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Incoming! A Nexus Publication

Editorial

Welcome to another issue of Incoming.

Its rather late this time but it couldn't be avoided, so I do apologise. I am hoping to get the schedule back on target with the next issue being release on August 15th as planned. So that's not long to get some articles together. Please keep sending those articles in to the regular address: incoming@netepic.org

Epic Releases

Its now July and for the U.K. the epic releases have stopped for now. All models have been made available for Epic with the exception to the land speeders. They were supposed to be available to us in a blister with the more common landspeeder, the Tornado, and the Typhoon. I had pre-ordered it thinking that just maybe I could get a glimpse of the new models but that wasn't to be. Why this has been changed I don't know. I had asked the U.K. Mail order guys but so far there are no schedule releases for epic till the end of August. After that, no one knows. Although on the GW Epic site there is a schedule for releases, I did find that I received my models mostly in June and that included the drop pods, Space Marine landing craft and the Ork Landa. So I take my hat to the GW guys for the way they handled my orders.

Forgeworld have been busy with the Gargantuan Squiggoth and the Valkyrie.



These were promptly followed by the Tau Drone Turrets; Burst cannon, Fusion Blaster, plasma rifle and missile drones.



Editorial

Incoming

As mentioned in the last issue, Incoming is going through some changes. Unfortunately because of my lack of time and presence I have been unable to follow on what people thought of the last issue. However saying that, I was really happy to see the success it has had and that it still tops the top 10 downloads. So it means we have to beat issue 17. Hmm not easy I would say but after what I have seen of the articles we will definitely give it a run for its money.

So with the issues changing, it would be nice to get some feedback. I need to know more about the fonts and background colour to find out if its preventing people from being able to read it once its printed out. I know it looks good on the screen but I have also found that each pc I choose to look at the format gives a slightly different appearance. You know the email address so give me a buzz!

This issue we have from Tom the next instalment of Horus Heresy, Warmaster Nice has sent in a Space Marine Landing Craft article and Paul Tuffskull has sent in an Eldar conversion article. I have the review of the new models (Specialist games only), although it's a bit late, and last but not least our own 'eavy metal showcase' from netepic's gallery of Chaos titans.

A list of people who helped with contributions for this issue is on page 3. I would just like to thank you all again for the work you put in.

Enjoy.
Doug

Credits:

<i>Articles :</i>	Horus Heresy	: Tom Webb
	Specialist Games review	: Douglas (Darkone26)
	Converting Warlocks	: Paul Tuffskull
	SM Landing Craft	: Warmaster Nice

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<i>Editor:</i>	Douglas
<i>Front cover picture:</i>	Khyron
<i>Issue Layout:</i>	Douglas

The logo for 'Incoming!' is displayed in a stylized, metallic, 3D font with a slight shadow effect.

