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## Welcome to our 34th Newsletter

This is a full and packed newsletter – with a few new exciting things to talk about!

## Sneak Peeks for Resistance Start Today!

The designs for all the Resistance units are now complete! Throughout July we will be previewing images of all the remaining new models via Facebook and Twitter. The first 12 days will be sneak peeks of the new models and the following 18 days will contain full images of the new units. We will not be showing the Technicals/ Heavy Technicals as we have [previewed those previously](#), although some of these new units may have been spotted at shows we have attended this year...

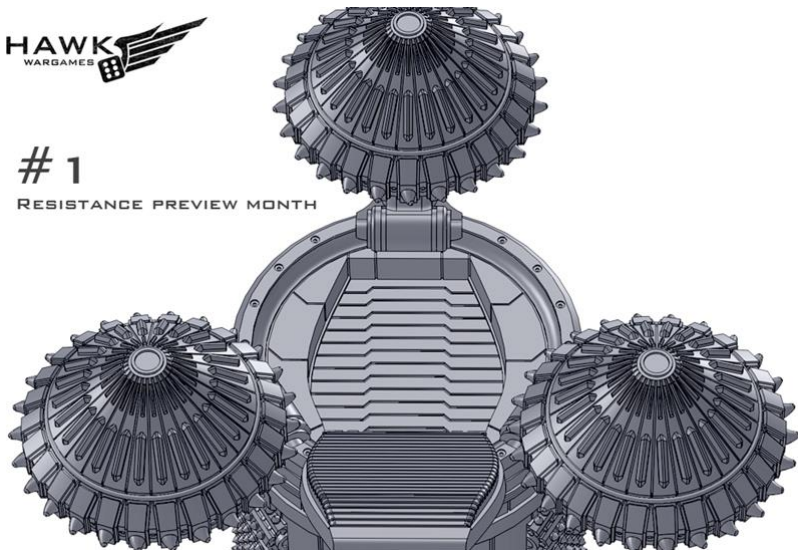
Don't forget to check out our Facebook page each day in July to see the latest pictures and comments on the first expansion race for Dropzone Commander. There will also be another exciting announcement on July 31st, so be sure not to miss it!

## So without further ado...



# 1

RESISTANCE PREVIEW MONTH



## Now Available: The Hawk Wargames Official Tournament Pack 2014



The Dropzone Commander tournament scene has been going from strength to strength over the last year, from our open days and tournaments at conventions such as Gen Con and TempleCon, to fan run events all over the world!

With the growth of the tournament scene, we feel the time is right to introduce an official Hawk Wargames Tournament pack to help organisers plan their events and offer some never before seen scenarios specifically created for tournament use.

This tournament pack also includes a new scoring system which takes into account both Victory Points and Kill Points to determine the victor of each game. This points system rewards the victor for winning the scenario but also rewards tactical play by awarding bonus points for destroying your opponent's force with minimal casualties. After all, if you only ever achieve pyrrhic victories, you won't have much of an army left for future battles! [The official Hawk Wargames Tournament Pack can be downloaded for free here >](#)

### Coming Soon: The Hawk Wargames Open

## Weekend and Tournament



Following on from the success of our last Open Weekend and Tournament in January (our largest to date), we are proud to announce that we will be running a second Open Weekend and Tournament on 13th and 14th September 2014, in Croydon, South London (the same venue as our previous event).

This two day tournament will cost £25/player and the Open Weekend is free to attend, so do bring along friends to watch and look around at the models we'll have on show (including Avenger, our 3m long 10mm scale Strike Carrier!) We will also have the Escape Pod for sale and some exclusive pre-releases available in limited numbers!

**To book into the 2 Day Tournament or to find out more, please visit our site [here >](#)**

And (if you have Facebook), you can join the events page for the Open Weekend **[which can be found here >](#)**

## Hawk Wargames at Gen Con 2014 and our Gen Con Tournament

Hawk Wargames will be running a tournament again at Gen Con 2014 although this event has completely sold out! Dropzone Commander tournaments are always very friendly events so we encourage those of you that could not get a ticket or just want to see what one of our tournaments looks like, to come and visit the tournament on Friday 15th August in Hall C, location Yellow, 21-24. **[The tournament pack for this event is now available here >](#)**

We will also be running an open gaming table on the Hawk Wargames stand throughout Gen Con so feel free to bring your armies with you if you fancy a casual game with fellow DzC fans (use of this table will be informal and first come, first serve). You can find us at Booth **2617!**

## 30mm Ares Now Available



Our 30mm scale Collector's Edition Ares is now shipping and [available to order from the Hawk Wargames website >](#)

This fantastic model is fully poseable and is the first model available in this new range. [Don't forget to head to our Facebook page](#) and tell us which of our models you would like to see added to our 30mm Collectors Range next!

**Finally, here is our latest short story... we hope you enjoy!**



"Abraxis, what's our record for kills in a single volley?"

"68, Master."

Ciaus let himself float through the neural net connecting his dormant body to the Menchit walker. All systems were performing well, and Abraxis – his AI – was ready for the hunt.

"I think we can do better than that, don't you? Give me a precision battle view with a movement-acquisition overlay"

The questing tendrils of his mind ran through the battle walker, solidified into a 180-degree view of a wrecked urban plaza. The view was crystal clear despite the smog and dust of battle, with everything stationary tinged dark grey.

