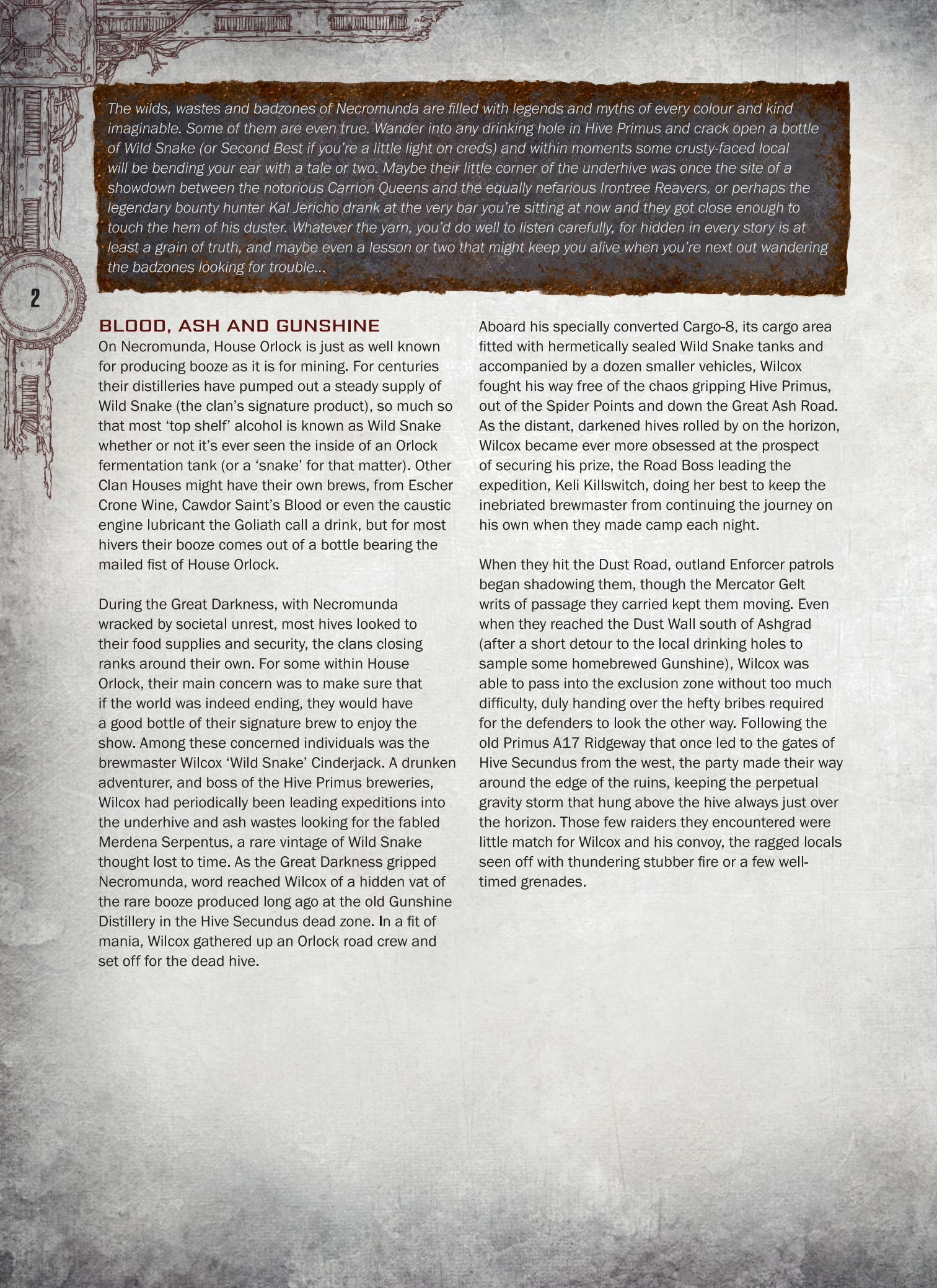




APOCRYPHA NECROMUNDA



BLOOD, ASH AND GUNSHINE



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 Ironree 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...

