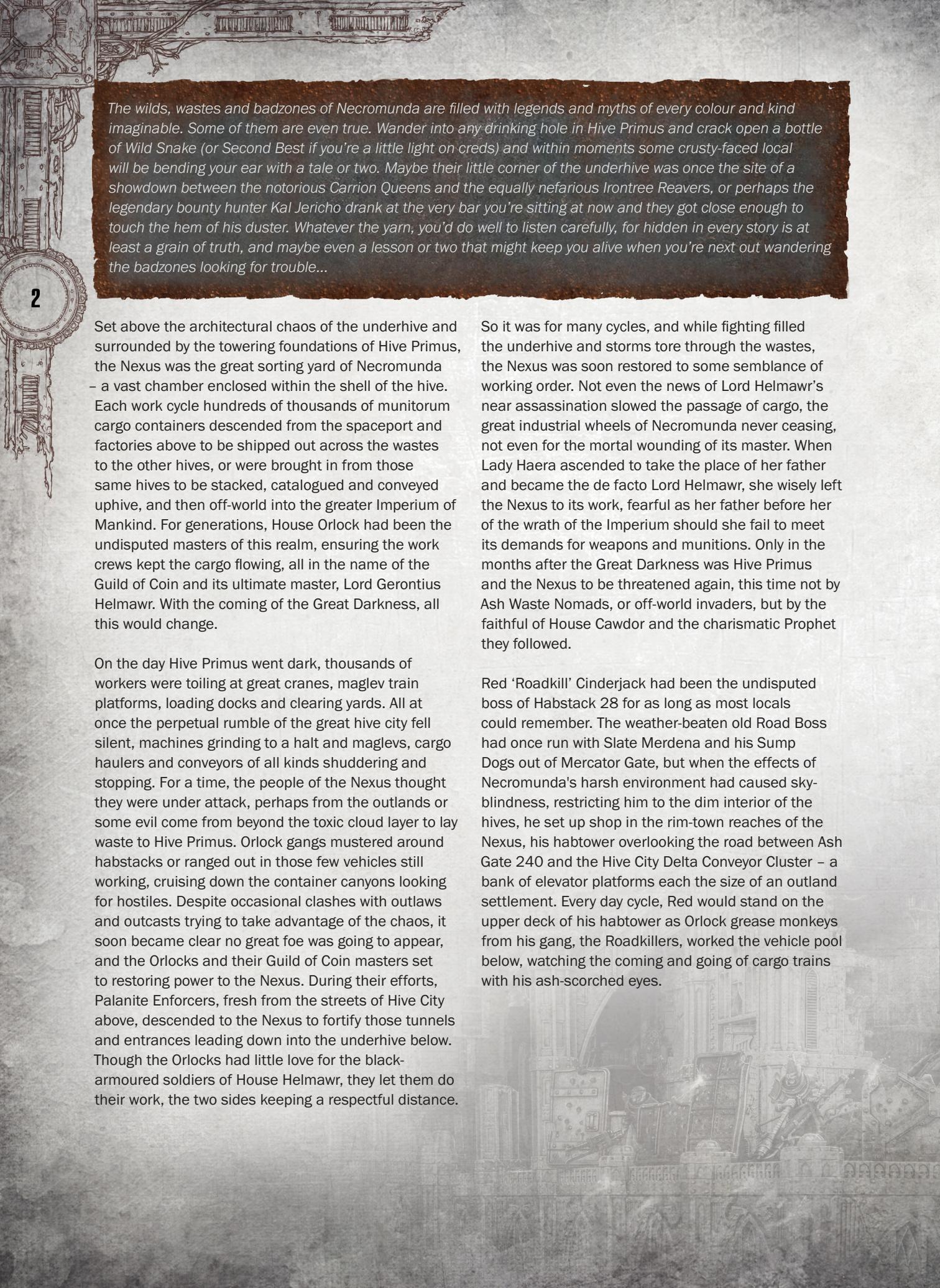


# NECROMUNDA

APOCRYPHA NECROMUNDA



NEXUS OF VIOLENCE



*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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Set above the architectural chaos of the underhive and surrounded by the towering foundations of Hive Primus, the Nexus was the great sorting yard of Necromunda – a vast chamber enclosed within the shell of the hive. Each work cycle hundreds of thousands of munitorum cargo containers descended from the spaceport and factories above to be shipped out across the wastes to the other hives, or were brought in from those same hives to be stacked, catalogued and conveyed uphive, and then off-world into the greater Imperium of Mankind. For generations, House Orlock had been the undisputed masters of this realm, ensuring the work crews kept the cargo flowing, all in the name of the Guild of Coin and its ultimate master, Lord Gerontius Helmawr. With the coming of the Great Darkness, all this would change.

