

RETURN OF THE WARLORDS

A TALE OF BATTLES, COCK-UPS AND FAMINGO'S



Volume 1

Forward

This is the story of two gangs, their turf and the never ending struggle to defend it.

So how did it begin?

For me it was several years in the wilderness, getting the odd game of 40K, Warhammer Ancient Battles, SAGA and Full Thrust when circumstances permitted, when a pm alert arrived from Stubram who had recently moved into the area where I live.

I responded, and this set in motion several games, a lot of narrative and enough mistakes to kill a rules lawyer.

But what the hey!

It's been fun.

Over the following pages are excerpts from the thread concentrating on the games and accompanying narrative, with each entry having the name of the author preceding it.

Oh yes. If you're not sure about the flamingo reference, check out 'Red Dwarf' and you'll get it.

The legal bit:

All images and text used in this document are copyright of their respective owners and no infringement of their rights is intended. This document may be copied for personal use but may not be sold, hired or distributed for profit in any way.

June 2018 - S Brambley & L Robb

Contents

Forward

Contents

Game 01	Battle Report:	Hit and Run	Stubram
	Battle Report:	Hit and Run	Domino
Game 02	Pre Battle Narrative:	The Rescue	Domino
	Battle Report:	The Rescue	Stubram
	Battle Report:	The Rescue	Domino
	Post Battle Narrative:	The Rescue	Domino
Game 03	Pre Battle Narrative:	Gang Fight	Domino
	Pre Battle Narrative:	Gang Fight	Stubram
	Battle Report:	Gang Fight	Domino
	Battle Report:	Gang Fight	Stubram
	Post Battle Narrative:	Gang Fight	Stubram
	Post Battle Narrative:	Gang Fight	Domino
Photo Call	Diablo Nova		Stubram
Game 04	Pre Battle Narrative pt. 1	The Rescue	Domino
	Pre Battle Narrative	The Rescue	Stubram
	Pre Battle Narrative pt. 2	The Rescue	Domino
	Battle Report	The Rescue	Domino
	Battle Report	The Rescue	Stubram
	Post Battle Narrative	The Rescue	Stubram
	Post Battle Narrative	The Rescue	Domino
Game 05	Battle Report	The Scavengers	Stubram
	Battle Report	The Scavengers	Domino
	Post Battle Narrative	The Scavengers	Domino
Background	The Self Flagellation Society		Domino

Stubram

Game1: Hit and Run

Battle Report

Diablo Nova (Goliath) Vs The Whisper Men (Delaques)

Having existed for about 12 seconds, 'Nova gangboss Janus must just have had 'that kind of face', as the local Delaque gang decided to Skrag him during his first outing.

The Delaques brought along the minimum 4 men for the hit, while the Goliaths brought the maximum 6.

Feeling just a little smug that an under strength gang, known for it's aversion to physical combat, wanted to take on a decked out Goliath gang leader toe-to-toe, the Novas were a little taken aback when a flamethrower suddenly hit two of them in the face.

Mithus went out of action immediately (though made a full recovery, leading to claims that he was faking it). Astorus, however, was made of tougher stuff, and managed to catch on fire, run into a bulkhead, turn around, run off the first floor of a building, then run around a bit more in circles before succumbing to the flames. It was glorious, though the Delaque heavy used his entire promethium supply doing it.

Suddenly 1/3 down, the Goliaths started to pay attention. Reinforcements quickly came in, first Old Man Sachus with his boltgun, and then Igneous toting an autorifle. Having flanked the Delaque leader and catching him in the open, they expected an easy time of it, and indeed seemed to get one as he went 'man down'.

Clearly a sneaky Delaque ploy to catch them off

guard, the leader then immediately popped back up and quickly dispatched both Goliath gangers in an impressive display of shooting, though running out of ammo in the process.

Enraged at this poor display of Goliath prowess, the two hot headed Nova juves sprinted out into the open to tackle two opposing gangers seeking to encircle them from the other side. Offended at such an affront to his leadership, Nova gangboss Janus shot his own juve in the back (earning the nickname 'The Commissar!').

With half the gang down, and most of the rest on fire or shooting at each other, it was all down to Phorus - a juve armed with nothing but an autopistol and the biggest mohawk hairspray could fashion. Dodging hotshot shells, he hosed down one Delaque ganger, (followed by a swift kicking, finishing him off). Phorus then took a charge from the other Delaque who, shocked by the brutal downing of his friend, massively fumbled the attack, also going to to the crazed juve.

With reinforcements still coming in and only two Delaque opponents remaining (both of whom were out of ammo!), the Goliaths surveyed the battlefield, took stock of the situation, and then confidently decided to...

Run away.

Yup. They bottled it.

My first game in a long time, and a great reminder how awesome the game is. We got a couple of bits wrong (forgetting that you can only test to unpin at the end of a ganger's go, not the beginning), and assumed some stuff to move the game on (like, can a flamer weapon hit people on multiple levels simultaneously if the models are in the open under the same template? We decided 'yes', as the image of a deluge of promethium falling out of the sky from nowhere was just too cool to miss (even though it toasted two of my gangers!)).

We also didn't realise that I didn't have to take bottle tests, and my opponent shouldn't have told me of his mission!

Looking forward to our next match, which will be to rescue poor, crispy Astorus.

Domino
Game 1: Hit and Run
Battle Report

My report on Sundays Battle, though I don't think it's as good as Stubram's.

The Whisper Men had recently formed and needed to gain a rep for themselves, to this end they decided to try and Scrag the local Goliath Leader of Diablo Nova. Taking him down should boost their rep in the local drinking holes.

It was just a matter of timing...

Leaving Ulyses in charge of the gangs holdings, Vic, Lucifer, Wash and Two Fry headed out.

Moving forward, Lucifer spotted two Goliath's trying to use cover and decided to spray them with promethium. A glorious gout of flame licked the Goliath's taking one down and leaving the other screaming about his hair do (at least that's what it sounded like), but too quickly the weapon sputtered out.

He hadn't filled his canister properly and was now down to his knife and pistol.

Wash and Two Fry tried to tag team some Juves, but managed to do nothing. It would cost them dear a little while later.

Though a grenade fired from their right flank bounced harmlessly into 'no mans land'.

Goliath reinforcements started to arrive and took pot-shots at Vic who spun and went down as if hit only to spring up and catch the offender off guard with a Bolt gun shell. The mechanism jammed making his weapon useless. He would

have to have stern words with his suppliers whilst he got the hole in his coat fixed. His trusty laspistol took care of the second Goliath making him feel more confident.

Meanwhile, Lucifer decided to chase the Goliath boss whilst keeping out of site of the Goliath Heavy only to find his target had moved away.

Even though the Goliath boss shot one of his own Juves, the other managed to take out Two Fry who later recovered with only a few bruises, though Wash charged forward and was 'sucker punched' running straight into the Juves Blade. He would make it back but with a vicious chest wound (-1T).

Even though it seemed to be going against them with two men out of action, the Whisper Men decided to fight on shouting encouragement to each other only to see their foe melt away into the shadows.

Looking round they found their fallen comrades and, looking a little singed, a Goliath who after interigation revealed his name to be Astorus. A special party invite was sent to Janus of Diablo Nova with reassurances that Astorus would be treated fairly in accordance with convention.

Really enjoyed getting back into Necromunda again, though we made loads of mistakes.

When we can get round to it, the Rescue mission should be interesting. I'm going to try and brush up on my rules in the meantime.

Domino

Game 2: The Rescue

Pre Battle Narrative

This is just to set the scene for the next battle with Stubram and his Diablo Nova gang. Due to our last game having mistakes and our forgetting some important post game details, I didn't bother with the underdog bonus and only took advances as if we were on a par rating wise.

Wiping his blade, Vic made his way into the lair where his men were holed up.

'I've had a word with our supplier and he's seen the error of his ways. How's the prisoner?'

'Alive.' Came the reply.

'Good. Get him food and water.'

