

Apocrypha Necromundus: Dust Falls

Source: warhammer-community.com, 12/03/2019

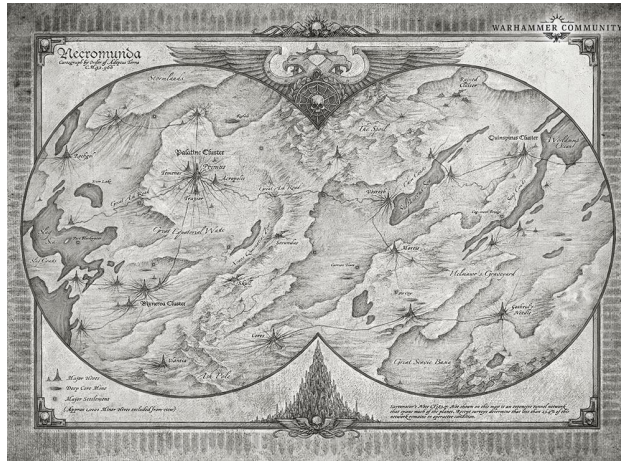


Illustration: Unknown artist

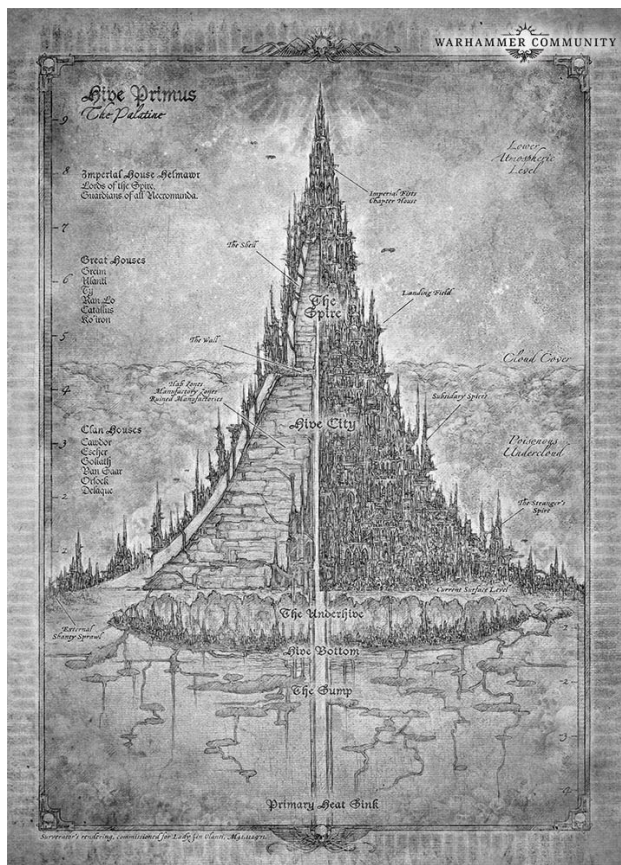


Illustration: Unknown artist

Around the ragged hole left behind, the settlement of Dust Falls grew, a place where travellers from above and below could traverse the hive. While the disaster that created the settlement has long since faded into memory, the dust still falls from above, a fine pale rain that covers everything and gives the town its name.

In this week's Apocrypha Necromundus, learn about the ancient history of Necromunda itself and the seismic events that helped turn Hive Primus into the ganger's paradise we all know and love today.

[Necromunda](#) is a vast world, ancient even by the standards of the Imperium. Much of our knowledge of this industrial hive world is limited to the [Clan Houses](#) and their constant wars for supremacy, but there is much, much more to discover.

In this occasional series, named *Apocrypha Necromundus* after Surverator Sykas Gellen's seminal work, we're shining a light on some of the peoples, regions and settlements of Necromunda, delving down into the world's lore. First up, we're paying a visit to the legendary underhive town of Dust Falls.

An ancient avalanche

Dust Falls straddles the divide between Hive City and the underhive of Hive Primus, and is a centre for gangs, Guilders and criminals. Like most things in the underhive, however, Dust Falls was created by chance. Much of the lower hive is made up of domes, each a cavern of plasteel, pipes, factories and hab blocks all stacked on top of each other. Between these domes even more tunnels, conduits and cables link everything together. Over centuries of neglect, the spaces between the domes gather dust – a lot of dust – among other things.* Sometimes this dust builds up so much it causes a collapse. Such was the case with Dust Falls, an avalanche of powdery detritus smashing down all the way to hive bottom.



Illustration: Mark Gibbons

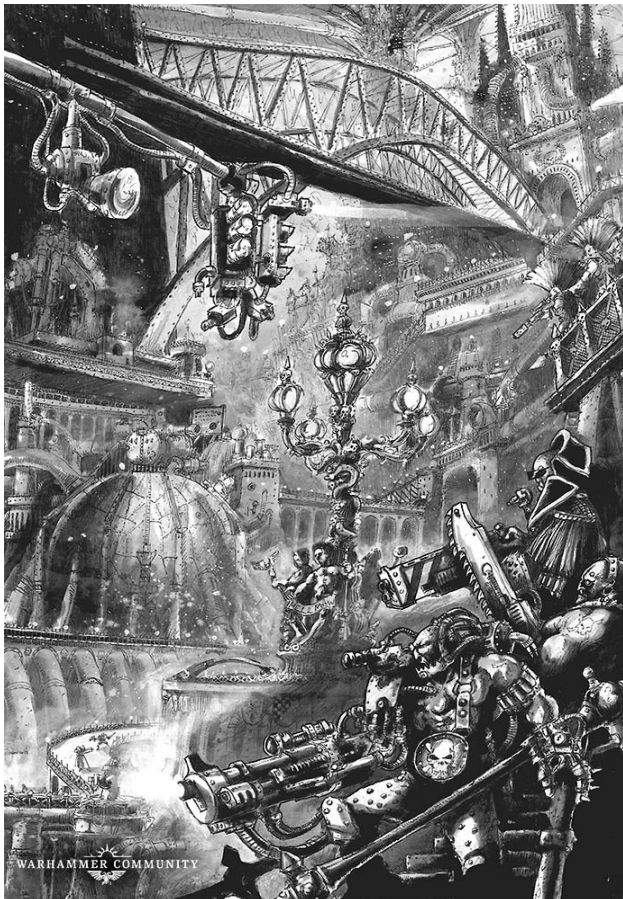


Illustration: John Blanche

Gateway to the Underhive

The wealth of Dust Falls comes from the Abyss. This is the name given to the yawning chasm that dominates the centre of the town. Scavengers, gangs and Guilders all use its hanging cages to be lowered down and winched up and out of the underhive. Given the depth of the Abyss – literally miles of dark all the way to hive bottom – landings have been built at various heights down the shaft face. Some lead to other settlements like Two Tunnels or Dead End Pass, while others have their own transport cages leading down into the Badzones below, or even deeper. This area in the middle of the settlement is collectively known as the Gates, and it is why most folks come to Dust Falls. The town itself hangs from the upper edges of the Abyss and then sprawls out into the wreckage around it left by the ancient avalanche. Roads wind their way through this morass and on toward Hive City above, and are constantly filled with traffic.

The second most important part of Dust Falls is its markets, known locally as the Hagggle Market, or just the 'Hagggle'. Here the wealth pulled up from the underhive is sold to traders from Hive City and tourists who visit the town for a taste of the wild frontier – though one that is not too far from home. The importance of Dust Falls also means both the Guilds and the Clan Houses have heavily invested in its infrastructure. Warehouse silos and Guilder slave pens litter its outer streets. The town's largest structures are the fortified Trader's Tower controlled by the Mercator Gelt, and the Six Clans drinking hole, designated neutral ground by the Clan Houses. The size of Dust Falls also affords it a Palanite Enforcer presence, and Precinct 1313 looms over the settlement entrance like a dark sentinel, its troopers watching travellers come and go through the sights of their guns.

Council of Dust

Like most underhive settlements, Dust Falls is a den of criminality tempered by the greed of the Guilders and the brutality of Lord Helmawr's Palanite Enforcers. It is ruled over by a loose alliance of civic leaders and Guild Procurators

tolerated by the local Enforcer Precinct Proctor.

