

THE RED TERROR



These rules and background for The Red Terror are reprinted here from the old Tyranid Codex for your use. These rules are no longer official, but there is no reason they can't be used in friendly games of Warhammer 40,000.

Emperor knows what hellish pit spawned the hideous apparition we came to know as the Red Terror. It first attacked the outer bastion and 24 men died before we drove it away with flamers. We never even found the bodies of Lieutenant Borales and Captain Lowe, just a trail of acidic slime that led away from the command post and into the tunnels. It returned the following night and the slaughter began anew, but this time we were ready for it... Or so we thought."

Excerpted from Twenty Days in Hell, the retreat from Devlan Primus.

The Red Terror is a Tyranid creature sighted during the assault on Devlan, an Imperial mining world on the Eastern Fringe. Although no similar creatures have been reported since, it is entirely possible that in other engagements involving this creature or its like, there have simply been no survivors.

The Red Terror

A Tyranid swarm of at least 1,500 points may include the Red Terror. It counts as one of the Fast Attack choices for the army.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
The Red Terror	6	-	5	5	3	3	3+2	10	3+

Points: 104

Bio-weapons: The Red Terror is armed with two sets of scything talons, the bonus attacks for which have been included in the profile above. The Red Terror may neither be armed with different bio-weapons nor modified or mutated in any way.

Special Rules

Deep Strike. The Red Terror broke into the starport compound at Devlan by smashing its way through underground service tunnels. Where they became impassable, the Terror dug through solid rockcrete to get to the defenders. To represent this, the Red Terror can deploy using the Deep Strike scenario special rule, but only if the mission being played allows the Deep Strike rules to be used. If the mission does not permit use of the Deep Strike rule the Terror must be set up with the rest of the Tyranid army.

Fast. The Red Terror moves 9" in the Movement Phase and can make an assault move

of up to 9". When rolling for distance moved through difficult terrain add +3 to the highest roll. The Red Terror also rolls 3D6 for fall back and pursuit distances.

Tyranid Monstrous Creature. The Red Terror was a Tyranid monstrous creature and follows the special rules detailed on p. 55 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Swallow Whole. The Red Terror was capable of swallowing men whole, as was the case of the unfortunate Lieutenant Borales and Captain Lowe. If the Red Terror hits with four or more of its attacks in the Assault Phase, it can choose a single enemy model in base-to-base contact and swallow it whole (no need to declare beforehand; this is an option you can elect to use if you roll enough hits). The Terror scores no other hits if it swallows an enemy, as it is entirely engaged in cramming the unfortunate victim into its maw. The swallowed model is removed as a casualty, with no roll to wound made. Armor and Invulnerable Saving throws do not apply, and wargear such as bionics cannot save the victim.

The following models cannot be swallowed whole:

- Models with a Strength and/or Toughness value of 5 or more (including increases for Chaos marks, etc)
- Bikes or cavalry models
- Anything that has an Armor Value – for example, vehicles, Dreadnoughts, etc

The slime-covered tunnel stretched into the distance, the halogen lamps of the Storm Troopers reflecting from the glistening walls. The thing had burrowed in a straight line through soil, bedrock, plasteel, and rockcrete alike in search of its prey, the various materials lay like strata along the ribbed walls of the tunnel. The acrid stench was unbearable, and the cramped conditions were taking a toll on the Storm Trooper squad. They'd been in these dripping tunnels for 6 hours straight, and the acidic slime was eating away at the kevlar of their uniforms.

Sergeant Creagan had volunteered for the seek and destroy mission as soon as he had heard the news. Two of his men had been killed in the massacre at the mess hall, their ragged corpses slumped across the table, blood mingling with the slop they called food in Devlan. At first, his request had been denied, his emotional involvement deemed too great. Since then, the thing had killed another eighteen men. He was the only squad leader remaining with any kind of experience in this field. It needed to be stopped, and fast.

His plan was to follow the thing back to its lair after it had fed, killing it while it digested its latest meal. Earlier that night, Kilean had been devoured feet-first by the creature; and if they did not find it soon, it would resume hunting.

