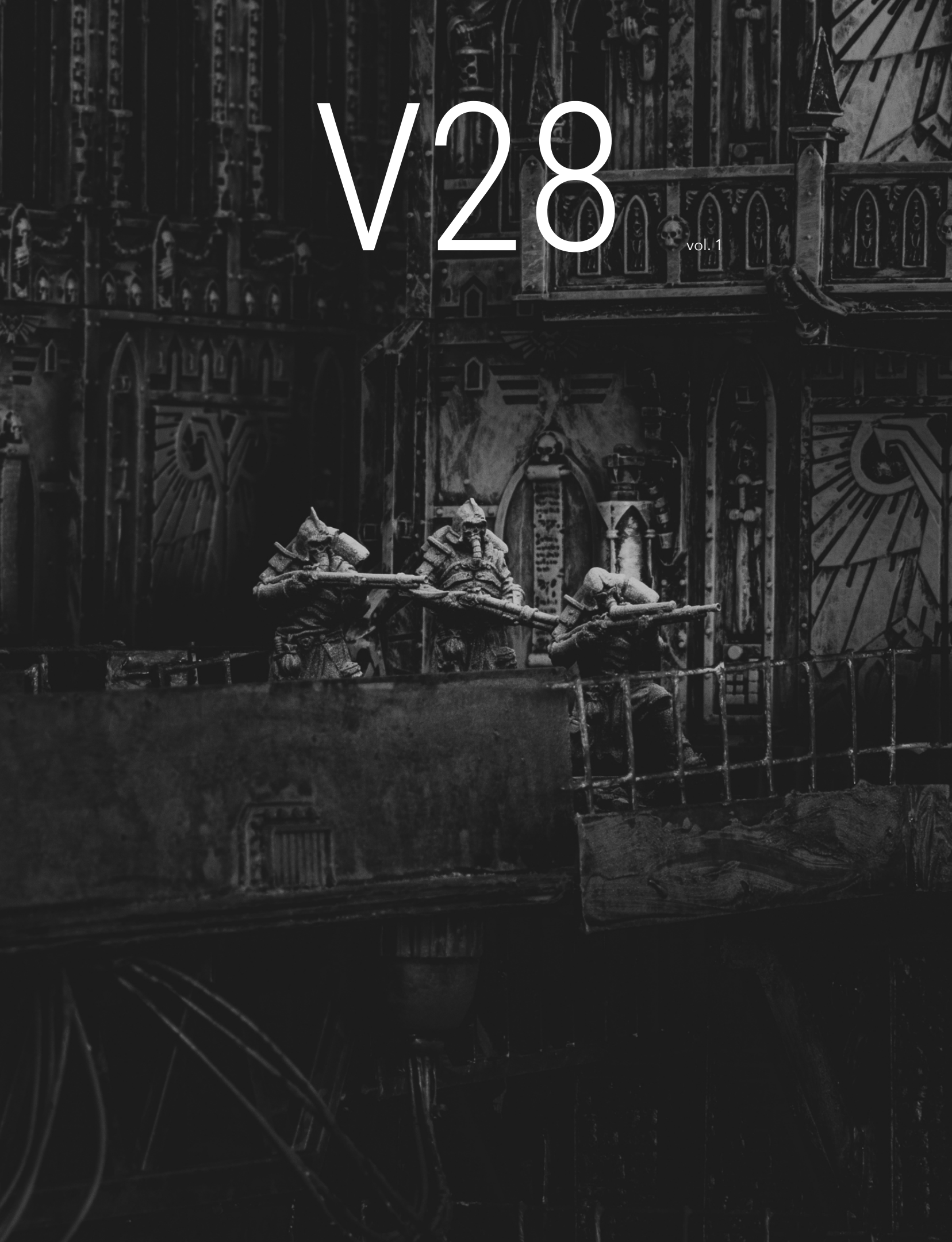


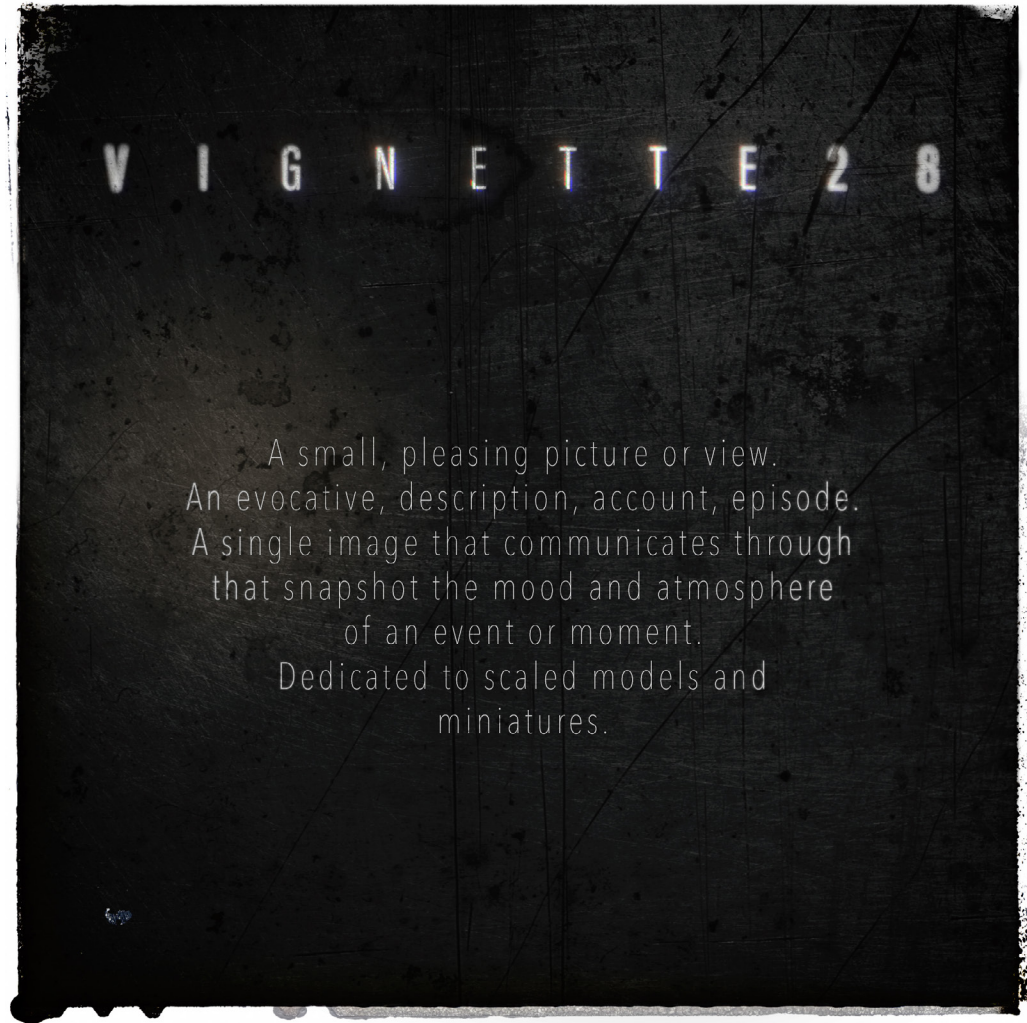
v28

vol. 1



V28

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A Foreword by Marcy

@minisbreakfree

Why do we toil with little pieces of plastic for countless hours in basements, craftrooms, or cluttered offices? Is it because they're more than little pieces of plastic? They're goblins, skavens, necromancers. They're in caves, in swamps, in battles to the death. They're living beings, making their marks in Medieval villages. They're hunter-gatherers, ready to move south for the winter. They're fighters, desperately clinging to a crumbling walkway. They're humanity and every creature that can be dreamed up in the human imagination. Their stories need to be told.

Vignette28 was initiated by
@JustMakesStuff and
Julian from @hightechoger

IG #vignette28

Home www.HighTechOger.com
Community Home www.28-creatives.com

Photo Book created by Julian from HTO
Thanks to all contributors for participating
and support.

No place for the intolerant.



David

D-Day+1

@setismisnia



Hermit

The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters & the Weight of Wisdom

Dark_Ages_Workshop
Alessandro "Sturmgaard" Bonavero

The Streets are Alive

@inq.jack

One of my favourite things about this hobby is how easy it is to tell stories. You spend what feels like an endless amount of time designing, constructing, painting and fine-tuning your creations and sometimes it can wear you down, but then, something as basic as chucking all your work together and taking a photo of it creates another tiny world, packed with detail, which is only bolstered by the imagination. And it inspires you to repeat the process all over again.







Anastasia Loukrezi

@anastasia_loukrezi

Being a Photographer and an RPG player I came to the conclusion that there is nothing better and stronger than our need to create and share stories. The art of storytelling in any medium is big and I feel as if I just started scratching the surface.

Hope you enjoy fellow adventurers and story tellers.
Cheers!



Screaming laughter has been echoing through the Gheistwind Swamp for a while now during the full moon. This is the hour of the pale goblin. Hush, little ones, the hunt has begun and the goblin is hungry.

@miskatonic_painting_club



Road to Kislev!

@miskatonic_painting_club



I love the smell of
warfare in the morning!

@miskatonic_painting_club



Kuba Sawicki

@picassawi

When I was a kid, I had a dream of building a realistic medieval fantasy town. When my kids reached the age I was then, I decided it's finally time to start building and discovered, that telling stories with photos is an integral part of this adventure. Behold Wixhausen.



