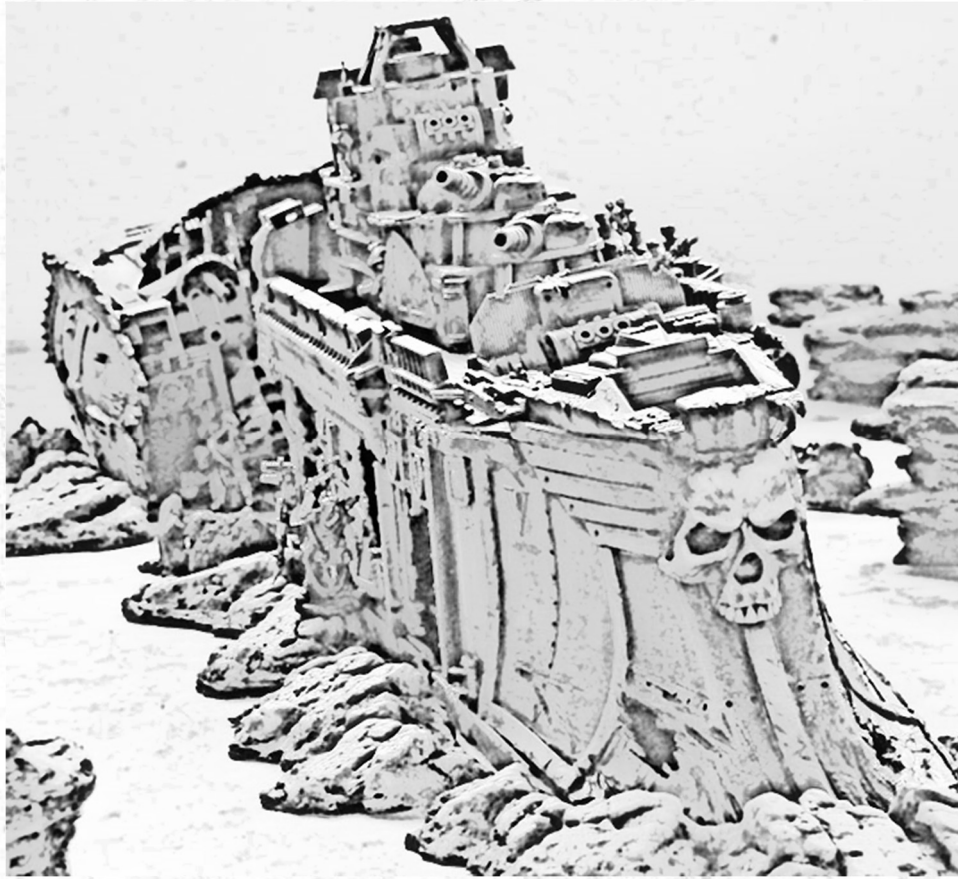


TRIBEMEET

Rules Supplement

The Hulk



Hi everyone and welcome to another year of Tribemeet! If all goes to plan this will be our **eighth** Necromunda Event, if truth be told the seventh event Tribemeet Anything Goes wasn't a great success, we tried to attract players with other gaming systems but that didn't increase sales and if anything put some regulars off! So, this year we are going back to our roots and planning a **dedicated Necromunda Campaign**.

I'm writing this introduction in February 2025 and the intention is that this mini booklet is issued when we go live with ticket sales so that peeps know the rules and what to build for. If sales allow, we will also provide a nice glossy **EXTENDED** booklet and goodies on the day.

In terms of Ticket Price, I'm afraid costs are ever increasing, and we are going to have to put the price up to £50 per person this year with a special early bird price of £45 if you pay before the 30th of April 2025, which is when we owe the venue the 2nd instalment. Camping will also be available again at a cost of £40 per pitch for the weekend.

We are always thinking about ways to change the offering at future events so feel free to suggest ideas either at the event, on YakTribe or in the WhatsApp Group.

But perhaps most importantly, have fun and enjoy the normal weekend of silliness!