In fact, Proctor Clause Bauhein doesn't care much about the goings-on in Dust Falls as long as the caravans keep running and the Gates stay open. Only twice has the Proctor mustered the full might of his command. Once it was to lock down the town when Lord Helmawr's 17th son Gilbarn was found passed out in a Haggie parlour room, the second time was during the great Plague Zombie outbreak of '93, famous for Bauhein's chief sergeant Rosco barging into the taproom of the Six Clans and deputising everyone sober enough to stand.

The day-to-day running of the settlement falls to two individuals – Mistress of Coin Melerva and the Narco Lord Balthazar Van Zep. Together, they govern the Guild and criminal businesses respectively and, despite their differences, get along quite well. Gangs find equal employment with both and there is more than enough wealth flowing out of the Abyss for them to enjoy. This does not always prevent conflicts, as neither Melerva nor Balthazar is the type to play well with others.** For the most part, Balthazar tolerates the hefty bribes he must pay to move chems up into Hive City while Melerva ignores the screams of those who have displeased the narco lord as they are thrown head-first into the Abyss.

All told, Dust Falls works for the various parties involved in its dealings. Discounting the crazies like the Brotherhood of the True Resurrection or the Hunters Triumvirate, it is pretty safe by Necromundan standards, making it one of the most important settlements in Hive Primus as one of the gateways that guard the underhive.

We hope you enjoyed this insight into one of Necromunda's most notorious trading posts. We'll be back next week with another offering, but until then, let us know which Clan House has your allegiance on the [Necromunda](#) Facebook page.

* Imagine if a septic tank on the roof your house started leaking...

** In Dust Falls, death by crossing Melerva or Balthazar is the second most common cause of fatality, right behind drinking the Six Clans' Second Best.

Apocrypha Necromundus: Port Mad Dog

Source: warhammer-community.com, 26/03/2019



Illustration: John Blanche



Illustration: Unknown artist

In this week's Apocrypha Necromundus, delve into the history of one of the gateways by which goods enter and leave Hive Primus, the infamous Port Mad Dog.

Hive cities are macrocosms of human society, millions of citizens concentrated into a towering metropolis of plasteel and ferrocrete. Sealed (mostly at least) against the hostile atmosphere of [Necromunda](#), these societies endure via ancient mechanical systems and brutal feudalism. Yet even a self-contained city needs connection to the outside world. Gatehouses, [landing grounds](#) and ash ports each form gateways to the toxic world beyond. One such place is the settlement of Port Mad Dog.

Gateway to Necromunda

Every cycle, whether under sickly moonlight or the feeble rays of Necromunda's sun, billions of tons of weapons and other equipment are shipped through Hive Primus and then off-world through the Eye of Selene in low orbit. These goods come from the hive itself, the surrounding hives of the Palatine Cluster, and hundreds of other more distant hives.

The finest goods* are brought in by strato-plane heavy lifters, flown over the toxic cloud layers from one hive to the next. The most valuable mass-produced goods arrive via transit-tubes or what remains of the old underground mag-lev lines that still connect much of Necromunda. For the rest, [overland convoys](#) haul all kinds of materials and finished goods across Necromunda's wastes. And when they reach Hive Primus, it is through the great Ash Gates that they are brought.

The largest of the gates is the one at Port Mad Dog, a settlement that clings to the edge of Hive City Primus and sprawls out into the wastes. Such is the importance of Port Mad Dog that it



Illustration: John Blanche

erupt more than once between rival clans and gangs on the streets of Port Mad Dog. It doesn't help that the settlement's exposure to the wastes means it exists in a perpetual twilight of ash clouds and toxic fog, the massive stab-lights of the primary loading domes struggling to illuminate the clustered habs and slave pens that nestle among the long rows of guilder warehouses. In this poisonous gloom murder comes easy, and body peddlers make a good living clearing up the streets after each night cycle.

Most of the conflict in Port Mad Dog is centred on the massive ore conveyers. Once, these were just huge lifts, designed to transport land trains up from the ash roads. Over the centuries the conveyers have been covered with ramshackle structures that have turned them into moving shanty towns, each one a settlement in its own right. While a conveyer is making the ponderous journey from the ground to the port, its inhabitants, and passengers, are cut off, and many gangs use this opportunity to strike. However, woe to the gang who gets caught mid-heist when a conveyer reaches level with the port. Autocannon turrets and flamers prove Hagar has a zero-tolerance policy when it comes to messing with Guilder trade.

This doesn't stop the gangs. The [Sump City Sirens](#) enjoyed a long run raiding guilder convoys, ambushing them on the conveyers, before rappelling down into the wastes to safety. Their run might have continued, had Hagar not hidden hundreds of murder-servitors in the shipments targeted by the Sirens.**

Scum of the Hive

Given its location on the edge of Hive Primus – linked to the hive itself, the upper reaches of the underhive, and the Spider Points*** – Port Mad Dog is a natural habitat for scum of all kinds. For outlaws and criminals, it offers a connection to the sanctioned organisations of the hive, like the Guilds or the Clan Houses, allowing them to move illegal goods or visit established trading posts. The famous Mad Dog Fog also works in their favour, as it's hard to identify a ganger when you can't see more than a few yards and everyone is wearing a respirator.

Wanderers, from ash waste nomads to muties, also frequent the dust markets of Port Mad Dog, selling items they've found out in the wastes and buying goods only found within the hives, like reliable weapons

is ruled with an iron fist by the Coin Lords of the Mercator Gelt, the guilders given special authority by the Imperial House to ensure the flow of cargo never stops. It is a responsibility that Hagar Cripplefingers, Lord Miser of the local Mercator Gelt family, takes very seriously, and gangs from Dust Falls to Big Hole know that if you want easy creds, Hagar is always willing to pay for hired guns to keep the peace.

Law of the Wastes

Hagar's peace, of course, usually involves making sure the Guild of Coin is making money, while his rivals go begging. Hagar's Longshore clanners make sure that any "acceptable losses" permitted by the Imperial House are confined to the families of Guilds other than his own.

A long-standing rivalry between the Guild of Coin and the Slave Guild has seen violence

and processed foodstuffs. Of course, Hagar doesn't like these wanderers in the settlement proper, and so most are confined to the shanty sprawl beneath the conveyers. Known as the Ashheap, this is a warren of adobe ash-brick and corroded sheet metal huts. Periodic purges ensure the Ashheap doesn't get too big, though even when an ash storm inevitably obliterates it, its residents emerge from their pits and build it once more.

The most interesting residents of Port Mad Dog can be found in the Hall of Bullets. Here, in an old Imperial shrine paved with spent shell casings, bounty hunters and hive scum come to sell their services to prospective gangs, crime bosses and guild families. Buyers can walk among the alcoves as the hired guns brag about their deeds, or show off their skills with pistols and blades. Fighters like [Mad Dog Mono](#) and Janus Gor got their start in the Hall of Bullets. It remains the first stop for many gangers when they come to Port Mad Dog, looking to buy some extra muscle or sell their skills at killing.

If learning about Port Mad Dog has inspired you to get cracking with some Necromunda gaming, the [Rulebook](#) and [Gangs of the Underhive](#) book give you everything you need to get started – alongside a gang or two, of course! Check out the range now.

* Such as crystal toothpicks, fancy hats and pure drinking water

** Occasionally workers still open a crate and get stabbed in the face

*** The ash road network that connects the hives of the Palatine Cluster

Apocrypha Necromundus: House Helmawr

Source: warhammer-community.com, 02/04/2019



Illustration: John Blanche

throng of corrupt hive lords and savage gang kings.

Martek Helm'ayr, a street tough from the drudging-habs of Hive Primus, led a war of conquest, first within his own hive, and then out across the wastes of Necromunda. House Helmawr's progenitor remains an enigmatic figure within the histories of Necromunda, though if the grandiose statues and paintings in the Spire of Hive Primus are to be believed, he was 10 feet tall and impossibly handsome.*

Martek and his reign have largely been lost to history, though rumour has it that within the Spear of Dorn, the Imperial Fists fortress atop Hive Primus, there is a fresco depicting one of the few remaining true images of Martek Helm'ayr, kneeling before an Imperial Fists Captain, taking the Oath of Governance.