'But boss!'

'Do it! I'll not have us accused of not keeping faith with our charges.' Vic brandished his blade to put forward his point.

Wash winced as he moved to pass edible fungus and water to Astoros, their Goliath prisoner. He reflected on how much better this prisoner had fared compared to himself.

Astorus, though chained, looked defiant as he chased down the meagre rations with water.

Vic took stock of their position and started briefing his men.

'Rumour has it that we may have guests soon, so I want patrols keeping an eye out.'

He looked over at Wash as he continued. 'If Diablo Nova come for their man, keep back and

pick 'em off at range. I don't want any heroics that will weaken us. Keep your eyes peeled and trust your guns.

'Now get the patrols going, and try to keep each other in sight for support.'

Ulyses directed the Juves to the lookout points with a quick indication of his hand.

'Two Fry. How much did we make?'

'25 creds Guv, no recruits though.' He replied as he checked his ammo.

'Well It covers this.' Vic tossed a canister (weapon reload, flamer) to Lucifer who deftly caught it. 'Don't forget it next time. I'll not have our most powerful weapon out of the game just 'caus you forget to refill your canisters. Now get up there and keep an eye out with the Juves...'

'OK boss!' He was a little relieved as he could have had a worse punishment than to pull an extra lookout patrol. He too had heard the rumours about Janus 'The Commisar' and knew that Vic may be tough when it was needed, but was always fair...

Stubram

Game 2: The Rescue AKA What The Hell Just Happened.

Battle Report

Taking no chances, 'The Commissar' took his entire gang to rescue Astorus. Surprising, considering the callousness and general disregard he'd shown to his own men so far. Perhaps his actions were less to do with solidarity, and more to do with fears over what Astorus might reveal under interrogation...

Relying on numbers over stealth, the Novas swarmed in and rushed the tower where Astorus was being held. Luck was on their side, as every single Delaque sentry bar one decided to find something interesting to stare at in completely the opposite direction. The dull witted sentries

didn't even stir when the bullets started to fly, downing one of their number.

Taking advantage of the confusion, Gangboss Janus whipped his three juve wards ahead of him, ready to clamber up the tower, while 'Nova heavy Forvus Gorge took prime firing position on the bumbling Delaque leader and let rip... only to completely miss, jam his gun, and set off the bloody alarm.

It went downhill from here.

Shocked by the sudden wail of sirens, Janus was

caught in the open with his three juve 'meatshields' clustering together, right in front of Lucifer Squib, who unsportingly tried to set fire to everyone again. One juve went down, one juve stood still but caught fire, and the other ran away screaming. On fire. Only Janus himself withstood the blast, possibly because three of his men caught most of it for him.

More bullets and las-blasts whistled around him, all to no avail. It was thus that fate chose the newest Whisperman, Rufus Johns, to show his gang how to do it. Taking aim at extreme range, through hard terrain, with a pistol, the young Rufus nailed the 'mighty' Goliath leader with a

head shot, permanently blinding him in one eye.

Phorus, the hero of the last battle, succumbed to the flames and received such horrific wounds that he lost partial hearing, several fingers from each hand, and was left with horrible scars, a head wound and an old battle wound that would haunt him for the rest of his life.

In retaliation, the Goliaths downed all of the Whispermen surrounding Astorus, but the damage to morale had been done. Leaving Astorus to his fate, the Diablo Novas quit the field.

This game pivoted on one point - I forgot that you move ALL of your gang, then shoot. Not move and shoot each ganger. I therefore positioned four men (including my leader), in the open, right in front of an enemy Heavy with a flamer. Those men going down/running away triggered my Bottle threshold, and the rest was just a matter of time.

That's not to say that my opponent didn't have some horrible luck, like most of his gang wandering around high ledges, facing the wrong way and not reacting even when being shot!

Luckily for him though, all of his downed men made a full recovery, whilst mine were mutilated. A painful and expensive lesson learned.

I would say that I'm my own worst enemy, but Lucifer Squib and his sodding flamethrower may win that contest.

Domino

Game 2: The Rescue Battle Report

Astorus 'The Scorched' awaits his fate in this game as his gang, Diablo Nova make moves to free him.

Word came via secret coded taps on the pipes that ran through the hive.
Janus is coming.
Diablo Nova are coming...

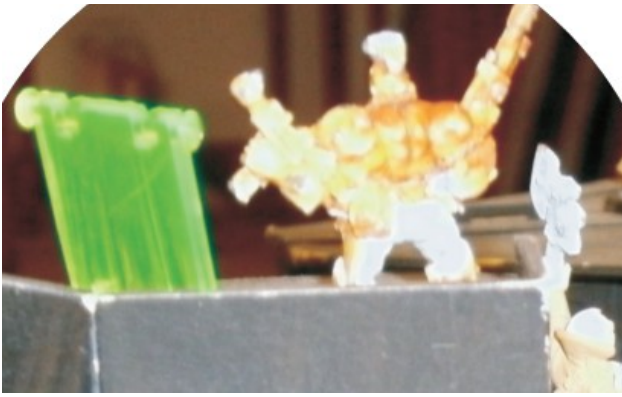
Quickly Vic directed his men to their guard positions and sent Rufus and Joss to scout the outer perimeter (Reinforcements). They all went to the high ground to increase their view range and be close to the cover of the bulkheads should it be needed.

Grabbing the chains of their captive, Astoros, Vic led him to a difficult to reach platform.

Once tied into position, Vic revealed a standard with the Goliath House symbol and set it next to the immobile Goliath.

'This is so they know where to find you,' he informed Astoros. It was almost as though Vic was taunting the incoming gang.





Astorus awaiting rescue by a flag set to Taunt Diablo Nova

'Ok lads. Keep 'em peeled and holler if you see anything.

'Death's coming to dinner and we ain't the entrées!'

Using the cover, the Goliath's of Diablo Nova made it to the outskirts of the settlement where their man was kept and surveyed the field. Phorus pointed out the flag on the top gantry of one of the buildings, with what looked like a man chained up next to it. 'The bl**dy cheek!'

The attack was signalled as the sentries paced around missing the massed Goliath gang charging forward through the dome as they were distracted by other things. Even when the shooting started, Downing Two Fry next to Kid Tuesday, the alarm didn't get raised. The kid merely looked up to see what could have fallen on his comrade.

At the far end of the dome, Ulyses Krouse investigated an interesting poster whilst wash had problems penetrating the murk and failed to spot the Diablo heavy climbing into position as his boss ran forward with three Juves. He only realised what was happening when the barking chatter of a 'Big Stubber' tore through the air. He was heartened to see a stream of fire that obviously belonged to Lucifer and added his Lasgun to it, aiming for the flame illuminated area in the hope of hitting something.



Lucifer brings a little heat!

Ulyses did the same with his autogun. Both of them holding steady, even when a Frag grenade bounced off the bulkhead behind them. It landed with a blast of shrapnel, catching the Juves who had just run back when the alarm was raised, wounding and pinning one of them.

As Diablo Nova increased their fire taking several of the Whisper Men down, including Vic Bascombe, it came time for Rufus to truly show his metal; taking careful aim he made a bead on the Nova leader who was hollering at one of his Juves who happened to be on fire, screaming and charging round as flames licked his body.

'Focus...' He thought to himself.

The cover made it a tough shot.

'Breath...'

'Hold...and...'

He loosed a single round, hitting 'The Commissar' in the face. His target went down.



The Commissar' falls victim to Rufus Johns 'One in a Million Shot'.

The remaining Diablo Nova' bugged out as their boss went down, dragging their wounded off behind them.

Clearing up after the fight and checking the wounded revealed that no one was seriously

hurt and only needed minimal first aid.

Vic made his way to Astorus and took down the banner.

'Now what do we do with you?' he asked rhetorically.

Post battle comment:

Another great game with bullets and grenades flying round, and of course Lucifer Squib living up to his name by loosing hell with a flame thrower.