BLOOD, ASH AND GUNSHINE

On Necromunda, House Orlock is just as well known for producing booze as it is for mining. For centuries their distilleries have pumped out a steady supply of Wild Snake (the clan's signature product), so much so that most 'top shelf' alcohol is known as Wild Snake whether or not it's ever seen the inside of an Orlock fermentation tank (or a 'snake' for that matter). Other Clan Houses might have their own brews, from Escher Crone Wine, Cawdor Saint's Blood or even the caustic engine lubricant the Goliath call a drink, but for most hivers their booze comes out of a bottle bearing the mailed fist of House Orlock.

During the Great Darkness, with Necromunda wracked by societal unrest, most hives looked to their food supplies and security, the clans closing ranks around their own. For some within House Orlock, their main concern was to make sure that if the world was indeed ending, they would have a good bottle of their signature brew to enjoy the show. Among these concerned individuals was the brewmaster Wilcox 'Wild Snake' Cinderjack. A drunken adventurer, and boss of the Hive Primus breweries, Wilcox had periodically been leading expeditions into the underhive and ash wastes looking for the fabled Merdena Serpentus, a rare vintage of Wild Snake thought lost to time. As the Great Darkness gripped Necromunda, word reached Wilcox of a hidden vat of the rare booze produced long ago at the old Gunshine Distillery in the Hive Secundus dead zone. In a fit of mania, Wilcox gathered up an Orlock road crew and set off for the dead hive.

Aboard his specially converted Cargo-8, its cargo area fitted with hermetically sealed Wild Snake tanks and accompanied by a dozen smaller vehicles, Wilcox fought his way free of the chaos gripping Hive Primus, out of the Spider Points and down the Great Ash Road. As the distant, darkened hives rolled by on the horizon, Wilcox became ever more obsessed at the prospect of securing his prize, the Road Boss leading the expedition, Keli Killswitch, doing her best to keep the inebriated brewmaster from continuing the journey on his own when they made camp each night.

When they hit the Dust Road, outland Enforcer patrols began shadowing them, though the Mercator Gelt writs of passage they carried kept them moving. Even when they reached the Dust Wall south of Ashgrad (after a short detour to the local drinking holes to sample some homebrewed Gunshine), Wilcox was able to pass into the exclusion zone without too much difficulty, duly handing over the hefty bribes required for the defenders to look the other way. Following the old Primus A17 Ridgeway that once led to the gates of Hive Secundus from the west, the party made their way around the edge of the ruins, keeping the perpetual gravity storm that hung above the hive always just over the horizon. Those few raiders they encountered were little match for Wilcox and his convoy, the ragged locals seen off with thundering stubber fire or a few well-timed grenades.