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Hours Heresy: Abi

Abi sat on the window ledge, cold stone offering little comfort against the chill that pervaded her father's apartment. The lingering scent of processed stew reeked; she shuffled awkwardly and listened carefully to the hissing sound of the acid rain. It pattered against the protective paint that covered the huge city block, giving off a slight scent of rotten eggs. The dull, dank and foreboding cityscape was lit up by the explosive flare of a distant explosion; the sound startling her, yet the momentary beauty of the blossoming flames escaped her. Abi stroked her unseeing eyes and a solitary tear rolled down her cheek as she returned to the small apartment's shrine. No more than a gilded bedside table covered with litanies, hymns and her fathers most treasured possession, a tin mass produced statue of the Emperor standing triumphant in his armour. Every hour she would chant the litany of devotion and pray to him to forgive her for her sins, to give her the power of sight and remove the taint of chaos from her veins, and then she would sit at the window and wait. At the tender age of 17 she still lacked the devotion necessary to be blessed and it broke her heart, she had been born blind, and the only reason why she wasn't culled at birth was because her father had bribed the midwife. Her mother had died giving birth to her mutant child, and the father had been distraught. First he had turned to prayer, and when that had failed, he found a new master, the bottle. She rarely saw him any more, he would return from his job at the administratum's warehouse sometimes in time for dinner, but mostly he would come back late, cursing her if she questioned where he had been. Often his breath would reek of the synthetic alcohol they distilled from the generator fuel, deep within the warehouse. He would slump down onto the flat's only bed and weep. Other times he would return, his eyes defocused and his clothes dishevelled. These times were the worst, he would stay awake for hours, his temper flaring and staring at a framed picture of his deceased wife. Nobody understood why she hadn't run away years ago, but Abi knew different. Abi wasn't just cursed with blindness; she had been cursed with witch sight. Not even her father knew of the depth of the heresy in which his daughter was steeped. If she dared venture out the house, she would be hunted down and slaughtered by the inquisition. Her witch sight was limited, she couldn't see objects, she couldn't see light or darkness, what she could see was the auras emanating from the souls that drifted through the world. Her prayers had just reached their conclusion when a fumbling at the door alerted her that Father had returned. He was having difficulty unlocking the door, scrabbling round with his keys until it finally slammed open. He leaned heavily on the frame, she could not see him, but she knew that he had returned from the underhive, she could smell the scent of the unwashed masses, cheap tobacco and cheaper spirits. From his deep breathing she could tell he was drunk, his breath was ragged and he sank down the door. She stood. "Father?" she queried, her voice wavering, her witch sight picking up his aura, it was dark, a dim burgundy that glimmered grimly in her vision. Silence filled the room and she approached him warily, he had never struck her in her life, and she knew that deep down he loved her deeply but she could feel the mixture of fear and sorrow that rippled from his already cracked and wounded soul. "Father, are you ok?" she repeated, from memory she knew she was near the door, falling to her knees she crept towards him. Subconsciously she was holding her breath.

The floor was damp. The iron rich scent of blood rose unwanted from the cheap plastic tiling. Quickly she ran her hands over his body to determine the source of the blood. Fear ran through her veins. A sharp intake of breath closely followed by panicked short breaths where she gulped in the air. She tracked the blood's source to his nose. She stood up and slowly moved to the wash basin to find a cloth, grabbing the nearest dry one she returned. Gently she cradled his head back and pressed the cloth against his nose to restrict the blood flow. She jumped and exhaled with shock as a hand leapt onto her wrist and gripped it tightly. "Father, what happened?", but there was no reply and the hand fell limp again. The blood flow had stopped and she rose again, laboriously tugging at the heavy lump. His arms were clammy with sweat. A cold sheen covered his body. She managed to pull him out of the doorway, but his overweight form would have been a struggle for a full grown man let alone a teenage girl, she tried to lift him to the bed, but could barely even drag him. She reached up and pulled the blankets off the bed to cover him. He must have moved when she was occupied because she tripped over an arm that hadn't been there five seconds ago. Falling heavily onto her knees, she grazed them on the hard plastic floor. The abrasive tiles bitterly ripping into her skin. His breathing was shallow as she covered him with the blankets. She bit back the tears that sprung to her eyes as she looked after her guardian, tended her father and prayed to the Emperor that he would live through the night. She stumbled over him to the door and locked it. Silently, she crept up to the empty bed and lay on the hard, bare mattress. She curled her bleeding knees up to her chest and quietly cried onto the unyielding compacted foam. The bitter cold caused her skin to prickle. She tugged her clothes closer around her.

The night passed slowly. For hours she couldn't sleep. Her fathers breathing echoed in her mind. The cold denied her the warm embrace of her dreams. Eventually exhaustion overcame her and she fell into a light sleep.

She heard the alarm chime after what seemed like no time at all. Memories of the night before flooded to the surface of her mind. Her father had been drinking and she feared his hung over anger. Although it didn't register at the time, the complete silence filled her with a dread. She crawled over his prone form on the floor and went through the motions to make him his coffee. Careful not to burn herself, she mentally counted down the seconds of hot water. She, added the splash of milk and then with her fingers checked that she was adding the right amount of powder. Leaving it on the work surface she knelt by his side whispering.