But I'm sure @Stubram will agree that if we had a 'Man of the Battle' prize, it would go to Rufus Johns just for the moral impact and result to Janus with the most audacious shot of the battle. He required a 7+ to hit. And he got it!

Domino

Game 2: The Rescue

Post Battle Narrative

'Well lads, the drinks are on me,' Vic called across the bar of the local brew-house.
'We did well today, but don't get complacent. Luck only carries you through so far, but for now enjoy yourselves.'

He knew one Goliath gang member wouldn't be doing so well. The Guilder that bought him had an ironic, dark sense of humour.

'Survived a toasting with a Flamer eh. I've got just the place for you, the Ice mines.' the Guilder had said as he passed over 30credits.

'Oh yes, a big strong one like you will do well there. Different kind of burns there.' the guilder had an oily demeanor about him that Vic didn't appreciate.

When his men had gone out to collect from their interests after the battle, news had already arrived and they couldn't pay fast enough and the trading post had some rare items (Weapon Reload and Grapnel), but he decided against them. He did buy something though to reward Rufus for his success.

Through his contacts, he also sent word to Janus that if he still wanted Astorus back, he'd have to take it up with The Guilders.

Jokes and descriptions of the battle were fired back and forth in the bar, getting more exaggerated all the time.

Vic climbed up onto the bar and banged his foot

down a few times to get everyone's attention and then spoke. 'We've had a good week and come through virtually unscathed.

'Against the odds we did what was supposed to be impossible, defended our territory and retained Astorus 'The Scorched' who is now the problem of the Guild.

'Now,' he looked round the room and saw Rufus enjoying himself with one of the local women.

'If Rufus can put down that tart, I have something here in recognition of his natural talent and,' he looked round the room, 'quite possibly saving everyone's skins by taking down Janus.'

A cheer went up and Rufus was grabbed and pushed forward.

Vic grabbed his arm and pulled him up onto the bar next to him. He then raised his glass and called a toast, 'Rufus' and downed his drink, everyone followed suit.

'In recognition of your luck and skill.' Vic handed a box to Rufus, then dropped his voice so only Rufus could hear, 'Use it wisely and make it count.'

Rufus nodded an acknowledgement and jumped off the bar, headed to a quiet corner and peeped inside the box he'd been given. The lid snapped shut. He was shocked by what was inside, but understood Vic's instructions...

So what's inside Rufus Johns box?

Perhaps we'll find out soon...

Domino

Game 3: Gang Fight

Pre Battle Narrative

Just a quick post so you all realize that this campaign is still live.

Stubram suggested this weekend for our next game, but I have family down so we will play it when our calendar's sync up again.

We already know what we are playing, so this snippet is to set the scene...

After the victory celebrations, it had gone quite.
Too quite.

There was a change in the fetid air, and Vic didn't like it.

'Lucifer!'

Lucifer stepped into Vic's hut. 'Sir.'

'How's the training going?'

'Not too bad. Most have shown marked improvement.'

Vic looked up from his desk, 'How about Rufus?'

'Showing good progress. He's even shown some

talent for applying field dressings.'

'Look after him. He shows promise and it would be a shame to lose him.' Vic rose from his chair.

'Now get the lads kitted up. We're going to take a walk.'

'Sir,' Lucifer made his way out to grab his Flamer and pass the word.

Vic took his Bolter from its case and checked the action before making his way to follow Lucifer.

'Too damned quite...'

Stubram

Game 3: Gang Fight

Pre Battle Narrative

ARGH MY EYE!

The End.

Pre Battle Narrative (expanded):

Screams echoed across the broken landscape, easily penetrating the thin sheet metal forming the sanctum of the leader of the Diablo Nova.

'Dead Meat! Get in here!'

The heavy curtain twitched, and a scared looking juve shuffled in, protectively cradling the stumps of the missing fingers of his left hand - a lesson learned from the last time he crossed 'The Commissar'.

'Yes boss?' 'Dead Meat' Carus tried to keep the quiver from his voice - the boss despised weakness.

'Shut that racket up. Now.'

'B...but boss, we can't control him. One second he's drooling and laughing to himself, next he's howling and beating his head bloody against his cage'.

'He was your friend, boy, so unless you want me to shut him up' The Commissar's hand wandered to the stock of his heavy bolt pistol 'I suggest you do something about it'.

After Carus had left, The Commissar's second, 'Old Man' Sachus came in.

'Is something wrong sir'? Sachus was the only one to call him 'sir' - a throwback to their shared history in the 'Guard.

'You'd better believe something's wrong'

growled The Commissar, rubbing the still raw wound where his right eye used to be. 'We need to show these bald-headed degenerates who they're dealing with.'

'I agree, sir, but how?'

'I have something in mind, but first, how is Astorus faring?'

'He doesn't go by that name anymore sir' said Sachus. 'Those Guilder bastards took his mind, along with his arms. He served under me in the 9th for six long years, and those scum turned him into a damn human ice-pick. It's a crime, sir! It's inhuman! It's...'

'of use to us' cut in the commissar. 'He's more

powerful now than any ex-military dropout could ever be. Just make sure he's in fighting shape and ready'.

Stony faced, Sachus replied to his former-officer 'Sir, yes sir.' And then turned to go.

'Wait' barked The Commissar, pulling a large claymore from under the table and tossing it to his second. 'Give that to the freak. Let's see what sort of mess he can make of things before he dies'.

Phorus' continued howling followed Sachus into the gloom, yet the noise didn't bother the Goliath leader as it had. He sat back in his chair, a slow grin spreading across his face.

Domino

Game 3: Gang Fight Battle Report

Both gangs enter the fray with their full compliment after Diablo Nova pass all their OBW tests and Phorus turns into a Frenzied monster. The odds should be with Stubram. I was suprised by the result.

Patrolling the borders of their territory, The Whisper Men arranged themselves into teams that would hopefully give them flexibility and co-ordination of their skills.

In the distance, they spotted movement and Vic signalled for them to fan out to the cover.

As they watched, the figures in the distance closed revealing themselves to be Diablo Nova and the Whisper Men's training kicked in.

Joss and Rufus dove into the cover of a bulkhead on the far right flank whilst Wash and Ulyses took the left and made for high ground. In the centre Vic, Two Fry, Lucifer and Tuesday reacted to a team popping up (Vents) in the building on their left.

A quick reshuffle brought the threat into the sights of Wash and Ulyses who quickly combined fire and brought down their target whilst Lucifer and Tuesday dealt with a brave soul who was getting into position to charge.

After battle thoughts:

Firstly, apologies for the lack of pics. I forgot my camera.

On the right, technically outgunned and outnumbered, Rufus took out his 'new toy' (Plasma Pistol) and stepped from his hiding place and fired on full power at the Pit Slave formally known as Astoros. The shot killed him outright causing a Juve nearby to flee as he lost his nerve.

The rest held firm.

After recovering themselves, the Nova's decided to return fire. Bullets ricocheted, grenades bounced and lots of dust was kicked up, but as it cleared the Nova's were greeted by another round of fire that proved too much and they withdrew.

Combing through the of scene of the conflict, the remains of the Pit Slave were found. Vic considered a moment, 'I think we may have to discuss this with the Watchmen.'

When Stubram passed all his pre battle tests, I thought he would win this one. His setup was good, he had infiltration and numbers. What I hadn't allowed for was his usual crappy luck. He had four clean shots and rolled ones for all of them. After my return fire he had to test for his bottle roll and got Boxcars. Due to his losses under the 'Special criteria' he also lost his settlement.

If Rufus carries on like he is, he may get a killer rep by default. His first game he took 'The Commissar's' eye, this game he claimed Astoros, who had been converted to a pit slave, by killing him outright with his new Plasma Pistol, first shot again.

