

WARHAMMER[®]

40,000

TYRANIDS



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CODEX: TYRANIDS

From the unspeakable cold of the intergalactic void an immeasurable alien intelligence moves ever closer. Barren husks of countless star systems lie in its wake.

The first tendrils of the Great Devourer, a single entity stretching over light years of space and controlled by the immortal Hive Mind, have probed our galaxy and found it rich in prey.

It has begun to feed.

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Written by

Phil Kelly & Andy Chambers

Additional Material

Andy Hoare & Graham McNeill

Cover Art

Alex Boyd

Illustration

Paul Dainton, David Gallagher,
Mark Gibbons, Karl Kopinski &
Adrian Smith

Graphic Design

Alun Davies

Conceptual Design

Dave Andrews, John Blanche,
Alessio Cavatore, Roberto Cirillo,
Jes Goodwin & Gav Thorpe

Production

Michelle Barson, Simon Burton,
Marc Elliott, Kris Jagers,
John Michelbach, Dave Musson,
Mark Owen & Ian Strickand

Miniatures Design

Mark Bedford, Juan Diaz,
Jes Goodwin & Mark Harrison

Hobby Material

Mark Jones & Adrian Wood

'Eavy Metal

Kev Asprey, Pete Foley,
David Rodriguez Garcia,
Neil Green, Neil Langdown, Darren
Latham, Keith Robertson &
Kirsten Williams

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Games Workshop Ltd.,
Willow Rd, Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS

US

Games Workshop Inc.,
6721 Baymeadow Drive,
Glen Burnie,
Maryland 21060-6401

Canada

Games Workshop,
2679 Bristol Circle,
Unit 3, Oakville,
Ontario, L6H 6Z8

Australia

Games Workshop,
23 Liverpool Street,
Ingleburn
NSW 2565

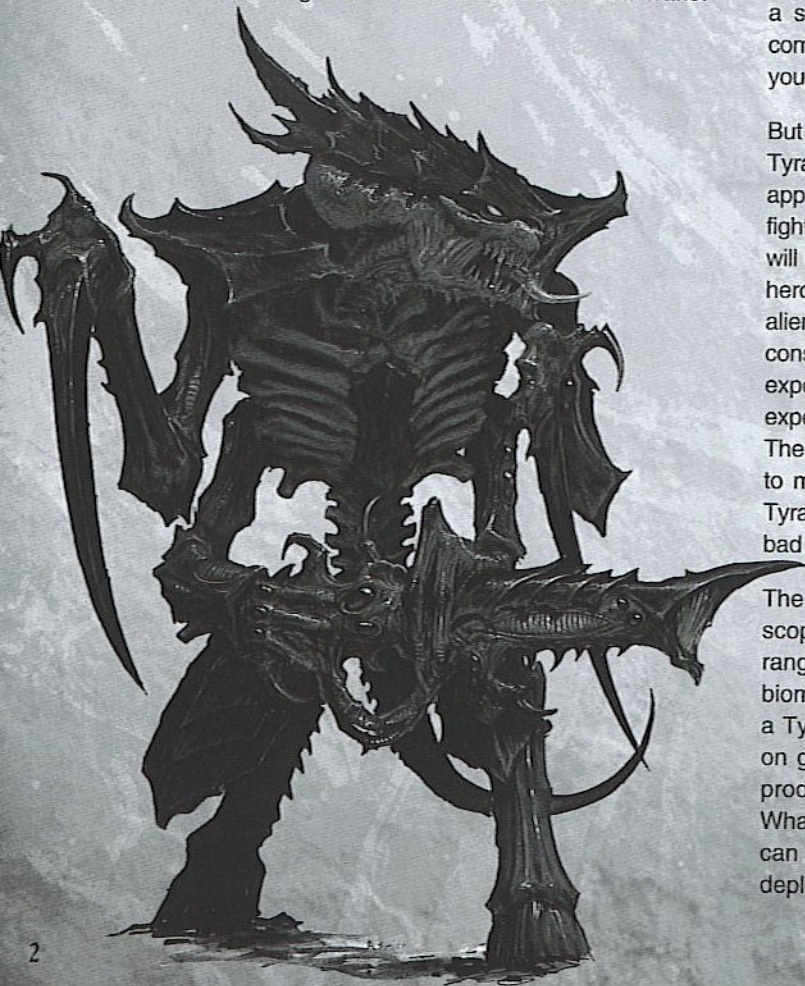
INTRODUCTION

"There is a cancer eating at the Imperium. With each decade it advances deeper, leaving drained, dead worlds in its wake. This horror, this abomination, has thought and purpose that functions on an unimaginable, galactic scale and all we can do is try to stop the swarms of bioengineered monsters it unleashes upon us almost by instinct. We have given the horror a name to salve our fears; we call it the Tyranid race, but if it is aware of us at all it must know us only as Prey."

Inquisitor Czevak

Welcome to Codex: Tyranids. Within these pages you will find all you need to guide you in collecting, painting and gaming with a Tyranid horde in the Warhammer 40,000 game.

The Tyranids are an alien race from the cold depths of the void that hunger constantly for warm flesh. They infest the stars in their billions, a raw force of destruction that has been likened to a locust swarm – remorselessly hungry and far too numerous to stop. When a hive fleet locates a planet that is rich in life, ravening armies of voracious warrior-organisms descend upon it as one. In a matter of days, the planet's inhabitants are slaughtered like cattle and their corpses are dissolved into a biological gruel from which new Tyranid organisms are grown. In this manner the swarms constantly replenish themselves with ever-more efficient killers, born not only from their own dead but also that of their prey. When the culling is complete and every shred of biomass is assimilated, the Tyranids drift on to the next world, leaving a ball of scoured rock in their wake.



WHY COLLECT A TYRANID ARMY?

The Tyranids are an exceptionally powerful close combat army, with a unique style of warfare. To let a Tyranid army reach your lines is a grave mistake indeed. Each model in the army is a beast of war specifically engineered for a certain battlefield role. When used properly, the Tyranid army functions as a hyper-efficient predator that few can stand against and fewer still survive.

The wide variety of options available to the Tyranid player makes this army extremely flexible. Some generals prefer to field a pure assault army, red in tooth and claw, whilst others may utilise powerful symbiote weapons. For some players, there is nothing more satisfying than outnumbering the enemy twice or even three times over with a scuttling horde of Gaunts. At the other end of the spectrum are full armies of Tyranid monstrous creatures, lumbering powerhouses capable of ripping apart an enemy squad without sustaining a scratch. Often the most successful tactic is to take a combined-arms force that works in perfect harmony with you, the player, as its Hive Mind.

But if this versatility is at the heart of what makes the Tyranid force such an engaging army to use, the true appeal of the Tyranids is their visceral horror. No enemy fights the Tyranids without the ever-present fear that they will overwhelm and slaughter his carefully chosen force of heroes. Tyranids, on the other hand, are cogs in a merciless alien killing machine existing only to serve the gestalt consciousness of the Hive Mind. As such you can cheerfully expend your broods with no more angst than if you were expending ammunition – there are always thousands more. The cinematic image of a malignant alien swarm is familiar to many of us already; no shades of grey here, with the Tyranids it is always kill or be killed. They are the perfect bad guys, easily identifiable and petrifying to face.

The other great bonus of the Tyranid army is the sheer scope of modelling and converting options inherent in the range. You can easily interchange claws, heads and biomorphs to create your own unique creatures. Painting a Tyranid army can be simplicity itself; a little time spent on getting just the right colour scheme will allow you to production-line great broods of Gaunts in no time. Whatever approach you decide to take, the entire army can be given a powerfully themed look which, when deployed for battle, will look spectacular.

Faeruthriel and her squadron careened alongside the fractured glassaic domes, the smooth lines of their jetbikes cutting through the spore-choked air. The designs on the dome walls blurred into one, but still the loathsome winged Tyranids pursuing them kept pace. She banked sharply as a tell-tale buzzing indicated another incoming volley of flesh-beetles disgorged from the Tyranids' weapon-beasts, her squad following in perfect synchronisation before diving through a splintered archway. Lherian convulsed as a pair of shiny borer-beasts burrowed into his back, and he smashed into the delicate dome walls with a loud crack. A spray of coloured glassaic rained down around the fiery wreckage of his bike onto the battle below. Faeruthriel shouted terse commands to her comrades as they raced through the soaring arches of the vast dome's roof.

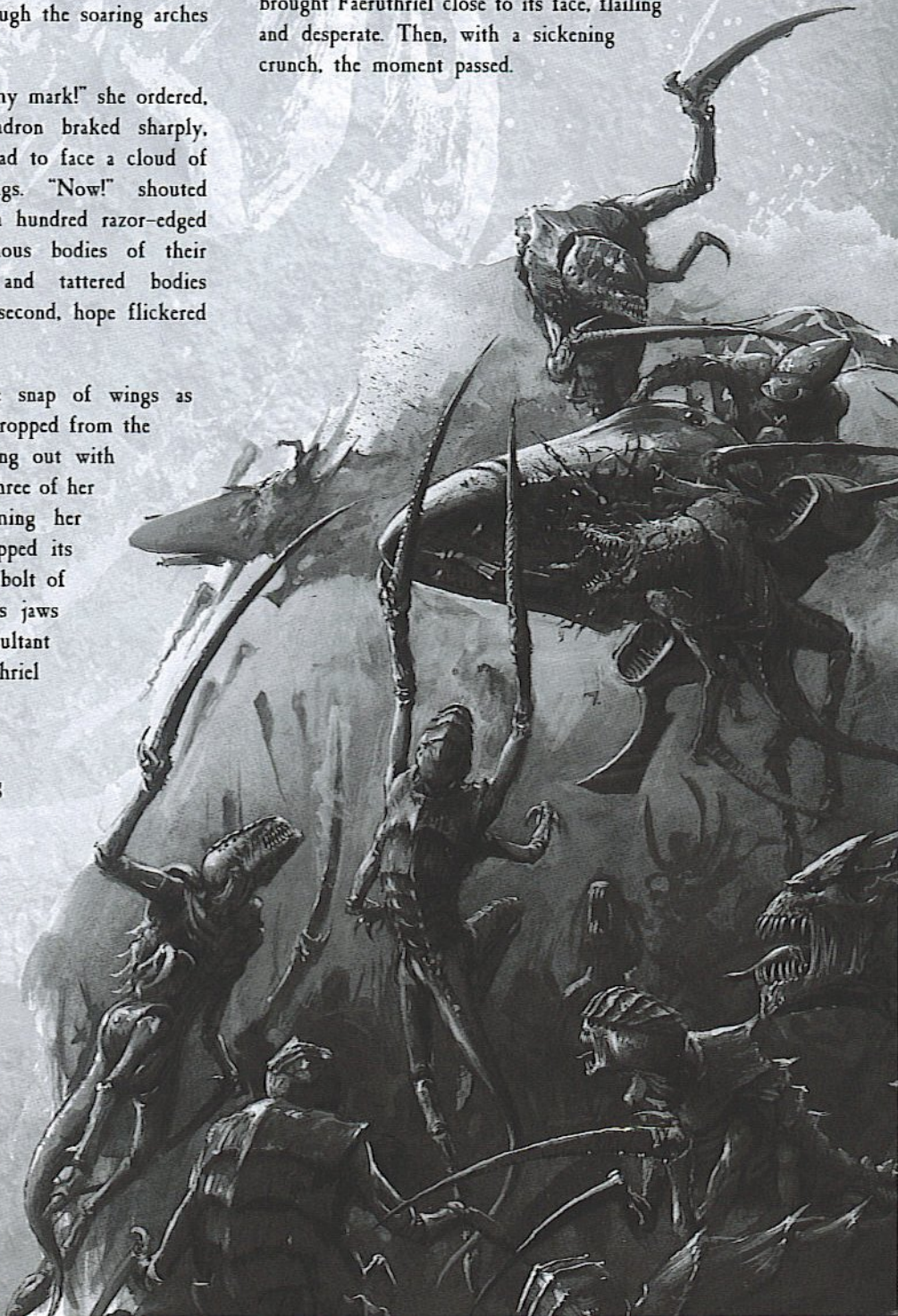
"Bank and open fire, cousins! On my mark!" she ordered, fear rich in her tone. The squadron braked sharply, pinwheeling round and stopping dead to face a cloud of fanged maws and leathery wings. "Now!" shouted Faeruthriel, and a hundred times a hundred razor-edged shuriken scythed into the chitinous bodies of their pursuers. Black ichor spurted and tattered bodies plummeted from the skies. For a second, hope flickered in Faeruthriel's heart.

Suddenly, the air filled with the snap of wings as something the size of a grav-tank dropped from the domed roof into their ranks, lashing out with enormous bladed limbs and killing three of her squad. Faeruthriel panicked, slamming her bike into reverse as the beast whipped its bulbous head round. It screamed, a bolt of incandescent light spearing from its jaws into the last of her squad. The resultant explosion almost knocked Faeruthriel from her saddle.

Without looking back, Faeruthriel levelled out and sped over a rolling landscape obscured by a rippling tide of sprinting aliens. A roaring leader-beast waded through their ranks, flanked by walking hulks of bone and muscle. Below her, knots of brave Eldar warriors buckled and gave way, disappearing under the sheer weight of screeching, stabbing beasts. Tears of anger ran down Faeruthriel's cheeks. How could this be happening?

Crouching low over the readout display, Faeruthriel drove the jetbike faster still, gun-beasts and warriors blurring into an indistinct mass of claw and carapace below. Too late she saw a trio of scythe-armed beasts leap into the air before her, smashing into the jetbike's prow. The bike corkscrewed downward, trailing oily black smoke before ploughing into the ranks of the aliens below.

Crawling from the mangled remains, Faeruthriel looked up with blood-filled eyes to see a creature twenty times her size staring at her with malign intelligence. It reached down with a massive claw, plucking her bodily from the wreckage as easily as she would have plucked ripe fruit from a tree. There was a single, still moment as it brought Faeruthriel close to its face, flailing and desperate. Then, with a sickening crunch, the moment passed.



THE GREAT DEVOURER

We must scour them from the stars before they do the same to us.

Chaplain Cassius of the Ultramarines

Tyranids travel the galaxies and the voids between them in vast, drifting hive fleets. These consist of millions of sentient craft, each in turn home to untold numbers of monstrosities evolved from the bubbling geno-organs of their mucous-slicked reproductive chambers. All these creatures are born to serve the single entity that is the ship, and the ship in turn exists only to serve the hive fleets. In this way the Tyranid race thinks, perceives and acts as one great whole, allowing it an unparalleled level of command over its constituent parts. From the tendril-like shoals of the hive fleets to the tiniest feeder organisms, every Tyranid is bound to the implacable will of the Hive Mind.

As it is an inefficient use of resources to evolve large and complex brains for each and every warrior-beast, the smaller creatures are simply controlled by the will of purpose-grown leader beasts. They function in perfect unison, coordinated by powerful psychic imperatives transmitted by a communal sentience. Should the influence of the larger Tyranid organisms be removed, the lesser Tyranid creatures will revert to animalistic behaviour; a fact that their enemies have learned at a great cost in lives. For this reason the Tyranid fleets, hordes and broods do not have a single commander, but a synaptic web of psychic influence as extensive as it is powerful.

All of the organisms that can channel the commands of the Hive Mind are potent psykers, and communicate with their brethren not by language, but by a kind of instinctive telepathy. That such a concentration of psykers can exist without drawing clouds of the daemons of Chaos into the material universe is testament either to the potency of the Tyranids' psychic abilities or the cold voids in place of their souls.

The Tyranids do not build their starships and weapons from metal and plastic, but use gene-splicing and bioengineering to grow them from the living organic material harvested from the worlds they have devoured. Every bio-weapon, gland and projectile used in their armies is a Tyranid organism in its own right, from the spores polluting the atmosphere of their prey-planets to the grotesque spires that burst from the tortured earth during an invasion. To fight the Tyranids is to fight an all-encompassing tide of alien life forms from the microscopic to the colossal, each one deadly in its own way.

The highest forms of Tyranids, the dread Dominatrixes and space-dwelling Norn Queens, are living bio-factories that constantly give birth to an unending stream of warriors, hive ships and weapon-organisms. At war, these warriors form a ferocious avalanche of scything blades and serrated fangs. The sheer destructive potential posed by such a monstrous force is daunting enough, but the Tyranids pose more of a threat than just the physical.

To witness a Tyranid invasion is to look upon a vision of utter destruction, and many would-be defenders take their own lives or are driven insane by the sheer scale of the carnage around them. As the invasion begins, the skies turn red as the air chokes with poisonous Tyranid spores, then blacken as clouds of winged vanguard organisms descend to sow terror and confusion. Creeping Genestealers burst from their hiding places, destroying the command sections of the enemy whilst Lictors stalk the shadows, preying on the unwary and feasting on their brains with their feeder tendrils so they may transmit knowledge of the foe's weaknesses to their ravenous kin. Mycetic spores rain down from the skies by the thousand, breaking open upon impact like grotesque, gory flowers to disgorge whole broods of warrior organisms that flow together into a great flood. Within days of the first spores thickening the atmosphere the prey-planet's surface boils with Tyranid life-forms.

So thorough is the seeding of microscopic alien spores across the planet that even the native flora is perverted and eventually consumed by the invasion. Its growth is accelerated tenfold, the better for the invaders to harvest its biomass when the slaughter of the planet's defenders is complete. Toward the latter stages of invasion, swarms of voracious Rippers consume everything in their path before immersing their bloated forms in acidic digestion pools. Once broken down, the captured biomass is funneled back to the bio-ships through vast capillary towers. In the pulsing depths of the hive ships, great geno-organs bubble and spit as new Tyranids are created from the bodies of the planet's defenders and the life forms of their once-populous world.

Even before an invasion begins, a planet's defenders must win a battle with despair, for each hive fleet has a smothering psychic signature known as the Shadow in the Warp, making it virtually impossible for Astropathic messengers to send a request for help. Thus does the hive fleet isolate and destroy every world in its path. Unrelenting and unstoppable, the Tyranid race represents the eventual doom of both Mankind and the alien races who inhabit the known galaxy.



"The Tyranids are without doubt the most rapidly evolving creatures in the galaxy. The Magos Biologis of Mars have observed developmental DNA leaps between broods originating from different hive fleets that would take other beasts millions of years to achieve. It appears that the Tyranid 'Norn Queens' or primogenitor organisms aboard the hive ships are capable of modifying their progeny in response to the environment and life-forms they encounter. Newly harvested genetic codes are assimilated, the prey's defensive measures are examined, and improved creatures are bio-engineered to overcome that resistance. Over time, the myriad improvements to the hive fleet's gene pool are melded with others, strengthening the entire race.

A case in point is to observe the degree of integration of the Tyranid's symbiote weapons. At first these were relatively crude and were carried and employed, however distastefully, by the creatures that used them like a gun or a sword. In later encounters Tyranids have exhibited, more and more frequently, weaponry meshed directly into the creatures carrying them. Now it has become impossible to tell where the Tyranid warrior ends and its weapon symbiotes begin. I think we can be assured that the Norn Queens will continue to work tirelessly towards forms more and more perfectly adapted for killing the inhabitants of this galaxy just as they have in others before ours. Simply put, over the coming centuries we may be out-evolved to the point of extinction."

Magos Biologis Alder Garrick



HIVE FLEET BEHEMOTH 745.M41

The first contact the Imperium of Mankind had with the alien menace of the Tyranids took place on a little-known Imperial outpost in the Tyran system located on the south-eastern fringes of the galaxy. The planet Tyran was an Adeptus Mechanicus way-station studying the virtually unknown sectors at the edge of the galaxy. Because of its isolation, the base was well protected and boasted an Astropathic choir for communication with Holy Terra, over 60,000 light years away.

The Tyran Primus base lay in the midst of Tyran's great world-spanning oceans, dug deep into an island that was the very tip of a chain of ancient volcanoes. The base itself was fortified to resist violent storms and the attentions of the planet's voracious oceanic life forms. Tyran Primus also had four giant defence lasers in armoured silos for defence against marauding alien spacecraft and any unknown monstrosities lurking in the deep oceanic abyss.

THE COMING OF THE TYRANIDS

The first disquieting signs of a threat from the eastern boundaries of the Imperium came in the form of reports from Tyran, telling of a number of ravaged worlds that lay at the very edge of known intergalactic space. In ancient surveys, these particular planets had been logged as supporting life, but more recent Explorator scans and expeditions reported them to be barren airless rocks. At first nothing untoward was apparent: the earlier surveys were hundreds, sometimes thousands, of years old and inaccuracies were not uncommon.

As time passed, the Technomagi found that even worlds that were known to have thriving ecosystems had been transformed into barren planetoids. Investigation teams could find no discernible cause for the phenomena and the reports filed with the Explorator General received little attention. The planets in question had supported no sentient life forms and lay thousands of light years from the nearest human-colonised systems. In a galaxy of a million worlds such mysteries abound, so for a time the information gathered dust in the hundreds of miles of data-cores that form the archives of the Administratum on Earth.

As the Tyran outpost dutifully continued to file reports of dead worlds, the growing body of evidence attracted the attention of an organisation that abhors mysteries and unexplained phenomena: the Inquisition. Inquisitor Kryptman, well-respected for his far-sighted condemnation of the Macharian Heresies, began to ask probing questions about events in the distant south-east. The Adepts of the Explorator's office could offer little additional information but as soon as Inquisitor Kryptman compiled and analysed the reports on the extinct worlds it became apparent that the phenomenon exhibited a distinct pattern, and was encroaching ever deeper into the galactic rim, directly towards Tyran.

The Inquisitor presented his findings to a conclave of fellow Inquisitors and received dispensation to commandeer a ship to travel to the Eastern Fringe and uncover more data. But even as the Inquisitor's ship was churning through the Warp, Tyran came under attack.

THE DEATH OF TYRAN

Inquisitor Kryptman received word of the last message from Tyran months after the attack. By the time his ship reached the Tyran system almost a year had passed and at first he could not equate the dead, barren planet he found to ocean-bound Tyran. After a long search, Inquisitor Kryptman unearthed a hidden data-codex from deep below the planet's crust and, in doing so, learned the full horror of the alien threat facing the Imperium.

The data-codex revealed that Magos Varnak, a member of the ruling elite of the Cult Mechanicus, had been involved in the survey of worlds on the Eastern Fringe when Tyran Primus detected a cloud of close to a thousand unidentified objects entering the star system. Varnak's own ship had been crippled by a ring of fleshy mines on the outskirts of this cloud, and though he had managed to return to base, less than a week later the first alien attacks began. Kryptman and his aides watched grimly as footage of the storm-wracked skies of Tyran was split again and again by the blinding flash of the defence lasers striving to drive the invaders away. The uneven battle raged on for more than an hour as the brave laser crews blasted at the hundreds of invaders descending upon Tyran before, amazingly, the enemy simply withdrew. But Kryptman knew there was worse to come.

Varnak had sent his three remaining system ships in pursuit of the foe, and static-riddled recordings of their auguroptics were just sharp enough to show Kryptman the face of the enemy. The invaders appeared to be creatures of alien origin, vast armoured organisms with thick carapaces that were apparently fully adapted for life in space.

One by one, the system ships were quickly crippled or destroyed by the invaders. The defences of Tyran had damaged or destroyed only a dozen creatures out of a swarm of close to a thousand. Varnak had been forced to conclude that should the invaders attack again, the base on Tyran was doomed.

But for some reason, Varnak's Astropath had broadcast no messages. Kryptman's own staff psyker, ashen-faced at the implications, announced that the disruptions in the Warp left by the creatures' arrival were making it almost impossible to use astrotelepathy. The data-codex was the only way Varnak had found to preserve the knowledge they had bought with the life of an entire planet.