"Father, it is morning." Pausing and hearing no response she cheerfully said, "I have made you coffee", she reached up and stroked his course, stubbly cheek. His skin was ice cold. His head rolled to one side as she realised with a shriek that she couldn't hear his breathing. Crawling into the room's corner, she wailed. Utter despair filled her as the sudden awareness hit her that she knew nobody other than her father. She had never left her house before, and the city was filled with people that would do her harm. Her bastion against that had been her father. Although his faults were legion, he had protected her. He earned the food packets and provided her with a place to live. Now she had nothing, nothing at all. She looked behind her and gripped the tin statue of the Emperor. She prayed fervently for deliverance.

At midday, she was shaken out of her reverie. She heard a faint clinking at the door. A smile tugged at her lips, as her heart rose at the thought of her father returning and then she remembered that her father was dead. Creeping over the cold floor she reached out and touched his corpse to make sure. Her hand recoiled like a snake. The clinking sound started again and her heart leapt into her throat. A silent scream struggled to emerge at the thought of someone entering her home. She had never known anyone other than her father. There was a clunk that reverberated in her mind. She tried to make herself small as shrunk into the corner. She was too scared to make a noise. Her mouth opened uselessly as she tried to cry out for help. Footsteps padded across the room. Whoever it was had ignored her. He had stopped by her father. Her body was rigid. Her heart was pounding. She dimly recognised from the footsteps that a second person had entered the room. Her witch sight flickered into view unbidden. She saw the jet black souls just two metres in front of her.

"Ttt-told you he was dead. You don't drink pure mm-moonshine and survive," a weaselly voice stuttered before sniggering.

"Ain't so mighty now are you boss?" A dull thud sounded across the room as a second voice planted a hobnailed boot into her fathers gut. She clamped her unseeing eyes tightly and shuddered.

"Hh-hey... ll-look our precious b-boss has left us a pp-pretty gift, Isn't that s-so, my pp-pretty." Excitement agitated her invaders' stutter and his companion silently moved to the door locking it so that they couldn't be heard. Not that anyone in the block would have reacted. The sniggering was closer. Her terror mounted. All she could manage was a small moan as her heart pounded ferociously. Her eyes opened and then closed as they suddenly laughed. For some obscure reason, despite the fear, she suddenly became amazingly self-conscious and buried her face into her knees.

"Ere, look at her eyes, they are all white, she is a mutant!" The words cut into her.

"Nnn-not a mutant, she is bb-blind, ff-father was an mm-medic"

"He ain't no medic. He was executed for operating without a license, he was a fake!"

"He was nn-not! It was l-lies, anyway, s-she is b-blind!" Their argument didn't register in her mind. Her brain was slowly shutting down. Her heart beat stabilised as she rocked gently back and forth, moving into the sanctuary of her soul.

"If she is blind, then she ain't gonna mind us playing then is she? After all, she is such a pretty little thing. Watch the door. You can go second."

"Nnn-not fair! I found h-her f-first." Abi didn't even notice the sound of footsteps coming closer.

"Life ain't fair, argue with me again and I box your pox ridden ears." Hands were on her, groping silently. One hand moved to tear the statue out of her hand. Numbly she resisted the unwanted theft.

"Don't fear princess, I am the Emperor and I am going to take you to heaven". A sniggering erupted from the other side of the room.

"SHUT UP!" The scent of decaying flesh erupted from his hot, fetid breath as he fumbled desperately at her dress. His other hand succeeded in tearing the idol out of her grip.

Time stopped it seemed. Abi awoke out of her trance at the loss of the statue. All the despair and fear fled from her mind.