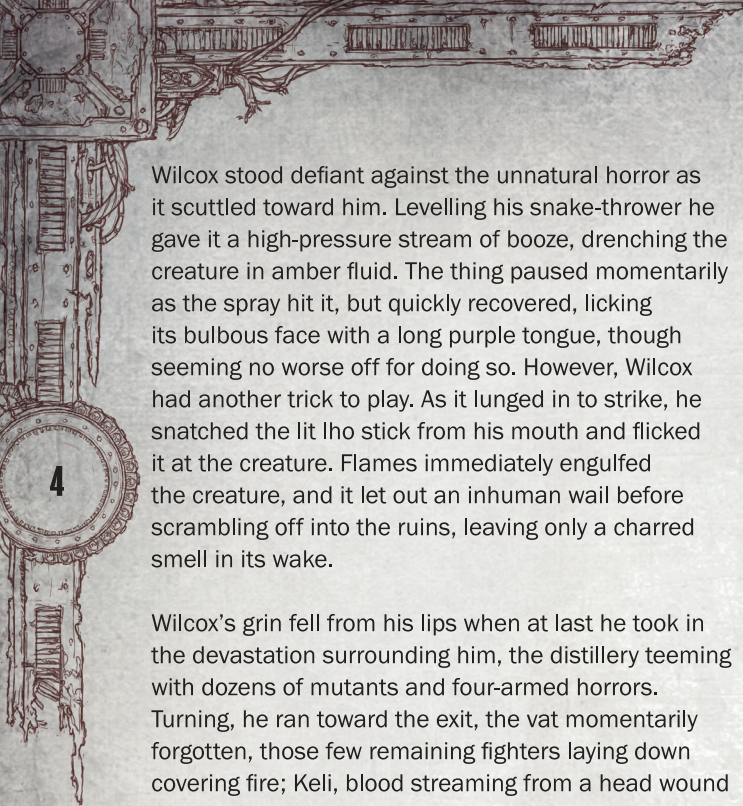
Eventually, the Orlocks crossed the Old Secundus Front, the desolate battlefield littered with crumbling trench lines, gutted tanks and long-abandoned vehicles, before finally joining the Rad-Dust Ridgeway. This snaking road led for kilometres up into the Nostrum Hills, the highlands surrounding the forsaken hive depopulated after the war for Secundus. After weeks of travelling, there among the jagged peaks the Orlocks saw their prize, the Old Gunshine Distillery. Once a mighty structure of armourglass domes and plasteel spires, it had been the centre for Orlock Wild Snake production in the region, even having its own unique blend known as Gunshine (a blend the amateur brewers of the Dust Wall had been trying to reproduce ever since Hive Secundus fell). Time, storms and the war had all taken their toll upon the distillery and gaping holes dotted its domes, while dust and debris were piled high against its walls. As soon as the Orlock convoy ground to a halt before the structure the brewmaster leapt out of his rig. Grinning like a fool, Wilcox hefted his snake-thrower, the converted chem-thrower he used to spray enemies with over-proof alcohol, and then set off at a jog toward the ruined brewery. Keli and her fighters had to hurry to keep up, though the gang leader made sure she left a few gunners to guard the vehicles and keep an eye on the horizon for enemies.

Inside, the distillery was dark and silent, the feeble sunlight of the exclusion zone failing to penetrate down to the factory floor. By the glow of the Orlocks' lumens, bullet holes traced crazy patterns on the walls and ceiling while the crumbling bones of generations of raiders and explorers carpeted the floor. In the main factory chamber, the shattered remains of the huge brewing vats were among the only reminders of the building's original purpose. Wilcox's enthusiasm remained undiminished by the state of the structure, the brewmaster knowing all the secrets of such places. Clearing an area on the factory floor, he uncovered a seemingly innocuous tile. Tapping his fingers around its edge in a pattern known only to the master brewers of House Orlock, it responded by sliding back with a whine of rusted metal to reveal a glorious sight beyond. Filling the room below was a single massive vat, its pristine side showing the personal crest of the Merdena family.

Keli and her fighters spread out around Wilcox as the brewmaster brought in a hose from his Cargo-8 to syphon off the Wild Snake, the Orlocks watching the inky darkness beyond their lumens with white knuckle grips on their weapons. Oblivious to the tension around him, Wilcox grinned at Keli as he connected the line and with a roar of rushing fluid the hose started moving the Wild Snake to the tanks on his rig. For a few moments the only sound in the distillery was the thrum of the pump, interrupted briefly by the sound of Wilcox lighting himself a lho stick. Then the shadows started to move.