The Two-Faced War

After centuries of able rulers and countless attempts by the other Great Houses of Necromunda to unseat House Helmawr, Martek's line had begun to stagnate. By the 37th Millennium, the House of Helmawr was succumbing to decadence and decline, its rulers often more interested in personal excesses than

For over seven thousand years, House Helmawr has ruled over [Necromunda](#) in one form or another, making it one of the oldest noble families in the Segmentum Solar and certainly the oldest on Necromunda. In this instalment of the Apocrypha Necromundus, we take a look into the origins of the Great House of Helmawr, and some of its most noteworthy noble lords and ladies.

Martek Helm'ayr, the First Helmawr

Necromunda has been part of the Imperium for ten thousand years, brought into compliance by the [Imperial Fists Legion](#) during the Great Crusade. Few reliable records of Necromunda remain from these early centuries, and those that do tell of a world suffering almost constant warfare as one warlord or another vied to be planetary governor.

During this lost age, Necromunda repeatedly rebelled against the Imperium, and the Adeptus Terra was forced to send forces to pacify the planet more than once. After three millennia of strife, a true leader, at last, emerged from the



Illustration: John Blanche

Cinderak emerged victorious, and Gothrul got a hive named after him. Some say his remains are still beneath it somewhere.

Gerontius Helmawr

In more recent times, few have seriously opposed the rule of House Helmawr, and succession has passed from one generation to the next with a minimum of disruption – not that there hasn't been the odd assassination or strange occurrence.

In 646.M41, Marius Helmawr was killed in his bed by the underhive gang leader Dogbit Karg. How a scummer like Karg made it into the Spire, let alone the inner sanctum of the Lord of Necromunda, still remains a mystery. Some say the assassination had something to do with a debt owed by Marius to House Delaque, others say it wasn't a debt but a secret Marius couldn't be trusted with – of course, Marius' eldest son Tiberius, who succeeded him to rule, didn't waste too much time looking into it. That [House Delaque](#) won a number of Imperial House contracts during those first years of Tiberius' reign probably has nothing to do with Marius' death.

The current Lord Helmawr, Gerontius, is perhaps the most formidable Helmawr to hold the title of Lord of Necromunda for a hundred generations. Born under auspicious astrological signs and a rare convergence of Necromunda's three largest moons, it was whispered among the seers of Hive Primus that Gerontius might be the last of his line.

governance.

Voss the Younger spent his rule in a Ghast-induced coma, while his followers were forced to listen to his dreaming whispers for their commands. Targan III created chaos when he moved his entire court to the underhive to escape the incessant criticism of Necromunda's moons, while Dagorn the Scaled spent years indulging in horrific genetic experiments on himself and his kin.

It was not until the death of Hyrodo Helmawr, however, some time in the mid-point of the 37th Millennium, that Necromunda faced the greatest threat to the Pax Imperium since the Second Great Pacification. Hyrodo left two children with equal claims to rule – Lady Cinderak and Lord Gothrul. While this was not the first time a Lord or Lady Helmawr had died without a clear line of succession,** it was complicated by the fact that the two siblings lived on opposite sides of the planet.

Lady Cinderak resided in Hive Primus, and Lord Gothrul in the Needle. Each had their own armies and massive power bases. What followed was known as the Two-Faced War, as the two Helmawrs fought for rulership, all the while being careful not to let things get out of hand lest the Imperium intervene.*** In the end,



Illustration: John Blanche

Despite these dark portents, Gerontius quickly made his mark upon the world. Under his rule, the planet has prospered like never before, despite record levels of conflict between the Clan Houses and their proxies. By his command, the Ghast harvests of the Forbidden Cities flourished, and enemies, like the Rebel Lords of Aranthus, were weeded out and exterminated.****

Gerontius has also done much to secure the legacy of his family, siring dozens of [sons](#) and daughters, some of whom are more capable (and less homicidal) than others. Most of his children resent their father his long life and his reluctance to give up power. They're also not fond of Gerontius' pet Caryatid, Blinky, whom many of his offspring believe he loves more than any of them.*****

Today, Gerontius keeps his court in the Spire of Hive Primus, surrounded by throngs of advisors and bodyguards. One eye is focused on the billions toiling for his benefit, and the other on the Imperium, lest they meddle in his affairs.

If this look at the ruling house of Necromunda has inspired you to take up arms in the underhive, you can get started with the [Necromunda Rulebook](#) and a [gang box](#) of your choice – check them out now and choose your favourite.

* Inscriptions on these statues and paintings also claim Martek was the fittest man in all Necromunda, able to walk the wastes without a respirator, and also a great dancer.

** Not that nominating an heir always works. More than one Lord or Lady Helmawr secured their position by 'aggressively' moving up the line of succession.

*** If you are a planetary governor you don't want the Imperium to intervene in your affairs, as this usually involves orbital bombardments and [Guardsmen](#) shooting up the place.

**** Or so the Imperial House supposes...

***** Not without justification, considering Blinky has more staff to see to its needs than most spire nobles.

Apocrypha Necromundus: Sump City

Source: warhammer-community.com, 09/04/2019



Illustration: John Blanche

There is a common saying on [Necromunda](#): ‘Scum always finds its way to the Sump’. This is as true of the billions of litres of human effluent, factorum waste and promethium run-off as it is of hivers. And down in the depths of the hive, where even the weak light of the great lumens doesn’t shine, there are whole towns of scum fighting and scavenging to stay alive. In this *Apocrypha Necromundus*, we take a look at the den of criminals known as Sump City, the lowest settlement in Hive Primus.

Bottom of the Hive

Down the Abyss from Dust Falls, past the tunnels to Rust Town, Spoilheap and [Port Mad Dog](#), the underhive grows dark. Deeper still, beneath the [Delta-7 Badzones](#) and the old ratskin trail to the White Wastes, the Abyss lives up to its name and the light of Dust Falls is hidden by miles of twisting tunnel. Finally, beyond the road to Two Tunnels and the Tangle, the Abyss reaches its end, opening up over the vastness of the hive bottom, and the

frontier settlement of Sump City.

Rising up from the toxic sea around it, Sump City is the last port of call for gangs and guilders, who come here looking to seek wealth out in the midnight expanse of the hive bottom, or to sail out onto the sump sea in search of the sump spiders and their priceless diamond eyes.* Sump City’s only connection to the underhive is a series of ancient cable cars, the battered gondolas ferrying hivers up into the lowest levels of the Abyss, from where they can make the long journey back up to Dust Falls.

Despite thin, poisonous air, chem-clouds that would make a Goliath’s eyes water, and regular mutie raids, Sump City is almost as prosperous as Dust Falls. The wealth brought in by spider hunters, archeotech scavengers and sump prospectors ensures its scrap markets are filled with rare and valuable items. Traders from Two Tunnels, Port Mad Dog and Dust Falls ferry the best of these goods up the Abyss, and sell it on to the guilds – at a substantial mark-up of course.

This is largely possible because there is no formal Merchant Guild presence in Sump City. Despite agents of the Guild of Coin and Slave Guild frequenting its streets, the settlement has always been run by one gang or another. Up until recently, Sadie ‘Original’ Sinn and the [Sump City Sirens](#) did the job, though nobody has seen the Sirens for a while,** and recently the Carrion Queens and the Iron Lords have been duelling over the settlement.



Illustration: Wayne Reynolds



Illustration: Unknown artist

black claimed him.

Forgotten Riches

While some hivers come to Sump City to crew slimedrifters and trade in spider eyes, many come to hunt for archeotech. It is a widely accepted truth of the underhive that the lower you go, the better your

Great Spider Hunters

One of the principal industries of Sump City is the trade in giant spider eyes. Spire Nobles will pay a small fortune for these precious gems, with the largest worth enough for a slimedrifter captain to move uphive and live out their days in luxury. Harvesting the spider eyes, however, is no easy feat, and the larger the spider, the greater the challenge.

Even an immature sump spider is usually the size of a slave-Ogryn, with the largest as big as an Orlock battle-rig – gun turrets and all. With this in mind, serious hunters sail out in massive armoured scrap-ships, often with flotillas of smaller craft to act as lookouts and bait-men, to herd the spider toward the big ship's gas-harpoons.

