

IRONWATCH



**Issue
08**

Staff

Aaron Leahy — “Sardonic Wolf”
 Aaron Magno — “sewersaint”
 Alex Visentin — “reVenAnt”
 Austin Peasley — “darkPrince010”
 Bil — “Orcsbain”
 Boris Samec — “Thane Bobo”
 Chris Cousen — “Mister C”
 Chris Livingstone — “stlwarrior”
 Chris Schlumpberger — “Darkover”
 “Cornonthecob”
 “Daedle”
 Doug Newton-Walters — “Hellebore”
 “Dusty”
 E. McIlraith — “Crow”
 “imm0rtal reaper”
 Jack Evans — “ManticfanboyLAD”
 Jason Flint — “Weedy Elf”
 Joe Ketterer
 John Hoyland — “katzbalger”
 Jonathan Faulkes
 Jonathan Hicks — “jontheman”
 “left64”
 “Maccwar”
 Mark Relf
 Mark Smith — “scarletsquig”
 Matt Gilbert — “mattgilbert”
 Matthäus Mieczkowski — “Max Jet”
 Matt I. — “JoV”
 Maxwell McDougall — “Lord Marcus”
 Michael DeFranco — “MDSW”
 “Nathan”
 Neil Dixon
 “Osbad”
 Pete Kijek — “Pathfinder Pete McF”
 “puggimer”
 Ryan Shaw — “The Dire Troll”
 Sharad Vora
 Shane Baker — “Shaneimus”
 “Skolo”
 “Sneaky Chris”
 Stuart Smith — “Merlin”

ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A Message from the Editor

Welcome again to another thrilling edition of the **IRONWATCH**! This time around we have lots of stories, battle reports, dwarven tactics, and more!

In addition, we have several submissions for the Ironwatch Hero Competition, which we will be continuing for the near future to allow you to make even more heroes for us to pass on to other readers for use in their games.

Remember that the Ironwatch runs on submissions from fans like you, so feel free to send us unique unit ideas or statlines, new armies, your own backstory for your army, or whatever else tickles your fancy! We want to help make this **your** fan magazine, and we can only do that with your help.

In closing, whether you're a first-time reader, a contributor, or a fan of this magazine since the first issue, thank you for reading, and as always, welcome to the Watch!

-Austin

Cover art by Mark Smith

Title art by Mark Smith

*Please note that, while we here at **Ironwatch** attempt to deliver you the best products and ideas we can, we cannot guarantee the balance of any scenarios or special rules presented herein. If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled “Ironwatch Issue X Feedback”) and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!*

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UPCOMING NEWS FROM THE IRONWATCH!

ADD SOME CHARACTER TO YOUR KOW GAMES!

An Ironwatch Challenge/Competition

Continuing the challenge from last month, we're continuing to challenge the readers of Ironwatch to create some legendary wizards and warriors of their own!

Using the Dwarf character Herneas the Hunter (p88 main KOW rulebook) as an example can you create a new Character to stride across the battlefields of Mantica creating new legends wherever they step.

We are looking for the full statistics, fairly point costed, a brief (30-50 words) biography and details of any special powers or weapons. We would also really like a photo of the figure you use for your character. This could be a Mantic or non-Mantic figure. An example of one possible character is given on the right.

Don't over power your characters but who knows, if this proves to be a popular idea we may even repeat the challenge/competition for Warpath in a later issue of Ironwatch.

Get creating new characters now and we will publish full stats and pictures of all the best ones. Please submit your characters before the magazine article due date (See the new Article Submission thread on the mantic

Emyn Lockharn, Elf Scout Hero (1)



| Unit Size | Sp | Me | Ra | De | At | Ne | Pts |
|-----------|----|----|----|----|----|-------|-----|
| 1 | 6 | 3+ | 3+ | 4+ | 3 | 12/14 | 125 |

Special: Bow (Has 3 shooting attacks per turn at Piercing 1), Crushing Str: 1, Individual, Inspiring (Elf Scouts only), Nimble, Stealthy, Vanguard,

Emyn Lockharn is the Elf figure that used to come free with mantic points.

The Elf Prince, Emyn Lockharn rose to fame as the leader of the Elf Scouts of Melindlir, an Elvan stronghold in the northern forests of Galahir. Emyn is famed across the North of Mantica for his expert scouting and keeping the Elvan Realm alert to any dangers.

Forums for the date) to be sure they are added in time!

Special thanks to Stuart Smith for helping set up this competition! Be sure to see the submitted heroes from this month on the following page!

Jibba Jibba, Goblin Wiz (1)



| Unit Size | Sp | Me | Ra | De | At | Ne | Pts |
|-----------|------|----|----|----|----|------|-----|
| 1 | 5/10 | 5+ | - | 4+ | 1 | 9/11 | 95 |

Special: Individual, Inspiring (Goblins only), Zap 3 (6), and Wings of Honeymaze.

A Wiz revered amongst the goblin tribes of the Mountains of Kolosu, Jibba Jibba is known as the flying goblin due to his magical leather wings. These work just like the 'Wings of Honeymaze' magic item. Jibba Jibba got his name from the constant amount of chattering gibberish that pours forth from his foul mouth. When he casts his 'Zap' spell, once per day he can use it as a 'Zap' 6. However his control of his 'wings' is not very good. Every time Jibba Jibba attempts to fly he must throw a d6. On a score of a 1 he crashes to the ground taking d3 hits at Crushing Strength 1.

The figure used for Jibba Jibba is a heroclix goblin.

By Stuart Smith (Merlin)

Hyan the Venom Blade, Human Assassin (1)



| Unit Size | Sp | Me | Ra | De | At | Ne | Pts |
|-----------|----|----|----|----|----|-------|-----|
| 1 | 6 | 3+ | - | 4+ | 7 | 11/13 | 220 |

Special: Individual, Vanguard, Crushing Strength (3), Vicious, Elite, Stealthy, Disguise

Disguise: This model may move through or end their move in an allied or enemy Infantry unit (Not H/M or War Engine). If he does so with an enemy unit, roll 1d6: On a 1, he is caught and killed, on a 2-5 there is no other effect, and on a 6 his presence is a significant-enough distraction that the enemy unit is immediately Wavered

A master of disguise and misdirection, Hyan is one of the deadliest blades of the West, and has sworn to destroy the Basilian forces. He hires himself out to whatever enemy the supposed human "paladins" are fighting, all so he can gain revenge on the Basilians for the "purge" of his home and family all those decades ago.

Model is from Reaper Miniatures

By Austin Peasley (darkPrince010)



Dwarven Ironclad

DWARF INFANTRY OVERVIEW

By Neil Dixon

In issue six of Ironwatch I discussed tactics and modelling advice for Dwarf Rangers. Here I provide a follow up, this time discussing the tactical merits of the remaining Dwarf infantry units. I finish with a tutorial of how I created my Bulwarkers.

Ironclad. At 135 points for a fully equipped regiment, they are the cost effective option. Taking multiple units means you have more



Dwarven Berserkers



Dwarven Bulwarkers

points for special units like Brock Riders and Cannons. They are a safe choice, as they are some of the toughest basic infantry in the game, with defence 5+ and nerve 14/16. Make sure you have your army standards in close proximity to increase their survivability.

Berserkers. I think regiments are overpriced. Despite their high nerve and their inch of

extra movement, they tend to die easily. 65 point troops could work as speed bumps and objective takers, but after play testing, I feel they do not justify their points. I can only see their value in a themed army.