There was a strangled scream as an Orlock fighter was stabbed through the throat and a surprised gasp as another was dragged from her feet onto waiting knives, the darkness coming alive with misshapen forms. From all directions the ambushers charged the Orlocks, their bald heads and clawed limbs marking them out as servants of some mutant cult. Orlock gunfire lit up the gloom in staccato flashes, illuminating the hellish sight of dozens of subhuman horrors leaping, lunging and clawing. As bullets cut through the air and inhuman screams filled the distillery, Wilcox stood his ground over the precious Wild Snake vat. When a half dozen mutants made to hack apart the hose, the brewmaster hefted his snake-thrower and sprayed them with booze, the creatures coughing and blinking as their charge became a drunken stagger. Keli, racing to protect Wilcox, leapt among them, ignoring their intoxicated grins and dodging their uncoordinated attacks as she dispatched them one by one with brutal chainsword swings. She had just cleared the area around the vat and was yelling at Wilcox to get to the vehicles, when a shape fell from the ceiling. All chitin, claws and gleaming dark eyes, it easily batted aside the gang leader's chainsword swing before hurling her across the room.





Wilcox stood defiant against the unnatural horror as it scuttled toward him. Levelling his snake-thrower he gave it a high-pressure stream of booze, drenching the creature in amber fluid. The thing paused momentarily as the spray hit it, but quickly recovered, licking its bulbous face with a long purple tongue, though seeming no worse off for doing so. However, Wilcox had another trick to play. As it lunged in to strike, he snatched the lit lho stick from his mouth and flicked it at the creature. Flames immediately engulfed the creature, and it let out an inhuman wail before scrambling off into the ruins, leaving only a charred smell in its wake.

Wilcox's grin fell from his lips when at last he took in the devastation surrounding him, the distillery teeming with dozens of mutants and four-armed horrors. Turning, he ran toward the exit, the vat momentarily forgotten, those few remaining fighters laying down covering fire; Keli, blood streaming from a head wound joining him at the door to run to their vehicles.

Bursting out into the harsh light of the wastes, the brewmaster saw several vehicles alight, and more had enemies crawling over them, struggling with their crews. A few paces ahead, Keli was yelling for the convoy to move out, the roar of engines adding to the cacophony of battle. The gang leader clambered into her Ridgerunner, firing indiscriminately into the attacking throng as she did so. Wilcox's driver had already started up and the rig was pulling away down the road. With the convoy moving off, the horde of cultists on all sides and the crawling beasts emerging from the ruins, the brewmaster grabbed hold of the hose, still trailing from the back of the rig and severed the connection to the distillery, lamenting the spilled liquor from the pipe even as it dragged him off his feet.

Hand over hand Wilcox hauled himself toward the back of the rapidly accelerating Cargo-8, barely able to see in the wall of dust kicked up by the retreating convoy. The road tore at his clothes and skin, though in his drunken state Wilcox didn't notice, even when clawed hands grabbed his snake-thrower pack and its straps broke, the weapon torn from his back. Gunfire punctured the dust around him and he glimpsed enemies running after the Orlock convoy as he locked a hand over the cargo bed of the Ridgehauler and hauled himself, panting, onto the truck.

Wilcox found new energy when he saw two mutants clawing at his Wild Snake tanks, and with a furious bellow he vaulted up onto the bed. Grabbing one of the creatures he smashed its head into the tank with a dull crunch, the other turning and trying to stab him. With whip-like speed he batted the knife from the cultist's grasp, its blade clanging onto the cargo bed and then tumbling off into the dust. Before the thing could ready another weapon, Wilcox lifted it clear of the cargo bed and hurled it out onto the road, where it quickly vanished under the wheels of a nearby vehicle. Soon the Orlock convoy was clear of the distillery and their pursuers, Wilcox taking a moment to catch his breath and check the integrity of the Wild Snake tanks as the vehicle carrying them accelerated down the mountain road toward the desolate plains below.

Hours later as they turned their vehicles toward the distant Dust Wall, Wilcox spied a column of dust on the horizon behind them. A look over to Keli's runner told him she had seen it too. It seemed the mutant cult were not going to let them get away that easy.

