NECROMUNDA

APOCRYPHA NECROMUNDA

HIVE PRIMUS
614 KILOMETRES

BULLET ROAD RUN

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…

BULLET ROAD RUN

Almost a hundred kilometres away, the shadow of Hive Acropolis loomed over the horizon, glimpses of its spires visible only as outlines through brief shifts in Necromunda's toxic clouds. Even had the air been clear enough to see Acropolis in all its towering glory, the inhabitants of Scrapheap would have been unlikely to look up from the scene unfolding before the gates of their settlement. A motley collection of wasters, clanners, outcasts and scum were gathered around the massive form of a faded crimson Cargo-8 Ridgehauler – its stacks belching smoke into the polluted air. Atop the brutal-looking rig, Vespa 'Minx' Merdena, 12th daughter of the infamous road boss Slate Merdena, was addressing the crowd.

"The rules are simple! This here is Big Red." She banged the cab of the Ridgehauler for emphasis before pressing on, *"It's got your creds, plus every buy-in we got and a little extra from yours truly… you catch Big Red – it's all yours!"*

"Of course Big Red's gonna have some friends." She grinned down at Pete at the wheel of her quad and the rest of her road gang already revving their engines. *"Also, only one of you can catch it – no sharing – so watch your back."* Vespa smiled as the clanners, wasters and scummers all exchanged uneasy looks.

"OK, it's 2000 kilometres to Rig 23, Big Red gets a quarter shift head start… then how you get it, or get there, is up to you. Oh, and if you get any ideas about heading out early, our boys in Scrapheap will have something to say about it." With a nod to the settlement she drew the crowds' attention to the Orlock heavy bolters and their crews poised on the wall.

With that, Vespa slid off the roof of the Cargo-8 and jumped onto the back of her quad, the whole Orlock convoy starting up in a cloud of promethium smoke.

Sharkan watched the massive Cargo-8 pull away into the roiling dust clouds left by the Orlock quads. Checking his chrono he marked the time until the chase could begin. Already other clanners were revving their runners and bikes or checking their weapons. His own Techrunners looked patiently at their leader, the Van Saar fighters leaning on a collection of Grav-cutters of various sizes. Sharkan knew most of the scum around him would head off straight down the Bullet Road after the Cargo-8 as soon as Scrapheap's quarter shift siren sounded – they were fools of course. He'd tangled with Vespa before and knew her tricks. If they set off straight after the convoy, assuming fair winds and no run-ins with raiders, they'd hit it as it was coming into the shadow of Twin-Hives. There, with the hivesprawl forming a canyon on either side, the Orlocks would make short work of any attackers by using their wreckers or some other nefarious trap they had laid ahead of time. Far better to travel up the old Thatos ridgeway and swing around Twin-Hives from the north, rejoining the chase where the Bullet Road proper began on the farside of the Demons Cluster.

The siren sounded, and with a sneer Sharkan watched a dozen vehicles tear off after the Orlocks. He noted some of the smarter ones veered off north and south, though most stuck to the old ridgeway. With a signal the Van Saar mounted up and sped off across the wasteland, Sharkan balancing on his board in the lead.

Grune Coppertooth leaned out of the side window of his vehicle and fired off a burst of autopistol rounds.

"*Get me closer!*" He screamed over the roaring wind. The Cawdor gang around him throttled forward, their mules running flat out to keep up with Grune's rusting mono-track. On either side of the ridgeway the sheer sides of Twin-Hives rose up, their faces studded with waste-ports and run-off pipes. Grune's gaze was, however, fixed firmly on the shadowy outline of the Orlock Cargo-8 in front of him – his prey almost within his grasp. He didn't even pause to wonder why the Orlocks weren't shooting back as his own convoy bore down on Big Red.

