal with any oddities.

Conclusion

Any game of Warhammer 40,000 will be more enjoyable if the characters have established personalities and the objectives really mean something. This is doubly so when dealing with villains such as Necrons, whose cold, implacable onslaught can only really be thwarted by the hot-blooded heroism of the living.

NECRON TOMB WORLD TERRAIN CHART

This table represents terrain typical of that found on a Necron tomb world. Necron structures may also be encountered on other worlds, in which case make two rolls on the relevant terrain chart for every one you make on the Tomb World chart. For example, a Necron tomb may be encountered in a world's arctic wastes, in which case, use the Ice World terrain generator from the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. If a feature rolled here is inappropriate to the actual terrain type you have chosen to fight your battle across, re-roll the result on the appropriate chart.

The Necron Tomb World terrain generator can be used to generate terrain for battles being fought within the tomb itself, or on the surface of a Necron world. The description of each feature includes descriptions of both environments where this is relevant.

2D6/TERRAIN

2 - Sandstorm

Sandstorms are dangerous and frequent occurrences on the dead worlds favoured by the Necrons as locations for their tombs. Roll a D6 at the beginning each player turn. On a 6, all movement that game turn counts as being over difficult terrain, and rolls of 6 are required to hit with shooting attacks over 12". regardless of the firer's Ballistic Skill. Inside a tomb, storms will still be encountered and will be of a far more sinister nature.

3 - Abyss

An artificial bottomless chasm, roughly 6" by 12" in area with a single walkway crossing it. Vehicles may not cross the walkway, and any infantry crossing will fall and be lost on a D6 roll of 1.

4 - Obelisks or Columns

Place D6 standing stones in a regular pattern agreeable to both players, with each stone roughly 12" apart. Inside the tomb these may be huge structural columns.

5 - Mesa

A raised, flat plateau of rock, 3" to 9" high and covering an area up to 12" by 12". Climbing up the mesa counts as passing through difficult ground but once at the top models suffer no movement penalties and receive no extra cover saves. Inside the tomb these features will be raised plinths or ziggurats of a far more regular shape but with an identical effect.

6 - Rocky Ground

An area of ground strewn with boulders, loose rocks or shifting sands, making movement difficult. An area of up to 12" by 12" is covered, and will count as difficult ground. In the tomb interior this result represents areas of ground that have become damaged and unstable over the aeons.

2D6/TERRAIN

7 - Ruined Tomb Structure

An area roughly 6" by 6" of semi-ruined walls and tumbled rubble. This provides cover to infantry, and counts as difficult ground for vehicles.

8 - Tomb Entrance

A Necrontyr structure no more than 6" by 6", which may be on the ground or on a wall.

9 - Large Tomb Structure

A large, impressive Necron edifice covering an area of around 12" by 12". Up to four smaller structures may be placed within 6", all providing cover to infantry and impassable to vehicles.

10 - Dried River Bed

A shallow channel placed so that it enters the table at one edge and exits at another. Movement along the river bed is unaffected, but models moving into or out of it count as moving through difficult ground. Infantry in the channel receive cover from shooting from outside, and vehicles count as being hull down to shots from outside the channel. Similar, more regular features are sometimes found within the tomb itself, often the result of floor sections collapsing.

11 - Power Conduit

Arcane power arcs through this 3" diameter structure, making movement near it extremely dangerous. Any model ending its move within 6" will be struck and automatically wounded on a D6 roll of 1. Armour saves are allowed as normal. Vehicles take an automatic glancing hit on a 1 or 2.

12 - Adeptus Mechanicus Research Post

A small cluster of up to four pre-fabricated buildings and up to 12" of connecting light barricades. Inside the tomb, this may be the remains of a small camp, representing a previous, doomed attempt to penetrate the tomb's secrets.

TOMB RAID

Tomb Raid is a new Raid scenario in which the attackers are attempting to steal a valuable artefact from the heart of a Necron catacomb. Forces are chosen using the Raid Scenario Force Organisation chart. If you don't have any terrain appropriate to the dark interior of a Necron structure you can use normal terrain and assume that the main body of the tomb is just below the surface.

ATTACKER'S OVERVIEW

You have launched a daring raid into an area surrounding a mysterious ancient edifice in search of its fabled secrets. As your force nears its objective, previously unknown guardians awake!

