

The Slaughter House

A Necromunda Campaign

Welcome, frag fans, to the seventeenth season of *The Slaughter House*. Six gangs, the limitless nightmare of the badzones and unimaginable slaughter!

I'm your host; Pycon and I'll be with you every step of the way as our contestants slice and dice their way to freedom!

Now let's meet them...'

The spikey haired maniac was drowned out by hundreds of thousands of voices baying for blood. It was like a las-cutter through Hagan's mind. He groaned as his eyes fluttered open and he stared up at the vidscreen.

He let out a groan as his mind registered the familiar logo oscillating in the top left of the screen. By the Emperor's bones, not *The Slaughter House*. Hagan pushed himself upright, swaying unsteadily as the back of his head throbbed. He stared at the fuzzy image on the picter above his head as he fingered the clotted mess at the back of his head where the cosh had almost fractured his skull. He muttered a curse as he saw his mug shot, presumably clept' from a local Enforcer house wanted board, alongside a pale, sickly, looking Delaque, an attractive but fearsome Escher, a the stimm tweaked muscle bound Goliath, a deranged Cawdor and a spooky looking Ratskin chief.

The Escher, Cawdor and Ratskin were unknowns but the Delaque he'd run into before. Actually, that was an understatement. Hagan and his Death Jacks had raided their settlement about 6 months prior; stole a cache of supplies and then burnt the place right down. It was his first real heist since taking command of the rag tag crew.

The Goliath too he'd had dealings with. Mainly selling on the arms he'd stolen from the Delaque. All was going well until someone got greedy and Hagan had to make an example of him courtesy of a hired gun lurking in the shadows with a long-las.

Needless to say, the whole deal went South and his crew had to shoot their way out.

Obviously it had caught the attention of more than just the local law enforcement.

The Slaughter House was an illegal pictcast that been broadcasting for years with a simple premise – no holes barred violence for the gratification of the masses.

Each season between four and eight gangs would be abducted and left in a sealed off part of the badzones. With miles and miles of domes, tunnels and shafts available to them the organisers were free to event a series of challenges, increasing in complexity and lethality, that the gangs had to compete against one another to achieve and to the winner the spoils. The spoils being survival and fresh equipment and supplies to keep the gang fighting fit. After all, a healthy gang made for better ratings.

Disobedience or attempts to escape the House were always met with a grim and heavily broadcasted end.

Slaughter House seasons, depending on the skill and determination of the 'contestants' could last anything from a week to years. The longest Hagan was aware of was concluded in spectacular fashion by an Or-lock gang by the name of the Steel Wolves who put down their final opposition three years after the season started.

So famous was their leader by the time he was released that he was able to buy his way into the Spire.

Looking away from the screen as the gibbering host detailed the fate that awaited Hagan and his Death Jacks he stared into the gloom. He could just make out the shapes of other prone figures and judging by the number his entire crew was in here with him. Even the hulking form of Alyce, his bad tempered but highly capable heavy.

Hagan allowed himself a smile at the thought of what he would do to those responsible for their abduction if they had taken away *Vera*, his beloved and highly customised heavy stubber.

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As Hagan's eyes grew accustomed, he was able to make out the familiar shapes of weapons mounted to wracks along the walls of what looked like a heavy cargo container – the kind House Van Saar made for the Imperial Guard to ship supplies planet side for one of the Emperor's wars.

Reaching out he yanked free an older Necromundan pattern lasgun. The cadian and Catachan patterns had long surpassed the Necromundan offering to the Imperial war effort, both having better accuracy and external power cells.

The Necromundan pattern was more robust thanks to the internal, longer lasting, power supply that delivered a slightly more powerful charge, but if the cell ran dry it was effectively useless until it could be field stripped which made it unreliable during extended deployments.

Judging from the kill markings, or lack thereof, he knew this rifle belonged to Washburne. Hagan thumbed the activation stud and was rewarded with the hum of life. He checked the power read out and was pleased to see it was reading full.

Expertly hefting the rifle, an instinctual hangover from his days as a platoon leader in the Imperial Guard, before all but he and his command staff were wiped out and he was relieved of duty, he made from what looked like the container's hatch.

Above him The Slaughter House had taken a break. In its place was a sermon coming from somewhere deep within House Cawdor demanding all true and loyal citizens of the Imperium to caste out the mutant. Which was all well and good but mutations were born to sixty percent of offspring in the lower levels of the Hive City. That number got a lot higher in the Underhive.