Standing up in his seat – his driver struggling to control the mono-track at speeds it was clearly not intended for – Grune primed a frag grenade and readied to hurl it into the midst of the Orlock vehicles. At that moment he became aware of a gurgling roar cutting through the sound of the rushing wind. Grenade still in hand, Grune looked up to see waterfalls of gunk racing down to meet the racing rigs and runners, while at that same moment the Orlock convoy put on a surprising burst of speed – opening up the distance between them and their pursuers.
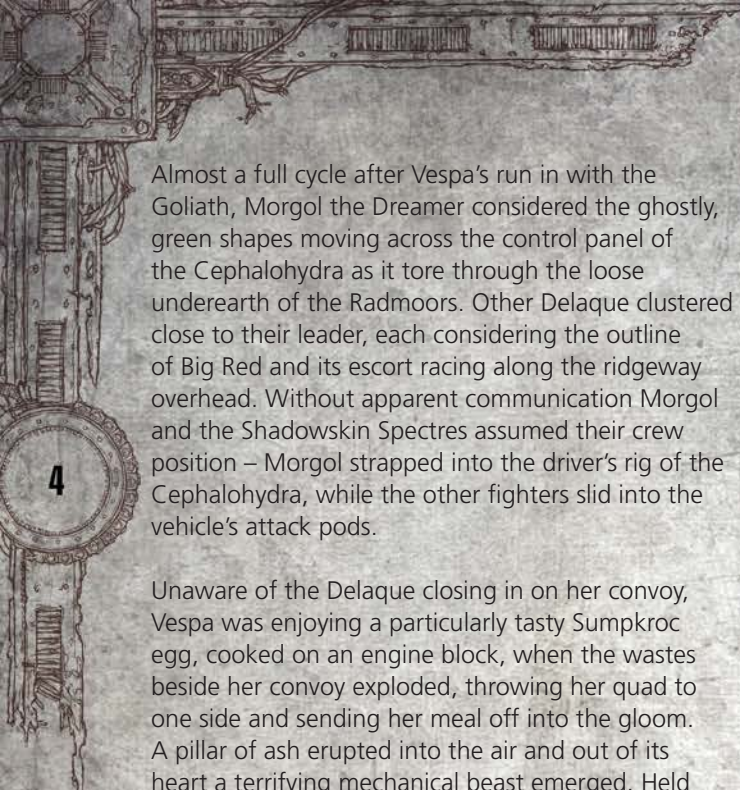
Grune opened his mouth to curse Vespa only to have it filled by a wave of gunk – the mono-track and mules vanishing under a rising tide. Somewhere below the muck Grune's grenade went off – marked on the surface by a barely discernible bubble.

A day later and three hundred kilometres from the Twin-Hives, Vespa's convoy left the Demons Cluster in its wake. The rust-red hive cities squatting on the horizon marked the true start of the Bullet Road – so named for the copious amounts of small arms ordnance that once travelled from Jutlund to Primus down its length. Three more gangs had all tried and failed to bring down Big Red since Twin-Hives and Vespa's convoy was battle-scarred and down a few quads for their efforts. A small price to pay for the buy-in she had gotten – not to mention the rep of outrunning some of the meanest gangs the wastes had to offer.

As Merdena's most capricious daughter was considering what to buy with her winnings from another successful Bullet Road run, hazy shapes materialised on the horizon. The unmistakable silhouette of Goliath Maulers took form with a spike-covered Rockgrinder in their midst. Hanging from the back of the Rockgrinder was a massive fighter, his bare skin exposed to the wastes, his fists wrapped around a mounted rivet cannon.

Vespa stood up in the gunner's chair of her quad and waved her arm over her head gesturing to the other Orlock quads. As one they broke formation from the Cargo-8 and bounced off the ridgeway into the dunes, kicking up a curtain of dust. Like a pair of pincers the quads swung around to close in on the Goliaths from the north and south. In response, the Rockgrinder gunned directly for Vespa while the Maulers broke off to meet the other Orlocks' quads.

Squinting through her sight, Vespa levelled her rocket launcher at the Rockgrinder, ignoring the hail of burning rivets kicking up ash around her tires. With a squeeze of the trigger she loosed a torrent of missiles towards the Goliath vehicle – some exploded into the side of the ridgeway, others soared over the top of the Rockgrinder, but several slammed home, turning it into a lump of burning scrap. Big Red refused to slow as it smashed through the remains of the Rockgrinder, crushing its driver as he tried vainly to crawl free of the wreck. Turning her attention back to the dogfight between the quads and the Maulers, Vespa gave Pete a kick in the back to direct their ride back into the fray.