Kryptman watched in silence as the grainy footage showed thousands of alien pods raining through the atmosphere of Tyran. Though the laser defences were destroying any pods that would have impacted on the base, many more were falling into the sea around it. The water around the base thrashed and boiled as alien shapes emerged from their pods and hacked their way through the voracious native beasts that swarmed around them. Through the eyes of a servo-skull pict-capture, Kryptman watched Magos Varnak monitoring the advance of the aliens from the heart of the complex on his own crystal data-screens. The static-laced screen showed creatures that were upright, six-limbed, clawed and fanged. Scattered defensive fire ricocheted off their thick hides and heavy carapaces like hailstones.



On-screen, the aliens smashed their way through the electro field and armourplating shutters of the base as if they were made of paper and glass. Servitors guarding the dock fought back with flamers, but screaming alien giants with arms like great scythes waded forward and Kryptman watched in horror as they shrugged off the searing fires and hacked their way through the Servitors.

Soon, every screen on Varnak's display showed a flood of aliens spreading through the base, destroying everything they found. The Mago's finger hovered over the switch that would send the data-codex plummeting into the depths of the base. Kryptman found himself willing Varnak to wait, knowing that every moment of footage might give some additional insight into the enemy.

The data-codex ended with one final, garbled message, a fervent prayer for the Emperor's grace over a chorus of agonised screams and desperate gunfire. Varnak's last words were a dire prophecy accompanied by a lasting image of the skies over Tyran turned black with swarming monsters. Kryptman felt hollow as the realisation of what he had discovered sank in. From the doomed world of Tyran the dread invaders acquired a name at last – Tyranids.

THANDROS

Kryptman immediately ordered his Astropath to project a vision to the Imperium, but the psyker could not penetrate the Warp turmoil left by the passing of the alien fleet. Even the nearby Thandros Adeptus Telepathica relay matrix was obscured. In desperation Kryptman set course for Thandros in the hopes of re-establishing communications there.

But the Tyranids had attacked Thandros and moved on long before the arrival of Inquisitor Kryptman. Thandros was not as well protected as Tyran. The miners living in tunnels on Thandros II and III could not hide from the Tyranids or escape into space, and died in the darkness beneath the planet's crust, hunted through labyrinths of their own making by unspeakable terrors. The telepathica matrix orbiting Thandros I was later found to have emptied all of its turret magazines and burned out its defence laser batteries before it was overrun. As with Tyran, the Telepathica adepts manning the base were unable to send word of their plight to the Imperium because of the Tyranids' psychic blockade. The Thandros system had fought and died alone.

Kryptman and his retinue salvaged the telepathica matrix and sent a message of warning to the unsuspecting Imperium of the magnitude of the Tyranid threat. His Astropath, red-eyed with weariness after days of concentration casting Varnak's codex and Kryptman's report into the ether, gave the Inquisitor orders from the Lords of the Ordo Xenos to travel to the planet Macragge in the Ultramar system, the empire of the Ultramarines Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes. There he would assist the Master of the Chapter in locating and eliminating the Tyranid fleet. As dictated by Imperial tradition, the alien hive fleet had been codified with an ancient and forbidding name from legend: *Behemoth*.

THE BATTLE FOR MACRAGGE

In the Macragge system, a dozen ships already hung in orbit and each day more arrived from the warp. Orbital fortresses and ponderous system-defence monitors surrounded Macragge with a ring of firepower. Lumbering Space Marine battle barges hung over Macragge like gigantic azure monoliths etched with the gaping maws of weapon bays, launch tubes and heavy bombardment turrets. These leviathans dwarfed the sleek strike cruisers arriving from the Ultramarines' furthest outposts.

The Ultramarines were readying themselves for all-out war with the Tyranids, and Kryptman allowed himself a glimmer of hope when he heard the news that Battlefleet Tempestus had finally been despatched from the orbital docks at Bakka. Kryptman had met with Marneus Calgar, Chapter Master of the Ultramarines, and after long discussion agreed that Macragge was the system most immediately threatened by Hive Fleet *Behemoth*. Macragge itself, already well-protected, was being even more heavily fortified and would be held tenaciously by the Ultramarines and planetary defence auxilia until the combined Ultramar and Imperial fleet arrived to take on the hive fleet.

A month later the Tyranids attacked Macragge, and a fleet of bio-ships now numbering well over a thousand vessels swept aside attacks by Ultramarines' strike cruisers defending the outlying worlds as they pushed in-system. A large section of the Tyranid fleet then descended upon the garden world of Prandium, a paradise once referred to as the jewel in Ultramar's crown, and left a barren ruin in its wake.

Despite Kryptman's warnings, Calgar was shocked to the core by the fate of Prandium. With no sign of the Imperial fleet from Bakka, he was forced to use the Ultramar fleet in a risky ploy. By leaving Macragge and retreating out-system, Calgar drew the Tyranids onto the defences of Macragge as they sought to encircle and invade it. The Ultramar fleet struck the aliens while they were spread out and vulnerable, successfully carving a bloody swathe through the bio-ships as Calgar tried to fight his way back through to the protection of the big guns of Macragge.

At the height of the battle, Ultramar fighters from Macragge crippled one of the largest Tyranid hive ships and this seemed to fatally disrupt the cohesion of the alien fleet. The Tyranids' attacks became increasingly uncoordinated and Calgar's fleet reaped a great tally of fallen bio-ships. As the battle raged, the Tyranids unleashed thousands of spores above the vital northern and southern polar fortresses that were the keystones of Macragge's defence. Soon thousands of Tyranids were scuttling across the ice fields towards the polar fortresses.

But in the depths of space the Ultramarines were gaining the upper hand. The battered hive ships retreated and, desperate to prevent their escape, Calgar's fleet gave chase. Though Calgar feared for the polar fortresses, he knew they were well guarded by Ultramarines of the 1st Company supported by defence auxilia and Titans of the Legio Praetor. Most of the 1st Company were formed into Terminator squads equipped with the best personal weaponry in the Imperium. Entrusting the fate of Macragge to these veteran warriors, Calgar chose to pursue the Tyranid hive fleet.

The Tyranid swarms on Macragge surged on towards the polar fortresses. A living tide of sickle-clawed beasts flowed across snowy plains scored by lasers, their numbers blurring into a shifting mass of slicing hooks and piercing talons. The ear-splitting rattle of bolters and the thump of artillery drowned out the bestial, hateful screams of the swarming Tyranids, but they swept on with implacable ferocity.

Slowly the troops withdrew ever deeper into the fortress while making the Tyranids pay in blood for every yard of ground. The Titans of Legio Praetor stalked the ice fields and drove smoking furrows through the onrushing Tyranid hordes with shells and plasma. Crippled Ultramarines ships which Calgar had left in orbit above hurled bolts of ruby flame and megatons of explosive death upon the Tyranids, but still they came on.

The ferocity of the swarms was unbelievable. At the northern fortress, they overran the walls by using the steaming piles of their own dead for cover. Titans were dragged down and ripped apart by sheer weight of numbers, like lions swarmed over by soldier ants. Weapon barrels glowed red hot and jammed in spite of the arctic cold, ammunition began to run low though the fortress contained stockpiles for months of siege. The snows around the fortresses were stained arterial purple with Tyranid ichor.

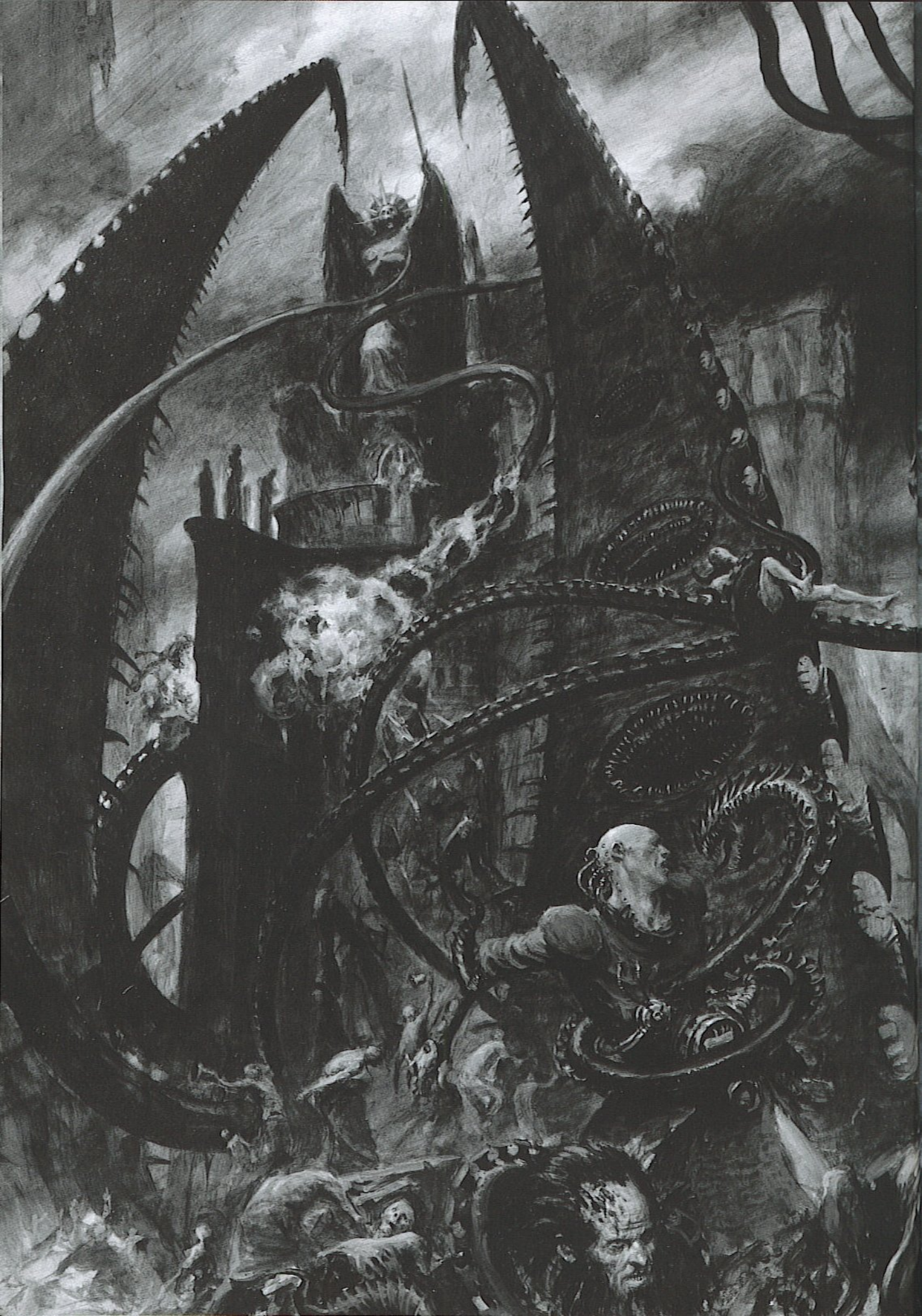
In space, Calgar pursued the Tyranid fleet toward the ringed world of Circe at the edge of the Macragge system. The timely arrival of Battlefleet Tempestus from Bakka finally sealed the Tyranids' fate by catching them in a vice between the two armadas. The Tempestus fleet of over two hundred warships, including the huge Emperor class battleship *Dominus Astra*, was almost completely wiped out in a titanic battle around Circe. The battle was only won by the heroic sacrifice of the *Dominus Astra* charging

into the heart of the enemy and triggering its warp drives. The core of the Tyranid fleet was annihilated in the resultant warp vortex, which also dragged the *Dominus Astra* to oblivion. Calgar's surviving ships came about and roared back to Macragge to try and save the beleaguered polar garrisons.

When Calgar and his surviving battle brothers returned, scenes of unbelievable carnage awaited them. Piles of mangled Tyranid corpses and shattered wargear lay strewn across the ice. Vast steaming craters pocked the snows where Titan plasma reactors had melted down and the stench of death lay everywhere. Only a handful of Tyranids remained at the southern fortress but the swarms in the north fought back with unthinking ferocity. The desperate battles that ensued in and around the polar fortresses were bloody and close affairs, and many more squads of Ultramarines gave their lives fighting the remnants of the alien invasion. But the Tyranids' attacks lacked strategy or coordination and most of the creatures were cut down as they emerged from cover.

In the carcass-choked corridors of the polar fortresses, the greatly reduced companies of the Ultramarines cleared their way forward with flamers, the sheer number of alien bodies they waded through testament to their fallen brothers' courage and tenacity. In the northern fortress, the remnants of the Third Company finally reached the lower generatorium where the 1st Company had made their last stand. They were too late. Tyranid bodies were piled six deep around the doors and within the room a circle of Terminators lay where they had fought back to back. The Ultramarines' 1st Company had succeeded in their defence but in the process had been wiped out to the last man, a grievous blow to the Chapter.







HIVE FLEET KRAKEN 993.M41

THE KRAKEN WAKES

In the aftermath of the first Tyrannic war there was little the Imperium could do to strike back at its foe. *Behemoth* had arrived from a virtually unexplored quarter and had all but disappeared after the Battle of Macragge.

The Technomagi of Mars spent many years classifying the Tyranid artefacts and bodies left on Macragge but could divine little about their origins from the evidence. The obvious facts were that the Tyranids themselves formed an incredibly diverse race, and that they used advanced bio-technology. The only discovery of great note was that the Tyranids had employed Genestealers as shock troops. These alien creatures had previously been thought to be autochthonous denizens of the moons of Ymgarl that had spread through space onboard cargo barges. Their presence amongst the Tyranid hordes was testament that this theory was in error. Genetic samples confirmed that even the tentacle-mawed Ymgarl Genestealers were Tyranid creatures, so why were they already established far to the galactic north-west? The Salamanders Chapter of Space Marines conducted a xenocidal campaign to purge the moons of Ymgarl and Inquisitors intensified their scrutiny for Genestealer infestations, but nothing more could be done.

Two and a half centuries passed with neither sight nor sound of further Tyranid incursions. Nonetheless, when inhabited worlds in the systems of the galactic south-east began to suffer an epidemic of riots, terrorism, sabotage and, in some cases, outright rebellion, the Ordo Hereticus of the Inquisition was quick to investigate.

The Imperium's first concern was the rebellion on the industrial world of Ichar IV. Soon after the fighting broke out, Inquisitor Agmar, a young but highly active member of the Ordo Hereticus, led several small battle forces into the capital city of Lomas. Piece by piece the picture of what had happened on Ichar IV became clear. The divinations of the Imperial Tarot and Adeptus Astra Telepathica psykers indicated something far worse than mere rebellion – at the heart of the uprising lay a Genestealer infestation of unparalleled size. In utmost secrecy Inquisitor Agmar sent a report to the conclave of the Inquisition and awaited the arrival of the Space Marines.

ULTRAMARINES INVASION

Thirty nine days after the outbreak of rebellion, the Ultramarines battle barge *Octavius* entered Ichar's orbit and prepared to deploy its drop pods. Ichar IV's defences were still largely ineffective because of the damage inflicted on Lomas's generatorium by the Adeptus Arbites during the running street battles of the uprising, and drop casualties were light. Companies of Space Marines seized the main defence armouries and the governor's palace where the militia headquarters had been established. Small knots of fanatical rebels held out in towers and bunkers and packs of Genestealers were rooted out from their subterranean lairs in the catacombs and cathedrals of Lomas. The rotten heart of the rebellion was crushed after a close-fought battle in the

bowels of the planet, and soon after that Imperial forces swept through the rubble-strewn streets crushing all opposition.

Ichar IV was back under the iron heel of the Imperium within three weeks. All signs of the Genestealer infestation were thoroughly rooted out by the zealous Inquisitor Agmar with the assistance of the Ultramarines.

However, Ichar IV still had one mystery left to unravel. The reports of the Astropaths who had accompanied the Inquisition told of sensing a faint psychic disturbance like a long, keening call or a signal radiating from the planet, a signal which had been cut off when the infestation was eradicated. The oldest and most powerful of the Astropaths had told Inquisitor Agmar that he too had sensed the call and that he had felt a distant shift in the Warp. It was a sense of something vast and seething, a shadow of a monstrously powerful entity which had turned its attention towards Ichar IV.

When Agmar submitted his report to the conclave of the Inquisition he was warned of a growing number of reports from survivors fleeing from the outer fringes. The information was garbled and contradictory but one fact stood out, the Tyranids had returned with a new hive fleet, codenamed *Hive Fleet Kraken*.

TENDRILS OF THE KRAKEN

This new Tyranid invasion had come without warning, and no one could be sure how many planets had fallen to the Tyranid horde already. *Kraken* appeared to be made up of many sub-fleets which moved to attack worlds across an entire sector simultaneously. The alarming disruption in the Warp brought about by the hive fleet's passage had blocked out astropathic communication beyond the besieged systems and warp travel in their vicinity had become dangerously unpredictable. Whole sub-sectors of the Imperium had been swallowed up with almost no clues as to what had happened to them. The handfuls of survivors had fled aboard ships and had been flung hundreds of light years off course by the turbulence in the Warp. Their chilling accounts of the devastation left in the wake of the hive fleet formed the bulk of information available to the Imperium on *Kraken's* silent advance.

Tales came of skies turned black over whole continents by clouds of wind-blown poison spores and hulking monsters that stalked the land, ripping and slashing with murderous claws. Stories of billions of creatures swarming across the face of a world, devouring everything in their path and leaving the planet a wasteland. Whole population centres had been subdued or wiped out in a single night, and those taken alive had envied the dead.

In the Miral system Imperial Guard regiments and Space Marines of the Scythes of the Emperor Chapter still held out against Tyranids which had overrun the lush jungles and plantations of Miral Prime. The Imperial forces had retreated to a huge rock mesa – known locally as the



A. Smith

Giant's Coffin – where they fought daily against raging hordes from the dense jungles below. The jungles themselves had become extraordinarily active since the invasion and only constant defoliation prevented vines and creepers infected with Tyranid spores engulfing the defenders' narrow island of rock overnight.

A free captain brought rumours of Lamarno, a feral planet that had come completely under the sway of a Genestealer infestation. When a Tyranid hive fleet arrived the fierce tribesmen had calmly boarded the bio-ships to be consumed by their new 'living gods'. He also brought a tale from the giant asteroid-monastery of Salem, telling of how the monks had chosen to poison themselves and their carefully tended ecosystem with necrotising rotweed rather than allow their sanctified flesh and bones to be consumed by the advancing Tyranids. Now Salem was nothing more than a gigantic tomb.

Another dedicated merchant captain helped evacuate millions from the mining worlds of Devlan before it was consumed. The extensive system of Sentinel space stations around Devlan delayed the hive fleet long enough for a fleet of giant freighters to escape into space. A company of the Lamenters Chapter of Space Marines held off frenzied attacks by the Tyranids until the last ship was loaded. Left surrounded and cut off, the Lamenters commended their souls to the Emperor and took a heavy toll of the invaders before they were finally overrun, their precious gene-seed assimilated into the Tyranid swarm.

Yet there seemed to be no refuge even in flight. One giant ore ship fleeing from Devlan with its cargo of refugees arrived at its destination ominously dark and silent. No communication was forthcoming from the vessel and it made an automated landing far from habitation. Those investigating the ship found it to be a blood-drenched abattoir when they unsealed it. Men, women and children had been mercilessly butchered in their hundreds, perhaps thousands, it was impossible to tell. The Inquisition suspected a breach of quarantine protocol had allowed a Tyranid organism to get aboard, but nothing could be found, so what the murderous entity was and what became of it remained a mystery.

Meanwhile, orbital defences on Graia had held the hive fleet back for a time, but the invaders had overrun Graia's single moon. Now every orbit brought a rain of mycetic spores on the planet below, each spore bearing its payload of doom and destruction. Explorators reported discovering a world deep in the Eastern Fringe which had been seeded with attack organisms during a Tyranid terror raid decades before. Swarms of the scythe-armed beasts had killed every living thing on the planet and now battled with each other in their unrelenting bloodlust.

Seen on a galactic scale, *Kraken* moved as many independent hive fleets, attacking across a front that covered thousands of light-years. Worlds were often bypassed, isolated or attacked unexpectedly, making a cohesive defence almost impossible to mount. The Imperium was forced to concentrate its forces on the most strategically important forge worlds and hive worlds while it evacuated or simply abandoned others to their

fate, letting the tendrils of the hive fleet slide through the cordon in numerous places. Agmar's divinations and the events of the rebellion on Ichar IV allowed the Imperium to predict the direction in which the majority of the Tyranid fleet was heading, however, and this resulted in the tremendously bloody Battle of Ichar IV in 993.M41.

Due to the forewarnings of those involved in the crushing of the rebellion, the Ultramarines were able to mount a solid defence of the Ichar system. Once more their Chapter Master was present, leading his fleet to a major victory over the Tyranid armada whilst crack teams of Tyrannic War veterans who had fought at the Battle of Macragge scoured Ichar IV's hives in a series of close quarter battles that lasted nearly a full year. A terrible toll was paid by the population of that blighted world, the planet left a smoking charnel house of death and destruction.

At around the same time, Inquisitor Czevak reported that the Eldar craftworld of Iyanden had been subjected to a series of massive Tyranid attacks. The once mighty craftworld had fought off swarm after swarm of attacking hive ships, but in doing so its space fleet had been virtually destroyed. Several swarms of Tyranids had reached the craftworld itself and fighting had raged throughout its slender wraithbone towers and magnificent crystal domes. Now most of the craftworld lay in ruins, a shattered and crumbling remnant of its former glory. Four fifths of its people were left dead or dying, a terrible blow to the dwindling Eldar race.

Though the back of Hive Fleet *Kraken* was broken by the two major defeats it suffered at Ichar IV and Craftworld Iyanden, several hundred inhabited worlds had fallen to the Tyranids. Two entire Space Marine Chapters based on the Eastern Fringe, the Scythes of the Emperor and the Lamenters, had been all but destroyed with little more than a company of each chapter surviving the Tyranid onslaught. And though two tendrils of *Kraken*'s advance had been shattered and the crisis on the Eastern Fringe had stabilised somewhat, an unknown number of splinter fleets have sloughed from the main Tyranid incursions.

THE SPLINTER FLEETS

The scattered remnants of the Tyranid attack on Ichar IV appear to have fled towards the galactic core, driving well within the defensive perimeters drawn to combat Hive Fleet *Kraken*. These splinter fleets have, if anything, become an even greater threat as they raze unsuspecting and ill-defended worlds far from the warzones. Splinter fleets may comprise as few as a dozen hive ships, but a dozen ships are still more than capable of overwhelming an isolated world, just as with Tyran over two centuries ago. Running battles with the splinter fleets are draining the defences against *Kraken* even further, and the fleets themselves are regaining their strength as they feast on the bounty of the worlds they devour.

The fight to halt *Kraken*'s advance has not been entirely in vain, for the Imperium has learnt many lessons about how best to fight back against its extragalactic foe. In a number of systems Space Marines have boarded Tyranid ships while the alien creatures within were still dormant after exiting the Warp. These boarding parties

entered the pulsing vitals of the immense alien craft, gathering information about the Tyranids and destroying thousands of creatures while they lay frozen in hibernation. The information gathered by these brave Space Marines has proved vital to the Imperium's search for a way to defeat the Tyranid menace.

TOTAL WAR

The Adeptus Terra was sufficiently shaken by the constant flow of reports of invasion from the Ultima Segmentum to convene the High Lords of Terra. Their conclusion was rapid and succinct: the vast inroads of the Tyranids into the Imperium must be stopped at all costs, the Tyranid race must be investigated and, if possible, utterly exterminated. The Imperial Tarot has predicted a time of coming darkness unmatched since the darkest hours of the Horus Heresy: the Devourer of Worlds grappled with the human galaxy and thus far it had shown only the first hints of its true strength. At the command of the High Lords the huge military juggernaut of the Imperium's armed forces turned its face to the Ultima Segmentum and readied itself for total war.

