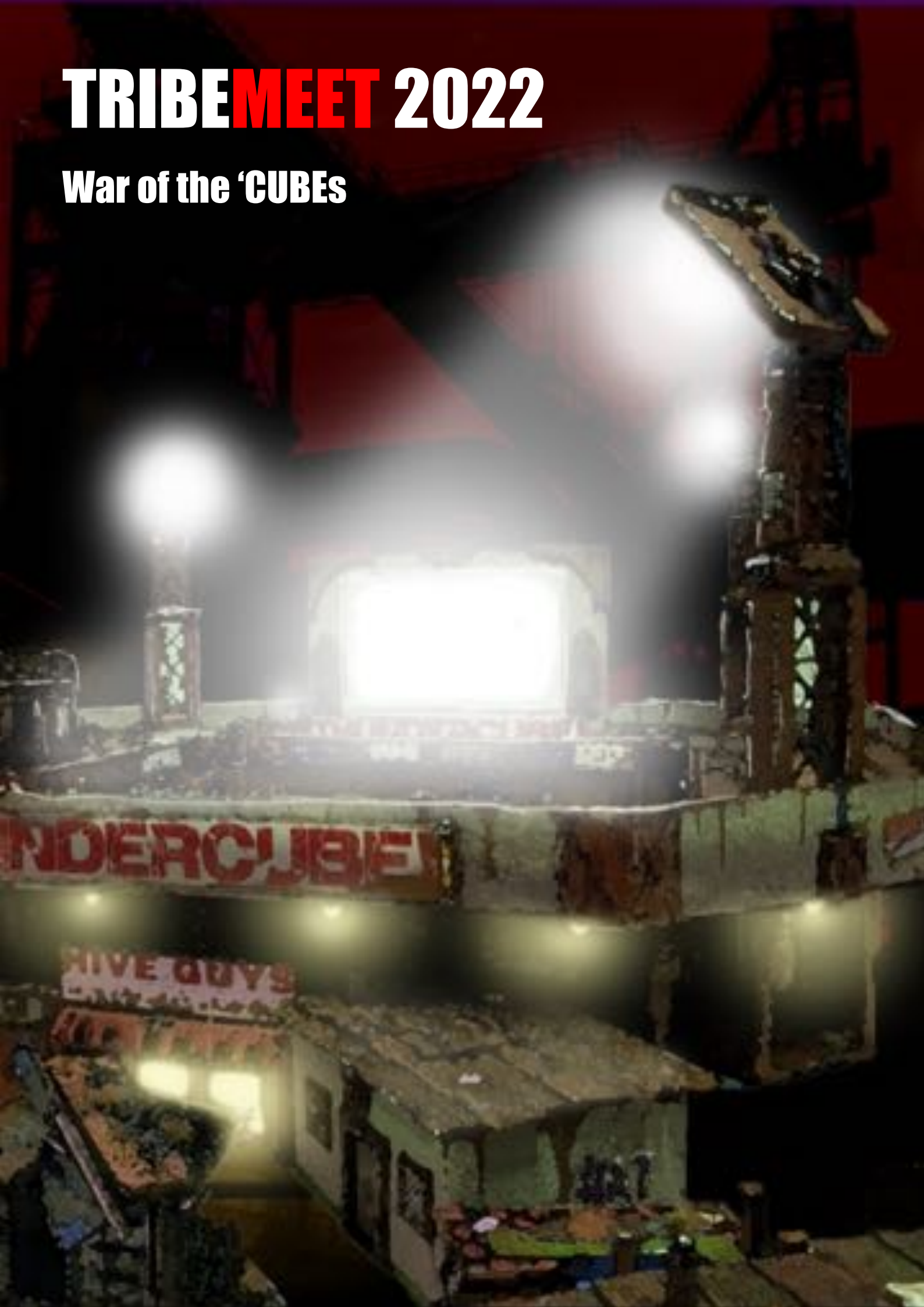


TRIBEMEET 2022

War of the 'CUBEs





WELCOME TO TRIBE**MEET**

Captain Dangerous, Stoof and Cardyfreak offer their advice on surviving a madcap weekend of frantic Necromunda based mayhem.

- The good-looking Yaks of the committee (identifiable by t-shirt) are happy to say hi and most of them don't bite! Get to know them before they get to know you!
- Don't be afraid to jump in and share your hobby with fellow tribesmen! We've all had a first TribeMeet and know how nerve wracking it can be! Just relax, introduce yourself, and ask people for a fight!

Things to **remember:**

- Drink plenty – don't become dehydrated! - water, tea, coffee, whatever.

* Bring a mug if you want to guarantee hot drinks.

- Wear comfortable shoes. You will be on your feet most the day!
- Personal hygiene! (and deodorant – just sayin')
- Bring snacks – don't let hunger distract you from crushing your foes!
- Treat other yak's models with respect – please ask before you touch!
- Don't be tempted to stay up late painting on the nights leading up to TribeMeet! Get some rest instead, the weekend is tiring, trust us!

YakTribe **Ethos:**

- Be a sport – respect the enemy crushed under your boot and bask in the reflected glory of your conqueror! – The next game might go just as badly for you. Likewise, the world won't end if you offer a struggling or new player a word of advice here and there.
- Be Adaptive - think Rule of Cool! - Don't get bogged down with rules conflicts! Either dice-off or approach one of the committee!
- Be Organised - Keep track of your stuff! Dice, phones, whippy-sticks of great sentimental value etc - It can be easy to lose track of where you've left things. The TribeMeet committee takes no responsibility for loss of any such items.
- Be Nice - Violence, threats and abuse of other players will NOT be tolerated – keep it in the Underhive where it belongs!
- Have fun! This is a light, fun, non-tournamenty Event. We want everyone - whether they end up with one half-blind one-legged juve at the end, or a gang with the population of a small town rocking plasma cannons and meltaguns - to have had a good time!

Don't **Forget:**

- The THUNDERCUBE!!! needs spectators! Bring some additional models for the crowd. We especially love seeing Yak-Famous models such as comp entries and colourful characters from your narratives "in the flesh". Do some celebrity spotting at the 'CUBE!
- Be sure to take lots of pictures and share your experiences with the rest of the Tribe! People from all around the world love seeing and reading about what happened!
- If there's something you don't think works or would improve future TribeMeets, say so, we're happy to hear your suggestions!
- Any and all decisions made by Committee members are absolute and final! Warnings will be given for bad behaviour and persistent offenders will be asked to leave without refund!

LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!!!

Hey Cortina, the lights are out and we're ready to rock and roll. I for one am pumped for this year's TribeMeet. We've got such a stellar line-up I can see this being one the best TribeMeets of the Year!

That's for sure MC Manc, I can't wait to see what kind of havoc the Pro Pitfighters can bring outside of the THUNDERCUBE!!!



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Foreword

Ramblings from the editor. We have to let him do this otherwise he would refuse to do any actual work. Sorry.



Hi everyone and welcome to the third TribeMeet Campaign book. I hope you enjoy the contents as much as the committee has enjoyed putting the book together. This year we welcomed Tiny to the TribeMeet Committee madness whilst we waved so long (but not goodbye) to Undertaker who had so much going on that he needed a break for the sake of his own sanity! Meet the Committee on page 16.

One of the biggest changes for TribeMeet this year is the way that the meet is funded; we dropped the Kickstarter campaign. Whilst we recognised that the Kickstarter brought the event a sense of legitimacy, we were losing between £100-200 in fees.

After successfully running and expanding the event over six years now, we felt that we had the legitimacy we needed and put the fees to better use purchasing banners and things that will smarten the venue and improve everyone's TribeMeet experience. Our thoughts were fully justified when the tickets flew off the shelves! Thank you to everyone that bought a ticket and made this event possible for another year, we hope you agree that the change was worth it when you see the room in all its glory on the day. The venue itself is perfect for us and shall remain home until we outgrow it!

As one final point, the TribeMeet committee is not a dictatorship (much to the annoyance of the Troll). This is your event as much as it is ours and we are always open to suggestions for improvements and themes for next, or the following years' events. I can't promise that we will act on them all, but I can promise that they will all be discussed and debated. Please feel free to DM me or any of the committee on Yaktribe.games with any suggestions or comments.

Alternatively, there is an all new, official, TribeMeet WhatsApp group for alerts, details and any questions that you may have. If you wish to be added to the group, please DM @Manclnventor on Yaktribe.org with your phone number and confirmation you wish to be added to the WhatsApp group.

Manclnventor

Editor, Committee Chairman¹



Group Photo from TribeMeet 2021

¹ "Chairman is an honorary role whereby the committee makes someone a figurehead whilst ensuring they don't have any actual power." - ClockworkOrange

TRIBEMEET TIMELINE

From one corrupt Mayor taking grasp of Mega Dome One to the Pantheon of arena battles, this is the TribeMeet story so far right up to the present day's War of the 'CUBEs

IY-40,217. Mega Dome One. Hivers and Yak skins on the move to Mega Dome One in search of wealth and 'shrooms. Mayor opens a THUNDERCUBE!!! bringing in untold riches. Clan lords lead a crackdown on the corruption and there is a massive plague-zombie outbreak. A genestealer ate all the zombies and somebody flamered the mayor's secret stash of Balvenie Wildsnake. The subsequent explosion burns down the dome. Mayor escaped to Fury's Rest in a stolen Chimaera with a handful of survivors.

IY-40,218. Guild Wars. New hivers and the escaped Mayor settle in Fury's rest bringing the THUNDERCUBE!! with them (not literally). A general turf war ensues with gangs rushing to lay claim to the dome's untapped territories and snatch up the lucrative black-market opportunities. In light of the growing influence, Clan lords despatch a murder-bot to destroy the mayor and his operation. It is eventually destroyed, but not without doing untold damage to the population and the economy.

IY-40,219. Dead Meat. Fury's Rest falls on hard times, sanctions on the mayor, a general shortage of food leads to gangs eating each other. Hospitaller Sister Angelique D'Alessandro was deployed to help the worthy but goes missing. The Feds send in a Valkyrie, but a small child takes it out with a tennis ball and a wet sock. In revenge dome is sealed for good.

IY-40,221. The Flood. The Feds are really quite annoyed at losing a Valkyrie and the famous Hospitaller sister. They seal the dome and attempt to destroy everyone in it by filling it with some kind of really smelly fluid. Gangers build ships and attempt to drill through the wall or climb the secret ladder pursued by an array of monsters and the Virratu. Fury's rest is destroyed.

No way Cortina! Pro-Pitfighters make a ton of cash when they make the big leagues, they're treated like kings. They actually want to fight, so aren't slaves anymore. It's true, ask their owners!

MC Manc, why are they called pro-Pitfighters in the THUNDERCUBE!!! rather than Pit slaves? They're basically the same thing, right?

This time at TribeMeet.....

THUNDERCUBE!!

IY-40,222. The War of the 'CUBEs. Fury's Rest may have been destroyed, but the popularity of the THUNDERCUBE!!! spread far and wide, throughout neighbouring domes and beyond. THUNDERCUBE!!! arenas sprang up everywhere and hivers flocked in their millions to watch their favourite Pitfighters slug it out on the 'CUBEs hallowed turf.

It wasn't until the most successful Pitfighter owners identified neighbouring domes as an opportunity to rake in more cash that little discrepancies appeared. Some 'CUBEs allowed and encouraged rookies to battle with veterans which would usually end in a quick and particularly messy fatality delighting the crowds. Others used a grading system to ensure the quality of the bouts was always even and more technically challenging. Some CUBE's even have un-armed criminals thrown into the fray, sentenced to 'Death by THUNDERCUBE!!!' (although there has been more than one instance of the underdog surviving against the odds then proceeding to have a very successful THUNDERCUBE!!! Career).

It wasn't long before fans of Rival 'CUBEs began at first debating, then arguing, then all out battling over which was the best way. Two main factions emerged from the ruckus as the most successful (through gate sales and all out murder!). The THUNDERCUBE!!! League and the THUNDERCUBE!!! Union.

The 'CUBEs are a catalyst for hooliganism and violence wherever they spring up. Rival fans battle each other to determine who are the best fans even within their own faction, but no-where are the battles bloodiest than when Union fans face off against League fans. In some instances, guilders backing the faction will actually pay gangs to fight their rivals, although evidence of this has never been uncovered by the Watchmen.