Bulwarkers. This spear armed unit gains Phalanx, gaining five extra attacks over the Ironclad and hindering cavalry in melee. This



Dwarven Shieldbreakers

makes them a versatile and my preferential choice. Nevertheless, at 150 points for a fully equipped regiment, Dwarf armies are likely to be outnumbered when using Bulwarkers as the bulk of an infantry force. Their high defence and nerve is likely to keep them in the game though, so I think they are worth the points.

Shield Breakers. Although they have a lower defence of 4+, they benefit from Crushing Strength (1), which is highly useful in protracted fights against tough units like Wraiths and Werewolves. They are also the same points as Ironclad, but their special abilities make them the better choice in my opinion.

Ironguard. Their melee of 3+ does increase their killing power, but they are five more

points than the equivalent number of Bulwarkers. Again, if you are going for a themed army they are worth including, but I would much rather go for the cheaper Shield Breakers, or more flexible Bulwarkers.

Making Bulwarkers

In summary, Bulwarkers are my favourite Dwarf unit. However, Mantic models have not been released for Bulwarkers at the time of writing. To keep my Bulwarkers consistent with the rest of my army, I customised and created the unit using Ironclad models. Here I provide a brief overview of how I did it.

I think it is really easy to create custom versions of Mantic models in a small amount of time that look good. Hopefully I have inspired you to do the same!▪



I placed an elongated piece of modelling putty over the beard of the Ironclad model. Using a sculpting tool, I created indented lines to represent hair. I wanted my Bulwarkers to be the experienced and plucky veterans of my force.



I cut off the weapon from the Ironclad right arm and drilled a hole with my pin vice drill. I needed a stable way for the model to hold the spears.



I used spears manufactured by Perry Miniatures, cut to size. I used modelling putty on models with an open hand to make a firm foundation for the spear (see model to the far right and in the middle).



Bulwarker regiment painted and ready for battle.



By Matt Gilbert

Battle of Gallohell

By Jason Flint

Lord Elethor was not amused. Standing around waiting for the master of the guard was just insulting. He was renowned in this area and the ignorance of the men was in his eyes, unbelievable. The petty whining of messengers from border counties was not worthy of the high lords of Golden Horns attention, so they came here to the guard house to plead for soldiers to deal with

threats. He was not here for aid, and while he respected the men's fighting ability, they hardly suited his style of warfare. Shouting loudly and covering yourself in plate that offered no more protection than his fine Elven armor, but was four times the weight, was hardly progress.

The messenger in front of him was next, and his words caught the irritable Elves attention. After the usual dramatic pleas the man mentioned something about some wretched town called Gallohell. But it was not that which got his attention.

"Master of the guard, this mage, Orecarno has formed a pact with wildmen, goblins, but worse, he has a fleet! Dark Elven warriors set sail for Gallohell as we speak! They will sack it and burn it to the ground!"

"You have a large garrison, we have sent knights of Falkerk to watch over the construction of the wall already! A small raiding party and a few corpses are not worthy of our attention! You should have executed this foul being when you had the chance! Be gone!" came the angry response.

"Never mind" he murmured as he made off after the messenger

'My Lord, a messenger for the fleet' announced his personal guard

The messenger left, clearly traumatized at the public humiliation. Elethor was summoned, but

he looked after the messenger. He'd found what he was looking for. Only that damn Wolfcurse would be so bold. The feuding was bitter, not at all helped by his foes insistence on calling true Elves, "weedy".

**You should have executed
this foul being when you
had the chance!**

'Send him in' he replied looking up from his war map

'My lord' the messenger said kneeling on the floor 'The Dark Talon sends reports of an elven fleet making its way up the coast towards the harbor east of Gallohell'



By Jonathan Faulkes

'Hmmm seems our brethren feel that this kingdom is worth protecting,. Whose banner flies?

'The fleet fly the banner of High General Elethor and the flag ship is said to fly his personal house banner, My Lord'.

'The weedy Elf himself is on his way here to try and stop me" he laughed "Interesting indeed,. How many days out are they?'

'About 2 days to the harbor, and another 2 days to Gallohell itself My Lord'

'Good, four days is more than enough time to end this and then prepare to meet Elethor in the field. Take these orders back to The Dark Talon; They are to engage using skirmish and delaying tactics on the elven fleet try to delay them or leave boats behind, so no large scale engagements. Also, inform the Black Heart and Kraken to send their Buccaneers raiding along the coast close to the harbor, only taking strong and breedable slaves. Put all other to the sword and burn them down, making sure there is lots of black smoke. Lets give the men and elves something to worry about: Do they split their forces to save the innocents or do they let them suffer to maximize there forces



By "Daedle"

against us in the field?' A cruel smile parted his lips 'Also inform the necromancer

Inform the Black Heart and Kraken to send their Buccaneers raiding along the coast

Orecarno that he can have what ever is left of the coast villages for his 'experiments.' That should demoralize the enemy before we even engage.'

The black clad warrior stood in front of him, and with his twin blades, he lunged. Too

eager, as Elethor brought his great weapon swinging in a wide arc, cleaving the Elf in 2 and soaking his decks in more blood. The last would-be boarder defeated, he observed his ship. Its once-elegant looks were now tarnished from the carnage, and the deck was so awash in so much gore it was a struggle to stay upright while his large, beautifully crafted sails were torn. He looked annoyed as he saw the rest of his fleet had not been touched. The surviving Twilight Kin were quickly disengaging.

"Why attempt to board only us, then flee?

**Get those sails replaced,
we make for Gallohell with
all haste!**

Why not try to break our fleet?" came the enquiry of his Seaguard warriors, who now sported dented shields.

"They try to slow us. Someone warned them we were coming; It will not work. Get those sails replaced, we make for Gallohell with all haste!"

Wolfcurse heard his guards snap to attention, and he looked up from his map to face the most beautiful, lithe and naked Kin he had ever seen, if not for the fact she was dripping with gore from head to toe,

'Ah my Lady of Blades you honor me with your presence.' He shuddered inwardly as his survival instinct told him he was in danger.



By Jason Flint

'Lord Wolfcurse this is purely a business visit, no time for pleasure I'm afraid.' An evil smile split her crimson smeared lips as she flicked a look at the ornate dagger in her hand still dripping onto the carpet of his tent. 'Be aware that my sisters and I have appeased our allies and they will be joining us in the forthcoming battle.'

'Excellent my thanks you my lady,' as he gave a small bow, 'They will prove to be a great asset in the coming days. Also,



By Matt Gilbert

it has been brought to my attention that the weedy Elf himself makes his way here to bring us to battle.'

'Really?' she purred, 'Well that both pleases and excites me. It's been far too long since we last danced with his elite guard.' She let out a small laugh.

'My lord!' A messenger rushed into the tent, breathless. 'News from the North...' He stopped abruptly as a beautiful but bloody hand gripped him by the neck and a dagger was placed a short distance from his eye.

She pushed the messenger to his knees, and gripped him by his hair, raising his head and exposing his throat

marched towards the Dwarven hold of Scrag Beard.'

'My Lady, please allow him to speak before you teach him the errors of his rudeness'

'Very well, be quick. I grow bored, worm,' she growled as she pushed the messenger to his knees, and gripped him by his hair, raising his head and exposing his throat.

'Speak and quickly. My Lady does not like to wait.'

'My Lord.... The Northern Orc tribes have moved early but have

'What of the Goblins?'

'They hold in the lower foothills still, my lord'

'Very well, this is not a disaster. The

Orcs will hold the Dwarf forces up, reducing the number of both the defenders and the overall Orc population; Saves us two tasks. My Lady, I have a favor to ask of you, if you will? Please, can your sisters and yourself take up position in the foot hills and keep the Goblins in check? This will also put you in the

best position to attack the flanks of Elethors forces.'