Of course, this is not always enough, and on the docks of Sump City, where hundreds of battered ships, barges and boats of all kinds hang out over the inky blackness of the sump, half-cut sump-sailors like to spin yarns of the ones that got away. The tale of the *Hydra*, and its captain Haagan Valgotha, is perhaps the most persistent of these.)

So the story goes, Valgotha and his ship the *Hydra* were the greatest spider hunters to ever sail out of Sump City. Each cycle his crew brought in the largest hauls of spider eyes, and the grizzled old veteran could have retired many times over. But Valgotha was hunting a legend – the Great Albino Spider. Time and again the *Hydra* went out hunting the beast, and time and again its captain returned empty-handed – until one day, when the *Hydra* was overdue by many cycles, and a member of Valgotha's crew was found drifting on the sump, all alone and mad with fear. Valgotha had at last found his nemesis, and the man claimed he had seen both gigantic spider and sump captain sink beneath the slime, Valgotha still hacking at the beast's massive diamond eyes even as the

chances of finding great wealth become.*** Guilders, nobles and crime bosses regularly hire gangs to head out into the wilds of the hive bottom in search of lost treasures. These can be anything from tech left over from centuries past to veins of valuable scrap or pools of concentrated chemicals, rare underhive fungi, or even sump monsters for the fighting pits.

Gangs like the Covenant of Shadows offer protection for archeo-hunters, and claim to know the best places to explore. To no one's surprise, the [Delaque gang](#) seems to use each expedition to somehow advance their own standing in Sump City. Then there are enterprising individuals like 'Gruesome' Gale, who professes to be the best Dome Runner in all hive bottom, and guarantees that with her, you'll come back richer than you went out – or you won't come back at all.

Take your gangs to the Sump City in your games of Necromunda, using the rules found in the [Necromunda rulebook](#) and [Gangs of the Underhive](#) expansion, both available now.

* The trick, as any spider hunter will tell you, is getting the spider to part with its eyes.

** Sadie's gold-plated bolter was seen recently for sale in the Haggles at Dust Falls, so this probably doesn't bode well for her continued existence.

*** While it is true that going lower means better loot, it also means the tentacles don't have to reach so far...

Apocrypha Necromundus: Rust Town

Source: warhammer-community.com, 23/04/2019



Illustration: Unknown artist

Settlements spring up like weeds throughout the [underhive](#), and many perish just as quickly, most surviving for less than a great cycle before returning to the ruins from whence they came. It is therefore rare for a new hole to last, and even rarer for one to last in a place where hivers have no business living. In this instalment of the *Apocrypha Necromundus*, we take a look at perhaps one of the strangest and most dangerous places in Hive Primus: Rust Town.

Bald Bryen's Domain

Quite possibly the oddest thing about Rust Town is not its location in the middle of the Bonedry,* far from the main tunnels and domes of the underhive, but rather the fact that no one can say for sure how long it's existed.

Some traders swear the isolated settlement only sprung up a few cycles ago, and claim to have crossed the Bonedry dozens of times without ever laying eyes on it before then. Others reckon it to be among the oldest of the underhive settlements, saying its foundations were laid long before the cataclysm that created Dust Falls, or before [Sump City](#) rose from the

slime of hive bottom. Why it exists in the middle of what constitutes a man-made desert is unclear, though hivers, Guilders and nobles all make the trek to its gates to trade and visit the court of Bald Bryen.

The enigmatic Bryen, a tall lanky man of indeterminate age and origin, is the self-proclaimed mayor of Rust Town. He rules over a settlement of hivers who are devoted to maintaining the Rust Town Run – Bald Bryen's deadly dungeon extravaganza. Scrappers and scavengers bring in their finds from the Bonedry, while caravans trade goods from farther afield, but in Rust Town the only thing the locals seem to produce are trinkets associated with their Rust Town Run. These range from Grinning Bryen gun belts and Runner Kill Coins to 'genuine' chrono crystal polishing kits. Even the town itself seems to exist solely for the run, its slanting streets and wonky buildings perched upon a plasteel hill containing the run itself.

The Rust Town Run

While Rust Town might not produce junk rounds, fungi paste, gunk, or any of the other substances useful to underhivers, it does have one thing in abundance – entertainment. The Rust Town Run is legendary throughout the underhive. Even in Hive City and the Spire, people have heard of the run, and challengers



Illustration: Adrian Smith



Illustration: Mark Gibbons

crystal in her navel, its sparkle mesmerising the audience. Then there's the one owned by Caustus the Chain Lord, set into the hilt of his shock lash. Its brilliance forms a stark contrast to the slaver's grimy appearance and broken grin.

from throughout Hive Primus, and even beyond, have been known to make the journey to try their luck in Bryen's maze.

Each great cycle, Bryen invites challengers to brave his maze, these hopefuls entering into one of the mayor's lotteries** to see who will be chosen. Even for those who aren't chosen to run, Bryen offers a chance for glory, this time as hunters. The hunters stalk the maze, trying to stop the runners reaching their goal (one of Bald Bryen's fabled chrono crystals), and earn creds for each one they can take out.

The run itself changes every time it is used, sometimes in subtle ways, such as a previously safe door now rigged with a deadly booby trap, and sometimes less subtly, like chambers being flooded with toxic chemicals or the entire run being filled with plague zombies. Typically the perils are those gangs might face out in the Badzones, ranging from the grinding teeth of ancient machinery to pitch-black tunnels riddled with pitfalls. All this becomes even more challenging when hunters are shooting at the runners or trying to push them into pits of ripper jacks. While gangs rarely complete the run, each time it is held, the town's economy booms, and Bryen grows rich on the thousands of creds bet on the outcome.

Chrono-Cataclysm

Only a handful of gangs and individuals have ever won one of Bald Bryen's chrono crystals. Some of these crystals are still in the hands of their original owners, though many have been lost, stolen or sold. Hagan's Hole has one above the bar, sold to Hagan to cover an outlandish drinking tab by a notable underhive bounty hunter. Some drinkers claim the gem does strange things to the flow of time when you look at it – though that might just be the booze.

'One-Eyed' Kitty, a blade dancer out of Two Tunnels, has one too, given to her by an admirer. When she dances she wears the

admirer. When she dances she wears the

To most hivers, these crystals are nothing more than fancy baubles, and their owners and placement throughout the hive completely random. However, there are those who would argue otherwise.*** These rumour mongers claim Bald Bryen serves dark masters, and his crystals are part of some far reaching plan to bring about the Chrono-Cataclysm.

What is the Chrono-Cataclysm? Well, that varies depending on which drunken conspiracy theorist you ask. Some will tell you that it is a plot by the Immortal Cult of Necromunda to bring about a psychic awakening of all humanity, or perhaps a plan by the ancient Iron Lords of the Araneus Continuity to free Necromunda from the yoke of the Imperium. Others whisper that Rust Town was created by House Aranthus, that Bryen is in fact Bryen Aranthus, last true heir of his family, and the crystals are intended to turn back time and restore his bloodline. Then there are those who say Bald Bryen isn't an Aranthus at all, but an agent of the Throne. They suggest that his plans have already come to pass, and they are all living in an alternative reality created by the Ordo Chronos...

Whatever reality you may be in, you can use the narrative here to add new depth to your Necromunda campaigns. Maybe you'll organise your own Rust Town Run, or have gangs hunting a chrono crystal. Either way, picking up the [Necromunda Rulebook](#) and [Gangs of the Underhive](#) is the perfect starting point – grab yours now!

* Bonedry is an old cistern as big as a solar freighter, once completely underwater, now long since turned into a vast open dustbowl

** Bryen's lotteries are nothing as simple as drawing numbers or casting dice, and usually involve such entertainments as Second Best drinking contests, games of pinfinger or Ran Lo Roulette.