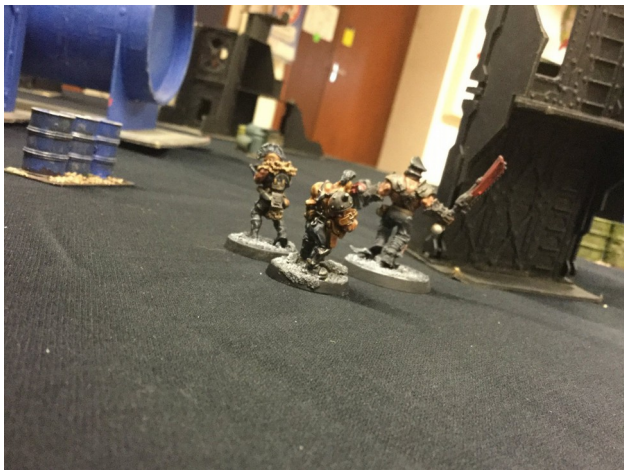
Stubram

Game 3: Gang Fight

Battle Report - AKA What The Hell Is Still Happening? Seriously?

Domino covered it pretty well, so I'll save my waxing for the post battle run down later. A brief 'Commissar's Eye View' is below for all you masochists out there -

Janus, Brockus and Farrus take the centre -



bullets in order to prepare one big rush - they weren't going to let a single Whisperman leave, this time. All that stood in their way were a couple of juves, hastily thrown in the path of the onrushing Goliaths



While Scorch, Mithus, Carus and Sachus flank left -



Out of photoshot, I used Vents to put three gangers in the grey tower in the distance -right in the centre of the enemy formation -planning to shift their attention from the main bulk of my gang charging across the table. Also out of shot is my grenade launcher-toting heavy Atticus, climbing up a building to get a clear shot across the battlefield. I knew I'd have one or two turns of shooting before the Whispermen bottled it, so wanted to make sure I caught as many as I could.

Casualties were incurred, but the 'Novas pressed onwards, using their numbers to absorb enemy

Atticus shoots his grenades into the centre mass of Delaques, rolls a 1, and misses wide (so wide that he nearly hits his own man climbing down

from the vents).

Sachus is in short range of the juve who took down poor Scorch, readies his bolter and...rolls a 1. Next to him, Mithus also takes aim, also at short range, and also rolls a 1.

In the centre, Brockus breaks out the scatter shot and sets his sights on a vulnerable Delaque ganger. Rolls a 1.

I actually planned to take more pictures, but the game was over so quickly that I didn't get a chance. I'll rationalise it somehow in the post battle fluff, but suffice to say, Diablo Nova are on thin ice.

Stubram

Game 3: Gang Fight

Post Battle Narrative

Gunfire rattled in the distance, sounding off like firecrackers. Bright flames from burning buildings cast long silhouettes as the Goliaths pounded through deserted streets and winding alleys, trading fire with the Delaques.

It was a gesture. When the 'Novas lost the trust of the people of Gallows Cross after their last - and greatest - defeat, they had lost the settlement. Nothing could change that now. Janus didn't know who had unbarred the gates, but he swore to whatever gods were listening that he'd find them, and feed them piece by piece to the plague zombies.

It took several clashes, but finally the gang extracted themselves. The victorious Whispermens seemingly more inclined to enjoy their spoils than chase the defeated gang across the wastes.

Once outside the settlement limits, the Commissar took stock; in the confusion, many of his men had gone down, though he hadn't had pause to count the butchers bill.

They trickled in, in singles and pairs, until only three were still missing; Sachus, Mithus and that damned cyborg.

The Commissar rounded on his men, his rage only suppressed by survival instincts of drawing too much attention, so close to the enemy.

The entire gang is now exposed to return fire, which hits every single one of them. Poor dumb, mad Phorus runs face first into the flame thrower that crippled him last time, and unsurprisingly goes down. I roll for bottle tests, and naturally roll double 6. Argh.

Due to their atrocious efforts, they also lost the second best territory they had.

'What. Happened?'

Brockus, the closest, replied. 'Boss, I don't know. I had one of them, clear in my sights. Unloaded a full case of buckshot at his head...it didn't even mark him. The other lads are saying the same - grenades bouncing at impossible angles, point blank shots going wide, while every time one of them sneaky bastards stroked a trigger, down one of us went. It's like the whole lot of them are blessed. Either that, or we're...'

'Cursed'. A gravelly voice cut through the stillness. It was Sachus, along with Mithus, dragging the unconscious form of the ganger-turned pit slave.

'I said it before, sir. We're courting powers we don't understand, and now we're paying the price'

Remus, the newest recruit and, up until recently, an occupant of Gallows Cross, voiced the question the rest were thinking 'what's he mean, boss? What powers?'

'Silence' hissed The Commissar. 'All of you; remember where I found you, what you were before. I'll not answer to any of you! And if...'

The Commissar's words were drowned out by a

cry of pain from the pit slave, slowly awakening from the bliss of oblivion.

The Commissar continued, 'and if any of you question me again' ... Pistol still unholstered, he walked up to the broken form, pressed the barrel against the eye slit and pulled the trigger, just once.

The echo of the gunshot reverberated around the wreckage of the wasteland.

'Sir' Sachus, ramrod straight, was quivering with rage. 'That man served under me, and you. He bled for you. Even when we abandoned him to the guilders to be carved up, he still came back, and this is his reward?' he gestured sharply at the ruin that was Lance Corporal G.A. Astorus.

Janus 'The Commissar' wheeled on his second 'That's right, sergeant' scorn dripping from his lips 'that is his reward for failing me, for failing us' The powers of rhetoric, the first tool of the

commissariat, came into play. 'We live on a knife edge, here in this cesspit at the end of the world, on the verge of something great, something that you will all be apart of, should you survive so long. The path is painful, but it will be worth it in the end, if you're strong enough'.

The men, still wary, still frightened, still stinging from their most recent defeat, gathered closer.

Inwardly, the Commissar smiled. The weak willed, broken of spirit, the desperate. These were his meat and drink. He gathered them up to himself, and spat them back out at the Imperium that had turned on him. But all that would come later. First...

'That gunshot will bring attention. Gather your things. The weak have been culled; remember the warning, and don't fail me again. Now move!'

Domino

Game 3: Gang Fight

Post Battle Narrative

Diablo Nova had continued to run and the more hot headed members of the Whisper Men were all for pursuing them right out to the wastes, but this was unfamiliar territory and Vic managed to hold them in check.

'Hold fast! Secure the ground and watch for traps and ambushes!' He was pleased to note that enough professionalism remained in his jubilant force for them to start forming back into their teams and covering each other as they checked the local area.

Two Fry set himself in position to cover Vic as a group of settlers approached cautiously.

'Sir,' came the nervous voice as Vic checked the action of his Bolter. 'We are representatives of Gallows Cross. Due to circumstances, we ask if you would take over the defence contract for our community?'

Vic gave a silent nod and he called, 'Two Fry! Pass the word. Check the perimeter defences and bar the gates.

'Citizens, thank-you for the offer. You may go

back to your business. I'm sure things will be safer from now on.' He turned and started to walk away, 'Now if you'll excuse me, I have work to do.'

Rufus and Joss returned from the perimeter. 'Nothing more to report Sir,' Rufus stated. 'There was just that Pit Slave I took down, the rest seem to have fled.'

'Ok lads, one last sweep to check the gates and then we'll head home.

'It's been a profitable day and we need to take stock.'

Vic strode up to the remains of the Pit Slave and tapped it with his foot, 'Bring this, we need it as evidence.'

The two Juves quickly picked up the remains and loaded them on a bier before heading homeward...

When they returned without a single injury, the traders and inhabitants of Utopia looked at them as though they were blessed.

Their trades went smoothly as Vic arranged for the purchase of an Isotropic Fuel Rod before heading to the Watchmen about infringements of Underhive Law by Diablo Nova. Even with the compelling evidence in front of them, the Watch stated 'Not Guilty'. It made Vic wonder what they would need before the Watch and the Guild would act. He made a mental note to get in touch with his contacts. He suspected that there was something rotten, and that it went to the heart of the Guild itself...