One thought remained, there were intruders in her house. They were violating her space and her body and she had enough. The tin statue clanked as it hit the unyielding floor and she knew hatred, hatred against the world that had spawned such evil creatures as these, the world that had stolen her sight and tormented her by taking away the only person in her entire life. All her hate and anger flowed through her mind tearing open the tenuous connection to the warp that gave her witch sight and projecting it as an eruption of hell spawned power from her screaming mouth. The would be rapists never knew what had happened before their bodies disintegrated under the full power of the blast. The wave of power continued shredding plascrete walls like paper and tearing a corridor of destruction through the corner of the hive. The wave slowly dissipated but not before it smacked into the hive next door, shattering a full third of the windows and knocking the surprised citizens to the ground. Emotionally exhausted, she sank to the floor, tears rolling down her cheek. Plaster and dust fell down onto her as the corner of the building began to collapse in on itself. She didn't hear the crackling and never noticed the materialisation of a huge giant, hulking armour covering his seven foot frame. She would never know about the gun aiming at her skull.

Magnus had been on his flagship. He was preparing to teleport down to discuss the results of the council of Nikkai with his first in command Ahriman, who had co-ordinated the pacification of the planet Kelbos. It was at this moment that he had caught the tail end of the psychic shockwave. He had felt the sheer power even from orbit and knew on the planet there existed a psyker whose power might even rival his own. The council had reinforced the Emperor's message that no psyker was to be tolerated. All new psykers were to be eliminated as a threat to humanity and existing ones were to cease training. Already Magnus had begun preparing the speech for his legion, which would end their explorations into the arcane. He turned to the techmarine operating the teleporter. Moving him to one side he keyed in the new co-ordinates.

"Teleport me down there, speed is of the essence". Loading his bolt pistol he sighed. He had no wish for violence. He was a scholar not a warrior. Yet he doubted any others in his legion had the capacity to survive an encounter with a psyker of this power.

His vision flickered and then snapped into focus as he emerged into the crumbling room, his bolt pistol raised he prepared to end this threat.

Then he saw the girl. She was small, just 5 foot 6. Her clothing was ripped and she was cradling a dead man in her arms. He could feel the sorrow rippling from her and it momentarily overwhelmed him. He blocked her unintentional emotional broadcast, but the sight still shook him. His trigger finger wavered and he knew he could not obey the council's decision. He wouldn't kill her. He would train her. He would make her safe for humanity. There had to be another way. The senseless slaughter of innocents could not continue.

Abi looked up at the man who now knelt before her, her heart warmed at the rosy aura, being blind she failed to notice his blue skin, she couldn't tell he had only one eye. All she knew was that at the time in her life when she most needed it, she was able to cry on the armoured shoulder of giant with a warm heart. Magnus shifted uncomfortably as she clasped him, not used to the response. He gingerly patted her back, then held her, one mutant to another.

Specialist Games Review

May and late June saw the latest release of more Epic models for E:A which means that things will start to quieten down. There are no more scheduled releases until October. If the past is anything to go by then end of September you might be able to see the release scheduled for October on the online store.

Last time I mentioned how models like the shadowsword and the baneblade tanks could no longer be customized. Well in this batch there is no change there however the models themselves are very nice. Most of this batch that I got are new versions of the previous epic game. The few models that are completely new have definitely caught my eye; the Vulture, the Valkyrie, the Ork Landa, the Deth Koptas and the Space Marine Lander.

Ordering

Not sure what the deal is here as the information I had at the time is now out of date. All I can say was that my order came in earlier than I had expected and I am not disappointed. I have heard about people getting badly cast models and that's a shame. I do find that frustrating when you have paid top dollar and have a certain expectation only to be disappointed. Fortunately for me that has not happened much at all and that was mainly back in SM2 times so I cannot complain.

This collection of models are, I hope, all from the latest releases and that should be it till September / October time. At the moment they are all unpainted but that should change during the course of the year the more I play E:A. Better pictures of painted epic models can be found in the Epic catalogue and on the GW epic website - www.epic-battles.com.

The Warhound Titan

Unlike the previous release of Epic, this comes as a single pack. The design itself has brought up mixed opinions and although I am not sure what I think about the model, I am going to get some for my Titan legion.

