

# IRONWATCH



**Issue  
09**

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## ABYSSAL TIDINGS

## A Message from the Editor

Welcome again to another thrilling issue of the **IRONWATCH** Fan Magazine! This issue we have a thrilling battle report about Goreax the Orc warlord, as well as the second installment of It's a Job, in which the governing leaders of Anvor-5 struggle to formulate a plan for the Veer-myn invasion!

In addition, the Deadzone Kickstarter has begun! Be sure to check out and support the campaign, and pledge for this fantastic game written by Jake Thornton, creator of Dreadball. As of this publication, the campaign has surpassed a quarter of a million dollars and still going strong! Be sure not to miss this fantastic opportunity as the stretch goal bonuses and add-ons start piling on, with the Alpha rules for Deadzone to be released sometime this week!

Finally, a special thank-you to all you contributors out there who have helped make the **IRONWATCH** magazine a rousing success, and for all your readers, whether new or old, thanks for reading, and Welcome to the Watch!  
 -Austin

*Cover art by Mark Smith, based on a sketch in  
 the Kings of War rulebook  
 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!

### Conquer your Foes! For Charity!

The Mantic Pathfinders in the UK are running a series of Kings of War tournaments to raise money for charity. Entry is easy – your army doesn't need to be painted and doesn't even need to be Mantic models which means almost anyone can play!

Each event lasts a day and you'll play 4 timed games of 1600 points (allies are permitted). The ticket price includes lunch and, as well as a winner's trophy, Mantic have provided some great prize support.

The winner also gets to choose which charity all the money from each day goes to (after expenses).

Later in the year there will be a national final too.

So what are you waiting for? Sign up today! Full details here:

<http://forum.manticblog.com/showthread.php?2810-Pathfinder-KoW-tournaments-2013>

and the tournament packs are here:

<http://sdrv.ms/T8apY0>



By "TSNC"

### PRIZES FOR THE REGIONAL EVENTS

**1st place** - Winner's trophy. Signed new KoW book with choice of Ogre or Basilean army box on release week. Choice of the charity to receive the day's proceeds.

**2nd place** - signed new KoW book and an Ogre Unit.

**3rd place** - new KoW book on release.

**Firestorm Games, Cardiff:** WON BY CHRIS MORRIS (well done Chris!)

**Marauder Games, Stockport:** June 8th

**Tabletop Nation, Hockley:** June 29th

*Thanks to Matt Gilbert for putting together the information for this event!▪*

# GOREAXE MARCHES ON

*A Kings of War Battle  
Report by Chris Cousen  
and Stuart Smith*

## INTRODUCTION by Chris Cousen

For this 'battle day' Stuart was to come down to my house. We had discussed a vague background for the battles, with my Krudger invading Stuart's Elvan lands. Goreaxe had already survived the two battles against his dwarves, plus a battle against T'Other One's Undead and a couple of games against another friends Abyssal Dwarves, hence it seemed to fit that we would be telling Goreaxe's story once again.

The first battle was a small 600pts encounter, limited to one Hero/Monster and one War Machine, but otherwise with army building as normal. As this was the start of the Orc invasion, Stuart chose forces that might have got to the borders quickly, mobilised to the defence of the lands.

I placed terrain based around a ruined farm (a version of the one in 'Bloodbath at Orc's Drift' for those with long memories). We then placed three objective markers on the centre line and rolled to shift them up to 6" away. Stuart then chose one objective to be



*The Orc Army*

the hiding place of any one magic item worth up to 25 points. (Brew of Courage as it happens). Victory went to the player who captured most objectives, or in the case of a draw, on points as in the main rulebook.

This first battle was short, giving us time for a mooch around the game shops of Huddersfield, then fish and chips followed by a second 900pt game, this time a more straight forward fight to the death.

## The Looting of the Elven Lands.

Deployment; both sides lined up facing each other, though the Stormwind Cavalry were somewhat off to their left, beyond the wood. Both units of Sniffs snuck forwards towards the ruined farm, whilst the Elvan Scouts also tried to reach the farm and the Sylvan Kin forged ahead.



*The Orc line advances.*

regiment held.

## Turn 2

Desperate to drive the greenskins away, the Sylvan Kin charged the Greataxes, and with a flap of leathery wings, the Elf Lord on his Drakon flew straight at the Sniffs, still celebrating their shooting. The Scouts manoeuvred round the melee in front of them and loosed a volley at the Gore Riders, but the flimsy elf arrows just bounced off the Orc's

armour.