Much Love ClockworkOrange and the Tribemeet Committee

ClockworkOrange



TRIBE MEET

The Hulk

The rumours were everywhere, from mundane explanations of a meteor strike to doubtful claims that a section of the Eye of Selene had broken away and plummeted to the surface.

Fingle wasn't sure what to believe, all he knew was Heavy Sue had told him to get gear to venture into the wastes. He'd never been into the wastes before, and like the rumours surrounding the crash, fanciful tales flowed about what was out there. Invisible creatures that would melt your face off with acid spit, burning chemical clouds which ate your lungs from inside you, lightning that would skitter across the ground frying anyone within a mile. Fingle had noticed that most of these rumours were being spread by people preparing to go out themselves – putting others off and increasing their own take, so he took them with a pinch of salt.

He paid far too much for some old rebreathers the vendor insisted were good, and a pack of filters which were supposedly new but looked a lot like they'd been unscrewed and hastily brushed out. Likewise, some dusty patched tarpaulins and some packs of Imperial Guard survival rations that looked like they'd been stored in a warm moist place for several generations. There wasn't much choice – almost as soon as the impact happened speculators and scavengers had been buying everything they could to get out there.

Fingle dragged his haul back to where Sue had parked the Taurox – the one saving grace for them was they already had it, he doubted they could go at all if they didn't. Indeed, Heavy Sue had been offered several times its worth, even though it was in a terrible state. The rear of the crew compartment had been cut away as it was crushed in when Sue found it in a reclamation yard. The gun turret was seized solid. The engine was in serious need of a blessing or two from a tech priest... but it ran, just. Jem and Crit helped Fingle load his gear into the already packed truck bed.

Sue took the few remaining credits and added them to the rest. It was a disconcertingly small pile – especially when they'd been fairly well off by Underhive standards before this endeavour. They all knew that even that small pile would be gone before they left the Hive – this was all or nothing.

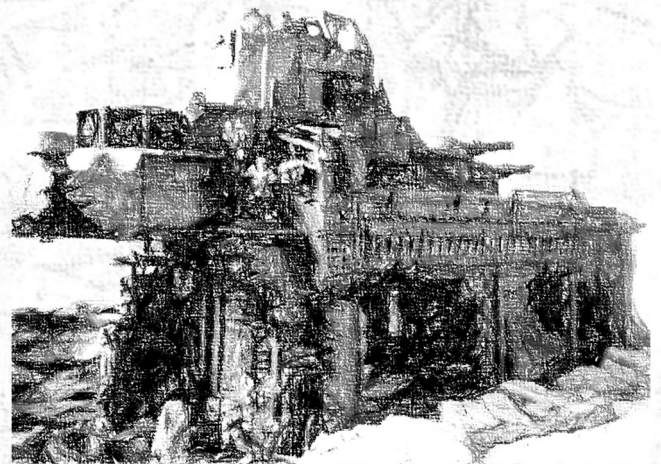
With a grinding clatter and a black cloud of choking exhaust, Jem started up the Taurox. It grumbled its way out into the throng on the thoroughfare leading to one of the many armoured hive gates, going was painfully slow as all manner of cobbled together vehicles made their way out. It took several hours before they finally pulled up to the massive gate – the vehicles were leaving through a smaller inset gate, still big enough to drive a Leman Russ through.

One of the gate guards, a fat Enforcer Sergeant, standing on a mobile lift trolley, appeared at Sue's side on the Taurox bed. No words were exchanged, but Sue handed him a plastic bag containing the rest of the credits. The Enforcers were supposed to check the vehicle for contraband (half of the equipment on board) and wanted persons (Jem had a murder mark outstanding) ... They all stood and sat still as the Sergeant looked into the bag, cast a visored gaze quickly over the cargo, lingered for a second looking at Sue... then swooshed back on his trolley and waved them through. So, it was enough credits. The gate guards were making an absolute killing, they got hordes of what they considered undesirables out of the hive and got paid to do it. Should any of them survive to return they'd take their pick of the spoils to let them back in again.