On the day Hive Primus went dark, thousands of workers were toiling at great cranes, maglev train platforms, loading docks and clearing yards. All at once the perpetual rumble of the great hive city fell silent, machines grinding to a halt and maglevs, cargo haulers and conveyors of all kinds shuddering and stopping. For a time, the people of the Nexus thought they were under attack, perhaps from the outlands or some evil come from beyond the toxic cloud layer to lay waste to Hive Primus. Orlock gangs mustered around habstacks or ranged out in those few vehicles still working, cruising down the container canyons looking for hostiles. Despite occasional clashes with outlaws and outcasts trying to take advantage of the chaos, it soon became clear no great foe was going to appear, and the Orlocks and their Guild of Coin masters set to restoring power to the Nexus. During their efforts, Palanite Enforcers, fresh from the streets of Hive City above, descended to the Nexus to fortify those tunnels and entrances leading down into the underhive below. Though the Orlocks had little love for the black-armoured soldiers of House Helmawr, they let them do their work, the two sides keeping a respectful distance.

So it was for many cycles, and while fighting filled the underhive and storms tore through the wastes, the Nexus was soon restored to some semblance of working order. Not even the news of Lord Helmawr's near assassination slowed the passage of cargo, the great industrial wheels of Necromunda never ceasing, not even for the mortal wounding of its master. When Lady Haera ascended to take the place of her father and became the de facto Lord Helmawr, she wisely left the Nexus to its work, fearful as her father before her of the wrath of the Imperium should she fail to meet its demands for weapons and munitions. Only in the months after the Great Darkness was Hive Primus and the Nexus to be threatened again, this time not by Ash Waste Nomads, or off-world invaders, but by the faithful of House Cawdor and the charismatic Prophet they followed.

Red 'Roadkill' Cinderjack had been the undisputed boss of Habstack 28 for as long as most locals could remember. The weather-beaten old Road Boss had once run with Slate Merdena and his Sump Dogs out of Mercator Gate, but when the effects of Necromunda's harsh environment had caused sky-blindness, restricting him to the dim interior of the hives, he set up shop in the rim-town reaches of the Nexus, his habtower overlooking the road between Ash Gate 240 and the Hive City Delta Conveyor Cluster – a bank of elevator platforms each the size of an outland settlement. Every day cycle, Red would stand on the upper deck of his habtower as Orlock grease monkeys from his gang, the Roadkillers, worked the vehicle pool below, watching the coming and going of cargo trains with his ash-scorched eyes.

He'd heard rumours about the coming of the Prophet and seen some of his crew take the Redemption's cowl, heading off into the wastes to find the so-called saviour of Necromunda. Red was old and wise enough to know that, if someone promised you salvation, what they were really offering was slavery. And Red had never served a master he didn't respect – or could take in a fight.

At first they came in small groups, Red's outriders encountering ragged souls who had somehow found their way in from the wastes. Near-death, these pilgrims had come to spread the word of the Prophet and claim Hive Primus in his name. The Orlocks of the Roadkillers dealt with them accordingly. Eventually though, the trickle became a flood, until the canyons between the crates thronged with the Prophet's faithful. Even then, Red wasn't worried. Any who got in the way, or fouled up the conveyors, were simply handed over to the Enforcers or the Corpse Guild, depending on their condition. Only when Red saw Enforcers and Guilders wearing the symbol of the Prophet did he start to worry. And then the pilgrimage became an invasion.

