

WARHAMMER
40,000



CARNAGE!

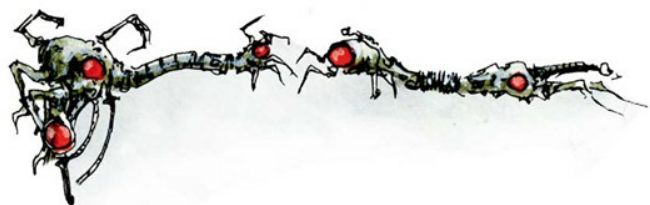
4 PLAYER MISSION



WARHAMMER 40,000: CARNAGE!

Throughout the blood-soaked history of the Warhammer 40,000 universe, there have been countless occasions where three rival factions have converged upon a single location to do battle. Rarer, but even more terrible, are the clashes that arise when four such armies contest a single war zone. These momentous confrontations are invariably brutal and bloody affairs, with no quarter asked or given. Each commander seeks mastery of the battlefield, but to do so is to defeat no fewer than three of his peers – a grim and thankless task, but one steeped in glory should he emerge victorious.

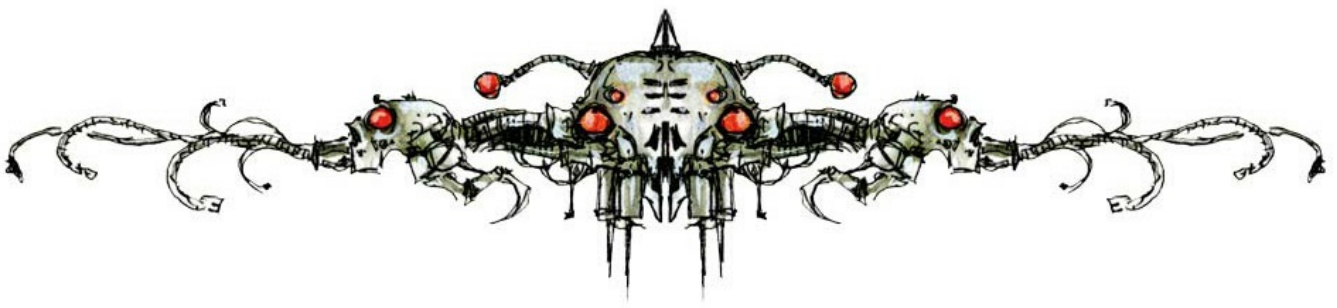
For four antagonists to vie so bitterly over a specific battlefield, the prize must be of a suitably grave import. The cause of such a clash will likely be a weapon of great power, or a long-lost piece of technology that can help to turn the tide of the war at large – a lesser reason would not draw so many to its location, nor be worth the risk in both resources and manpower.



Designer's Note: *Carnage!* is a special mission designed to be played by four armies of equal size, each fighting against one another to lay claim to a powerful artefact. Though far from essential, we find this mission even more exciting when it is fought between armies selected from four different codexes.







‘Them Blood Axes, eh,’ said Gobrot Bullmek, idly picking wax from his ear with his favourite screwdriver. ‘Look at ‘em, rustlin’ away in them trees like a buncha scared grots. Dead stoopid, if they think they gonna get killin’ before us Goffs.’

‘Yeah, stupid Blood Axes,’ said Nograd, surreptitiously loosening his longknife in its scabbard.

‘All that sneakin’ and camel-flarge gubbins,’ opined Gobrot, ‘strappin’ leaves to themselves and puttin’ bitsa tree on their wagons. Whole point’s ta get stuck in first, right? Loud and proud! And I heard they make nice with da humies, too.’ The Mek spat a gobbet of earwax onto the ground, squishing it into the dust with an iron-shod boot. ‘I heard they even made deals with them tank-lovin’ army-runts on da uvver side of that pyrama-jig triangle fing. Wot’s that about?’

‘Proffit,’ said Nograd, darting forward to slam an open palm into the end of the Bullmek’s probing screwdriver, plunging its tip deep into the Mek’s brain. He stabbed his cross-eyed victim with three frenzied lunges of his longknife before grabbing the Mek’s tellyporta trigger and pressing the big green button. He bellowed ‘Charge! WAAAAGH!’ at the top of his voice, and then fizzled out of existence.