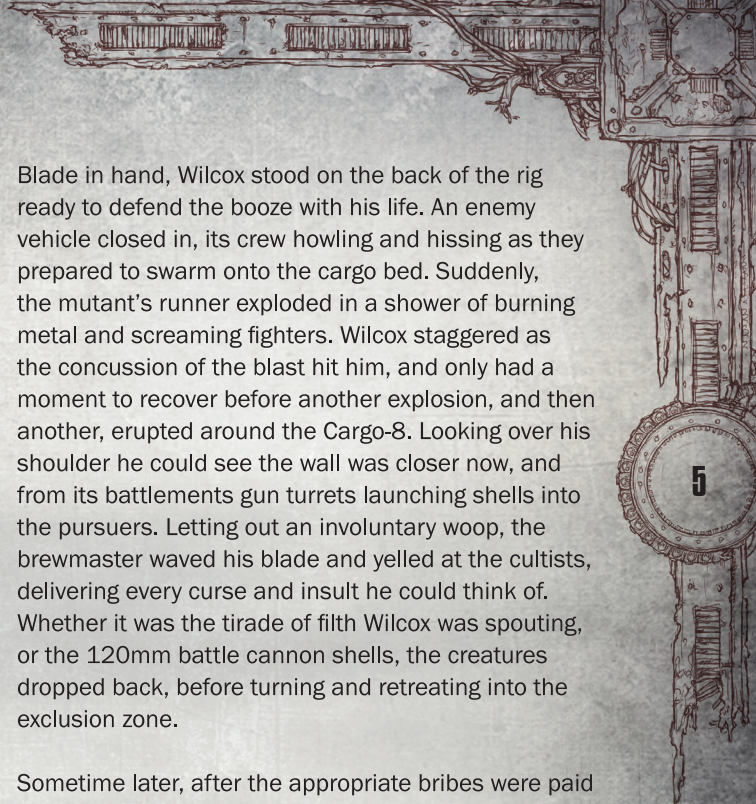
Their pursuers were almost upon them by the time the Orlocks reached the wide ridgeway. Running the length of the exclusion zone from the ruins of Hive Secundus to the eastern edge of the Dust Wall, this massive highway had once been the Secundan E/W19 Ridgeway, linking the hive to the planet's eastern hemisphere; however in the closing days of the war, it became the principal evacuation route for those fleeing the dying hive and earned a new name: Salvation Run.

Coming in from the north, the convoy swerved onto the highway, trucks, runners and bikes fishtailing across the intersection. Racing up the side of the old ridgeway Wilcox's rig jumped the road edge, the Cargo-8 getting fully airborne before crashing down onto the surface in a cloud of dust and screaming metal, then straightening out and tearing off toward the distant fortifications of the wall. Even as the convoy accelerated down the ridgeway, dozens of enemy vehicles, their crudely-armoured sides sprayed with the wyrm-like symbol of their cult, moved in to run the Orlocks off the road.

Vehicles crashed into each other in the chaos as mutants leapt heedlessly onto Orlock runners and bikes, while close-ranged fire was traded between the two sides. Wilcox fired from the back of the rig with one of the dead cultist's autoguns, and when that ran out of ammo, found a shotgun strapped to the back of the cab and emptied that too. In the ensuing exchange the few surviving Orlocks were driven into the dust, though not without a fight, vehicles on both sides wrecked by gunfire and explosions, crews riddled with bullets or crushed under tyres. Up ahead, Keli's gunner had run out of rounds for the heavy stubber and was firing with his stubgun, though to little effect. For every enemy vehicle that swerved away with a dead driver or burning engine two more seemed to take its place, and the Dust Wall was still kilometres away. Wilcox watched in horror as enemy fighters leapt onto Keli's vehicle, the gunner fighting now with a knife, the gang leader trying to keep her heavily damaged car on the road. There was nothing he could do as the gunner was killed, and Keli chose to run her vehicle off the ridgeway rather than die at the hands of the creatures, the Orlock runner vanishing in a spray of sand and ash as it crashed.