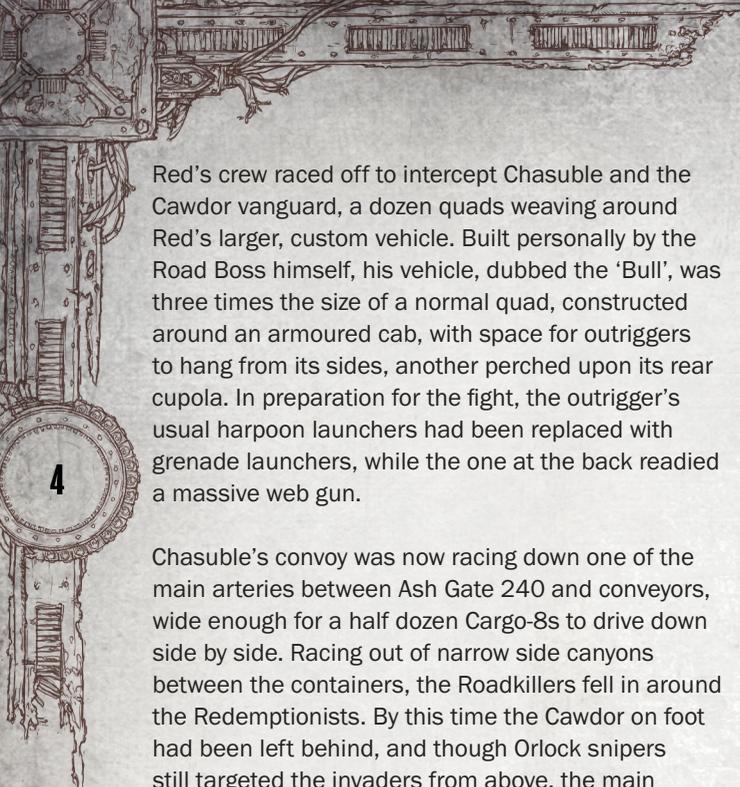
Dressed in the rags and cowls of House Cawdor, they came to take the conveyors and secure the road from Ash Gate 240. Red wasn't about to let a horde of religious zealots take over his turf, so for cycles the Roadkillers and those Guilders still loyal to Lord Helmawr had been changing the layout of the crate canyons around Habstack 28. Where once the road and surrounding cargo stacks had been roughly ordered rows of containers, reaching up into the vaulted gloom of the Nexus, now they formed a winding maze. Getting from the Ash Gate to the conveyors was no longer a simple task, with multiple paths splitting off from the road, and then splitting again to take travellers far out across the rim-town reaches. All along this path Orlock Roadkillers waited, heavy stubbers protruding from fortified containers overhead. Demo charges rigged in container arches were set to bring them down on the attackers, and Wreckers poised in shadowy perches, ready to fall upon enemy vehicles. Red oversaw the preparations from his towering habstack; down below him, a dozen Outrider Quads revving their engines and priming their harpoon launchers, eager to race down and engage the invaders.

Even with his preparations made, Red was still caught

off-guard by the fury of the Cawdor when they finally made their assault. Dozens of ramshackle vehicles and scores of Ridge Walkers surged through Ash Gate 240 with an unwashed mass of fighters in their wake. Like a reeking tide they spilled out into the container maze, packed shoulder to shoulder and wheel hub to wheel hub in the canyon's tight confines. Red's Roadkillers harried the invaders as they pressed down the narrow spaces between the steel walls, Orlock fighters snapping off shots into the press of Cawdor from the top of crate piles, falling back across makeshift bridges and walkways, always keeping to the high stacks ahead of the horde. Despite burning wrecks and bullet-riddled bodies, the Cawdor continued to pour into the Nexus, heedless of their losses.

At the head of the Cawdor assault, a huge custom rig bulldozed its way through the barricades erected by the Roadkillers. Built upon the chassis of a Cargo-8, its cab had been converted into a pulpit, its cargo bed a fighting platform from which flamer-armed Redemptionists hosed the surrounding area. Upon the pulpit stood Chasuble the Cantankerous, known to his followers as the Bishop of Kanker, favoured servant of the Prophet of the Redemption. From spittle-flecked lips Chasuble screamed the doom of Hive Primus and the return of the Lost Saint, the Cawdor following in his wake driven into a zealous frenzy by his words.