Kuba Sawicki

@picassawi



Marcy

@minisbreakfree

Hunter-gatherer: "There's nothing like the smell of meat roasting over a fire, the shadows dancing on the cave walls, the little ones waiting for a taste. It's nice here, but we'll be moving on tomorrow. We have to go south before the cold sets in."



Marcy

@minisbreakfree

Necromancer: "Your body is scorched, but not obliterated. Your breath is stopped, but not forever. Rise, you beauty. Rise again. We have work to do."



Max McComsey

Can you feel that?" "Feel what?" "The dirt ... it's moving."

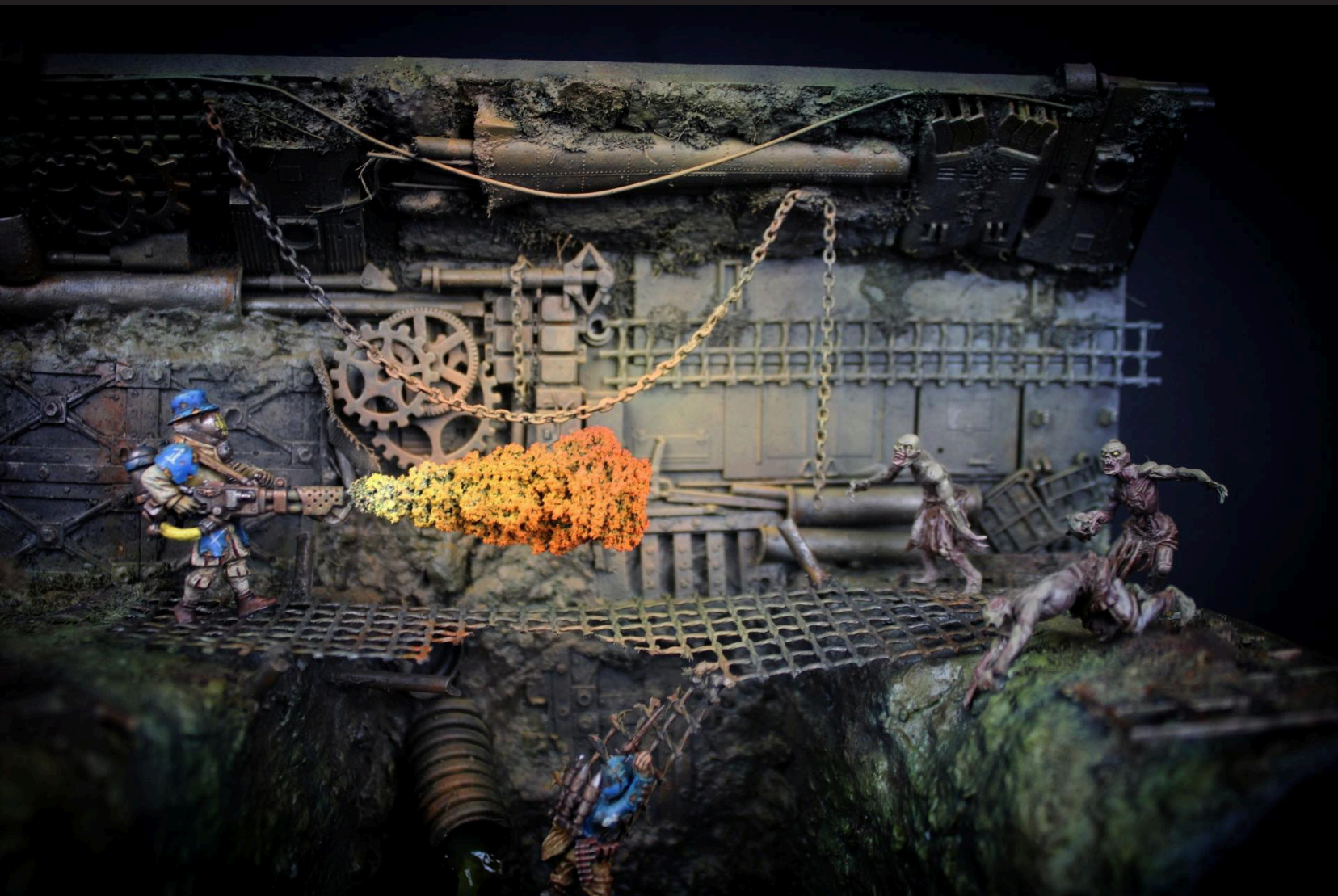
@wroughtwithrust



Max McComsey

Look what we have gotten ourselves into...

@wroughtwithrust



Steve Rowlinson

@steves_paint_brush

From my diorama Three Blind Mice.
Here we see "1" desperately fending off the approaching undead with his flamethrower, whilst "2" clings helplessly to a section of broken walkway.