"To think of these creatures as beasts is a grave mistake. We have observed their vanguard organisms herd prey like cattle into the path of the main swarms. We have seen them expend tides of lesser beasts so that their enemies have no ammunition left when their leaders attack, and armoured columns channelled into narrow defiles where but one of their assault beasts can tear through an entire tank company. Only yesterday we received a pict-capture of several platoons falling back into the keep of Gnax Bastion, only to be trapped and slaughtered by burrowing organisms that burst from the ground. These creatures have shown evidence of a tactical acumen that speaks of a far worse threat than that posed by a mere beast."

Lexmechanic Ursis, Belis Corona



File 798432/) Species 43798 Structure & Analysis - Court Document 382/excom

Date: 0736998.M41

Subject: Species Record -
Tyranid/Tyran/Tyranid/Xenos

Rating: Caucus Theta
(closed dissemination excepting Magos Biologis)

Cross ref to: Inquisitor Kryptman; Inquisitor Czevak; Munitorum Strategic Intelligence Collective 827/II; Magos Biologis High Command

The Tyranids are a foe as diverse as they are dangerous. Only by cataloguing and indentifying each Tyranid species can we hope to understand them and therefore defeat them. The knowledge included herein has been bought with the lives of countless millions of the Imperium's soldiers, and even now it is not complete. Nonetheless, my studies conclude that at least 73.3% of reported Tyranid sightings can be positively identified with the aid of the diagram shown here.

It should be noted that each of the Tyranid species shown here is fully mutable. Imperial authorities once believed that although some species were able to assume a bewildering array of variants whereas others were genofixed into a particular physiology. This has since been proved to be falsehood; though some Tyranid organisms change at a slower rate than others, all are able to adapt and evolve according to the resistance they encounter. It is because of this fact that any attempt to categorically list each and every Tyranid form is ultimately doomed to failure. Nevertheless, having common terminology for each strain of Tyranid at least aids the formulation and execution of front-line strategy.

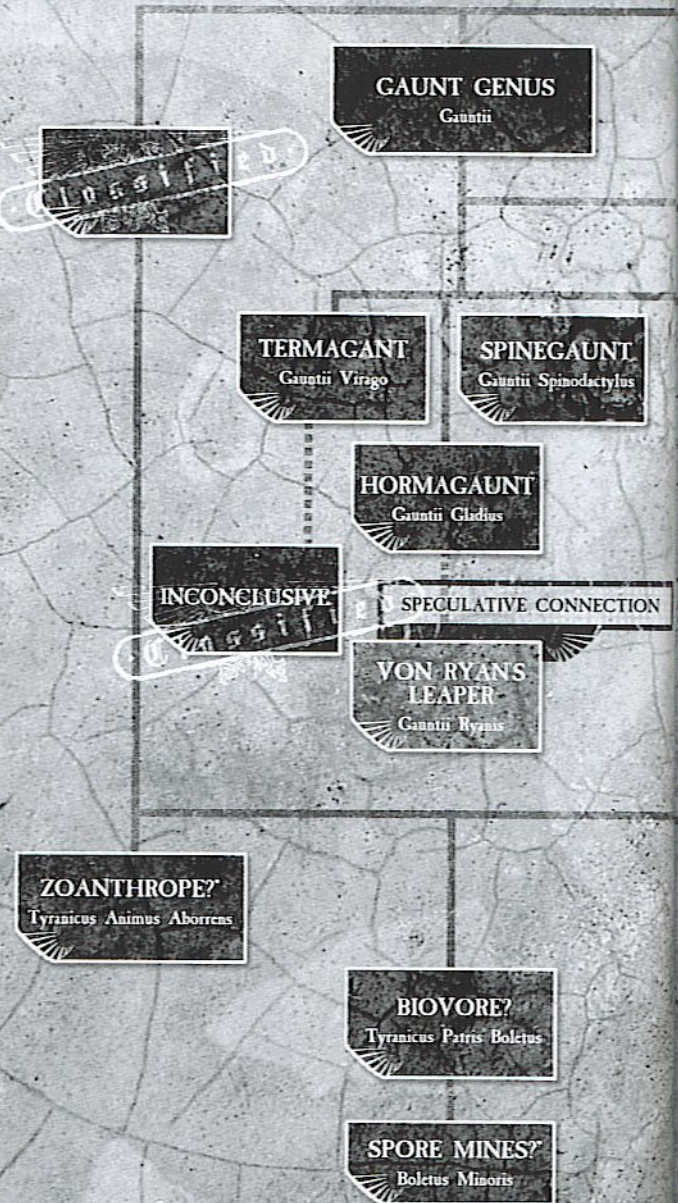
CONVERGENT EVOLUTION

Recent reports of the splinter fleets of the known hive fleets turning on each other in a full-scale cannibalistic war have been greeted with elation only by the short sighted. When one considers the end result of any usual conflict involving Tyranids it becomes apparent that when one hive fleet fights another no resources are expended whatsoever. Infighting of this kind, usually taking place upon the surface of a planet, is the perfect way to determine which of the two hive fleets has the stronger component parts. Eventually the weaker of the two forces is driven back and finally slaughtered. Then, as with all victims of the Tyranids, their bodies are rendered down and absorbed by the bio-ships of the victor. In this manner, none of the biological matter seemingly destroyed in this internecine conflict is wasted at all. Furthermore, any strengths that the losing hive fleet may have assimilated or evolved over the course of its conquest thus far are absorbed at a cellular level and mingled with those of the victorious hive fleet in a new hybrid generation of warriors more effective than the sum of its parts.

STRUCTURE AND ANALYSIS

The Tyranid genus tree shown below is necessarily incomplete. Even given the resources of the Magos Biologis the nature of the subject precludes an exhaustive study of its structure - indeed, almost all of the conclusions leading to the below are based on autopsies of incomplete specimens.

- Magos Biologis Locard, after Kinstrom (Excommunicated)



ADDITION:

I feel that Magos Locard has let his studies stray into the realms of paranoia; surely not every aberration and monster encountered in the galaxy has links to the Tyranid race.

Inquisitor Angmar

PRIME TYRANID GENUS

Tyrannici

NORN QUEEN*

Tyrannicus Primogenitor

Norn Queen remains a mystery.

DOMINATRIX*

Tyrannicus Praepotens

HIVE TYRANT*

Tyrannicus Praefactor

RIPPER SWARMS

Tyrannicus Omniphaea

WARRIOR GENUS*

Tyrannicus Tyrannici

VARIANTS

Gaunts are highly mutable - 312 separate subspecies identified to date

TYRANID WARRIOR*

Tyrannicus Gladius

VARIANTS

Over 212 variants of the Tyrannid Warrior have been recovered to date, above all other xenos it appears the Warrior is the most adaptable to any battlefield role.

SPECULATIVE CONNECTION

TYRANT GUARD?

Tyrannicus Scutatus

DEATHGAUNT

Unidentified Weapon
Symboant 731-735

GARGOYLE

Gauntii Avius

WINGED WARRIOR*

Tyrannicus Gladius Avius

HARRIDAN

LICTOR

Tyrannicus Chamelco

IMPERIALIS LEGENDUM

Synaptic
Semi-synaptic
? DNA source* debatable

RAVENER

Tyrannicus Ophidius
Subterra

CARNIFEX

Carnifex Primus

Carnifex Vorantii
Carnifex Ulahire
Carnifex Arbyllis
Carnifex Bilius

GENESTEALER?

Corporaptor Hominis

BROOD LORD?

Corporaptor Primus

YMCARL STEALER

CATACHAN DEVIL

TRYGON HARUSPEX MALEFACTOR EXOCRINE

HEIRODULE HEIROPHANT

SPECULATIVE CONNECTION

The entries above are presumably strains of Tyrannid that have become stranded from their Hive Fleet and effectively turned feral: an autonomous adaptation to their environment without the intervention of a Norn Queen. This shows an inbuilt propensity to evolve (ref.AMB19.tyr.Har835)

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: Faith, Hate and Ignorance

HIVE FLEET LEVIATHAN

THE NEW THREAT

Late in 997.M41, contact was lost with several systems in Segmentum Tempestus. Lord Inquisitor Kryptman picked up on the tell-tale signs of Tyranid invasion well before his contemporaries in the Ordo Xenos. Having fought the Tyranids for over two and a half centuries, Kryptman knew full well that they excelled at adapting and evolving, and this held just as true for the strategies of the hive fleets. So it was that the infamous Kryptman Census was implemented, a grand Astrotelepathic augury that eventually made contact with every documented world on the fringes of the Imperium. The census saw dozens of high-grade Astropaths burned out under the strain, their minds ruined forever by their attempts to reach far-flung worlds that had not been contacted for hundreds of years. But as the weeks turned into months and the worlds that ceased to respond began to form a pattern, Kryptman was able to chart the approach of a new hive fleet of terrifying size.

This pattern threw the normally unflappable Kryptman into a profound state of apprehension. The worlds with which they lost contact spanned Segmentum Tempestus, Ultima and Solar, indicative of a galaxy-wide offensive that had already claimed the lives of billions. More disturbing still was the realisation that this hive fleet was concentrated below the galactic plane, attacking through the underbelly of the Imperium instead of the battle-hardened Eastern Fringe.

But that was not all. Codenamed *Leviathan*, the principle attack of this hive fleet formed two great tendrils hundreds of light years apart. Slowly, but with gathering speed, contact was lost with the worlds in the great tract of space between the prongs of this forked attack. Strangely, traffic still passed from those worlds to the deeper regions of Segmentum Tempestus, oblivious of their impending doom. There could be only one conclusion. The psychic void that accompanied the Tyranids had grown so strong that it spanned the vast distance between the two tendrils, completely blocking off any contact with that area of space and making it impossible for reinforcements to navigate through the Warp toward the beleaguered systems. The jaws of *Leviathan* were open wide, cutting off an enormous section of Imperial space that, should those jaws close, it could then devour at its leisure.

Kryptman knew that unless one of the main tendrils of attack was destroyed the lives of all those in this stranded region of space were forfeit. It mattered not how many reinforcements were mustered, if they could not dissipate the smothering shadow over the guiding light of the Astronomicon they would not arrive at all. Worse still, the projected course of the new hive fleet's invasion would eventually lead it into the heart of the Segmentum Solar, the birthplace of the Imperium and seat of the God-Emperor himself.

But the victim systems were not without their defences. Tarsis Ultra; a fertile and devout planet that stood directly in the path of one of the tendrils of *Leviathan*, was host to a company of Ultramarines who were honouring an ancient pledge to defend it. The Mortifactors Chapter, based on the nearby night world of Posul, joined the Ultramarines in their preparations to stand before the encroaching Hive Fleets. Deathwatch Kill-teams were dispatched to the Tarsis sector, led by Kryptman himself; the better to learn about the foe and defeat it with cunning as well as force.

THE DEFENCE OF TARSIS ULTRA

Most of the Imperial armies reached the Tarsis sector scant weeks before the Tyranids. The Ultramarine veterans drilled the Imperial Guard and Planetary Defence legions stationed there in anti-Tyranid doctrine as the teeth of winter begun to bite, and a fleet was assembled above the planet to repel the bio-ships of the invaders. Then the snows came, and with them, a torrential rain of spores.

The Imperial forces fought a fighting retreat in the face of the unimaginable vastness of the Tyranids swarm, falling back towards the core planet of the system, where there was a desperate final battle. Tarsis Ultra was under siege for several weeks, the defenders only just managing to hold back the alien menace under the command of Uriel Ventris of the Ultramarines 4th Company and, later, Kryptman himself. But despite the defenders fighting to deadly effect, the numberless aliens kept on coming. It was only when Ventris and his Kill-team captured a Lictor from the original wave of the invasion that the tide began to turn.

With the Lictor's genetic code, Magos Biologis Locard – a gifted scientist and member of Kryptman's staff – reverse-engineered a biological plague that could destroy the Tyranids if delivered to the heart of their swarm. Captain Ventris undertook this perilous task, leading the Deathwatch into the heart of the alien fleet and delivering the plague-toxins into the Norn Queen itself. At first, nothing happened, and the Imperials upon Tarsis began to believe that all was lost. Slowly at first, but with gathering speed, the Tyranids began to fall upon each other, their synaptic control stripped away. The Imperial counter-offensive destroyed thousands of Tyranids on the fields of Tarsis Ultra, and the invasion was stymied once and for all.

THE UNSTOPPABLE ADVANCE

After the dissipation of the tendrill of *Leviathan* pushing toward Terra, the worlds in the great tract of space between the jaws of *Leviathan* began to register on Imperial augurs once more. Kryptman's plan to re-establish contact had worked. But the relief was short-lived, for reports of the slaughter of whole systems that the Shadow had covered began to trickle into the datacores of the Ordo Xenos.



Valedor, a world populated largely by pilgrims and sackcloth-robed monks, had been overrun in a matter of hours. Rivers of blood now stained the naves and cloisters of its cathedrals. St. Capilene, another Ecclesiarchy-controlled world defended by the Sisters of Battle, had held out bravely for weeks, falling a mere handful of days before the Tyranids were driven off at Tarsis Ultra. Now its holy soil belonged to the alien; its architectural masterpieces torn down and its missionaries devoured and reconstituted as yet more alien beasts. The message inherent in these new conquests spread through the Imperial ranks like a disease – Faith was no defence against the alien.

The morale of Imperial forces began to plunge as more Imperial worlds were consumed. Kryptman and his allies could not be everywhere at once, and with every world devoured by the Tyranid swarm the hive fleet grew stronger. Forces could not be spared from the east, as a burgeoning Ork Waagh! from the empire of the Arch- arsonist of Charadon took advantage of the lessening presence of Ultramarines on the borders of their territory.



With a grim finality, the venerable Inquisitor Kryptman ordered that a galactic cordon be established. His plan was that a band of worlds should be evacuated across the path of *Leviathan's* main advance, with many of them razed to the ground in order to deny the hive fleet any further raw materials for its ships. This would slow its advance long enough for Battlefleets *Solar* and *Tempestus* to muster. Any worlds already under invasion within the bounds of this cordon were to undergo Exterminatus just at the point when the Tyranids descended to feed upon the doomed populace. Kryptman theorised that in this manner the swarms would expend great resource to claim a world, only to have every living thing upon it reduced to ash by barrages of cyclonic torpedoes and virus bombs. With one stark and callous decision, Kryptman had condemned billions of souls to extermination. To this day it remains the single largest act of genocide ever inflicted upon the Imperium upon its own since the Horus Heresy.

The decision to abandon hundreds of worlds in the face of the alien advance was met by howls of outrage. Many influential Inquisitors called for Kryptman to be declared Excommunicate Traitoris. When these barren worlds were swiftly claimed by the Orks migrating ahead of the Tyranid invasion, Kryptman's detractors cursed him for a radical, a traitor and a fool. A *Carta Extremis* was issued, stripping him of his title and forcing him into hiding as a criminal of the worst kind.

However, the fact remained that the inexorable advance of *Leviathan* was slowing to a crawl. Amongst the abandoned worlds was Tesla Prime, a weapons testing

planet once controlled by the Adeptus Mechanicus of Gryphon IV and now lay in the hands of the Orks. The Greenskin occupiers were delighted to lay their hands on a deserted planet full of extremely destructive and unreliable weaponry, and great blossoms of fire could be seen from space as they 'tested' their new toys.

When the great bio-ships of *Leviathan* descended upon Tesla Prime, they got far more than they bargained for. The raging war between Ork and Tyranid, monitored in the troubled dreams of the Astropaths still loyal to Kryptman, seemed to be exhausting a high percentage of both of the invading races. Even on the nearby agrivorld of Rigant, a once-peaceful planet of golden plains and little else, a battle of monumental scale was taking place between the two alien forces. This discovery, and the lessons learnt from the insidious advance of Kraken, were to prove vital to the desperate Kryptman's strategy.

THE BATTLE OF GRYPHONNE IV

There were those in the area of space covered by Kryptman's cordon who would not abandon their worlds to Exterminatus; those with the influence to disobey the direct command of a Lord Inquisitor. The Adeptus Mechanicus abandoned Tesla Prime, though it pained them greatly to do so, but they would fight to the last in the defence of Gryphon IV. One of the principle forge worlds in the galaxy, this was a gigantic steel-clad planet that hissed and roared with mechanical activity. It was the homeworld of the War Gryphons, one of the mightiest of the legions of the Adeptus Titanicus. Combined with the the Skitarii legions, the Praetorian battle servitors and the military might of the Technomagi's mechanical creations, the forge world had a better chance at holding out against the depredations of Hive Fleet *Leviathan* than any other. The Adeptus Mechanicus, alone in an abandoned system, prepared for war with the cold efficiency of their kind.

When the mycetic spores began to slam down into the steel skin of the planet, a battle of truly epic scale begun. Legion upon legion of heavily augmented Skitarii marched out in perfect unison, methodically scything down broods of Gaunts before they had even clawed their way out of the wreckage of their spore-capsules. As yet more spores made planetfall, the heavy-set traction units of the Praetorians whirred into life, and the landscapes of metal and girder ran black with ichor as their heavy weaponry took a fearsome toll of the invaders.

Within the hour, the ground shook to the tread of Titans, the fearsome God-Machines emerging from their cathedral-hangers to engage biological monstrosities stalking through the manufactory like colossal predatory spiders. As each Titan shot the guts out from its alien adversary, another God-Machine was torn apart by enormous bladed claws and gouts of hissing pyroacid. The ground reverberated to the tread of giants for days on end, the Adeptus Mechanicus forces and the swarms of the Tyranids refusing to give.

But despite the iron resolve of the Techpriests and the terrible toll their creations were taking on the Tyranid invaders, they were eventually overwhelmed. The mighty

Titans of the War Gryphon legion were brought crashing down, one by one, until none remained to defend the forges of their birth. Within days, the world was scoured, and Hive Fleet *Leviathan* had moved on.

KRYPTMAN'S GAMBLE

Despite being cast out of the Inquisition, Kryptman could not abandon the worlds in the path of the Tyranid advance to their fate. The battle for Tesla Prime and his capture of a live Tyranid upon Tarsis Ultra had convinced Kryptman that there was a way to slow – and maybe even halt – Hive Fleet *Leviathan* without the expenditure of more human life.

Kryptman and a small squad of Deathwatch still loyal to him advanced once more into the path of the hive fleet. This time it was not to do battle, nor coordinate the defence of a beleaguered world. Kryptman had realised that *Leviathan* was of such size that they could not possibly halt it, even with the combined might of the sector's Battlefleets.

The xenos strike team descended to the labyrinth world of Carpathia, already declared *Perdita* by the desperate Inquisitors who had stepped in to take over Kryptman's role. There they performed their most dangerous mission yet – to capture a brood of live genestealers in a stasis field and return them to the strike cruiser unharmed. Kryptman and his team achieved this, though it took an astounding amount of preparation, and the lives of some of the greatest heroes of the Deathwatch. Stony-faced, the ancient Inquisitor fled the catacombs of Carpathia and returned to his ship with his lethal cargo, its plasma drives flaring as he made his escape from the doomed planet.

A week later, the space hulk *Perdition's Flame* was vomited from the Warp just ahead of the hive fleet. Kryptman's Killteam lodged the captured genestealers deep within the hulk, releasing the stasis field when they were at a safe distance. Using their ship's teleporter array, the Deathwatch then sent megatons of high-grade explosives into the heart of a nearby moon, Gheist. The resultant explosion not only destroyed the moon, but also diverted the passing space hulk's course deep into the empire of the Orks of Octavius. This barbaric empire was a constant thorn in the side of the Imperium, and spanned almost as large an area of space as Ultramar.

It was not long before Ork looters, seeking to plunder the hulk heading into their system, were ambushed and impregnated by the aliens on board. They returned to their homeworlds with a most unusual cargo. In an area so rich in life, the Genestealers quickly flourished, infesting the Ork-held hive cities. Though the original pack of Genestealers were eventually rooted out and exterminated by the Orks, it was not long before the Genestealer infection had spread right the way across the empire of Octavius. Soon, the psychic signature of the Genestealers was strong enough to call the vanguard of Hive Fleet *Leviathan* toward these new feeding grounds that teemed with life, and away from the empty worlds in the cordon.

To the immense relief of the Imperial high command, the path taken by the unstoppable horde of the Tyranids seemed to be veering away from Imperial space into the Ork-held Octavius system. Not one of them could account for this sudden change of direction, but it gave the Imperial fleets, badly mauled in the last few weeks of staving off further incursion, a chance to regroup and repair. The war between the Ork empire and the invading Tyranids, observed by intrepid Kill-teams on war-torn Ork planets, raged on with no sign of stopping.

There are those in the ranks of the Inquisition who realise the potential consequences of this manipulation of the alien threat. Though Kryptman's plan paid off, and the Tyranids and Orks are now fully occupied with destroying one another, both are races that thrive on warfare. There remains the possibility that the Tyranids of Hive Fleet *Leviathan* will emerge stronger than ever before, having assimilated large quantities of the heavily engineered DNA that makes Orks such successful survivors. Indeed, outlying planets have begun to file reports that include pict-captures of assault organisms larger than ever before. The implications are too horrible to contemplate.

The Imperium has bought itself time, that most valuable of commodities, but at the expense of the lives of a hundred worlds and a potential threat far worse than that which they faced before.



A wave of nausea hit Lieutenant Coyle as he left the dim confines of the Medicae tent and he staggered, gripping onto the tent pole with a palsied hand as his stomach cramped in sudden pain. The air was hot and noxious, a bitter acidic taste catching in the back of his throat, and the bright sunlight made his eyes water painfully. He shaded his eyes with his other hand and stared upwards, seeing yellow clouds like infected lungs and the swirling, unnatural sky beyond them as a diseased red. It had been like this for the last six days.

Ever since the Tyranids had come.

"Sir?" said a voice behind him and he tore his gaze from the evil skies, turning to see Egdar, their Medical Officer – though in truth he was little more than a young ensign who had helped out the trained Medical Officer before he had been dragged, screaming into the sky by a Tyranid Gargoyle.

"What is it, son?" asked Coyle.

"I really don't think you ought to go back out, sir. You're in no shape to fight."

"I don't have a choice," said Coyle. "Who else is going to do it?"

"You'll die if you try and fight today," said the young ensign.

"Son, we're already dead," snapped Coyle, "Fighting's all we have left."

Egdar shook his head slowly. "The Emperor protects. We'll be alright."

Coyle bit back a venomous reply and simply nodded. "Aye. The Emperor protects," he agreed. Turning on his heel, he left the young man to his dreams of rescue. He limped through the compound, a slick of infected blood seeping from the bandage around his thigh where a Hormagaunt had slashed him. He saw Terlas, his vox-man, cycling through the channels on the caster to try and raise someone – anyone – but Coyle already knew it was hopeless, there was no one left alive on Corianus. They were all that was left – perhaps two hundred wounded, hungry and exhausted men and women.

As Coyle painfully climbed the rusted iron ladder to the walls, he scanned the stark walls, dotted with small clusters of soldiers talking in low voices, so tired they could hardly stand. Some were gambling, an edge of hysteria in their infrequent laughter. Some were hunched over, writing letters to loved ones that would never be read. Some were huddled under rags, trying to snatch some sleep, or rocking back and forth as the desperation of their situation sank in.

He had not lied when he spoke to Egdar, they were already dead, they just hadn't lain down yet. Coyle leaned awkwardly on the wall head, its plasteel structure blistered and melted where corrosive alien poisons had eaten it away. It burned to the touch, but Coyle was past caring as he looked out over the blasted landscape before the fort.