*** Especially once they've downed a few bottles of Wild Snake.

Apocrypha Necromundus: Badzones

Source: warhammer-community.com, 07/05/2019

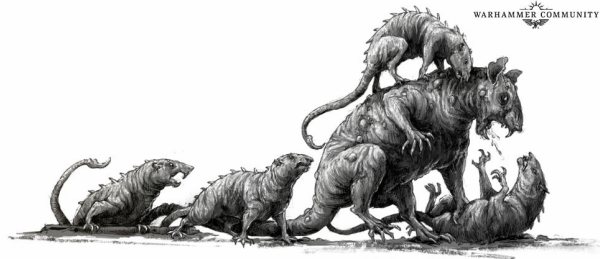


Illustration: Unknown artist



Illustration: John Blanche

For every holestead and settlement carved out of the underhive, there are dozens of ruined domes, abandoned levels and derelict factorums. These are places of peril, where hivers try not to linger on their way to established settlements or, if they have any sense at all, never visit in the first place. In this Apocrypha Necromundus we venture into the deadly domes and tunnels of these [Badzones](#).

Enter the Badzones

The underhive of Hive Primus is home to hundreds of settlements and holesteads. Some, like Irontree, Raffik's Folly, and the Tangle are built into the fabric of the hive, their streets hanging over yawning pits or latched onto the side of the primary heat sink. Others, like Dust Falls, Brunner's Dome or Port Mad Dog, guard gates, tunnels and bridges leading from one zone or another, their inhabitants growing rich off trade between clans and gangs. A few, most notably Misfortune and Rust Town, are held together by the singular will of a powerful individual, and survive in spite of their location or the industries of the underhive.

Then there are the Badzones. These are the wastelands between established towns and holes, where old trails and tunnels link one place to another, but there is little in the way of human habitation. Outlaws, muties and outlanders often call the Badzones home,

having been driven out of more civilised society to eke out an existence among the rats and ripper jacks. Raiders, be they human or otherwise, are the least of the horrors the Badzones have to offer, and faulty machinery, shambling horrors and carnivorous fungi can all kill a hiver as quickly as an outlaw's bullet.*

Hive Perils

Among the various Badzones there are regions with particularly dire reputations.** Perhaps the worst of these is the Ruin, a Badzone that sprawls out across the underhive roughly midway between Dust Falls and the hive bottom. This no man's land is a haunted waste, filled with every conceivable horror the underhive has to offer. It is also a known hideout of Chaos cults and xenos worshippers, there being



Illustration: Mark Gibbons

lumen...

The failure of these environments and their systems has also given birth to all manner of hostile flora, from carnivorous plants to sump jellies – leading to the popular hive saying ‘Just because it doesn’t have a mouth doesn’t mean it can’t eat you’.

Enclave of the Dead

The Ruin is a haven for those individuals deemed unsuitable to live among civilised society.*** Gangs of escaped slaves and pit fighters make homes among the ruins, fighting to survive on rat meat and wall-scrapings against corrupted-servitors and mutant monsters. From the edges of the Badzone they raid established settlements, dragging their loot and captives back into the shadows.

As bad as Ratskin renegades and mutie warbands might be, perhaps the most feared residents of the Ruin are the living dead. One of the reasons travellers avoid the Ruin like the plague is because of the actual plague. Known as the neuron virus (believed to be the remnant of some ancient Dark Age bio-weapon, or perhaps the influence of some malign power) it can turn humans and critters alike into brain-dead zombies.

The Ruin is a well-known nest of the infected, with the occasional herd of the undead shambling out into the sentry guns of Two Tunnels or trying to claw its way up the Abyss into Dust Falls. All this would be bad enough if there weren’t pyskers with the power to command those afflicted by the neuron virus, and turn them into their own personal army.

In the Ruin, the dubious honour of being named lord of the dead belongs to Karloth Valois. An off-worlder, Karloth was drawn to Necromunda by the Mercator Pallidus, and once served the rulers of the

some who say that in its depths whole alien armies are being mustered, awaiting the day when they might rise up and tear Hive Primus down.

Only the boldest gangs dare to brave the Ruin, often on the promise of creds from the Guild or some crime boss. As a known bolthole for outlaws it also attracts its fair share of Bounty Hunters, lone killers scouring the Badzone for signs of their prey. Most of those who go into the Ruin don’t return, or if they do, they come back scarred, missing limbs or having been driven mad by the things they’ve seen.

In addition to outlaws and murderers, not to mention rats the size of cyber-mastiffs, the Ruin is filled with the kinds of perils that are only possible when complex artificial environments are subjected to thousands of years of neglect and pollution. Machines and servitors that once faithfully served Mankind have become hazards, their mindless routines fatal to anyone who gets in their way. After all, a mono-task servitor whose only job is to screw lumens into the ceiling of a dome might seem harmless, unless it decides a ganger looks a lot like a

Corpse Guild. When his dark psychic gifts were uncovered, he was forced to flee downhive, where some claim he contracted the neuron plague, becoming something altogether more and less than he once was.

Able to command those touched by the plague, and spread it through the hive, it was only a matter of time before Karloth was declared underhive enemy number one. Despite the fact the Redemption claim to have killed the necromancer (more than once, depending on who you ask), rumours still say he 'lives' within the Ruin, biding his time and plotting his revenge.

The Badzones can add all kinds of interesting new twists and hazards to a [Necromunda](#) campaign – if the ideas here have sparked your imagination, pick up the [Necromunda Rulebook](#) and [Gangs of the Underhive](#) book to get your own campaign started.

* If you're lucky... the alternative is 'life' as a plague zombie or an excruciatingly slow death in the vines of a venomgorse forest.

** This is quite a feat, when you consider the underhive also contains spiders literally the size of houses.

*** Which really is saying something if you've ever visited the latrine pits of Dust Falls or seen a bar fight in Port Mad Dog end in automatic weapons fire.

Apocrypha Necromundus: Heretic's Hole

Source: warhammer-community.com, 11/06/2019



Illustration: John Blanche

All manner of scum gathers in the [underhive](#), from crazed xenos-infected cultists and worshippers of profane powers to psychopathic secessionists and rogue psykers. Most hide deep in the badzones lest the long arm of [Lord Helmwar's Law](#) reach them, but some have made a home for themselves among the criminal cartels and gang bosses, gaining a measure of acceptance by the underhivers. In this instalment of the Apocrypha Necromundus, we take a look at the pit of criminality that is Heretic's Hole.

Den of Heresy

Far from the inhabited regions of the underhive, where the few still functioning flood lights and guttering lumens grow faint, ancient paths and tunnels lead to Heretic's Hole. Only the most dedicated travellers come this far, the journey in

itself almost as dangerous as the destination. And yet, through the tangled [Badzones](#) of the outlands, the settlement endures, built into the hull of an ancient spaceship, itself jutting from a lake of slime. So old is the vessel that houses Heretic's Hole that it conforms to no known Imperial pattern, only the barely legible human scrip on its hull 'AN-A-R' hinting at its origins. The ramshackle town clings to the partially sunken ship like some kind of obscene growth, its citizens living inside gaps between hull plating, gloomy cargo holds, and the ship's flame-scarred engine mount. The most prominent inhabitants of Heretic's Hole reside in the vessel's rusting conning tower. This twisted spire rises up from the town centre at an alarming angle, but provides an excellent vantage to see anyone approaching the settlement.*

The people of Heretic's Hole are as you would expect for such a lawless and remote place. They are the scum and outlaws who have been thrown out of more respectable places like [Dust Falls](#) or [Rust Town](#), or those who find themselves with a pressing need to disappear. As an outlaw settlement, no-one is turned away from its gates, provided they are willing to respect its ruler. Ursan Graves, the current overlord of Heretic's Hole, has only one rule: if you do something he doesn't like, he'll kill you. Graves and his cabal of 'Lost Ones' have survived due in no small part to the overlord's psychic gifts of precognition. Rumour has it that he was once one of Lord Helmwar's slave psykers, reared in the Psykanarium of the spire and put to work hunting down recidivists. After escaping he went to the only place he believed to be beyond the reach of the Palanite Enforcers – Heretic's Hole.