They drove the Taurox out into a wall of yellow light, an unusually pleasant day for the wastes. It hurt the eyes of those who had never been out before. Sue – who had been a gunner on a cargo hauler years before – pulled down her old, tinted goggles. Their infrequently used gate had a ramp of compacted ash which simply led down onto the gritty surface. No road here. The multitude of tracks all headed vaguely in the same direction.

Fingle turned to look at the hive for the first time. Looking up made him dizzy as it towered miles above him and stretched as far as the eye could see to each side. He'd heard stories of what the hive looked like and seen pictures of course... but nothing had prepared him for seeing it with his own eyes.

Moments later a chlorine smell wafted into his lungs as the yellow light gained a greenish tinge. He pulled on his filter mask and passed another to Jem. The mask cut out most of the smell but with the scratched goggles and clouds closing in, even Hive Primus behind them was soon invisible as they drove out into the wastes...



TRIBEMEET

CAMPAIGN RULES

Rulebook Editions

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

Campaign Rules

We will be playing the standard campaign from the Necromunda Community Edition 2021 and Outlanders Community Edition 2021 Rulebook **with the following changes:**

The Race

The event will start with a race from one end of the gaming hall to the other, for this your gang will need some kind of Road based vehicle. This vehicle can be anything Big Rig, Skiff, group of vehicles etc the only rule is that it should be sufficiently big (or bigger) to carry your gang.

For ease, each vehicle (or group of vehicles) will be treated in the same way, the Committee will adjudicate this part of the campaign and provide any additional rules on the day. The aim of the race will be to get to the crashed hulk first!

Not had chance to model your unique transport? No problem you, can always walk...or maybe you could negotiate for a lift with another player if their rig is big enough to take your gang too.

Gang Selection

Gangs for Tribemeet 2025 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.

Your gang roster must be submitted prior to the event to be checked by Horg and the committee before commencement of the campaign. You will be issued with weapon and item cards and "real" credits for any credits not spent.

Hired guns can only be hired from Horg after your first game.

Horg's Ammo Box

Amazingly, despite everyone seeing the hulk crashing through the atmosphere and racing to the impact, Horg got here first to buy and sell all that juicy scrap!

Horg's Ammo Box will be a real-life trading post at the event, any references to visiting the trading post in the rules mean that you visit Horg's instead. You can only spend credits at Horg's or in trade with your opponents.

Visits to Horg's Ammo Box

All visits to Horg's Ammo Box must be accompanied by your opponent to ensure your safety and honesty!

Credits

The campaign will run with "real" credits or Horg Notes, if a scenario pays out credits, please visit Horg to receive a payment.

Half credits do not exist, if the rules call for a half credit instantly round down to the nearest whole credit. Horg can't be bothered with such trivial things.

A gang's Stash will therefore be in "real" credits and weapon and item cards carried by the Player.

Weapon and Item Cards

For all weapons and items on your gang roster you must have a corresponding card, cards will be issued by Horg at the start of the campaign. Whilst cards will have a face value, this is only for gang rating purposes, Horg can and will charge what he wants! Want to sell them back? Come see Horg but good luck!

Territory and Horg's Ammo Box

To represent the fact that this is a new Territory that the gangs are moving into you won't have Territory in the normal way. Each of the tables in the gaming hall will have a special attribute or rule that your gang can benefit from.

Win a campaign game scenario on a table and your gang will benefit from the special rule or attribute for that post game sequence only. If you then play your following campaign game scenario on the same table, the special rule or attribute will not apply.

All special rules will be fulfilled by Horg, please visit him post-game for your "reward". It is at Horg's discretion whether you receive anything, he may take the view that you have exhausted whatever it is that has worth and have flooded the market. He also might not notice you've been twice to the same territory, Horg is unpredictable, but all the risk is yours!

Your position in the race will dictate whether you can choose your first table to game on, 1st place gets 1st pick of where to fight, 2nd place then plays the 1st place player and so on. Yes, this does mean finishing in an odd position is better than even, let the backstabbing begin!

After the first campaign game, it's up to you to find your next opponent and table to fight over.