Creagan checked his flamer gauge; the earlier scare with the feasting Rippers had cost them valuable fuel. The temperature readings inside his visor indicated that it was almost nightfall. They were running out of time.

The reading on the auspex was nearing their position at a worrying speed, there was no doubt that it had their scent. Creagan couldn't shake the feeling that he was no longer the hunter.

" Form up, this is it. We've found the creature. Hann, van Dohl, take point."

" Emperor's name, there it is! Twelve o' clock, coming fast!"

Barreling toward them along the tunnel was a nightmarish, writhing mass of claws and chitin, its carapace slick with blood and slime. The lead Storm Troopers released a belching cloud of superheated chemicals into the tunnel for long seconds, rewarded by a deafening screeching, the gout of flame billowing down the tunnel. When the backwash of heat became unbearable, Creagan gave the order to cease fire.

The tunnel was empty. The acrid stench was now even worse, the filters in their masks working overtime to keep the air breathable. The walls were black with thin strands of incinerated mucus. Creagan checked his auspex, but the only readings were those of his squad.

"Sarge? Where is it?" asked van Dohl. Creagan remained silent, it would not do to admit he didn't know. Long minutes passed before the squad started forward again, their shadows cast down the tunnels before them.

The burrow opened out into one of the mine's subterranean generator-chapels, crowded with thrumming engines and hissing pipes. The metal soles of their boots clanged on the heavy grille floor as the squad spread out.

Surveying his surroundings, Creagan realized too late that the auspex was chiming once more.

There were one too many readings in the center of the display.

With a shriek of tearing metal, the thing burst from underneath the walkway, unfolding like some vile pupa as its fore-claws plunged deep into Hann's chest, gouging out great chunks of bloody flesh. It grabbed with snake-like speed at van Dohl, catching him in its massive calciferous talons, disappearing back into the hole before the others could get a clear shot. His screams were cut short by a bubbling cough.

"After it!" shouted Creagan, sprinting forward, his flamer spitting a lance of fire into the space below the walkway ahead of them. Something caught the light, and for a second he saw a wriggling morass of muscle and claw snaking below the metal grille. His squad were at his heels, running hard after the xenomorph.

A minute later, Creagan admitted to himself they had lost van Dohl. He also realized they had no idea where they were.

Turning a corner, he saw something that nearly incapacitated him with nausea. The creature was lying stretched out in a dark corner, its bony, drooling jaws distended impossibly wide, carapace plates rippling with peristaltic motion. Van Dohl's head, slick with slime, protruded obscenely from between its jaws, wide-open eyes staring straight at Creagan before he disappeared entirely into its gullet.

With a roar of anger, Creagan opened fire, his men doing the same, the flames silhouetting the creature, immolating everything within range. It writhed within the inferno for a second before disappearing from sight. The Storm Troopers advanced warily. A moment passed.

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

Darting forward, one of its secondary limbs whipped out, a claw slicing through the air toward Petrovic's head. He ducked, the talon clanging off his helmet, knocking him into the pipes. The creature wrenched its tail from Wendt's neck, wrapping it around Petrovic's legs and dragging him toward its jaws. But the Storm Trooper's carapace armor 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, toward its slimy, segmented torso. The blow bit into a vast claw, the teeth screaming as they burnt into bone, and his arm was forced out wide, the chainsword twisting out of his grip. The thing reared, its maw gaping open. Creagan had no time to scream before it struck.

Creagan woke in agonizing pain, his vision seared red-black. His whole body was wracked in burning torture, trapped within the thing's digestive sac. His suit's life-support was working overtime, adrenaline thundering through his body. He was dimly aware of movement, but his muscles were weak and numb, the soporific acids gnawing away slowly at exposed patches of flesh.

The exterior movement stopped, and the thing started to convulse. Strong bands of muscle were forcing him forward, into the light. The last thing Creagan saw was the remains of van Dohl slithering out next to him as the Red Terror regurgitated its latest meal into the acids of the digestion pool.