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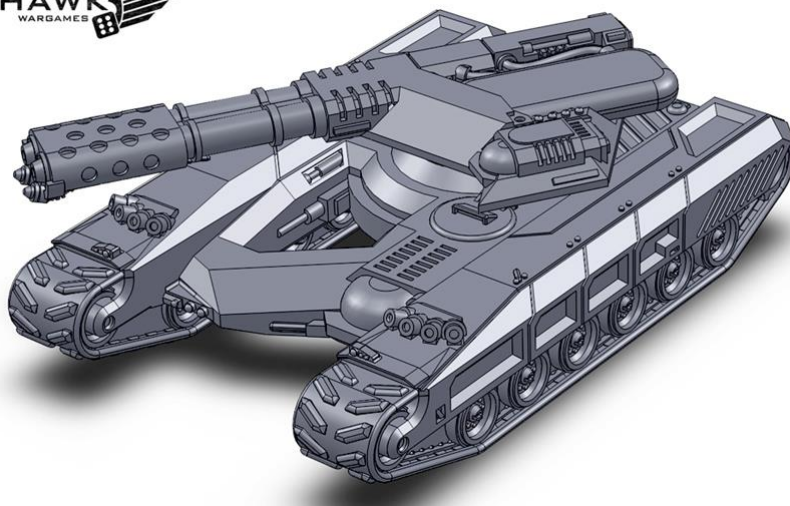
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## Newsletter #32, 15/03/2014

Welcome to our newsletter. Here are our next wave of releases for your perusal (now available to pre-order):