In the local drinking hole when they had finally got back, Vic bought the celebratory round for everyone. He was unable to enjoy it though as something felt wrong.

What it was, he was still unsure of.

Rufus was going over his account of how he'd taken down the Pit Slave, when Vic decided to go over. 'Can I borrow you lad?'

'Sir?' The newly promoted ganger was confused. 'I have a special job for you.' Vic took a data slate from his pocket and handed it to Rufus,

'Pick up this and set it up in the Ruins with Lucifer.'

'And you may want to stop off here while you're at it.' A small strip of paper with a name on it appeared from another pocket.

'OK.' Rufus sounded confused.

'All right lad,' Vic lowered his voice. 'You took Janus' eye. To one like him, that's an insult, he won't let that pass. But now you've taken down his cyborg too. Talk about rubbing salt into the wound.'

'So take the advice and watch your back.'

Understand.'

Rufus nodded.

'Good. Lucifer!'

'Sir.'

'I want you to go with Rufus on a quick errand. It'll hopefully make that rough area more productive.'

Rufus and Lucifer acknowledged Vic and left.

Vic returned to and rocked back in his chair and went back to brooding. Something didn't add up, but he couldn't put his finger on it...

Stubram

Photo Call

Here's all the guys together.



Domino
Game 4: Shoot Out
Pre Battle Narrative Pt 1

Setting the scene for the next chapter of the Warlords, when Stubram and I get round to it, I've come up with the following:

With the setting up of the fuel rod in the generator housing and several prospective settlers busily working to connect the power to the machinery that made life possible, Lucifer felt good about the gang he'd joined. On the way he'd persuaded Rufus to visit the address he'd been given by Vic and now the lad sported another surprise for the inquisitive. He just hoped the lad wouldn't need it.

'Hey! Look what I've found!' one of the settlers cried holding up a skull.

Lucifer rushed over.

Taking the skull and examining it, he uttered, 'Genestealer.

'It's a damned Genestealer!

Looking round he stated, 'Well. I guess we have a name for the place.

'Stealers Pass!'

The small crowd approved and he strode to the gate and fixed the skull on a protrusion above it.

'Rufus!' The lad came running up

'I think we're done here. Let's head back.'

Back home, Rufus went off to practice his drill and maintain his weapons whilst Lucifer reported back to Vic about progress of the new settlement and the name he'd chosen.

Vic was still brooding, working the action on his bolter.

'Sir. The new settlement is up and running and named 'Stealers Pass' for the skull found there.'
'Thank-you Lucifer.' The action snapped

forward as a dummy round chambered in his weapon.

'We have a problem. Things are happening that don't make sense and my usual sources of information are remaining stubbornly quite.' He looked up. 'I don't like it.'

Lucifer stepped forward and picked up the data-slate from the desk and scanned it under Vic's watchful eye. Then he looked worried.

'You see my problem?' the question came out more like a statement.

'Hmmm.' Lucifer nodded.

Vic rose from his chair and set about pacing the room and spoke, 'I want increased patrols starting now and they must be totally random. Never the same mix of numbers and men on any patrol.' He spun and fired the dummy round into a target on the wall, which happened to be a picture of 'The Commissar', Janus, in his old Guard days. It had taken some finding as most of the data on the man's past had mysteriously disappeared or was so classified that an Inquisitor would have had trouble accessing it. 'I don't want our enemies to see a pattern they can exploit.'

'Understood.' Lucifer made to leave.

'Oh, and Lucifer.' Vic returned to his seat, 'Put out some feelers in the place we found you. I've a feeling we may need some extra firepower in the near future.'

Lucifer opened the door, 'Consider it done.'
Then left...

Stubram
Game 4: Shoot Out
Pre Battle Narrative

The grate came free with a rusted screech of metal. Remus cast an apologetic look at Sachus and ducked inside.

Hunched, the two of them crept through the ventworks, shooing off inquisitive vermin and other, less savoury beasts.

'Where are they keeping him?' Sachus growled out from the darkness.

Leading the way, a silhouette in the distance, Remus could still detect the sharp reek of alcohol on Sachus' breath.

'My cousin said that he's been dumped behind the old Watchman's post. They're going to take him for recycling in the morning'

'A man of the 9th! He deserved better. A better end, for better reasons'

'Yes Sarge'. Sachus liked it when the men called him 'Sarge', especially when he was in his drink. He was usually a reflective, quiet drunk, when he drank at all. Just recently though, he'd been drinking more and more, and had been taking time away from the camp. Farrus had said he'd seen him prowling the wastes, talking to himself. Almost arguing.

'We need to keep our voices down though, Sarge. My cousin said that the Whisper Men have this place locked down tight'

'Your cousin'. Remus could detect the slurring sneer on the old man's lips. 'And what else does your cousin have to say, hmm? Sounds like he's got a lot to talk about. Maybe he's got a lot to say to the Whisper Men, hmm? Or the Watch?'

Suddenly, Remus felt strong hands grab him from behind and spin him round. Sachus' tanned, leathery face loomed from the darkness. Eyes wide and white, unblinking. Unseeing.

'Are you going to turn on me too? Are there Watchmen waiting to string me up and then mulch me down for food like poor Astorus? Or is this another test? Is this another of the Commissar's games? Are you in on it? Are you?!'

Remus couldn't breathe, and he couldn't trigger his flamer - in these confines, they'd all go up. He clawed ineffectually at Sachus' steel grip, to no avail.

As oblivion loomed, Remus thought he heard laughter.

'HE WHAT?!'

Igneous - taciturn, stoic Igneous, stood unflinching in the face of his leader's wrath 'I said, boss, the old man is missing, and seems to have taken the new meat with him'

'He wouldn't DARE! I'll have him flayed for

this, and that little slug he's got tagging along'. 'Yes boss, but you gotta catch him first, and the last the lads saw of him, he was heading back to Gallows Cross, so you may have a heap of Whisper and Watchmen to work through first.'

'What's his move?' Igneous was about to reply, before he realised that the Commissar was talking to himself. 'What does he gain? Is he going to throw himself on the Delaques mercy? Insanity!'

The Whisper Men had already tried to report Diablo Nova to the Watch. If Sachus came in asking for asylum, it would only corroborate the Whisper Man's report of the 'Nova's collaboration with an escaped pit slave - they'd all be sentenced.

'The pit slave...pit slave...that's it!' 'Commissar' Janus spun to face Igneous. 'The sentimental old fool is trying to take back his comrade's body'

'What's the play then, boss? We going after them? Give those stinkin' Delaques a kicking at the same time maybe, yeah?'

A calculating look stole over the gangleader's face.

'No, not yet. If Sachus wants to play soldier, then let him. In fact, maybe it's time I got rid of the rest of the dead weight...'

Consciousness came slowly, and then rushed in as Remus tried to take in air through his bruised throat. Coughing and hacking on the floor where he must have fell, he could see Sachus, who had his back to him, talking to a new party.

'Why are you here?' hissed Sachus. 'Did he send you?' By him, it was clear that Sachus meant his leader, the Commissar. 'Well? Speak, damn you!'

The new figure lurched forward into the weak light, giggling. A steel helm hid his features, but everyone knew of 'Bloody' Phorus - even Remus, who had only been with the gang a short while. The puckered burn marks and melted skin - like candle wax - that criss-crossed his body were unmistakable, as was the huge double-handed sword which he now

carried loosely by the cross-guard, dragging the tip along the ground.

The man was a dark legend amongst the local populous - fated, they said, never to die, but to suffer, and to go on suffering until there was nothing left of him.

'I won't go back without Astorus, and you can tell him that, d'you hear?' Sachus was raving now, spittle spraying Phorus' helm.

Unperturbed, Phorus blundered past the drunk sergeant and prone juve, still laughing to himself all the while. He then took up his sword, and began playfully swatting at a nest of milliasaurs nearby

The laughter grew in volume to shrieking. The shrieking turned to howling, and in the blink of an eye the near catatonic ganger had turned into a whirling dervish of rage, hacking all around him and roaring at the top of his lungs. The sound magnified and echoed through the vents.

