

## Assault on Terra: the Army Base

Mega Battle at the HQ in New York (<http://www.hqtheclub.org>). An excellent mega-battle event involving about 20 tables, a low orbit space battle which interacted with the tables with a very large template (which, if I remember correctly, wiped out an entire terminator's army in one shot).

This was my third game of 40k after about 18 years hiatus – and it's much more simple from the days of Rogue Trader, when one mini-campaign with greenskins and marines lasted most of a day. And I was in a position of unique responsibility: guarding the earthshaker platform that could fire at any table each round.

I'd buffed up on on-line tactics and felt like a fresh and nervous officer, fresh from the administratum, as I gave orders to my men, arranged them prettily and realistically in the trenches, and ordered them to fix bayonets, and began to go through lists of what my heavy weapons squads should target first.

The whole event felt extremely true-to-fluff as my partner on the right hand side was a large fat guy – very pleasant and affable – and seemingly with less idea of 40K than me. Even I knew that the rhino of khorne berserkers was more threatening than the hvy flamer squad.

The enemy was khorne marines, which I knew nothing about, and failed to appreciate my opponent's glee in getting into combat first round and summoning all demons as well.

The enemy made contact with my trenches on round two, and started chewing their way down the cramped walkways as my fearless Crinan IVth stayed at their posts. My bane blade roared forward, because it just felt right, before I realised that it didn't want to move forward at all. I moved it back again and it didn't do much else until round 4, when it finally blew up to a power fist.

The other guy commanding the troops to my right got pulled over to play on another table in round two, which left me in charge of the whole table, which was a little overwhelming and very exciting. I recast it in my mind that he was dispatched by the local commissar for gross dereliction of duty. Some blood angel reserves came on round three, and the game ended up in a draw with my commander (me!) fighting desperately on the steps of the earthshaker.

Despite losing most of my men I felt very proud to have fulfilled my task, which was to keep the earthshaker firing all game. Day ended as an Imperial Victory, sir!