'My Lord, that seems like a reasonable trade. Now what of this one?' she asked, drawing a line of blood along the messenger's check.

Good day, and may the
blood comet bless
your house

'In honor of the relations between the temple and my house, I offer him into your humble care and service, though I politely request you deal with him outside of the tent, my lady.'

A slight expression of irritation crossed her face 'As you wish my lord. Good day, and may the blood comet bless your house.'

'As it blesses the temple and our Kin,' he replied automatically, not wishing to push his luck.

He watched her stride from the tent dragging the now whimpering and sobbing messenger behind her as if he was nothing more than a disobedient child.

He shuddered, trying to push the fate of the messenger out of his mind, and turned back to his map, moving a few of the marker around,

'Guard, go summon my commanders. We have much to discuss'

'Yes, my lord.'

'Yes, it's coming together nicely now, with a full blood comet passing overhead in four days, on the dawn of the attack, in addition to his new allies, hindering the Dwarven reinforcements and reducing their numbers, Gallohell has no choice but to surrender or fall; Not even Elethor can deny me my ancestral right to raid this area.' He grinned at the thought of the upcoming slaughter; Yes, it will be glorious and profitable.



By "Sukura636"



By Jonathan Faulkes

Gallohell smelt funny, Elethor concluded. The humans armories had worked day and night forging and fixing the garrisons weapons and armor. The large amount of horses and lack of stables meant they were tied up where ever there was space. It was a familiar smell of war, but didn't seem to suit this apparent market town. He sighed as he saw the Dwarven architect sat lazily outside the tavern, his only focus being stuffing his pipe.

"Where are the others?" Elethor demanded as he marched over, his guard following.

"The warriors will be here when they get here" murmured the Dwarf, still focused on

his pipe.

"Listen Dwarf" Elethor scowled, "These are your walls we're protecting here, and I have committed a huge portion of my army, and all I see are builders, not warriors!"

The Dwarf finally raised his head, and looked up at Elethor, who was shocked the Dwarf was able to lift his head that high. He still believed Dwarves had no necks.

It was a familiar smell of war, but didn't seem to suit this apparent market town

"And you listen to me Elf, the words been sent; There is nothing else for me to do. And

if this is your contribution," he waved towards the assembled Elven warriors who were marching through the streets, "Then these men are doomed. You have no cavalry and few war machines, and those you have parading through the street would rather be on a boat than land"

The Dwarf went back to his pipe, and Elethor quickly turned and marched towards the unfinished wall.

"You let him speak to you like that?" his guard ventured.

"Only because he's right," Elethor mused as he looked out past the wall at the dust cloud in the distance. He needed more warriors but he had none; What else could he do? Then he spotted the deep forests to the East.

"Get the mage, I have an idea"



By "Dusty"

Orecarno looked over his marching horde. In a short space of time, he'd gone from dwelling and experimenting in the ruins of Difetth, to raising an army from the ground. He was making pacts with anything greedy enough to be happy to march alongside the dead, and now marched on his hated foes; The men who dared cast him out, who said what he did was wicked and evil. Foolish and backwards views of men who were afraid of him. Now they will quake in their boots at the sight of his

He spotted the deep forests to the East.

"Get the mage, I have an idea."

accomplishments.

He was irritated, however, at the Twilight Kin's reluctance to march with him. Despite giving them huge cuts of whatever

wealth could be taken from Gallohell, they insisted on meeting him there. No doubt they wished to pillage and burn bordering villages.

In the distance he could make out the town's walls. They were tall, but unfinished. He could see huge gaps where gates had yet to

be put in. He had timed it well, this wouldn't be a protracted siege; This would be resolved in a day.

The Dwarves had arrived. Elethor didn't trust anything that considered ankles a valid target in a fight, but he was grateful for more boots in the defense. They were quickly making wild boasts of what they'd accomplished and insisted this was a minor skirmish compared to their journey here. The younger men were gathered listening intently, but he noted the human veterans, clad in plate stood elsewhere. They didn't appear to be talking or boasting, with the only giveaway that they were exchanging words beneath their helms was the occasional nod.

"Lord Elethor!"

He turned and saw garrison commander Paldrik approach. A knight, a wealthy one at that. His plate ornate and expensive, and his sheathed sword seemed to be glowing. A trick of the light maybe.

"My scouts say they will be here in hours, . What news of your mage?"

Elethor didn't trust anything that considered ankles a valid target in a fight



By Michael Defranco



By Chris Schlumpberger

"Be patient, he will return."

At that, there were shouts from the wall. Panicked men screamed of approaching monsters, and the Dwarves grabbed their axes and eagerly ran forward to the wall. Elethor ran faster though, and saw what had caused the panic. What appeared to be 2 huge hulking trees were taking great strides towards the city walls.

"Hold your fire, they are here to help!"

Panicked men screamed of approaching monsters

The tree herders halted and remained eerily still, and Andrel the mage rode forward, looking immensely smug. Elethor noticed the Dwarf architect from earlier was at the front, a look of awe visible even with his large beard.

"My final contribution" he hissed at the Dwarf as he made his way back inside. It was time to mount up on his Dragon, as out of the corner of his eye he'd seen the horde form up on the hill. The Battle of Gallohell was about to begin. ▀

By Jonathan Faulkes



CLASH OF KINGS DAEDLE'S RAMPAGING HORDES

By Daedle

I had my first game with my clash of kings at the [War & Peace Games Club](#) opening night. It was a blast.

I have painted all my models for this months blog, but I'm still trying to figure out decent camera settings to take a photo of them all.

My list was:

Knights Regiment w/Command
Mounted Sergeants troop w/Command
Mounted Sergeants troop w/Command
Hero w/Horse

His Dwarf list was:

20 Ironclad
20 Shieldbreakers
10 Ironwatch
5 Berserkers

It was a very small game, but I just didn't have enough models for anything bigger.

I deployed my knights first hoping, correctly, that he'd deploy his army against them. I