'To hells with this'. Remus picked himself up and began staggering back the way they had come, ignoring the dumbstruck former sergeant and insane ganger. But it was too late.

A breeze blew against him - lightly at first, but quickly increasing in strength. The breeze was now a gale, the gale a hurricane that picked up the hapless trio and whisked them through the vents.

Bars slammed down, and all three crashed into them with bone-crushing force. The gale wind stopped, and the trapdoor on which they'd been deposited opened up, dropping them with a thump into a large mesh cage.

'Well well, I thought the millasours were in breeding season again, what with all that racket. The clearance routine usually flushes out the big ones, but looks like I got me a prize catch!'

They were in a large room, with the cage in one corner. Machinery filled up nearly every square inch of available space - all related to the air filtration system, or so it seemed.

The settler stood, peering through the thick mesh. He wiped his hands on his grimy overalls, a grin spread across his warted face.

'Looks like it's my lucky day! Our new sheriff'll be happy to see you three, no doubt. Maybe there's a couple 'o bottles 'o Second Best for me. That'll be right good. You just stay here, don't run away' he guffawed at his own humour 'and I'll go get Mr Bascombe'.

The three Goliaths had picked themselves up - battered, but nothing broken. The fall seemed to also have knocked some sense into Phorus, who was now looking around as if waking from a dream.

'Hold there friend'. It was Remus who spoke. 'I can make you a better offer. Will you hear it?'

The settler snorted, but at least turned away from the door.

'And what will you offer me, young 'un, that the leader of the whole settlement can't?'

A pilot light flared in the gloom, putting a sickly cast to Remus' features.

'I'll offer not to set your fat arse on fire'.

Once outside the cage, Remus again led the way.

'Listen, you two, I don't care what you had planned, but we're done. If we're lucky, and we stick to the back streets, we may just get out of here. I grew up here, so shut up and follow me'.

He also wheeled on Sachus.

'You and me, sarge, we got unfinished business, but it can wait until we're out of here, agreed?' Sachus scowled, but nodded, just once.

They were making good headway. Sachus had picked a sleep-cycle to come here, so the settlement was quiet except for late night revellers and a few patrols of Whisper Men.

The winding streets took them near the centre of town - a large clearing, kept as such for public meetings, and public hangings. Darting between buildings, they had to pause as another patrol entered the main square.

‘Alright’ said Sachus, having regained a modicum of control ‘if we just w...’. His voice trailed off into a strangled whisper. Remus saw where he was looking, and the blood drained from his face.

Walking out of the town hall: the leader of the Whisper Men, Vic, another of his lads that Phorus had history with, and....Rufus Johns. Astorus' murderer.

‘No!’ Remus tried to stop the older ganger.
‘Sachus, no! Not here! Not now!’

Former Sargeant Paulo Riva Sachus stood to his full impressive height.

‘No more sneaking for me, boys. This is how it’s going to be. Use the distraction and get clear’.

Domino

Game 4: Gang Fight

Pre Battle Narrative Pt 2

Vic stepped out of the town hall following the successful meeting with the town elders. The transition had led to a drop in local crime. Not because there were more security personnel, but due to the reputation of the Whisper Men. A showdown with Vic and his boys was not looked upon as profitable.

As Rufus and Wash joined him he noticed the odd manner of the few revellers in the square, but it was Wash who spied the three figures making their way purposefully towards them.
‘Heads up Guv.

‘Well now, this is an interesting picture.’ Vic nudged the safety off his boltgun. ‘Stay loose and keep your cool.

Wash and Rufus checked their weapons and indicated their readiness

‘Ok lads. Time to go to work.

They stepped into the square heading towards

He looked down at Remus. Clear eyed, unblinking.

‘I’m sorry, son, for everything. I’d make things right, between us, if I could. Go now. Fight another day’.

Remus looked from the three Delaques, to Sachus, and then Phorus, who's gaze was fixed on the ganger he'd tangled with in the past.

Remus made up his mind.

‘I think these Delaques have had it easy, long enough. Time to show them how Goliath’s really fight’.

With that, he stood up with Phorus in tow, and began walking towards the three Whisper Men.

the three Goliaths with deliberation as the few people already there melted away into the shadows.

Rufus voiced the question, ‘How’d they get in?’
‘Priorities lad. We’ll find the answer for that once we’ve dealt with these interlopers.’

Vic was amazed that only three Goliaths were squaring up to them. This would be the first time they weren’t outnumbered, but it did make him wonder where and what the rest of Diablo Nova were up to.

Mentally taking his own advice, he pushed the thoughts to the back of his mind and headed towards the center of the square to the accompaniment of shutters being dropped protectively into place.

Six men walked towards each other.

No one knew how many would walk out...



Domino Game 4: Gang Fight Battle Report



It was Rufus who broke the stand-off. He pulled his Plasma Pistol thinking he saw his opposite number twitch. It wasn't the case though. Just over eagerness on his part. Stroking the trigger, a ball of plasma accelerated towards Remus who managed to hit the dirt in a dazzling show of reflexes.

All the other gangers drew their guns except for Bloody Phorus who raised his sword ready to charge forward, only to be stopped by a Boltgun round from Vic which put him out of action. Wash managed to fire from the hip at the 'Sarge' who also avoided the shot by 'kissing the ground'.



Silence had descended in the square except for the crunch of the everyday detritus underfoot as the two groups approached each other until they stood a few feet apart.

Watching.
Waiting...



Quickly standing again to attempt to return fire, Remus dodged another bolt of plasma. The sarge wasn't so lucky as he took a boltgun round and went down. With seeming Herculean effort he managed to slap on a field dressing and with Remus, grabbed Phorus and used him as a shield and left the settlement.





Vic held Wash and Rufus back. 'Let them go. Lesson learned.' He then looked at Rufus, 'You're on extra duties. I told you to keep cool. Now it's time to start looking for the hole in the towns security.'



This game was over very quickly so we got a second game in after a quick resolution of Injuries, XP, etc.

I gained a Needle Rifle, Grav-Chute and Photo Visor on the rare trade which I bought and have held in my stash ready for later.

I suggested that Stubram 's fighters would recover at the end of the quick-draw, giving his remaining fighters the chance of some pay-back should he get the first round. He lost the roll-off and it was 'game over'.

Stubram Game 4: Gang Fight Battle Report

Not too much to add, as Domino said -It was over pretty quickly, but really enjoyed it nonetheless.

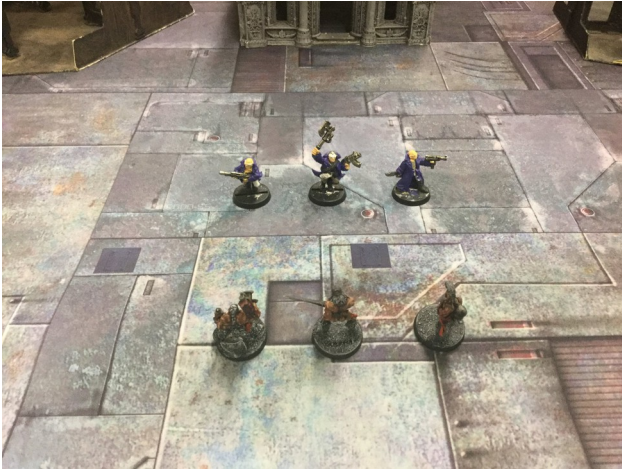
My usual atrocious dice rolling finally found a purpose as we rolled to see who would break the ceasefire first. I knew that, if I could get within 8 inches, my flamer and berserker may be able to pull me through. -

The boys spot Vic, Wash and the hated Rufus leaving the town hall -



No one blinks

And are spotted in return, leaving the air filtration plant



Until Rufus, perhaps sensing that he was the focus of the Goliath's hate, went for his guns





The boys lasted longer than anticipated, but the low rolls that forced the Whisper Men to break first, also cost me when it came to initiative, with all three Whisper Men shooting first. I lasted another turn, but was immediately floored again, this time with Phorus picking up even more Horrific Scars from a boltgun blast from Vic, and Sachus going Man Down, then Out (maybe the booze finally caught up with him!)