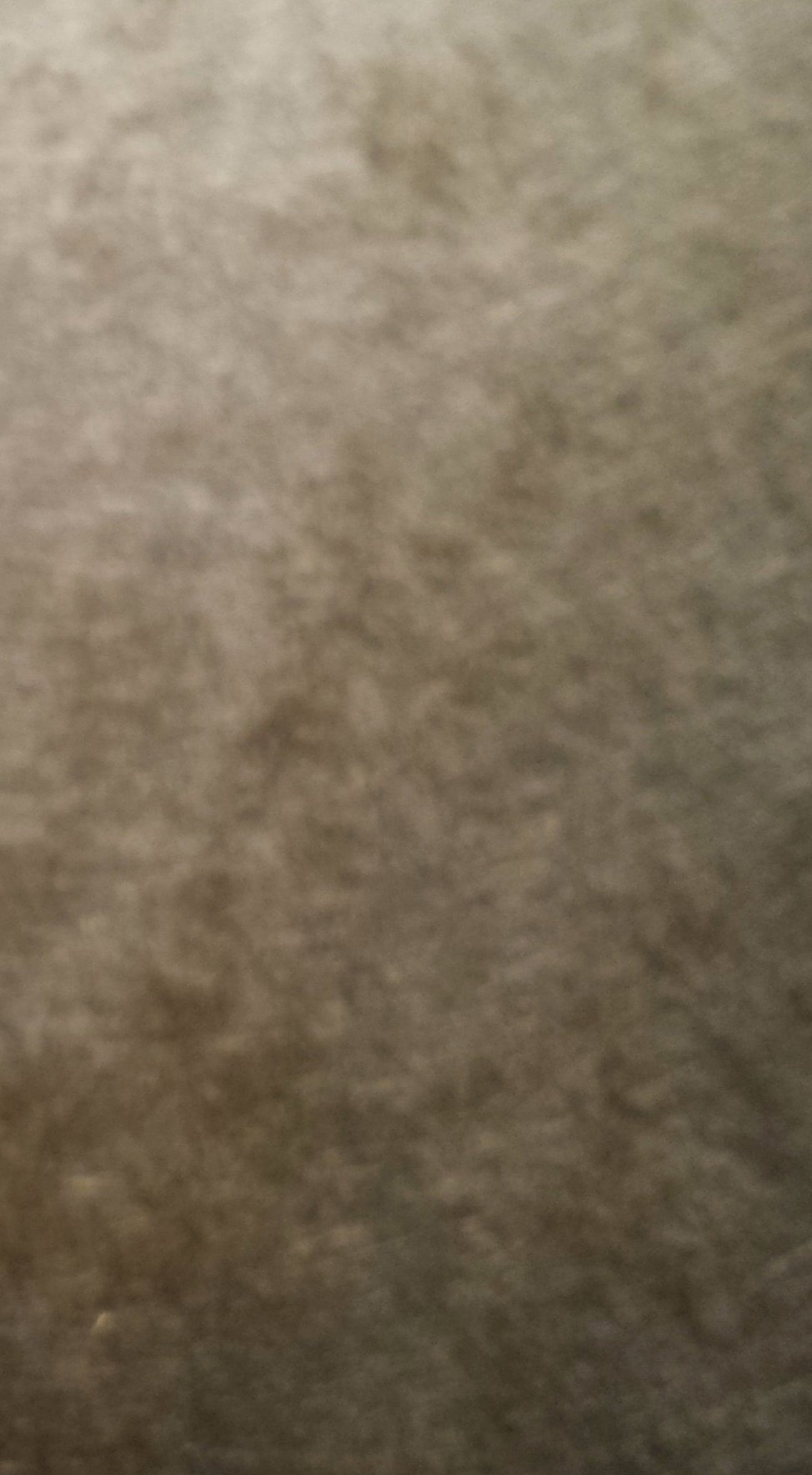


Steve Rowlinson

@steves_paint_brush

Gods of field and sky, watch over me, guide me and shield me in your light. Just not too bright eh? There's things out there I'd rather not see.





Tyler Brown

@tyler.the.crater

The officer's spyglass snapped shut as he shouted to the helm, "They're getting away Captain, what should we do?!"

"Make all sail, Lieutenant!" shouted the Captain, turning up his collar to the growing rain. "Into the storm. They'll not slip away again."



Tomas H

Dawn Of Fenris

The Lone Rider rides forth.

الفارس الوحيد يمضي قدما



ANDREW CARVÈ

Sanguinary guard of the Lacrimae Æternam. Corrupted Blood Angels.

@carved.from.ice

The gentle hand of desolation.
We baptise you in the shadows of fear...



Hunter-Gatherer

Urien Rakarth conversion with cyber-mastiff

He stalks the streets at night, smiling, Jack the Ripper of the 41st millennia. In search of fresh subjects to play with. His cyber-mastiff eager for the chase and to please his master.

@lord_bartosz



Old kin reunite, bonds broken.