TRIBEMEET

CAMPAIGN RULES

Hired Guns and "Horg's Ammo Box"

You've guessed it! Hired Guns are only available from Horg's after the first game. Horg will have a selection of unique pre rolled Hired Guns for your perusal, some who match the traditional profiles and other more diverse characters!

Captured fighters

Captured fighters are immediately bought by Horg for half their total cost including experience and equipment, rounding up to the nearest 5 credits, with no option to trade them back to their owner or play a Rescue Mission. Horg will then sell them on to the highest bidder! Which in this case just so happens to be the THUNDERCUBE!!! Guilders.

To represent this all fighters that are captured should be placed in the THUNDERCUBE!!! for the warm-up act. The player that owns the fighter will discover the fate of their fighter during the next THUNDERCUBE!!! game.

Post Game Income and Horg's Ammo Box

The crashed hulk is scrap rich, to represent this sending your gangsters out to scavenge and then selling it to good old Horg is just about the most lucrative thing you can do, especially post-race before you've had chance to capture any territory.

To represent this Horg will pay **100 credits** per game, less the number of out of action gangsters you have. Each gangster reduces your income by **10 credits**.

To receive your credits please visit Horg's real-life shop.

Trading Post and Horg's Ammo Box

Rather than visit the normal Trading Post, the only guild in Town is Horg. Unfortunately, this means that you can only buy from Horg!

Horg will have cards to represent the wares he has to trade. Whilst cards will have a face value, this is only for gang rating purposes, Horg can and will charge what he wants!

Horg may accept credits, captured gangsters, territories, real life expensive coffee, beer, money favours etc! it's time to barter!

It's also worth noting that due to the exotic nature of the Hulk Horg may have any number of rare and strange weapons and items for sale.

Replacement Gangsters and "Horg's Ammo Box"

You are far from home, but Horg can arrange for transport for replacement gangsters or even sell you some poor unsuspecting soul. Don't ask questions just show Horg the money!

Missing Games due to injury

Any injury that says "miss D3 games" should read "miss the next game."

Hours of Business for "Horg's Ammo Box"

Grand Opening after the race on the Saturday, closing 9pm (ish) Saturday night.

Reopening 9am(ish) Sunday closing 3pm(ish) Sunday afternoon.

You will have noticed that if Horg's is closed you won't be able to Post Game although Horg will let you visit him with one game result when he re-opens on the Sunday but please note the rule about being accompanied by your opponent.

No other gaming systems other than Necromunda are to be played during Horg's opening hours.

Be prepared, very prepared.

Surprises may and will happen, the hulk has traversed the Cosmos. She has encountered numerous Alien races and the forces of Chaos, could this be the end for the planet of Necromunda?

Campaign voting sheets.

We, the Tribemeet committee pride ourselves on a fun, non-tournamenty gaming weekend. We would like every participant to fill out a voting sheet which will be provided on the day. On the sheet, 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, it is not meant to find the greatest Necromunda player (we all know it is Radu Lykan), more to enable a group of upstanding yaks to meet, have a great time, and nominate the most upstanding yak of the year!

TRIBE MEET

The Race

The relentless juddering made him feel sick. The chemical smell of the fog burned his nose even through the mask. His eyes within the goggles were still watering. Jem was barrelling across the wastes – they'd picked up speed as another truck, a Cargo-8 hauler, had thundered past them, and Sue had urged her on. They could see the shadow of the Cargo-8 as a dark grey smudge through the chemical mist. The dozens of tracks in the dust and the wobbly compass in the Taurox showed them still heading true for the crash site.

Sue had unwrapped her precious autocannon from its oilcloth shroud. The Cargo-8 had not fired on them, but that didn't mean they would remain friendly – the hauler was buttoned up due to the chemical fog they were driving through, the crew enjoying the comforts of a built-in filter system that those on the Taurox didn't have. Fingle had seen the mounted heavy stubbers on the roof and didn't doubt the crew would use them.

They found the tracks split a minute later – around half went right, around half went left, and a few went straight ahead. They followed the shadow of the Cargo-8 left. They couldn't know whether the people they were following had a map, sensors, or just guessed.