Price £10



Space Marine Drop pods

A pack of 2, this is a complete revamp of the old model. In the previous blisters there were 3 to a pack and had weapon systems when the drop pods were deployed. These versions are only drop pods for troop deployment. It would be interesting if other versions are planned.

Price £9



Thunderhawk

Nothing has changed here except probably the price.

Price £9



Vultures

These models look good. Maybe not as good as the Valkyrie but it comes close enough. These models boost an already large variety of Imperial fliers, which the imperial player has to choose from. I am not sure what happened regarding prices because I ordered mine as a set with the valkyries but I can only assume that I was charged separately for each.

Price £10



Incoming!

- *Specialists Games review*

Razorbacks

These are the newer versions using the new Rhino body, and the canopy which had the gunner is now replaced with a turret.

Price £8



Vindicators

Again main body replaced by later version of rhino and looks a lot better in my opinion because the main cannon is not in your face. This is due to the fact there is a big dozer blade which makes it easier on the eyes. This model has come a long way from the box with cannon piece that I have from way back in SM2 times.

Price £9



Land Speeders

This blister was supposed to be of 5 units in total, 1 Tornado, 1 Typhoon and the rest the more common speeder but it seems that the tornado and typhoon are not going to be released. The land speeders had gone through an upgrade in epic40k and again this time round and is now up-to-date with its 40k counterparts.

Price £8



Space Marine Landing craft

This landing craft is some model. You will see what I mean when you read Warmasters' painting guide later as this picture doesn't do it justice for scale. It's a lovely model, though it would be interesting to see if the older models can fit into the cargo clamps like the newer rhinos. I think I saw the picture with the cargo full but of course with newer models. The only thing that puts a cloud over this is its price. I mean you would have to do serious overtime to buy a few for your Space Marines.

Price £25



Valkyrie

This is a great model which has even been released by Forgeworld. These just remind me of gunships and I like the idea. I haven't taken a look at their stats nor the Vulture stats, but I just get this awesome picture of a squadron of these harassing Ork numbers, without making a flying pass.

Price £7



Steel legion Rough Riders

These seem to be metal versions of the plastic rider you could get on the Imperial Guard sprues. There are 6 stands worth of riders to a blister.

Price £8



Hellhounds

These models have been seen before with the epic40k release however this is one of the models that you can no longer customize with different pieces.

Price £8



Storm Troopers

These look like the metal versions of the epic40k Imperial guard. There are 8 stands to a blister

Price £8



Ork warbikes

Metal versions of the plastic bikes from the warlords figure set. This set has 5 stands.

Price £9



Ork Landa

This is a really heavy model. Its taken a long time to be graced with an ork model that acts as a transporter. It would be interesting to know whether or not the Rok will make an appearance but I know that is huge scale wise so that might not happen.

Price £9



Deth Koptas

8 to a blister and I find these models really orkish. I think these little guys are great. A smart idea to have included these.

Price £7



Ork Flakwagons

Nothing has changed in design for this model.

Price £8



Incoming!

- *Specialists Games review*

Griffon

This model hasn't been changed although like the hellhound, there is no longer any parts to make the vehicle unique.

Price £7



TuffSkull's Painting Workshop

Converting & painting Eldar Warlocks

Hello and welcome once again into my workshop!

Last Issue I took a look at painting the rank and file armour of the Imperial Guard. This Issue I'm proving that I'm no fan of consistency by completely changing my focus both in terms of army and scale, this time looking at how to individualise your eldar command pieces & make them look that bit more exciting on the battlefield! The basic warlock model is very nice, but a whole stand of them can look rather static. Most Eldar armies take longer to paint than other forces, because the clean, crisp style isn't suited to speed painting techniques. Thus to my mind, if you're going to extra time on the basic vehicles, a little extra time spent adding some character to the command pieces is time well spent.

I have 3 conversions to show you, each slightly more involved than the last & I'll finish with a painting tutorial covering all the pieces. So.. To the workbench!

Conversion 1:

Conversion 1 is by far the simplest of the conversions I'll be showing you in this article. Taking the warlock model, carefully cut off the spear & hand from the sleeve & then carve the shaft of the spear off the model.