Urien Rakarth conversion and Eldrad Ulthran

They were like cousin, when they were young, they would play together, and fight over toys, many aeons ago. Even then, their parents knew, they knew, that one of them would grow up wrong.

@lord_bartosz



stc_heretic

Untitled



Benjamin Moser

Homebrew WH40k Skaven, Searing Claw Clan

@bemo.crafts

Model by @pebetron, distribution through

@mortiantanks

Painting and Vignette by @bemo.crafts

Painted with: Acrylics and Enamels

The Ring of the Bell

Of Shadows Better Left Forgotten

Drifting through the darkness of space, unattended for thousands of years, a threat of unfathomable numbers was left to fester and grow. Then after all that time, there was barely any left to react, let alone decide if investigating this space hulk was an overdue necessity or the beginning of a terrible tragedy.

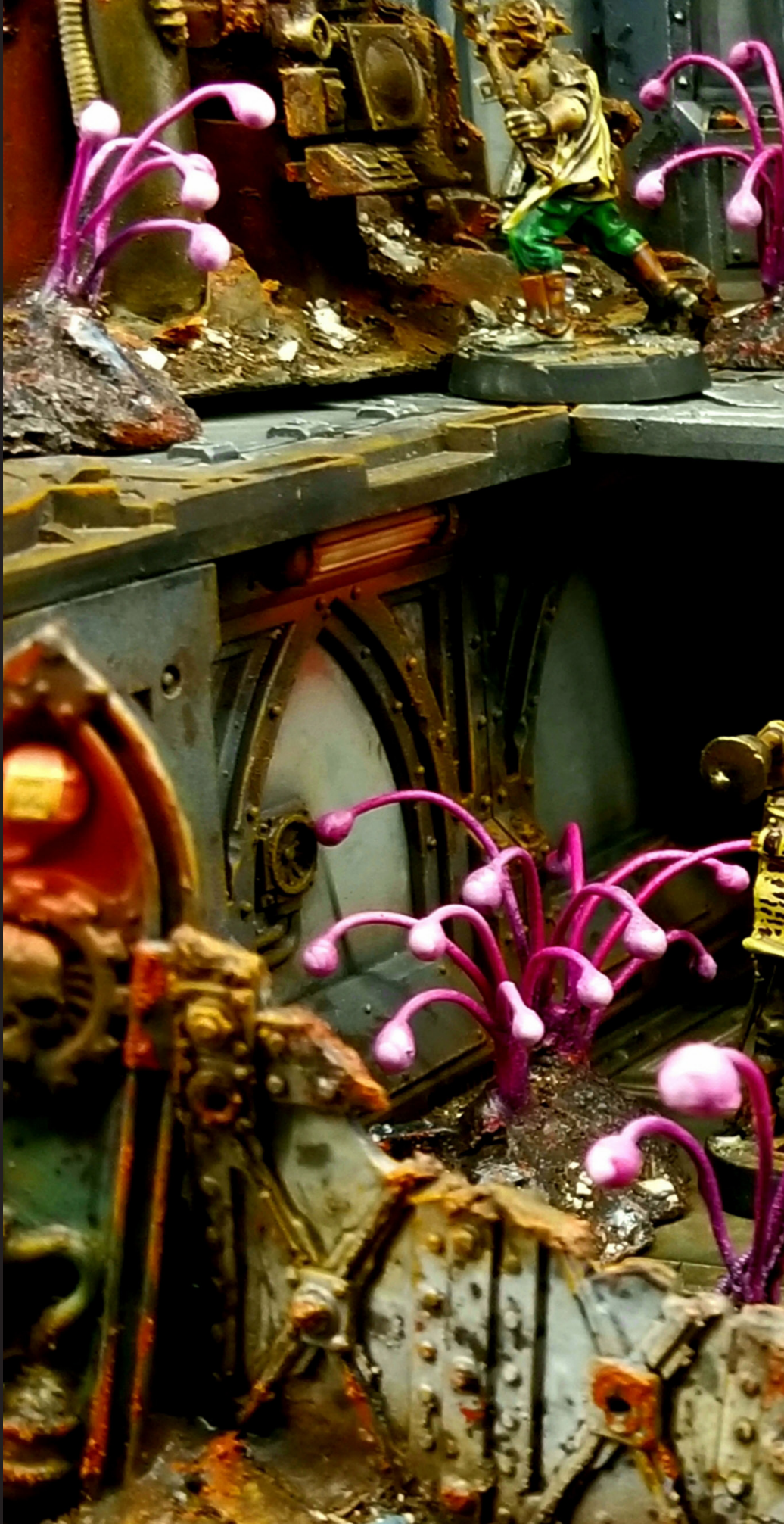
Blaring noise filled the space hulks corridors. A terrifying cacophony of clipping bass sounds mixed with otherworldly roars from hulking creatures erupting from the dark, hurling chunks of wreckage through the air. High-pitched squeals sounded from shadows that became rushing waves. Innumerable lights flickered up from the dark and descended upon the hectically firing guardsmen. Not only did the scouting parties now lack any specific target, path of retreat, or contact to command - something far more important had abandoned them. Hope. They had lost any chance at survival, their final comm-signals lost



among the unceasing uproar. They had triggered the beginning of a terrible end. Their travel route would be deciphered by the snickering shadows, their point of origin uncovered, their homeworld crushed under the attrition warfare of endless, writhing, chittering shadows.