Blade in hand, Wilcox stood on the back of the rig ready to defend the booze with his life. An enemy vehicle closed in, its crew howling and hissing as they prepared to swarm onto the cargo bed. Suddenly, the mutant's runner exploded in a shower of burning metal and screaming fighters. Wilcox staggered as the concussion of the blast hit him, and only had a moment to recover before another explosion, and then another, erupted around the Cargo-8. Looking over his shoulder he could see the wall was closer now, and from its battlements gun turrets launching shells into the pursuers. Letting out an involuntary woop, the brewmaster waved his blade and yelled at the cultists, delivering every curse and insult he could think of. Whether it was the tirade of filth Wilcox was spouting, or the 120mm battle cannon shells, the creatures dropped back, before turning and retreating into the exclusion zone.

Sometime later, after the appropriate bribes were paid and watch reports doctored, Wilcox Cinderjack sat down across from the Enforcer garrison commander and invited him to partake of the rare batch of Gunshine Wild Snake. The look on the commander's face after he took a sip told Wilcox it had all been worth it...



DESIGNER'S COMMENTARY: ORLOCK CREW LEGENDARY NAMES

Presented below are the rules for Orlock Crew Legendary Names, bringing the legendary names of the Orlock Leaders and Champions to those heroic individuals that crew their vehicles. If the Arbitrator wishes, these new rules may be included in their campaign.

ORLOCK CREW LEGENDARY NAMES

Incredible Drives is a new category of Orlock Legendary Names (as detailed in *Necromunda: House of Iron*).

Unlike other Legendary Names, Incredible Drives can only be taken by Iron Riders (Orlock vehicle crew).

Whenever an Iron Rider spends experience to acquire a Primary skill, they may instead acquire an Orlock Crew Legendary Name.

INCREDIBLE DRIVES

House Orlock has a well-deserved reputation as the best drivers around, many of the interests and industries of the Clan House tied to the ash wastes. Orlock gangers often learn to drive all kinds of vehicles, whether or not they ever leave the cavernous interior of the hive Nexus, though those that operate out in the wastes are true masters of the road.

D6 LEGENDARY NAME

- 1 Roadkill:** Once per battle, at the start of this model's activation, they can use this ability. For the duration of this activation, fighters only pass the Initiative test to avoid being run over on a roll of a natural 6.
- 2 Big Rig Boss:** If this Crew is equipped with a vehicle with a Toughness characteristic of at least 6, then once per battle they can automatically pass a Loss of Control test, there is no need to roll the dice.
- 3 Cinderak City Drift:** Once per battle, this model may perform a Drift (Basic) action as a Free action during its activation.
- 4 Stunt Driver:** The first time in each battle this model Rolls as a result of a failed Loss of Control test, instead of being automatically Wrecked, the vehicle loses 1 Hull Point (the vehicle is still moved in a random direction as per the Rolls result).
- 5 Wheels of Pain:** Whenever a fighter ends their activation on this vehicle and not on a Transport area, they suffer a S3, AP-, D1 hit that does not pin them.
- 6 Duke of the Road:** Once per battle, after performing a Ram (Double) action, this vehicle may immediately perform a Fire All (Basic) action as a Free action targeting a vehicle that was hit by the Ram (Double) action.

GUILD OF COIN RIDGEHAULER – NEW CARGO LOAD WILD SNAKE VAT

45 CREDITS – EXCLUSIVE [AVAILABLE TO HOUSE ORLOCK GANGS ONLY]

Based on the promethium tanks used to transport gunk across Necromunda, Wild Snake vats are used by the House of Iron to enable them to move large quantities of Wild Snake from their distilleries to customers all over the planet.

Transport Area: The walkway along the top of the Wild Snake Vat is a Transport area.

The Good Stuff: Any fighter within 1" of the Wild Snake Vat may perform the Take a Swig (Basic) action:

- **Take a Swig (Basic):** Every time a fighter performs this action remove a Flesh Wound (if they have any) and place an Intoxicated marker on them.

