

"This just came in over the wire..."

Polish Abomination Hunter

This month in Over the Wire we present a new hero for the Allies. With Poland remaining a heavily-contested battleground in 1946, Polish resistance troops find themselves stuck between a rock and a hard place. Though the Soviets are little better than the Germans to the Polish, the efforts of the Armia Krajowa (The Home Army) are focused squarely on German forces still occupying Poland. Having been exposed to the genetic horrors of the SD early on, many Polish partisans have become quite skilled in slaying the terrible abominations the Germans have set loose on their homeland. Here we present the rules for the Abomination Hunter hero type and a unique hero for use in games of AE WWII.

A New Instructor

June 15th, 1945

The sun began to dip behind the ruins of a nearby building as Sergeant Chris Grisham and his men entered Abbeville. Up until a month ago the city had been occupied by the Wehrmacht, but Allied forces had proved successful in forcing the Germans east. There was little of value in Abbeville so the military had moved on once the city was secure, leaving only those foolish enough not to flee when the fighting began but lucky enough to survive once it was over. The city was now an empty shell, a rotting corpse upon which scavengers had come to salvage what they could. Aside from the occasional shell-shocked survivor, Sergeant Grisham and

his men hadn't seen a soul as they made their way through the city.

Sergeant Grisham and his men moved silently among the rubble of the city, wordlessly communicating with one another as they did so. They had become a well-oiled machine, a vital resource of the American infantry, having been through more combat than they'd like to remember. Though the men of his platoon would come and go, they remained a veteran fighting force, one capable of handling themselves in any situation. Allied command knew this and their reputation had grown among their comrades. This, apparently, was why they had been sent to this desolate place.

As he pondered why he had been sent so far from the front lines, a quiet whistle from one of the troops on point snapped Chris back into the situation at hand. With nearly no sound at all, he and the rest of his platoon took cover, vanishing into the surrounding piles of brick and mortar.

Sergeant Grisham's eyes narrowed as he saw three figures come into view a quarter-mile ahead. Walking into the intersection of two large streets, the trio moved with an unnatural gait, twisting and jerking as they walked. It became immediately apparent that these were not scavengers or survivors and the hairs on the back of his neck began to rise as Chris realized what he was seeing.

Word had reached him months ago regarding terrible new weapons being fielded by the Germans. Strange perversions of nature, these genetic abominations had turned from wild rumors to confirmed facts and it was well-known throughout those fighting on the front lines that they would eventually witness these horrible creations. Though Chris was unable to make out any details of the three creatures before him, a feeling of nausea and unease began to grip him. There was something wholly wrong about what the Germans had done to these things and his unease quickly turned to anger.

The three emaciated troopers failed to notice the American soldiers and shambled out of view, moving down the street to the left. After a few long moments passed, the troops emerged from their hiding places, each with the same look of disgust and shock on their faces. Sergeant Grisham gathered his squad leaders together to discuss their next move now that it was clear the area was far from safe.

"Did everyone else see that?" said Sergeant Burke once they had all gathered.

"What were they Burke?" came the response from Sergeant Thompson, a large corn-fed young man from Wyoming.

"They weren't men, I'll tell you that much," Burke said.



“Alright, that’s enough,” Chris said as he tried to focus his men. Their encounter had left them all a little unnerved.

“According to my information,” said Chris pulling out a map of the city, “the rendezvous point should be down the next street on the right near what remains of the city hall.”

“I don’t like it,” said Sergeant Wilks, an older more intellectual member of the platoon. Ben Wilks had always been more cautious than the rest of the squad leaders, but his sense of paranoia had saved them all in the past.

“There are a lot of tall buildings in that square; good place for snipers,” continued Wilks.

“Alright, Thompson, I want your squad to move into this building here,” said Chris pointing on the map to a large building that overlooked the area ahead. “Ben, you skirt the south end of the square while Burke and I will come in from the north. Once we get a visual on our contact, I want everyone to form a defensive perimeter one hundred yards from the center of the square. Everyone got that?”