Taking a step back he levelled the weapon and clicked off the safety. Screwing his eyes shut he depressed the firing stud.

'I wouldn't do that if I were you.' The voice boomed through the compartment from a dozen concealed speakers. Hagan immediately recognised the voice of the shows host.

'Why not?' Hagan growled.

'Because my hot headed friend,' Pycon chirped, 'the door is magnetised and shooting it with a lasgun will most likely get you killed. And we wouldn't want that. Yet.'

The compartment was filled with a blaring siren. As Hagan's Death Jacks were snapped from their state of unconsciousness Pycon's tone changed as the compartment doors wound open and light flooded in.

'Death Jacks! Arm yourselves!' Hagan bellowed, his gang scrambling to their feet and grabbing for their equipment.

'Ladies, Gentlemen and miscellaneous!' Pycon bellowed over the din of crowds. Hagan had no idea if it were real crowds or just laid over the top to get all the low-lives in the various watering holes and obscura dens across the Underhive excited enough to lay wagers. 'I give you your contestants! Your gladiators! Your victims!' The crowd continued to embrace hysteria as Hagan adjusted his jacket and stepped out in to the light.

Any doubt Hagan had about the crowds being real or not was dispelled instantly as he and his gang stepped into a crater three hundred feet deep. Every ten feet balconies had been carved into expanse and every inch was filled with the baying faces of hundreds of thousands of humans and mutants.

Every one of them roared incoherently but their intent was clear – they wanted blood. They didn't care whose or how it was spilled as long as it flowed and flowed freely.



All around him and the five other stunned gangs bobbed pict-thief servo-skulls, their gaping mouths filled with camera equipment, beaming their image upon holographs across the arena and to the hive beyond.

‘For your viewing pleasure,’ Pycon continued, ‘your six brave bands of warriors will pit their wits and baser instincts in the one place in the galaxy that even the Adeptus Astartes fear to tread...’ Hagan balked. He’d seen the Astartes in action on three separate occasions. Their capacity for war was unlike anything he could ever imagine. Blasphemy aside he was sure of one thing; the Astartes were afraid of nothing.

Hagan drew his focus back on Pycon’s dirge. ‘...a place so horrific the daemoniac lurk in its darkest corners...I give you; The Slaughter House!’

The crowd went crazy. The chamber shook with stomping feet and the roars from hundreds of thousands of throats.

‘And now,’ Pycon screamed over the din, his eyes were filled with mania and saliva flecked his lips, ‘It’s time to enter the House!’

Six doors ground open around the edge of the chamber. Each one was lit with a House badge.

Hagan looked at the hatch and the darkness beyond and up at the capering Pycon high above him on a shielded dais. He pulled the slide ejecting one of the explosive rounds. Pulling his knife free from his hip he carefully scratched Pycon’s name into the casing before stowing it away in his chest pocket.

Slinging his boltgun on his shoulder he signalled for his men to move out.

Reaching the gateway he cast one last look over his shoulder at the baying crowds before stalking into the darkness, suddenly reminded of something he’d read as a boy about the fate that awaited participants in the gladiatorial arenas of Holy Terra in a long ago age...

Blood and glory.

Playing the Campaign

This campaign is based around the idea of a collection of gangs forced to take part in what is essentially an illegal gladiatorial reality TV show. As such there is no territory to gain as in the case of ‘map’ based campaigns. Instead, this is all about ratings.

The higher the ratings the greater the rewards for the participating gangs - those rewards being better equipment with which to inflict unspeakable horrors upon the other gangs.

Follow the normal rules for playing campaigns as described in the Necromunda rule book but with the following additions.

Ratings Boost:

The Slaughter House is all about bums on seats so gangs that perform unspeakable acts of violence or do something pretty spectacular will give the ratings a healthy boost and in this game, ratings mean prizes.

Gangs that achieve consistent ratings boosts will be rewarded in a variety of different ways. Some may be given extra equipment, others reductions in the cost to buy equipment from the Slaughter House market stalls dotted around the ‘gaming arena’.

In exceptional cases gangs may be permitted to expand their staging areas to encompass settlements or abandoned medical stations so they are better supplied for the bouts ahead.

Whatever the reward, it can only be gained by one thing: slaughter.