High-pressure Vapours: If a Guild of Coin Ridgehauler or trailer with a Wild Snake Vat is hit by a ranged or melee attack, roll a D6 and add the attacking weapon's Strength. On a 9+, the machine's iron casing has been pierced and unleashed a jet of Wild Snake vapour. Centre the 5" Blast marker on the point on the Vat closest to the attacker. Any fighter touched by the marker must pass an Initiative test or gain an Intoxicated marker. If the weapon that hit the vehicle has the Blaze trait, any fighter touched by the marker must pass an Initiative test or suffer a S4, AP-1, D1 hit with the Blaze trait instead.

Wild Snake Intoxication: Intoxicated markers remain until the end of the battle. The effects of the booze are dependant upon how many markers they have on their card:

Intoxicated

Markers	Effect
1	A Good Buzz: -1 to ranged attack hit rolls, +2 to the result of Cool tests.
2	Seeing Double: -1 to ranged attack hit rolls, +3 to the result of Cool tests. When making ranged attack hit rolls after choosing a target, randomise the actual target of the attack between the intended target and any model (friend or foe) within 6" of them.
3+	Snake Courage!: -2 to ranged attack hit rolls, automatically pass any Cool tests.





WILD SNAKE RUN

“Protect the booze!”

Wilcox ‘Wild Snake’ Cinderjack, House Orlock Brewmaster

In this scenario, a gang attempts to escape the wastes with a precious vat of Wild Snake!

8

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 a Rolling Roads battle. Vehicles and Wargear that grant the Mounted condition can be included in either gang’s starting crew.

BATTLEFIELD

This scenario uses the standard rules for setting up a battlefield, as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Core Rulebook*.

CREWS

This scenario uses the standard rules for choosing a crew, as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Core Rulebook*. Both gangs use the Custom Selection (10) method to determine their crew.

DEPLOYMENT

The defender must set up the Booze Truck in the centre of the battlefield with the rest of their gang within 12" of that model. The attacker then sets up their gang anywhere on the battlefield at least 9" away from enemy models.

GANG TACTICS

This scenario uses the standard rules for gang tactics as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Core Rulebook*.

ENDING THE BATTLE

In the End phase of round 3 and every round thereafter, the defender rolls a D6. If the result is lower than the current round number the battle ends, otherwise it continues. In addition, if either gang has no models left on the battlefield at the end of any round, the battle ends immediately.

VICTORY

If at the end of the battle the Booze Truck is on the battlefield then the defender is victorious. Otherwise, the attacker wins.

REWARDS

CREDITS

The winning gang adds 2D6x10 credits to their Stash.

The losing gang adds D3x10 credits to their Stash.