Rotate the hand 90 degrees & glue back in place with the spear facing forwards. Then use a small piece of 0.20' brass rod to make a new shaft for the spear, facing out behind the model. It's a simple weapon rotation, but helps to add some variety and interest on a base full of characters. In this instance I've also removed the pistol for no apparent reason, so that's wholly optional!



Conversion 2:

Conversion 2 is rather more involved than option 1 & it is not Recommended for inexperienced converters, but by all means give it a shot!

The model is based on an E:40K era Harlequin body, right arm removed & the head swapped for that of a warlock. You could equally well use the body of a striking scorpion for a similar pose, but the harlequin model has the nice sash around the waist which I felt suited the style I was after. The right arm took a little more work to replace. I

started by getting the weapon where I wanted & would then work the new arm around that. I used a piece of 0.20' brass rod for the shaft of the spear, glued in place along the back of the miniature. This gave a decent dynamic pose but would also offer enough support for me to avoid worrying about an armature. A new arm was made with a simple sausage of Green stuff (GS) & a warlock's spear head added to complete the piece.

**Conversion 3:**

This piece works on a similar basis to the above model & is of a similar level of complexity. The basis this time is the body of a Howling Banshee.

The sword was removed from the right hand and the head was trimmed off. Removing all the Banshee's hair left a rather weirdly shaped gap on the body & a couple of rough areas that would need to be covered up. To do this, I decided to take the easy route & that instead of trying to re-sculpt the detail on the back, a nice fine cloak was in order. I

started by taking a small blob of GS & attaching it to the body of the model, squashing the head down onto it & gluing in place. With a tiny amount of superglue & accelerator. Taking a very fine sculpting tool (a needle mounted in a plastic handle, my most used tool - bought mine from a cake decorating store!) I added a very small "fold" to the GS. As well as holding the head in place, this now made the front of the cloak. I then squashed out another section of GS & carefully cut it to size to make the rear of the cloak. This was attached to the section already on the model & the join smoothed in. After leaving it for 45 minutes or so to start curing, I went back with two small sculpting tools & added some folds to the flat cloak. Unfortunately I did this a little too soon & some of the folds fell back out losing some of the movement in the model - lesson learned - thin sheets of GS need to be almost entirely cured if they're going to hold shapes & folds without support. After that was done it was a simple matter of the weaponry, which, you guessed it, was made with some 0.20' brass rod & the tip of a warlock's spear!



Incoming!

- Converting Warlocks

So, that's it! 3 conversions, 1 standard Warlock & a standard Farseer ready for the attention of the Brush-O-Matic! I had hoped to get the painting of this piece into this article as well. However, it appears I've completely run out of time, so I'm afraid you'll have to wait until next issue to see how the painting goes!

I'll leave you for this issue with a quick picture of the stand so far - there's still a lot of work to be done, but they're (very) slowly getting there!



Happy painting,
Paul "TuffSkull" T.

Painting the new Space Marine Landing Craft.

By Warmaster Nice/brodersalsa



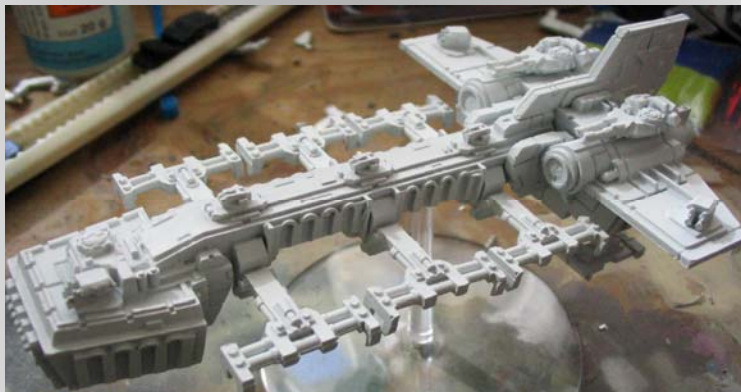
I have a confession to make: Ever since Jervis first announced that the marines would be getting a new Landing craft I'd been trying to sell my soul to Lord Tzeentch in order to get my hands on the model the moment it was released. For half a year I waited but finally one sunny day in May the Postman brought me a nice brown package sent directly from England..