His men gave their agreement and hurried off to follow their orders. Within minutes, the entire platoon was on the move, making their way towards the center of the city, now keeping a watchful eye out for any more surprises leftover from the German occupation.

They had been sent here for training and Chris wondered what sort of training a unit such as his could possibly benefit from. They had all been baptized in fire, survived countless engagements and seen nearly every possible type of warfare an infantryman could experience. But on the orders of their superiors, they had been sent from their place on the front lines of battle to a ruined French city so they could receive training from an Allied Special Forces officer. Chris did not know the officer’s name or even what he looked like, only that he and his men were to provide the platoon with

the training they needed to deal with, what command had called, ‘the changing face of the war’. It was all very mysterious and not knowing the full details left Chris feeling a bit apprehensive.

The center of the city was now in sight and Chris could see the large city hall nearly a mile down the road. Though the old building seemed intact, the high-rises around it had suffered heavy damage from air strikes and were all but destroyed. Sergeant Wilks was right; the area was perfect for hidden enemy snipers.

Sergeant Thompson and his men vanished into a nearby building, searching for snipers and preparing the Browning M1919 machine gun in case of an ambush. Sergeant Wilks and his squad disappeared off to the right, moving through a nearby alley to make their way into the square from the south as Chris and Sergeant Burke began the slow, cautious approach to where they were to meet their new instructor.

As the last of Sergeant Wilks’s men disappeared from view, a loud scream could be heard from the north side of the street. The inhuman roar echoed off the walls of the nearby buildings and shook Chris and his men to their core. With the strength of an air-raid siren, the noise sounded as a fierce war-cry, clearly meant to shock those that heard it. All eyes turned in the direction of the noise, but every soldier was frozen in place.

Hanging off the ruined building was a massive gorilla, well over ten feet tall. The huge ape’s muscles bulged to unnatural proportions and the beast was covered in metallic plates. The plates, along with countless mechanical contraptions, had been bolted on to the creature’s body and were meant to protect and enhance the terrifying animal. The ape was a perversion of nature, a twisted mess of life that had no place in the world, save as a living weapon. The Germans called it the sturmaffe, or storm ape, but the Americans called it death incarnate.

The abomination bellowed again, repeating its challenge at the



stunned American soldiers. Caught completely by surprise, Chris and his men were slow to react, attempting to rationalize the existence of such a thing much less try to determine how it could be destroyed. Chris thought of the men climbing the nearby building, hoping they would soon be in place with their heavy weapons so the ape could be eliminated before it reached the street. Countless thoughts began streaming through Chris's mind, but none allowed him to move from where he now stood, paralyzed.

It was then that gunfire broke the deafening silence. But the sounds of bullets piercing the air did not emanate from the nearby building, but instead from the ruins on the other side of the street. Turning slowly, Chris could see a half a dozen men, all perfectly camouflaged against the city ruins, laying down a hail of gunfire. Their aim was true and Chris watched as waves of bullets struck the ape and the building around it. Rounds bounced off the armor plates fused to the creature's torso and arms, while those that managed to pierce flesh did little more than annoy the beast.

Immediately the ape's attention turned from the Americans in the street to the unnamed soldiers in the ruins. It snarled again, glaring at those causing it pain, rearing back its head and roaring so as to reveal a mouth full of jagged teeth. As the gorilla prepared to launch itself from its perch, the hiss of a rocket drew all eyes towards the city square ahead. A single man, armed with a German panzerfaust, launched his deadly payload towards the ape. His shot was on target and the abomination turned just in time to see the explosive warhead strike it square in the chest. A loud explosion rang throughout the ruined city as blood and concrete flew into the street below in a cloud of thick grey smoke. Chris watched as the body of the creature dropped four stories, striking the stone ground with a loud thud.