Since then, Graves and his coven of wyrds have had to contend with numerous gang assaults, zombie outbreaks and the odd wandering sump horror attracted by the big metal tin full of crunchy things. In recent times, the crime lord Balthazar Van Zep has taken an interest in Heretic's Hole, and its access to the hive bottom, as a means of circumventing the monopoly on spider eyes and deep sump fungi held by the rulers of [Sump City](#). So far though, Graves has countered every one of Balthazar's moves and sent



Illustration: John Blanche



Illustration: John Blanche

carving their own flesh to show their devotion to the notion that all things must die. Most of the other inhabitants of Heretic's Hole avoid those areas controlled by the True Resurrection, but their influence is building. More worrying than their dark beliefs is that they have found purchase in other settlements such as Sump City and Dust Falls, converting those dedicated to the Redemption or who have lost all hope or reason. Though Graves keeps an eye on the cult and its activities, they are not his main concern. He has learned that there is a secret war going on within House Cawdor between the traditionalists of the Redemption and extremists such as those who believe in the Path of the True Resurrection. It is a war Graves fears might one day find its way to his town, and one he prepares for everyday by bringing in new outlaw gangs and more wyrds for his Lost Ones.

the crime lord's agents back to him in pieces.

True Resurrection

Ursan Graves' open door policy on outlaws has its drawbacks, however. While the welcoming atmosphere has seen his motley collection of wyrds grow exponentially, it has also seen some less than desirable elements take root. For as long as Heretic's Hole has existed, it has been a favoured haunt of Cawdor gangs. The frontier nature of the settlement meant it served as a good forward base for scavenging expeditions into the outer Badzones of the underhive, while the non-judgemental locals didn't seem to mind the lax personal hygiene of the ragged gangers. Graves tolerates them provided they direct their religious zeal toward the Badzones and not his subjects. It is, however, not a perfect system.

Over the years, Graves has clashed with [Cawdor gangs](#) who thought they could 'clean up' Heretic's Hole. Each time, though, the gangers have come off the worse for it – like the time Old Tym the Preacher's head exploded in the middle of giving a rousing speech about killing wyrds,** or when the Pipe Rats gang tried to attack the tower and were found the next day all inexplicably turned inside out. Recently however, a new and more insidious threat has begun taking root in the settlement. A collection of outlaw Cawdor gangs have taken up residence in Heretic's Hole, calling themselves the Cult of the True Resurrection. Outcasts from the Clan House, they believe that only with the death of the Emperor and his domain can the galaxy be reborn, and they will spread their message to all who will listen. Part of their crazed beliefs also espouses self-mutilation, the cult cutting off limbs, putting out eyes and

Wyrd and Wonderful

The true value of Heretic's Hole for underhive gangs comes not from its criminal elements or black markets, but rather its large collection of wyrds. Outlaws willingly brave the strange occurrences of the settlement, like ghostly apparitions of long-dead gangers or reflective surfaces showing glimpses of the future, with the hope of contracting the services of one of Grave's Lost Ones. For most outlaw gangs, the risk of employing a psychic Hired Gun is no more dangerous than spending a night cycle out in the Badzones, or eating at Heretic's Hole's main drinking hole, the Slopper's Grave.*** Annoyingly, many wyrds tend to find gangs before the gangs even go looking for them. More than one visitor to the settlement has been greeted at the gates by a shifty-looking individual claiming their fates are intertwined – sometimes these individuals even turn out to be genuine psykers.

Psychic phenomena are a daily occurrence in Heretic's Hole. Hive-wisps are often seen lurking at the edges of the settlement, luring gangers out into the wilds and their inevitable doom – or sometimes to hidden stashes, giving credence to the belief they are the spirits of dead hivers. Frost creeps around the chambers of the void ship with a life of its own, while ancient dead screens might suddenly flicker to life showing glowing eyes, grasping hands or grinning fangs. Gangers might even experience “Heretic's Luck”, which is often another way of saying “misfortune”. Guns jam at the most inopportune time or perfectly good blades become dull while in their sheaths. Perhaps the most notorious incident related to these phenomena was when Venators came for Joe Twice-Shy and tried to execute him outside the Slopper's Grave. After three broken ropes, two failed beheadings and every gun the Venators' had misfiring, they decided the bounty wasn't worth the effort and gave Joe a job instead.

* And also pump them full of lead, thanks to a number of heavy stubber turrets.

** Old Tym's flock later claimed it was the best sermon he ever performed and there were even reports of spontaneous applause the moment the preacher's brain was psychically destroyed.

*** It's said that there are actual Slopplers buried under its kitchen floor.

Apocrypha Necromundus: Hive City

Source: warhammer-community.com, 16/07/2019

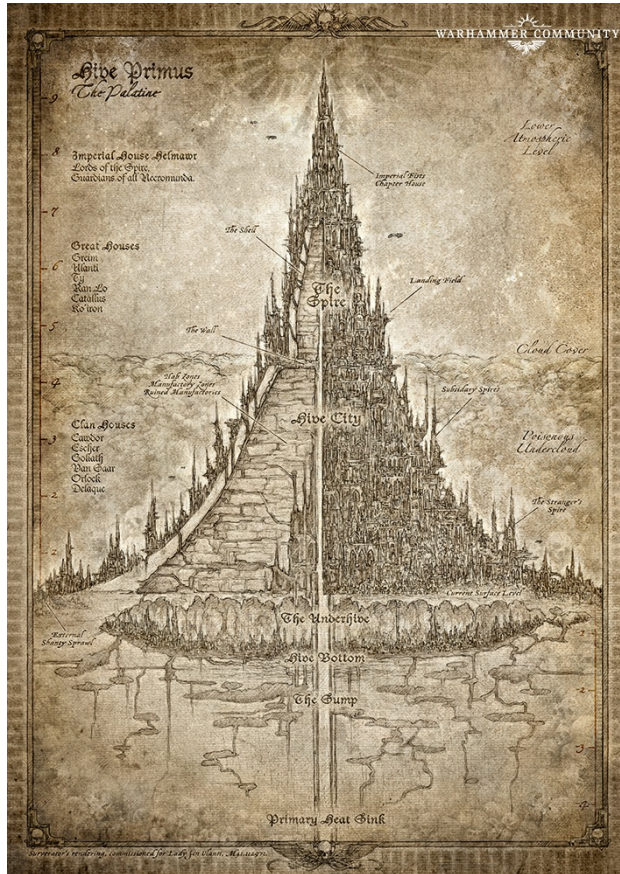


Illustration: Unknown artist

Necromunda is a world of prodigious industrial output, and no hive is as productive as Hive Primus. In this instalment of the Apocrypha Necromundus, we take a look at Hive City, its beating iron heart.

An Industrial Nightmare

The boundaries of Hive City, as laid out by Helmaur's Primaria Geograph, state it begins where a man may lay a foot upon the ash of hive base, and ends where one may touch the Imperial seals of the Wall. In reality, it conforms to no absolutely defined borders – parts of it reaching down into the underhive, or crawling up the outside of the hive to cling to the lower levels of the spire. It is home to countless industries, from munitions plants to corpse-reclamation farms. Its residents live with the constant rumble of factories and machines rising through the floors of their habs or echoing down from domes overhead. To live in Hive City is to live in the heart of a great machine.

Though no serious attempt has ever been made to map Hive City, the Clan Houses being

somewhat resistant to people poking around their domains,* it can be broadly divided into a number of regions. The lowest level of Hive City is known as the Circulum Nexus, or Cargo Town to the locals. Here dozens of subterranean maglev train lines converge and scores of great ash gates lead to the wastes. This section rings the outer section of the hive and is dedicated to the receiving, storing and sorting of the endless chain of cargo shipments. Vast warehouses characterise this level, each filled with endless lines of stacked containers, piled so high they reach up out of sight into the gloom. Entire towns exist in the artificial canyons created by these containers, their inhabitants endlessly numbering and checking each container to ensure it reaches its intended destination. At various points, the Nexus breaks through into the underhive below – the most notable of these is Guilder's Pit, which leads down to [Dust Falls](#).