As flickering green light played across their master’s corpse, Gobrot’s oiler-grots sent up a chorus of high-pitched shrieks. The Goff boyz in the camp got to their feet, dropping squigmeat skewers and gnawed humie-legs in bewilderment.

‘Someone sed charge?’

‘Wot, now? Charge, is it?’

‘Charge! CHARGE! WAAAGH!’

In dribs and drabs, then in a tide of roaring, stamping belligerence, the Goffs poured over the ruined walls of their encampment and out in the open.

‘Open fire,’ said Colonel Lambastis, smug satisfaction lurking under his clipped tones. ‘Nearest group first, then walking barrage over the

*pyramid and into the Ork camp. Infantry follow in close order behind.
I want the area secure before dark.'*

The Vogen 344th was quick to obey, and within seconds, the crump-boom of an artillery barrage shook the clearing. The roars of brutish xenos filled the air. Battlecries and the screams of the wounded blended into the familiar cacophony of war.

In the corner of the command tent, the vox-desk crackled with terse orders as the infantry platoons engaged with clockwork precision. Content that the battle was as good as won, the Colonel turned to his Primaris aide, a robed hunchback so twisted that his autospine was all that kept him upright.

'Honestly, Gallweed, these greenskins. If they think they can charge the Vogen 344th over open ground they must be even more stupid than I thought.'

'Indeed, sir,' said the psyker, loosening the ritual kris he kept in his robe's capacious sleeves. 'Their intellect is poor... even if their raw savagery is... impressive.'

Lambastis looked askance at his aide as the distant roar of battle grew to a din.

'You think the xenos impressive, Gallweed?'

'No sir,' said the psyker, 'I think them useful.' Serpent-fast, he slit his own wrist and flicked blood into his superior officer's face. It fizzled like acid, eating away the Colonel's face and melting into his skull.

Gore drizzled down and formed spreading pools as Lambastis died in agony, the scent of mingled blood coppery and rich in the confines of the command tent. Gallweed's eyes filled red as he chanted something in the long-forgotten tongue that he had learned from the pyramid scant days before. Below him, the sticky red puddles started roiling with unnatural life.

Slowly, impossibly, long-limbed figures began to draw themselves out from the dark pools of gore.

Gore drooled from the biting edge of Boss Raskrag's choppa onto the leafy mulch of the Ork camp. A few seconds before, Nograd had appeared out of nowhere in a flash of light that most likely gave away their position. The warboss had reacted as he usually did under pressure: axe first, ask questions later. He stubbed out his cigar on the brains leaking from Nograd's bifurcated head and clicked his gnarled fingers for the attention of his Nobz.

'Oi! You lot, lissen up! By the sounds of it, Nograd here got them Goffs to take the heavy fire for us, before he came down wiv a nasty case of axe-inna-head. While them stoopid gits are keepin' the army-runts busy on the front, we Blood Axes are gonna get stuck in sneaky-like. Go round the side of the pyramid and kill them humies good. Come ta that, kill any Goffs ya see, too.'

'Round the side of the wot, boss?' asked Defftenant Gruppa, scratching the section of exposed skull he liked to hide under his peaked cap.

'The big pointy hill,' said Raskrag, waving a hand irritably at the ancient structure that was just about visible through the trees. 'I want whatever's inside that thing by time it gets dark. Must be some good loot if them humies are after it. Now the Goffs have got 'emselves blown up it should be easy enuff to kill everything wot moves.'

'Right you are, boss,' grinned Gruppa toothily, the rest of the Nobs cackling eagerly behind him as they turned to make their advance.

'And if yer see one of them humie Dreads,' called Raskrag. 'Save it fer me. I've got a hankerin' fer a nice big kill.'

'Kill...kill for the throne of skulls...' whispered the gangling red monsters pulling themselves from the pools of blood that Gallweed had spilt upon the peaty earth. A few metres away, the Primaris Psyker's autospine clicked frantically as he retreated into the corner of the tent, his drawn face white with horror.