It quickly became clear that the men in the rubble had provided a distraction for the soldier with the rocket, drawing the beast's attention so as to provide their comrade with a clear shot. As the shock of the situation began to wear off, Chris watched as the lone gunman drew what appeared to be a large machete and began walking towards the creature. As he did so, the camouflaged troops in the rubble emerged from their hiding places, guns still trained on the downed ape. All of them completely ignored the awestruck Americans, instead focusing intently on the altered gorilla.

Then the ape stirred. Everyone stopped, no one breathed. Though the man approaching the creature was clearly expecting it to still be alive, its movement caused him a moment's hesitation. Before anyone could react, the ape leapt up, throwing off the dust and rubble and standing upright. A gaping wound could be seen where the rocket had struck, a wound that Chris would have thought would kill even a creature of that size. With one last roar, the ape rushed forward with incredible speed, lurching towards its attacker, who now seemed to regain his composure. The ape lashed out with its enormous paw, attempting to pummel the man into submission, but he was ready for such a move and quickly moved away with practiced ease.

Gunfire erupted again as the men nearby began firing on the ape, being careful to avoid striking their comrade. Chris used this opportunity to rally his men, finally snapping into action after what seemed like hours of standing in surprise.

"Bring it down!" Chris shouted.

As shots began striking the beast a call rang out from a nearby soldier.

"Behind us!" came the cry.

Turning his attention immediately towards his rear, Chris saw the trio of humanoid abominations rushing towards them. Leveling his M1A1 Thompson submachine gun, Chris let off a burst of shots, most of which were unable to find their target. The nearby troops, both his and those that had been hiding in the rubble, turned to face this new foe, leaving the lone soldier to his fate.

A wall of bullets struck the emaciated troopers as over a dozen men opened fire on them. One of the creatures was felled by the initial volley, but the other two continued their rush towards Chris and his men without so much as slowing down despite being struck multiple times. The things were fast, too fast to be human, their ungainly walk proving not to hinder their speed.

The first of the abominations reached a soldier that had been hiding among the rubble, and Chris was able to get a closer look at the terrifying thing. It had clearly once been human, but was twisted and altered so greatly as to defy nature. Its arms had been removed and replaced with large metal claws that were covered in rust and dried blood. Its taut skin was eerily pale, almost translucent, and thick veins could be seen just beneath the surface of the skin. The creature's entire head was covered in a mask of some sorts, with large filters over it as though it were prepared for a chemical attack. Chris was thankful he could not see the things eyes, for to think of such a thing as human would have made the comprehension of such a creature too much to bear.

Moving with surprising grace, the creature shrugged off another shot from the soldier's stolen KAR98k and plunged its sharp steel claws into the man's gut. The creature's victim hunched over, his gun rattling on the ground as the tip of one of the abominations claws emerged from his back. As it pulled its arm from his chest, it twisted the blade, ensuring the man's death was especially agonizing.

The second creature had nearly reached his own lines when Sergeant Burke ripped a grenade from his belt, pulled the pin and hurled it towards the creatures. The grenade clattered on the ground and rolled towards the abominations, which were now close to one another. Chris and his men, along with the unnamed soldiers, all hit the deck as the grenade went off. The explosion was deafening and small fragments of stone clattered off his helmet.

Immediately Chris rose, raising his weapon in preparation to fire, certain these monsters were unkillable. As the smoke cleared, Chris saw the two torn bodies of the last of the creatures, ripped to shreds by the well-placed grenade. Burke and those around him shouted, clearly proud of their success but Chris remembered the lone soldier and his terrible foe.

Turning back towards the city center, Chris was sure the man would be dead and they would be forced to act quickly in order to fell the massive abomination. Instead, he was shocked to see the man still alive and clearly overcoming his opponent. The ape

continued to attempt to smash the soldier, who was proving too quick for the creature. All along the gorilla's arms were thick cuts and gashes where the soldier had been able to inflict some form of wounds against the thing. Chemically-altered blood was spilling in buckets on the ground and the beast looked to be on its last legs.

