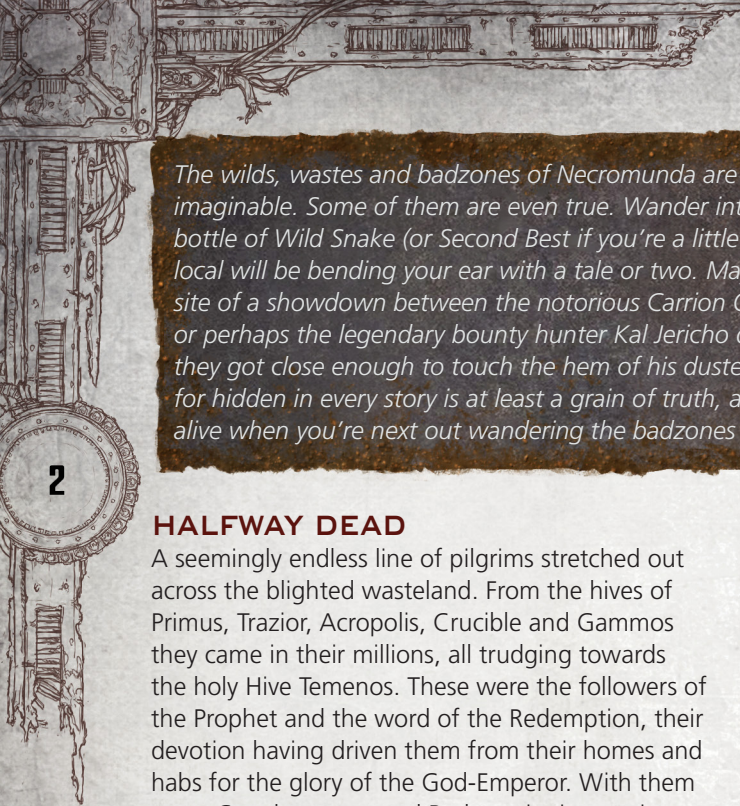




APOCRYPHA NECROMUNDA



HALFWAY DEAD



The wilds, wastes and badzones of Necromunda are filled with legends and myths of every colour and kind imaginable. Some of them are even true. Wander into any drinking hole in Hive Primus and crack open a bottle of Wild Snake (or Second Best if you're a little light on creds) and within moments some crusty-faced local will be bending your ear with a tale or two. Maybe their little corner of the underhive was once the site of a showdown between the notorious Carrion Queens and the equally nefarious Irontree Reavers, or perhaps the legendary bounty hunter Kal Jericho drank at the very bar you're sitting at now and they got close enough to touch the hem of his duster. Whatever the yarn, you'd do well to listen carefully, for hidden in every story is at least a grain of truth, and maybe even a lesson or two that might keep you alive when you're next out wandering the badzones looking for trouble...

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HALFWAY DEAD

A seemingly endless line of pilgrims stretched out across the blighted wasteland. From the hives of Primus, Trazior, Acropolis, Crucible and Gammos they came in their millions, all trudging towards the holy Hive Temenos. These were the followers of the Prophet and the word of the Redemption, their devotion having driven them from their homes and habs for the glory of the God-Emperor. With them came Cawdor gangs and Redemptionist warriors, on foot or mounted on ramshackle vehicles, shepherding the hordes towards their destination.

The outland settlement of Halfway had become a hub for these travellers, the tiny town crowded with the faithful. Not all who passed through the dilapidated gates of Halfway were pilgrims, however. Ashwood Stranger, famed outlaw, had, for the time being, taken up residence in the Halfcut, one of Halfway's more notorious drinking holes. When death came to Halfway, Ashwood was sitting at the bar, nursing a bottle of Wild Snake and trying hard to forget the reasons he had left Hive Primus in his wake.

Out beyond the settlement's flimsy walls, shapes moved among the dunes. Cloaked and masked against the outlands, they blended into the ashen ground. They were led by the Wind that Walks, a fearsome nomad warrior. From his concealment, he took in the pounding of hundreds of careless feet, the murmur of strange crude tongues and the disgusting smell of creatures that had no place beyond the walls of their steel cities. By contrast, the Tsun'ghar war party surrounding the Wind that Walks were silent as ghosts. Only his well-honed senses could even tell they were there, hidden among the rolling dust dunes. When the Stormcaller Un'yarl raised their hands to the sky and called upon the World Spirit's wrath, the Wind that Walks leapt up from the dust, and like the storm clouds brewing at his back, descended on the settlement of Halfway.