Deployment before Turn 1



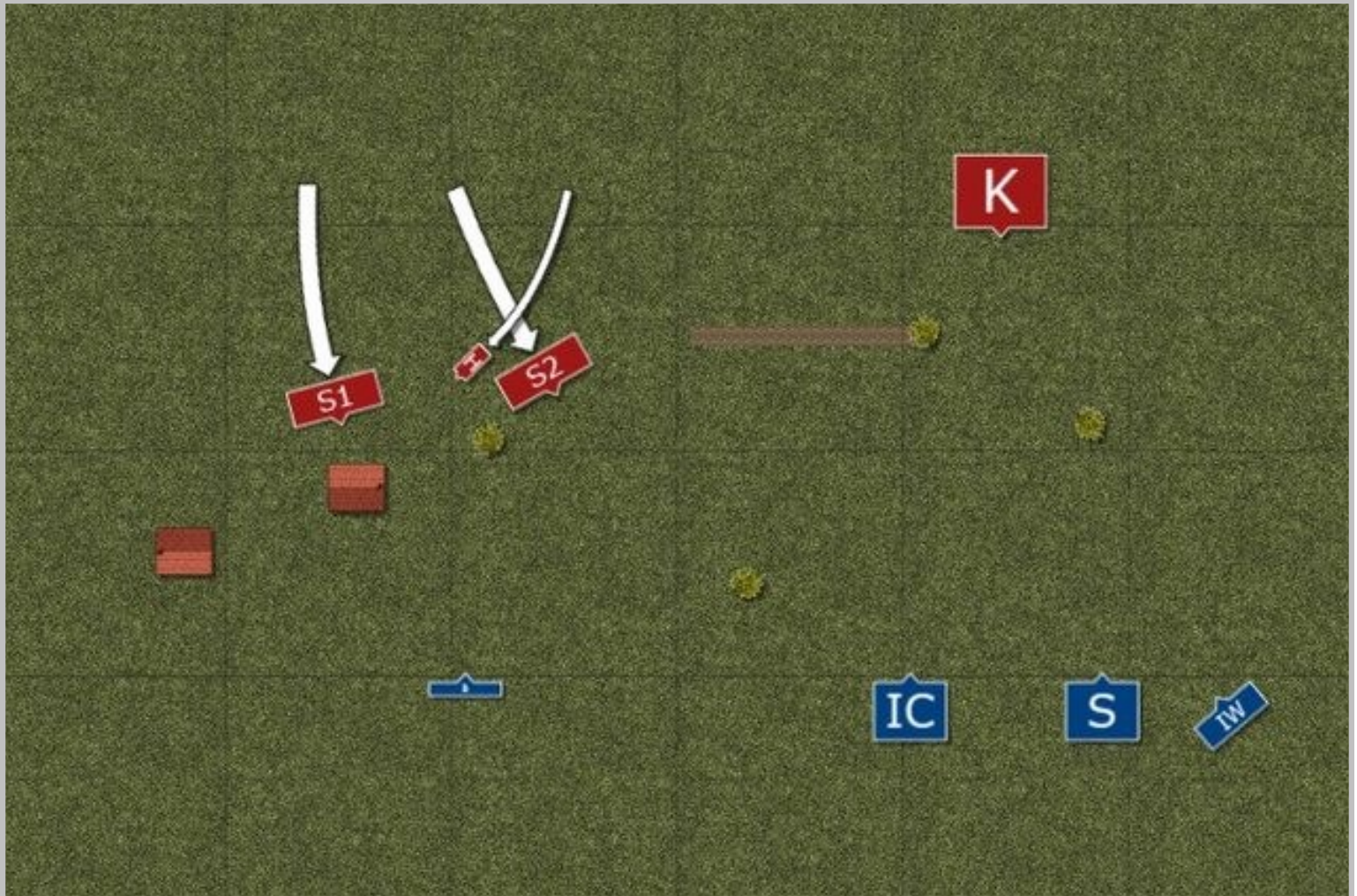
Deployment before Turn 1

deployed my
sergeants and
hero out on the
flank.

His army was
clustered in the
corner, with the
berserkers out
on their
lonesome on the
other side.



By "osbad"

*Turn 1**By Jack Evans***Turn 1**

He won first turn. And took it. Before he realized that his Ironwatch were out of range and he didn't really want to advance towards me. So he did nothing in his first turn.

I didn't want to move my knights into range of his Ironwatch so kept them where they were, but moved the sergeants and hero up on their flank, hoping to put a charge on his berserkers in the next turn. Stupidly I moved the very left hand Sergeants right up to a building meaning that the champions line of sight was blocked. D'oh!

Turn 2

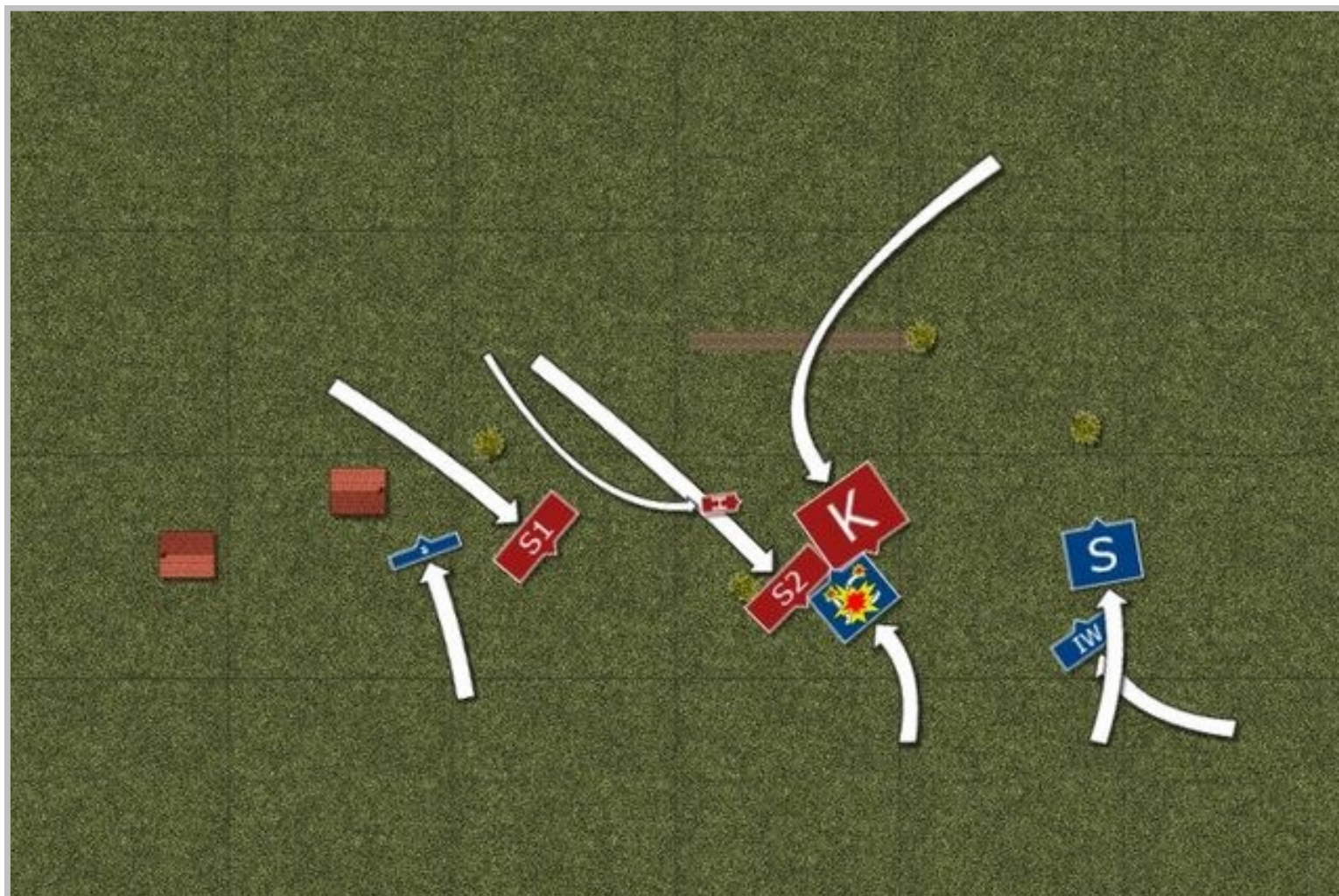
In his second turn he moved the whole army up.

I was now in charge range, so I charged one of the Sergeants and the Knights into his Ironclad unit and they absolutely demolished it. After rolling the dice for my Sergeants I was pretty chuffed with how good they were in combat. I rolled for my Knights. Oh. My God. OUCH.