@bryanpaulreesart

An illicit ghastrharvesting operation in The Crumbles.



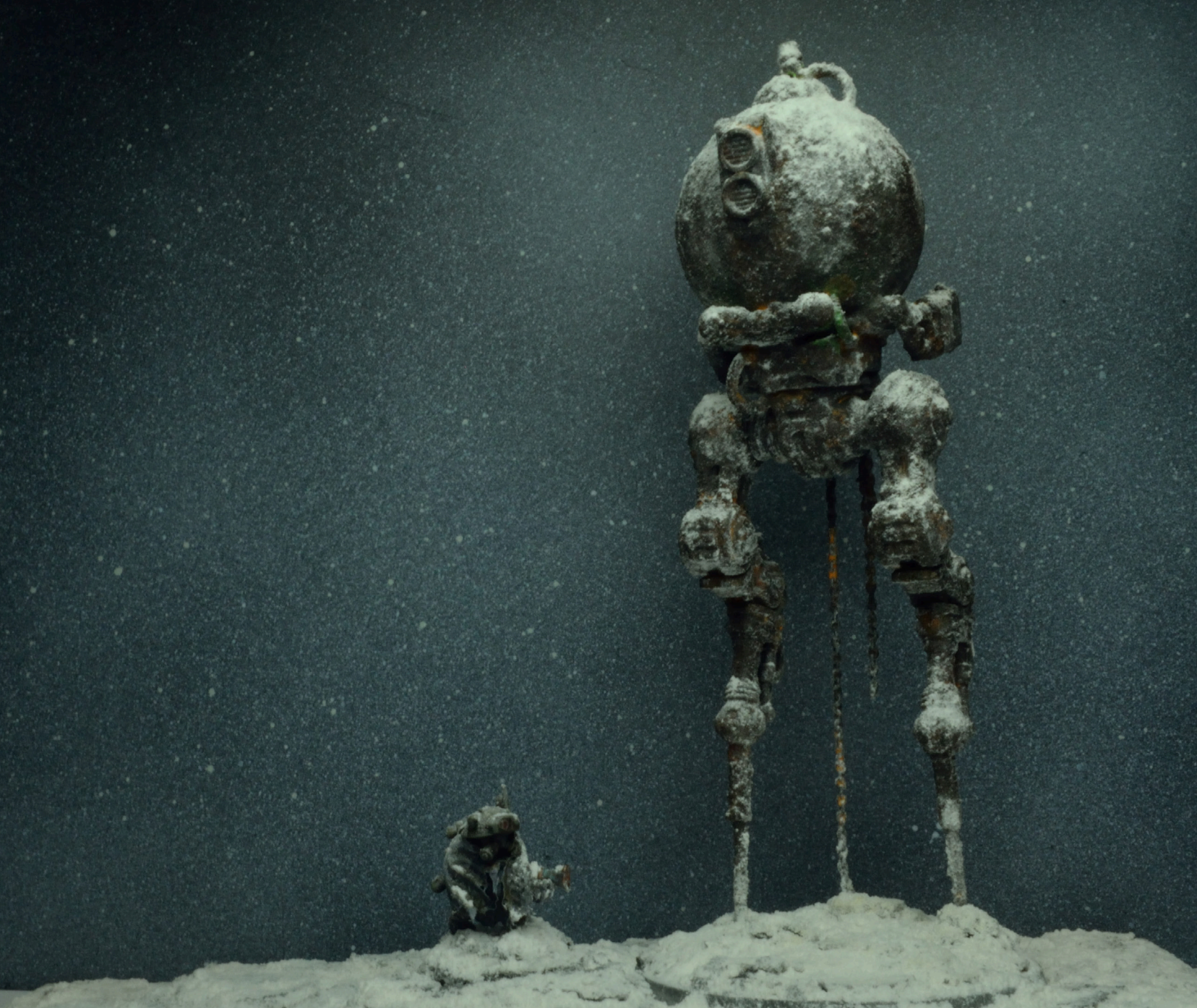




Chris Beckhusen

@symptomatic_chaos

Maresh T'rar
To gaze upon the sands of the moons of Nimbus IV
is to gaze upon the past, present, and future.



Chris Beckhusen

Solitude

@symptomatic_chaos

Christof Keil

"And they shall know no fear!"