Unaware of the danger lurking just at the edge of the coming storm, pilgrims, outlanders and travellers of all stripes huddled together under whatever shelter they could find. The small wasteland settlement was so crowded with the faithful that they had spilled out into the surrounding wastes. Battered vehicles, tents made from scavenged refuse and dugout shelters dotted the arid plains around the tiny town, all packed with ragged pilgrims. A handful of Cawdor gangers, some perched on the backs of mechanical Ridge Walkers, scanned the coming storm for danger, but like the pilgrims, they too could see nothing but the rolling dust clouds descending on Halfway.



At first, the Cawdor fighters and pilgrims merely hunkered down or covered their faces against the ashen gale. Then shapes appeared in the gloom, followed a second later by flashes of blast rifle fire. Terror engulfed the gathered hivers as they realised what was happening. Some gangers fired back, trying to stem the nomad assault, but most turned along with the thousands of pilgrims and made for the dubious safety of Halfway's walls.

Within the town, a score of Cawdor gangers tried to force the ramshackle settlement gates closed. The walls, fashioned from cast-off vehicle plating and hive detritus, shook as the storm wind battered them, though the gates were buckling not under the rising gale but the mass of hivers trapped outside, trying to force their way in.

Like a crashing ocean wave, the stormfront washed over the town. Dust rushed down the main street and in an instant the world became a murky yellow twilight. In the Halfcut, Ashwood looked up from his Wild Snake as dust billowed in through gaps in the shutters, listening to the sounds of gunfire getting steadily closer. He placed one pistol on the counter, then went back to his drink.

Beyond the walls of Halfway, the Wind that Walks stalked the gloom, a curved hunting blade in each hand. Moving swiftly across the ash, the nomad chieftain cut down the hive dwellers, painting the ground crimson with their blood. Often they would fall without ever seeing their killer, firing their weapons blindly or running for the false safety of the settlement, only for him to open their throats in a single well-timed blow.

From out of the swirling dust, the town materialised before the nomad. Dozens of bodies were piled before its gates, their flesh blasted and cut by the nomads' weapons. From gaps in the wall, flashes of gunfire tried to bring down the Tsun'ghar fighters, but it was random, the defenders attacking the storm itself in their fear.

Reaching out with his senses, the Wind that Walks felt the wasteland spirits moving among his people, favouring them and guiding their aim, their movements and their wrath. The nomad chieftain felt the presence of the Arthromite creatures burrowing under the earth, summoned by their will. Seeking out one spirit in particular, the Wind that Walks focused on Vau'ghar, the Fire Spirit, channelling its rage and chaos into the Arthromites.

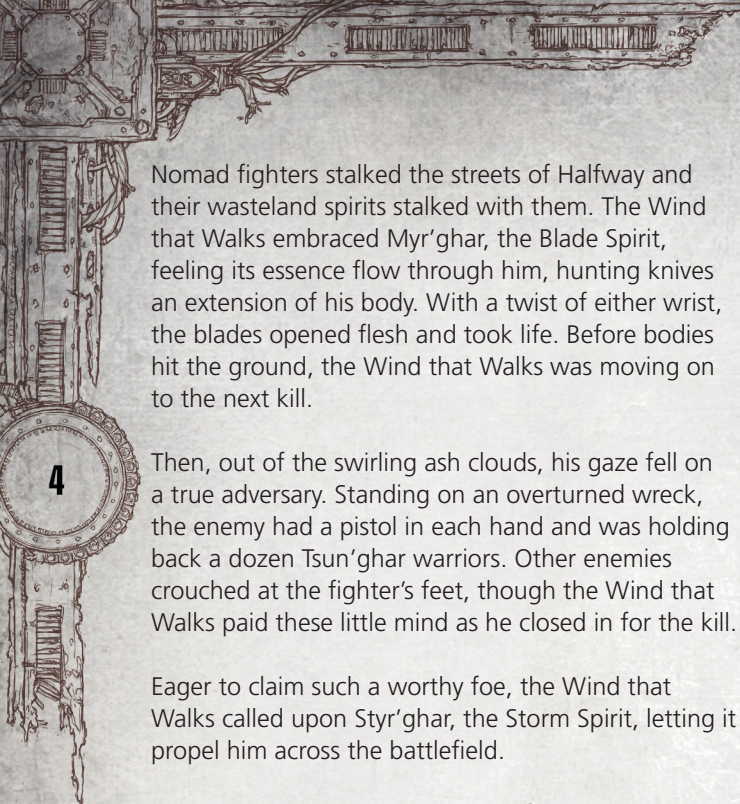
From the ash a Duneskuttler emerged in a shower of grey earth, hurling itself through those pilgrims still battering at the settlement gates, and bringing them down with a squeal of tortured metal. As the gates fell, the Wind that Walks leapt over the wreckage, plunging into the midst of the terrified defenders, blades extended, ready to kill.