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

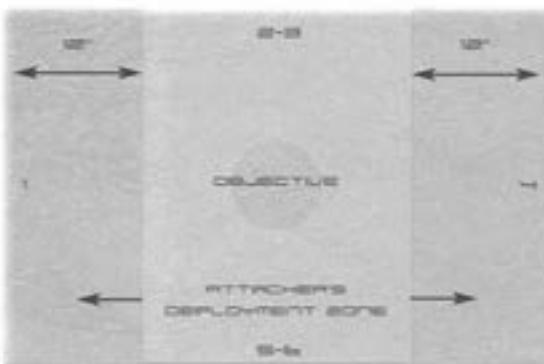
Tomb Raid uses the Victory Points, Reserves, Random Game Length and Night Fighting special rules.

DEFENDER'S OVERVIEW

The Necrontyr have lain dormant within their stasis chambers for longer than most races have existed. Now one of those races seeks to invade their tomb, and its Necron guardians rise once more.

SET-UP

1. Place a suitable terrain piece in the table centre. This is the attacker's objective.
2. The attacker chooses either short table edge as his deployment zone, and sets up his entire force up to 12" onto the board. Infantry which are not in transports, without jetpacks, or are not riding bikes or jetbikes can be set up 18" onto the board.
3. The defender's force is held in reserve. When reserve units become available, roll a dice to determine which board edge they move on from, as indicated on the set-up map.
4. The attacker gets the first turn.



MISSION OBJECTIVE

The attacker is attempting to capture an artefact from the heart of the Necron tomb. This might be a C'tan phase sword, a stasis control device, or anything else you can imagine a raider force attempting to steal.

The attackers must steal the objective by getting as many units as possible into base contact with it, and then getting those units off the table. For each unit that spends a whole game turn in contact with the objective and not shooting or fighting in an assault, roll a dice. If any of the results is a 5 or 6 then a unit has secured the objective and the whole army may make their escape off their own short board edge.

Keep track of which model is carrying the objective. It may be handed to another model by moving into base contact with it. This may only be performed once per turn. If the model carrying the objective is killed or falls back then it is dropped and remains on the board. Any model that moves into contact with it may pick it up.

The attacker earns +300 Victory points for getting the objective off his own table edge. +150 Victory points are earned if the objective does not make it off the table but remains in possession of the attacker at the end of the game.

RESERVES

When the defender's reserves become available they will move on from a random board edge indicated on the set-up map. Roll for each unit separately.

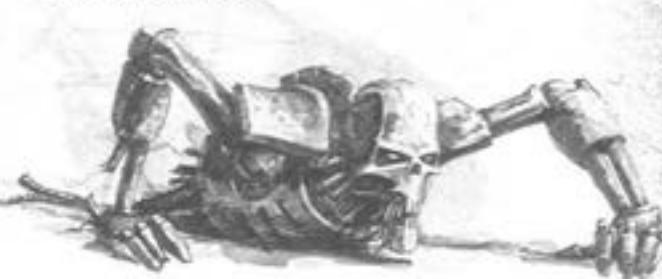
GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for a variable number of turns.

LINE OF RETREAT

Attackers that are forced to fall back will do so towards the nearest board edge of their deployment zone, using the normal Fall Back rules.

Defenders forced to fall back will do so towards the nearest board edge.



"I have seen the doom of the universe.

It waits, ever-patient, at the end of the twisting, spiralling path that the young races have wrought for themselves. Like some malignant, patient beast it lingers unseen, but this horror is neither nameless nor unheralded. The potential for its sunken birth squatted within the minds of its masters long before Isha's tears fell. The black seed of its creation was sown long aeons past, and it has grown strong.

I have seen the proud sons of Asuryan dwindle away to mere pockets of resistance on the cusp of the galactic wastes. I have seen the infinity circuits themselves, the lifeblood of craftworlds sucked dry in obscene feasts. The lesser races war amongst themselves, unaware of the horrifying fate that awaits them, the reward of their intolerance.

I have seen the mon-keigh brutally shorn of their precious civilisation, reduced to a weak and frail shadow of their gaudy, temporal grandeur. No more do their brutish warriors wage their xenocidal wars; they could not fight against the inevitability of time. No more does their corpse-god's pallid beacon sputter and crackle in the warp; his feeble flame was long since extinguished. His appetite for souls was as nothing next to the ageless hunger of the Yngir.