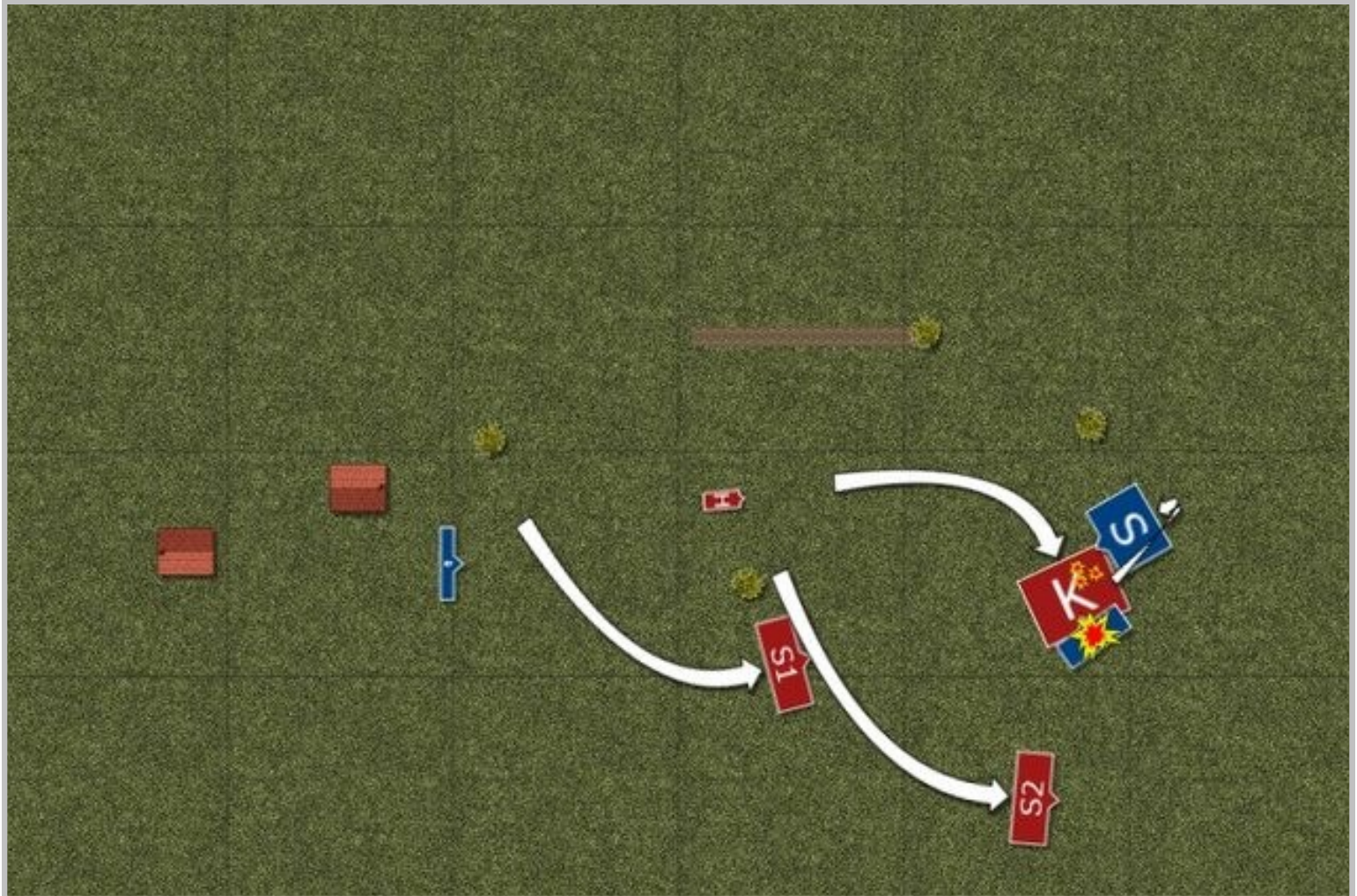
The Ironclad were destroyed in a single front charge.



By "badgertheking"



Turn 2

*Turn 3***Turn 3**

worked.

For his turn 3 he moved the berserkers up, but was out of charge range, and turned the Shieldbreakers around to face my army, ready to charge next turn. His Ironwatch shot at the Knights and managed to inflict 3 damage, but the knights passed their nerve check so stayed.

For my turn 3, I moved the sergeants down the table to face off against the Shieldbreakers and I charged the Ironwatch with my Knights, hoping to break them in one turn and to be able to move straight on out of the front arc of the Shieldbreakers. It

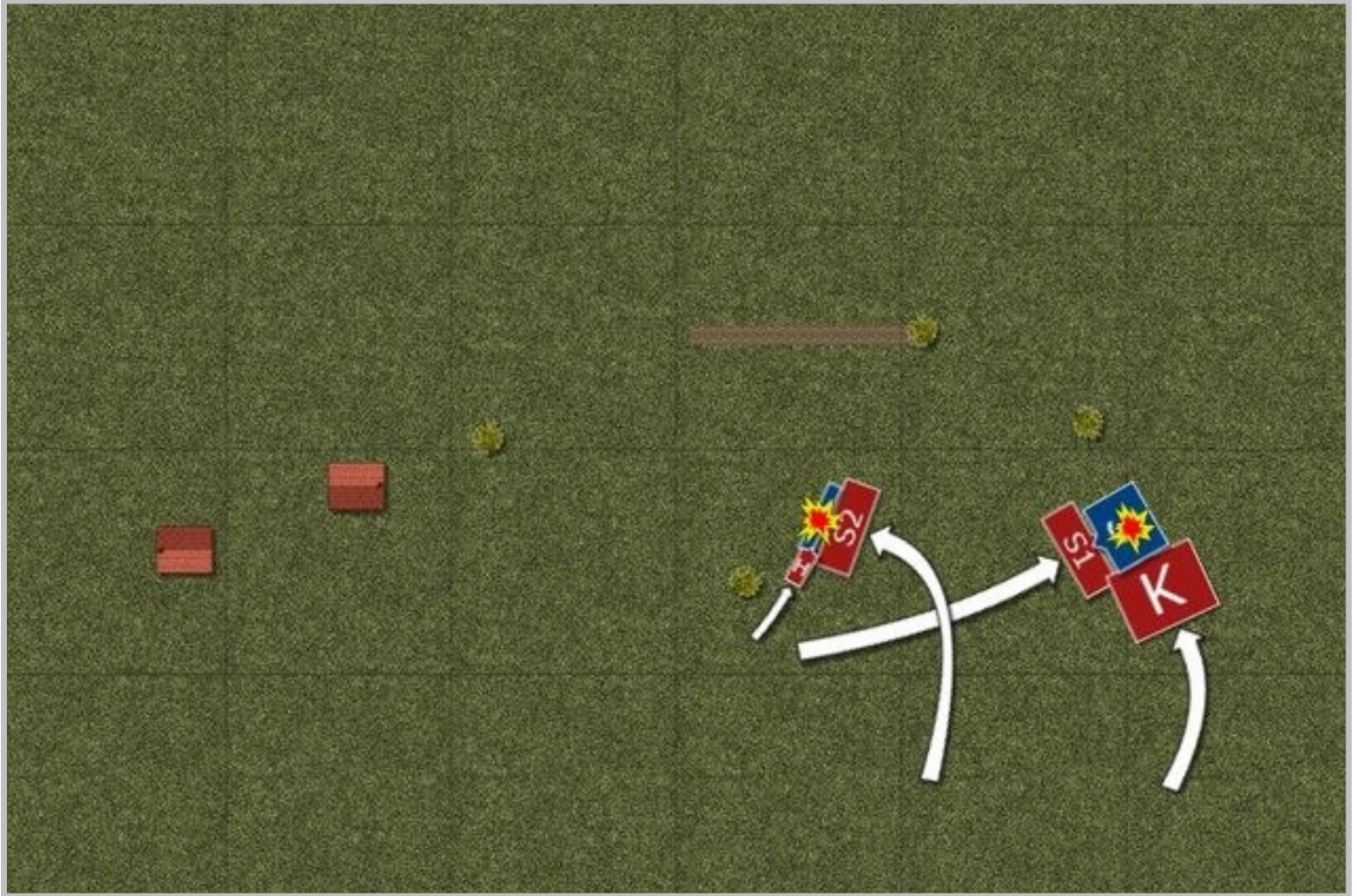
*By "puggimer"*



By Chris Schlumpberger



Turn 3



Somewhere between Turn 4 or 5

My memory's a little fuzzy here I'm afraid. Somehow (I think there was another turn involved), I managed to wheel my knights around and charged them and one of the sergeants into the Shieldbreakers, and my Sergeants either charged or were charged by his Berserkers. Both Dwarf units were wiped out without doing any more damage to my army.

