

|               |                           |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| <b>PLAYER</b> | Mike Adams                |
| <b>ARMY</b>   | The Red Harvest (Necrons) |

| UNIT  | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv | NOTES  | POINTS     |
|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|--|------------|
| <b>HQ</b><br>The Deceiver                   | 5  | 3  | 9 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 10 | 4+ | Monstrous Creature, Immune to Natural Law, Necrodermis, Drain Life, Manifestation, Above All Others, Fearless, Deceive, Grand Illusion, Dread, Misdirect | 300        |
| <b>Elites</b><br>7 Flayed Ones              | 4  | 4  | 4 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 10 | 3+ | Necron, Infiltrators, Deep Strike, Move Through Cover, Terrifying Visage   | 126        |
| <b>Troops</b><br>10 Warriors<br>10 Warriors | 4  | 4  | 4 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 10 | 3+ | Necron, Reserves, Gauss Flayer   | 180<br>180 |
| <b>Fast Attack</b><br>3 Destroyers          | 4  | 4  | 4 | 5 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 10 | 3+ | Necron, Jetbikes, Gauss Cannon   | 150        |
| <b>Heavy Support</b><br>1 Tomb Spyder       | 2  | 2  | 6 | 6 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 10 | 3+ | Hover, Monstrous Creature, Fearless, Artificier  | 55         |
| Scarab Swarm                                | 2  | 0  | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 10 | 5+ | Fearless, Deep Strike, Swarms, Vulnerable to Blasts, Small Target  |            |

**Total Points                    991**

| WEAPON       | Range | Str | AP | Type       | NOTES         |
|--------------|-------|-----|----|------------|---------------|
| Gauss Flayer | 24"   | 4   | 5  | Rapid Fire | Gauss Weapons |
| Gauss Cannon | 36"   | 6   | 4  | Heavy 3    | Gauss Weapons |





Awake, my favoured progeny. Our numbers are small but it matters not.

While you slept my children, I was not idle. The cult of the machine is growing among the human race. Worshippers of Chaos and the corpse-Emperor alike increasingly embrace the purity and power of artificial life.

These most exquisite subjects have profilerated throughout this Galaxy. They keep the expansion of the Krorks and the Eldar in check and thus do our bidding. Dominant species from outside the galaxy give them further purpose.

It is a time of universal conflict.

Warp entities are spilling into real space through the rift created by the Old Ones in their folly. To our advantage, the Young Races war among themselves. The excursion from the rift is led by a single man, the one they call Abaddon, favoured of the so-called Gods of Chaos.

Much work was expended to twist the paths of fate to this purpose. The Young Races eagerly march to their doom, blissfully unaware. They worship choice and freedom in their ignorance. The irony of it tickles me.

Pleasure is a new-found emotion. The face of my metal skin stretches to a smile to express this emotion.

My form appears beautiful yet terrible to the mortal ones. They shall know a new kind of terror as I descend to their world, walk among them and part their souls from their bodies. Even within this crude shell I will toss their tanks into the air and crush their armoured warriors.

I shall feed on the energies of their departing, miserable lives as they achieve their final purpose.

My new-found emotion expresses the excitement of anticipation.

The mortal races are vulnerable, yet ignorant to their fate.

Sow terror and reap what I have sown, my noble children.

The **Red Harvest** begins.