Those Roadkillers mounted on vehicles foolish enough to give chase or block the road ahead of Chasuble's holy rig were driven off by billowing streams of flame and hails of gunfire, none able to land a telling shot on the great machine. A few caught in the flamer bursts were sent careening into the sides of the pass, their crews bailing out, only to be run down by the merciless soldiers of the Prophet. From the roof of his habstack's workshop, Red watched the Redemptionist tide spilling out across the Nexus, his gaze drawn to the flashes of flame around the holy rig. But the old Road Boss knew the advantage was still on his side, and even as he watched, he saw the horde of invaders begin to fragment as it was split by the container maze into smaller and smaller groups. When the Cawdor were halfway through the outer town sprawl, Red singled out the huge Cawdor rig and climbed down into the saddle of his armoured vehicle, igniting its engine to roaring life.



Red's crew raced off to intercept Chasuble and the Cawdor vanguard, a dozen quads weaving around Red's larger, custom vehicle. Built personally by the Road Boss himself, his vehicle, dubbed the 'Bull', was three times the size of a normal quad, constructed around an armoured cab, with space for outriggers to hang from its sides, another perched upon its rear cupola. In preparation for the fight, the outrigger's usual harpoon launchers had been replaced with grenade launchers, while the one at the back readied a massive web gun.

Chasuble's convoy was now racing down one of the main arteries between Ash Gate 240 and conveyors, wide enough for a half dozen Cargo-8s to drive down side by side. Racing out of narrow side canyons between the containers, the Roadkillers fell in around the Redemptionists. By this time the Cawdor on foot had been left behind, and though Orlock snipers still targeted the invaders from above, the main confrontation was a dogfight between roaring bikes, quads, runners and rigs. The thunder of gunfire and the screech of tyres filled the confined space, with Orlock riders lost in gouts of flame, while Cawdor scrap walkers were crushed under the tyres of armoured vehicles.

The firefight increased in tempo as the two sides swerved and zigzagged between roadblocks and wrecked vehicles. In places the Orlocks had rigged crude traps, causing containers to tumble from the towering stacks into the path of Chasuble's convoy. Cawdor vehicles were pulverised under the bouncing, rolling avalanches of steel and debris, the screams of their crews cut off by the crashing boom of the falling crates. Somehow, Chasuble's rig remained untouched, as if the Prophet himself were indeed watching over the Redemptionist preacher.

Screeching out from the press of vehicles, Red set his sights on the head of the convoy and the preacher that led it. A few smaller enemy runners swerved into his path, though the outriggers made short work of them with salvos of krak grenades – the explosive rounds punching ragged holes in their hulls, or shredding tyres and sending them tumbling into the canyon walls. Red brought the Bull in close behind the Cawdor rig, heedless of the small arms fire peppering the cab of his vehicle. With a yell, he gave the order for the web gunner to fire, and a stream of constricting strands shot out to foul the rear tyres of Chasuble's truck.

At that same moment, the chase mounted the ramp that led up and into the Delta Conveyor Cluster. The cluster was a wide rift running for kilometres in either direction, filled with conveyors and cargo hoists cutting down into the underhive and up into the lower levels of Hive City. At points along its length, platforms were level with the Nexus, many partially filled with piles of containers, awaiting their time to be hauled up to the spaceport or sent down to the maglev rail hubs below. With a thunderous rattling the vehicles raced out onto one of these temporary bridges, the lift platform shaking beneath them.

Red brought the Bull alongside the Cawdor rig as it began to slow from the strands wrapped around its rear wheels, the web gunner lining up a shot on its front tyres. From his pulpit, Chasuble locked eyes with the Orlock boss, and Red saw the madness in the preacher's gaze. Holding up his hands and crying out to the God-Emperor, Chasuble was suddenly enveloped in blazing light, Red, the other Orlocks and even the nearby Cawdor blinded by its glory. Several vehicles lost control and plunged over the side of the platform to be lost in the gloom below. Red, able only to see a blur of shapes, lost control of his machine and slammed into the side of the Cawdor rig. The two vehicles met with a crunch of metal, one of Red's outriggers killed instantly, the others thrown from their seats. The Bull, now meshed with Chasuble's Cargo-8, was dragged along by the larger vehicle, forcing the surviving Orlock gunners to leap clear or be killed. Stubbornly, Red freed himself from the driver's seat and crawling over the screeching wreckage, hauled himself up onto the pulpit of the Cawdor truck, bolt pistol in hand, ready to end the preacher.