Left on the board I had my entire army, with a whole 3 points of damage on Knights.

VICTORY!!!

We both agreed that cavalry armies are extremely powerful when they have the open space to move as they wish without the enemy force being able to put significant pressure on them. We noted that we were playing a very small game on a very large board, and a 1,800 point game on the same size board would have left me very little room to maneuver.

Rematch

We then swapped armies for a rematch, me playing with his dwarfs and him with my army. Rather than spread the army out, I bunkered my dwarfs around the hill, making sure that no flank was exposed and any charge could easily have a counter charge.

I did much better but ultimately still failed to win. The game basically came down to a brawl in the corner and a battle of attrition.

After several turns of charging, recharging, and a little bit of shooting and the only units left on the board were the berserkers and Knights, both with quite a few damage markers. Unfortunately the Knights were able to charge the berserkers and wiped them out. It was a very close run thing

though, and a couple of dice rolls going either way could have changed the outcome completely!



By "imm0rtal reaper"



Rematch, the Brawl in the Corner



Knights: Victors of the Brawl in the Corner



By Boris Samec

BIG GAMES!

It was at this point that a couple of special people turned up. We decided to put several tables together and have a massive battle, with as many models on either side as we could muster. You may recognize them in this photo:

(Hint: Ronnie & Alessio!)

In the end, the forces of good mostly held back the forces of evil (including my men), but not without taking significant casualties. Another couple of turns and it might have swung the other way! The absolute star of our end of the table was a goblin wizard who was sniping elf units left, right and center with his Zap! spell every single turn!

Ronnie also brought down a LOT of stuff to show off, including the new Abyssals and Forgefathers. Photo's don't do them justice guys!

He also brought down a rather big, thick book. Which had the words "Kings Of War" written on it. A big hardback book with lots of pages and lots of artwork.

It's gorgeous guys. I cannot wait for mine to arrive. The magic items are awesome, the artwork is awesome, the map is great, and everything just stunk of pure awesomeness.

Also, Mr. Ronnie brought down an extra special present for us all. It was a little printed book each, very fresh from the printers (Ronnie was getting high from the glue fumes all night). [The new mini rulebook](#) for the 3rd edition of the rules. AWESOME!



The Mega-Battle

Thank you Ronnie! (Ed. Note: This story was written in June of 2012, so the new rulebook hadn't been released yet!).

It was an absolutely fantastic night, and well worth travelling halfway down the country for! Hats off to Mr. JP who arranged it all. ▀



THE BACKGROUND OF THE SYLVAN FEY

By Matt Gilbert

Striking south from the Ruins of Vantoria, and across the Infant Sea, the shores of the Elven Kindreds can be found. Numerous trade routes crisscross the melt-water and while more direct and dangerous routes are possible, a ship's captain must be ever-mindful of the ocean's perils. Pirates roam the waves, and what lies beneath is best left to the imagination. Safely across and moving inland, travelers encounter well-trodden thoroughfares as they leave the coastal ports, but eventually the Wild takes over as

the country turns to rolling grassland and climbs gently toward a range of hills.

The grassland gives way to a vast and ancient forest. To the west lie the mountains of Alandar, haunt of the dragon. To the east, the arid lands of the Eastern Kindred lie like a slumbering beast, the threat of the creeping desert ever present. But here, under the leafy canopy, lies the realm

of the High Marshall and of Laraentha Silverbranch, Mage-Queen and forest Guardian. As a traveler, that you have got so far unmolested is a testament to your tenacity and cunning, for you have entered the Twilight Glades. You are being watched.

The living sculpture that is the city of Ileuthar can only be found by those who know the paths or who have a willing guide. For those that don't, the Glades are a perilous place, the shifting tracks and paths leading the weary journeyman round in circles, deeper into the undergrowth, never to return. The very air is alive with a pervasive energy, there on the edge of consciousness, primal and tantalizingly full of promise but always just out of reach. Even those not blessed, or cursed, with knowledge of the arcane can feel something on the edge of perception, a taste of

something alien and cryptic. There is magic here.

The Elves of the Glades are different to the other Kindreds, more in tune with the natural world around them. Meeting them offers a mirror into the past glories of the race. They are a people cursed with introspection and regret, forever contemplating the follies of their ancestors who they believe turned from nature's path. Ancient practices and rituals were shunned in favor of building with stone and forging with steel, spoiling the essence of their



hugging the massive roots and snaking between the impossibly twisted branches sparkle and flicker with faerie fire, while will-o-the-wisps and capricious forest sprites frolic across the patchwork marshland of ponds and streams that lie between the trees. Those unlucky enough to find themselves in this place lie drowned in these fog-pools, armor and weapons rusting around their bones, their grinning skulls visible just beneath the surface, watching and waiting for a companion to join them in

people forever. They hold true to the ancient ways, living in harmony with nature and close to the origins of the world-tree. They are an enigmatic people, as much a part of their forest as any bird, beast or tree that lives there. They nurture it, tend it and protect it with their very souls.

In the deepest, darkest and most treacherous parts of the Glades the charge in the air is palpable, the forest alive with purpose. Little light breaches the canopy of the ancient arboreal sentinels. The mists





There are stories of the Fey taking other Elf children in the night, never to be seen again. Elven scholars scare their young charges with tales of the Fey spiriting them away should they fail their lessons. These are perhaps just legends and fairy stories, for the Sylvan Kin and the Fey are on peaceable terms. The Fey are even known to lend martial support to the armies of the Glades, but such aid can be fickle, coming when and where the Fey so choose.

eternal slumber. This is the domain of the Sylvan Fey.

The Shadow Paths are known to both the Kin and the Fey. Accessed by the portal known as the Glade of Ways, the

The Fey are Sylvan Kin who have fully become one with nature as they believe the ancestors once were. They are an extension of the living forest, spread from the seedlings of the world-tree and as ancient as the land on which it grows. Mysterious even by the standards of the other Elves in the Glades, the Fey inhabit the most magical parts of the forest, amongst the faeries and sprites that dwell there and are a rare sight to behold for the alien visitor. If they are seen, it is because they choose to be. Encountering them is often fatal for anyone foolish enough to encroach upon their world.



pathways offer the traveler routes to all places, but they are perilous and can be trodden only by those with great knowledge and power. There are few Kin with the skill and bravery to walk the Paths but the Fey use them without thought. The Paths are simply an extension of the forest and world in which the Fey are a part. Magic seeps through them, and they through it. As a consequence, the Fey will travel across the world where they feel their presence is required. The largest concentration of the Fey outside the Twilight Glades is thought to be in the Forest of Galahir, East of the Abyss, on the edge of the Mammoth Steppe. No one truly knows and it is a brave or foolish man who would try to find out. ▀





By Boris Samec

SAGE ADVICE AND RANDOM MUSINGS

Hobby chatter from a hairy old gamer.