In the taproom of the Halfcut Drinking Hole, Ashwood's bottle of Wild Snake was almost empty when a Cawdor ganger staggered through the doorway. The newcomer took three shaky steps toward Ashwood, before pitching forwards into a bloody heap next to the bar, his back riddled with stab wounds.

A moment later a cloaked shape appeared in the entrance, gore-streaked knife in one hand, pistol in the other. One of the patrons, a drunken Orlock, got unsteadily to his feet and groped for a sawn-off. Before his hand could touch the weapon, the nomad was in the room and had gunned him down with a single, precise shot from their blast pistol.

Ashwood was up even before the Orlock had hit the floor, his autopistol unleashing a spray of rounds into the doorway. The nomad fell back out onto the street in a spray of blood, but already others were emerging from the storm to take their place. Ashwood crossed the taproom, stub gun in one hand, autopistol in the other, cutting down attackers until the doorway stood empty. Taking a moment to look over his shoulder he saw a dozen scummers, outcasts and clanners at his back, giving that familiar, expectant look that said, *'What now, boss?'*

With a deep breath Ashwood pulled his rebreather into place, and led his newly formed posse out into the growing storm.



Nomad fighters stalked the streets of Halfway and their wasteland spirits stalked with them. The Wind that Walks embraced Myr'ghar, the Blade Spirit, feeling its essence flow through him, hunting knives an extension of his body. With a twist of either wrist, the blades opened flesh and took life. Before bodies hit the ground, the Wind that Walks was moving on to the next kill.

Then, out of the swirling ash clouds, his gaze fell on a true adversary. Standing on an overturned wreck, the enemy had a pistol in each hand and was holding back a dozen Tsun'ghar warriors. Other enemies crouched at the fighter's feet, though the Wind that Walks paid these little mind as he closed in for the kill.

Eager to claim such a worthy foe, the Wind that Walks called upon Styr'ghar, the Storm Spirit, letting it propel him across the battlefield.

Ashwood emptied the chambers of his stub gun, the spent casings clattering off the overturned Ridgerunner, before jamming in six fresh rounds. Already, his posse was half the size it had been when they had stepped out of the Halfcut Drinking Hole, the broken, hacked and burned bodies of scummers scattered around the wreck. Those that remained fought on furiously, inspired by Ashwood's example, and doubtless well aware of what would happen if they surrendered.

A blur of movement at the edge of his vision caught Ashwood's attention and he turned in time to see a shape materialise out of the storm, almost as if the swirling dust had coalesced into the form of the heavily cloaked nomad warrior. He barely got over his surprise before the warrior swung at him with a pair of wickedly curved fighting knives. The first blow he caught on his stub gun, the pistol sent spinning into the storm, the second on his chest plate, sparking off the unyielding armour. Stumbling back and almost falling from the wrecked vehicle, Ashwood brought his autopistol to bear. But as swiftly as the nomad had appeared they vanished, seemingly turning back into a whirlwind of dust even as his first shot rang out.

The Wind that Walks considered the gunfighter, who even now, autopistol in hand, was scanning the gloom for his attacker. Driving both blades into the ashen ground, the nomad whispered a summons to Char'ghar, the Electro Spirit, feeling the static energy of the storm rise with them until the very air around his body crackled with azure energy. Leaping up, the Wind that Walks hurled his blades at the gunfighter, the hiver dodging one but taking the other in the leg. As the knife struck, there was a crack of thunder and the hiver was thrown clear of the wreck. Drawing a fresh pair of blades, the Wind that Walks vaulted over the wreck and attacked once more.