Raising its massive arms, the ape brought them down in one fell swoop, hoping to catch the soldier between its thick paws and the stone ground. With a maneuver that looked far easier than he was sure it was, Chris watched the soldier roll towards the monster and, in one fluid motion, bring his blade up through the wound in the creature's chest and strike its heart. The ape shuttered, releasing a single strong sigh before toppling over, catching its killer beneath its weight.

The nameless soldiers immediately rushed to aid their comrade while Chris and the men nearby took a few steps forward and watched in awe. Lifting the creature's still-twitching corpse, the lone soldier emerged from amid muscles and fur, apparently uninjured. Pulling his machete behind him, the man was covered in blood, dirt, and gore. He wore the same camouflaged clothing that his comrades wore, but appeared better armed and armored than those around him. He picked up a bag from the hiding spot where he had previously emerged, revealing it to be full of stolen German panzerfausts and carried a light machine gun that looked similar to a Browning Automatic Rifle. He had a lithe frame, muscular yet lean and his face was concealed by a grey cloth mask with goggles over his eyes.

The man approached Chris, walking slowly to where he was now standing. Removing his mask, the man revealed himself to be a clean-shaven European, much younger than Chris would have expected. His disheveled brown hair, his bright blue eyes and his carefree grin belied the efficient killer the Americans had just bore witness to. Giving a nod back to his men he made his way through the awed Americans, moving directly towards Chris.

"Djen dobry," he said in a pleasant Polish accent. "I am Kapitan Maciej Zylewicz and this concludes our first lesson."

Pushing past the Sergeant, Kapitan Zylewicz and his men turned and walked away, leaving the stunned Americans to follow.

KAPITAN MACIEJ ZYLEWICZ

ELITE INFANTRY (INDIVIDUAL)

M	RC	CC	A	S	DR	W
3	4+	5	4	3	8	3

Kapitan Maciej Zylewicz, Abomination Hunter

Kapitan Maciej Zylewicz is a Polish resistance officer who works in concert with Allied forces operating in France. His position takes him all over Europe training Allied troops in combating the terrifying German abominations.

Kapitan Maciej Zylewicz can be taken by American and Soviet forces and counts as a hero selection as well as an Elite choice.

COMPOSITION: 1 Polish Officer

EQUIPMENT: Browning wz.1928, Machete, Pistol, Grenades

SPECIAL ABILITIES:

- *Command*
- *Hunter (Abominations)*

NOTES:

- The Browning wz.1928 functions as a BAR and has the same statistics as that weapon

New Hero Type: Abomination Hunter

Some individuals have faced the genetic terrors of the SD and lived to tell the tale, while still others battle these terrifying living weapons every day, learning their strengths and weaknesses. After fighting these beasts countless times some skilled soldiers become adept at hunting them down and defeating them, making the battlefield safe for their fellow troops. The Abomination Hunter is a new hero type that can be given to Soviet and American individuals.

Abomination Hunters gain the following adjustments to their attributes: +1 CC, +1 DR.

In addition, Abomination Hunters gain the Hunter (Abominations) ability, which allows them to effectively combat the genetic abominations of the SD.

New Special Ability: Hunter (X)

Hunter (X) – Models with the Hunter special ability are skilled at combating specific types of foes. Models with this ability gain special benefits when engaging in combat against enemies of the X troop type. Typical examples for specific enemy types include Abominations, Psi and Tesla Devices. When engaged in close combat against their chosen enemy, models with the Hunter ability gain a +1 bonus to their Close Combat (CC) and Strength (S) attributes for the purposes of resolving all close combat attacks made against their chosen enemy. In addition, when resisting attacks made by their chosen enemy, models with this special ability have their Armor (A) attribute increased by two for the purposes of resisting the attack; this bonus applies to any attack made by the chosen enemy.