Terrain. It's something that we all need, yet few of us pay attention to it. This is quite strange as we spend many hours, days, weeks, months, or in my case, years painting up armies, sometimes to astonishing levels of detail and finish. Then we spend yet more hours pushing them around our own or a mate's table quite often with less than fantastic terrain features. There are many reasons for this, but I will focus on the two primary reasons, in my opinion.

Way back when I was a wee young gamer, there was very little terrain parts available to buy. You could buy trees and reindeer moss (lichen) for hedges from model railway shops and.... Well, that was about it, really.

Anything else you had to make yourself or improvise. I had quite a few enjoyable games on my bedroom floor using a green sheet with a few choice books used for hills and crumpled up green tissues for hedges. Essentially, I wanted to spend my modest gaming budget on miniatures, and I didn't have the artistic flair for making terrain. I didn't have a clue where to start anyhow, as terrain guides were few and far between at best. Now 20 odd years later, I have played some great games but with terrain that only "did the job" at a basic level. Yes, it blocked line of sight, but then so too would a cup of tea and a chocolate bar, and they would have been a bit tastier too!

These days you young whippersnappers have it easy; the information on the internet alone could keep an infinite number of geek monkeys making an infinite number of games tables for an infinite number of years. What is available now can tell you all the

what, how and whys of making terrain in varying degrees of complexity for gamers of every skill level. This is great for gamers, and if you make it yourself, the terrain costs are usually very low so you can use more money on new units rather than terrain.

Should you wish to spend a little more money, or save yourself the pain and disappointment of failed projects due to your lack of skill, there is an ever increasing number of professional terrain makers who for a reasonable (and some not so reasonable so be sure to shop about) price will make stock features which you can buy to enhance your set up. Some of these pieces even come pre-painted while not being overpriced (See Pegasus and 4ground). And let's not be forgetting the vast array of laser cut items you can buy nowadays, which

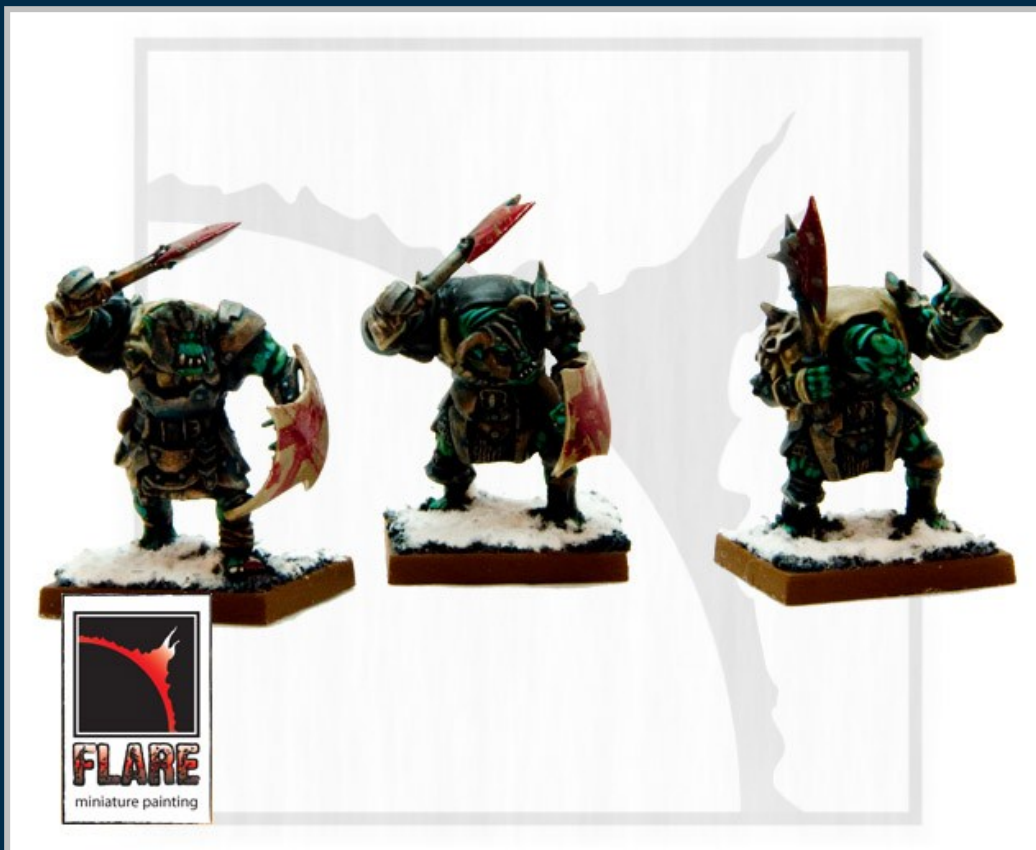
are an excellent option as well. Some laser cutting companies even offer pre-stained products, so once you have built the kit it looks more like a house and less like a burnt bit of MDF.

All these terrain options are available at a reasonable cost. You can buy houses, defenses, sci-fi walkways, barriers, vehicles, and much more. All these items are available "off the peg" ready to use with little or no more effort than opening the bag and plunking them down on the table.

So what are the two reasons for poor terrain? They are generally "I can't be bothered" or "I can't afford it". I imagine most readers will fall into one of these categories, but there is no way that you can fall into both with the easily available information and low priced terrain available in the gaming community these days. We are living in a gaming renaissance!

Additionally, games shows are a great place to find out about stuff that's available and see things up close. They are excellent places to buy pre-made terrain. You could buy both your army and everything to go on your table as well.

If you have any comments, do get in touch with me via the mantic forums (Orcsbain).



By Darren Lysenko

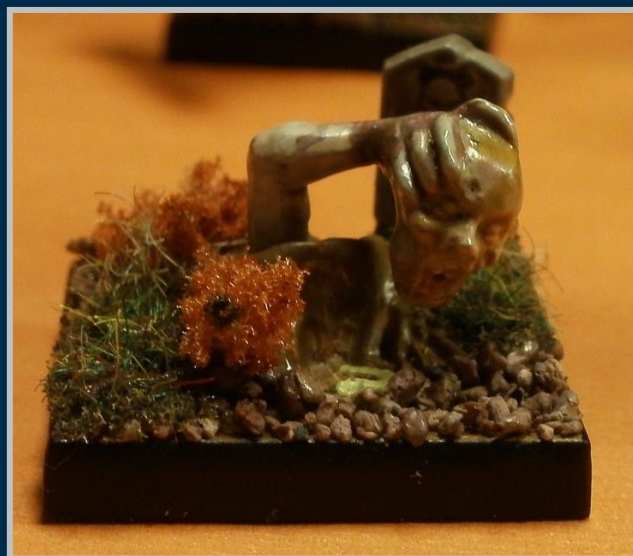


By "Osbad"

I'd love to hear feedback and thoughts from you. If you are in the UK, I urge you to try to get to Salute at Excell in London on April 20, 2013. It is an awesome event, and Mantic reps will be there in force demoing all sorts of stuff.

Remember the objective of the game is to win, the point of the game is to have fun, and the two should never be confused.

-Bil



By "left64"



By Jonathan Faulkes

it's a job

By Aaron Magno

The Anvor System was “discovered” by the Corporation several generations ago. It was a profitable part of the galaxy for the Corporation with mining operations set up on a number of the planets, planetoids and moons in the system. Anvor-5 was especially profitable as it was a habitable planet for humans, provided large areas for agriculture and the world’s indigenous alien race primarily lived in the planet’s most hostile regions away from Corporation operations. Now, however, there was a problem...