I have seen column upon column of shambling, hopeless figures trudging through the ashen dust, herded forth by the gleaming traitors plucked from the imperfect womb of their race. These guards are terrible indeed, their cold perfection a stark contrast to their sick and wasted charges. They drive them into the insatiable mouths of megalithic portals that punctuate the landscape like vast, black parasites, aligned in a blasphemous architecture of despair.

I have seen a sickly, emerald sky, stabbed continuously by great columns of soul-light that pour from the crests of these foul monoliths, nourishing the ancient and ascendant deities that permeate the blighted atmosphere. Their miasmic presence is everywhere, in every shallow breath taken by their bipedal herd, in every milky and despairing eye. Their mocking laughter resonates in the soul of each and every one.

I have seen the mark of the Yngir on the young and old alike, lest the others in their sacrilegious pantheon turn their deadly attentions to the wrong flock. They populate the geometric schism of changeless realspace that the Yngir have worked long millennia to construct. A psychic void, the warp cannot exist there. The spirit cannot exist there.

I have seen the infernal machineries of the Dragon powered by the tired limbs of those which they are designed to consume, the exhausted husks that can work no more transmuted into brief flares of light. Hundreds of serried, fleshy forms, riddled with sockets and plugs, bleed their essence into the pulsing green heart of the Machine.

I have seen the sprawling landscape of fear that the Master of Death has created, its craven inhabitants wading half-mad with terror through seas of blood. For the Destroyer savours the taste of dread, and cultivates it in his herd, his phantoms plaguing the living with premonitions of their inevitable demise. Then, at the peak of their horror, he feeds.

I have seen the writhing, inverted geometries of the Outsider curl and tighten around his harvest as they clamber and crawl like vermin around his illogical labyrinth. Barely a shred of sanity exists in the broken minds of his prey; enough to comprehend the fact that they cannot escape this hideous paradigm, but not enough to quell the traitorous seed of hope that slithers unfulfilled within their breast.

I have seen the Jackal god's prey wander in a deluded reverie, imagining the lush grass of the Elysian fields when their bloodied feet trail through sharp stones and vitrified bone. Their toothless mouths twist into the vapid smiles of the ignorant as they wander into the soulforges, believing they are coming home.

But I have seen many things, as my soul has wandered the myriad paths of the future. I have seen both the death and the birth of stars. I have walked the very borders of the universe within the confines of my mind, and I know that the future is not immutable. The Yngir can be stopped, their nascent labours undone before they come to terrible fruition. This knowledge is the most precious of all.

I have seen the doom of the universe. And yet
I have seen hope."

To Peter Daudin Esq.

The alignment is begun.

It may take centuries, millions of a galaxy or longer, but has been covered from my days. Abilities are unknown to us, though.

I should begin again. I fear my ravings of a mad man. We all have not. I am now, nearly frightened by what is the most dangerous examination.

While serving aboard the Navy ship *Inquisitor Arrian*, I was given the task of bringing the vessel on the Monarch sector. The journey was long and uneventful, in fact I have seldom seen a system in question the current of the innominate had become so violent that it became difficult, though only the guiding lights of the Astronomer allowed me to find my way and that was agency. Even as I was forced to break the Innominate far short of the edge of the eye was. Fortunately the Captain was sensible enough to heed my warnings and (indeed) even aggravated with despair.

As we moved

far will not speak of it. I think they fear we bow down before the threat, or be driven mad by an appalled in equal measure that they have known of so long and never implied its existence before now, that even now won't trust us with whatever knowledge they have. Truly for all their fine words and oaces they are but aliens and we must meet this new challenge with human flesh and blood, but this is just as it has always been. With the Emperor's guidance we will prevail, there may still be millions, or tens of millions of Necrons in stasis waiting to emerge, but there are billions of humans ready to destroy them, and Destroy them we will.

Inquisitor Arrian

I must register my puzzlement at the ongoing difficulties we have suffered in sending/obtaining astropathic messages in a handful of isolated regions (Ref. files RL-11/98J0948748137.). All of these lie far outside the orbit of heavily settled worlds but are not within zones known for infestations of Tyranid organisms or other psychic interferences. Naturally occurring warpstorms can also be ruled out of all the noted areas. Should resources permit, I would advocate the despatch of a Primaris psyker cabal to investigate the source of the trouble. I have thus far been unable to locate any archive which indicates a prior occurrence of this kind, which leads me to believe it to be a comparatively recent development. My investigations will continue but, as ever, obtaining anything prior to the 36th Millennium remains optimistic at best.



