




APOCRYPHA NECROMUNDA



DAEMONS OF MERIDIAN



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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DAEMONS OF MERIDIAN

In the wake of the battle for Cinderak City the settlement lay in ruins. Among the broken habs, burning wrecks and scattered bodies were the remnants of the Brethren of the Black Dawn. A techno-heresy cult that had long dwelt within the Great Crater, the coming of the Great Darkness had driven them to join the throngs of mutants, helots and monsters assailing the walls of the city. More cunning than most, their leader, the heretek Czarn the Cyberoth, had led his followers deep beneath Cinderak via the ancient tunnels that had once been Hive Meridian, while battle raged overhead. With the aid of the Brethren's scrap-code Ambots, the cult had tunnelled up into the city during the Goliath assault on the Escher-held settlement. Unfortunately for Czarn and the rest of his cultists, their moment of triumph was cut short by the sheer brutality of the confrontation between the House of Chains and the House of Blades. In fact, most of the clanners didn't even realise there was some manner of helot cult uprising taking place, too preoccupied with gunning each other down to notice the small band of newcomers in their midst.

By battle's end, Czarn was broken, bleeding and dying. Escher bullets and Goliath fists had mangled his body while the rival clan gangs had killed almost all of his followers. Even the cult's two scrap-code Ambots were in a bad way: one a smoking ruin, the other limping badly and leaking fluid in thick, oily pools. This second Ambot was the one who conveyed Czarn back into the undercity, carrying the mortally wounded cult leader into the depths of the Meridian underhive. The tale of the Brethren of the Black Dawn might well have ended there with the demise of Czarn. However, Czarn was adept at the heretek's craft, and with his last moments of life, activated preprogrammed surgical protocols in his mechadendrite harness. With whirring saws and slicing blades the mechanical arms extracted Czarn's brain from his body, before suturing it

into the exposed cranial cavity of the Ambot – merging xeno-animal brain and heretek into a single horrific organism.

For a long time the battered Ambot lay in the darkness cradling the corpse of Czarn. Then, raising its head, it came clanking back to its massive feet, a dark intelligence driving its actions. For a time it lumbered through the underways of Cinderak City, following ancient life-giving power lines and the scent of a potent energy source. Eventually, its wanderings brought it to the great chamber beneath the centre of the city. Once this had been a power conduit to the dead hive's ancient plasma reactor, and even now it served a similar purpose for the inhabitants of the city above – bleeding off centuries of residual energy still held in long forgotten thermal batteries. With huge metal hands the thing that was both Ambot and Czarn latched onto one of the great power lines and drank deep – energy flowing into the amalgamation of robot and heretek and reshaping it into something more than it had been. As the unholy union of machine and man fed, ragged shapes emerged from the shadows, drawn by the whispers of the Warp, and bowed down before their new master.

Meanwhile, in the ruins of the city overhead, the Goliath champion Gorshiv Hammerfist had dragged himself away from the conflict. In the aftermath of the battle for Cinderak City most of his gang had been driven north towards the ruins of Mercator Gate by the triumphant Escher, though a loyal cadre of Shiv's Crushers remained at his side. Even Doc Shiv had, for the moment, abandoned him – leaving her great creation to heal in the ruins of a derailed maglev train just west of the Great Crater.

Stewing in his own rage, Gorshiv dreamt of his revenge against the strange warrior who had defeated him – not just because of how good it would feel to crush their skull, but also that it would remind his boys that he was still a force to be reckoned with. As soon as the Stimmer had adequately recovered, and acquired a new batch of chems to fuel his oversized muscles, he set off back towards the ruined outland settlement in search of his quarry. With only a handful of Goliath to aid him, Gorshiv was forced to sneak into Cinderak City through old service ways, and even then had to break a few heads to ensure his return went unnoticed. The vision of the white-cloaked warrior burned in Gorshiv's mind and even his own gang didn't dare question their boss' thirst for vengeance for fear of getting their spines broken.

Creeping through the darkness into the slumbering tunnels below the city, Gorshiv and his Crushers stalked amongst holesteads and workshops seeking the cloaked champion and their followers. Those few Escher and Orlocks on sentry duty unlucky enough to cross paths with them quickly wished they hadn't, and in short order Gorshiv arrived in the cavernous chamber below the central marketplace from where Credo's rebels had emerged to ambush the Goliath during the fighting. Gorshiv had hoped to find something that would lead him to his foe, though instead a strange sight greeted his gang.

There, among the debris of previous battles, a ragged congregation was gathered around a hulking, mechanical beast. Gorshiv was no stranger to automata, and recognised this as having once been some manner of Ambot – but it was changed in disturbing and repulsive ways. Where once it had been an almost completely robotic machine housing the brain of a beast, it now looked like a living creature. Organic growths and appendages sprouted from its body, while a fierce, green light glowed through the gaps in its armoured frame.

As Gorshiv was considering this beast, Escher fighters entered the chamber, their weapons trained upon the hellish creation. The congregation, a moment ago bent-backed and chanting prayers to their machine master, rose readying weapons of their own. For the briefest moment Gorshiv considered fading back into the shadows and leaving the two sides to their brawl, but his rage needed to be sated – and his gang needed to see their boss break some bones.