What had once been a dusty, arid plain was now a perverted landscape of grasping alien fronds and tall, organic chimneys that vented a toxic miasma of spores into the hot air with grotesque internal spasms. The rusted hulls of gutted Chimera and Lemna Russ tanks littered the ground, corroded almost to ruin and infested with loathsome red creepers and mosses. They looked as though they had been there for decades, though it had only been two days since Commander Leurten had led the attempted break out. The previously open killing ground was now alive with tall grass and oozing, alien vegetable matter that had sprung up in the wake of the Tyranid horde. Flamer units had tried to keep the area before the walls clear, but when it became apparent that the unnatural flora grew back just as quickly, he had ordered them to stop. The precious promethium would be better served by killing Tyranids.

He heard a hacking, wet cough from nearby and saw a pair of Guardsmen tending to the recumbent form of Commissar Bryant. The black-uniformed figure had once been the terror of the Belis Corona 55th, a giant of a man who seemed impervious to the weapons of the enemy and put a fire in the bellies of the warriors around him with his impassioned oratory and blazing pistols. The Commissar's skin was pale and blotchy and his uniform hung from his gaunt, wasted frame. He coughed up black, foamy wads of what Egdar had told him used to be his lungs. All the men were suffering from the effects of microscopic organisms carried on the foetid air – rashes, sores, blistered skin and burning eyes – but Bryant had suffered the worst, his legendary reputation no protection against insidious alien poisons.

He turned away as he heard a shout from further along the wall, his blood surging around his body as he made out the words of a pointing Guardsman.

"Incoming! Tyranids!"

Coyle shaded his eyes and looked into the sky once more. Undulating black clouds drew nearer, moving against the wind, and Coyle knew that this was it. This was the end.

"Stand to!" shouted Coyle, shucking his lasgun from his shoulder and checking the magazine. Full, but he only had another three charges. "Every man to the walls!"

Even as the cloud of monsters dropped towards them, he could see the tall grasses before the fort ripple with frenzied movement. In the distance, towering monsters stamped towards them, shrieking cries rasping from bony plates around their fanged jaws. Before them, leaping, bounding creatures with scything claws and chitinous carapaces screeched as they swept towards the compound in eerily co-ordinated waves.

"Mark your targets and fire at will!" shouted Coyle, though he knew that against such a numberless horde, there was no way to miss. He raised his lasgun and fired into the mass of creatures, hearing the heavy bark of the quad-barrelled Hydra batteries as they opened up on the flying Gargoyles. Lasfire

spat from the walls, each shot punching through the body of an alien monster, but Coyle could see that it wouldn't be enough. Even if every Guardsman's shot hit and killed one of the Tyranids, there would still be thousands left to finish them off. He kept shooting, aiming for the largest creatures, hoping to disrupt whatever control they might have over the smaller ones.

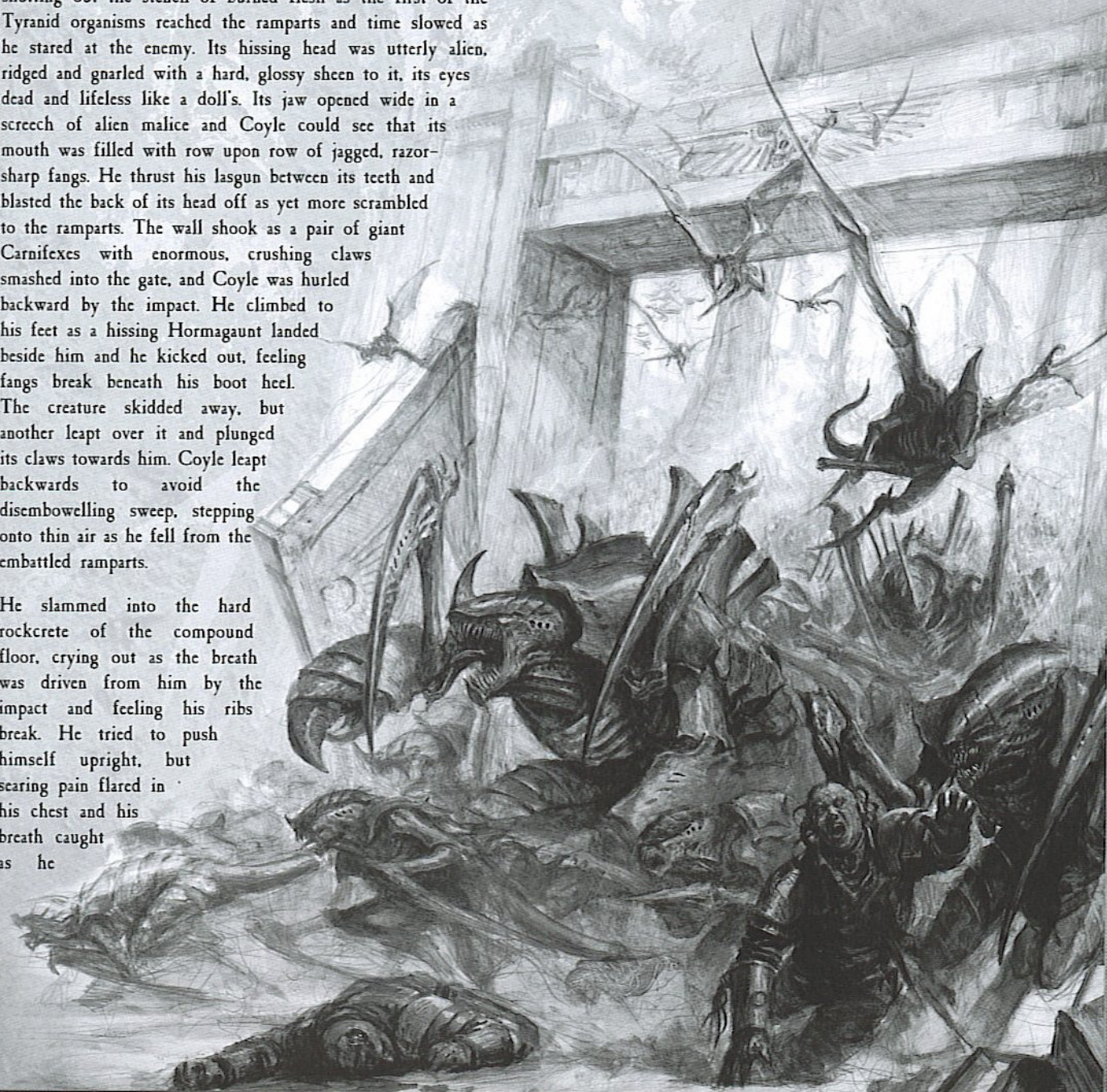
The charge indicator on his lasgun flashed red and he dropped to his haunches to reload when a spray of emerald green slime impacted on the wall beside him. Men shrieked in agony as they were engulfed in the ooze, and Coyle cried out as hissing droplets of acid burned his skin. Screaming men dropped from the walls as flesh sloughed from their bones, and Coyle recognised Terlas, the vox-man, collapsing in a boneless heap.

The screeching of the horde was deafening, but even over their inhuman cries, Coyle could hear the clanging of their claws against the wall as they climbed. He rose to his feet, shutting out the stench of burned flesh as the first of the Tyranid organisms reached the ramparts and time slowed as he stared at the enemy. Its hissing head was utterly alien, ridged and gnarled with a hard, glossy sheen to it, its eyes dead and lifeless like a doll's. Its jaw opened wide in a screech of alien malice and Coyle could see that its mouth was filled with row upon row of jagged, razor-sharp fangs. He thrust his lasgun between its teeth and blasted the back of its head off as yet more scrambled to the ramparts. The wall shook as a pair of giant Carnifexes with enormous, crushing claws smashed into the gate, and Coyle was hurled backward by the impact. He climbed to his feet as a hissing Hormagaunt landed beside him and he kicked out, feeling fangs break beneath his boot heel. The creature skidded away, but another leapt over it and plunged its claws towards him. Coyle leapt backwards to avoid the disembowelling sweep, stepping onto thin air as he fell from the embattled ramparts.

He slammed into the hard rockcrete of the compound floor, crying out as the breath was driven from him by the impact and feeling his ribs break. He tried to push himself upright, but searing pain flared in his chest and his breath caught as he

realised at least one of his lungs was punctured. Screams of dying men filled his senses as he watched the ramparts swarm with alien bodies, long curving, organic blades slashing his soldiers to pieces. The gateway bulged inwards as a massive claw punched through and began ripping it down.

Coyle coughed blood as he felt the ground beneath him heave upwards and yelled in pain as he dragged himself away from the cracking, splintering rockcrete. spurts of grey, choking dust billowed upwards and Coyle saw a serpentine creature haul its glistening bulk from the tear in the ground. Chitinous claws unsheathed from fleshy folds in its ridged carapace and it emitted a terrifying screech as yet more bulging cracks reared upwards in the ground. Coyle reached for his pistol, but the Ravener was on him in a flurry of stabbing blades before he could even draw it from its holster.



FORGOTTEN FLEETS

Many of the Magos Biologis that claim to be experts in the nature of the Tyranid threat believe that the Tyranids of Behemoth were not the first to enter our galaxy, merely the first to emerge in any real number. Archaeological evidence indicates at least potential Tyranid contacts long before the 41st millennium. Whether these were proto-hive fleets, a long-range scouting force or even creatures fleeing ahead of the Tyranid fleets remains in the realms of speculation, but certain Imperial records have caused great controversy amongst those who claim to understand the Tyranid presence in our galaxy. Many senior members of the Ordo Xenos, including Inquisitor Kryptman, believe these to be traces of scouting organisms, and that were such instances of preliminary infestation rooted out and exterminated at the earliest opportunity, the Tyranid threat may well have been avoided altogether.

THE SPOOR OF THE ALIEN

Some organisms found on worlds deep in the heart of the Imperium have attained an almost legendary reputation, not only for their ferocity but also their lack of traceable ancestry within their ecosystem. The xeno-organism known as the Catachan Devil, a gigantic centipedal predator that haunts the death world of Catachan, bears many similarities to the earliest forms of Ripper encountered by the Imperium and even to the Ravener sub-type of Tyranid Warrior. This creature can often reach the size of a land train, and has such a fearsome reputation that the indigenous warriors of Catachan have taken its name to refer to their most able warriors. Those same xenobiologists who believe that verdant death worlds are simply planets which have undergone the first stage of Tyranid infestation before their seeding fleet was driven off maintain that creatures such as the Catachan Devil are the descendants of vanguard organisms that, divorced from their hive fleet, have evolved into non-standard Tyranids to better survive whilst orphaned from their parent fleet. Other examples include the brainleaf, a descendant of the Tyranid Cortex Leech, and the Kraken, a mighty undersea predator that patrols the icy depths of the death world of Fenris.



*Mature male Catachan Devil,
recovered from Litlande, Catachan, M39*

TIAMET, M35

Tiamet was the name given to a large double binary system on the eastern fringe in M35 by an Explorator fleet hailing from Triplex Phall. Tiamet was remarkable in that it contained no less than seven large life-sustaining worlds and a host of lesser planetoids. Explorators discovered to their cost that every biosphere in the system was a death world of the most voracious kind.

Whether the prevailing climate was jungle, ice or desert, or even airless rocks, a host of dangerous life forms swarmed, multiplied and warred on each other with an uncanny intelligence which united them against Man's intrusion with deadly results. Xenologists eventually determined that the life all over the system shared common ancestry and had developed various ways to get from world to world to seed new territory.

Realising their own craft would be contaminated from entering the system by now, the Explorators quarantined themselves in Tiamet. They were to survive and report for another hundred and sixty two hours before succumbing to the lethal denizens of that fecund realm. Tiamet was systematically fusion bombed on several occasions but life was never extinguished there; it now lies within the area swept over by Hive Fleet Kraken and as such its fate is unknown.

Most theories about Tiamet place it as an implant-probe, believing that some kind of Tyranid seed, possibly molecular-coded DNA, is responsible. By some means (perhaps cosmic debris or solar winds) the Tyranid seed was introduced to the system and spread of its own accord to form its own rudimentary Hive Mind and predatory ecosystem. It is now believed the Genestealer was introduced to the moons of Ymgarl from Tiamet, carried inside the hulls of the vessels that had been sent to destroy them.

OUROBORIS, M36

In M36 the then-Cardinal of Thracian Primaris, Miriamulus the Elder, recorded a history of the 'Legion of Ouroboris' that plagued the Helican sector at an earlier age. The legion was described as being of "winged entities aflame with infernal ague" that descended from the heavens and ravaged the countryside, stripping it of life. Though easily mistaken for a Chaos incursion at first glance, a deeper reading reveals details of attacks by monsters "vomited from the bellies of great beasts which clouded the stars with their numbers".

An analysis of the Warlord Titan '*Mechanica Cranus*', a cited veteran of the Ouroboris Wars, reveals distinctive bio-plasma scarring and pyro-acid burns consistent with Tyranid weapons. It is believed the Space Wolves also have trophies of Tyranid-like bio-forms dating from this epoch, including the so-called Kraken's Egg. The Cardinal attributes the Emperor himself with leading a crusade that caused the Beasts of Ouroboris to fall upon themselves, culminating in a mighty twelve day battle

over a warp rift dangerously close to the Eye of Terror. However, augur-dating techniques place *Cranus'* battle damage as occurring post-Heresy, making the Emperor's embodied presence extremely unlikely.

It is theorised that some Tyranids were drawn ahead of the other fleets by treacherous Warp currents and deposited at the Eye of Terror. This could explain the presence of Tyranid splinter fleets in Segmentums other than Tempestus. Such creatures must have undergone extreme temporal distortion, mutation and cannibalism en route. The postulation that they deliberately navigated warp rifts for this purpose is currently given no credence.

COLLOSSUS, M38

Several large nomadic fleets of curious, conch-like spacecraft apparently grown from stone were sighted through the Segmentum Tempestus and Ultima late in the 38th millennium, bearing many similarities to hive fleets. The centauroid creatures aboard them were known to communicate, albeit telepathically, with other races – unlike any other Tyranid organism before or since. The denizens of Collossus claimed to be slaves escaping their oppressors, but their frequent contacts with other alien races and attempts to settle in Imperium space caused them to be declared *Xenos Horribilis* early in the 39th millennium.

We cannot live through this. Mankind cannot live through this. In a single day they have covered the surface of this planet with a flood of living blades and needle-fanged mouths. Kill one and ten take its place. If they are truly without number then our race is doomed to a violent death before every shred of our civilisation is scoured away by a force more voracious than the fires of hell themselves! Death! By the Machine God, Death is here!

The last words of Magos Varnak

The xenocidal fifty-year Zorastra-Attila wars followed as the entire race hurled itself against Humanity with terrifying ferocity, revealing their true, murderous nature. The last known Collossus vessel was destroyed by orbital defences above Zorastra in 226.M39. The impact of its shattered remains rendered the northern hemisphere uninhabitable until late in the 41st millennium. Only now are Explorer expeditions beginning to piece together the truth.



Transcripts 19673z – 25933ii: 0733998.M41

Subject: Species 43798 – Tyranid/Tyran/Tyrant/Xenos

Rating: Caucus Epsilon (closed dissemination)

Cross ref to: Inquisitor Kryptman; Munitorum Strategic Intelligence Collective 827/II; Order of Zenox

STRATEGIC EXTRAPOLATION, UPDATED THREAT EVALUATION AND PRELIMINARY RESULTS OF REMOTE PROGNOSTICATION STUDIES INTO THE ONGOING THREAT POSED BY THE TYRANID HIVE FLEETS.

OVERVIEW

This report to be read in the context of Inquisitor Kryptman's recent submissions to the Strategic Collective.

Author assumes reader to be familiar with these, and with all previous transcripts 1853a through 14437Ω.

The results of our previous studies into the strategic ramifications of the Tyranid hive fleets incursions have, to a large extent, proved accurate. To summarise, our strategy in this regard has been the doctrine of 'Biomass Denial'. A Tyranid hive fleet must expend a staggering amount of energy in the taking of one of our worlds provided our forces are able to mount an effective defence. Frequently, we have been able to draw the hive fleet into committing ever increasing reserves of energy into taking the world, at which point, we attempt to withdraw the bulk of our forces, and deny the hivefleet its prize, by way of enacting Exterminatus upon the target world. This has the effect of critically draining the hive fleet's resources, as it has no biomass with which to replenish the energy expended in the taking of the world.

Though highly effective in the short term, the doctrine of Biomass Denial cannot, in the opinion of the Strategic Collective, be sustained indefinitely for a number of reasons, the most pressing being the effect on the morale of our forces. Though every man within the ranks of our fighting forces knows that his duty is to kill and to die in the name of the God-Emperor, it is an unfortunate reality that troops do not always fight at optimum efficiency when they are aware of the full and horrifying

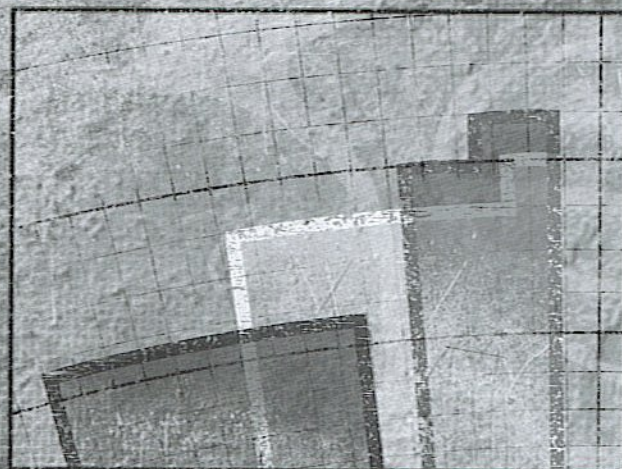
nature of their enemy, and of their own chances of surviving a confrontation with it. This is particularly applicable to the forces of the Imperial Guard. On a number of instances, reports of the sad state of such Adeptus Astartes Chapters as the Scythes of the Emperor and the Lamenters have reached our line troops, spreading crippling despair within their ranks.

Furthermore, it is becoming apparent that such a strategy will in the long run prove too costly, for the Imperium does not have an endless number of worlds that can be sacrificed in such a manner. With our worlds spread so thinly across the void, each one lost is irreplaceable. I submit that there are undoubtedly more Tyranid ships than there are worlds – there may in fact prove to be more hive fleets than there are worlds.

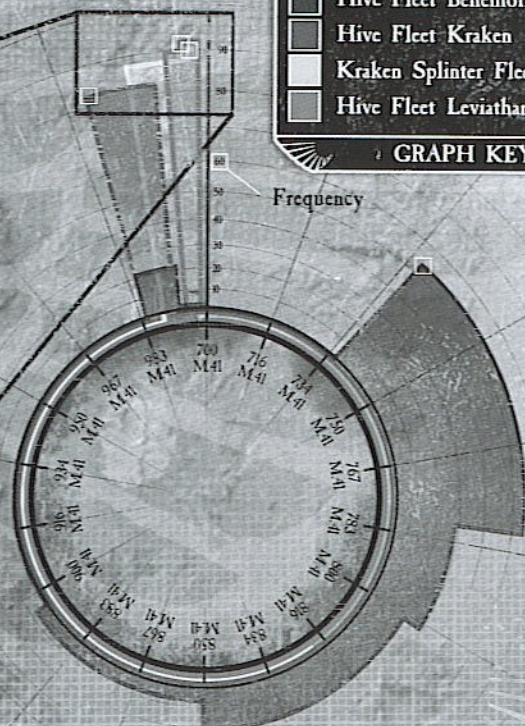
ON THE PHENOMENON OF IMMUNITY TO CERTAIN METHODS OF EXTERMINATUS.

Reports have reached the Strategic Collective of a number of instances in which Tyranid bio-forms have, against all previous precedent, survived the Exterminatus of a world targeted by them. Such a claim, taken in isolation, would be rejected as preposterous by cynical Adepts, yet the evidence is plain, and in one case comes

Biologics task group 773/z report – Instances of Tyranid Hive fleet contact (Virax scale) revised 998M41



- ++Note increasing magnitude upon successive contacts.
- ++Note corresponding increases in magnitude amongst previously contacted Hive fleet upon contact with new fleet.
- ++Predict Magnitude 99.3 at next incursion++



directly from Inquisitor Kryptman (see sub file TY/z23/K8836554). There are two reported methods by which Tyranid creatures have survived the destruction of a world. The first, which has been confirmed at Tethris and Caelus Delta and is suspected at Lamarno, is achieved by way of smaller bio-forms, such as Rippers, burrowing deep beneath a world's crust, there to enter a state of hibernation until such time as the presence of life upon the surface is detected. At Tethris, it was the actions of an Adeptus Mechanicus Explorator team that stirred the surviving creatures to action, triggering them to emerge from the desiccated ground and attack. It is not known how the survival of just one component in the hive fleet could lead to the rise of a force sufficient to retake the world in question but, given past precedent, the Collective are not prepared to reject the notion that such a thing is possible.

The second observed manner in which Tyranid organisms have survived Exterminatus was reported to the Strategic Collective following a Deathwatch mission to the world of Ariadne V. Following Exterminatus by way of Damnatus-pattern, mass-yield cyclonic saturation, the surface of the world was reduced to drifting ash, the atmosphere entirely seared away. Yet, pict-logs of the mission show what was at first believed to be a natural rock feature rising out of the swirling dust storms. Closer inspection revealed the truth – the structure was in fact a member of the Carnifex genus, which had survived the cataclysmic effects of the cyclonic torpedo, and entered a state of dormancy within which it could mend the grievous wounds done to it. The moment the creature detected their presence and began to stir, the Killteam called down a melta torpedo strike from their cruiser in orbit. Though the beast was destroyed, Ariadne V is declared Perdita, for, if one such bio-form can survive, then how many more may go undetected?

These instances make it clear to the Collective that no consideration should be given to the re-colonisation of any world touched by the taint of the hive fleets for, even should the ultimate sanction of Exterminatus be enacted, there is sufficient cause to doubt its total effectiveness. All such worlds are to be declared Perdita, on pain of death, to any other than those authorised by this Collective to step foot upon them.

THE HYDRA EFFECT

It has come to the attention of this station that, upon the extinction of the class of xeno-form known as a 'Norn Queen', a psycho-temporal event approaching level Gamma II is generated – a level sufficient to temporarily obscure the most blessed light of the Astronomican. It is our belief that this phenomenon represents the 'death knell' of said xeno-form, and that its purpose is to trigger those bio-vessels that intercept the signal to calve. This we have dubbed the 'Hydra effect', for, upon the death of one Norn Queen, a number of others are calved, and thus the progress of our demise is merely slowed, not, counter to recent communications, stalled.



EXTRAPOLATION

It is now known that three major hive fleets have to date launched attacks upon our domains, and no effort has been spared to extrapolate the long-term ramifications of the pattern of these incursions. The results of our studies, though far from conclusive, indicate findings that are dire in the extreme. It is the belief of this Collective that the hive fleets with which we have made contact represent not discrete and separate units, but fundamentally coordinated elements of a whole. It is our belief we have yet to make contact with this whole. In short, the hive fleets we have thus far encountered represent but the vanguard of a far larger force. They are but the talons on a rapidly constricting claw, and our galaxy has yet to feel the full might of the hive mind's main force.

The ramifications then are clear. In the past 250 years we have been engaged upon a war in which we considered victory a possibility, provided we effect night-intolerable sacrifices. But should those fleets we have encountered prove the merest fraction of a terrible whole, we have, at best, a century before the full force is brought to bear against us. It is the belief of Strategic Intelligence Collective 827/II that current mobilisation levels will need to be increased a minimum of 500% if we are to even stand a chance of slowing the advance of the Hive Mind. Every able-bodied man and woman on every world in Ultima Segmentum, Segmentum Pacificus and Segmentum Solar will need to be drafted into the Imperial Guard if we are to have any chance of repelling this foe.