Ashwood attempted to gather his senses. Dazed, in pain, and perhaps still more than a little drunk, he tried to figure out where his gun had gone. Out of the storm the nomad warrior appeared again, a pair of knives ready to strike. Ashwood got shakily to his feet, the Wild Snake dulling the pain of his leg wound, just in time to catch a blow on one armoured vambrace. Quickly backing away, Ashwood placed the wreck between him and the nomad, giving him time to draw the long, curved nomad blade from his back. The pair squared off, evenly matched, as they both tried to land a blow on the other. On the edge of his awareness, Ashwood noted new shapes appearing in the swirling dust. He grimaced, and prepared to go down fighting.

A shotgun boomed and the Wind that Walks saw the ash kicked up at his feet. The shapes in the storm were coming into focus now; hivers and pilgrims drawn from the shelter of the buildings by Ashwood's last stand. He sensed the gale abating, its rage blowing away to reveal a settlement choked with the dead. With the departing storm he felt the spirits vanish, and with them, his own need to kill fading. Giving the gunfighter one last look, the Wind that Walks disappeared into the dying storm.

Ashwood watched the nomad warrior vanish into the gloom. The dust was settling and survivors gathered around the wreck where he had made his stand. Ashwood couldn't help looking at the hundreds of corpses littering the street and wondered just what kind of victory he had won.

DESIGNER'S COMMENTARY: WARRIOR SPIRITS

Presented below are the rules for using Ash Waste Nomads Warrior Spirits, allowing you to recreate the events described in Halfway Dead. If the Arbitrator wishes, these new rules may be used in their campaign.

TSUN'GHAR WARRIOR SPIRITS

Warrior Spirits represent the esoteric beliefs and fighting styles of the Ash Waste Nomads Chieftains and Watchers. Whether or not these are actual supernatural creatures who aid the outland fighters in battle, or perhaps merely an aspect of their strange religion manifested through latent psychic abilities, is unknown, though their effectiveness in battle cannot be denied.

SUMMONING THE SPIRITS

There are six different Warrior Spirits that an Ash Waste Nomads gang can benefit from in an Ash Wastes battle. In Step 7 of the pre-battle sequence, the Ash Waste Nomads player rolls a number of D6 equal to the number of Watchers and Chieftains they have in their crew. Compare the result of each dice to the Warrior Spirit table below to see which Warrior Spirits the gang has available for this battle. Note that multiples of the same spirit may be generated for each battle if duplicate results are rolled on any of the dice.

USING WARRIOR SPIRITS IN BATTLE

At the start of an Ash Waste Nomads Chieftain's or Watcher's activation, before they perform any actions, they may choose to benefit from a Warrior Spirit (note that multiple Warrior Spirits cannot be invoked in the same activation). Choose one of the spirits generated for the battle and immediately apply its effects to the active fighter. Each Warrior Spirit can only be used once per battle.

WARRIOR SPIRITS

D6	Result
1	Styr'ghar (Storm Spirit): The fighter becomes one with the storm, appearing and vanishing with each rolling cloud front. If the Visibility (X") rule is in effect, the fighter may be moved anywhere on the battlefield at least X" away from any enemy fighters, where X is equal to the distance in the Visibility (X") rule. Their activation then ends.
2	Dae'ghar (Chem Spirit): Tar-like toxins ooze out of the ground all around the fighter, causing the surface to become sticky and foul, its gritty ash eating through armour and flesh. Place the 5" Blast marker centred under the fighter. Until this round's End phase, all enemy fighters treat the Blast marker as Dangerous Terrain.
3	Tyr'ghar (Ash Spirit): Ashen winds roil around the fighter, choking and blinding their foes, and making it all but impossible for them to land a decisive blow upon their adversary. All enemy fighters within 3" of the fighter must pass an Initiative test or become subject to the Blind condition.
4	Char'ghar (Electro Spirit): Coruscating electricity surrounds the fighter, as if static from the storm were drawn to them, which they direct into their weapon attacks. For the duration of the fighter's activation all attacks made by the fighter gain the Shock trait. If they are using a weapon that already has the Shock trait then its effects will trigger on any successful hit roll rather than just a 6.
5	Vau'ghar (Fire Spirit): The fighter harnesses the tormented Fire Spirit of Necromunda, channelling its rage into frenzied attacks. Choose a friendly fighter within 12" (this may be the active fighter). For the duration of that fighter's next activation (or the current activation if the fighter chose themselves) add 2 to their Attacks characteristic and 1 to any Weapon Skill rolls they make.
6	Myr'ghar (Blade Spirit): The fighter's blades become keener, their razor-sharp edges carving through armour, flesh and bone with equal ease. For the duration of their activation, any attacks made by the fighter using a weapon with the Melee or Versatile trait change their AP to -3 unless their AP would be higher, and increase their Damage by 1.