Czarn considered the meat things circling his followers and calculated his response. The ancient energy of the hive, merged with the taint of the Warp, pulsed through his form, now reshaped by the dark intelligence that drove the mechanical body he wore. Machine thoughts tumbled through subroutines and response protocols as his gaze assessed the danger the fleshy enemies posed to him: Minimal. Rising up on hissing servos, Czarn reached out with one of his distended claws. Where once the muzzle of a meltagun had protruded, now a sneering daemon face greeted the Escher, its mouth unleashing a torrent of warp fire into their ranks. With booming footsteps Czarn waded through his own followers – those helots not quick enough to get out of the way crushed beneath mechanical feet. The chattering of auto weapons and whoosh of las fire between the cultists and their enemies barely registered on his sensors as he rampaged through the House of Blades. Frail human bodies were hurled into the air, crushed in iron talons or incinerated by green flame, the Escher quickly falling back before the bellowing mechanical horror.

Czarn felt himself being drawn back towards the life-giving power tap when a massive shape loomed up from the press of bodies around his feet. This was followed a second later by a savage impact on his shoulder – so powerful it drove Czarn a dozen paces back as the aftershock ran through his frame. Sensors zeroed in on the attacker – thermal overlays and kinetic receptors showing a rippling mountain of muscle moving with chem-driven speed.

Gorshiv hurled himself at the metal monster once again, his hammers lashing out to smash on its chest with a deafening clang. The thing staggered back again, but recovered more quickly this time, lurching forward to attack. Before it could connect, a screaming cultist hurled himself at Gorshiv, spoiling the Ambot's attack. Caught between the Goliath's hammers and the daemon machine's claws the unfortunate helot exploded in a shower of flesh and blood, drenching Gorshiv and Ambot in human remains. For a moment the Goliath was blinded by blood and viscera and retreated a step to recover his vision even as the Ambot levelled its flamer at the Goliath. Only a burst of combat stimms prevented Gorshiv from being engulfed in warp flame, though a handful of other combatants were not so fortunate – pillars of green fire staggering into the darkness. The thing followed up its attack with terrifying swiftness and Gorshiv was picked up by rusting claws and hurled across the chamber like a child's toy.

Czarn's exoskeleton was clanking and shuddering where the muscle mountain's attacks had struck home. His body was not responding as it should and movement was difficult. Outcome analysis programs raced through Czarn's mind in a moment and settling on a course of action he tore away the damaged armoured plates to free his limbs. Though stray rounds still sparked and whined off and around Czarn the three way battle between the meat things held no interest for him. Advancing now with savage finality he closed in on the place where his quarry had fallen – talons opening and closing with a snik-snik-snik as he anticipated the kill.

As the chaos machine drew near Gorshiv exploded out of a pile of debris and he threw himself at the Ambot, hammers connecting with its misshapen head. In a shower of sparks and scrap the machine toppled backward, crashing to the ground with a sound like a collapsing dome. Without even considering his kill, Gorshiv charged into the fight still unfolding between the Escher, helots and Goliath, his hammers ready to crack fresh skulls.

Czarn's machine mind swam in darkness... then backup systems kicked in, alternative power sources came online and metre by grating metre the Ambot dragged itself back toward the power tap. Reaching out with a taloned hand Czarn grasped the life-giving energy and at once felt his body begin to repair itself.

Gorshiv was caving in another helot's skull with his hammers when he saw the Ambot rise up, a renewed fire glowing in its optics. To his disgust its plates reformed over exposed inner workings and it lumbered forward into the fray. Gorshiv turned to face it once again, banging the heads of his two hammers, 'Wreck' and 'Ruin', together in challenge. The thing turned to face him just as an incandescent plasma blast took it in the side and sent it down once more. Incensed, Gorshiv charged the Escher responsible, the fighter fumbling with her overheating weapon even as the Goliath's hammers smashed her to the ground in a bloody heap.

Once again Czarn drank from the healing energy, and once again he felt his body restoring itself. The hammer-wielding fighter was attacking again – though slower than before. Threat assessment optics focused on the injectors the meat thing wore on its back and neck – chem sniffers identifying them as stimulants and combat serums. When the living mountain overextended itself in an attack, Czarn sent a backhanded blow across the injectors – tearing them free of flesh and smashing them to scrap. The massive creature slowed even further now, and Czarn drove his talons into its flesh, pinning it to the ground.

Czarn's body was almost fully restored now and in his machine greed he drank deep from the power tap, for a moment forgetting the struggling meat thing at his feet. Sensors noted the creature was drawing a weapon with its free hand – the other pinned by bloody talons to the ground. Stub gun, threat level: Nil. Czarn pressed down for the kill.

Gorshiv grinned through bloody teeth, his body covered in cuts and blood. Raising his stub gun he levelled it not at the Ambot's head but the pulsing power tap behind it. With a crack the bullet smashed into the conduit, followed a second later by a brilliant flare of energy. If Gorshiv hadn't been on the ground he would have been caught in the conflagration – those few fighters still on their feet and battling sent twitching and thrashing to the floor as bolts of energy tore into them. The Ambot shuddered and died, crashing to the ground – silent at last. Gorshiv got wearily to his feet and surveyed the ruin around him. 'Last one standing once again', he thought with a slow, broken smile.

