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## Hawk Wargames Newsletter #36, 17/09/2014

### 1) Plastic Starter Armies Launching



Our brand new PHR and Shaltari plastic Starter Armies are now available in stores! These are the perfect way to start a new army or expand an existing one and are available at a greatly improved price of £35/\$55 with the same model count as the original Resin sets. Both sets also include some added content; the PHR box features weapon options for Menchit Battle Walkers and Juno A2 IFV's while the Shaltari set includes a spare Haven Terragate and six spare Warsuits!

The UCM and Scourge plastic Starter armies (as featured in our 2 Player Starter Set) will also be available separately from September 27th.

All four Starter Armies include a full colour Fastplay and Quick Reference sheet designed to reduce the need to refer to the rulebook and to aid new players. Command Cards are now available separately although they are only required in larger games with command units.

### 2) The Resistance Launch Continues

Rollout of the Resistance is reaching the half way stage with many new units available in stores now. This exciting and colourful new faction for Dropzone Commander is already proving extremely popular! The accompanying DZC expansion book 'Reconquest: Phase 1' is also out now. The release dates for the remainder of the Resistance are as follows:

September 27th:

- Kraken Medium Hovercraft (DZC-25002)
- Lifthawk Medium Dropship (DZC-25003)
- Breaching Drill (DZC-25004)

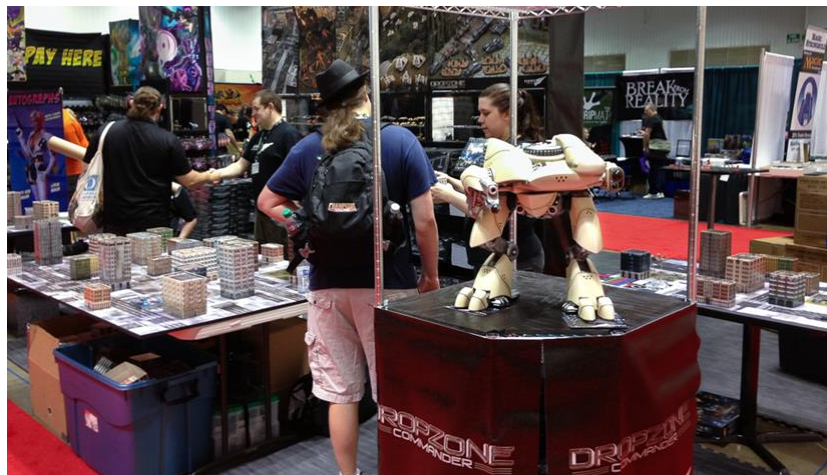
- Hellhog Figher (DZC-25007)
- Gun Wagon (DZC-25010)
- Storm Wagon (DZC-25011)
- Zhukov AA MBT (DZC-25014)
- Battlebus (DZC-25018)
- Freeriders (DZC-25019)
- Resistance Fighters (DZC-25020)
- Occupation Veterans (DZC-25021)
- Berserkers (DZC-25022)
- Dual Resistance Command Cards (DZC-10014)

October 18th:

- Leviathan Heavy Hovercraft (DZC-25001)
- Barrel Bomber (DZC-25005)
- Fire Wagon (DZC-25012)
- Hannibal MBT (DZC-25013)
- Jackson APC (DZC-25017)

For images and more information about these units, [please check out our website >](#)

### 3) Hawk Wargames at Gen Con Indy 2014



We have recently returned to the UK following Gen Con 2014. This mammoth American gaming show proved to be our most successful event ever! We picked up many new players, met huge numbers of gamers and generally had a fantastic time. We've already booked our place for next year where we will be returning with an even larger booth. We'd also like to take the opportunity here to thank all the volunteers who helped us out during the event - it would not have been the great show that it was without your help!



#### 4) Autumn Invasion 2014 and Hawk Open Day Roundup



Autumn Invasion 2014 proved to be our largest ever DZC tournament to date! We were delighted to see the variation and breadth of armies on show and to see all four factions feature in the top five places (the Resistance will feature for the first time in our next tournament). There was also a very narrow margin between players at the top, keeping it tense right up to the end of the final game!