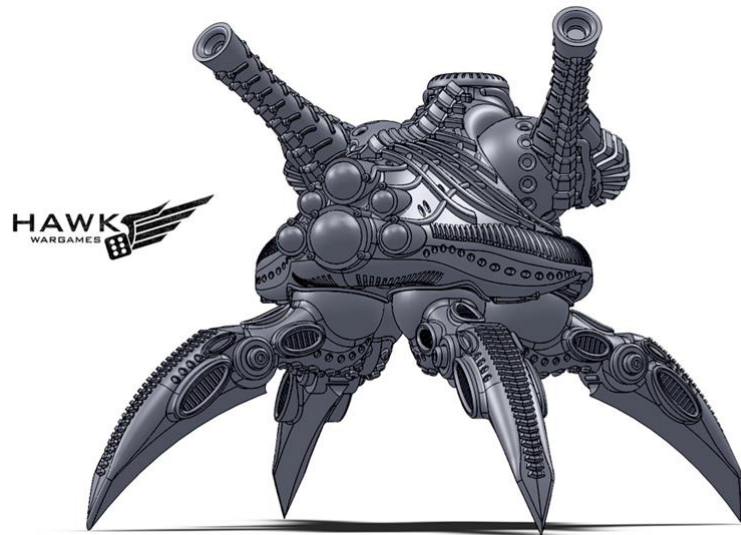
### UCM Fireblade Light Tanks



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

*(more images available soon on the website)*

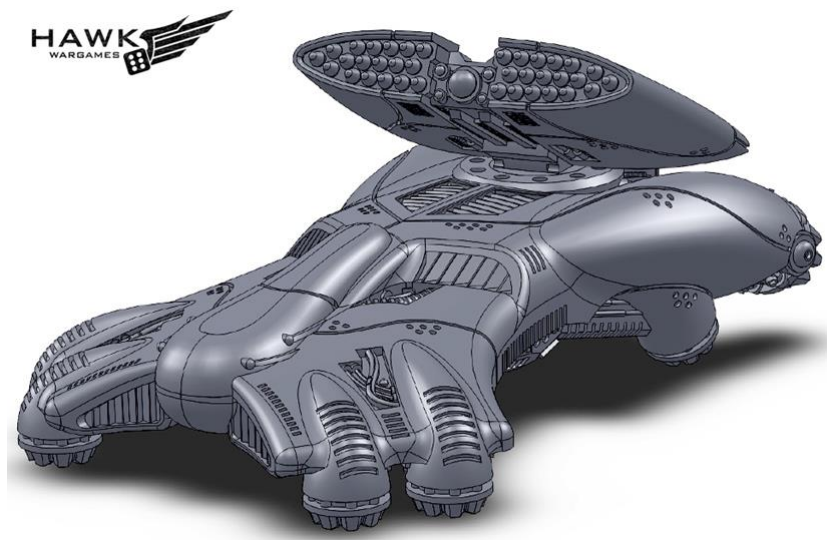
### Scourge Ravager Pack



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

*(more images available soon on the website)*

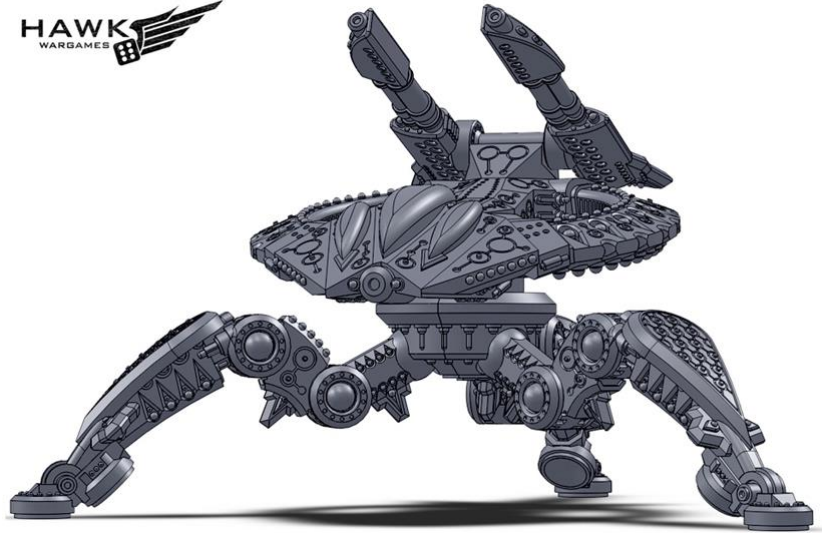
## PHR Helios Jetskimmer



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

*(more images available soon on the website)*

## Shaltari Birdeater Battle Strider



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

*(more images available soon on the website)*

## **Salute! 2014 – D-Day is approaching...**

As we continue with the build up to Salute, we are excited to think back to last year, with our 20ft long cityscape that was above our stand... We are aiming for 2014 to be that little bit more special than last year! We look forward to seeing many of you at Salute in just under a month's time (April 12th). It's getting close! Keep an eye out on our facebook page in the weeks and days leading up to Salute!

## **Short narrative piece – The Next Life**

The wave gun fired again, vaporising the mouldy remains of an office desk and the wall behind it covered with notices. The Siren screamed in pain and frustration, slumping to the floor. Her right hand skittered away from her, magnum still grasped in the lifeless fingers. She dropped the second gun and clutched the stump to her, huddling against the far wall.

Shouldering its way through the hole in the wall, the 8 foot tall Firstborn let out a grating, guttural rasp; laughter, heard through the might of a Warsuit. "You have led me a merry dance woman; you honour your tribe. But no matter how much metal they put in you, you are still just a human".

Advancing on her it drew its energy sword with a flourish. Raising it high, it prepared for the final strike.



The shot rang out, loud and percussive. Warning glyphs glowed bright in the Warsuit's sensor suite, but it couldn't move to activate the repair function. It couldn't lower the sword to deliver the kill. It couldn't move at all except for the eyes, which roved frantically across the screens desperate for some explanation.

Now there was a different sound, filtered back through the environment sensors. Soft, floating and dripping with scorn; laughter, from a human throat. The Siren stood up, brushing herself off with her left hand. It was only then that she seemed to notice her arm, ending in a neat, bloodless cut and white metal neuro-bundles. A look of fake shock crossed her features. "Do you know how much a new skin graft will cost?" she said, in a tone that suggested a spilt drink on a new rug.

With balletic poise she flipped under the outstretched sword and landed noiselessly in the corner of the room beside her missing hand. The magnum still clutched in the fingers was smoking.

"Though I must admit, I've wanted to try that for a while" she purred.

"Detachable arm plus idiot alien spike-ball equals too much fun to pass up. Straight shot, through and through. Took some calculation, but I was getting fed up of our little game." She giggled now, holding the detached hand to the arm joint. With a slight click it reattached, and she spun the magnum round on her index finger for effect.

"Trouble is, under all that armour you're flesh, spines, and nerves. One shot to the base of the skull and bye-bye nerve control. No nerve

control, no movement. No movement, well..." She flipped again, this time hooking her legs over the outstretched sword arm to end upside-down staring straight into the optical sensor suite.



"...no anything. You can put a spiny dwarf in a metal can, but you're still just a Shaltari" She cocked the hammer on her RXP-44 magnum, touching the barrel flush to the optical aperture. Its eyes widened further in silent, anguished protest.

"I'd say remember this in your next life" she whispered, "but you won't have one". She kissed the black voltaic glass and pulled the trigger.

***Thanks a lot for reading!***

Please let us know what you think about the images and writing in this newsletter, by posting on our [Forum](#) and [Facebook page](#)! We look forward to seeing some of you at Salute!

**- The Hawk Wargames Team**