Even without the predations of the Traitor Legions, the Orkoid menace and a hundred other foes, our continued existence as a species appears now tenuous at best.

I commit our Souls to the Emperor, for only Faith in Him can save us.

TYRANID ARMY SPECIAL RULES

THE HIVE MIND AND SYNAPSE CREATURES

All Tyranids are united by the potent psychic imperatives of their shared Hive Mind. Some of the larger, more intelligent Tyranid creatures have vastly expanded synapse networks within their cortex that act as a psychic conduit for the directives of the Hive Mind, overruling the natural instincts of nearby Tyranid creatures.

- Any Tyranid broods with a model within 12" of a Synapse Creature (including the Synapse Creature itself) never fall back and are assumed to automatically pass any Leadership-based test they are called upon to make, other than psychic tests and those called upon for target selection. Note that since regrouping only takes place at the start of the turn, a Tyranid unit that falls back can be destroyed by pursuers or by becoming trapped. A Tyranid brood that enters Synapse range may rally regardless of the usual restrictions (enemy models within 6", etc).
- Furthermore, so potent has the iron will of the Hive Mind become that it can effectively control its thralls even after they have suffered a grievous wound. Tyranids within Synapse range as described above (including the Synapse Creature itself) are immune to the effects of Instant Death caused by weapons with a Strength double the creature's Toughness. Note that this does not apply to Ripper swarms.
- A creature with the Synapse power is able to cause all Spore Mines within 24" to detonate in the Shooting phase (choose one mine in the cluster as the initial detonation point). Note that this counts as a shooting attack, so it may not shoot or use other psychic powers in the Shooting phase. Other creatures from the same brood may still fire at a different target if desired.

INSTINCTIVE BEHAVIOUR

Beyond the immediate reach of the Hive Mind, lesser Tyranid creatures will often revert to their basic, animalistic instincts.

If all models in a Tyranid brood begin their movement phase more than 12" away from a Synapse Creature, and that unit is not falling back or already in combat, it will revert to Instinctive Behaviour. Choose each brood in this situation in turn, and apply the following rules:

- If you want to move that brood that turn for any reason, it must take a Leadership test at the start of its Movement phase. If this is failed, the brood will fall back as it had failed a Morale test. If it is passed, the brood may act as normal.

- Alternatively the brood may Lurk. This means it will remain stationary that turn but may fire its weapons as normal. Lurking units that are not Monstrous Creatures add +1 to any cover save they may benefit from. Lurking Tyranids may not claim objectives or hold table quarters.

- Tyranids always fall back towards the nearest Synapse Creature if possible – if there are no Synapse Creatures on the board they will fall back towards the nearest Tyranid table edge.

MOVE THROUGH COVER

Tyranid swarms move quickly across even the most inhospitable and broken ground under the mental lash of the Hive Mind. All Tyranids have the Move through Cover special rule as detailed on page 75 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

LIVING AMMUNITION

Many Tyranid weapons are complex multi-species symbiotes that fire small but vicious Tyranid creatures, such as the worm-like organisms hurled by the devourer or the flesh-eating beetles launched by the fleshborer. Heat-sensitive, these voracious life-forms have adapted to seek out heat sources and vital areas before burrowing into their foe. Any failed roll To Wound made by a weapon with living ammunition may be re-rolled.



SPORE MINE CLUSTERS

Spore Mines are very basic, geno-modified organisms which the Tyranids use as 'living bombs', most commonly launched in clusters from living artillery pieces called Biovores. The mines are engorged sacs full of chemicals, viruses, toxins and poisons that drift slowly in the air currents, with nests of sensitive feelers dangling below questing for the heat and vibration of possible targets.

Due to their unique nature and mode of attack, Spore Mines use a number of special rules:

Shooting: Biovores work by firing clusters of Spore Mines towards the enemy. Each Biovore brood fires as many Spore Mines as there are Biovores in that brood. These are fired as barrage weapons with the following profile:

	Range	Strength	AP	Type
Spore Mine	48"	varies	varies	Heavy 1

The strength and AP of the spore mine depends on the type of Spore Mine bought from the Biovores entry on page 45. Use a Spore Mine model to portray where the Spore Mine lands.



Detonation: If a Spore Mine makes contact with an enemy for any reason, or an enemy unit or vehicle shoots while within 2" of it, the cluster explodes at the end of the phase. Whenever a spore mine explodes it triggers the detonation of all of the other mines in its cluster, regardless of location. Place a Blast Marker centered over the mine in base contact (do not scatter this marker) and resolve it as a normal barrage with the number of templates equal to the number of mines in that cluster. Then remove the detonated mine(s) from the table.

If a Spore Mine cluster scatters so that it does not come into contact with an enemy model, place a spore mine model on the table at the indicated point. If there is more than one Spore Mine in that cluster, place the extra Spore Mines in base contact with it.

If a mine is reduced to 0 Wounds or otherwise killed, it will explode as detailed above. A Spore Mine Cluster is a single target for shooting purposes.

Mindless: Being essentially mindless a Spore Mine Cluster is Fearless as detailed on page 74 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. For the same reason, they cannot capture table quarters, hold objectives or count as scoring units.

"As I looked into its dead black eyes, I saw the terrible sentience it had in place of a soul. Behind that was the steel will of its leader. Further still I could feel its primogenitor coldly assessing me from the void. And looking back from the furthest recesses of the alien's mind... I can only describe it as an immortal hunger. It is this we cannot kill."

Chief Librarian Tigurius of the Ultramarines,
at the Conclave of Hår

Movement: Spore Mine Clusters drift D6" in the direction rolled on a Scatter dice each turn. On the roll of a hit, the Spore Mine Cluster may be moved the distance rolled in any direction nominated by the Tyranid player. Unlike most models, a Spore Mine or Spore Mine Cluster can move within 1" of enemy models and vehicles during its movement. Spore Mines cannot make Assault moves.



TYRANID WEAPON-SYMBIOTES

RANGED WEAPON-SYMBIOTES

Tyrannid weapon-symbiotes are usually conjoined to their bodies, organisms melded to them from inception. To represent this their rate of fire and strength depend on the creature carrying them, as detailed below. A weapon-symbiote's range and AP value characteristics are set by the type of weapon. A creature with two or more ranged bio-weapons may only choose to fire one of them per Shooting phase unless it is a Monstrous Creature, in which case two weapons may be fired. A Tyrannid that carries two of the same ranged weapon symbiote counts them as twin-linked.

Strength: Ranged bio-weapons have a Strength equal to the creature firing (S), modified as shown in the bio-weapons profiles below. The toxins sacs biomorph (+1 Strength) does increase the strength of ranged bioweapons carried by the creature. Bio-weapons are limited to a maximum strength as noted in their profile.

Rate of Fire: Many bioweapons are Assault X weapons. These get one shot per attack on the creature's basic profile (ie, before being modified other factors), so 2X weapons get twice the creature's attacks in shots, and so on.

For example, a Gaunt (1 attack) with a Devourer (Assault 2X) fires 2 shots. A Warrior (2 attacks) would fire four shots.

Barbed Strangler: The barbed strangler is a seed channelled from the sac of a thick feeder arm into a simple launcher little more than a muscled tube. The strangler seed-pod grows to maturity in seconds, spreading and growing in all direction with blinding speed, sending out hooked tendrils to bind and then tear apart its prey. Studies of the creature have revealed it to be sentient alien flora with similarities to some ground-based xenomorphs.

Rng	Str	AP	Type
36"	S-1 (Max. S8)	5	Assault 1/large blast, pinning



Devourers. The aptly named Devourer is a conical lump of flesh infested by writhing worm-like organisms with black, shiny heads. When the weapon is triggered a bio-electrical jolt hurls a shower of flesh-worms at the target which immediately start burrowing inside the victim's body. A creature infested by flesh-worms is driven mad with agony as the worms eat their way through its nervous system to the brain and devour it.

Rng	Str	AP	Type
18"	S-1 (Max. S6)	-	Assault 2X, Living Ammunition



Deathspitter. Deathspitters are complex multi-creature symbiotes which launch highly corrosive maggot-like organisms with a powerful muscle spasm. Wherever the creatures strike, gobbets of volatile fluid are splattered across a wide area, searing exposed flesh and melting through armour with equal vigour.

Rng	Str	AP	Type
24"	S+1 (Max. S7)	5	Assault 1 Blast



Fleshborer. Despite its outward appearance, the fleshborer is in fact a brood nest for sharp-fanged borer beetles. These are normally passive until a massive electro-chemical shock hurls them forth to expend their life energy frenziedly boring through armour, flesh and bone.

Rng	Str	AP	Type
12"	S+1 (Max. S6)	5	Assault X, Living Ammunition



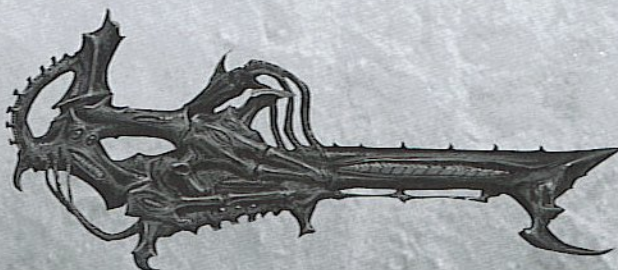
Spinefist. This symbiote weapon-creature is carried in pairs by Tyrannids for close quarter fighting. Spinefists launch a salvo of diamond-hard spines coated with a lethal neurotoxin in a broad pattern when stimulated.

Rng	Str	AP	Type
12"	S (Max. S6)	5	Assault X, Twin linked

Venom Cannon. The Venom cannon is a long, powerful bio-weapon which fires salvos of highly corrosive poison crystals encrusted with a metallic residue. A target struck by the Venom cannon is either killed by the impact and blast of electrical energy or by corrosive fragments from the poison crystals when they shatter. Even vehicle armour can be punctured by the crystals, leading to poisoned crew members and shattered equipment.

A venom cannon can only achieve glancing hits against vehicles that do not have the open-topped characteristic.

Rng	Str	AP	Type
36"	S+2 (Max. 10)	4	Assault X



CLOSE COMBAT BIOMORPHS

Close combat biomorphs can only be used during an assault. A Tyranid creature can use all of its close combat biomorphs in an assault and is not limited to using one at a time like most models.

Bonesword: A Bonesword crackles with psychic energy, and when stimulated its hilt sends out a signal that drives the Hive Tyrant and its minions into a frenzy of bloodlust.

A Hive Tyrant with a Bonesword is permanently under the effects of the Catalyst power. With a successful psychic test taken at the beginning of the Tyranid Assault phase, the Hive Tyrant may use the Bonesword to extend the effects of Catalyst to all broods with a model within 6".

Crushing claws: Massive, crab-like claws seen on the very largest Tyranid beasts, these fearsome weapons can smash several foes to the ground with one sweep and tear apart just about anything they latch onto.

A model with crushing claws substitutes a D6 for its normal number of attacks. Any bonus attacks, for example for charging, scything talons etc are added to the D6 roll. For determining the number of ranged bio-weapon shots the creature has, use its basic number of attacks.

Lash whip: Lash whips are living ropes of muscle and sinew which writhe and twist with a will of their own. In

combat they strangle and bind, entangling creatures so that they are easy meat for the Tyranids.

Models in base contact with a creature equipped with a lash whip lose one attack in each Assault phase (to a minimum of 1).

Rending claws: Rending claws are usually short and powerful, tipped with diamond-hard spikes or talons. They are quite capable of crushing plasteel and ripping through the thickest armour with their vice-like grip.

Tyranids with rending claws gain the Rending ability for all their close combat attacks. See page 46 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Scything Talons: Many Tyranid creatures have long stabbing and slashing claws of razor-edged bone or chitin, frequently formed from fused talons.

Tyranid creatures with scything talons count as having two close combat weapons and so gain +1 Attack. Creatures with two sets of scything talons gain +2 Attacks in close combat instead of +1. No more than +2 Attacks can be gained in this way and the number of attacks from ranged weapon-symbiotes is not increased. Note that this is the only way that Tyranids gain extra attacks in close combat for multiple weapons.

HIVE MIND POWERS

Many Tyranid organisms act as a conduit for the awesome psychic energies of the Hive Mind. Any Tyranid creature with these powers is considered to be a psyker. Hive Mind powers do not require a Psychic test to use unless specifically stated in their description. Only those powers which require a Psychic test to use may be cancelled by enemy psykers and wargear.

Catalyst: This power may be used once per turn at the beginning of the Tyranid player's Assault phase and requires a Psychic test to use. If the test is successful, the Tyranid player can nominate a single Tyranid unit that is within 24" of the creature using the power. Models in the affected unit will strike back in close combat even if killed before their turn to attack in Initiative order. The dead models are removed once they have made their attacks.

The Horror: Any enemy unit that wishes to assault a creature with this power must take a Morale test. If the test is failed, the unit quails before the horrifying psychic presence of the Tyranid Hive Mind and may not make an assault that turn.

Psychic Scream: Any enemy units with models within 18" of a creature with this power suffer a -1 to all Leadership tests. If several creatures with the Psychic Scream power are within range of the unit, the modifiers are cumulative.

The Shadow in the Warp: All Psychic tests made by the enemy during the game are made on 3D6, discounting the lowest roll. Any Perils of the Warp results are nullified, and the power will pass or fail as normal.

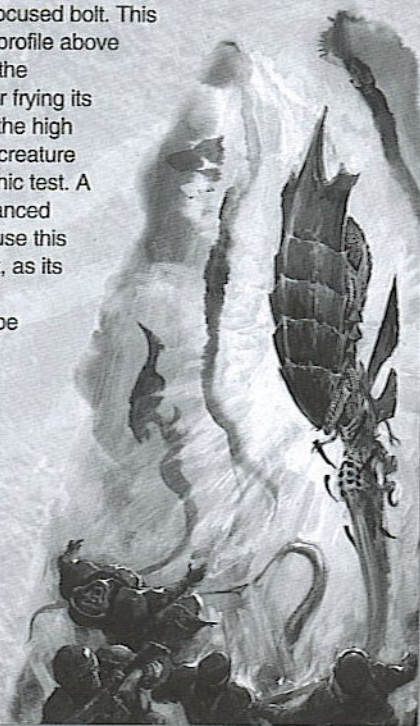
Synapse Creature: See page 28.

Warp Blast: The creature can attack in the Shooting phase using a focused blast of warp energy instead of firing ranged bio-weapons. This counts as a ranged weapon with the characteristics shown on the first line below:

Rng: 24"	Str: 5	AP: 3	Type: Assault 1 Blast
Rng: 18"	Str: 10	AP: 2	Type: Assault 1

Alternatively the creature can opt to tap into the energies of the Hive Mind to unleash a more focused bolt. This uses the second profile above. There is a risk of the coruscating power frying its brains, so to use the high powered bolt the creature must take a Psychic test. A Tyranid with Enhanced Senses may not use this high powered bolt, as its delicate sensory apparatus would be burnt out.

Warp Field: Defensive psychic barriers give the creature a 2+ Armour Save and a 6+ invulnerable save.



BIOMORPH ENHANCEMENTS

Biomorph enhancements are grafted or bioengineered combat modifications which are grown into the beast's throat, chest, tail etc. These enhance the creature in combat without inhibiting its ability to carry and use other weapon-symbiotes. The same biomorph cannot be taken more than once on any one Tyranid creature.

Note that biomorph enhancements that improve a creature's profile (such as adrenal glands) are not modifiers, they simply replace the basic stat line. For example, a Gaunt with adrenal glands (I) has Initiative 5 and will roll D6+5 when making sweeping advances.

Acid maw. *The creature has a powerful prehensile tongue dripping with highly corrosive bile and mucus that is used to snare prey and drag it in for digestion.*

A creature with an acid maw may reroll unsuccessful rolls to wound in the first round of a close combat.

Adrenal glands. *Adrenal glands are a common Tyranid biomorph which can be found on most of their front-line fighting creatures. Polyp-like organisms clamp themselves to the host and secrete doses of a powerful adrenaline-like substance into it during combat.*

Adrenal glands add +1 to a creature's Weapon Skill or Initiative characteristics.



Bio-plasma. *Some Tyranid creatures have the capacity to internally energise a form of bio-plasma that they vomit forth as a ball or bolt of blinding green fire. This process makes a high-pitched screaming which precedes a bio-plasma attack.*

Creatures with bio-plasma may make a single extra close combat attack, worked out at double the models Initiative (ie, Initiative 8 for a Gargoyle, etc). The bio plasma hits on a roll of 4+ on a D6 regardless of the target type or WS. It inflicts a single hit with a Strength equal to the creature +1 (to a maximum of S10) - this hit is unaffected by the benefits of the Monstrous Creature special rule. Any casualties caused by bio-plasma do count for combat resolution.

Bonded exoskeleton. *As a Tyranid ages its exoskeleton fuses. Layers of muscle, bone and cartilage grow together to form a tough but flexible sheathing over its few vital spots.*

A creature with a bonded exoskeleton gains +1 Toughness.

Enhanced senses. *Tyranids which habitually use ranged weapon-symbiotes often to have complex antennae or clusters of sensory apparatus across the head area. Autopsies have revealed increased nerve meshing that implies these creatures are becoming virtual subordinates to their guns.*

Creatures with enhanced senses gain +1 Ballistic Skill.



Extended Carapace. *The Tyranid's carapace has thickened and grown, extending over the few joints and areas that are vulnerable on the Tyranid's body.*

A Tyranid with an extended carapace gains +1 to its Armour saving throw, so a Tyranid with a 5+ Armour save will instead have a 4+ Armour save, and so on.

Feeder tendrils. *These are most commonly associated with the Lictor species, Genestealer mutants and other vanguard creatures. The writhing facial tendrils are sophisticated tasting organs able to sample and absorb information of all kinds from captured prey. Absorbed information is communicated to nearby Tyranids at a subconscious level, lending them a natural proclivity for attacking weak points and vulnerable areas.*

A creature with feeder tendrils always counts as having the Preferred Enemy unit special rule. Any Tyranid brood with a model within 2" of the creature also benefits from the Preferred Enemy special rule.

Flesh hooks. *Flesh hooks are chitinous sinews fired by a sharp intercostal muscle spasm, shooting out to allow the creature to snare their victims from a distance. The flesh hooks are also sometimes used as grapnels to allow creatures to scale vertical surfaces at great speed.*

A creature with flesh hooks counts as being equipped with frag grenades in close combat. Creatures with flesh hooks count 'vertically impassable' pieces of terrain such as high walls or cliffs as difficult terrain instead.

Implant attack. *Barbed stingers attached to a tail or tongue, implant attacks usually deliver corrosive pathogens, organic acids or lethal toxins.*

A model that does not pass a saving throw when wounded by a creature with an implant attack suffers two wounds instead of one. Implant attacks are only effective in close combat and have no effect on wounds inflicted by bio-plasma.

Leaping. Powerful, bounding leaps are a notable feature of some Tyranid species, carrying them forward into close quarters with astonishing speed.

Leaping creatures gain a Fast Charge of 12", though they do not become Beasts. A creature with Leaping may make its full attacks when within 3" of a friendly model in base contact rather than the usual 2".

Mace or scythe tail. Prehensile tails with knobbed, bladed or spined tips have been observed on larger Tyranid bio-constructs. In combat these lash about in the area behind the creature, making them dangerous to approach or surround.

A creature with a mace or scythe tail may make a special close combat attack each turn if more than four enemy models are in base contact with it at the beginning of that Assault phase. This is conducted at Initiative 1 and is resolved according to the type of tail biomorph chosen.

Scythe-tail: D3 attacks at half the creature's Strength (rounding down)

Mace-tail: 1 attack at creature's full Strength

Regenerate. Some Carnifex genus creatures have exhibited the ability to regenerate battle damage. Every part of the creature has evolved to the point that its can repair surrounding tissue and lost organs with astounding speed. Externally such creatures usually show evidence of old, scarred over wounds and burns, most obviously head or neck shots that would be instantly fatal to any normal being.

At the start of each Tyranid turn a surviving model with regenerate rolls a dice for each wound it has lost, and for each 6 rolled that creature regains one lost wound, up to its starting total.

Reinforced Chitin. Tyranids that survive in hostile environments start developing thicker armour plates to compensate. Their carapace plates excrete a resinous mucus which continually hardens into ceramic-like layers with pockets of gel (dubbed 'Trygel' by xenosavants). The resultant chitin may be particularly ballistic or radiation resistant depending on opposition.

Tyranids with reinforced chitin gain +1 Wound.

Scuttlers. Some tyranids are intelligent and stealthy, using every available piece of cover to creep nearer to the enemy before the main attack is launched.

Tyranids with the Scuttlers biomorph may Scout as described on page 75 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Spine banks. Rows of poison spines embedded in cavities in the Tyranid's carapace are fired by muscle contraction at close range, showering the target area with envenomed projectiles which blind and incapacitate with frightening effectiveness.

A model with spine banks counts as being equipped with frag grenades in close combat and can release a spray of spines with the same effect as a spinefist in the Shooting phase, in addition to any other weapons used.

Spore cysts. Another feature sometimes observed in larger Tyranids are subcutaneous excretion pits for the generation of Spore Mines. These are apparently symbiotic organisms meshed so closely into the carapace of their host they are impossible to separate.

A creature with spore cysts that is not in base contact with the enemy may produce a toxin Spore Mine in the Shooting phase in addition to any other shooting. Roll a dice, on the roll of a 1 the creature takes one wound with no saves allowed. Then place the Spore Mine in base contact with the creature – from this point on the Spore Mine acts as described on page 28.

Symbiote Rippers. Tyranid organisms of all kinds readily mass together; Gaunts rub shoulders with Warriors and Carnifexes while a mass of Ripper swarms writhe underfoot.

Symbiote Rippers are represented by extra Rippers glued to a creature's base. When in close combat count each ripper-infested base adds one to the unit's size for outnumbering purposes (after any other modifiers).

Thornback. Creatures with a profusion of hooked blades growing out of their carapace are nicknamed thornbacks by Imperial Guard soldiers. These beasts smash bodily into opposing formations, using raw body mass to impale anything too slow to get out of the way.

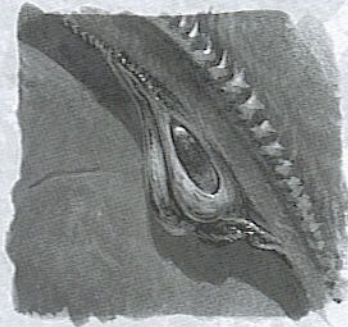
A thornbacked creature doubles the number of models it counts as for the purposes of outnumbering if it is on the winning side in a close combat.

Toxic miasma. The chimney-like vents sprouting from the backs of the larger Tyranids sometimes have clusters of microscopic, algal symbiotes around their rims that poison the air with sporific emissions.

Any creature being attacked by, or directing its attacks towards, a Tyranid with a toxic miasma reduces its WS by 1.

Toxin sacs. This tick-like parasite feeds on the host and excretes lethal poisons into or over its weapon-symbiotes. Poisons created vary widely, from agonising paralytic neurotoxins to aggressive necrotic enzymes, all swimming with deadly Tyrannic phage cells.

A Tyranid with toxin sacs gains +1 Strength to its profile.



Tusked. Curving tusks of adamantium-laced chitin sprout from the Tyranid's head, allowing it to effect a devastating charge.

Tusked Tyranids gain +2 Attacks when charging instead of +1.