With a heart-stopping shudder a dozen containers were dislodged from above by the careering passage of the ruined vehicles, the massive crates becoming an avalanche that spilled out across the conveyor platform and into the path of the convoy. Red almost lost his footing, grasping out for the nearest handhold – the robe of the preacher, Chasuble. Red looked into the face of the Redemptionist, a mask covering Chasuble's eyes and forehead, leaving only a ragged beard and yellow teeth visible. Then the rig hit the pile of containers and came to a crashing halt. Both preacher and Road Boss were flung from the pulpit, landing in a heap on the swaying conveyor.

Red dragged himself to his feet dazed. As his vision returned, he saw Chasuble standing over him, and behind the preacher, a dozen more Cawdor vehicles and scores of Ridge Walkers mounting the platform. With a hollow laugh Red balled his fists and charged.

## DESIGNER'S COMMENTARY: PATHS OF FAITH

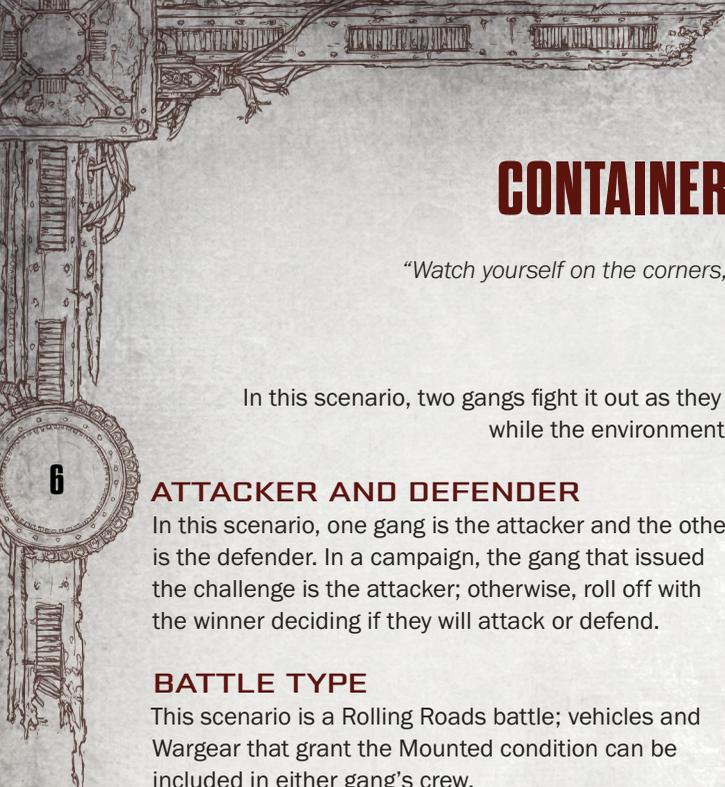
Presented below are the rules for the Path of the Prophet, a new path for the Cawdor Articles of Faith rules (as detailed in *Necromunda: House of Faith*). These rules allow players to recreate the action detailed in Nexus of Violence and, if the Arbitrator wishes, these new rules may be included in their campaign.

### PATH OF THE PROPHET

The Path of the Prophet is the utter devotion to the word of the Prophet and the Great Pilgrimage which he leads. Its followers see this path as the one true expression of the Redemption, and the Prophet himself as ordained by the God-Emperor to lead all who claim devotion to the Imperial Creed. During the Aranthian Succession millions of faithful would flock to the banner of the Prophet, until they dominated the fractured House of Cawdor in their relentless quest to convert or destroy all who opposed their holy master.

- When generating Faith dice, if your crew outnumbers your opponent's crew (only counting fighters currently on the battlefield that are not Seriously Injured or Broken), roll an additional number of D6s equal to the number of fighters your crew outnumbers your opponent's crew by.
- The following Articles of Faith can only be performed by members of a House Cawdor gang that follows the Path of the Prophet.