As with many such things, there can be only one true THUNDERCUBE!!! So, take to the streets, wipe out those League scum or Union snobs to determine which is the ultimate THUNDERCUBE!!! governing body.

IY-40,223. ???. To be continued...

CAMPAIGN RULES

This section consolidates all of the minor rules tweaks required to take part in TribeMeet 2022 as well as a few points on how the event is to be run.

Rulebook Editions

In order to play the campaign, you will need access to the 2021 version of the Necromunda Community Edition and Outlanders Community Edition. Both books are available free-of-charge in the vault on <https://yaktribe.games>

Gang Selection

Gangs for TribeMeet 2022 are to be selected in accordance with the standard NCE and OCE rulebooks. There is a 1,000-cred starting limit. No fighters from previous games/campaigns are to be used.

Territory

Territories are to be generated using the tables in pages 10-11 for house gangs and page 12 for outlanders and outlawed gangs. Note: Redemptionists see the THUNDERCUBE as general heresy and will generate their territory using the standard OCE terrain table.

Pro Pitfighter

All gangs may include a Pro Pitfighter for free. This includes outlander gangs that would not normally be able to hire a Pitfighter. The rules for the Pitfighter are on Page 8.

Pre & post battle dice rolls

The pit-fighter and initial gang territories etc can all be rolled up at home prior to the event to make sure your gang is battle ready. All other pre and post battle rolls are to be witnessed and confirmed by your opponent. Note: this is not accusing anyone of cheating, but it is best for the removal of all doubt.

Captured fighters

All fighters that are captured should be placed in the THUNDERCUBE!!! for the warm-up act. The capturing gang is paid D6x5 Credits by the organisers. The player that owns the fighter will discover the fate of their fighter during the next THUNDERCUBE!!! game.

Watchmen crackdown

The Watchmen are in the middle of a crackdown on THUNDERCUBE!!! hooliganism of any kind and operate a zero-tolerance policy. Residents and passers-by alike will call the feds at the first sign of trouble. At the end of each battle, both gangs are automatically reported to the Watchmen and **MUST** make an outlaw roll from the table on Page 4 of the OCE rulebook.

Faction Enmity

Gang fighting around the 'CUBEs is always fierce between rival supporters. Never is that fighting fiercer than when League and Union supporting gangs meet. When League gangs play Union gangs, the following rules apply:

- Gangs from the Union faction **hate** gangs from the league faction and vice versa. Follow the rules for hate in the NCE rulebook.
- Guilders pay the gang an additional d6+5 credits bonus to their income generation (i.e., before deductions).
- All fighters gain D6+1 exp instead of D6 for surviving battles against the opposite faction.

Campaign voting chits

We, the TribeMeet committee pride ourselves on a fun, non-tournamenty gaming weekend. In previous events MancInventor has run an unbelievably complicated spreadsheet that ensured that whether or not you had the greatest or the worst performance on the table, you still stood the chance to win something.

This year, instead of MancInventor's unfathomable scoring system, we would like every participant to fill out a voting chit which you should receive with this book. On the chit, as well as tracking things such as gang rating, head-wounds suffered, deaths and visits to the wheel of doom— we would also like every player to vote on certain things such as their favourite opponent (as in most fun game), the favourite gang they faced (in terms of painting, modelling and theme) and favourite moment (such as a dice-roll against all odds, the roof falling on your opponent's leader's head or something equally funny/momentous). The committee will designate winners of the usual array of prizes from the results.

The main aim of TribeMeet is to be the most fun to play against, and the more people you play the more votes you might receive. It is not meant to find the greatest NCE player, more to enable a group of upstanding yaks to meet, have a great time, and nominate the most upstanding yak of the year!



PRO PITFIGHTER

The life of a pit-fighter is cruel and very usually short. In order to survive, pit-fighters need to be brutal, strong and ruthless. Only the most brutal are scouted to be promoted from the scruffy fighting pits of the sump into the glittering stadia of the THUNDERCUBE!!! Be it League, or Union, the Pit-Fighter's life is suddenly transformed – fame and riches await the strongest and most successful, and if the fighter generates enough credits for their owner, they are more likely to be upgraded with fancier tech with the very best in medical (and engineering) professionals on hand to put them back together after each fight.

Often, gangs of League or Union supporters are recruited by Pit-Fighter owners or even club together themselves to promote their own Pitfighter. It's not unusual to see Union supporting gangs supported by their heroes from the THUNDERCUBE!!! In fights against League hooligans and vice versa.

Recruitment and Upkeep

Each TribeMeet 2022 gang may recruit a Pro Pitfighter. Generate the Pitfighter using the rules on this page. Gangs can only create one Pitfighter. The Pitfighter cannot be regenerated even if starting a new gang.

The Pro Pitfighter is free to recruit and requires no credits for upkeep. The Pro Pitfighter is not counted toward the gang number for income generation purposes and does not suffer the effects of starvation.

The Pro Pitfighter will not generate any income for the gang, nor will they forage – this is far beneath their celebratory status!

Gambling

You are permitted to wager any number of credits in your stash on **any** Pro Pitfighter's THUNDERCUBE!!! battles. Wagers are always paid at evens i.e., if you wager 10 creds you will add 10 creds to your stash if you win or remove 10 creds if you lose.

Serious injuries

Pro Pitfighters are much too tough and well cared for to be killed or seriously injured in run-of-the-mill gang skirmishes. If a Pro Pitfighter would need to make an injury roll at the end of a battle, they instead lose D6 fans from their THUNDERCUBE!!! roster.

Gaining exp

Pro Pitfighters don't get any useful experience from gang fights. Where a pro Pitfighter would normally gain experience (e.g., for wounding hits) they instead get that many new fans on their THUNDERCUBE!!! roster.

Restraining Bolt

All Pitfighters are fitted with a restraining bolt that keeps their skills and physicality somewhat in check when they are not in the arena. The Pro-Pitfighter will only use the standard profile for the duration of the campaign, their THUNDERCUBE!!! profile remains entirely separate.

Gang Rating

For purposes of calculating the gang rating the Pro Pitfighter has a value of 50.