Winged. Specialised organisms of Tyranids evince one or more sets of wings and a lightened exoskeleton which enables them to fly over short distances. Some creatures, particularly Gargoyles, have atrophied lower limbs which make them able to fly higher and for longer.

Winged creatures are treated as Jump Infantry in all respects. A winged model may not have the leaping or extended carapace biomorphs.

THE TYRANID ARMY LIST

This section of the book is given over to the Tyranids army list, a listing of the different units the Hive Mind can deploy in battle or, in your case, games of Warhammer 40,000. The army list allows you to fight battles using the scenarios included in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook, but it also provides you with the basic information you'll require to field a Tyranid army in scenarios you've devised yourself, as part of a campaign series of games, or whatever else may take your fancy.

The army list is split into five sections. All of the broods in the army list are placed in one of the five sections depending upon their role on the battlefield. In addition, every model included in the army list is given a points value, which varies depending upon how effective that model is on the battlefield.

Before you can choose an army for a game you will need to agree with your opponent upon a scenario and upon the total number of points each of you will have to spend on your army. Having done this you can proceed to pick an army as described below.

USING A FORCE ORGANISATION CHART

The army lists are used in conjunction with the Force Organisation Chart from a scenario. Each Force Organisation Chart is split into five categories that correspond to the sections in the army list, and each category has one or more boxes. Each box indicates that you may make one choice from that section of the army list, while a dark toned box means that you must make a choice from that section.



USING THE ARMY LISTS

To make a choice, look in the relevant section in the army list and decide what unit you wish to have in your army, how many models there will be in the unit, and which upgrades you want (if any). Remember that you cannot usually field models that are equipped with bioweapons and biomorphs that are not shown on the model.

Once this is done, subtract the points value of the unit from your total points and then go back and make another choice. Continue doing this until you have spent all your points. Now you are ready to slaughter all those that dare to stand in the path of the mighty Hive Fleet.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry consists of the following:

Unit Name: The type of unit, which may also show a limitation on the minimum or maximum number of choices you can make of that unit type (for example, 0-1 means you can never make more than one selection of that unit regardless of the size of the army).

Profile: These are the characteristics of that unit type, including its points cost.

Brood: This shows the number of models in the unit, or the number of models you may take for one choice from the Force Organisation Chart. If this is a variable amount, it shows the minimum and maximum unit size.

Biomorphs/Weapon Symbiotes: These are the weapons and biomorphs available to that brood.

Special Rules: This is where you'll find any special rules that apply to the brood.



HIVE TYRANT

Imperial Designation: Hive Tyrant
 Common Name: Overfiend
 Species Name: *Tyranicus Praefacto*

The Hive Tyrant is a large and massively powerful Tyranid creature, the closest thing to a leader of a battlefield swarm yet seen. Like many Tyranids they seem able to mutate rapidly, and several different physical characteristics have been reported. All Hive Tyrants are highly psychic, and their relationship to the Hive Mind is closer than even that of Tyranid Warriors. The Hive Tyrants embody the Hive Mind completely, but their destruction does not diminish it in any way.

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hive Tyrant	75	5	3	5	6	4	5	3	10	3+

Any Hive Tyrant may have the following biomorphs and weapon-symbiotes at the cost listed. It must choose two from the Weapon-Symbiotes column and no more. If there are two costs listed, use the second only if the Tyrant has the toxin sacs biomorph.

BIOMORPHS

Acid Maw **	10 points	Flesh Hooks	4 points
Adrenal Glands (+1 I)	15 points	Implant Attack	12 points
Adrenal Glands (+1 WS)	4 points	Symbiote Rippers	2 points
Bio-plasma **	8 points	Toxin Sacs (+1 S)	12 points
Enhanced Senses (+1 BS)	10 points	Toxic Miasma	6 points
Extended Carapace (+1 Sv)	25 points	Winged *	40 points

*Only one Hive Tyrant per army may choose the Winged biomorph.

**Only one of these biomorphs may be chosen.

WEAPON-SYMBIOTES

Barbed Strangler	15/20 points	Rending Claws	4 points
Twin-linked Deathspitter	15/20 points	Scything Talons	8 points
Twin-linked Devourer	8/12 points	Spinefists	2/4 points
Lash Whip & bonesword ***	15 points	Venom Cannon	30/40 points

***Counts as one weapon-symbiote.

HIVE MIND POWERS

The Hive Tyrant has the Synapse Creature and The Horror psychic powers, and may choose one of the following for the points cost listed.

Catalyst	10 points
Psychic Scream	10 points
The Shadow in the Warp	10 points
Warp Blast	20 points
Warp Field	35 points

SPECIAL RULES

Monstrous Creature. The Hive Tyrant itself counts as a Monstrous Creature. See page 55 of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Fearless. See page 74 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Retinue. The Hive Tyrant may take a retinue of Tyrant Guard, as listed on page 36.

Example: Acid Tyrant

Even the Acid Tyrant's blood is a lethal weapon, and its Venom Cannon allows it to rain toxic death at its foes from afar.

Hive Tyrant (75 points) + Venom Cannon (+40 points), Scything Talons (+8 points), Acid Maw (+10 points), Enhanced Senses (+10 points), Extended Carapace (+25 points), Toxic Miasma (+6 points), Toxin Sacs (+12 points) = 186 points

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Acid Tyrant	5	4	6	6	4	5	3+1	10	2+



HIVE TYRANT RETINUE: TYRANT GUARD

Imperial Designation: Tyrant Guard
 Common Name: Shielder
 Species Name: *Tyranicus Scutatus*



Tyrant Guard are living shields whose resistance to injury is amazing. Blind and ultimately controlled by the Synapse creatures they protect, these half-sentient but ferocious creatures appear to have been bio-engineered specifically to counter anti-Tyranid doctrine.

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tyrant Guard	45	5	3	5	6	2	5	2+1	10	3+

SPECIAL RULES

Shieldwall. A Hive Tyrant with Tyrant Guard may not be picked out as a separate target from its unit despite the fact it is a Monstrous Creature.

Tyrant Guard. A Hive Tyrant without the Wings biomorph may choose to be accompanied by up to 3 Tyrant Guard at +45 points each. The Tyrant Guard form a retinue with the Hive Tyrant (the unit still deploys as a Monstrous Creature). Tyrant Guard have rending claws and scything talons, and may be equipped with flesh hooks at +1 point per model and/or implant attacks at +6 points per model. Tyrant Guard may replace their Scything Talons with Lash Whips at no extra cost.

0-1 BROODLORD

Imperial Designation: Broodlord
 Common Name: Leech-master
 Species Name: *Corporaptor Primus*

A product of the continual evolution of the Genestealer race, the Broodlord is the consummate hand-to-hand warrior. Lightning-fast and frighteningly strong, its diamond-hard claws can rip through adamantium as though it were silk. A Tyranid vanguard organism, swarms led by Broodlords often precede the main Tyranid advance, infiltrating enemy positions before launching a devastating assault on the elements of the enemy most dangerous to the main Tyranid army.

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Broodlord	70	6	3	5	5	3	7	3+1	10	4+

Brood: One Broodlord and a retinue of 5-11 Genestealers (see Troops entry).

Bio-weapons: Broodlords have rending claws and scything talons. Depending on the host species, Broodlords show occasional mutability – the Broodlord may be equipped with weapon-symbiotes or biomorph enhancements chosen from the following list at the points cost indicated per model.

- Acid Maw *12 points
- Adrenal Glands (+1 I)4 points
- Extended Carapace (+1 Sv) ...10 points
- Feeder Tendrils *3 points
- Flesh Hooks3 points
- Implant Attack *12 points
- Toxin Sacs (+1 S)10 points

* Broodlords may only have one of these biomorphs.

SPECIAL RULES

Synapse Creature. The Broodlord is a Synapse Creature as detailed on page 28.

Infiltrate. Broodlords and their Genestealer retinues can spend weeks deep in enemy territory before they finally reveal themselves in the fires of battle. Broodlords and their broods may Infiltrate in missions that utilise this rule.

Independent Character. The Broodlord is an independent character as detailed on page 50 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Inhuman Strength. So powerful is the Broodlord that all wounds caused by it ignore armour saves in the same manner as power weapons.



HQ

TYRANID WARRIOR BROOD

Imperial Designation: Tyranid Warrior
 Common Name: Warrior
 Species Name: *Tyranicus Gladius*

The Tyranid Warriors are amongst the most important Tyranids on the battlefield. Not only are they large and powerful fighters, but they also fulfil a pivotal role in Tyranid swarms. The warriors act as psychic resonators, amplifying the psychic bond of the Hive Mind and transmitting its power to the smaller, less receptive creatures around them. Like officers marshalling their armies, the Tyranid Warriors lead the lesser creatures into battle, directing their troops to their appointed stations in the greater plan.

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Warrior	14	4	2	4	4	2	4	2	10	5+

Brood: The brood consists of between 3 and 9 Tyranid Warriors.

Tyranid Warrior broods may choose biomorphs from the list below, paying the points listed per model in the brood. Each Warrior within that brood must then also choose two weapon-symbiotes at the cost listed, and no more, but these may differ within the brood. If there are two costs listed, use the second only if the Tyranid Warrior has the toxin sacs biomorph. Warriors with two ranged weapon-symbiotes may only fire one per turn.

BIOMORPHS (PER MODEL)

Adrenal Glands (+1I)3 points	Flesh Hooks2 points
Adrenal Glands (+1WS)2 points	Leaping8 points
Bio-plasma3 points	Symbiote Rippers1 point
Enhanced Senses (+1BS)2 points	Toxin Sacs (+1S)3 points
Extended Carapace (+1 Sv)3 points	Winged*14 points

WEAPON-SYMBIOTES

Barbed Strangler **10/15 points	Rending Claws6 points
Deathspitter8/10 points	Scything Talons4 points
Devourer5/8 points	Spinefists (pair)2/4 points
Fleshborer4/6 points	Venom Cannon **15/20 points
Lash Whip5 points		

* Warriors that choose the winged biomorph become Fast Attack choices.

** Only one Tyranid Warrior per brood may take a barbed strangler or venom cannon.

SPECIAL RULES

Synapse Creatures. All Tyranid Warriors have the Synapse Creature psychic power.

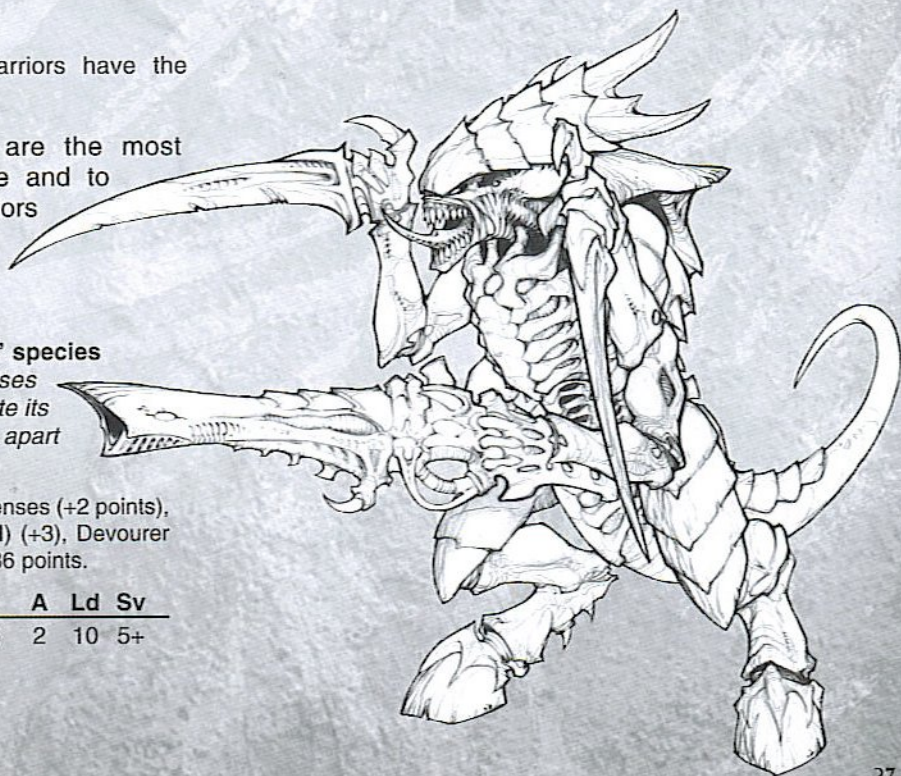
Leader-beasts. Tyranid Warriors are the most common form of Synapse Creature and to represent this broods of Tyranid Warriors may be taken as both HQ and Elite choices.

Example: Tyranid warrior 'Huntsman' species

The Huntsman warrior variant uses powerful symbiotic weaponry to decimate its enemies before ripping the survivors apart with iron-hard claws.

Tyranid Warrior (14 points) + Enhanced Senses (+2 points), Toxin Sacs (+3 points), Adrenal Glands (I) (+3), Devourer (+8 points), Rending Claws (+6 points) = 36 points.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Huntsman	4	3	5	4	2	5	2	10	5+



0-1 LICTORS

Imperial Designation: Lictor
Common Name: Spook, Mantis Stalker
Species Name: *Tyranicus Chameleo*

Lictors rove ahead of Tyranid ground swarms seeking out pockets of enemy resistance and native lifeforms to be absorbed. They are intelligent and possess highly developed sensory organs so they can see, smell, hear and taste their prey long before it becomes aware of their presence. Lictors appear to be a specialist mutation of Tyranid Warriors and are highly adapted to survive in hostile environments and a stalker/predator role. Stalking Lictors exude a pheromone trail which draws other Tyranid creatures in their wake. A larger concentration of prey stimulates a stronger pheromone response and brings a larger group of trailing Tyranids.

ELITES

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Lictor	80	6	0	6	4	2	6	2+1	10	5+

Brood: You may include between 1 and 3 Lictors as a single Elites choice, but only one choice may be made per army. Thus you can have a maximum of three in an army. They do not need to be placed together, and they operate independently during the game.

Weapon-symbiotes and biomorphs: Lictors are armed with scything talons and rending claws. In addition they always have the feeder tendrils and flesh hooks biomorphs.

SPECIAL RULES

Secret Deployment. Lictors deploy using the Deep Strike rule, regardless of mission, to represent them leaping out from concealment. They must always Deep Strike into a piece of area terrain. If this terrain is classed as Impassable, the Lictor will not be destroyed but instead placed as normal. If the Deep Strike roll would take the Lictor out of the boundaries of the chosen area terrain, the Lictor must be placed as close to the point indicated as possible without any part of its base leaving that terrain piece. A Lictor may assault the turn it enters play.

Loner. For the purposes of mission objectives, Lictors cannot capture table quarters, hold objectives or count as scoring units.

Stealth. The Lictor's chameleonic scales make it an extremely difficult target. A Lictor always receives a 5+ Cover Save, even in the open. If the Lictor is actually in cover, its Cover Saving throw is improved by +2 (to a maximum cover save of 2+), so for example it would receive a 3+ Cover Save in woods or jungles. A Lictor gains no benefits from its stealth while in close combat, reverting to its natural 5+ Armour Save for its chitinous armour.

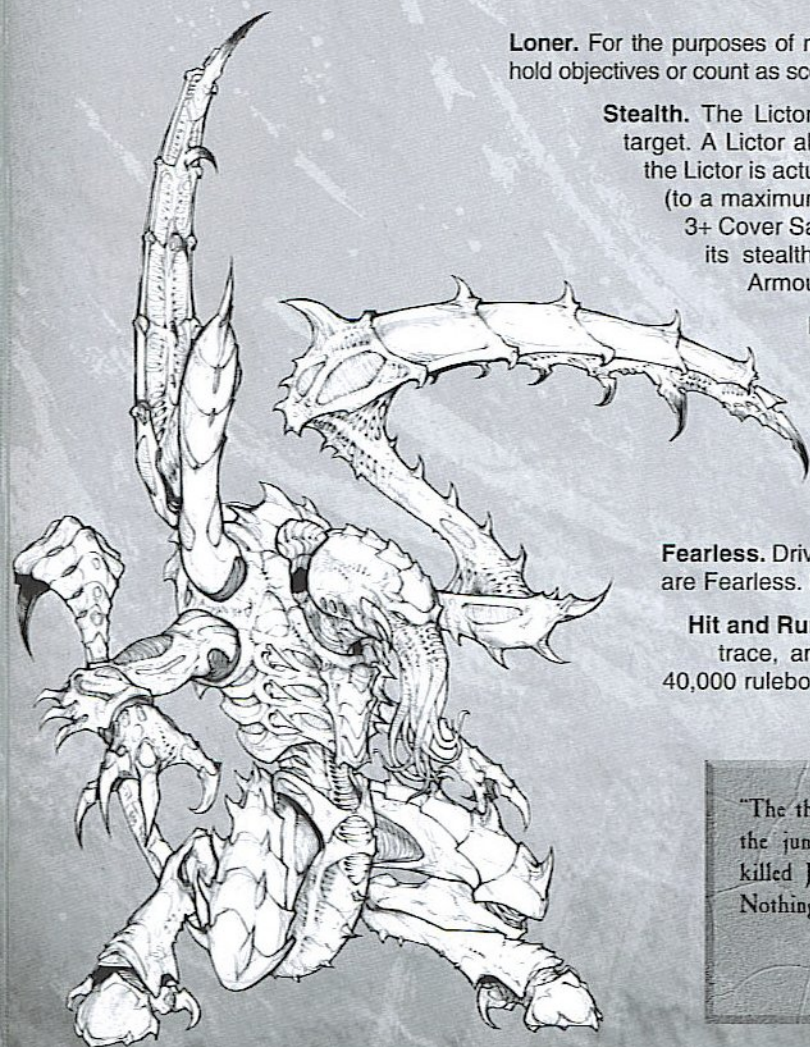
Pheromone Trail. Such is the potency of the Lictor's pheromone trail that Tyranids from all around will close on its position to attack. To represent this, each Lictor taken allows the Tyranid player to re-roll one Reserves roll per turn, regardless of whether the Lictor is in play or not. This re-roll does not apply to Lictors.

Fearless. Driven by the implacable alien will of the Hive Mind, Lictors are Fearless. See page 74 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Hit and Run. Lictors strike without warning and disappear without trace, and may Hit and Run. See page 74 the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

"The thing that scares me most of all is that it burst out from the jungle directly in front of our ambush position. It had killed Jensen and Lucca before we knew what was happening. Nothing that large should be able to move like that."

Sergeant Thresher,
11th Catachan Jungle Fighter



GENESTEALER BROOD

Imperial Designation: Genestealer

Common Name: Stealer, Sewerstalker, Scuttler, Clawfiend, Ghost, Leech

Species Name: *Corporaptor Hominis*, *Corporaptor Ymgari*

The Imperium first encountered Genestealers on the moons of Ymgari long before they were alerted to the approach of the hive fleets. Only with time has it been learned that Genestealers are vanguard organisms for the hive, created to seek out and undermine potential prey-worlds by infiltration. Genestealers are legendarily ferocious close combat opponents, with lightning fast reflexes and deadly claws, capable of ripping through the thickest armour.

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Genestealer	16	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	5+

Brood: The brood consists of between 6 and 12 Genestealers.

Bio-weapons: Genestealers have rending claws. Depending on the host species, Genestealers show occasional mutability – the whole brood may be equipped with weapon-symbiotes or biomorph enhancements chosen from the following list at the points cost indicated per model.

Acid Maw *4 points	Implant Attack3 points
Extended Carapace (+1 Sv)4 points	Scything Talons **4 points
Feeder Tendrils *1 point	Scuttlers3 points
Flesh Hooks *1 points	Toxin Sacs (+1S)3 points

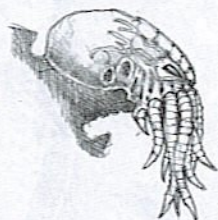
*Genestealers may not have more than one of these biomorphs.

** Genestealers may only have one set of scything talons.

SPECIAL RULES

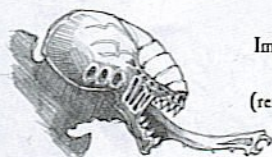
Fleet of Claw. Genestealers can scuttle toward their prey at a terrifying rate. They are Fleet of Claw as described on page 74 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Brood Telepathy. Genestealers have their own brood telepathy which allows them to function independently without the influence of the Hive Mind. Because of this, Genestealer broods outside the range of any Synapse Creatures do not use the Instinctive Behaviour rules and instead take Morale checks and Pinning tests just like ordinary troops.



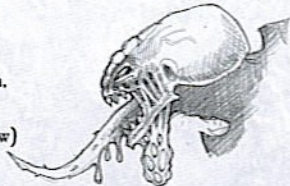
Feeder tendrils mutation.
Groglin V
(ref.MBfc274.ch.fdrtl)

Flesh Hooks mutation.
Ixos II
(ref.MBfi288.ch.flshk)



Implant attack mutation.
Tenebria
(ref.MBim274.ch.impttck)

Acid Maw mutation.
Yuris cluster
(ref.MBac269.ch.acdmw)



Genestealers are the most mutable of all Tyranid Vanguard organisms. Many Magos Biologis adepts believe these adaptations depend on the host, however it seems clear to the more enlightened that they are in fact separate species altogether.

Example: Ymgari Genestealer

Genestealers native to the moons of Ymgari are believed to push their feeder tendrils into the brains of their prey before killing them.

Genestealer (16 points) + Feeder tendrils (1 point) + Scuttlers (3 points) + Toxin Sacs (+3 points) = 23 points

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ymgari Stealer	6	0	5	4	1	6	2	10	5+



GAUNT BROOD

Imperial Designation: Gaunt
Common Name: Critter
Species Name: *Gauntii Virago*

The Gaunt is agile, fast, cunning and deadly despite its small size relative to other Tyranids. Most commonly encountered is the Termagant, equipped with the basic fleshborer weapon-symbiote. Undoubtedly the most common species of the Gaunt genus, it fulfills the role of common foot soldier in Tyranid swarms. Termagants have been known to be expended by the thousand merely to exhaust the defenders' ammunition prior to a major assault.

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Gaunt	4	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	6+

Brood: The Brood consists of between 8 and 32 Gaunts.

Gaunt broods may choose biomorphs from the list below, paying the points listed per model in the brood. The Gaunts within that brood must then also choose a single weapon-symbiote at the cost listed, and they must be equipped identically. If there are two costs listed, use the second only if the Gaunts have the toxin sacs biomorph.

BIOMORPHS

Adrenal Glands (+1 I)	.1 point
Adrenal Glands (+1 WS)	.1 point
Extended Carapace (+1 Sv)	.1 point
Flesh Hooks	.1 point
Scuttlers	.2 points
Toxin Sacs (+1 S)	.2 points

WEAPON-SYMBIOTE

Devourer	.3/4 points
Fleshborer	.2/3 points
Spinefist	.1/2 points

SPECIAL RULES

Fleet of Claw. Gaunts can race along extremely quickly by using all six limbs for locomotion. They have Fleet of Claw as detailed on page 74 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Without Number. Any brood of Gaunts with a cost of 8 points or less per model may be given the Without Number special rule at a cost of +3 points per model. Any brood Without Number that is removed from play may be brought back into play at the beginning of the next Tyranid turn. It moves onto the board from the Tyranid player's board edge and has exactly the same profile and armaments as its predecessor. Victory Points are scored as usual for the brood and its replacements as if they were entirely separate broods.

"The torchlight showed up a trail of blood leading to the back room, so like a fool I followed it. Lying in the darkness was one of the smaller ones, its jaws distended around the torso of what I assume used to be the father. He was still convulsing. In my horror, I shot the victim first. Big mistake."

Enforcer Maitland, Epsilon Hive

Example: Spinegaunt

Spinegaunts are among the least complex Tyranid organisms, but are still deadly in numbers.