## Turn 1

The Sylvan Kin ripped into the Orcs (5D), who

The bulk of the Orc army surged forward, the Greataxes running to try to reach the Sylvan Kin and chop their wooden bodies to pieces. Origble, the Orc Flagger stayed behind Orc lines, waiting to use his Healing Charm when required, and hoping to inspire the brave Orcs onwards.

To everyone's surprise the first unit of Sniffs loosed a volley of arrows at the Elvan spears, and several of the pale skins fell (2D), but the



*The Elf Lord attacks the Sniffs*

were on the brink of running when they saw Origble behind them and though better of fleeing. The Elf Lord presumably found the Sniffs too low to the ground, and was barely able to touch them (1D) so backed off while they laughed at him.

### Turn 3

With a mighty roar the Orc forces charged their Elvan opponents, the Sniffs neatly sidestepping to make way for the Horde. Despite the steady rise and fall of axes, the entire Elf line held, although Origble was able to heal some of the damage the Greataxes had taken previously. (Best Nerve roll was a 4!).



*The Sylvan Kin and Greataxes contest the runestone*

### Turn 4

The Elf Lord Caldereff, urged his Drakon over the Horde and hit Origble, the Sylvan Kin, looking fiercer than ever, charged the Greataxes whilst the Scouts contacted the Gore Riders and the Spears hit the second group of Sniffs. Over on the flank the Stormwind Cavalry turned to face the battle line, specifically the flank of the Orc Horde, a tasty target if they could charge in next time.



*The Sylvan Kin about to wipe out the Greataxes as fights break out across the battle line.*

The Sylvan Kin obliterated



*The leaders duel*

their opponents (7D) and the Elven Spears were just as effective, driving their Sniff opponents from the field; Origble took a few wounds (3D) and wondered about fleeing, but he realised that would set a bad example and merely stood there, unsure of what to do next (Wavering after re-roll). The Scouts inflicted a little damage to the Gore Riders (3D), but the stout Orcs held firm.

### Turn 5

The remaining Orcs charged forwards, the Gore Riders into the Scouts and the Horde into the Elvan Spears, apart from the last few Sniffs who shot desperate arrows into the Sylvan Kin, and Origble who jigged around,

unsure of what best to do.

The Sniffs shooting was enough to release the Sylvan Kin from whatever magic bound them, and they crumbled to bits. The Gore Riders likewise wiped out their opponents and turned to face the Drakon as the Horde drove the Spear Elves away and turned to face the oncoming Cavalry.

### Turn 6

Seeing his forces driven from the field the Elf Lord urged his Drakon to charge Origble again. Following their leader's example, the Cavalry smashed into the Orc Horde. The Lord was triumphant, as Origble fled the field in terror, but the Horde was made of sterner stuff, and the few wounds the Cavalry inflicted (2D) merely angered them.

### Turn 7

The Gore Riders had the Elf Lord in their sights and pounded over the turf into contact. With a roar the Horde closed the



*With the Greataxes gone things look bleak for the orcs*

distance with the Cavalry, but they had to scramble over the farm's walls, and were unable to fight effectively. The Sniffs turned to face the Horde and the Cavalry, unsure of where best to loose their arrows as no target presented itself, so they merely shouted insults at the elves.

The Horde, hampered by the walls, were unable to even wound the Elves, much to the pinkskins delight. The Gore Riders did slightly better (2D), enough to ground the Elf Lord for now (Wavering).

### Turn 8

With their Lord unable to act, perhaps pondering some deep philosophical concept, the Cavalry charged in against the Horde. Their lances spitted a few Orcs (2D), but not enough to drive back the jeering greenskins.

### Turn 9

The Gore Riders took advantage of the Elf Lord's indecision, deeply wounding him (4D), but he merely stared off into space (Wavering again). The Horde pulled some of the Cavalry down (2D), but they held firm.

### Turn 10

The Stormwind Cavalry were increasingly worried. Their Lord seemed unwilling or unable to act. They were the only Elves left to defend the land, so bravely charged in, perhaps even impressing the Orc Horde in front of them. Some of the Orcs fell (3D), but the main mass of Orcs held firm.



*By Matt Gilbert*

### Turn 11

Charging in once more, the Gore Riders finally pulled the Elf Lord from his mount. He was trampled underfoot (hoof?) whilst the rest of the riders brought the Drakon down with their spears. Over near the wood



*Looking along the defensive elf battle line.*

the Orc Horde had had enough. They charged home and drove the few scattered Cavalry off the field of battle.

