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Newsletter #31, 14/02/2014

And we are back, and without further ado, here's the new units that are now available to pre-order:

UCM Eagle Heavy Gunship



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For more information or to pre-order [click here >](#)

Scourge Harbinger Assault Dropship



For more information or to pre-order [click here >](#)

Scourge Stalker Pack



For more information or to pre-order [click here >](#)

PHR Mercury Scout Drone (and Triton Missiles)



For more information or to pre-order [click here >](#)

Shaltari Caiman Heavy Grav-Tank



For more information or to pre-order [click here >](#)

Invasion 2014 - After Action Report



We had a fantastic time at Invasion 2014, both in revealing some brand new work and in presiding over the largest Dropzone Commander tournament we have run to date. We felt that the tournament ran smoothly and were pleased to see a wide range of army lists and beautiful paint jobs on show, with every race well represented.

We have already decided that only hosting this event once a year would be a shame, so we decided to go ahead and book the venue for a second tournament to be held on September 13th-14th. Tickets for this 'Winter Invasion' will be made available soon. In the meantime, if you're in need of a competitive Dropzone fix there is still time to get involved in SmogCon, which includes a DZC tournament! [More information is available here.](#)

Myself and the rest the Hawk Wargames team would like to thank all those who attended the open weekend and tournament for their enthusiasm, friendliness and sportsmanship - we were privileged to have such a fantastic group of gamers take part and we sincerely hope you'll join us for the next one!

Keep an eye out on [Beasts of War](#) in the next few weeks for Warren's battle by battle account of his (changeable!) progress through the tournament, as well as for coverage of some of the brand new work we were showcasing as part of the open weekend.

Another image from Invasion 2014



Final rankings will be appearing on the forum soon.

Winner of Best Painted army



Brief Templecon Report

Templecon was a great event, and the Tournaments went well! It was great to see so many Dropzone players, and to spend time with you guys out there! We look forward to our next trip!

A New Art Direction and Dropzone Narrative Bites

We are pleased to announce a new full time member of the Hawk Wargames team, Patrice Rameau. He will be creating a plethora of evocative, energised artworks to help bring the universe of Dropzone Commander to life in a way it has never been before and to bring a more human side to this epic conflict of the 27th Century.

As part of our drive towards expanding the DZC universe, we will now be adding a short narrative piece to the end of the majority of our future newsletters. These will be illustrated by Patrice, and will give you a small taste of what is to come in future publications!

Always the Last

"Through in teams. Hodgson, Cowell; clear floor 1. Kaleki, Gates, cover the rear. Move!"

Gates lazily doubled tapped his earpiece to confirm. This was the third building tonight. Same thing every time. Through in teams, Gates and Kaleki cover the rear. Another damned office block, same old drill. At least they were out of the rain.

Private First Class S.Gates slumped down next to the exit doors as soon as the last member of the recon team was out of sight up the stairwell. He smiled to himself – no work and a nice rest was fine by him.

"Shouldn't we be covering the rear?"

Kaleki. Not a bad guy, but jumpy as hell. Always 'doing his duty'. Didn't know how to make the best of things.

"Kaleki, you see me not covering the rear? You see me charging off, guns blazing, like General Hiesman of the 33rd?"

"No..."

"Then sit down, shut up and stop dripping on me".

So far, so good. Reports of enemy activity in the sector had clearly been overestimated. That was fine with Gates. The fewer jellyheads he saw, the better. They'd seen some enemy corpses at the muster zone and that was more than enough for him. It wasn't that he was a coward exactly. It just happened that he'd always got by doing the least work possible. Pure luck. He always seemed to be at the back of the line, or just in time to take messages back to HQ before the rest of the unit went on a 15k training hike. Go figure.

Reaching behind the chestplate in his combat armour, he pulled out a crumpled pack of damp cigarettes. He fired up the tar-black tube and took a deep breath.

"Don't those give away our position?"

Gates upgraded Kaleki from 'not bad' to 'pain in the neck'.

"Who to, genius? We're in the service entrance of a 20 story building and all the lights are on, beaming like a spotlight. If there were any of those jellyheads within 10 clicks of our position, which there ain't, you really think my one little light would make any difference?"

To his credit Kaleki didn't answer. Just stood there looking alert. These Maganum farm boys were all the same, so happy to be off the dull agri-world that they acted like boy-scouts all the time, desperate for any excitement.



He closed his eyes and took another puff. No excitement wanted here, no thank you. If the Reconquest carried on like this, Gates could learn to like it just fine.

Tap Tap Tap.

Tap Tap Tap.

Tap.

"Cut it out will you?" slobbered Gates, giving him an angry look.

"What?"

"Stop it with the tapping. If you're that bored, go check the perimeter"

"I'm not doing anything!"

"Sure, and I'm not smoking. Just go do it and stop bugging me"

Unslinging his rifle, Kaleki started off down the corridor.

"Wasn't doing anything. And you should be covering the rear!"

"You be thorough now. Don't want any of the nasty Scourge sneaking up on us do we?"

"Bite me Gates"

On his own at last. He closed his eyes again, inhaled his smoke and listened to the rain rattle against the exit door. So much for an alien infested planet, he thought. The rain's still wet, patrols still suck and the infantry still get lumped with the footslogging. But if you knew how to play things, you always ended up sitting down with a smoke. Oo-rah.

Tap Tap
Tap.

"Kaleki, I swear..."

Gates heard a distant crump and the lights went out. His eyes snapped open. This was past a joke. Outside the wind howled as the storm increased in intensity. Standing, he reached for his UM-3 but felt nothing but air. Panic started to set in.

"Kaleki, what's going on? What's your position?" he rasped, tapping the radio. There was no reply.

"Sergeant? Hodgson! Anyone, respond!"

There was a sudden gristly crack, then nothing but static. Falling to his hands and knees Gates floundered in the dark, pawing the damp floor desperately for his gun. The only light was a sickly yellow from the cigarette still clamped between his lips. Each new puddle gave no hope.

Tap Tap Tap.

Gates stared. It was louder this time, and more metallic. No, not totally metal. More like the click of a finger nail, or knuckles on a door.

Whatever it was, it was inside. Here. With him.

He crawled on all fours towards the exit. 'Gotta get out of here', he thought wildly. 'Think up an excuse later Gates, just get the hell out'.

His hand slipped on something wet and metallic, dumping him sideways into the wall and knocking the air out his lungs.

Frantic grabbing gave him a ray of hope. It was the butt of his rifle. Pulling it up to firing position, he checked the magazine for the first time since basic training.

And couldn't find it. Gates held it up close to his face, the pale yellow of the cigarette confirming his worst fear.

The front of the gun was missing. Barrel was sheared through, the gnarled half that was left was covered in sticky mucus.

Tap.

Tap.

He froze. It was right above him. The ruin of his weapon fell from his shaking hands. No running now.

Tap.

Tap.

Brave for the first time in his life, Private S. Gates looked upward at the Razorworm hanging above him. Gawping open mouthed, the cigarette fell from his lips. In the closing darkness his world became jagged teeth, searing pain and silence.

Tap.



Thanks a lot for reading!

Please let us know what you think about the images and writing, by posting on our Forum and Facebook page! We look forward to seeing some more of you guys at our SmogCon Tournament!

- The Hawk Wargames Team

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