Gaunt (4 points) + Spinefists (1 point) = 5 points

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Spinegaunts	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	6+

Example: Termagants

Two-organism symbiotes, the Termagant and its weapon can pack a hell of a punch.

Gaunt (4 points) + Fleshborer (2 points), Without Number (3 points) = 9 points

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Termagants	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	6+



HORMAGAUNT BROOD

Imperial Designation: Hormagaunt
 Common Name: Slasher
 Species Name: *Gauntii Gladius*

The Hormagaunt is single-minded in its engineered purpose of closing with the foe and eviscerating it with its scythe-like claws. They are fast and indefatigable, constantly moving in restless swarms made up of nothing but rippling claws and ridged armour plates. Appearing to be another manipulation of the Gaunt genus, this bio-form is more upright, with its two sets of upper limbs equipped with well-developed claws. Its lower legs are long and powerful, tucking up beneath the body when the creature is at rest but flicking out to drive it forward in a series of bounding leaps as it attacks.

	Pts	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hormagaunt	10	4	3	3	3	1	4	1+1	5	6+

Brood: The Brood consists of between 8 and 32 Hormagaunts.

Weapon Symbiotes: Scything Talons

Biomorphs: Hormagaunt broods may choose biomorphs from the list below, paying the points listed per model in the brood. They must be equipped identically.

Adrenal Glands (+1 I)	1 point	Flesh Hooks	1 point
Adrenal Glands (+1 WS)	1 point	Toxin Sacs (+1 S)	2 points
Extended Carapace (+1 Sv)	1 point		

SPECIAL RULES

Beasts: Hormagaunts are Beasts, as detailed on page 57 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Leaping: Hormagaunts have powerful hind limbs that can propel them forward in great leaping bounds toward their foes. They have the leaping biomorph as detailed in the Tyranid Biomorphs section on page 32.

RIPPER SWARM

Imperial Designation: Rippers
 Common Name: Anklebiters
 Species Name: *Minoris Omniphagea*

In the final phases of a Tyranid invasion, billions of voracious Tyranid organisms are released over the planet. They move across its surface multiplying and consuming everything, leaving an empty and desolate wasteland. Eventually they are reabsorbed by the hive fleet and their biomass is used to create more complex creatures. These organisms are extremely varied but the most common are known to Imperial forces as Rippers. These are energetic and persistent, so are quite capable of pulling down creatures many times their own size.

	Pts	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ripper Swarm	10	3	1	3	3	3	2	3	10	6+

Brood: A Ripper Swarm consists of between 3 and 10 Ripper bases.

Bio-weapons: Ripper Swarms have a hideous selection of wickedly sharp jaws, claws and mandibles.

Ripper Swarms may choose biomorphs and weapon-symbiotes from the list below, paying the points listed per base in the brood. They must be equipped identically. If there are two costs listed, use the second only if the Rippers have the toxin sacs biomorph.

BIOMORPHS

Adrenal Glands (+1WS)2 points	Flesh Hooks	1 point
Adrenal Glands (+1I)2 points	Leaping	4 points
Enhanced Senses (+1BS)	1 point	Toxin Sacs (+1S)	3 points
Extended Carapace (+1 Sv)	1 point	Winged *	10 points

* Rippers that choose the winged biomorph become Fast Attack choices and may not take extended carapaces.

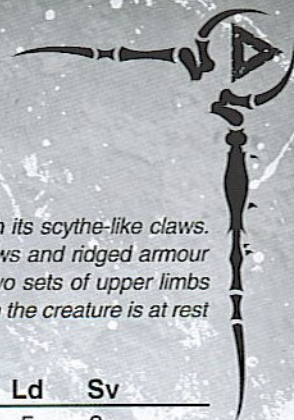
BIO-WEAPONS

Spinefists 1/2 points

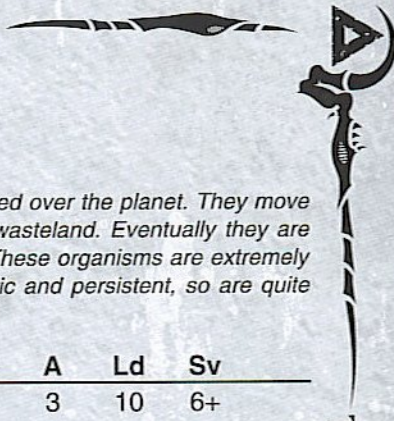
SPECIAL RULES

Mindless: Rippers are relentless eating machines, and hence are Fearless and do not obey the rules for Instinctive Behaviour. For the purposes of mission objectives, Ripper Swarms cannot capture table quarters, hold objectives or count as scoring units.

Swarm: Rippers are swarms, as detailed on page 75 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.



TROOPS



TROOPS



RAVENER BROOD

Imperial Designation: Ravener
 Common Name: Snake, Slither-slasher
 Species Name: *Tyranicus Ophidius Subterra*

Raveners are twisted, snake-like creatures which combine the feared elements of the Tyranid Warriors' powerful symbiote weapons with the unholy speed of Gargoyles and Hormagaunts. Vulnerable to heavy weapons fire, Raveners have evolved the ability to burrow through almost any substance with their spade-like scything talons. Sensing vibrations, they reappear in a spray of earth right in front of the enemy position, their thorax-mounted weapon-symbiotes spitting out death.

	Pts	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ravener	30	5	3	4	4	2	5	3	10	5+

Brood: The brood consists of between 1 and 6 Raveners.

Bio-weapons: A Ravener must choose a pair of bio-weapons from the following list at the points cost indicated.

Scything Talons
 & Rending Claws10 points
 Two sets of Scything Talons8 points

Each Ravener may also choose one of the following weapon-symbiotes, mounted inside its thorax as if it were a biomorph.

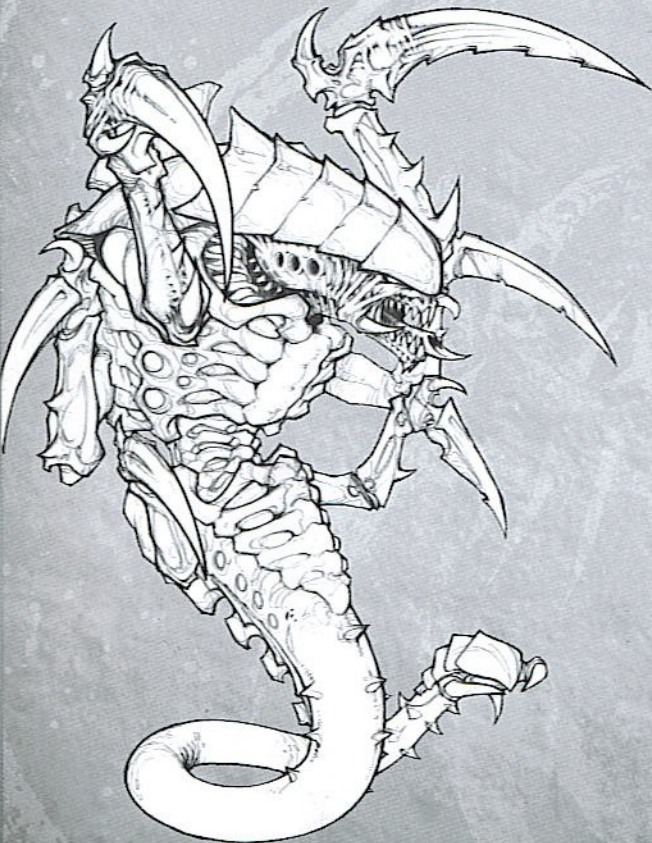
Deathspitter6 points
 Devourer10 points
 Spinefists6 points

SPECIAL RULES

Beasts: Raveners are exceptionally fast and as such follow the rules for Beasts on page 57 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Deep Strike: Raveners have been specifically bred to burrow under enemy positions and burst out from the ground with a horrifying screech. The may enter play using the Deep Strike special rule in missions where that special rule is being used.

FAST ATTACK



The slime-covered tunnel stretched into the distance, and the storm troopers' halo lamps reflected from the glistening walls. The thing had burrowed through soil, bedrock, plastel and rockcrete alike. Sergeant Creagan finally admitted to himself that they were lost.

Rounding a corner, he saw their quarry was lying stretched out in a dark corner, its bony, drooling jaws distended impossibly wide and its carapace plates rippling with peristaltic motion.

With a yell, Creagan opened fire with his flamer, his men doing the same. The flames silhouetted the creature and it writhed within the inferno for a second before disappearing from sight. The Storm Troopers advanced warily.

A moment passed.

Suddenly, the thing reared up from behind a network of pipes, its maw open wide. It was in their midst before they could fire, a claw stabbing into Naverre's back and pinning him to the grille as its pincer-tail dug deep into Wendt's neck.

Darting forward, one of its secondary limbs whipped out towards Petrovic's head. He ducked, the talon clanging off his helmet and knocking him into the pipes. The creature wrenched its tail from Wendt's neck, wrapping it around Petrovic's legs and dragging him towards its jaws. But the Storm Trooper's carapace armour was wedged between the piping, resisting the pull. For an awful second, Petrovic hung off the floor, a scream rising in his throat. Then, in an explosion of blood, he came apart at the waist.

Creagan charged, chainsword buzzing. The blow hit down into a claw, teeth screaming as they burnt into bone, and as the creature turned his arm was forced out wide. The thing reared, its maw gaping open. Creagan had no time to scream before it struck.

GARGOYLE BROOD

Imperial Designation: Gargoyle
 Common Name: Hellbat
 Species Name: *Gauntii Avius*

Gargoyles are vicious winged monsters that are often the first part of Tyranid swarms seen in battle. Their prime purpose seems to be seeking out the enemy and sowing terror and confusion amongst them. Thus, fire and the flap of the Gargoyles' membranous wings often precede the Tyranid hordes, herding the enemy out into the open to be absorbed by the swarm. Gargoyles physically resemble Termagants, being derived from the Gaunt genus. They have wide, leathery wings, raking claws and barbed tails. Though they have six limbs, the lower pair have atrophied to little more than stumps.

	Pts	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Gargoyle	12	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	10	6+

Brood: The brood consists of between 8 and 32 Gargoyles.

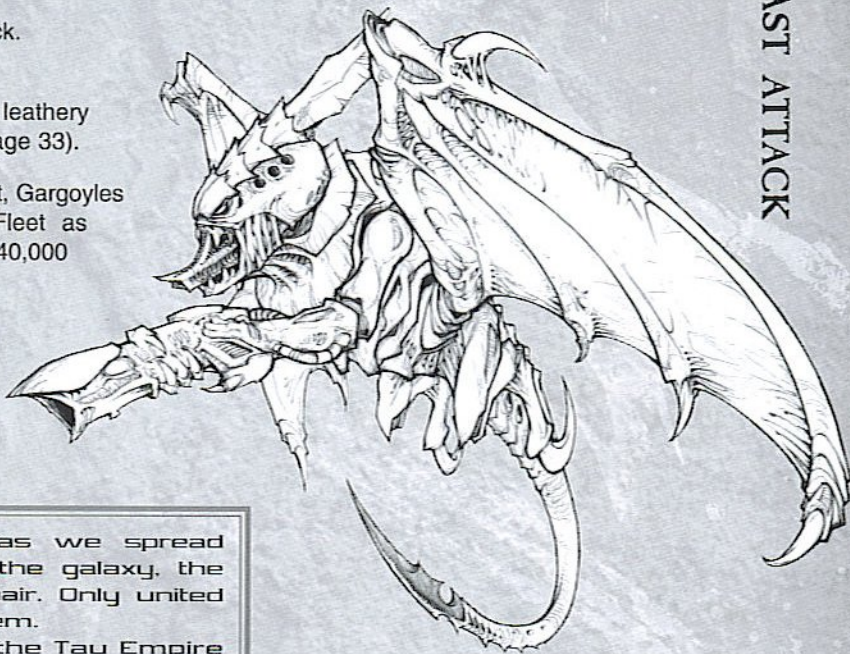
Bio-weapons: Fleshborer and bio-plasma attack.

SPECIAL RULES

Wings: Gargoyles are characterised by large, leathery wings. They have the Winged biomorph (see page 33).

Fleet of Wing: When they do not pause to shoot, Gargoyles can fly considerably faster. Gargoyles are Fleet as described on page 74 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Deep Strike: In the right circumstances Gargoyles can swoop down into battle, appearing almost anywhere on the battlefield – they may Deep Strike as described on page 84 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.



FAST ATTACK

How ironic it is that as fast as we spread progress and hope throughout the galaxy, the Tyranids spread death and despair. Only united can we hope to stand against them.

Aun'shi of the Tau Empire

SPORE MINE CLUSTER

Imperial Designation: Spore Mine
 Common Name: Floaters
 Species Name: *Boletus Minoris*

Tyranids often seed an area ripe for infestation with clusters of living bombs called Spore Mines. These drift down through the atmosphere, homing in on heat sources and concentrations of movement. Should the tentacles of one of the cluster's mines brush against a non-Tyranid life form, the entire cluster will detonate in a chain reaction that can obliterate everything around it in a storm of razor-edged shrapnel or hissing bio-toxins.

	Pts	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Cluster	varies	0	0	1	3	1	1	0	10	-

Brood: A Spore Mine Cluster consists of between 1 and 3 Spore Mines of the same type from the list below.

Toxin 10 points per mine
 Frag 8 points per mine
 Bio-acid 12 points per mine

Deep Strike: Spore Mine Clusters must always enter play by Deep Strike, regardless of mission special rules. See page 84 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook for details.

Spore Mines: Spore Mine Clusters follow the rules for Spore Mines on page 28.

FAST ATTACK

0-1 ZOANTHROPES

Imperial Designation: Zoanthrope
 Common Name: Brain
 Species Name: *Tyranicus Animus Aborrens*

Rare even in the most recent iterations of Tyranid evolution, Zoanthropes are perhaps the strangest of Tyranid creatures. They are powerful psykers, apparently engineered from harvested alien lifeforms to form living conduits for the focussed power of the Hive Mind. So extreme is their development that their atrophied bodies and bulbous heads are entirely energised by psychic force. They can move only by psychically levitating themselves, drifting across the battlefield to rain bolts of incandescent power on the enemy or relay the synapse commands of the Hive Mind to its lesser beasts.

	Pts	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Zoanthrope	35	3	3	4	4	2	4	2	10	2+

Brood: You may include between 1 and 3 Zoanthropes as a single Heavy Support choice, but only one choice may be made per army. Thus you can have a maximum of three in an army. Zoanthropes are deployed as a single unit, but do not need to be placed together and operate independently during the game.

Biomorphs: Zoanthropes have the Toxic Miasma biomorph. Other than this, Zoanthropes have nothing but their basic claws and teeth (and awesome psychic powers) to fight with.

Hive Mind powers: Zoanthropes always have the psychic power Warp Field.

In addition, a Zoanthrope must choose a second psychic power from the following list at the points cost indicated, and can choose a third if desired.

- Catalyst5 points
- Psychic Scream10 points
- Synapse Creature10 points
- The Horror5 points
- Warp Blast20 points

SPECIAL RULES

Living Artillery: Zoanthropes cannot capture table quarters, hold objectives or count as scoring units.

HEAVY SUPPORT



We retreat, we fall back, we make strategic withdrawals, we consolidate, we evacuate. When in the name of all that's holy are we going to fight back against the Tyranid threat? Events at Ichar IV and Macragge have proved that the hive fleets can be stopped, but where are the armies and the ships to stop them again? Why have the Adeptus Mechanicus ceased sending us munitions and weapons from their forge worlds? Do they believe they can stand alone and seek only to protect their own domains? These are important questions which demand answers at the highest level and, in my personal opinion, the punishment of those responsible - assignment to penal regiments in the path of the Tyranid advance would seem most appropriate.

Believe me, sirs, I can appreciate that outposts and minor stations cannot be held against the infernal numbers of these aliens without an unconscionable expenditure of force. I have seen with my own eyes the results of such folly. I can also appreciate that the strategy of Holy Terra is not mine to question, but I fear the perspective gained from viewing reports from thousands of light years away belies the seriousness of the situation here on the eastern fringe.

Excerpted from a missive sent by Commissar General Vortigus Horath, Acting Warmaster, Diatan Sector, Ultima Segmentum, 285/988.M41

0-1 BIOVORES

Imperial Designation: Biovore
 Common Name: Gunbeast
 Species Name: *Tyranicus Patris Boletus*

In battle, Spore Mines are most often vomited from a genetically adapted warbeast referred to by the Magos Biologis as the Biovore. The creature nurtures a clutch of Spore Mines inside its own body and launches them by a powerful muscle spasm. The Biologis point out that the Biovore has only appeared relatively recently in actions fought against the hive fleets. It is postulated that this creature represents one of the first Tyranid creations using hybridised DNA harvested in this galaxy.

	Pts	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Biovore	40	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	5	6+
Spore Mine	-	0	0	1	3	1	1	0	5	-

Brood: You may include between 1 and 3 Biovores as a single Heavy Support choice, but only one choice may be made per army. Thus you can have a maximum of three in an army. Biovores are deployed as a single unit.

Bio-weapons: Biovores store and fire Spore Mines as their main weapons, defending themselves with tooth and claw if attacked. The type of Spore Mines available to each Biovore must be chosen from the following list at the points costs indicated. All Biovores in the same brood must choose the same kind of Spore Mine. A Biovore carries enough Spore Mines of the type chosen to last the battle.

Toxin. 12 points. Strength: Special AP: 4

Toxin Mines always count as having a Strength equal to the target's Toughness. Therefore Toxin Mines will normally wound on a D6 roll of 4 or more. Toxin Mines can only affect vehicles which are open-topped, upon which they inflict a single glancing hit automatically.

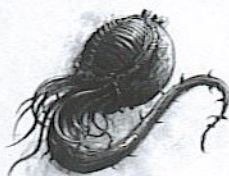
Frag. 10 points. Strength: 4 AP: 5

Bio Acid. 15 points. Strength: 3 AP: 3

Bio-Acid Spore Mines roll 2D6+3 to penetrate vehicle armour.

SPECIAL RULES

Brood Telepathy. Biovores have their own brood telepathy which allows them to function independently without the influence of the Hive Mind. Because of this, Biovore broods outside the range of any Synapse creatures do not use the Instinctive Behaviour rules and instead take Morale checks and Pinning tests just like ordinary troops.



TOXIN SPORE MINE

Tyrannid toxins are astonishingly lethal, and are capable of overwhelming almost any species physiology. The toxins sprayed by such mines are a mixture of highly reactive inorganic poisons, haemotoxins, aflotoxins, neurotoxins and phage cells.

FRAG SPORE MINE

The Fragmentation Spore mine explodes with such force that its iron-hard shell can scythe down lightly armoured prey in an instant, but even a splinter from a spore shell can cause lethal infection and sepsis.



BIO-ACID SPORE MINE

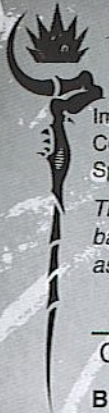
The bio-acids flung from the orifices of these spore mines are thick and viscous, the better to cling onto their target and hence concentrate their effect. The acidic nodules in each salvo are capable of dissolving through everything up to and including ceramite plate.



This is our galaxy. Ours to corrupt. Ours to enslave. The gods will not be denied their prize.
Xerxeth, Sorcerer of the Black Legion



HEAVY SUPPORT



CARNIFEX

Imperial Designation: Carnifex
Common Name: Screamer-Killer
Species Name: *Carnifex Voracio*, *Carnifex Ululare*, *Carnifex Arbilyx*

The Carnifex is a living engine of destruction evolved for use in shock assaults, space ship boarding actions and massed battles where it can smash through almost any obstacle, whether it is a defensive line, enemy tanks or a fortified position. The assault of these creatures is terrifying to behold, a primeval force which smashes men and vehicles aside like children's toys.

	Pts	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Carnifex	85	3	2	9	6	4	1	2	10	3+

Brood: 1 Carnifex.

Carnifexes may have the following Biomorphs and weapon-symbiotes at the cost listed. It must choose two from the weapon-symbiotes column, and no more. If there are two costs listed, use the second only if the Carnifex has the toxin sacs biomorph.

BIOMORPHS

Acid Maw	.6 points
Adrenal Glands (+1 I)	.6 points
Adrenal Glands (+1 WS)	.4 points
Bio-plasma	.8 points
Bonded Exoskeleton	.20 points
Enhanced Senses (+1 BS)	.8 points
Extended Carapace (+1 Sv)	.25 points
Flesh Hooks	.1 point
Implant Attack	.8 points
Regenerate	.30 points
Reinforced Chitin	.15 points
Spine Banks **	.5 points
Spore Cysts **	.5 points
Symbiote Rippers	.2 points
Tail Weapon – mace *	.5 points

Tail Weapon – scythe *	.10 points
Thornback **	.15 points
Toxin Sacs (+1 S)	.6 points
Toxic Miasma	.8 points
Tusked	.10 points

WEAPON SYMBIOTES

Barbed Strangler	.20/25 points
Crushing Claws ***	.25 points
Lash Whip	.10 points
Rending Claws	.3 points
Scything Talons	.8 points
Twin-linked Deathspitter	.15 points
Twin-linked Devourer	.10 points
Venom Cannon	.35 points

* A Carnifex may only have one tail weapon

** A Carnifex may only have one of these biomorphs

*** A Carnifex may only have one set of Crushing Claws.

SPECIAL RULES

Monstrous Creature. The Carnifex is a massive assault organism and hence is a Monstrous Creature. See page 55 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Fearless. Almost nothing can stop a rampaging Carnifex; they are Fearless. See page 74 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Shock Troops. In major engagements, Carnifexes of all kinds are often found spearheading Tyranid assaults. In games of 1,500 points or more any Carnifex with a total cost of less than 115 points can be taken as an Elite choice rather than a Heavy Support choice.

Example: Thornback

Thornbacks are living weapons batteries that seem to relish crushing enemy infantry.

Carnifex (85 points) + Enhanced Senses (8 points) + Toxin Sacs (6 points) + Thornback (15 points) + Twin-linked Devourer (10 points) + Barbed Strangler (30 points) = 154 points

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Thornback	3	3	10	6	4	1	2	10	3

Example: Venomsplitter

Venom splitters are an extreme variant of the Carnifex genus in that they excel at ranged combat.

Carnifex (85 points) + Enhanced Senses (8 points) + Spore Cysts (5 points) + Venom Cannon (35 points) + Venom Cannon (35 points) = 168 points

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Venomsplitter	3	3	9	6	4	1	2	10	3+

Example: Screamer-Killer

Screamer-Killers are scythe-armed linebreakers that spit plasma at close quarters.

Carnifex (85 points) + Adrenal Glands (WS) (4 points) + Bio-plasma (8 points) + Scything Talons (8 points) + Scything Talons (8 points) = 113 points

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Screamer-Killer	4	2	9	6	4	1	2+2	10	3+

Example: Shovel-tusker

Shovel-tuskers are rightly feared by the tank crews of the Imperial Guard, and can flip a vehicle over with a devastating charge.