Dancing down the ancient powerlines of the hive, Czarn considered the creature through ancient security systems fixed around the dome – before losing interest and darting off into the aether in search of a new form...

DESIGNER'S COMMENTARY: NEW RULES FOR OUTCAST GANGS

Presented below are the rules for a new Dramatis Personae that will allow you to recreate the events described in *Daemons of Meridian*. If the Arbitrator wishes, this Dramatis Personae may be used during a campaign.

CZARN THE CYBEROTH, OUTLAW OUTCASTS LEADER

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CREDITS

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	CL	WIL	INT
4"	3+	5+	5	5	3	4+	2	7+	5+	6+	7+

Weapon	Rng		Acc		Str	AP	D	Am	Traits
	S	L	S	L					
Warp flamer claws									
- melee	-	E	-	-	S	-1	2	-	Melee, Paired
- ranged	-	T	-	-	4	-1	2	5+	Blaze, Cursed, Template

SKILLS: Bull Charge, Crushing Blow, Unstoppable

WARGEAR: Light carapace armour

SPECIAL RULES

Warp Corrupted Abomination: Czarn may only be hired by an Outcasts, Helot Chaos Cults or Chaos Corrupted gang.

Automated Repair Systems: By tapping directly into a power source, Czarn is capable of repairing almost any level of damage that he has taken. He may attempt to repair himself as a Post-battle action – in order to do so, roll a D6. On a 3+ all Lasting Injuries are removed from this fighter.

Outlaw Outcasts Leader: This fighter may either be selected as an Outcasts Leader when making an Outcasts gang (see *Book of the Outcast*), replacing the normal option for an Outcasts Leader, or may be hired as a Bounty Hunter, following all the normal rules for Hired Guns.

Outlaw: Czarn is an Outlaw Hired Gun.

DESIGNER'S NOTE: MODELLING CZARN THE CYBEROTH

When modelling Czarn for use in your games of *Necromunda*, you may use a standard Ambot to represent him shortly after his transformation. Alternatively, if wishing to show him later on when the Warp has twisted and altered his form, there is almost no limit to the possibilities for converting him – feel free to let your imagination run wild!

CUT OFF THE HEAD

'Threat assessment: Negligible. Response: Exterminate'

Czarn, Brethren of the Black Dawn, Helot Cult Heretek

In this scenario, one gang ambushes a rival in the heart of their territory in an attempt to take down its leader.

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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 a Sector Mechanicus battle; vehicles and Wargear that grant the Mounted condition cannot 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 Rulebook*.

CREWS

This scenario uses the standard rules for choosing a crew, as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Rulebook*. The attacker uses the Custom Selection (6) method to determine their crew. The defender uses the Random Selection (D3+5) method to determine their crew.

DEPLOYMENT

The defender deploys their starting crew within 9" of the centre of the battlefield. The attacker then deploys their starting crew within 3" of any battlefield edge.

GANG TACTICS

Each player may choose two gang tactics from those available to their gang. If, during the pre-battle sequence, the gang rating of one player's gang 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 either gang has no fighters left on the battlefield, or the Target is no longer on the battlefield at the end of any round, the battle ends immediately.

VICTORY

If the Target is not on the battlefield at the end of the battle, the attacker is victorious, otherwise the defender wins.

REWARDS

CREDITS

The victorious gang adds 2D6x10 credits to their Stash.

The losing gang adds D6x10 credits to their Stash.

EXPERIENCE

Each fighter that takes part in the battle earns 1 XP.

If a fighter takes the Target Out of Action that fighter earns an additional D3 XP.

If the defender wins, the Target earns an additional D3 XP.

REPUTATION

The victorious gang gains D3 Reputation.

If either gang bottled out, they lose 1 Reputation.

HOME TURF ADVANTAGE

The defender has the Home Turf Advantage.

THE TARGET

After starting crews have been determined, the defender designates one of their fighters as the Target. If possible the defender must choose their Leader, if their Leader is not part of their starting crew they must instead select a Champion. If they cannot select a Champion then any fighter may be selected. The Target may perform the Power Tap (Double) action if they are within 3" of the centre of the battlefield:

Power Tap (Double): The fighter removes all Flesh Wounds and the fighter may perform an additional action during their next activation.

FLEEING THE BATTLEFIELD

If either gang voluntarily bottles out and subsequently flees the battlefield, their opponent automatically wins the scenario.

DAEMONS OF MERIDIAN

If players wish, they may use this scenario to represent the battle between Gorshiv and Czarn in the caves beneath Cinderak City. In order to do this, make the following changes:

- The attacker's gang should be a Goliath gang and include Gorshiv Hammerfist.
- The defender's gang should be an Outcasts gang led by Czarn (see page 5).
- Czarn must be the Target and he treats the Power Tap (Double) action as a Basic action.



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