Heart of the Hive

Above the Nexus is the region known colloquially as Forge City. Here the heaviest industries operate, smelting ores and cooking chemicals to feed the factorums above. These industries expel a prodigious amount of waste, their runoff cascading down the hive shell to the ash heaps below. As the industrial domes and chambers of Forge City thin out, the Teeming begins. This is the living core of Hive City, where most of its habs and industries reside, each producing everything from lasgun focusing crystals to



Illustration: John Blanche



Illustration: John Blanche

name of the Guild of Coin. [Goliaths](#) rule Vat City, constantly expanding their realm to make room for even greater furnaces and new arena towns filled with fighting pits. The [Van Saar](#) and [Escher](#), as befits their rank as the oldest Clan Houses, dwell largely in the upper reaches of the Teeming, controlling parts of the Spaceport and the domes that cling to the underside of the Wall. [Cawdor](#) and [Delaque](#) are different in that their Clans can be found almost anywhere in Hive City – the Cawdor thriving in every disused nook and cranny, the Delaque mysteriously appearing where they are least expected.***

With so many people and so many competing interests, violence within Hive City is carefully monitored

Adeptus Terra-sanctioned spoons.** Within this tangle of sub-cities there are a number of noteworthy landmarks, such as the Grand Plaza where a massive statue of the Emperor (or is that [Lord Helmwar](#)?) holds the dome aloft, or the Lumin Halls, where the master oversees gather to read the endlessly scrolling production numbers of the hive and set their punishing quotas. The Teeming is also home to the Penitent's Vault. This vast guilded prison houses miscreants and recidivists of all kinds as they await execution, exile or slavery.

Sitting atop the Teeming like a crown is the Primus Spaceport. While hundreds of landing pads and hangers stud the outside of Hive Primus, the largest concentration can be found on the edge of the world's toxic cloud layer, where Hive City gives way to the Spire. A city in itself, the spaceport never sleeps, with gleaming stratoplanes, massive orbital haulers and sleek landers all endlessly taking off and setting down here. Running along the upper reaches of the Primus Spaceport is the Wall. This is the hard barrier between Hive City and the Spire, dividing the Clan Houses from the Noble Houses, and protecting the privileged elite who dwell above. It is a grave offence for a subject to even approach within sight of the Wall without permission – the punishment inevitably being death.

Domain of the Clans

An estimated 5 to 10 billion people live and work within Hive City. These range from clanners serving one of the great Clan Houses to the helot workers who make up the hive's drudging classes. The Clans are the de facto rulers of Hive City and their domains reflect their importance – nation states in their own right, each one dominates a region of Hive City. The [Orlocks](#) control much of the Nexus, and many of the ash gates that lead to it, in the



WARHAMMER COMMUNITY

Illustration: John Blanche

the spoon in question.

*** It is rumoured that the [Delaque](#) long ago destroyed all direct links to their parts of Hive City, and even Lord Helmwar doesn't know precisely where the centre of their power is located.

by Lord Helmwar. While the streets of the Teeming, or the cargo canyons of the Nexus are far from safe, there is order of a sort – maintained by the [Palanite Enforcers](#). Thus do the Clan Houses work out their grievances in the lawless expanse of the underhive, lest the precarious and ancient peace of Hive City ever be broken by open warfare, and the whole system come crashing down.

If this look at Hive City has inspired you to take up arms, grab the [Necromunda Rulebook](#) and the [Gangs of the Underhive](#) supplement and get your gang ready to rule the streets of Hive Primus.

* It is rumoured when Surverator Sykas Gellen was compiling his legendary Apocrypha he had to complete numerous gruelling dinner engagements just to get even the vaguest information on the domains of the Clan Houses.

** The punishment for making an unsanctioned spoon is swift and harsh – and usually involves

Apocrypha Necromundus: Navis Mortis

Source: warhammer-community.com, 23/07/2019



Illustration: John Blanche



Illustration: John Blanche

Necromunda is an ancient world; its endless ash deserts littered with half-buried ruins and lost settlements and only the nomadic tribes and mutant creatures who walk the wastes truly know what lies beyond the walls of the hive cities. However, there are places so infamous, even the Clan gangs know their name – such as the ship graveyard known as the Navis Mortis.

Ancient Wrecks

Thousands of years before the birth of the current Lord Helmawr, there was a schism within the [Imperial House](#). In 459.M37, Lord Hyrodo Helmawr died suddenly while on a hunting expedition without naming an heir.* His two eldest children, Lady Cinderak and Lord Gothrul both shared a claim to the mantle of planetary governor and they fought each other bitterly for over a century for the right to rule. Eventually, Cinderak triumphed and imprisoned Gothrul within his hive, the Needle, which had been one of Necromunda's first spaceports. To cement her control of [Necromunda](#) she constructed the Eye of Selene – part space station, part trading hub – and declared all inbound off-world goods and all outbound planetary production would now pass solely through Hive Primus.

In the centuries that followed, hundreds of ship captains thought to brave this blockade and land at the Needle. Cinderak proved the worth of her words and, as the years ground by, the wastes around the Needle grew thick with vessels shot down by the Eye of Selene and the Necromundan system fleet. To the nomads, it was known as the Time of Raining Iron, for not a cycle passed without a flaming wreck falling

from the sky, and the growing field of wreckage soon became known as the Navis Mortis. Despite being a rich picking ground, Cinderak declared the region off-limits – she refused to let anyone profit from cargoes carried by the dead captains, and soon the borders of the crash zone were heavily patrolled by



Illustration: John Blanche

the [armoured ash runners](#) of the Palanite Enforcers. Of course, where there is loot, there will be looters.

Lord Helmawr's Graveyard

As the centuries have slipped by, ship captains no longer try to run the blockade and instead accept the hefty tariffs imposed for passing through the Eye of Selene. Smugglers still attempt to bring illegal goods to Necromunda but usually do so far from the hives. Meanwhile, among the wrecks of the Navis Mortis, an ash waste society has sprung up. From their starship fortresses, tribes wage war on each other and anyone foolish enough to enter the graveyard. Some are settled ash waste tribes who have put down roots, some are muties looking for a safe place to weather the constant ash storms, but many more are outlaws who have been driven out of the hives. Settlements and tribes take their names from the ships they control, like the red-robed Occludites who live in the broken bowels of the heavy hauler *Occlud Dias*, the Ash Terrors, who rule the wreck of the fleet monitor *Pax Terra*,** or the

trade-settlement of Pilgrim's Grave, built beneath the gutted hull of the Ministorum chartist vessel the *Solar Pilgrim*. Clan House gangs and guilders can also be found in the graveyard, drawn by the chance to find lost treasures. They come up the old scrap roads from Gothrul's Needle, or down past the ruins of Hive Arcos, or from the north and south around the far edges of the Dust Wall. The [Guild of Coin](#) maintains trade towns around the edges of the Navis Mortis, patrolled by Enforcers, ensuring Lord Helmawr gets his cut of everything to come out of the graveyard.

Visitors to the graveyard have to contend with the locals – powerful warlords that rule from the conning towers of their ship-fortresses, commanding the wastes out to the range of their guns. The Noctus-Riders are perhaps the largest of these gangs, their boss, 'the Humungan', an eight-foot-tall masked savage, who somehow awakened the *Noctus*' void shields. His main rivals, the Occludites and the Sons of Ash, have at times challenged his rule, capturing nearby wreck-fortresses and turning their guns on the *Noctus*. Inevitably these ship to ship engagements across the vast desert wastes end in the *Noctus*' shields keeping it intact, while ancient lance weapons and macro cannons pound the other wrecks to dust.

War of the Dead

In recent years the tribes, gangs and settlements of the Navis Mortis have been forced to band together against a common foe – the Grave Wurm. A vast underground brainleaf plant, the wurm extends out from its nest for hundreds of kilometres, its tendrils reaching up through the ash into dozens of wrecks. During Necromunda's long winter, the plant slumbers and gangs risk warrens of brainleaf zombies to raid the ships it has infested. A few bold gang leaders, like the [Orlock](#) Road Boss Ajax Bones, have even tried to find the heart of the Grave Wurm and kill it. Ajax, like so many before him, ended up vanishing into the graveyard, though one of his lieutenants, Wall-eyed Joe, was later seen trying to eat someone's brain.***

As the season of fire comes to the graveyard, and Necromunda enters its summer cycle, the wyrm stirs. Amid the seasonal ash storms and burning sun shafts that occasionally break through the planet's toxic cloud layer, hordes of brainleaf [zombies](#) shamble out across the desert. Made up of ash wasters, luckless scavengers and even the long-dead crew of the ships themselves, these hordes seek to spread the dominion of the Grave Wym. Five times Pilgrim's Grave has been attacked, guilders and gangers fighting shoulder to shoulder with outlaws and ash tribesmen to see off the undead. Each time, the hordes were larger and the margin of victory more narrow. About the only place safe from the wyrm seems to be the *Noctus*, its guns sweeping the desert clear of zombies as the Humungan stands on its battlements laughing.