Carnifex (85 points) + Toxin Sacs (6 points) + Scything Talons (8 points) + Crushing Claws (25 points) + Tusked (10 points) + Bonded Exoskeleton (20 points) + Reinforced Chitin (15 points) + Mace Tail (5 points) = 174 points

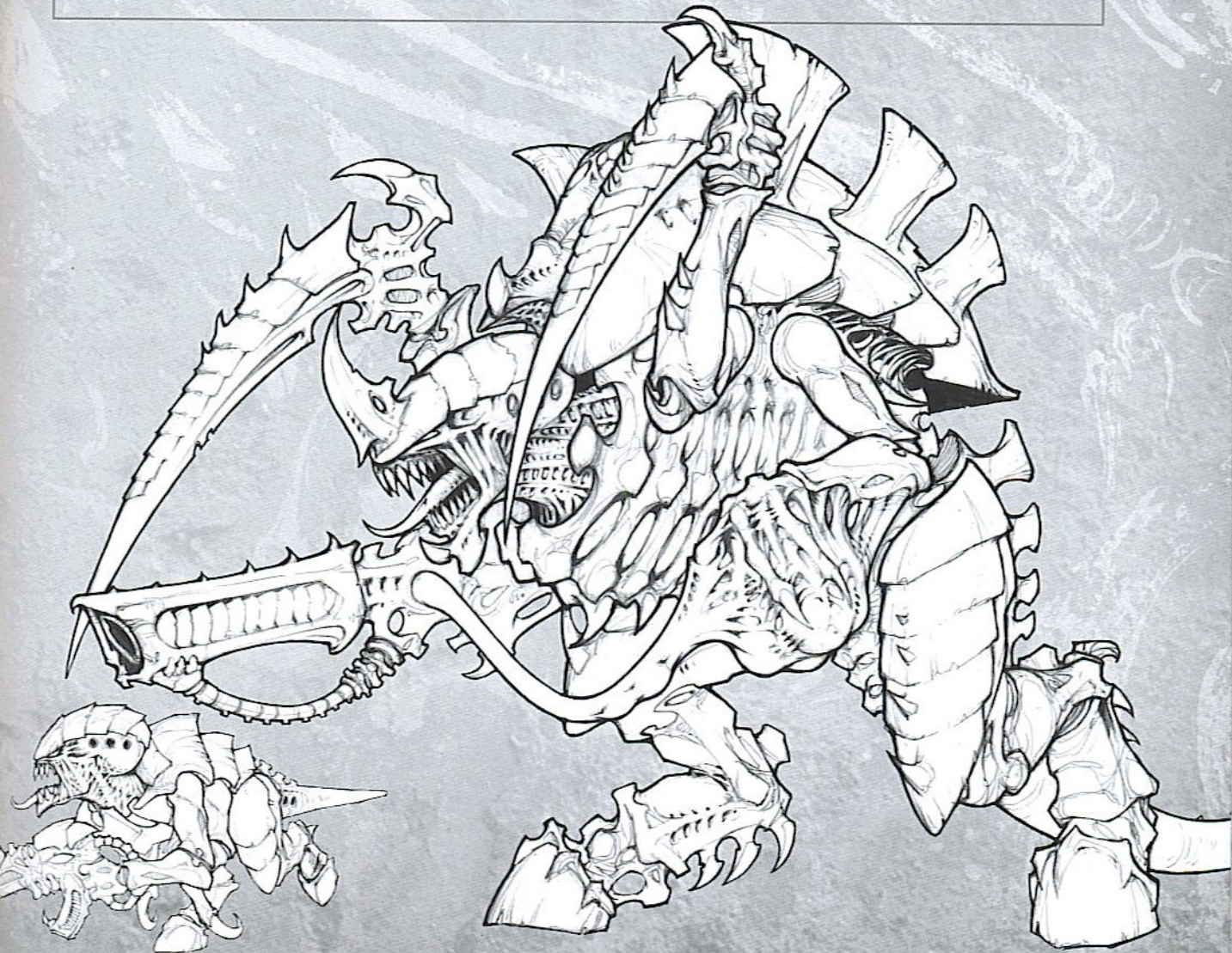
	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Shovel-tusker	3	2	10	7	5	1	D6+1	10	3+

Example: Bile-beast

Bile-beasts are walking biological warfare factories, spitting acid and toxic spores.

Carnifex (85 points) + Adrenal Glands (4 points) + Toxin Sacs (6 points) + Toxic Miasma (8 points) + Acid Maw (6 points) + Spore Cysts (5 points) + Twin-linked Deathspitter (15 points) + Crushing Claws (25 points) = 154 points

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Bile-Beast	4	2	10	6	4	1	D6	10	3+



REFERENCE

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hive Tyrant	5	3	5	6	4	5	3	10	3+
Tyrant Guard	5	3	5	6	2	5	2+1	10	3+
Broodlord	6	3	5	5	3	7	3+1	10	4+
Warrior	4	2	4	4	2	4	2	10	5+
Lictor	6	0	6	4	2	6	2+1	10	5+
Genestealer	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	5+
Gaunt	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	6+
Hormagaunt	4	3	3	3	1	4	1+1	5	6+
Ripper Swarm	3	1	3	3	3	2	3	10	6+
Ravener	5	3	4	4	2	5	3	10	5+
Gargoyle	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	10	6+
Zoanthrope	3	3	4	4	2	4	2	10	2+
Biovore	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	5	6+
Spore Mine	0	0	1	3	1	1	0	5	-
Camifex	3	2	9	6	4	1	2	10	3+

RANGED WEAPON-SYMBIOTES

	Rng	Str	AP	Type
Barbed Strangler	36"	S-1	5	Assault 1/large blast, pinning, Max Str 8
Devourer	18"	S-1	-	Assault 2X, Living Ammunition, Max Str 6
Deathspitter	24"	S+1	5	Assault 1 Blast, Max Str 7
Flehborer	12"	S+1	5	Assault X, Living Ammunition, Max Str 6
Spinefist	12"	S	5	Assault X, Twin linked, Max Str 6
Venom Cannon	36"	S+2	4	Assault X, Max Str 10, Glancing only against non-open topped vehicles.

TYRANID HIVE MIND POWERS

Catalyst. Used at the beginning of the Tyranid player's Assault phase, and requires Psychic test. If successful, nominate one Tyranid unit within 24" of the creature using the power. Models in the affected unit will strike back in close combat even if killed before their turn to attack in Initiative order.

The Horror. Any enemy unit that wishes to assault a creature with this power must take a Morale test, or may not assault that turn.

Psychic Scream. Enemy units with models within 18" of a creature with this power suffer a -1 to all Ld tests. Effects are cumulative

The Shadow in the Warp. All Psychic tests made by the enemy during the game are made on 3D6, discounting the lowest roll, but no effect from Perils of the Warp.

Synapse Creature. See page 28.

Warp Blast. The creature can attack in the Shooting phase instead of firing ranged bio-weapons. This counts as a ranged weapon with the following characteristics:

Rng: 24" Str: 5 AP: 3 Type: Assault 1 Blast

Alternatively, creature can fire a more focused bolt. This uses the profile below but the creature must take a Psychic test.

Rng: 18" Str: 10 AP: 2 Type: Assault 1

Warp Field. Creature has 2+ Armour Save and a 6+ invulnerable save.



COLLECTING A TYRANID SWARM

When collecting a Tyranid army, think about the way you want it to fight on the tabletop – do you prefer ranged weaponry or creatures that excel at close combat? You can have the best of both worlds, of course: most Tyranids with long-range weapons are more than capable of holding their own in an assault. On the other hand, a purely close combat army can easily swamp enemy formations with huge broods of creatures. Whichever style of army you prefer, the Force Organisation chart shows the minimum selection of units you'll need to get started.

The first example shown below is an all-rounder army with a good balance of close combat troops and ranged weapon fire. Its assault broods close with the enemy whilst the Tyranid Warriors, Carnifex and Termagants cut down the foe from a distance.

The second is a specialised assault army lead by a Broodlord and his bodyguard of Genestealers. It relies on closing with the foe as quickly as possible where it can bring its powerful close-combat troops to bear.

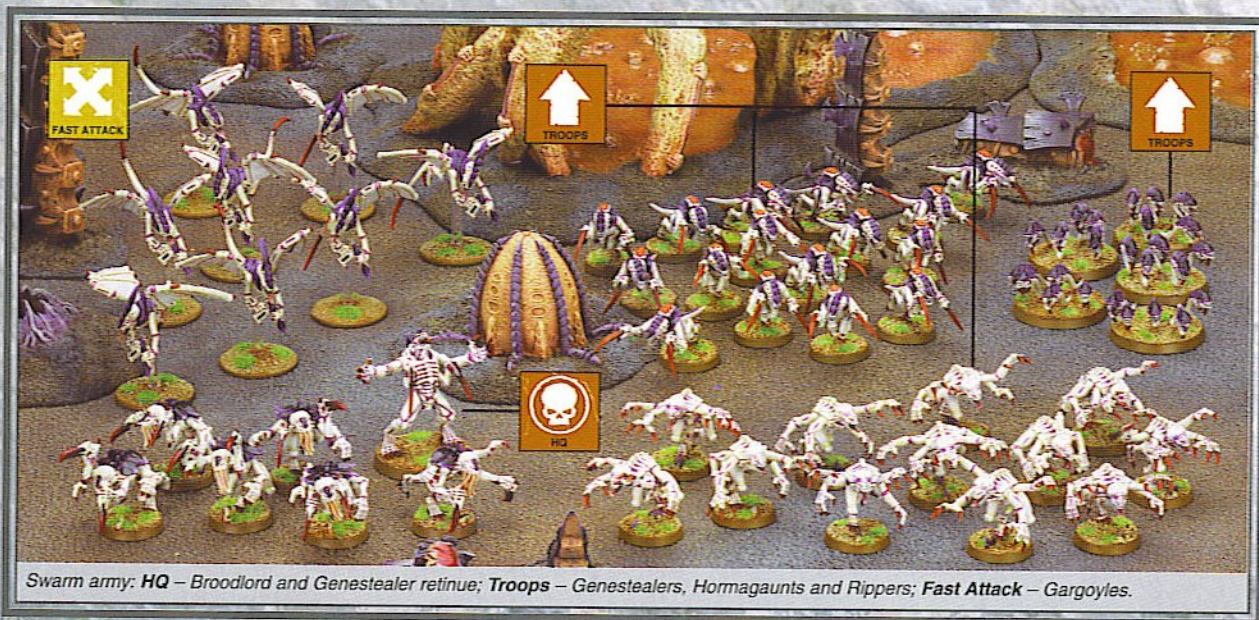
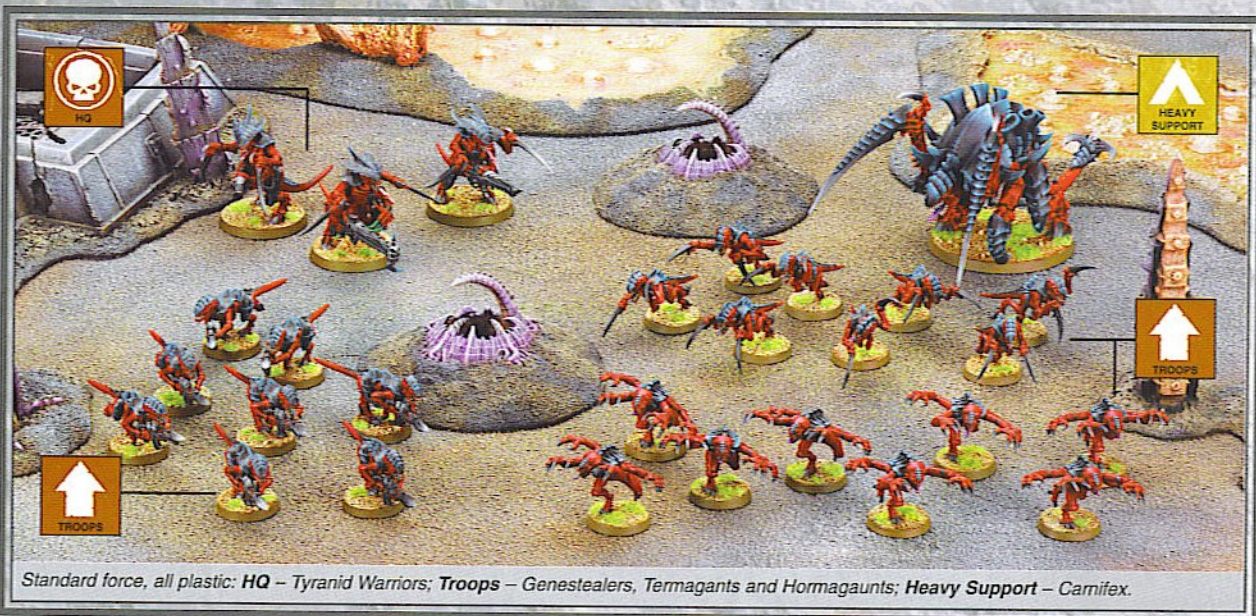
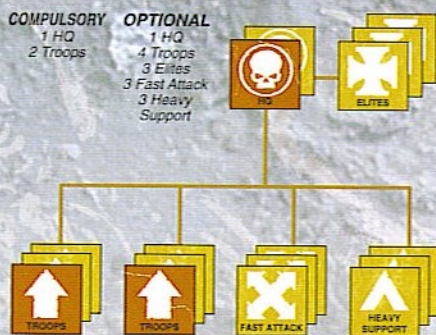
STANDARD MISSIONS

COMPULSORY

1 HQ
2 Troops

OPTIONAL

1 HQ
4 Troops
3 Elites
3 Fast Attack
3 Heavy Support



HQ



Broodlord with rending claws and scything talons.



Hive Tyrant with venom cannon, lash whip and bonesword.



Tyrant Guard with rending claws and scything talons.



A Hive Tyrant, accompanied by Tyrant Guard, storms through the jungles of Verdia II.

HQ

Tyranid Warrior with deathspitter and scything talons.



Tyranid Warrior with venom cannon and scything talons.



Tyranid Warrior with rending claws, scything talons, toxin sacs and flesh hooks.



Toxin sacs

Tyranid Warrior with devourer and scything talons.



Flesh hooks



Broods of Tyranid Warriors slaughter their way through a Tau expeditionary force in the galactic east.

ELITES



Lictors burst from the foliage into the ranks of the Imperial Guard.



Led by a Broodlord, a tide of Genestealers and Rippers plunge into the heart of Groghus in the Ork-held Octavius system.

TROOPS



Genestealer with rending claws.



Genestealer with rending claws and scything talons.



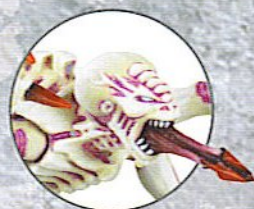
Genestealer with rending claws, scything talons and feeder tendrils.



Rippers with spinefists.



Rippers



Flesh hooks



Acid maw



Implant attack



TROOPS



Termagant with fleshborer.



Spinegaunt with spinefists.



Hormagaunts with scything talons.



Devourer-armed Termagants assail a Chaos stronghold.



Hormagaunt with adrenal gland, venom sacs and scything talons.



On the beleaguered world of Belis Corona, the Imperial defences are swamped by a living tide of Tyranid Gaunts.

FAST ATTACK



Ravener with rending claws and scything talons.



Ravener with two sets of scything talons.



Gargoyles with fleshborer and bio-plasma attack.



HEAVY SUPPORT



'Screamer-Killer' Carnifex with two pairs of scything talons and bio-plasma attack.



Carnifex with implant attack, spore cysts, crushing claws and twin-linked devourers.

CARNIFEX CARAPACE



Standard

Spine banks



Spore cysts



Tusked Carnifex with adrenal sac, barbed strangler, mace tail and scything talons.

CARNIFEX HEADS



Standard



Enhanced senses



Tusked



Bio-plasma



Regenerate



Acid maw

HEAVY SUPPORT



Thornbacked Carnifex with scythe tail, regeneration, crushing claws and scything talons.



A monstrous, tusked Carnifex roars in triumph on the devastated world of Jangrille Prime.

HEAVY SUPPORT



Zanthrope



Bio-acid Spore Mine



Frag Spore Mine



Toxic Spore Mine



Biovore

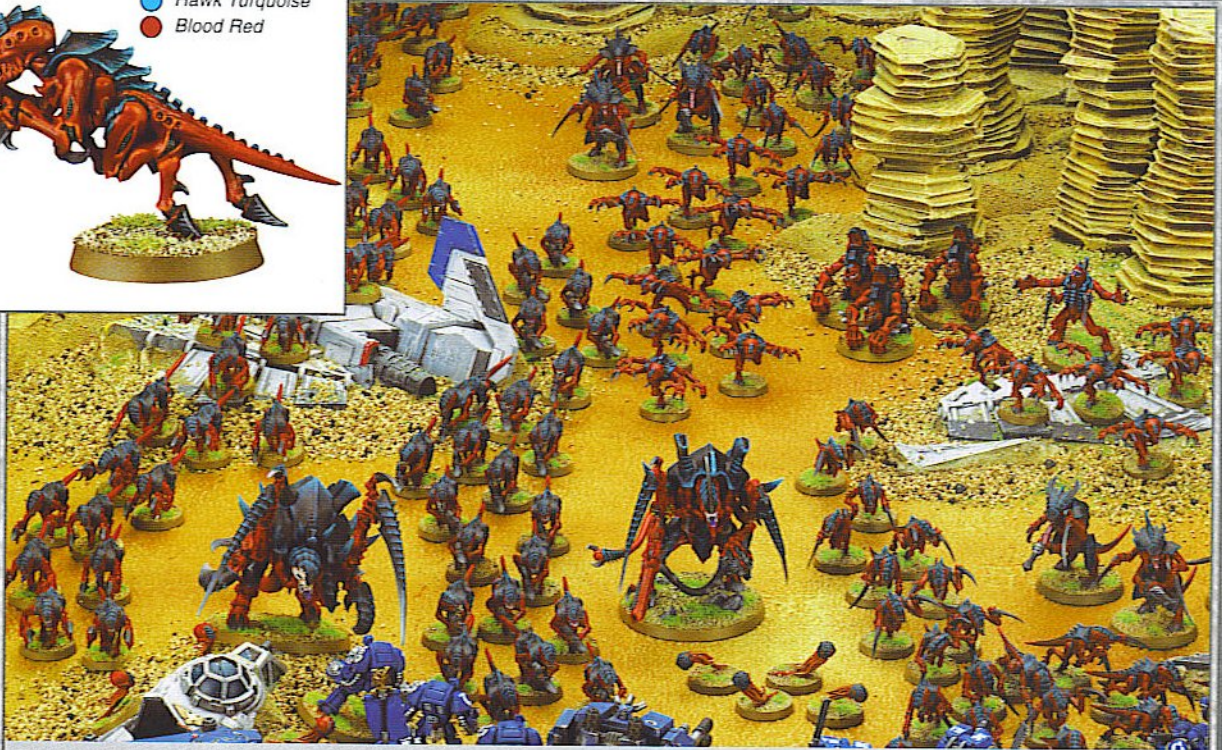


A brood of Zanthropes coordinate their psychic onslaught upon an Eldar strike force.

HIVE FLEETS

BEHEMOTH

- Chaos Black
- Hawk Turquoise
- Blood Red



The planet Macragge takes the brunt of Hive Fleet Behemoth's invasion.

KRAKEN

- Chaos Black
- Bleached Bone
- Red Gore



The Necron invaders of forge world Lucius are themselves crushed by a splinter fleet of Hive Fleet Kraken.



The Tyranids of Hive Fleet Leviathan pour over the ridge into Space Marines of the Imperial Fists Chapter.

- Chaos Black
- Liche Purple
- Bleached Bone



PAINTING

Here are the colours that were used to paint Tyranid creatures from Hive Fleet *Leviathan*. We begin by showing the basic paint scheme on a Tyranid Warrior, with other details such as biomorphs shown on a Hormagaunt and a Hive Tyrant. All the models use a Skull White undercoat to give a bright finish to the colours.

TYRANID WARRIOR



EXOSKELETON

- Apply Bleached Bone all over the exoskeleton.
- Then paint watered-down Liche Purple into the recesses.
- Layer on an equal parts mix of Bleached Bone and Skull White before a final highlight of watered-down Skull White.



DEATHSPITTER EYE

- The base colour of the eye is Golden Yellow.
- Paint Red Ink around the eye and the pupil with Chaos Black.



SCYTHING TALONS

- Paint lines of Scab Red over a Chaos Black undercoat.
- Highlight with watered-down Blood Red paint followed by Blazing Orange along the edges.



CARAPACE

- Begin with a coat of Chaos Black, then paint the edges of the carapace with Liche Purple.
- To finish off, highlight the edges with an equal parts mix of Liche Purple and Fortress Grey.



Leviathan

HORMAGAUNT



EXOSKELETON

- Paint the exoskeleton Red Gore, then apply a couple of layers of Blood Red over the top.



CARAPACE

- Start with a basecoat of Chaos Black, then paint the carapace Hawk Turquoise. To finish off, highlight the edges with an equal parts mix of Hawk Turquoise and Fortress Grey.



Behemoth



EXOSKELETON

- To paint the exoskeleton, apply a basecoat of Bubonic Brown. Next, layer on equal parts of Bubonic Brown and Bleached Bone before a final highlight of Bleached Bone.



CARAPACE

- Begin with a coat of Chaos Black, then apply Scab Red to the carapace. Highlight the edges with Red Gore before a final highlight of Blood Red.



Kraken

PAINTING

HIVE TYRANT



TEETH

- Start with a basecoat of Graveyard Earth before highlighting with Bleached Bone and Skull White.



VEINS

- First paint the veins using Hawk Turquoise before applying Bleached Bone to blend it onto the carapace.



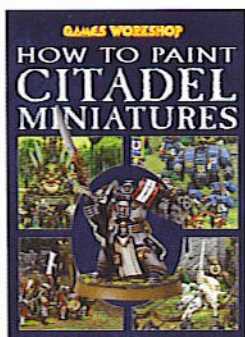
WEAPON PIPES AND ADRENAL GLAND

- Paint Blazing Orange onto the pipes, followed by Fiery Orange and Bleached Bone.
- Apply an equal parts mix of Red and Yellow inks to finish off.



BONESWORD

- Paint the bonesword in the same way as the scything talons: Scab Red over Chaos Black with a watered-down Blood Red layer followed by Blazing Orange to highlight.



For a wealth of useful techniques and ideas about painting your models, read *How To Paint Citadel Miniatures*.

COLOUR SCHEMES

Variant colours of Hive Fleet Leviathan



Variant colours of Hive Fleet Kraken



Variant colours of Hive Fleet Behemoth



Examples of Tyranids that have become separated from their hive fleet and have evolved to blend into their surroundings.



SHOWCASE



Carnifex
by Keith Robertson

Tyrant Guard
by Marco Schultze



Genestealers
by Marco Schultze

Lictor
by Victoria Lamb



WARHAMMER 40,000

TYRANIDS

The Tyranids are the most rapidly evolving race in the galaxy, super-predators destined to hunt all others to extinction.

From the cold darkness of the void comes a race of ravenous aliens, a numberless horde governed only by the instincts to hunt, kill and feed. Each Tyranid is a living weapon, perfectly adapted to its designated function, but each creature is no more than a single cell in a galactic entity governed by a monstrous Hive Mind. As the Tyranid hive fleets drift through space they strip all life from the worlds in their path, leaving nothing but scoured rock in their wake.

"They are coming! I feel them scratching inside my mind, scratching, screaming, running, so many – so, so many voices. They're coming for us – flesh, body and soul!"

Inside you will find:

- **ARMY LIST.** The complete Tyranid army list, which allows you to choose your forces for a tabletop battle. Also included are comprehensive lists of biomorphs and weapon enhancements with which to equip these murderous alien broods, giving you enough options to constantly evolve your army to better destroy your opponents.
- **BACKGROUND.** The history of the Tyranid invasions, from first contact to the galaxy-spanning war that threatens to consume the Imperium of Man.
- **HOBBY SECTION.** The Tyranids in all their glory, with guidance on the colour schemes of each of the major hive fleets and how to paint their constituent warriors.



WARHAMMER 40,000
TYRANIDS CODEX



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