Almost a full cycle after Vespa's run in with the Goliath, Morgol the Dreamer considered the ghostly, green shapes moving across the control panel of the Cephalohydra as it tore through the loose underearth of the Radmoors. Other Delaque clustered close to their leader, each considering the outline of Big Red and its escort racing along the ridgeway overhead. Without apparent communication Morgol and the Shadowskin Spectres assumed their crew position – Morgol strapped into the driver's rig of the Cephalohydra, while the other fighters slid into the vehicle's attack pods.

Unaware of the Delaque closing in on her convoy, Vespa was enjoying a particularly tasty Sumpkroc egg, cooked on an engine block, when the wastes beside her convoy exploded, throwing her quad to one side and sending her meal off into the gloom. A pillar of ash erupted into the air and out of its heart a terrifying mechanical beast emerged. Held aloft on scores of thrashing metal tentacles, it was a misshapen orb covered in what she first took for eyes but a second later realised were portholes. From its belly, hatches opened and a half dozen cloaked figures emerged, riding suspensor harnesses tethered to air jets.

The Orlocks took only a second to get over their surprise, but it was long enough for the Delaque fighters to latch onto Big Red and vault up onto its back. Within moments Orlocks and Delaque were fighting down the length of the Cargo-8, while the quads raced around trying to hold back fresh waves of Delaque climbing out of the tentacled machine.

Vespa, having accepted her egg was now gone, levelled her rocket launcher at the Delaque vehicle, ready to blow it straight to hell.

Morgol saw the danger as Vespa's weapon locked on. Rather than try to jink out of the way, the Delaque leader rushed the quad with the Cephalohydra, enveloping it in a tangle of snaking tentacles and hooks. Vespa's quad was drawn up into the belly of the ancient machine, Pete leaping free before it was ground to scrap. Not willing to give up so easily, Vespa grabbed onto one of the tentacles and climbed up its thrashing length, until she could squeeze through an open porthole.

Morgol, seeing the Orlock woman haul herself into the drive chamber, drew a sidearm and let loose a burst of flechette rounds – the tiny poison needles sparking off the vehicle's interior. Vespa ducked behind some hissing pistons, avoiding the shots, then lunged forward to grab Morgol by the neck.

The two struggled over the controls of the Cephalohydra, the machine lurching onto the ridgeway and becoming tangled up with the Cargo-8. Orlock and Delaque fighters were thrown onto the road, some tumbling away into the dunes, others disappearing under the rig's wheels.

Big Red's driver, Tru Nine-rounds, jackknifed the rig, trying to shake the Delaque vehicle free, causing the Cargo-8 and Cephalohydra to careen down the far side of the ridgeway in a wall of dust. Tru then hauled back on the wheel, taking the truck back up onto the ridgeway, dragging the enemy vehicle against its sloped side.

Inside the Cephalohydra, both Morgol and Vespa were sent flying out into the wastes as the side of the ancient machine came away amid a screech of rupturing metal, the two tumbling end over end as they fell down the side of the ridgeway. When they came to rest at the bottom in a cloud of dust, Morgol was the first to recover, reaching for a flechette pistol only to discover an empty holster instead. Vespa, grinning at her foe, drew her stub gun, only to have the old pistol click empty. Morgol rushed forward, drawing a blade, while Vespa fumbled for her own knife – discovering it had been lost in the crash. In desperation she looked around for a weapon, her gaze falling on a discarded rocket fallen from her crushed quad. Snatching up the ordnance, Vespa waited until Morgol lunged in for the kill, then smashed the round across her attacker's skull, sending the Delaque pitching forward to lie deathly still in the dust. For long moments Vespa held her breath wondering if the rocket would detonate… then with a sigh began the climb back to the top of the ridgeway.

Sharkan raced over the dunes just north of Selene's Trident, where the Bullet Road split into three just before rising up towards the Near Spoil and the mining city of Rig 23. He was fairly certain now that he and his crew were the only ones left on Big Red's trail, having passed the looted remains of at least half a dozen other gang convoys. He also knew now was the best time to strike. The Orlocks would be tired and battered from their long run, their numbers and ammo diminished, but not yet close enough to the friendly guns of Rig 23 to make a difference.