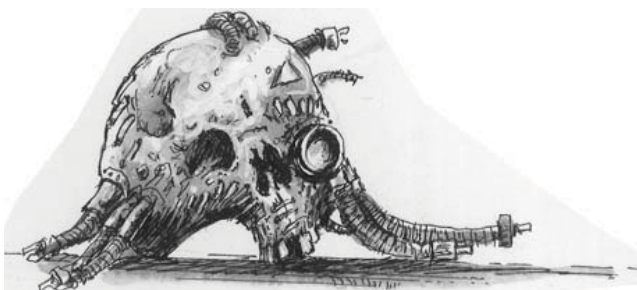


Ratings Boosts

Ratings Boosts are achieved by members of your gang inflicting hideous violence on an opponent or performing an incredible feat during the course of a bout. Depending on the level of violence or the awe inspiring nature of the feat will determine the ratings boost and, in turn, the reward the psychotic Pycon will bestow upon the contestants. However, poor performance that causes viewers to switch off and, therefore, cause a dip in the ratings, will equate to suitable penalties and punishments. Finishing a game with minus rating points could be very bad indeed...

Ratings bonuses are accumulative so, for example, a player can gain the Fisticuffs & Monster RP bonuses. Please bear in mind that this is just a guide and new ratings boosts can be added as the campaign grows.

1. First Blood	Taking someone out of action with the first shot of the Game	+1 RP
2. Sacrificial Lamb	Suffering an out of action in the first turn of the game	-1 RP
3. Heavy Hitter	Taking someone out of action with a single shot heavy weapon	+1 RP
4. Facial	Suffering an out of action from a weapon overheating/exploding	-2 RP
5. Blow your Load	Failing an ammo roll the first time the weapon is fired	-1 RP
6. Nancy	Only inflicting a flesh wound with strength 5 or higher weapon	-1 RP
7. Smokin'	Wounding 3 or more enemies with a flamer at once	+2 RP
8. Fried Chicken	Take out of action a fleeing enemy with a flame weapon	+3 RP
9. Cook off	Taking out an enemy with a grenade	+1 RP
10. The Big Bang	Taking out more than 1 enemy with a grenade	+2 RP
11. Splash Damage	Injuring the user or a friendly gang member with a grenade	-2 RP
12. High Jump	Making a jump from a level 2 floor/building to another	+1 RP
13. Leap of Faith	Making a jump from a level 3 or higher floor/building to another	+2 RP
14. Flightless Bird	Failing a jump from any height	-2 RP
15. Soft Landing	Surviving a fall from a level 3 or higher platform/building	+2 RP
16. Glass Bones	A model taken out of action by fall from a level 1 platform/building	-2 RP
17. Young Talent	A Juve taking out an enemy gang leader in combat	+2 RP
18. Punked	Having a gang leader taken out of action to an enemy Juve in combat	-2 RP
19. Blind	A model missing a target with shooting 3 times in a row	-3 RP
20. Fisticuffs	A close combat lasts more than 2 rounds (both players)	+1 RP
21. Marksmen	Roll a 6 to hit, wound and injury roll for a shooting attack	+3 RP
22. Monster	Roll a 6 to hit, wound and injury roll for a close combat attack	+3 RP
23. Sissy Fight	Both parties fail to hit in a round of close combat	-1 RP
24. Big Girls Blouse	Charging gang member rolls all ones to hit in close combat	-2 RP
25. Vertigo	Taking an enemy out of action by knocking them off a platform/building	+1 RP
26. Super Solider	Take 3 enemies out of action in a row without suffering a wound in return	+4 RP
27. Good Show	A bout lasts 8 turns or more (all players)	+2 RP
28. Poor Form	A bout ends in 3 turns or less (all players)	-1 RP
29. Crowd Pleaser	The gang that wins the bout after turn 3	+2 RP
30. Chicken	Any gang that bottles out before turn 4	-2 RP



Keep track of your Ratings Points by making notes against each character that gains or loses them throughout the game and then. At the end of the game add or subtract as appropriate for your overall Ratings Share for that bout.

See overleaf for how your end Ratings Share can help or hinder your gangs progress in the campaign.

Ratings Share

Your total ratings share of the last bout is an indication of how the viewers at home felt you performed. There will be times when your ratings are dead on zero. That doesn't mean you did bad, just that the viewers at home thought it was a pretty mediocre bout from your gang that week.