As a bonus, each of my men earned 11 extra Exp, plus the D6 roll, meaning that Remus is now a bit of a mean character with a very handy trio of skills, namely Berserk Charge, Feint (which turns a fumble in to a positive - especially good as he has a chain), and Iron Jaw, which gives him benefits if he's 12" or closer to the enemy - useful as he has a hand flamer!.

On to the Fluff to try and explain this madness

Stubram

Game 4: Gang Fight

Post Battle Narrative

The rhythmical sound of something solid hitting meat. Over, and over.

Sachus fell to his knees, spitting blood. He shakily regained his feet only for a fist to crash into his mouth yet again. This time he didn't recall falling, and so was completely unprepared when the floor rose to meet him, mangling his battered face even further.

Still, he didn't make a sound. The 'Guard in him was too stubborn, too proud. He wouldn't beg, nor plead.
Even if it killed him.

Breathing heavily, his leader towered over Sachus' prone form. One word ground out between clenched teeth.
'Why?'

Taking a chance that he wouldn't be knocked down again, Sachus attempted to rise, but his legs wouldn't support him. He settled for resting on his knees. He spat out another glob of bloody phlegm before looking up and answering.

'Pride'

It looked as if Janus was about to strike him again, but when he stayed his hand, Sachus took it as leave to continue.

'Pride is all we have left. I've seen what you've seen. I'm as damned as you. My cause is yours, but it all has to be for something. I followed you, sir. Me, and a few others. Mostly dead now. Astorus was one of the last. I couldn't leave him to be discarded like trash'.

'You fool'. The Commissar's voice was low; dangerous, but controlled. 'You say you've seen what I've seen, but you've yet to understand. We're ALL trash. We don't matter, only the cause – the final goal. You jeopardised that with your unsanctioned attack. I c..'
'With respect, sir'. Sachus cut in. 'If you're going to shoot me, just do it'

A displacement of air, and the large-bore bolt pistol was inches from Sachus' face.

'I have considered it' said Janus. 'In my former role, you'd not have even made it back to camp. However, there is a role for you to play still, and it's beyond you or I to influence it'.

The pistol was holstered just as quickly.

‘Stay here, sergeant, and heal your wounds, but just consider this: You know what I am capable of - I am not a merciful man, so do not think that your punishment has been rescinded. If I’m sparing you, it’s because a worse fate awaits

you, and I tell you this – far better for you to fall on your own sword now than meet it, though meet it I know you will’.

The Commissar donned his cap and turned to go.

‘Your pride won’t allow you to do anything else’.

Domino

Game 4: Shoot Out

Post Battle Narrative

After collecting income and buying a Needle Rifle, Photo Visor and Grav Chute, Vic decided that they would have to look into a new source of income to help balance the books.

The local Watch had set about investigating the crack in Gallows Cross’ security that had let the Goliath’s in.

As part of his punishment, Vic had Rufus cleaning the latrines with a toothbrush as well as pulling extra watches.

Going over the maps in his office, an area outside their control in the wastes showed promise. It was suggested that there was still rich pickings in the area.

‘Rufus!’

The disgraced ganger ran into Vic’s hut. ‘Sir’. ‘Get your equipment and pass the word. We’re going on a treasure hunt.’

He smiled inwardly. A chance to make some extra creds and have a change of routine...

Stubram

Game 5: Scavengers

Battle Report

Domino won the choice of scenario and took pity on the battered Goliaths after they’d just lost yet another game. It was also one we hadn’t played in this campaign, though favoured me as a) I outnumber him and b) he doesn’t need the credits, but I’m broke.

After setting the 6 counters out fairly evenly (Domino set them high to favour his sniping tactics, I set them ground level to encourage close combat), we picked table ends and got to it.

As per usual, the Novas don’t hang around and sprint forward to grab what they can





With the Whisper Man centre broken, Diablo Nova swarm forward -



This time, however, they show some brains and set up covering fire -



The Whisper Men scramble to secure two scrap pieces and return fire, but whatever powers protected them seem to have abandoned the gang - none of their return fire causes injury, and two of the gang run out of ammo -

A grenade blast takes out Kid Tuesday and floors the hated Lucifer Sqibb



'Bloody' Phorus spots the cause of all his misery laying prone and helpless (Phorus has received no less than 7 serious injuries this campaign, and every one has come from Lucifer's flamer!). He charges into the open, keen to finish the hapless heavy, but his head injury fouls him mere metres away!





With Whisper Men dropping left and right, The Commissar himself makes an appearance, driving off those few Delaue still standing, and securing a much needed victory for the Goliaths



Huzzah! Diablo Nova finally come good, though I have to say that this was probably in part to my opponent, who not only purposley picked a scenario which favoured me, but who also failed to wound a single ganger, who ran out of ammo several times, and had generally rotten luck all the way through, whilst I was rolling 6's to keep the grenade launcher and bolt pistols in the game.

Despite all that, he played like a gent - great game!

Domino

Game 5: Scavengers or This is New! Battle Report

Stubram covered this pretty well so I'll just add some pics and fill in a couple of blanks (Which seemed to be what my gang had loaded into their guns.



Rushing forward Vic and Two Fry scaled the building on the right flank to claim the scrap there while Rufus and Joss did the same on the left.

On the ground Wash and Ulysses attempted to get in position to set up a crossfire.



Kid Tuesday accompanied Lucifer through the centre and fell victim to Atticus Hex's grenade launcher.

This was the start of a series of reversals for the Whisper Men as their guns ran out of ammo almost every time a shot was fired and would have caused more damage with Nerf guns as they failed to wound every time they hit.



Holding two pieces of scrap, The Whisper men Bottled it before it got too hot for them.



When Ulysses went down next to Wash, Wash lost his nerve and ran for cover where he couldn't be seen. He wouldn't regain his resolve this game.



Two of the gang; Lucifer and Kid Tuesday lined up for serious injuries with Ulysses avoiding having to go on the table.

The Kid ended up being captured after a re-roll from his original 'Hand Injury' and, yet again, Lucifer made a full recovery earning the moniker 'Teflon' from @Stubram as every time he has injuries he avoids the table or gets Full Recovery.

To sum up: A well deserved win for Diablo Nova a long time coming.



Domino

Game 5: Scavengers

Post Battle Narrative

Once holed up in a safe area Vic asked,
'Where's the Kid?'

No one knew.

'last I saw of him, he was by Lucifer'

Eyes focused on the Specialist. 'I don't know either Guv. I was lucky to get out myself.' He slapped a fresh dressing on his wound.

Vic stood, 'Right then. We re-arm and go fetch him. I'd hate to think what Janus has in store for him, if that's who has him.'

A quick check showed the coast to be clear and Vic led the way out.

Back at HQ, Vic took out a rifle and passed it to Lucifer along with a sight. 'Look after this.'

Lucifer checked it over and whistled in exclamation. 'How'd you come by this rarity?'

'I have my connections. Now, I want you covering the advance as the rest of us go forward.'

'Very good Guv.' Lucifer stroked the rifle in the

way that gave away his expertise, 'I should be able to do some damage with this.'

'See that you do. Our honour is at stake on this one, including our reputation.'

Vic spread out a map and pointed to a point some distance from Gallows Cross, 'This is where I believe the Kid will be if Janus has him. And if he hasn't... Well, it just gives us chance to find out some more info while we look around.'

Lucifer quickly stripped the rifle into sub assemblies that could be reassembled in seconds and stowed it in his pack.

Once the pack was up on his back, he connected his flamer to his recharged tank. 'OK Guv', I'm all set.'