### **Afterwards...**

As the Sniffs picked their way over the battle field, looking for loot or something small to torment, one of them found Origle, still clutching his banner. The Sniff tried to prise it from his hands, but the amulet he wore flashed, and the proud Orc rose to his feet, shaking his head.

Origle knew there was a reason why the Elves tried to defend this place so fiercely. He set his troops to uprooting the nasty clean monuments, and found beneath the standing stone a copper bowl full of blue liquid. As a reward for their work in slaying the Lord and his Drakon he let the Gore Riders

drink from it. When they had to fight off the inevitable Elvan counter attack, it would no doubt come in useful.

## **Purge the Forest (Or the battle of the Boomstick!)**

**Stuart Smith writes...**

So with Goreax and his Orcs rampaging through the northern forests of Galahir, Lord Calderef (who had miraculously survived being trampled by the Gore Riders quickly gathered an Elvan Host to rid his woodland home of this foul menace. Gathering in a huge clearing in the forest the elves formed a long defensive line, bristling with spear and bow that would block the Orc advance.



*The rampaging Orc Hordes advance!*

For this battle we chose 900 points of troops each and I opted for a defensive, very 'shooty' army.

Goreax was so un-impressed with his dice throwing in the first game he went out and bought new dice for the second game, but would they be any better?

Lord Calderef flew his Drakon forward, roaring a challenge to the Orc Gore Riders on the right flanks. The Orcs advanced their archer 'Sniff' units which were met with a barrage of Elf bow fire, destroying both of them in the first turn. Calderef charged the gore riders and routed them in just one round of melee, avenging his earlier defeat and leaving Calderef facing



*Lord Caldereff in melee with the mighty Goreax, the dead gore riders in the background.*

the fearsome Goreaxe himself. Even the mighty Goreaxe fell to Calderef's magical elfish blade allowing Calderef to turn back toward the main battle in the centre.



Under heavy missile fire the main Orc hordes raced towards their Elvan foe, suffering many casualties during their advance.

Illadan, the Elf Army Standard bearer pointed his twin headed dragon standard (with Boomstick) at the enemy, 'BOOM!' a bolt of pure magical energy hit the enemy ranks causing further Orcish casualties as the Elves finally moved, surging forward to meet the Orcs in battle. On the left flank the Orcs routed



*Elf Scouts being swamped by an Orc Horde*

*gone. He threw a 3! This was a game turning moment as the Elves then charged back into the melee and routed their enemy. So much for the new dice!*

The elves next lost their Seaguard to the Orc horde on the left before Caldereff flew to the rescue charging the Orcs helped by the heavily wounded unit of Elf Spear. Illadan used his Boomstick to first 'waver' and then rout the hated Orc standard bearer Origble. Caldereff finally defeated the last Orc horde and suddenly the battlefield was silent...

"BOOM STIKKA, BOOM STIKKA, BOOM BOOM BOOM!" chanted the victorious Illadan waving his dragon standard jubilantly in the air.."BOOM STIKKA, BOOM STIKKA, BOOM BOOM BOOM!" roared the victorious Elves and a new Elf war chant was born!

After celebrating their great victory the Elves burnt all the Orc bodies on a mighty pyre but

the elf scouts but lost the battle in the centre as first the Moraxes then a horde of Ax's routed after being charged in the flank by Lord Caldereff.

*At this point it has to be noted that Chris, having inflicted heavy casualties on my Elf Spear unit only needed to throw 4 or above on the Nerve test and the Elf Spear would be*



the bodies of Goreaxe and Origble were not to be found..?

What lessons could I learn from the two battles that Chris and I had just enjoyed? Elves are certainly not as tough as Orcs so trying to just melee with them will usually end in noble defeat. Elves really need to soften the enemy up first with as much missile fire as you can. Chris knew what I was

up to, which is why he tried to advance so quickly. His new dice worked quite well in melee but were useless on most Nerve tests, unlike my sparkly green elf dice that nearly always threw high on my Nerve tests.

So was it tactical cunning that won the day or just lucky dice throws? Who knows, who cares, we had loads of fun!■



# The Tale of Volaron

By "Sukura636"

Volaron pulled gently at the Drakon's reigns, coaxing the creature to bank right. The other two Drakon riders flanking him followed suit, keeping close formation. His keen eyes tracked the ground rushing below them; from this height, they could see for leagues without effort. Their quarry, however, was comparatively small, and thus required a constant vigil.