The hours went by. The tracks led on. The Cargo-8 could no longer be seen. Either the smell wasn't so bad now or Fingle's olfactory nerves had been burned away. Something was bugging him though. Over the roar of their own engine, he was beginning to hear another drone. Somewhere in the mist behind them was another vehicle. As he turned his head trying to work out direction, he heard another. And another. Ever so slowly, the greenish mist gave way to an orange hazy light. At first shadows appeared, then other vehicles could be made out – buggies, trucks, another Taurox, even two or three bikes. As the air cleared further, they could see crew popping open hatches and looking around. Riders weaving between vehicles. Crew cocking weapons...

An uneasy truce held for a while as the dispersed cluster hurtled across the wastes. They could now see a canyon half a mile or so to their right, stretching into the distance, curving slightly to the North.

So that was why the tracks had split. They could also see ahead to any danger, so speeds crept higher. Eventually the other Taurox decided to go for it, dropped a gear and started to thunder ahead. The race was on. Fingle didn't know who fired the first shot but a smattering of heavy stubber rounds peppered the rear of its crew compartment. The hatch on the cab popped open and a ganger appeared, reaching down he pulled something bulky up...

Fingle pulled his goggles up for a better view now the toxic mist had gone. The ganger raised the bulky tube to his shoulder and seemed to point it directly at Fingle – a missile launcher! Sue spotted it at the same moment and her autocannon immediately barked twice. The first shot missed and threw up a cloud of ash, the second hit the rear left track of the other Taurox. It veered as the ganger fired his missile, which streaked in front of them and by pure fluke, hit a roaring motorbike to their right, the rider cartwheeled through the air followed by flying debris, before crunching into the compacted surface. All hell broke loose.

Fingle didn't know how many rounds he had fired from his autogun, but he was soon limiting his shots. He was fairly sure he didn't hit anything with the Taurox bouncing and weaving. Sue had to try and clear misfeeds on her autocannon several times. Jem tried to steer clear of what looked like the most heavily armed vehicles, but it seemed for every one that got ahead or fell behind, another was soon there. They were now passing wrecks, bodies, lone fighters waving desperately for someone to pick them up.

They blitzed past a huge red cargo hauler with HORG'S GUNS & AMMO stencilled on the side in massive letters. The canyon tapered out and the tracks curved North-East directly towards the crash site. They could now see smoke rising on the horizon where the crash surely was – a giant beacon for the scavengers. Then everything went wrong. They were all on edge, prepared to be attacked by other trucks, but it was their own that stopped them. Through either the cloying dust, lack of maintenance, or damage from an unknown hit, they would never know – with a heavy metallic clatter the front left track unit seized then tore itself apart, the Taurox slewed left as the deferential put the overspeed to the right track instead.

Jem managed to keep the truck upright, but with the ruined unit dragging they couldn't make headway and the engine started to overheat from the strain. With a weak splutter, it died. Buggies and trucks whipped past. The HORG hauler droned on by, not slowing at all. To add insult to injury, a young ganger on a trike blazed away at them with an autopistol as he sped by, nicking Sue on the arm.

Night began to fall. The weather closed in again and the chemical tang – metallic like blood this time – started to creep through the filters. They couldn't work on the track unit in the dark, so they rigged up one of the tarpaulins over the Taurox's cab and tried to rest for the night, shivering as the temperature plummeted, kept awake by the vehicles still racing towards the crash site, hoping none would drive into them in the dark. One thing was sure – they weren't going to get the first pickings. They were out of the race.

TRIBEMEET

THE RACE VEHICLE RULES

The Race

The race will be played over tables laid out the length of the main gaming hall.

Turns

Each turn is either a gear change, a ganger movement or the choice of attacking with one ganger either via h2h if possible or shooting. The vehicle also moves forward at whatever speed the gear is set to.

Vehicle Movement

To start the ramshackle thing the gangs roll a D6, on a 1, 2 or 3 the vehicle starts the race in neutral, on a 4, 5 or 6 the vehicle starts in Gear 1.