DEEPSPACE IMAGING AND FORWARD SCOUTING HAVE REGISTERED A DIVERSION IN THE COURSE OF HIVE FORTRESS LEVIATHAN (CROSSREF: LEV/TYRJ 24226511). PREVIOUS PLOTTING SHOWED THE FLEET MOVING UP FROM BELOW THE GALACTIC PLANE IN A "W" SHAPED INCURSION. DETAILED EXAMINATION AND BACK-TRACKING OF KNOWN ATTACK VECTORS BY THE FORTY SEVENTH ASTRO-MAPING DISTRICT HAS SHOWN AN ANOMALY PROJECTION IN CURRENT. THEY SHOW THE HYDRAE FLEET'S MOVING. AVOID AN AREA OF SPACE AMONGST THE GHOSTS SO FAR BELOW THE GALACTIC PLANE, LEADING TO THEIR UNUSUAL DISPOSITION. IF THEY MOVE INTO THE SISTER ARM, DEEP SCAN IMAGING COULD INDICATE NO STAR, NOVAE, NEBULAE, BLACK HOLE, OR OTHER KNOWN CELESTIAL PHENOMENA IN THIS REGION TO ACCOUNT FOR THIS UNCHARACTERISTIC MANOEUVRE. HOWEVER, THEIR AUGURIES REVEAL A SPHERICAL OBJECT OF INDETERMINATE ORIGIN AND NATURE AT THE CENTREPOINT. FOR THIS OBJECT TO REGISTER VIA REFLECTED LIGHT ALONE INDICATES EITHER GREAT SIZE (OVER 32,000,000 TERIAN DIMENSIONS) OR AN ALBEDO HANGAR. (REACHING INFINITE,

at first. As we surged forward I noticed something more. As the myriad reflections twisted away I began to see great astrological engines, twisted geometry across the following and finally the terrifying nothingness. I have come to know this to be nothing but a hulk, a (medium) lifeless hulk. (Can we attempt some draff?)

Jaagul Maskelyne

XENOS IMAGNIFER



The universe is not like a puzzle box that you can take apart and put back together again and so solve its secrets. It is a shifting, uncertain thing, which changes as you consider it, which is changed by the very act of observation. A powerful man is not a man who dissects the universe like a puzzle box, examining it piece by piece and measuring each with scientific precision. A powerful man has only to look upon the universe to change it.

Techomagos Galaxus

- Dead Worlds featuring Necronyr structures
- Sightings of Necros pre 39th Millennium
- Sightings of Necros 39th - 40th Millennium
- Sightings of Necros 41st Millennium

MARS

AM0L01

Orb. Dist. L38 - 167AU

0.02G/Temp 84C

Forge World

Tithe Grade: Adeptus Non

Aestimare: G750

Population: No autochthonic lifeforms

Notes: Landed: 6/839.64LM4!

Explorator expedition led by Magos Reston Egal. Contact lost. World declared Purgatus.

All anomalous contacts within a six-sector radius to be logged and reported to Segmentum Command at Kar Duniash.