Pit Slave Profile

Pit Slaves have picked up skills and gained superior characteristic values before or during their Pro career – these represent the Pro Pitfighter with his restraining bolt fitted and is worked out after the Pitfighter is recruited. The basic characteristic level is shown below. In addition to this the Pitfighter has a number of 'advances'.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7



Durge – Pro Pitfighter, THUNDERCUBE!!! Union

Advances

The Pro Pitfighter has four 'advances' which are either bonuses on his profile or skills. Roll a D6 four times and consult the table below, noting down the increases and skills as you go along. A Pro Pitfighter may not improve any characteristic by more than +2. If a duplicate characteristic advance that the Pitfighter cannot take is rolled, re-roll the result. Similarly, if you roll the same skill twice, re-roll the result. Note a Pitfighter's Strength and Toughness characteristics can exceed the normal human maximums of 4 - this is because their crude cybernetic adaptations can give them superhuman durability and strength.

D6 Advance:

- | | |
|-----|----------------------|
| 1 | +1 Weapon Skill |
| 2 | +1 Attacks |
| 3-4 | Roll a further D6 |
| 1-3 | +1 Strength |
| 4-6 | +1 Toughness |
| 5 | Roll a further D6 |
| 1-2 | +1 Wounds |
| 3-4 | +1 Initiative |
| 5-6 | +1 Leadership |
| 6 | Roll a further d6 |
| 1 | Juggernaut (Muscle) |
| 2 | Iron Jaw (Muscle) |
| 3 | True Grit (Ferocity) |
| 4 | Impetuous (Ferocity) |
| 5 | Deflect (Combat) |
| 6 | Step Aside (Combat) |

Pitfighter Gear

Pit Slaves fight with their own built-in weapons as described below, plus they usually carry a pistol which they have stolen or traded from somewhere. Pro Pitfighters do not buy or use other weaponry or equipment from the Underhive, they are only fitted out by the best THUNDERCUBE!!! Outfitters but would not dream of using their Pro gear outside the 'Cube

Pit Slaves are equipped with a Knife and one of the following pit slave weapons:

- Rock Drill
- Claw
- Shears
- Chainsaw
- Buzz Saw
- Hammer

Plus, one of the following pistols:

- Stub Gun with Dum-dum Bullets
- Autopistol
- Laspistol



Pitfighter gangs are much more common around THUNDERCUBE!!! arenas.



Candlestick Maker, legendary Wall of Fame Pro Pitfighter with the original THUNDERCUBE!!! trophy

LAWFUL TERRITORY TABLE

The landscape around THUNDERCUBE!!! arenas is somewhat different to elsewhere in the Underhive as the influence of the 'Cube spreads and the opportunities to gather wealth and resources are more and plentiful.

Result	Territory	Base Income
--------	-----------	-------------

11-12	Laundry	2D6
-------	---------	-----

A ganger can pick up a shift working in the THUNDERCUBE's laundry. The laundry is a source of constantly changing chemicals, caustic deposits and all kinds of poisonous effluvia. Selling these can earn the gang 2D6 credits.

The work is extremely hazardous though – if you roll a double when working out your credits, then the ganger falls into the laundry vat. They manage to haul themselves free but suffer severe chemical burns – no income is collected, and the fighter now causes Fear.

13-16	1 Credit Shop	10
-------	---------------	----

One of your fighters' family runs a bargain basement 1 Cred Crap Shop – last season's merch, memorabilia from minor fighters nobody really remembers and knock-off tat from MurderBrawl. Enough to sell to the foolish for 10 credits.

21-24	Cleaning Servitors	15
-------	--------------------	----

A fighter has found where the THUNDERCUBE cleaning servitor drops its waste. It occasionally picks up a dropped item of cheap jewellery or credit coin amongst the bullet casings and Hive Guys wrappers. Enough to scrape together 15 credits worth.

25-26	Vid Unit	D6x10
-------	----------	-------

Your gang has rigged up a cheap vid unit on a street corner, tapped into the THUNDERCUBE broadcast and is charging a couple of credits to watch the lower league fights and re-runs. The quality of the fights and the enthusiasm of the passing public varies, so income generated is unpredictable.

31-34	Training Hall	30
-------	---------------	----

A ganger's family or contact runs a training gym for promising young fighters. It provides a steady income from slave owners paying for the training service if a ganger chooses to work there post battle.

There is a chance of one of the young, un-augmented slaves escaping, or being helped to escape by your fighter – Roll D6 after each battle, on a 6 you can recruit a Juve for free if you wish, who comes equipped with a knife. If your gang does not have a Juve equivalent, you may recruit a ganger instead.

YO! SUMPY

Result	Territory	Base Income
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35-36	Breakers Yard	D6x10
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A ganger can help at the THUNDERCUBE's reclamation yard, where destroyed Pit Fighters and Servitors lacking decent insurance cover are picked apart for spares. The spares can be traded to Moira's Mechanicals or other Pit Fighters, and the fighter picks up a cut of the income. If you capture an enemy fighter, they can be forced to work manually cleaning and reconditioning old parts to sell on. You can force a captured fighter to work at the Breaker's Yard instead of trading or selling them, adding +1 to your income roll.

41-42	Tunnels	10
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Your gangers have gained access to the service ducts and sewers under the dome. They occasionally contain lost items, enough to scrape 10 credits of income.

When the gang fights a battle, they can use these to deploy up to three fighters anywhere on the battlefield at ground level. Models are set up at the end of the player's first turn and cannot be placed within 8" of enemy models. No more than 50% of a gang's initially deployable fighters can use Tunnels and Vents.

43-44	Vents	10
-------	-------	----

Your gangers have gained access to the air circulation and conditioning systems throughout the dome. They sometimes find unusual mineral growth or balls of lint which make great fire lighters – enough to sell for 10 credits.

When the gang fights a battle, they can use these to deploy up to three fighters anywhere on the top surface level of any battlefield buildings. Models are set up at the end of the player's first turn and cannot be placed within 8" of enemy models. No more than 50% of a gang's initially deployable fighters can use Tunnels and Vents.

45-46	Hive Guys	D6x10
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One of your gangers can pick up a shift at a nearby Hive Guys, Yo!Sumpy or MeatStall franchise, earning D6x10 credits half-heartedly flipping meat-like substances.