Explore even deeper into the nether regions of Necromunda with [Underhive](#), a collection of stories set in Hive Primus.

* He was hunting servants through the upper levels of the spire when one of his cyber-mastiffs accidentally mistook the Lord of Necromunda for one of his own retainers.

** None of the 'Terrors' can actually read, but upon hearing the name of the ship – and assuming it must be full of axes – they made it their hideout.

*** Witnesses are conflicted as to whether Joe was actually a zombie or just really hungry.

Apocrypha Necromundus: The Dust Wall

Source: warhammer-community.com, 06/08/2019



Illustration: Jes Goodwin

Far to the southwest of Hive Primus, as the Spider Points gives way to the Great Equatorial Wastes, the desert turns to burnt glass and chemical lakes. Here in the shadow of the Ashen Barrens lie the shattered remains of Hive Secundus. Around the xenos-ravaged hive stretch thousands of miles of fortifications, manned by hundreds of militia regiments – this is the Dust Wall.

The Fate of Secundus

Over its long history, Necromunda has been the subject of planetary invasions, rebel uprisings and alien incursions. Since coming under the control of the Imperium some 10,000 years ago, the world has, for the most part, remained in human hands. There remain, however, places where the scars of these attacks remain open and festering. One such blight is Hive Secundus. Once it was known as the second city of Necromunda, a place of architectural and arboreal beauty among the drab unending horror of its neighbours. Then in 879.M41, an alien cult rose to power in its underhive, before

spilling out to take over the upper levels. For over twenty years, war raged throughout Secundus – Palanite Enforcers, House gangs, guilders and planetary militia regiments sold their lives to contain the threat. Lord Kael Helmawr prepared for the worst – work was begun on a massive series of fortifications around Secundus to ensure nothing escaped.

Dubbed the Dust Wall, the finest military minds of Necromunda, counselled by agents of the Munitorum, the Adeptus Terra and the Adeptus Astartes of the Imperial Fists, devised its construction. When at last the fortification neared completion the hive was cut off, the regiments and gangs fighting in its nightmare domes abandoned, and the whole site cleansed with nuclear fire. A thousand square miles were blasted from orbit, the hive broke, and its spire fell across the ash wastes. And yet, despite the might of the Imperium unleashed upon it, the alien cult and its monstrosities endured beneath the radioactive ruins.

Life on the Wall

In the century since the fall of Hive Secundus, the Dust Wall has changed. While guardsmen of the Necromundan Planetary Militia still watch the ash cloaked horizon beyond their gun pits and trench lines, hundreds of settlements now dot the wastes around them. When a hive falls, even under such perilous circumstances, there are those who see not danger, but rather a rich scavenging ground just waiting to



Illustration: John Blanche



Illustration: John Blanche

gang needs to venture out deeper into the exclusion zone surrounding the ruined hive city. Crossing the open wastes, by day or night, is practically suicide for a man or woman on foot, regardless of their

be looted. Towns were built to service the soldiers of the walls, and those travellers who came to glimpse the ruins of Secundus through the ashen fog. Some of these settlements are little more than specks on the map, like Bane Town. Built in and around the hulls of a company of destroyed Baneblade tanks, it straddles the wall – each tank now a dust bar, scrap merchant or slop house. Others, like the Crater, which nestles in a pit left by a stray apocalypse missile, is a teeming settlement home to almost three thousand souls. The largest by far, however, is Ashgrad. Part of a tank refitting and repair complex, Ashgrad was abandoned by the militia not long after the war, when the precious Necromundan armoured divisions were withdrawn and replaced with static fortress battalions. House Orlock and the Guild of Coin were the first to move in, but since then, the Clan Houses and guilds have all staked a claim.

Ashgrad survives off the soldiers who frequent its drinking holes and gambling houses, and the scrappers who venture out into the no man's land beyond the wall to loot in the shadow of Secundus. In Scavenger's Row, gangs and wasters buy and sell all manner of things dug up from the ash deserts, from genuine xenos skulls to strange literature.* Meanwhile in the Busted Skull, an old command bunker, travellers can try Ashgrad's infamous Gunshine Snakebite – made from real gunpowder (and snakes**) – that even glows in the dark! All in all, Ashgrad is a place for gangs to try their luck in the wastes, sell their finds, and maybe even live to make the long trek back to civilisation.

Horrors Beneath the Dust

Of course, gangs don't come to Ashgrad just for the Gunshine, or the view. The militia tolerates gangers and wasters sneaking off into no man's land to loot wrecks and ancient bodies, provided they don't stray too far, bring anything living back with them or fail to pay their bribes.*** Such ash runs are, of course, only lucrative for a gang up to a point – years of scavenging have left the area near the wall almost devoid of good loot. For a real score, a

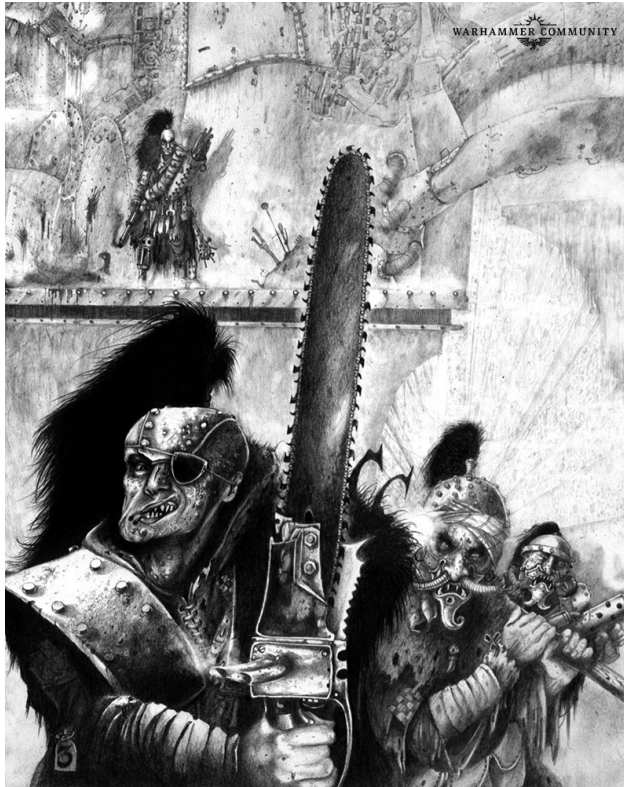


Illustration: John Blanche

personal protection. Fortunately for scavengers, thousands of tunnels run under the Dust Wall, part of the old mag-lev and under-road network that connected Secundus to the rest of the world. Dome Runners, cold traders, mutie guides and ex-militia guardsmen will all guide fighters through these tunnels – for a price.

Most of the tunnels were caved in or walled up when Secundus fell, but there remain pathways out under no man's land. If a gang is willing to risk run-ins with radioactive ash rippers, cannibal waster tribes, and xenos abominations, then they might be able to return with something of real value plundered from ancient vaults containing the remnants of Secundus' once peerless culture. For the bravest gangs, some tunnels even run all the way to Secundus and offer the chance to loot the fallen spire. Of course, actually entering the ruins of Hive Secundus is something else entirely...

If you want to re-enact what happens when something escapes from Hive Secundus, you can download rules for using Genestealer Cults in Necromunda. Meanwhile, if you've converted any radioactive ash rippers, cannibal waster tribes or Necromundan Planetary Militia, make sure that you share them with us on the Necromunda Facebook page.

* They usually don't know what the words mean, but they like the pictures.

** As no one in Ashgrad has ever seen a real snake – Gunshine brewers tend to attribute the name to anything vaguely 'eatable'.

*** The Militia also reserve the right to shoot anyone on the wrong side of the wall, even if it is just for fun.