The Van Saar waited until last night cycle, just before dawn, and then came out of the wastes on the grav-cutters with barely a whisper of well-maintained suspensors. Big Red, belching more smoke than normal, was rolling along the ridgeway on six of its eight original wheels, tired Orlock lookouts scanning the horizon while quads buzzed around it, their gunners dozing in their seats. Vespa was asleep on the cab of the rig, her belt tethered to the truck to keep her in place.

Sharkan divided his fighters and came in low from in front and behind – the night came alive with las and plasma fire as they strafed the Orlock convoy. Two quads went up in mushroom clouds of fire and two more jinked away into the gloom. As Big Red shuddered under the assault, Tru Nine-rounds took a las blast through the neck.

Vespa jolted awake as the Cargo-8 slewed drunkenly across the road – its driver dead at the wheel. She sat up in time to see the Van Saar coming back for another pass, this time greeted by bolt rounds and tracer fire from the Orlocks. Unhooking herself, she swayed to her feet as Sharkan landed on the other end of the trailer with a thunk of magnetic boots. Casting aside his grav-cutter, the board swooping off into the night, he let off a blast from his meltagun. Vespa rolled to one side as the terrible weapon seared a furrow in the cab roof. Before the Van Saar leader could make another shot the driverless hauler veered back across the road, throwing them both to the deck. Taking her chance, Vespa swung down into the cab and pushed the corpse of Tru to one side, taking the wheel.

Up top, Sharkan advanced on the cab. Orlock fighters climbed out of the trailer and threw themselves at him but he gunned them down before they could land a blow. Reaching the end of the trailer he considered taking on Vespa again – but instead, aiming at the lock between trailer and container, he carved it away with a super-heated burst from his weapon. As the container slid off the Cargo-8, Sharkan called back his grav-cutter, jumping onto it as the massive metal box crashed down the side of the ridgeway.

Vespa watched the container tumble off into the wastes, pressing down on the accelerator and gunning what was left of the Cargo-8 towards the hazy outline of Rig 23 that was now materialising in the slowly spreading dawn.

Sharkan opened the battered cargo container with a twist of his power knife in its lock, its doors falling open before him and his surviving gangers. This run had cost the Techrunners more than he cared to admit, but it was all about to be worth it. As his eyes adjusted to the gloom of the container's interior he saw the dented ammo crates lying haphazardly on their sides. Prising open the nearest one he upended its contents across the floor – a hundred tiny toy Gyrinx cats bounced around Sharkan's feet.

Back in Big Red, Vespa watched the Van Saar gang dwindle into the distance, a grin on her face and the crate full of creds stashed under her seat.

DESIGNER'S COMMENTARY: NEW RULES FOR DELAQUE GANGS

Presented below are the rules for Delaque Crew as well as additional vehicle equipment for Delaque gangs.

NEW DELAQUE VEHICLE EQUIPMENT

All vehicles in a Delaque gang add the following entries to their equipment lists:

DELAQUE VEHICLE ADDITIONAL EQUIPMENT LIST

WEAPONS
SPECIAL WEAPONS
- Grav gun .... 120 credits
- Meltagun.. 135 credits
- Plasma gun... 100 credits
- Web gun .... 115 credits

HEAVY WEAPONS
- Heavy flamer .... 195 credits

WARGEAR
WEAPON ACCESSORIES
- Infra-sight[†] (Pistols, Basic and Special Weapons only) .... 25 credits
- Mono-sight[†] (Basic, Special and Heavy Weapons only) .... 35 credits

DELAQUE WRAITH (CREW) ....35 CREDITS

Available to Delaque gangs only.

VEHICLE CHARACTERISTICS							CREW CHARACTERISTICS				
	TOUGHNESS										
M	Front	Side	Rear	HP	Hnd	Sv	BS	Ld	Cl	Wil	Int
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	4+	7+	6+	7+	7+

SPECIAL RULES

Gang Fighter (Crew): Models with this special rule form the backbone of House Delaque gangs. The total number of models with the Gang Fighter (X) special rule in the gang must always be equal to, or higher than, the total number of models without the Gang Fighter (X) special rule combined, not counting Hangers-on or Hired Guns.

Vehicle Crew: A Delaque Wraith must always be equipped with a vehicle.