HUNTER IN THE STORM

"It's like the storm just came alive and took him!"

Baery the Half-bald, Corpse Wardens, House Cawdor

In this scenario, two gangs fight it out in the midst of a raging storm, while an unseen hunter strikes from the gloom.

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ATTACKER AND DEFENDER

In this scenario, one gang is the attacker and the other is the defender. If this scenario is being played as part of a campaign then the gang that issued the challenge is the attacker; otherwise roll off with the winner deciding whether they will attack or defend.

BATTLE TYPE

This scenario is an Ash Wastes battle. Vehicles and Wargear that grant the Mounted condition may be included in either gang's crew.

BATTLEFIELD

Set up the battlefield as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Rulebook*. This scenario is designed to be played on a 4'x4' battlefield.

CREWS

This scenario uses the standard rules for choosing a crew, as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Rulebook*. Each gang uses the Custom Selection (10) method to determine their crew. One of the attacker's crew must be designated as the Hunter (see page 7). This fighter must be a Leader or a Champion.

DEPLOYMENT

The defender deploys all their fighters within 12" of the centre of the battlefield, at least 3" away from each other. The attacker then places their fighters anywhere on the battlefield, within 6" of any battlefield edge. The attacker does not deploy the Hunter at the start of the battle.

GANG TACTICS

Each player may choose two gang tactics from those available to their gang. If, during the pre-battle sequence, the total credits value of models in one player's starting crew is less than their opponent's, they may randomly determine one additional gang tactic for each full 100 credits of difference.

ENDING THE BATTLE

If, at the end of any round the Hunter has been taken Out of Action, or only one gang has fighters remaining on the battlefield, the battle ends.

VICTORY

If the defender took the Hunter Out of Action they are victorious, otherwise if the Hunter took at least half of the defender's crew Out of Action they are the winner. Any other result is a draw.

REWARDS

CREDITS

The winning gang adds 2D6x10 credits to their Stash.

EXPERIENCE


Each fighter who took part in the battle earns 1 XP.

Any Leader that survives earns an additional 1 XP.

If a fighter takes the Hunter Out of Action then they earn an additional D3 XP.

REPUTATION

The winning gang gains D3 Reputation.



THE HUNTER

The attackers are being led by a skilled and ruthless hunter. While their gang keeps the defenders busy, they stalk through the storm personally killing as many of the foe as possible. Though the Hunter is not deployed on the battlefield, give them a Ready marker at the start of each round. When they activate, the Hunter can be placed anywhere on the battlefield provided they are either out of line of sight, or at least X" away from all defenders, where X" is equal to the current Visibility (X") rule. In each End phase, remove the Hunter from the battlefield.

If the Hunter was Seriously Injured when they were removed from the battlefield, they are considered to have recovered with a Flesh Wound.

STORM WINDS

As the battle progresses the storm rapidly passes over the settlement, turning day into murky twilight. The Visibility (24") rule is in effect at the start of the battle. At the beginning of each round after the first, reduce the visibility by 6", to a minimum of 6".

DESPERATE DEFENCE

The defenders are well-aware what will happen if they surrender, and cut off in the middle of the wasteland there's nowhere for them to run. In this scenario the defending gang does not need to make Bottle checks.

SHOOTOUT IN HALFWAY

If players wish, they may use this scenario to represent the battle between Ashwood Stranger and the Wind that Walks during the attack on Halfway. In order to do this, make the following changes:

- The defending gang should be represented by Ashwood Stranger leading an Underhive Outcasts gang.
- The attacking gang is represented by the Wind that Walks (use the profile for an Ash Waste Nomads Chieftain) leading an Ash Waste Nomads gang.
- Rather than generating Warrior Spirits as normal, the Ash Waste Nomads gang can use each Warrior Spirit once during the battle.

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