Black Templar Diorama
Based on 3rd Edition
Warhammer40k Box
Cover Artwork

Darmstadt/Germany
December 2020

@k03rnl





Red Talon veteran searching
partisan compound
for remaining resistance M33

@the_iron_within





Eetu Tarkamo

@tarkamos_mini_workshop

Trench line near the front lines, sector 7, 0144857. M41. As the trench whistle is blowing to signal the attack, a nameless guardsman from the 239th siege regiment is making haste to their designated firing position.





Toke Thomsen

@folkestorm

War is not art and we are not artists. War is mankind's will to dominate made manifest and we are the hammer of the Emperor, the tool with which the future is forged.

We are the Death Korps, unrelenting and uncompromising, redemption through sacrifice and salvation in death

- Colonel Echo of the 113th siege regiment

Backdrop: Technology photo created by liuzishan - www.freepik.com







There can be no light without darkness.

@thanatos_crusade



Untitled

Model by @unwantedleg
Vignette by @Forgottenwulf



@rangerofkrieg

Death Korps Grenadiers clearing enemy trenches
on a nighttime raid during the Siege of Vraks.



Henning Meyer

Boarding Action

@gneisenstein

@chewie_painting

XV109 y'vakra Clearing the path

This was one of my first photomontages- I took the picture on my desk behind a clear background and just cut out the battlesuit and photoshopped it into this classic 40k scenery.







@the_lost_tau

Shas'ui Fi'rios Dak'lyna leading counterattack against Imperial forces during the 5th sphere expansion.
Circa 999M41



@the_lost_tau

++MOTHER, unknown if you're receiving, this is Shas'ui Fi'rios Shin, disruption La'rau has taken imperial hard point and setting up position, stop. Heavy fighting and no longer at effective fighting capacity, stop. Setting up marker lights on armored column closing in on hex 1.76.08, heavy tanks with Gue'ron'sha detachment, stop. Will perform our duty, but expect counterattack, stop. Pathfinders lead the way, over++

Shas'ui Fi'rios Shin
Battle of the Forgotten Path, eastern fringes
Circa 999M41



@JustMakesStuff

The Calm and the Storm

Forces of a Praetorian Regiment on a forgotten outer rim world stand ready to defend the Imperium from the Xenos threat.







Julian

@HighTechOger

It was for quite a long time that these two were hunting in the alleys. Not before the campaign started, though. But it was obvious that they had faced the same species before. They knew how they'd react, which ones to spare and even which ones to help. The citizens tried to avoid them, not out of fear of them, but out of fear of their own.



Julian

@HighTechOger

+++MSG>>INCOMING>>B-J75 Objective cleared >> +10d +++Inform Commissariat>>EOM+++

We made it through Hab75. We are exhausted. Again there are rumours. This time it's about the commissariat and the delay. Some people are not happy.

I need a lhostick now. And a new power cell.



Neil from Real Terrain Hobbies

Untitled



Marco Paroli

Red Ronin Bushi Strikers on patrol. 992.M41

@marco_paroli



Marcus

Goliath

@Reliquat28



Marcus

@Reliquat28

The Warriors' arrival was hailed by the great crash of a falling star. The village folk wailed at the catastrophony, fearing that yet another Beast had arrived to Blight our home. I endeavoured to calm their hysteria, this was as the histories foretold.





Knight-Azyros Khasian Phoros,
Anvils of the Heldenhammer, the
"Gravewalkers" chamber

@grave.walkers



Ty

@iPaintSmallThings

We have identified the final resting place of
explorator vessel 414. Initiating contact to verify
survival of the STC fragment and Archmagos Heldane.

++ Final Transmission, Lexmechanic Servatius ++

@iPaintSmallThings



Ty

@iPaintSmallThings

Scout Sentinel with heavy flamer and
LED flame template.



@iPaintSmallThings



Will Grant

@brutal_worlds

The Knights of House Malenchost discover the infestation of Hive Fleet Katabasis on Fengarde.

Martin Roskvist Christensson

@brinntid_miniatures

Oil platform on four legs in the Warhammer 40k setting. Desert world Angelis. Converted collection of Games Workshops miniatures.





Rocko Flores

@macchina_luctus

A shimmering, dying sun, dwarfed by the looming derelict, distant, megalithic. Weary steps across ashen steppes, dragged feet and whirring hydraulics. Osseous debris littered about melding into stone and ruin. A sensor array points towards the unknown, chanting its binaric cacophony. The technomadic march proceeds in silent contemplation.