Instantly bright blue movement flashes lit up in the grey; Scourge infantry dodging and weaving towards the static walker.

"Abraxis, set firing triggers to mind impulse. Minigun triad. Give me a count; Ascending, top right. And....begin"

He lashed out with his mind, pinpoint three round bursts changing each moving blue blur to a blue smear before it melting into the immobile grey. The kill counter to the right of his vision ticked upwards rapidly.  
19.20.21.22.23.24.

"This is an inefficient use of the RX-20's potential killing power, Master" chided the AI.  
25.25.

"Damn. Missed one. You put me off my aim."

"Apologies Master."

"Well it's ruined now. Full cycle, scythe fire" he ordered, lazily switching to auto-targeting with a thought.

The guns cycled up, spraying death left and right with lethal efficiency. Blurs that were once host warriors were obliterated. Where they had taken cover, rubble and flesh were churned up together. Where they were caught in the open, they simply evaporated; bodies burst open and turned to a thin red mist.

"Further threats indicated. Western approach. My Master, these are unregistered hostiles. Searching Pantheon data banks for the most prudent course of action"

"Abraxis, what is my first rule?"

"But recent encounters with these hostiles suggest that even the application of the RX-666 is not sufficient--"

"The first rule?"

"Everything burns, Master."

"Everything burns Abraxis."

Hulking shapes appeared on the movement scanners, three times the size of the previous enemy infantry. Even with his mind suspended in the neural connections of the walker, Caius felt their heavy footfalls. No matter. Everything burns.

"Re-load all. Concentrated fire from the Miniguns. Hold Flamethrower until half effective distance. Let them come on."

The grey filter darkened as he saw them for the first time, hulking brutes with arms lashed to glowing blue cannons. They seemed to register his stare and paused in their thudding advance. Three of them, tri-eyed. They stopped in their tracks to regard him like a piece of meat to be devoured. Spittle dripping from un-human fangs, they charged at the walker, roaring and crushing the corpses of fallen scourge as they charged.

I am no prey-thing to be discounted so easily brutes, thought Ciaus.

"Belay previous. Full auto, let fly all, empty the tank." He snarled.  
"Let them taste the RX-666. Immolate them."



Jets of liquid flame leapt from the walker towards the beasts. Super-heated fuel bathed them in fire. What had been bellows of hate turned to agonised grunts and wails of pain. Armour cracked and split, the alien meat inside turning black and boiling away inside its own shell.  
"Everything burns, Abraxis"  
In the flickering light of the destruction he had wrought, Caius smiled.

"We'll wait for the flames to die down and echo-mark the location. They die very easily for large creatures, but Pantheon data banks should be updated non-the-less."

"Master, sensors indicate-"

Before the AI could finish the dying flames erupted with blue light. Charged plasma impacted the right side of the hull, melting the flamethrower and sending angry red warning flashes across Caius's vision.

"Abraxis, report!"

"Everrrrrything burns M-a--a--st--e-e-r-r"

"Abraxis!"

Reaching out in the neural link Caius probed for the damage report.

*RX-666 Flamethrower: Offline.*

*Primary Gyroscopes: Offline.*

*Secondary systems: attempting to compensate. Failed.*

*Primary AI Core: heavy damage.*

*Primary servos: Offline.*

*Redundancies: Offline. Servos Failing.*

Through a haze of red warnings and beating emergency klaxons, Caius could still make out the plaza. Heat blasted concrete and molten metal was spread over the streets, but even as the fires receded he could see something moving amongst the carnage.

Caius pulsed urgent disbelief into the mind link.

"They're still alive! Abraxis, How are they still alive? Respond!"

"Eeeee...every....---every {ERROR} everythin-g....BURN  
BURNBURNssss - Everything burns Masssterr"

Two of the beasts were rising from the heat. One had no eyes left, the red orbs cracked and burnt out. But still it rose, thick black tongue lolling out of its mouth as if tasting the air for the foe.

The other had lost one eye, but in the guttering flames the remaining two shone blood red. Half its body and most of the snout were blackened to charcoal, and its left arms hung uselessly from stringy

bundles of cooked muscle and sinew.

It was the right arm that Caius focused on. It glowed bright and deadly, pulsing blue-white in the grey of his vision.

The barrel spewed plasma. Everything was in motion. The Menchit toppled backwards and was sheared in half at the waist by the power of the charged weapon.

The images in Caius's mind turned hazy and began to swim in and out of view. Red flashing sigils were everywhere, catastrophic damage to all systems indicated.

"EVERYTHING {ERROR-logic::-designation ABRAXIS not found} burnsmasterburnsmasterburns—"

Abraxis, badly damaged, stuck in a logic loop.

He had to disconnect. If the walker died with his mind linked, he could no longer count on the fail-safes to get him out before complete system crash. Forcing an emergency severance, he blacked out for a few seconds, feeling his mind return to his human form.

The first thing he felt was the pain. Flooding his senses and nearly overwhelming him, even the stims in his body could not cope. His right leg was gone; his left, a bubbling, melted mess of flesh and metal. The next thing that hit him was the smell. The acrid stench of cooked, rancid meat, burning oil and molten plastics made him light headed and nauseated. The destruction of his walker and his own body melded into a fug that clung to him.

The last thing he felt were globules of tar-black drool dropping on his face. His head lolled back in the command chair and his eyes bulged as he looked into the hungry crimson orbs staring down at him.

"Everything burns Master...{Error-pilot not found}"

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