The sun was setting as Hiljak made his way to the outskirts of the Marlourne property. Some would have considered the sunset towards which Hiljak rode a beautiful sight but he saw it as only a time piece slowly winding down to an arbitrary end point and he wanted to be heading in the opposite direction before then. Heading home instead of towards another problem requiring his attention; In this instance it was a fault in the irrigation system.

Impatient to learn the precise nature of the problem causing him to delay the end of his working day Hiljak accelerated towards his



By “Sneaky Chris”

destination. As he sped up the quad bike beneath him seemed to lurch forward and Hiljak found himself holding on a little firmer. The rows of maquali vines either side of him became nothing more than a blur in his periphery at the new speed while the irrigation tower before him seemed to grow out of the ground as he sped towards it.

Hiljak hit the brakes hard as he came upon the tower, resulting in the quad bike skidding before it came to a stop about ten meters from the tower. A slight smile flashed briefly across his lips having enjoyed that momentary loss of control. He felt silly enjoying such a trivial thing but justified it as something required to break up the monotony of the working day. He was also glad that nobody was around to see him enjoying that brief moment.



By "Daedle"

Dismounting the quad bike Hiljack looked around his local vicinity. The maquali vines reminded Hiljak of the grape vines from the plantation he had grown up on except that they were grown to a greater height. Although they were taller the maquali vines barely reached the height of an average human man's shoulders. As such, Hiljak was

able to see quite far into the distance as he scanned the area. Not that there was really anything to see this far out from the homestead.

Besides the irrigation tower before him and the other towers he could just make out in the distance the only distinguishable feature was the glow of the plasma fence on the boundary of the property. The irrigation tower was a simple metallic structure that was roughly twice the height of an average man that was divided into three segments. The largest segment at the base of the tower was as wide as five men and had a number of hoses and pipes connected to it. The segment above this was narrower and contained several points of ventilation for the various automated pumps housed inside. The final segment at the top of the tower was even narrower and was tapered to a rounded peak.

The only distinguishable feature was the glow of the plasma fence on the boundary of the property

Once Hiljak switched off the engine of his quad bike the only sound he could hear was that of flowing water from the direction of the irrigation tower. As he approached the metal structure he initially could not see where the water was coming from but as he made his way around the right side he finally saw the cracked pipe leading from the ground into the irrigation tower. As the water gushed from the pipe, Hiljak looked

toward the horizon where the sun had practically faded from view.

In the twilight the glow of the perimeter fence was more pronounced, and heading back to his quad bike to retrieve his tool box, Hiljak could feel a cool breeze blowing, hearing it rustling through the leaves. After picking up his toolbox and taking several steps towards the tower Hiljak sighed as it occurred to him that a little extra light would probably help him in his task. So he returned to his quad bike and started it up. The engine purred to life and Hiljak rode the bike around to the side of the irrigation tower with the broken pipe.

Leaving the engine running and the lights of the quad bike facing the tower Hiljak collected his toolbox once again. As he knelt down beside the cracked pipe he had the opportunity to inspect the damage with greater scrutiny. It hadn't occurred to Hiljak that the amount of water he had heard

flowing from the crack was quite large. In fact the crack was quite large. It didn't even look like a crack but like a large hole that had been gouged into the pipe.

Whatever had caused the damage had caused the metal around the hole to become jagged and twisted

"What could have done that?", Hiljak thought to himself as his eyes went to the glow of the fence on the

boundary. He had seen some of the local indigenous wildlife and had no doubt they could do such damage but there was no way they could have gotten past the fence. Puzzled, Hiljak opened his toolbox and took out his multipurpose laser tool. Not wanting to waste time isolating and shutting down the pump responsible for the water flowing out of the hole Hiljak went straight to repairing the pipe. He was going to have to first cut a smooth edge around the hole before welding a metal patch over it, since whatever had caused the damage had caused the metal around the hole to become jagged and twisted.



By "Pathfinder Pete McF"



By Matt Gilbert

The small beam of energy being discharged from the multipurpose laser tool was applied to the edges of the hole. Steam was produced when the beam of energy made contact with the water. Hiljak thought to himself that this was going to turn into some hot work and was grateful that the breeze had picked up as he heard the leaves of the maquali vines rustle. That's when time started to slow down for Hiljak and his mind began to race. He had heard the rustling of the leaves over the noise of the quad bike's engine. It would have had to have been a strong wind to be that loud and not the

gentle breeze Hiljak felt. He rose to his feet and spun around to face away from the irrigation tower only to be momentarily blinded by the lights of his quad bike.

Moving towards the bike he kept an eye on the rows of maquali vines. Suddenly two shadowy figures burst forward from amongst the vines. Hiljak could barely make out what they were but he had decided they weren't human. In fact, to Hiljak they looked impossibly like giant rats. Madness he thought as his mind struggled to take in everything that was happening.

Time started to slow down for Hiljak and his mind began to race

All thoughts were gone a second later to be replaced by the sensation of pain as acid was sprayed at his face. Hiljak screamed in agony but his mind did not even register that he was making the sound. It barely registered the giant drill that had been rammed into his chest. A moment later Hiljak's brain never registered another thought or feeling again▪



By "ManticfanboyLAD"

NO LOOSE ENDS

By "Sukura636"

Damen Euis stood nervously in the empty room. His shaking hands struggled to keep a grip on the metal data pad, and he couldn't help but jump at the shadows as he waited for his contact to arrive.

It had all sounded so simple - turn up to the tower, hand over sensitive data to an Enforcer captain, and then return in time for a gratuitous promotion into the higher echelons of the firm. But standing in the cold room, with the darkness seeming to close in around him, it didn't sound like such a good idea after all. He'd never even seen an Enforcer. Oh, there were images transmitted across the webnet every day, but he had always kept his head down, and wasn't interested in such things. It was safer that way.

A heavy clunk of metal on metal made him jump suddenly. Before him stood an immensely tall armored figure, in gloss black armor. There was a soft hum in the air from the numerous devices hidden in the suit. A gauntlet hung above a large, holstered laser pistol, and a pair of glinting red lenses regarded him with indifference.

Damen tried to speak, but his voice seemed to have disappeared. For a moment, he gawped at the towering figure, before clearing his throat and trying again.

"The Jack of Diamonds?"



By Matt Gilbert

The Enforcer didn't answer. If there was any kind of response, the Damen didn't see it. He looked down at the pad in his hands, as if he had forgotten what it was for. Taking a deep breath, he straightened himself, and held out the pad.

"Your mission is to-"

"No details." The Enforcer's curt response cut him off. The voice was level and almost mechanical, and Damen wondered if it was a man or a machine that he was staring at.

The Enforcer methodically scrolled through the data on the pad, with no visible reaction. When he was done, he simply crushed the pad in his hand, with a whirr of servos and a shower of sparks. Dropping the crumpled remnant, he unholstered the pistol, and leveled it with Damen's forehead. The man froze, eyes wide.

"What-"

"No loose ends," interrupted the Enforcer.

There was a flare of red light before the body hit the ground. There was no head - the weapon had vaporized it.

Within minutes, the Pathfinder Enforcer had left the tower, and there was no evidence that Damen Euis had ever existed.■



By "badgertheking"



By Chris Schlumpberger

Inside:

The Battle of Gallohell

Dwarves and Elves grudgingly ally to ward off the depraved assault of the Twilight Kin...

Dwarf Infantry Overview

Learn key uses and strategies for the varied foot units and troops of the Dwarven race...

Daedle's Rampaging Hordes

Follow the battles of Daedle's Kingdoms of Men against the Dwarven armies...

IT'S A JOB

When something breaks open an irrigation pump, Hiljak learns that wildlife is not the only danger on Anvor-5...

And much more!