'You're... you're not...' he stammered, pointing a wavering finger at the tallest of the horned Daemons.

'We are not the scions of the Architect, neither are we thine to command, stupid mortal.'

Snorting in shock and fear, Gallweed's eyes blazed with white fire. He reached out with shaking fingers to blast the Daemon back to the pit from whence it came. The hellish creature lunged, snatching off Gallweed's head so fast he didn't even have time to scream.

Holding the withered trophy by the hair, the red-skinned Daemon used it to describe a wide loop in the air. The blood that was still pouring out of the head hung in defiance of gravity rather than falling to the floor, making a gory circle.

'Come, brothers,' called the Daemon Herald. 'It is time for murder, and slaughter, and carnage unbound.'

The rough loop of blood hanging in the air blazed open wide. A

*heartbeat later, a colossal incarnation of murder burst through the
portal on wings of dark fire.*

The legions of Khorne poured out behind it.



CARNAGE!

‘The armies of no fewer than three enemies stand before us. Let us paint the world red with their blood!’

Rumours abound of an artefact of great value that has been discovered deep in no man’s land. Control of this powerful archeotech could well change the fortunes of the ongoing conflict. So have four ambitious commanders converged on its location, ready to fight to the death against all who would threaten their recovery of this priceless artefact.

THE ARMIES

All players choose armies as described in the Fighting a Battle section of the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook.



Designer’s Note: As there is a limited amount of space on an average gaming table, we suggest limiting your armies to no more than 1500 points a side unless you have a suitably large battlefield to fight over.



THE BATTLEFIELD

Use the deployment map included with this mission. Place an objective marker in the centre of the battlefield to represent the Artefact. Then set up terrain as described in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook. Note that in this mission, no impassable or lethal terrain can be deployed within 6" the centre of the board, though we suggest placing a hill or other suitably imposing terrain piece in the centre for a more cinematic feel.

DEPLOYMENT

Before any models are deployed, all players must roll to determine their Warlord Traits.

Each player rolls a D6, re-rolling ties. Whoever rolls highest can decide which deployment zone they wish to set up in. The remaining players take it in turns to choose their deployment zones, starting with the player who rolled the second highest score, and so on. Next, each player rolls a D6, re-rolling ties. Whoever rolls lowest must deploy his entire army first. The remaining players take it in turns to deploy their entire army, starting with the player who rolled the second lowest result, and so on.

FIRST TURN

Each player rolls a dice, re-rolling ties. Whoever rolls highest takes the first player turn, with play proceeding clockwise (by deployment zone) from that point onwards (players cannot attempt to Seize the Initiative in this mission).

GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length (see the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook). For the purposes of this mission, each game turn comprises four player turns – one for each player.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the game, the player who has scored the most Victory Points wins the game. If two or more players have the same number of Victory Points, the game is a draw between those players.

PRIMARY OBJECTIVES

At the end of the game, the player who controls the closest model to the Artefact receives 2D6 Victory Points. If models from two or more players are equidistant from the Artefact at the end of the game, distribute the Victory Points earned for controlling the Artefact between those players (rounding fractions up).

SECONDARY OBJECTIVES

Slay the Warlord*, First Blood, Linebreaker*.

*Note that players earn 1 Victory point for each enemy Warlord that they slay. Furthermore, for the purposes of Linebreaker, you earn 1 Victory Point for each enemy deployment zone in which you have one or more scoring or denial units.