EXPERIENCE

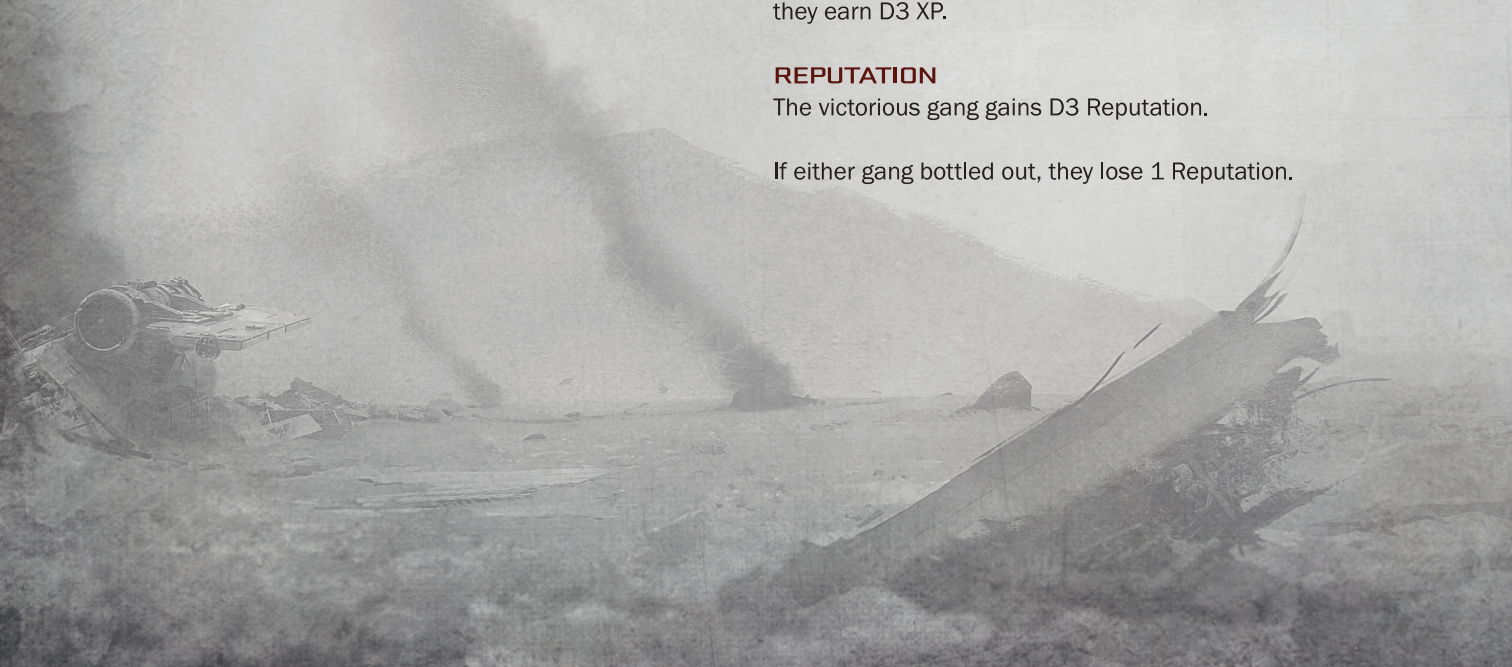
Any defending model still on the battlefield at the end of the battle earns 1 XP.

If an attacking model causes the Booze Truck to become Wrecked as a direct result of their actions, they earn D3 XP.

REPUTATION

The victorious gang gains D3 Reputation.

If either gang bottled out, they lose 1 Reputation.



ROLLING ROADS

This is a Rolling Roads scenario with open sides and follows all the rules for Rolling Roads as detailed in the *Necromunda Core Rulebook*.

PROTECT THE WILD SNAKE!

The defender must designate one of their vehicles to be carrying the Wild Snake. If they have more than one vehicle then it must be the most expensive vehicle they have in their gang. This vehicle is known as the Booze Truck and counts as having a Wild Snake Vat. In addition, the Booze Truck will automatically pass any Cool tests it is required to take.

MUTANT HORDES

When an attacking fighter (including those with the Mounted condition) or vehicle with a Toughness characteristic of 4 or less is removed from play (for whatever reason), it may be placed to one side and arrive in the following End phase as a Reinforcement with all Wounds and Hull Points restored and Flesh Wounds removed, see the *Necromunda Core Rulebook*.

If this scenario is being used as part of a campaign, make a note of any Lasting Injuries/Lasting Damage the fighter/vehicle suffers the first time it is removed from play, ignoring any subsequent Lasting Injury/Lasting Damage inflicted on the fighter/vehicle.

BLOOD, ASH AND GUNSHINE

If players wish, they may use this scenario to represent Wilcox 'Wild Snake' Cinderjack's escape from the Gunshine Distillery and running battle down Salvation Run. In order to do this, make the following changes:

- The defending gang should be represented by an Orlock gang with Wilcox 'Wild Snake' Cinderjack (see *Necromunda: House of Iron*) and a Cargo-8 Ridgehauler.
- The attacking gang is represented by an Underhive Outcasts gang, or alternatively, a Helot Chaos Cults or Genestealer Cult gang (see *Necromunda: Book of the Outcast* and *Necromunda: Book of Ruin*).
- Orlock Iron Riders can take an Incredible Drives Legendary Name each.
- Both gangs can include mounted fighters and vehicles.



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