SKILL ACCESS

A Delaque Wraith has access to the following skill sets:

Agility	Brawn	Combat	Cunning	Ferocity	Leadership	Savant	Shooting	Driving
-	-	-	-	-	Secondary	Secondary	Primary	Primary

EQUIPMENT

A Delaque Wraith must be equipped with a vehicle and they may purchase Wargear and weapons from the Delaque Wraith equipment list.

- During the course of a campaign, a Delaque Wraith may be given additional Wargear from this list and the Trading Post and from the Black Market.
- During the course of a campaign, a Delaque Wraith may be given additional weapons from this list and the Pistols section of the Trading Post or Black Market.
- A Delaque Wraith may be given a replacement vehicle from either this list or the Trading Post or Black Market, in which case their existing vehicle (if present) is placed into the gang's Stash.

DELAQUE WRAITH EQUIPMENT LIST

VEHICLES
- Custom vehicle .... Variable credits
- Ridgerunner...95 credits
- Rockgrinder...145 credits
- Wolfquad ....70 credits

WEAPONS
PISTOLS
- Autopistol...5 credits
- Flechette pistol with solid
  & fleshbane ammo ....30 credits
- Laspistol ....10 credits
- Stub gun ....5 credits
  - Dumdum rounds....................................+5 credits

WARGEAR
PERSONAL EQUIPMENT
- Filter plugs..10 credits
- Photo-goggles ....35 credits
- Respirator ....15 credits

THE BIG SCORE

"Gun it Big Pete, they're getting away!"

Vespa 'Minx' Merdena, Radlight Runners, House Orlock

In this scenario, one gang is attempting to stop some valuable cargo being delivered while their rivals protect it.

ATTACKER AND DEFENDER

In this scenario, one gang is the attacker and the other is the defender. In a campaign, the player who chose this scenario is the attacker. In a skirmish, players roll off and the winner decides whether they will attack or defend. If only one player has vehicles in their gang, they are automatically the defender.

BATTLE TYPE

This scenario is an Ash Wastes battle. Vehicles can be included in both crews. Vehicles and Wargear that grant the Mounted condition can be included in both gangs' crews.

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 6'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*. Both gangs use the Custom Selection (8) method to determine their crew.

DEPLOYMENT

The defender deploys the Prize (see page 9) in the centre of the battlefield and then deploys the rest of their starting crew within 6" of the Prize. The attacker then deploys their starting crew within 1" of the Trailing Edge of the battlefield.

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 fighters in one player's starting crew is less than their opponent's, they may randomly determine an additional gang tactic for each full 100 credits of difference.

ENDING THE BATTLE

If, at the end of any round the Prize has either been Wrecked or is no longer on the battlefield, the battle ends immediately. Otherwise the battle ends after six rounds.

VICTORY

If the Prize is either Wrecked or not on the battlefield at the end of the battle, the attacker wins. Otherwise the defender is victorious.

REWARDS

CREDITS

The winning gang adds 4D6x10 credits to their Stash as they collect the score from the Prize.

EXPERIENCE

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

If the Prize survives then it earns an additional 1 XP.

If a model Wrecks the Prize then they earn an additional D3 XP.

REPUTATION

The winning 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.

THE PRIZE

The defender must designate one of their vehicles to be the Prize. If they have more than one vehicle then it must be the most expensive vehicle they have in their gang. This has no effect on the vehicle aside from acting as an objective for the scenario.

THE SCORE

The Prize knows that if it leaves the protection of its escorts it will not survive long. Unless it is the only model from the defending gang left on the battlefield, the Prize automatically passes any Cool check it needs to make to avoid becoming Broken or fleeing the battlefield (there is no need to roll the dice).

BULLET ROAD RUN

If players wish, they may use this scenario to represent the battle as numerous gangs attempt to claim the Prize from Vespa 'Minx' Merdena. In order to do this, make the following changes:

- The defending gang should be an Orlock gang and include Vespa 'Minx' Merdena.
- Instead of one attacking gang, up to three gangs can attack the Prize. When they are deployed they must be at least 1" away from any enemy models.
- The winning attacking gang is the one that causes the Prize to become Wrecked. If the Prize is Wrecked for any other reason or the Prize flees the battlefield, the battle is a draw.

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