MISSION SPECIAL RULES

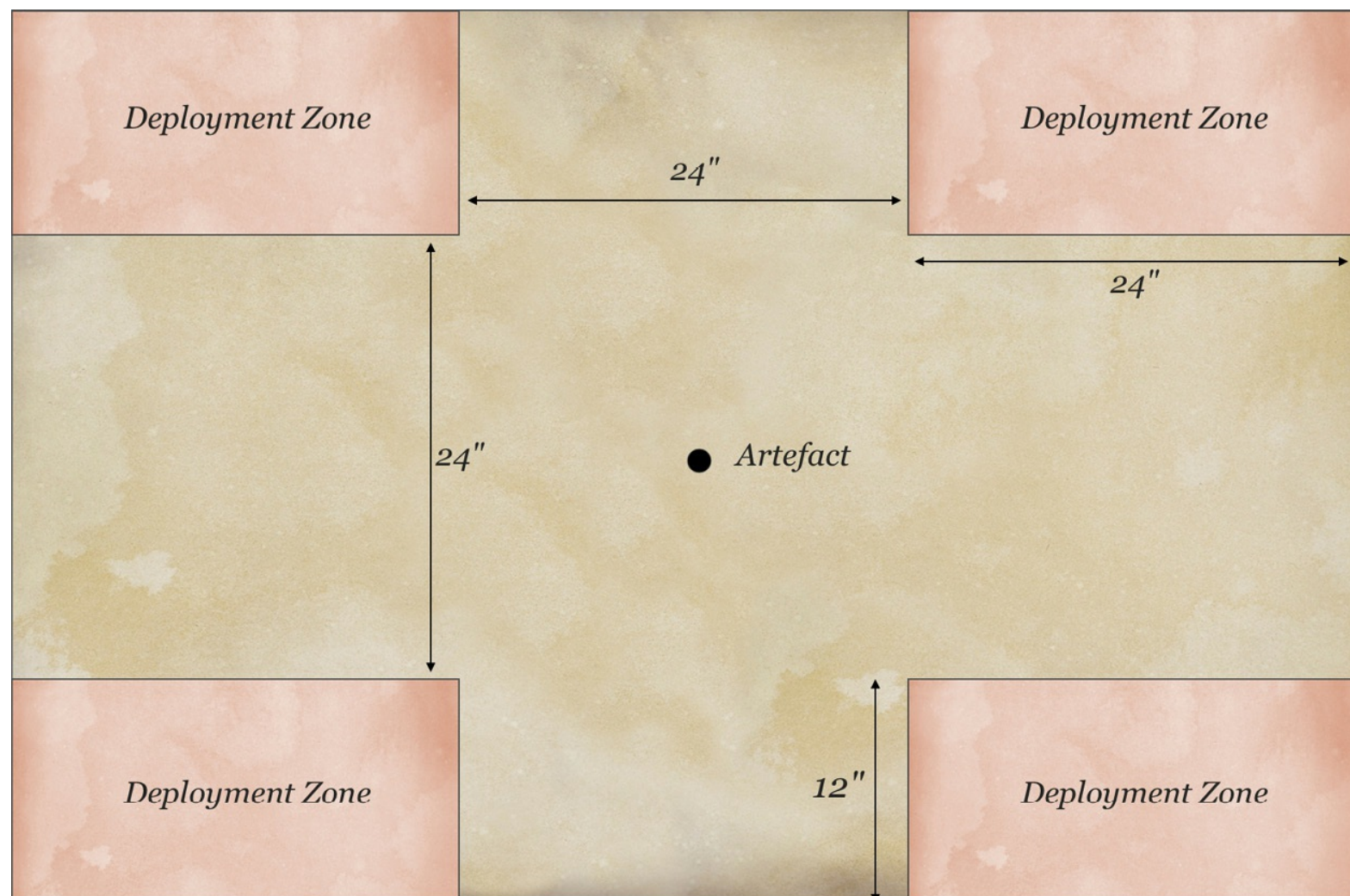
Reserves: Units arriving from Reserve may do so from any point on any table edge that is within the controlling player's deployment zone.

The Artefact: The Artefact follows the rules for a Mysterious Objective (see the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook).

Dawn Assault: In this scenario, the Night Fighting rules are always in effect during Game Turn 1.

Lines of Retreat: Units Fall Back towards the closest point of their deployment zone.

Massed Melees: During the Assault phase of each player turn, only resolve combats that include one or more units belonging to the player whose turn it is. If that player's units are involved in a multiple combat, resolve the entire multiple combat as normal, regardless of how many players are involved in it.



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