How long had they lived as nomads? Volaron could no longer remember. The war with gods were a faded memory for many, and the terrible events that beset his kin had their roots there. The Dragonmanes were an accursed people - constantly lost and roaming. Most of them had accepted their fate, but a few had set out to reclaim what was lost.

A spec of bone-colored stone caught his eye. It was nestled away in a rocky valley, nothing but a crumbling remnant. But he could pick out the shape, and the color of the stone. there was no mistake, the ruin had once been an elven waystone.

Volaron turned to inform the others, but they had also spotted something. At the entrance to the valley, the forces of the Abyss were massing. Infernal war engines were being hauled into place by mewling monstrosities, whilst black-hearted warriors chanted in dark tones for an approaching



*By Jonathan Faulkes*

battle.

"We must return to Lord Simardil at once," he said, changing his steed's course to the south, where their camp lay.

"We will have to fight for this one."



By "puggimer"

\*\*\*\*\*

Simardil Dragonmane cast a watchful eye across the arrayed Elven troops. Rank upon Rank of spearmen stood tall and proud, ready for the upcoming battle. The steeds of the Stormwind cavalry paced and shook their heads, whilst their riders remained almost motionless. Amidst the formations he could see the ornate standard of his house. The sculpted icon was held by his younger brother, Castien. The Dragonmanes had once been the ruling house of the city, and, in a way, they still were. Through daring and strength, they had kept their people's faith, and many of the city's forces still followed them to this day, despite all that had happened.

A figure gracefully stepped between the assembled regiments. The Mage-Queen

Astalia seemed to inhabit a different time to the rest of the world; moving slowly, yet somehow always being where she needed to be at the right time. Simardil had tried to persuade her not to fight, for her death would spell the end for their kin, but she was defiant, and ignored his advice. He dared not order her, for he was no more safe from her wrath than the enemy. She carried the sacred

flame of Sel'yn, and she was the only one who could bear it unharmed.

**Horrific creatures, a blend of mortal and abyssal, sparred; impatient for blood and death.**

Across the valley, a deathly pall hung in the air. The armies of the Abyss were destroying the land with the fires of industry and malice. Simardil's keen eyes could see the rabble of slaves being goaded into place. Horrific creatures, a blend of mortal and abyssal, sparred; impatient for blood and death. There were armor clad warriors also, striking their shields and chanting praise to their twisted deities. The only thing Simardil could not see were the abyssal

warmachines. This worried him; the destructive force of the mortars was legendary, and the enemy would not have taken to the field without their support. It was a standoff - both armies stood, assembled and ready, waiting for the first move to be made.

Simardil knew that he would have to be the one to make it. With a deliberate wave of his sword, he motioned to the largest formation of spearmen to advance. The elves had

## He pulled at the reigns and his dragon, Barroth, reared and roared as he took to the sky

barely marched a few feet when several thunderous detonations announced the first salvo of mortar shells. Simardil could see the path of the projectiles, and traced it back to their origin; the infernal warmachines had been concealed behind a crest on the side of the mountain. This was the moment. He pulled at the reins and his dragon, Barroth, reared and roared as he took to the sky. The three Drakon Riders swooped out of hiding and followed.

Forming a diamond, the four winged riders crossed the valley at

speed, heading straight for the enemy artillery. They avoided the bombardment of shells and caught a clear view of the entrenched forces. Three Angkor Mortars, with their abyssal dwarf crews working to reload and continue the barrage. As one, the flying cavalry force dove for the still unaware warriors; the noise from the detonations had masked their approach. The first two dwarfs died swiftly, raked by the claws of the noble reptiles. Others tried to reach for weapons in defense, only to be immolated by Barroth's fiery breath. It was over in a matter of moments. The one remaining crewman fled the destruction, back to whatever master he could grovel to. His task done, Simardil looked to the battle below.

The slaves had now reached the elven lines. They were being cut down easily by the



By "WeedyElf"

disciplined spearmen. The rabble of orcs provided nothing more than a distraction, but a distraction nonetheless. Behind the hordes of slaves, Simardil could see troops of decimators approaching. At this short a range their weapons would be devastating; killing a dozen elves in the first discharge. He directed the Drakon riders to flank them, and they obeyed. They swept down from above and caught the dwarf gunmen with a rear charge.

Elsewhere on the field, scouts taunted the halfbreeds around, feinting charges and firing arrows into the monsters, taking advantage of the foes' bloodthirsty hatred. They could do little lasting damage, but with

careful maneuvering, they put them into position to be charged in the flank by the Stormwind cavalry. The elite creatures proved a difficult foe to best, only stopping when the last of their number had been slain. The blacksouls had now been engaged by the bulk of the elven host, and were fighting hard. A giant of a dwarf, made all the more imposing by his immense armor shouldered his way to the front lines.