We'd like to thank all those who attended for their friendly and sporting conduct throughout the tournament. We are blessed to have such a great bunch of players to help us grow the DZC tournament scene and to keep these events fun for all those who take part. We fervently hope to see you all again next time!



We've already booked the same venue for the next official tournament - Invasion 2015. This will be a two day event on Jan 31st and Feb 1st next year. **Tickets are available now** with the Tournament Pack to follow.



## 5) Upcoming Events

Hawk Wargames will be back on the road once again shortly, with many more upcoming shows before the end of the year. Our schedule for the rest of 2014 is currently as follows:

- Derby Worlds (4th - 5th October)
- Feast of Blades (10th - 12th October)
- Spiel (16th - 19th October)
- Crisis (1st November)
- Warfare (15th - 16th November)
- Dragonmeet (6h December)

- David J Lewis,  
Director,  
Hawk Wargames

And here is our next newsletter story...

## Compliments of the UCM

"Come on! Move it move it!" Lieutenant Vinnig shouted, counting off the five remaining men as they passed him, before following them up the street towards a blue signal flare by an old bus. Taking cover before the rendezvous was not an option – this monster just stomped it flat or shot right through it.

The sounds of carnage echoed down the street after his squad. Risking a glimpse backwards, he saw plumes of fire and smoke fill the road. The charred remains of a Wolverine pin-wheeled into the ground floor of the building to his right and then exploded, causing glass to rain down over the squad. He ran and jumped over the remains of a civilian car, sliding into cover behind the bus. Tapping his short range comms to platoon level, signalled the legionaries in the office block on the left.

"We are in the killzone, repeat, we are in. Draw in the hunter". Panting for breath he looked at the wreckage of the street he had just come down. The gigantic frame of a scorpion walker rounded the corner and turned to face him, firing bursts of huge calibre death in every direction.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Roger that Scout 1, we see him. Stay down sur" responded Sargent Heath. Rather him down there than me, he thought. Each footstep of the PHR construct rattled the windows and shook the walls like an earthquake. Looking into the nervous faces of his legionaries, Heath gave it to them short and sharp.

"I Ain't got no speech. It's one big ugly beast, but it's in the goddamned way, and that dog just ain't gonna hunt. It's dead, just don't know it yet. Phoenix missiles up front."

As one man, the UCM troopers stood to the windows, looking down at the white metal of the Hades walker.

"Aim for the head to kill the pilot. Give it to him boys!" he roared, kicking out the window-pane and firing on full automatic. His troops poured round after round into the forward segment of the scorpion. Gunfire burst harmlessly against the armoured shell like raindrops, but the missiles found their mark. Smoking trails arced one after another towards the sensor dome, ripping chunks from the beast and scrapping the oversized mandible miniguns.

The thing screeched and shivered like some ancient leviathan. Missile after missile slammed into it. With each impact its body shuddered closer to street level. The massive tail-gun slashed left and right looking for targets but could not elevate to the fourth floor to retaliate.

A final shot skewered straight through the body like a hunting spear, exploding into the street below.

The Hades finally came to rest, slumped against the still burning building where it had sent the scout vehicle moments earlier. Wild cheers erupted from the legionaries.

Hatches on the thing's back sprang open and black and white smoke began to leak out.

Vinnig's voice pinged in Heath's ear.  
"Scout one, can you confirm kill?"

"Well sur, it's either dead or it got real sleepy" came the response over the radio.

"Intelligence suggested it would take more to put it down, hence the trap. Heath, get down there and confirm kill. If the pilot isn't dead, the walker isn't dead"

"Roger that sur" fired back Heath, rolling his eyes.  
"Ok boys, squads 2 through 5 stay here. First squad, follow me. The elite of our military is all jumpy until we go flush the nasty bug away"

Heath was followed by laughter as he and first squad abseiled out through the smashed glass towards the prone walker. They were half way down as the billowing smoke clouds from the machine reached the fourth floor and seemed to curl in through the open windows.