Vehicles move at the following speed depending on the gear they are in.

Neutral – half the speed travelled last turn. This may be zero.

Gear 1 - 6 inches

Gear 2 - 12 inches

Gear 3 - 18 inches

Gear 4 - 24 inches

Gear 5 - 30 inches

Gear 6 - 36 inches

If you want to change a gear roll a D6. On a 6 the gear sticks on the gear you are on, on a 1 the engine stalls and you are back to neutral.

Shooting

This is a high-octane high-speed chase, to represent this, only one of your gangers may fire in any turn, choose wisely!

You may choose to target another ganger, or a vehicles engine or wheels.

If you choose to shoot a wheel you hit on a 5 or 6 on a D6, if you choose the engine you hit on a 6. Line of sight rules still apply.

Engine hits set the engine back to neutral.

Wheel hits halve your speed for a turn.

If you choose to shoot a ganger you hit on a D6 roll of 4, 5 or 6.

Range as per the weapon fired.

Hand to Hand Combat

Yes, you can jump from vehicle to vehicle, to represent this you can charge in the usual manner, if the charge involves a jump, roll a D6, if you roll equal to or higher than the distance jumped you make it! If not, see the rules for falling off. Yes, this means that you could potentially charge your normal charge range + D6! this represents the absolute gut-wrenching terror such an action entails.....

Ramming

If vehicles collide then the gear is set to neutral, and players need to roll to change gear on their following turn.

Gangers are knocked off their feet on a D6 roll of 4, 5 or 6 and get up at the end of the player's next turn. For the purposes of the rules, they count as pinned.

Falling off

If a ganger is hit within 1 inch of the edge of the vehicle, they fall off on a D6 roll of 4, 5 or 6.

Gangers who fall off miss the first game of the campaign and count as down for the purposes of post-game income.

Injuries

Toughness is ignored for the race.

Once hit roll a D6, on a roll of 6 the ganger is thrown from the vehicle, and you follow the rules for falling off. On any other roll the ganger gets up at the end of the player's next turn.

Vehicles

Should be modelled with an engine and wheels, although the rule of cool will apply. Want to use the THUNDERCUBE!! Airship? (Get down Clockwork!) then yes you can. Instead of a wheel hit, it becomes a propellor or air balloon hit, etc etc

Size wise your vehicle, or group of vehicles, should be sufficient to carry your gang to the Hulk.

Playtesting?

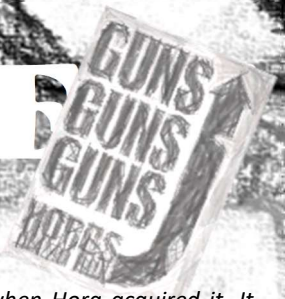
Ha. The Tribemeet Committee reserve the right to change the rules at any point to generate thematic outcomes!

Post Battle

Other than losing gangers for the first game, you do not roll for Post Battle until after the first campaign game.

TRIBE ME

HORG'S AMMO BOX



The klaxon blared briefly as someone entered the door of the Ammo Box. The shrill sound irritated Horg, but he would have to put up with it. The new digs in Hulk Town didn't yet have the sophisticated (some might say brutal) security systems that were installed in his flagship store in Hive Primus. A little irritation was better than someone snooping around the shop without him knowing, besides, with the amount of tech being dragged off the hulk and into his store, it wouldn't be long until he could install an even more advanced system. He clamped the barrel of the weapon he was working on in a hydraulic bench vice and looked up at his next prospective customer.

'Is this Horg's Ammo Box?' the bulky man asked.

This guy was new to Hulk Town, that much was obvious. He didn't smell of the fuel that saturated the air throughout the crashed hulk and he clearly hadn't been to Horg's before. Everybody comes to Horg's. The guy was about six three, two hundred and seventy pounds-ish, bristling with steroid-enhanced muscles and the telltale Mohican of a Goliath ganger. His face was smooth and scarless, probably hadn't been running with a gang all that long. He had a poorly fitted breastplate that was either a hand-me-down or a battlefield find. His oversized boots thumped the plasteel floor and various chains clinked and clonked with each step as he strode towards the counter. Light glinted off the thick plasteel ring that pierced his left eyebrow.