Getting a healthy share of the ratings means that not only did the crowd love you but you've Pycon a lot of money. And that makes you his favourite. For now. But whilst you enjoy his favour you will gain access to cheaper weapons, bonus equipment or even a patch of dirt to rest your heads in between bouts. However his favour lasts only as long as your ratings and should you find your Ratings dip you'll receive...motivation to make sure it doesn't happen again.

Note that Ratings are calculated on a bout by bout basis and not carried over. If you fall short of a reward you'll just have to try all the harder next time.

Use the list below to determine your bonuses or penalties for your Ratings Share:

-20 or more	Make an example of them! Pycon is not a happy man. 1 randomly determined Juve is abducted and publicly executed to remind you of what's at stake. The Juve is immediately struck from the roster. All equipment and weapons are retained. If there are no Juves in the gang automatically select the Ganger with the lowest experience.
-10 to -19	Burn it down! Pycon has the gang's makeshift settlement torched as 'friendly reminder' of the task at hand. Randomly scrub a territory from the roster. If it is the gangs only territory randomly generate a new one but it cannot be worked this bout.
-5 to -9	Let them Starve! Hunger focuses the mind. Pycon deducts half your earnings for that bout to help remind you that survival and performance are very much linked.
-1 to -4	We'll let it slide this time. Pycon isn't happy but it's not enough of a ratings dip to incur his wrath. However, deduct an extra -1 next game as he'll be keeping a close eye on you.
0	Distinctly average but average.
1 to 5	Not bad. Pycon allows for a little more cash to find its way into your pockets. When calculating your gangs income count gang members as one column to the left of where it should be.
6 to 10	Impressive. Pycon dumps a bag of creds in your lap for making him trucks fulls of the stuff. Gain an extra D6x10+10 credits for your efforts.
11 to 15	Good Sport. And to keep it that way, Pycon gives you access to the good gear. The gang gets D6x10 credits and 1 extra roll on the rare trading chart.
16 to 19	Stone Cold Killers. Such a dominating boost deserves a suitable bonus. All items on the trading charts are half price.
20+	Natural Talent. A gang with that kind of show stopping potential needs to be kept on form. A gang member of your choice is taught a new skill of your choice, even if they would otherwise not be able to learn it.

Optional Rules

Not being one to make things easy here's a couple of optional rules to mix things up a bit...

The Dead stay Dead - if you lose a gang member they cannot be replaced to represent the gangs being isolated in The Slaughter House. Only via Settlements can fresh meat be acquired.

Dome Fever - At the end of every game take a leadership test for each gang member. If they fail being trapped in the 'House is tipping them over the edge. Roll a further D6. On a 1-3 they count has suffering from stupidity. On a 4-6 they count has being Frenzied.

Make Every Shot Count - Because ammo is hardly in abundance in The Slaughter House, all Ammo Rolls are automatically failed.

Life is Cheap - The Slaughter House is a harsh environment to survive in. All gangs count as Outlaws for all intents and purposes for generating income and keeping the gang fed and territory.

Fighting to Live - As inhabitable spaces are rare within The Slaughter House gangs can have no more than 3 territories. In addition, gangs may choose to invade a rival gang's territory to take it for themselves. Invasions can be announced at any point between games.

An appropriate game is played (scenery should represent the territory) although note that gangs do not gain Ratings Points for Invasion games as they are unofficial bouts, although still televised, to great profit, by your captors. The winning gang must sacrifice a territory of their choice for the one they gained. If they lose no further action is taken.

Special Scenarios

There will be special scenarios written to tie in with this campaign pack including a night fight zombie survival horror, a sprint for survival and a King of the Hill with a sea of toxic sludge covering the dome floor just to keep things interesting.

In the mean time please feel free to come up with your own or just use the scenarios published in the main Necromunda rule book.

Winning the Campaign

As with so many campaigns of this nature there is no winner or loser as such. It is up to the players to decide with the campaign has reached a natural conclusion which his usually when either (A) A gang is so powerful no one wants to go against them or (B) People are bored of playing. Although (A) usually has something to do with that.

This said, as the overriding narrative of this campaign is based around that of survival through a hellish reality TV show a battle royale at its conclusion would be a fitting end.

A game based around the dominant gang making a bid for freedom only to find themselves blocked by the other gangs, unified by a common enemy, could be quite striking and it'd be very much a case of winner takes all...