\*\*\*\*\*

From his cover on the street Vinnig assessed his men. He was the furthest back, with his four remaining men scattered behind cover towards a monorail station at the end of the street. Only four left of the fifteen he'd started the drop with. Poor odds, but they had cost the enemy more than ten times their number.

"Well done squad. Way point at the station for evac. I'll stay here to confirm then meet you in ten."

"What about the package sir?" said corporal Sheedy, the weapons specialist.

"Leave it Sheedy. Once we secure the city we can recover lost supplies. Time is more of a fact-"

He was interrupted by screams over the radio.

\*\*\*\*\*

The first thing Heath noticed was the rain. A large, wet droplet hit his face and ran down his chin. Then he realised that the laughter from above had turned to screams.



Looking up he saw men tumbling out of the windows, caught in great plumes of black smog that had come from the Hades. Each man was scrabbling at his face, his chest – flailing as he fell as if caught in a pack of angry wasps. It was voracious, catching anyone who fell and turning them into red vapours and thin rain before they even reached the first floor.

Heath gaped, open mouthed. Then the smog hit the static ropes, eating into them and sending first squad falling the last 15 metres to the ground. Heath slammed into the pavement, and felt bones snap. Blood flowed into his mouth. He'd bitten through his tongue. He rolled over and wretched up, wiping away the residue with the back of his glove. Pain throbbed and vibrated through his body and he stood up slowly, trying to make sense of his surroundings.

First squad was dying all around him. To his right three men were dead from the fall. To his left others were writhing in the black smog. This close it looked like they were covered in tiny black ants, stripping and flensing them to the bone. But Heath's world was just the throbbing, grinding and pain. Too late he realised it wasn't in his head.

The Hades was moving. Back on its six legs, it too was wrapped in smoke trails, but white instead of black. Wherever the smoke touched battle-damage re-grew, missile impacts healed and buckled armour smoothed out. Only the mandible guns stayed broken, twisted out of all use, though this didn't reduce the PHR behemoth's killing power. Heath was sure that it looked at him – like a bored cat looks at a broken

mouse – right before a gigantic front foot descended to grind him into the roadway.

\*\*\*\*\*

The praetorian Lieutenant could only watch the devastation. There was no point in using the comms – it was clear there was no-one left to radio.

Vinnig realised it had been toying with them. Playing dead then attacking. It hadn't even fired its tail gun; it hadn't needed to. After taking out an armoured column the infantry were just a distraction. He narrowed his eyes.

"Sheedy, take the rest of the squad and evac. I'll deal with this."

"Sir, the proximity may-"

"No more games. This ends. It ends. You have your orders"

Sheedy hesitated, before saluting.

"Yes sir. An honour, as always... On me!"

With that he and the other Praetorians doubled timed towards the station, leaving Vinnig to face the beast as it advanced. The sting folded down onto its back as it came forward, and the mini guns were still beyond use.

*It wants to step on us like cockroaches, he released. Squash us like ants. It's enjoying the game.*

*So, it likes games does it? He thought. Let's try a new one!*

Vinnig stood up, and un-hooked his flak jacket. Placing his SMG on the street, he took off his helmet, smoothed down his fatigues, stuck both hands in his pockets and sauntered out of cover towards the Scorpion walker.

With each casual step he spoke in an even tone, sure the oncoming construct and its pilot could hear him.

"I've never had that much hate for you. I thought one day we'd resolve our differences and retake the cradle worlds as brothers." It continued to advance on him, intent on crushing him to paste. Vinnig appeared unconcerned.

"Post human, pre human. We're all human"

It was almost on him now.

"But you really are different. Un-human. Abhorrent."

Towering above him, it slowed to raise the blood-slick foot that had ended Heath.

"Let me remind you of your humanity" he said, pulling his hands from his pockets to reveal two remote detonators. The Hades try to re-adjust, suddenly fearing the trap it was caught in.

"Compliments of the UCM" said Vinnig, pressing the detonators. The bottom floors of the two buildings behind Vinnig imploded, precisely cutting supports and stanchions. Thousands of tons of office



block fell right on top of the reeling beast and Preatorian lieutenant ,  
who smiled all the way down.



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