'Well, it ain't the Three Titty Twister.' Horg quipped.

The ganger flexed and cracked his neck in a manner that he probably thought people would find intimidating. Not Horg, he'd seen it all before. The grin that stretched across his angular face was the same that had crossed the face of many gangers the first time they came to his store. So, this is the mighty Horg? This? This overweight, middle-aged grey-haired lump is Horg?? Yeah, that grin never lasted long.

'I'm going to need a gun.' the Goliath said.

'Is that a fact?' Horg replied.

Horg stood up from his stool and opened the cabinet behind the counter revealing racks of shotguns, autotguns and custom lasrifles. The cabinet next to it revealed all manner of ammunition, grenades and other wargear. A third had swords, clubs, bludgeons and other nasty melee weapons firmly clasped to every available flat space. The Goliath's grin widened.

'May I?' The Goliath asked, pointing at one of the shotguns.

Horg handed it over and the big lad broke the barrels, staring down the pristine chambers. Horg had prized that thing out of the grasping fingers of a dying Orlock that had had the audacity to offer his new store "protection" in exchange for a regular fee. Turns out a dagger in the armpit can really loosen a man's grip on his weapon.

The shotgun had been a rusty old thing when Horg acquired it. It probably would have blown up in the Orlock's hand had he tried to fire it. Still, everything has a value. A promethium bath, a scrub with a wire brush and a "mug's polish" using his signature blend of gun oil mixed with boot dubbin sealed in heavy-duty lacquer brought the thing right back to looking new again, at least until it had been fired a couple of times.

The Goliath nodded and whistled.

'Nice piece, this is right up my street.' The Goliath said.

'Brand new,' Horg lied, 'brought over from my store in the hive.'

'You got any man stopper shells?'

'Do Eschers pee sitting down?'

He plonked a box of 'Fieldman's Finest Manstoppers' on the counter.

The Goliath chuckled, reached into his pocket and tossed thirty imperial credits on to the counter. The metallic triangular coins slid across the brass surface until they stopped at the box of shells.

'That cover it old man?' The Goliath smirked.

Before the Ganger could react, Horg had snatched the shotgun out of his hand, he spat on the grubby coins on the counter. 'Your imperial credits are worth nothing here, Horg dollars only, and you can at least double that.'

The Goliath grabbed Horg by the arm 'Imperial Credits will be fine.' He snarled.

Horg looked at the hand wrapped around his forearm and despite the painfully strong grip smiled 'What do you think's happening here son, I am Horg,' he laughed, 'threats don't work on me; only money; my money!'

For a split second the ganger looked confused, but that moment's hesitation was all Horg needed. With his free hand he grasped and twisted the Goliath's wrist releasing his own arm, yanked the Goliath's arm up his back then slammed his face into the counter. He slowly sank his elbow into the Goliath's jugular. The Goliath squirmed but couldn't wriggle free.

'When you come back next, and you will come back cause I'm the only game in town, you will have more manners and especially Hulk Scrap! The more you come, the more you bring to me, the more I'll pay you in Horg dollars. You can then use them in this shop. Hell, I might even let you buy the rare stuff I keep under my counter with em! Mind how you go now, and tell your friends about me you hear?' Horg said inches from the Goliath's face.

Horg released The Goliath who rushed out of Horg's Ammo Box, joining the long list of people that had learned not to underestimate the man.

TRIBE MEET

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 TribeMeet's, 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!

Brought to you by the Tribemeet Committee

ManclInventor / Dave

Tiny / Matt

ClockworkOrange / Jon

Stoof / Stu

Radulykan / Gary

Spafe / Tristain

Scavvierising / Richard

Karandrassh / Neil

Sponsors

Tiny Worlds

Scourge Scenics

Mad Robot Miniatures

**Thankyou Ironhands for
the Hulk Pictures**