51-52	Sports Bar	D6x10
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Your gang has contacts in an established sports bar showing 'CUBE fights and Sportsball games. A ganger working there can earn D6x10 credits in tips. In addition, roll a D6 after each battle – on a 6 your ganger overhears some a rumour about a rival gang's activities – you may add or subtract 1 from the Scenario Table roll next game.

Result	Territory	Base Income
53-54	Moirra's Mechanisations/ Horg's Ammo Box	D6x10

A ganger can go to work for Moira, Horg, or similar Pit Slave mod or weapons shop. They help to clean and maintain Pit Fighter parts, do basic weapons servicing or customer service front-of-house. Job availability depends on how the fights in the 'CUBE have gone, so income varies.

Thanks to the maintenance facilities this makes available to your gang, you always ignore the first ammo roll during a battle. It is assumed it passes, and no dice are rolled. Duplicated bonuses of this type apply to subsequent ammo rolls.

55-56	Tipster	D6x10
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A local betting Tipster has offered you favourable information – whose Pit Fighters are due to be serviced, who's using gingered-up oil, and if any fighter has been slipped a mickey. As such you are able to place informed bets on fights, earning D6x10 credits if a ganger visits the Tipster. In addition, if you recover loot during the Scavengers, The Hoard or Package Run scenario, some hot tips can be sold on along with the goods, making each loot counter worth +5 additional credits.

61	Taurox Boot Sale	D6x10
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There's a sale going on where people are offloading their old junk. A ganger with a keen eye can visit the sale and spot the occasional more valuable item, which they can sell on for a modest profit. If a 6 is rolled on the die for this income, a hidden gem is discovered – the item can be sold for a further D6x10 credits on top of the 60 already earned.

62	Sports Physio	D6x10
----	---------------	-------

One of the local Physios has offered to patch up your fighters in return for occasional donations of any limbs they might have found lying around. If a ganger doesn't mind parting with a few pints of blood, the gang can earn D6x10 credits.

In addition, if a fighter rolls a Dead result on the injury table, the Physio may attempt to rub his magic sponge on them and patch them up. This decision must be made as soon as the Dead result is rolled, and there can only be a single attempt per battle. If a fighter is sent to the Physio, the Dead result becomes Multiple Injuries instead on a D6 roll of 5+.



Result	Territory	Base Income
63	Bookies	2D6x10

Your gang runs a Lardblokes or Wilhelm Hell franchise in town. Although income from running the betting shop is good, it's a risky business because the locals are notoriously bad losers and fights sometimes don't go the way of the house. If you decide to run a betting session, you receive 2D6x10 credits, however, if you roll a double, you lose that many credits from this turn's income instead – i.e., a double 4 loses you 80 credits.

Losses are deducted from income before deductions for basic running costs. If a gang is unable to pay their gambling debts from income, the difference must be made up from the Stash. If this is not enough, then weapons/ equipment must be sold to cover it.

64	Locker Rooms	2D6x10
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A ganger has access to the THUNDERCUBE's locker rooms and fighter staging area. All kinds of rare fungi grow there, such as Athlete's Cheese and Crotch Froth. A ganger can harvest the fungi to sell to local restaurants for 2D6x10 credits. However, if you roll a double 1 whilst harvesting fungus the ganger has contracted Spore Sickness. This is a disease where plump and colourful fungi sprout all over the victim's body. Spore sickness is not lethal, and recovery is automatic, but the ganger cannot take part in the following battles unless he rolls a 4, 5 or 6 before the game to recover. Once recovered the fighter takes part in future battles as normal.

65	nBid Scalper	2D6x10
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One of your fighters is the most despicable and low of Imperial citizenry – a seller on the popular noosphere buying and selling site nBid. They have been buying up as much limited-edition memorabilia of popular THUNDERCUBE fighters as they can, sitting on it for a while then flogging it for vastly inflated price once it's out of stock, earning 2D6x10 credits.

So long as your ganger is careful not to sell too much at once, there won't be a backlash against them. There is no risk in selling for 2D6x10 credits, however, they can sell more intensely for 3D6x10, 4D6x10 and so on up to a maximum of 6D6x10 credits, but if they roll any doubles then the THUNDERCUBE Marketing Department has realised there's a hole in the market and promised to do a Made-To-Order run of the desired merch, blowing the bottom out of the market. The full income rolled is collected, but afterwards the collection of hoarded merch is rendered worthless and can no longer be sold for a profit.

66	Sports Fans	Choose
----	-------------	--------

A group of new Sports Fans have arrived in the dome, keen to learn all about the amazing THUNDERCUBE and ripe to be influenced or exploited in their excited naivety. Thanks to your gang's contacts and influence, they set up shop in whatever field you suggest – you may choose any result from the Territory Table.

OUTLAW TERRITORY TABLE

There are all kinds of new hold-outs and wonderful criminal opportunities for outlaw gangs in the shadow of the THUNDERCUBE!!!. Outlaw gangs flock to exploit tourists and traders alike.

D66 Roll	Territory	Income
11-14	Scrofulous Wastes	0
There's nothing here but 1 Credit Shops and charity establishments. Any fighters sent foraging will only find D3 credits worth instead of D6.		
15-16	Building Site	0
A fighter can scavenge the construction site of a new THUNDERCUBE for building materials to flog and can earn 2D6 credits. However, for any 1's rolled the fighter must take an initiative test – if failed, they are caught in an industrial accident and crushed by falling debris. The fighter and their equipment are crossed off the roster and no income is collected.		
21-24	Wastes	0
25-26	Shower Outflow	0
A fighter has found the drain route from the THUNDERCUBE. All sorts of interesting fungi grow here – any starving fighters can eat some to avoid the effects of starvation. However, on a D6 Roll of 1 a random fighter from amongst those who have eaten the fungus dies from poisoning. You may keep their equipment.		
31-34	Hazardous Waste	0
Sometimes the THUNDERCUBE introduces an environmental component to its fights – acid sprays, toxic gasses etc. The chemicals used to make these need to be stored somewhere – and one of your fighters has found out where. A fighter can scavenge the toxin store for 2D6 credits, however, on a double the fighter is hideously burned by a chemical spill. The model suffers Horrible Scars, causing Fear from now on, and no income is collected.		
35-36	After-fight Bin Rake	5
41-42	Hive Guys Bins	0
A fighter can dive into the worrying contents of the bins behind a Hive Guys, Yo!Sumpy or Sumpway looking for anything interesting they've thrown away. Roll a D6:		
1	The fighter gets attacked by a horribly mutated kitchen porter. The model suffers a serious injury, treating any Bitter Enmity or Captured results as Full Recovery.	
2-3	The fighter finds nothing of value.	
4-5	The model scrapes together some scraps worth 3D6 credits.	
6	The model discovers an old piece of kitchen equipment which can be cleaned up and flogged to an unsuspecting buyer for D6x10 credits.	