NAOGEDDON

OR06.10

Orb. Dist. 0.78AU

0.93G/Temp 10C

Dead World

Tithe Grade: Adeptus Non

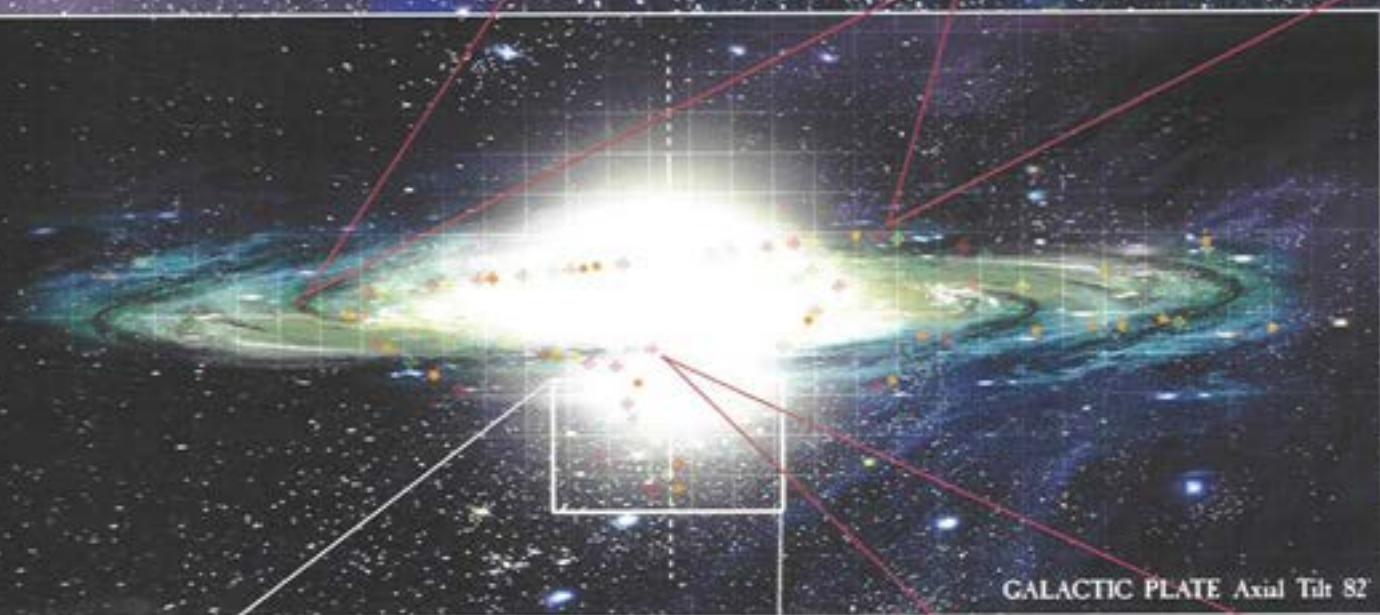
Aestimare: G750

Population: No autochthonic lifeforms

Notes: Landed: 6/839.64LM4!

Explorator expedition led by Magos Reston Egal. Contact lost. World declared Purgatus.

All anomalous contacts within a six-sector radius to be logged and reported to Segmentum Command at Kar Duniash.



GALACTIC PLATE Axial Tilt 82°

DEEP SCAN IMAGE CAPTURE



Unknown object est. DIA 104AU

PAVONIS

AD Terra 101.01

Orb. Dist. L34AU

112G/Temp 24C

Industrial World

Tithe Grade: Exactis Particular

Aestimare: B350

Population: 300,000,000



Civil insurrection crushed by Ultramarines.

World now under jurisdiction of Administratum.

Unidentified xeno creature escaped from underground complex.

ANOMALOUS HIVEFLEET MOVEMENT: LEVIATHAN



NECRONS

The skeletal warriors of the Necron race have lain dormant in their stasis-tombs for millions of years. Now, ancient portents are realised and a horror from the darkest depths of pre-history awakes...

THAT MAN IS BESET AT ALL QUARTERS BY TRAITORS, MUTANTS AND FIENDS IS SELF-EVIDENT. BUT IN TRUTH NONE OF THESE EVILS SHALL BE OUR UNDOING.

WHEN THE END COMES IT WILL BE NOT AT THE HAND OF ANY MORTAL BEING OF THIS OR ANY OTHER REALM: DEATH WILL COME AT THE HANDS OF THE ANCIENTS, THOSE WHO DETERMINED OUR FATE AGONS BEFORE WE STOOD ERECT UPON THE HOLY GROUND OF TERRA AND GREW UP INTO THE STARRY NIGHT.

Inquisitor Hoth - Second Book of Admonitions

Inside you will find:

- ARMY LISTS:** The complete Necron army list which allows you to select your forces for a tabletop battle. Also included are the Monolith, a terrifying Necron war machine as well as wargear, new weapons and special rules.
- HOBBY SECTION:** Sixteen full colour pages packed with tips on collecting, modelling and gaming with a Necron army.
- SPECIAL CHARACTERS:** Rules and background information on the Nightbringer and the Deceiver – two of the ancient god-like beings known as the C'tan.
- BACKGROUND:** The story of the Necrons and their mysterious masters, and shocking insights into the Warhammer 40,000 universe.



You must possess a copy of Warhammer 40,000 in order to use the contents of this book.



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