My first reactions when I opened the box was "Oh my god! It's HUGE! . Then, when I began to assemble the model, I was astounded how well it has been thought out. Everything fits together perfectly with next to no trimming needed. Also the way the model is constructed means that no pinning is really necessary to keep it together. One word of recommendation though, is to use a tiny blob of greenstuff when attaching the cockpit to give the glue a larger bonding surface. This however may depend greatly on what type of Superglue you are using and you may or may not really need it.

The model comes with the option to have the transport ramp door in the nose either open or closed. You do not really need to glue it into position since the joint is strong enough to keep it in place when in closed position. If you plan to have the door open glue might be a good idea though.

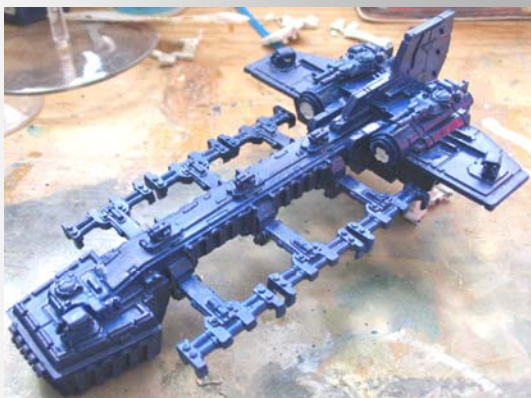
Stage 1.

I always spray undercoat my Epic models since it gives a much smoother finish to paint on. For this model I chose white because I wanted the colour to be nice and bright.



Incoming!

The Space Marine Landing Craft



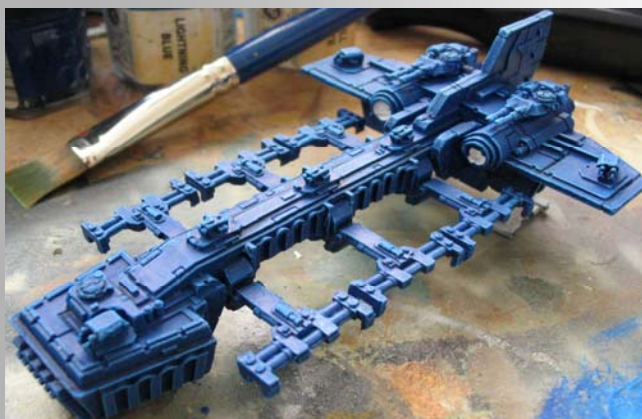
Stage 2.

The Landing craft is going to support my Ultramarines so for a basecoat I gave it a coat of Regal Blue. It is a very dark colour but this is because I prefer to dry-brush my models most of the time.

Stage 3

I began with a heavy drybrush of a $\frac{1}{4}$ mix of Regal Blue and Ultramarines blue. I find that you get the best drybrushing results with a very large brush. The one I use is about 2 cm (about an inch) wide with very fine but stiff bristle hairs. I think it's called a lacquer brush though I'm not completely sure...

-Anyway: back to the Landing Craft: After the first brush I gave it one more slightly lighter brush of pure Ultramarines blue. Then a light brush of UM blue/Lightning Blue mix and finally a bit of Lightning Blue/White mix on the very tips of the highlights.



Stage 4.

I then proceeded and mixed some Regal blue and Chaos black to get a very dark shade of blue for defining the darkest recesses of the model. To make the paint run smoothly into the places I wanted it I thinned it down with about 50% water. The paint was the applied to the panel linings primarily on the lower side of the model but also in a few spots like hatch openings and such.

Stage 5.

It was now time to add some details to the model.

For the Heavy Bolters and Lascannon muzzles I went for the classic red. First a basecoat of Scab red then highlights of Blood Red and a bit of Blood Red/Fiery Orange.