Result	Territory	Base Income
43-44	Broadcast Tap	5
A fighter has tapped into the cables carrying the feed from the 'Cube and can charge people to watch. Roll a D6 – on a roll of 6, the broadcast is showing a particularly good fight, and the fighter can charge D6x5 credits for people to watch instead of just 5.		
45-46	Scrap Yard	5
Even the THUNDERCUBE's Breakers' Yard can't use everything, and the leftovers get dumped in the Scrap. If the gang recovers loot during a Scavengers, The Hoard or Package Run scenario, they can bulk up the loot with scrap, generating an additional +5 credits of income per counter.		
51-52	Ruins	10
53-54	Performance Enhancers	3D6
A fighter has got their hands on a supply of mysterious pills. They don't seem to do anything, but with a little ingenuity, they can be sold for 3D6 credits to low level THUNDERCUBE fighters as Performance Boosters. However, if any doubles are rolled then the pills run out, and the territory is struck from the gang roster.		
55-56	Cleaning Crew	0
A fighter can join the stand clean-up crew after a big 'Cube fight, and can scavenge up some leftover drinks & food. Each fighter requires 1 less credit's worth of supplies to avoid starvation (e.g., 2 instead of 3).		
61-62	Slag Heap	15
63-64	Crowd Wanderer	15
A fighter can mill around the crowds on fight day and pick up 15 credits from dropped items and the occasional pickpocket. In addition, after each game roll a D6. On a result of 6 they overhear vital information about the activities of local gangs. You may add or subtract up to 2 from the Scenario Table when choosing the next game.		
65-66	Nice car, mate...	2D6x2
With a couple of brightly coloured cones and a suitably hazard-striped jacket, a fighter can pretend to be a parking attendant for a THUNDERCUBE fight. They can earn 2D6x2 credits as standard, but can increase the cost of the parking charges to 3D6x2, 4D6x2 and so on up to 6D6x2, however, if there are any doubles rolled the angry public realise you're bogus and your fighter is forced to flee. This territory is then struck from the roster.		

The Hit

by **MancInventor**

Wait for the signal. That was all he had to do. Grox man adjusted the dials on the monosight bolted to the top of his battered autogun. Not that he needed a sight. A man with half his skill wouldn't miss. Say one thing about Grox man; say Grox man doesn't miss from here.

Above him, Kaizan was taking spot ranges so that he could rain down his frag grenades over the bulkhead and onto the heads of the Thundercube League Ultras without them ever knowing he was there. Also, crouching in the vents just behind where the Ultras sat drinking and joking around a fire, Black Johnny White was sizing them up, no doubt deciding which unsuspecting ganger would get a knife through their gullet first. Grox man was never one to shy away from killing his enemies, but Black Johnny loved it, seemed to live for it. He loved killing more than he loved breathing that man did.

Grox man adjusted his position. He'd always been fidgety but this was something different, something just didn't sit right with this one. Take the two heavies out Redhand told him and Wade. They'd both agreed, climbed into their positions either side of the gantry and only then did he realise that they hadn't agreed on who would take which one down. What if he and Wade both shot the same one? The surprise would be lost and they'd have a hail of bullets coming back at them. He decided to go for the one nearest to his own position, Wade would do the same. Probably. And he needed a piss. He always needed a piss just before a fight, no matter how many pisses he'd had leading up to it.

Four more Ultras turned up. Great. We were already outnumbered Grox man thought as the contents of his stomach seemed to think now was the good time for a sharp exit, one route or the other. He looked at the new arrivals through his monosight. Ugly lot they were, noticeably bigger than all the others as well. Each of the newcomers had Thundercube League logos tattooed to their faces. Must be the leaders he thought with a shudder, still, no more heavies so less chance at more confusion. Damn this weak bladder.

The four hulking goliath Ultras made themselves comfortable around the fire and communed boisterously and fraternally with the rest of them. On Union turf too, League scum. Grox man spat on the floor in disgust. The Ultras were care-free deep in enemy territory, passing around a fresh bottle, laughing and joking and talking animatedly about emperor-knows-what. Probably the Thundercube League. Would you believe a rookie managed to behead the reigning league champ? In the first round no less. It must've been fixed. Pah, it'd never happen in Union, they were real fighters in Union with real pedigree. League is nought but wannabes chasing creds and fame and everything that went with all of it.

The Ultras, all fifteen of them, sat casually unaware that Redhand and his crew were lining up to make sure they'd never visit any 'cube again, League or Union. He almost felt sorry for them for a moment, then shrugged. A hive with fifteen less League Ultras was a better hive from his point of view, and no mistake.

He just had to wait for the signal. Come to think of it, Redhand never told them what the blasted signal even was. What if he'd already missed it? What if he'd missed the signal and they were all waiting for him to take his shot? Feth. He really, really needed a piss now. He pulled the autogun firmly into his shoulder, thumbed the cocking handle and rocked the working parts back and forward, muffling the sound with his jacket sleeve as the top round was clipped from the magazine and slid home into the chamber with a clunk. Aiming off to compensate for the draft from the smog extractors, he picked a spot to make sure that the first round would land in the zogger's throat.

He regulated his breathing and gently began to squeeze the trigger. Feth on the signal, he needed a piss so badly that this was going down right now.

There was a sickening sound, a sound like fresh meat being slapped down hard on a counter followed by a horrified gargling scream. Black Johnny, unseen by the lot of 'em had rammed his knife all the way through the biggest guy's neck then his axe bit into the next one's



skull with a clomp; that sound echoed around the dome. Seems Johnny weren't waiting for the signal either.