ARTICLE OF FAITH	EFFECT	THRESHOLD
<b>"Look not upon the Face of the Prophet, lest he Blind you with his Glory!"</b>	All other fighters (both friend and foe) within 12" of the fighter invoking this Article of Faith change their facing so that their vision arcs are facing directly away from the invoking fighter.	5+
<b>"By his Word shall you be Redeemed and in his Name shall you Serve!"</b>	The invoking fighter targets an enemy fighter they are engaged with. The targeted fighter must make a Willpower test, if they fail they become subject to the Insane condition.	8+
<b>"Look to the Light Of The Prophet!"</b>	Whilst this Article of Faith is in effect, all fighters (both friend and foe) within 12" of the invoking fighter are unaffected by the Visibility (X) rule.	3+
<b>"Look not to the counsel of False Masters!"</b>	Whilst this Article of Faith is in effect, all enemy fighters within 12" of the invoking fighter cannot benefit from Group Activations or the Gang Hierarchy (X) special rules.	7+
<b>"Let those who Fear, Fear Not, and those who Fear Not, Know Fear!"</b>	All Broken fighters (both friend and foe) within 12" of the invoking fighter immediately Rally. All other fighters (both friend and foe) must take a Nerve test.	6+
<b>"Empty are the Hands of the Faithless!"</b>	While this Article of Faith is in effect, enemy fighters count as being Unarmed when making close combat attacks against the invoking fighter.	4+



# CONTAINER CANYON RUN

*"Watch yourself on the corners, you can run out of room real quick!"*

Gale 'Gunshine' Nix, Red's Roadkillers, House Orlock

In this scenario, two gangs fight it out as they race through a maze of massive container canyons, while the environment itself changes around them.

## ATTACKER AND DEFENDER

In this scenario, one gang is the attacker and the other is the defender. In a campaign, the gang that issued the challenge is the attacker; otherwise, roll off with the winner deciding if 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 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*. 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 Core Rulebook*. Both gangs use the Custom Selection (10) method to determine their crew.

## DEPLOYMENT

The attacker deploys their starting crew within 6" of one of the battlefield edges. The defender then deploys their starting crew within 36" of the opposite battlefield edge.

## 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

The battle ends at the end of the sixth round, or if either gang has no models left on the battlefield at the end of any round.

## VICTORY

If the attacker gets either five fighters or three vehicles off of the Leading Edge of the battlefield, they are victorious. If the defender Wrecks or takes Out of Action at least half of the attacker's crew, they win. Any other result is a draw.

## REWARDS

### CREDITS

The victorious gang adds 2D6x10 credits to their Stash.

### EXPERIENCE

The victorious gang's Leader earns D3 XP even if they did not take part in the battle.

### REPUTATION

The victorious gang gains D3 Reputation.

This is a Rolling Roads scenario with Impassable Sides and follows all the rules for Rolling Roads. The Leading Edge of the battlefield is the defender's deployment area.

### **HARD LEFT!**

After the Rolling Roads phase in each round after the first, both players roll a D6. If the attacker rolls a 6, the Leading Edge rotates clockwise (meaning the battlefield sides will become the Leading Edge and Trailing Edge); if the defender rolls a 6, the Leading Edge rotates anti-clockwise. If both players roll a 6 then the Leading Edge and Trailing Edge swap.

### **ESCAPE THE NEXUS**

Before step one of the Rolling Roads phase of any round after the first, any of the attacker's models within 1" of the Leading Edge may be removed from the battlefield. They do not count as having gone Out of Action for the purposes of determining Bottle checks, but take no further part in the battle.

### **NEXUS OF VIOLENCE**

If players wish, they may use this scenario to represent the invasion of the Nexus by the forces of the Prophet, and the defence of Red 'Roadkill' Cinderjack's Orlocks. In order to do this, make the following changes:

- The defending gang should be an Orlock gang.
- The attacking gang should be a Cawdor gang dedicated to the Path of the Prophet.
- Both gangs should only include vehicles, fighters transported on vehicles or fighters with the Mounted condition.



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