Nicolas

@paints_and_giggles

++ Incoming Transmission | Encryption 3-a-Theta - Signature Death Korps, 82nd Infantry Regiment -

Search of Terminus sub-macropolis 79% complete. Low resistance, light weapons. Casualties kept within acceptable parameters, enemy positions completely destroyed. Advance to assembly area, enemy fortifications located 3 miles ahead. They will feel the fire of righteousness. Praise the Emperor | transmission completed ++

Rowan Forster

*Serak Eventide with the
Contekar Cremators*

@sorbusminis



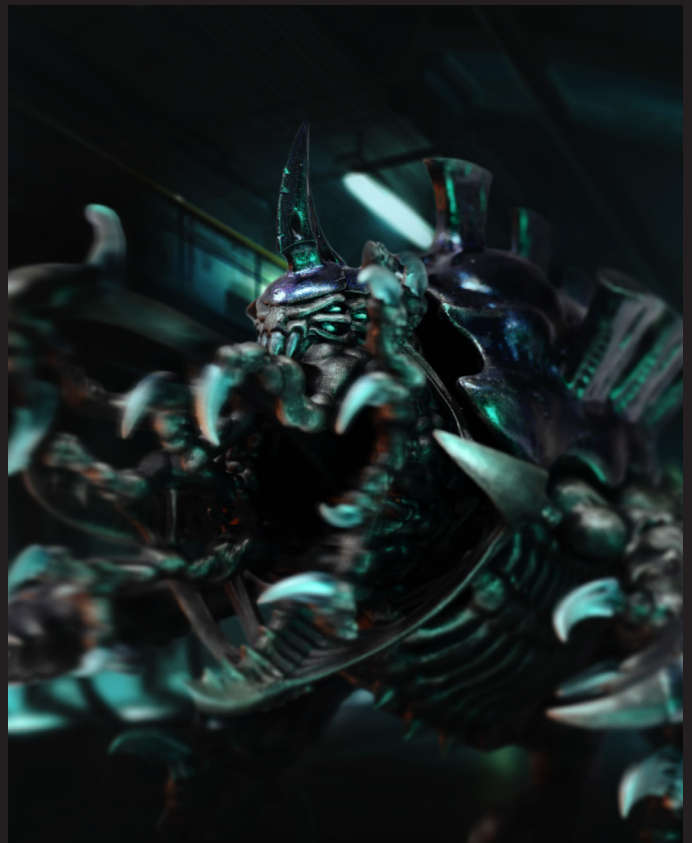


Azeron Talonscreamer
(top)



Iradil Eldroneth
(top right)

Haruspex
(lower right)



Rowan Forster

@sorbusminis

Stepping off the skiff Inquisitor Raya Hallow looked up with a hulking monstrosity, the huge bulwarks and service hatches loomed over her. Where she stood, she could see that this was only a small portion of the space trawling behemoth, however it got here something had torn it asunder leaving wreckage across the Galaxy. This particular piece had been called to attention by an old friend, an old friend whose people were tempted to begin salvaging from it only to discover something dark and something unknown.

Raya looked around and noted that most of her crew had finished removing their equipment from the skiffs and small bikes which had brought them here. Vasati raised an eyebrow to her as they caught each other's eye Raya shook her head slightly and then motioned to her retinue to ready their equipment.

Though Raya had insisted they would need no protection Vasati and some of her Incubi accompanied her small crew. Up ahead Grey's small drones were quietly buzzing and slowly emanating a low pulse lighting up the long wide corridor, if anything was out there, they would know about it. The corridor continued in a very regular pattern for almost a kilometre every hundred metres or so, large doors stood open. At each of these Turra placed a small item that would activate a moment's notice.

After another hour of walking Vasati raised her hand, the incubi stopped immediately, Raya and her retinue stopping shortly after. motioning with an open hand toward a small crevice that could have easily been missed Vasati waved hello forward as she stepped towards the crevice. Out of earshot of the others, in the pretence of checking the now lit hollow, Vasati whispered to Hallow "I really don't like you doing this, whatever is down there did something to the people here."

"Whatever this is we need to know, I need to know."

Raya replied, looking the Eldar right in the eye. Looking down Vasati half shrugged half nodded as if it was exactly what she had expected. She stopped her retinue following with a data flash, they could do all they needed from out there, there was no reason putting them into more danger. Vasati, Raya and a single Incubi made their way down the small service shaft that the crevice had hidden, crawling through spaces that barely fit them, the small crew ended up jumping down into a shallow corridor. At one end there is a sealed door not sealed by mechanics or machination, but by a strange substance which

seemed to shift and react to the light, in the other direction there is a small circular room with a large tank in the centre.

Retrieving her scanner Raya headed towards the small room and the large tank. A blinking blue light started to send readings both to her diopad and the rest of her crew up above. After one full revolution of the tank, a strange hum began to fill the room, not the hum of engines coming to life but of something else.

The air began to vibrate adopting this hum for itself, unlight began to emit from the tank, the soft blue glow of her scanner was now completely eclipsed by an orange husk which began to heat the room around them...

@slaterminiatures