The Ultras, initially stunned witless, now scrambled for weapons. Grox man fired. Heavy-stubber guy's throat exploded with a splash of black ichor just as Wade's lasgun shot scorched through his skull. Shit. He dove to the ground just as heavy-bolter guy returned fire. Bolt shells pummelled the wall all around his position spraying concrete fragments and plasteel splinters around him until cut dead, literally, by the blasts of Kaizan's frag grenades going off in a salvo. Bloody hell, he must have unloaded the entire magazine. An oily plume of choking dust rose, the air reeked of cordite.

Grox man risked a peak over the wall but could see nothing. He could hear the groaning and shuffling of men crawling away from the melee, then, there was the unmistakable thud of a weighty body hitting the floor, followed by some frantic scuffling then the single snap-like report of a single stubgun shot fired at close range. Silence. Sounds like Johnny's work.

"So then boys," Johnny said with a salacious grin as the dust settled to reveal him standing inside a ring of Ultras, "allow me explain to you why Union is best."

Darius Redhand roared as he leaped out of the darkness flourishing a whining chainsword above his head. He slashed it mercilessly through the chest of the closest Ultra, the savage chain teeth spraying sticky gore and lumps of flesh across the face of the next. In one lightning-quick move, he drew a bolt pistol and shot the screaming man in the face. Each of the Ultras stepped back in shock. Johnny, never one to miss the chance to exploit even the slightest hesitation, whipped a concealed knife from his boot and slashed it through an Ultra's throat so viciously it nearly took his head off.

"I said wait for the zogging signal" Redhand snarled at the still grinning Black Johnny, who shrugged in reply.

Well, we're not outnumbered anymore Grox man thought. He sniffed and took aim, hoping Wade would shoot one of the others. Damn it, he needed a piss.



Enforcers crack down on a Scavvy looting – Even Scavvies like THUNDERCUBE!!! But they like raiding the Hive Guys skips even more





GOLDEN YAK



We all know the gaming at TribeMeet is just an excuse to get together and enter the annual, beyond prestigious Golden Yak competition! Here are the gobsmackingly gorgeous winners from Golden Yak 2021. Enjoy!



Best Gang and Golden Yak Winner! – “The Wasteland Pirates” by MusingWarboss



Best Ship – “Sumphulk” Barge by Tiny



Open Competition - Trollhome by ClockworkOrange

Golden Yak 2022

This year's golden Yak promises to be extremely competitive with some of the tribe's most decorated and talented modellers/painters bringing their creations to the tabletop. Thanks to the simplified event format, the 2022 competition has just two categories:

- **Best Pro Pitfighter**
Best individual pro-Pitfighter model (i.e., not from a pit slave gang). The top three will be selected by the judges for photographing, the overall winner will get a prize.
- **Best TribeMeet 2022 Gang**
All participants will vote for their favourite gang. The top three will be selected for photographing, the overall winner will get a prize.
- **Open competition**
The judges will keep their eyes open for anything which doesn't fit the other two categories that they think is worthy of a prize and contention for the Golden Yak trophy.



Best Monster – “Ori of a Thousand Eyes”
Wyrd Spidermancer by Resmire

The Golden Yak Trophy

The Golden Yak winner will be selected from the winners of both categories. The winner will be photographed with the trophy and have their name engraved on it for eternity. You won't get another prize, that's just greedy.



“The best and most poignant moment of my life”
*MusingWarboss with the 2021 Golden Yak Trophy**



The one and only Golden Yak Trophy

Who will join KungFuPanda and MusingWarboss on the roll of honour?

**Disclaimer: MusingWarboss and Golden Yak trophy may appear different in real life. Some quoted content may not have happened. The committee neither confirm nor deny that we lost the actual photo.*



Enter the 'CUBE

by **Stoof**

Water - or something resembling water - dripped onto the gritty concrete floor of the mustering cell. Flashes of neon light flickered through the crack between the arena doors.

He sat on the cold steel bench and adjusted the compression coils on the hydraulics powering the brutal spiked mace that replaced his left arm, just as he had for his fifty previous fights. His ears pricked as the announcer started outside - the crowd noise muting as they began to pay attention.

With a groan the doors opened and bright light flooded in. He picked up the battered autopistol from beside him, checked there was a round chambered and stood. The announcer reached a crescendo, the crowd began roared and stamped - it felt like the whole hive was vibrating, a feeling that never got old.

He strode into the light feeling a not entirely natural surge of adrenalin as both his natural and augmetic systems prepared for combat. Looking around, he saw the other three fighters striding from their corner doors - all equipped as him, pistol and weapon arm, all less experienced than him. The new generation, some were calling them.

The announcer - MC Manc - in the centre stepped onto a metal platform attached by chains to a hovering airship above and was quickly whisked up into the relative safety of its gondola.

The air shimmered and a huge, holographic "10" appeared rotating above the centre of the arena. The crowd began to count down as the fighters waved at the crowd and psyching themselves up.

7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1...

The crowd erupted as the buzzer sounded to start the bout. Some guns fired, but nothing hit home, he was already focussed on his first target - a slight but quick fighter, winner of several bouts, who was shooting obliquely at the fighter directly opposite and not paying him enough attention. As usual, he ignored his autopistol and barrelled into the smaller fighter, ducking under the scything shears that replaced his right arm. He brought up the mace, waited a fraction of a second as usual to allow the crowd time to notice - and smashed it down. Bits of skull, brain and concrete plinked from his shin plates as the hydraulic mace ended the hopes and dreams of his first target.

The crowd erupted as Cortina, the sultry announcer, yelled "fatality!". He indulged in a heroic wave while turning on the spot to face the next target.

Opposite was a huge, experienced brawler, the right side of his head and torso all augmetic, with a lethal drill arm. Beside him lay a smoking plasma pistol - overheated - and he was trying to grab hold of a much smaller fighter. The small one must be new, only his left forearm had been replaced with an ineffective chain blade, his other hand clutched a stub gun that he was blasting away yet having no noticeable effect on his hulking opponent.

He strode towards the fight, happy to let the big one kill-off the little guy before he got there. The big fighter eventually grabbed the small one around the neck, hauled him writhing off his feet then thrust his drill toward his sternum.



"We who are about to die, salute you!" – Pro Pitfighters parade address the crowd before the carnage unfolds!