Vic slammed a new magazine home into his Bolter, 'Good. Lets go find our boy.'

he walked out of his hut followed closely by Lucifer.

Domino

Stubram has suggested we start using treacherous conditions on our next game and I am planning on bringing in a Redemption Crusade later.

Using the background that I was originally planning for the 'Tribe meet' in Nottingham, I thought it may give us an excuse for the sudden change in conditions as so far the weather has been exceptionally good in the dome.

It's a little lengthy as far as narrative goes, even using a very abridged approach.

Hopefully I've managed to capture the flavour.

Enjoy:)

The self Flagellation Society

Charlie made his way through the Seminary corridors into the main hall where other members of the faithful were gathered to see him off.

He'd just finished 2 years penance. Calls of 'Good on yer Charlie boy' and 'Keep the faith' followed him.

Overlooking it all was Arch Bishop Bridger with his aid, Keats.

'Just look at that Keats. Anyone would think he's been on holiday, not doing penance for transgressions of the faith.'

'No Arch Bishop.'

At that moment Charlie passed them, pausing slightly to say, 'Good bye Bishop Bridger.' With a whimsical grin.

'Did you hear that Keats?' an annoyed look passing over his features. 'He said good bye Bishop Bridger.'

'Well he is getting out Sir.' Keats responded.

'Well he doesn't have to look so happy about it.' Bridger stated as he leaned on the banister rail in front of him.

'Rumour has it that he's going to do a crusade in

the next dome,' Keats stated.

'Well he better like Bionic parts. The Guilders Cyber convert all captives there.'

Outside was a waiting transport driven by Laura. As she drove she filled him in on the latest news and events.

He scanned the interior, checking the glove-box and dash and finding an emblem. Laura still babbled away as he looked at her.

'This transpor belongs to the local Guilder.'

'Well I wanted you to come out in style Charlie.'

'I don't believe it. I'm out five minutes and already I'm in an unclean motor,' he stated in annoyance. 'Take me to my tailor.'

Sometime later, after he had sorted out his affairs, he made his way to see Mrs Beckerman whose husband had disappeared while scouting out info for the crusade.

'Hello Charlie. My husband said you'd come by.' She lit a fumerillo and inhaled deeply.

Pushing a case towards him she continued, 'In that case is all the information my husband gathered whilst scouting the territory before his disappearance. It's yours now.'

'Where do you fit in this?' he asked as he opened the case and checked one of the data slates.

'I don't,' She responded. 'I'm due to catch the next transport out.'

'Ahh.' He closed the case and got up to leave.

'But that still gives us four hours to kill,' she said suggestively.

Charlie pulled a small (Blank or Blanks) from his robes. 'I know exactly what you mean'

Back in his abode, Charlie checked through the documents and called Camp Freddie.

The coms was answered. 'Hello. Freddie, It's Charlie. I've got a job and I need to contact Bridger.'

'That's Bishop Bridger to you. And I don't think you have the sort of job that would interest him.'

'But Freddie, this job is big.'

'Charlie, you couldn't even spell big.' The line disconnected.

'yes I can. B-i-g, big.'

Charlie set to digging out his tools and made ready to go to the seminary during the sleep

cycle. He knew Bishop Bridger's routine and thought this was the only way he could get backing for the crusade.

Once he had what he needed, he set off.

Breaking into the seminary was easy enough, though Bridger wasn't too happy about it. After subjecting Charlie to penance, via Camp Freddie, Bishop Bridger gave his backing and ordered that another visit be paid.

'I don't think Charlie will be very happy to see us Bishop Bridger.'

'I don't care what you think Camp Freddie.'

Charlie's got a good plan so do what I say.

'There's even a turf war going on that'll distract the Guild and the Watch. He's got everything going for him.'

'Ok Bishop Bridger. I'll go see him.' Camp Freddie responded.

'He'll need a Zealot too. The best one in the dome is Professor Peach. Now run along and do as I say.' The line went dead.

Preparations started soon after with weapons and supplies being sorted. Professor Peach was traced through his sister to a lodging on the other side of the dome.

Once Charlie and Camp Freddie explained what they required Professor Peach responded.

'I see,' he intoned. 'You need a specialist. My faith, your brawn.'

'Now if there was a parabolic mirror over there,' he pointed to a building, 'I could see straight into the hardware store to that giant chainsaw in the window. Couldn't do it myself. Someone would have to fit it for me. It's cooperation see. Its big you know. I like 'em big. Big!' his eyes went glassy as his arms widened.

Charlie smiled, 'Ah, Professor. Take a look out of the window.'

Professor Peach did as directed. In the street was a transport with two nuns holding up a huge Eviscerator sporting an Exterminator cartridge.

Upon seeing it, the Professor sucked in his lower lip and turned with an expression that could only be translated as love.

The room was taken up with a long table around which several of the faithful were clustered.

'Brethren. Brethren please.'

'We are about to do a job in the next dome and I would like to introduce you all to each other.'

Charlie started walking round the table indicating each of the crew taking some part in the job. 'First, Deacon Bailey. He'll be my number two. Now you all know Bill. He's just done three years in the Seminary. He's as faithful as the day is long and you can trust him. Second, the getaway. This will be done in three transports and they will be driven by Brothers Chris, Tony, and Dominic.'

One of the drivers said, 'All right chaps.' And was met with groans of derision.

Charlie regained control, 'Alright! Alright! These chinless wonders will get you out of the dome faster than anyone else on four wheels. Remember that!

'Once we get out of the dome we will transfer to a mass transporter driven by Brother William, better known as Big William, for very obvious reasons.

'Now, we come to the Professor, the Professor is our Zealot and is in charge of all matters relating to close combat techniques. So I don't want anyone putting him down just because he seems a little extreme.

'I know he's got some... very funny habits,' Charlie picked up a copy of What Chainsaw, 'but make him feel at home. He's very important to the operation.'

'Finally, and very quickly, I would like to introduce the Brothers who are going to do the job with me.

Touching each Brother on the shoulders, he listed them off, 'Arthur, Frank, Rozzer, Coco, Yellow, Deacon Freddie you all know.

'Roger, Dave and Sister Lorna will be in reserve with three fast transports in case anything goes wrong. Right?

Taking position back at the head of the table, 'Now, it's a very difficult job, and the only way to get through it is, we work together as a team.' Charlie paused slightly, 'And that means you do everything I say.'

Much preparation went on until the fateful day. Arch Bishop Bridger in full regalia came to see them off with some words of encouragement. 'All ready to go?'

'Yes Arch Bishop.'

'Plans worked out to the last detail? Everything taken care of?'

'Yes Arch Bishop.'

'Well you've overlooked one thing. The Guilders.

'They'll be waiting for you.'

As they walked, Arch Bishop Bridger explained, 'In every report there are signs that the Guild are up to something. If they were responsible for Brother Beckerman's disappearance, you can bet they won't take kindly to your foray.'

'You're not calling the crusade off?' Charlie asked.

'So long as you know what your taking on.'

'The Guild.'

'Yes. The guild.

'You're about to lead a crusade right under the Guilds noses, and they won't like that.

'That's why they killed Brother Beckerman. It's a question of prestige.

'If you go through with this, you've got to win. If you muck it up don't ever think of coming back, except in your coffin.'

They finally left and made their way across the wastes to the next dome to be met by a huge set of doors.

'Get the explosives and blow this door, if we can't get in we can't do the job.

'Alright Charlie.' Bill called out and ushered Arthur forward, who quickly set demolition charges round the door.

Everyone took cover as the countdown started.

Five... Four... Three... Two... One...

The huge explosion threw dust and debris over everyone and Arthur looked at Charlie with a nervous grin as a large hole, big enough to fly a Thunder hawk gunship through was revealed.

'You're only supposed to blow the bloody doors off!' Charlie exclaimed as he looked at the tangle of wires and pipes. 'Come on. Let's find a place to set camp.'

The explosion was felt through the dome as a tremor like those accompanying a hive quake...