The pistons on the clamps which holds the transported Rhinos were first given a coat of Gunmetal then some mithril silver with just a touch of chaos black. Mithril silver produces a much brighter finish than Chainmail which works great for pistons and stuff. If you want a darker shade simply add a bit of black but you still get a better finish than with Chainmail in my opinion.

To add a bit more colour I decided to add some Black/yellow warning markings to emphasize that this machine is more of a transport vehicle than an actual fighting machine. I decided to place them where they made most sense: on the clamps, near the engine intake and at the exhausts, and finally on the edge of the ramp doors. To do this I first painted the area white. Then a coat of Sunburst yellow. I then mixed a bit of Yellow and Orange and added a bit of this at the centre of the area to give more depth. Then I painted on a bit of Yellow/White around the edges for even more definition. Then it was a simple matter of adding the black stripes. I also mixed a bit of Shadow grey in at the edges of those.

The engine exhausts were first painted with gunmetal and Mithril silver. I then gave them a heavy wash of Snakebite leather and Chaos black. Towards the muzzle I added more and more chaos black to the mix to make them look really sooty. I also spilt into the blue and the warning markings to make them look scorched as well.

The Imperial Eagle was painted Shining Gold and then also given a wash of the Snakebite Leather/Black mix. Finally I added an Ultramarine symbol to the top of the Lander



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Stage 6.

By now the model was technically finished but I still wanted to add a little extra.

My Ultramarines were started back in the SM/TL days so most of them have just been painted the “straight from the factory” way that was the fashion back then. In recent years people have been adding all sorts of battle damage to their models which I think looks really cool. However I have never tried this myself on my Ultramarines. I wanted to add a few paint chippings, and some dust.

The paint chippings were done by first applying some gunmetal in tiny streaks. Then I added some chainmail at the centre of those markings. This produces a much deeper effect than just applying a bit of chainmail. The real trick is actually not to overdo it but to keep it subtle –just a few spots here and there. I also used this on the Ramp door to show where the paint on the warning stripes have been worn off by marines disembarking from the vehicle. For the dust I took a very large dry brush and dipped it in some Desert Yellow. The problem with these new paint is their very high concentration of water which means that they can sometimes be a real pain to drybrush with. I suggest you start by dipping the brush in the paint then brush it back and forth on some surface (not tissue) which allows most of the water to vaporize. Repeat the procedure a couple of times until there’s lots of pigment in the brush and then apply the paint to the model. I added the dust around the landing gear since this seemed the most logical place to have dust kicking up when the vehicle is taking off and landing.

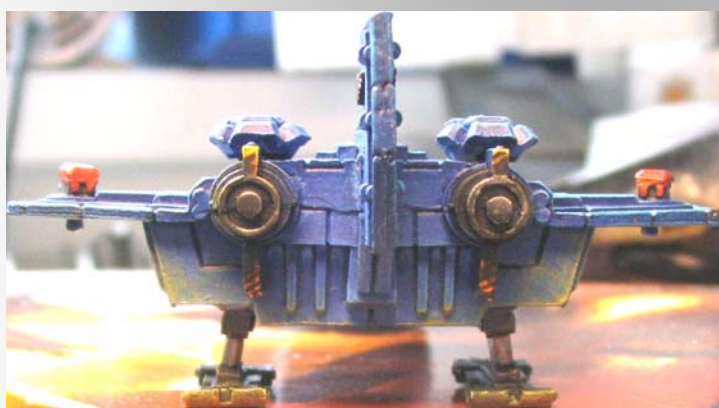
Finally I added a bit of rusty wash (again Snakebite Leather and Chaos black) to the landing gear and ramp door to give a more worn look to those.

All in all this model has been a real pleasure to paint. It’s sheer size means there’s lots of space to add all sorts of nice little details. I’m pretty satisfied with the finished result but the real credit should go to the model itself: It ROCKS! It has to be one of my favourites among the new Epic models so far.

Best regards W/N

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