The little one, however, chopped his chainblade accurately, biting a gaping wound in the arm holding him. With a spurt of hydraulic fluid, he dropped to the ground and immediately sprang up, chain arm held out. The big fighter's eyes and mouth opened in shock, but instead of a bellow of rage, blood and thick black ichor poured from his mouth down his chest as the chainblade ground and churned in his chest cavity.

The small fighter withdrew the blade - it was jammed solid with cabling and wires. The big fighter fell with a heavy thump, eyes still swivelling to follow the action but otherwise out of the fight.

The small fighter stood for a moment before turning to look at him as he strode onwards. Half way across the arena now, and the little guy had a jammed weapon arm and no bullets. The crowd, surprised at the downing of the big guy, now roared in expectation as he approached.

The little fighter didn't seem phased though, simply kneeling down. He began to run at him, raising the mace for a solid first strike - a few yards to go - and the small fighter pulled something from the oily ichor. Something steaming... the plasma pistol. The fighter raised it and he saw the green glow of the plasma coils activating... he tried to dive to the side but the servos in his legs needed a second to slow... the plasma gun flashed...

Wow Cortina, what a fight! The rookie wins!

That's right Manc! Old Grex was a sure thing for this fight, even against Driller Dexy!

And now he's smouldering in the dust! I doubt the mechs can build him a new brain!

Certainly can't Manc, certainly can't. They'll get Old Dexy going again though.

Oh yeah Cortina, we'll see him again soon once he's been through the pits!

End of the line for BoJo there as well - mace to the face! So, there you have it carnage fans! Two head-busters in one fight! Now, with the warm-up fights done... onto the main event..



"Five men enter, one man leaves!" – Crowds flock to the Fury's Rest THUNDERCUBE!!! For the final battle



MEET YOUR COMMITTEE

We thought you might like to know a little bit about the intrepid crew that meticulously plan TribeMeet every year, if you don't then we won't take it personally. Except the Troll, he has a special list.....



Name: Captain Dangerous
Pretend Name: Peter
Role: TribeMeet Chief Mascot
Favourite Gang: Goliaths
Favourite Mini: Capt Clones
Favourite non Necromunda game: Risk!



Name: MancInventor
Pretend Name: Dave
Role: Chairman, Editor, Graphics
Favourite Gang: Ratskins
Favourite Mini: Fellwater Troggoth
Favourite non Necromunda game: Infinity



Name: Tiny
Pretend Name: Matt
Role: Rules, General Groggardery
Favourite Mini: All things Nurgle
Favourite non Necromunda game: Bolt Action



Name: ClockworkOrange
Pretend Name: Jon
Role: Sales, Venue, Tables
Favourite Gang: Orlocks
Favourite Mini: Trolls!
Favourite non Necromunda game: Star Wars Armada



Name: Stoof
Pretend Name: Stu
Role: Accountant, Fluff
Favourite Gang: Escher
Favourite Mini: Moira (Obvs)
Favourite non Necromunda game: Bolt Action



=EXCOMMUNICATE TRAITORIS=

Name: ~~DELETED FROM IMPERIAL RECORDS~~
Pretend Name: ~~DELETED FROM IMPERIAL RECORDS~~
Role: ~~DELETED FROM IMPERIAL RECORDS~~
Favourite Gang: ~~DELETED FROM IMPERIAL RECORDS~~
Favourite Mini: ~~DELETED FROM IMPERIAL RECORDS~~
Favourite non Necromunda game: ~~DELETED FROM IMPERIAL RECORDS~~



Name: Radulykan
Pretend Name: Gary
Role: Painting stuff, grand finale
Favourite Gang: Goliaths
Favourite Mini: Classic Belakor
Favourite non Necromunda game: BFG/Inquisitor/Titanicus



Name: Spafe
Pretend Name: Tristan
Role: No-one knows. Hats?
Favourite Gang: Cawdor
Favourite Mini: Skaven Doomwheel
Favourite non Necromunda game: BFG, Warhammer Fantasy Battle

The original, the one and only, let there be blood!
 Let there be thunder!

THUNDER CUBE!



Serviced by **Moira**

by **Stoof**

The pink neon word "Moira's" flickered above the illuminated red MECHANISATIONS over the shop front.

The armoured door was closed, and the grilled window showed an array of various oily, flaky-painted and vicious looking implements through the grubby glass.

All in all, it had the look of a shop you didn't enter to browse.

Sonja pushed the huge door and it slowly swung open, eliciting a gentle tinkle from a tiny bell mounted above it.

Inside was rack upon rack of weapons, armour plates, fluid bottles, filters, cabling and everything else you

could conceivably need to build and maintain pit fighters, the only limit being your budget.

Sonja picked her way over to the counter - it was chest height to her - as her new pit slave ambled in behind her, bumping noisily into a rack of assorted legs. Above the counter, mounted on the wall, was the biggest gun she'd ever seen - the barrel was as thick as her bicep, and from it hung a belt of shells as big as her fist. She was just wondering how big someone would need to be to wield that, when a shadow moved beyond the bead curtain behind the counter and a mountain of a woman swept it aside with a grunt.

The chest-high counter suddenly made sense, as Moira the Ogryn stomped out, staring quizzically down at Sonja.

"Uh.. Hi..." she began, "I'm Sonja, of the Slicers, this is my new pit fighter," she indicated the pit slave which had worked its way into a corner and didn't seem to be able to work out just to step backwards.

"It... could do with a service. Desperately. Could you... take a look?"

Moira growled, a grin splitting her bright gloss pink lipstick, and strode over to the slave. Without any apparent effort she picked it up and spun it to face her. She did exactly the same reaction test as Sonja had previously, the hand-wave, which it failed worse than it had this morning.

She shoved it and it barely tried to stop itself thumping heavily onto its back on the oil-stained floor.

Moira laughed - a frankly scary sound on its own - and nodded to herself, hauling the slave back to its feet, and leading it back through the bead curtain to the back of the shop.

Sonja, unsure of whether to follow or not, stood for a few seconds, before calling through instead - "I'll... come back in a few hours, yeah?"

There was no response but the sound of a drill or power driver screaming into life. She went off to get a burger and a drink from the Hive Guys food stand she'd passed on the way there.



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