Simardil took to the sky and quickly landed ahead of the leader, crushing several of the blacksouls as he did. He leveled his sword at the enemy commander in a challenge. The abyssal lord roared, and charged. ▀



*By Matt Gilbert*



## Clash of Kings

By Matt Gilbert

### Introduction

I've been on a journey. It's been like a roller-coaster.

Right... enough of that reality TV nonsense chatter – however, a lot of you have been following the progress, trials and tribulations of the Pathfinders as they've blogged their way to the Clash of Kings and, although no-one was actually voted off, in the end only three of us made it to the event with our armies completed. Neil, Andy and I now

present our final thoughts on the whole project and our experiences from the tournament itself.

Neil Dixon

### Dwarfs

"Thou shall not get distracted" became one of my commandments though 2012; I was so focussed on getting my Dwarfs complete. This paid off, as wrapped up the painting of my army by January 2013. I only had tactics and plans of how to spend the money if I won to mull over in the days leading up to the event. So, how did I fare?

### Day 1

I opened with a win, but I have no memory



infantry. My Bulwarkers targeted Skeletons in combat, but terrain and their slow movement meant my other regiments could not support. The game finished a draw, which I thought was a fair result.

I faced a Kingdom of Men horde in the third game. Cavalry, cavalry, and more cavalry thrown in for good measure! Knights, screened by Mounted Sergeants were

of my first game. It could have been the early start or the venue's arctic temperatures which created a memory lapse. Either way I apologise to my opponent.

In game two I faced Undead, with numerous regiments of Zombies and Cavalry. I did not have much hope of stopping their superior numbers holding the objectives. Luckily, my cannons saved the game. I blasted his elite Wraiths and Revenant Cavalry, and took out the Zombies in enough numbers to stand a chance. In my opponents centre his Catapults returned fire, but poor positioning of his own regiments blocked line of sight. I am still learning the tricks of how to position Dwarf

upon me almost immediately. I moved second, and my cannons just had no time to lay waste. I deployed as a castle, but was helpless as my infantry and Cannons were systematically surrounded and taken apart. In hindsight I could have deployed my Cannons separately from my infantry to



force his army to split. But, the Kingdom of Men were just too numerous and probably would have overwhelmed my Dwarfs either way.

## Day 2

Game four was a Dwarf on Dwarf battle in my highlight of the weekend. My opponent deployed his five Cannons and Ironwatch Troops along the back of the board. I had two choices – risk a shoot-out, which would have probably ended in a draw, or charge forward, hoping I could do enough damage to pull off a win.

Choosing the latter option, I deployed my Cannons opposite his gun line, with my Rangers in support. My infantry and Brock Riders attempted to launch a pondering flank attack. Despite me taking out a chunk of his defending force of Ironclads and Ironwatch, he had more units and my attack floundered. His Ironwatch gave him the edge in the shooting and were able to support up close, so I lost by quite a margin. In hindsight, I should have gone all out, and risked deploying my Rangers in the flank attack, leaving my Cannons unsupported.

After a rather spiffing, protein packed lunch of bacon, chicken and egg, game five was against Undead. He moved hordes onto the objectives in full view of my Cannons. They



had no chance and by turn five he had one character left. Luckily my opponent did not feel hard done by and still thought it was a good game!

The final game against Orcs was another highlight. I was again in danger of being overwhelmed, as I faced Gore Riders, Ax hordes and numerous Trolls. Luckily, my infantry was inspired by my Banners at key points in the battle, meaning the Orcs were unable to bring their numbers to bear. My Cannons, in two groups, took out the slower moving Ax hordes, preventing them from capturing objectives and claiming vital victory points. The result was a hard fought draw.

## Conclusion

Well, after my very mixed run of results, I did not win. Fifteenth was my final rank. Luckily, I had a great weekend, playing six very varied, enjoyable games, especially on day two. I got to meet Kings of War players from all over the country, and hope to have rematches in the future.

I am now developing my Dwarfs and refining my tactics. The Brock Riders were the most useful unit, as the Dwarfs really need that added speed. Bulwarkers are the strongest infantry, and I am now upgrading my Ironclad. My tweaked army will drop some Cannons, include two Brock Rider troops, a Berserker Lord on a Brock and four Bulwarker regiments. See you next year!

## Matt Gilbert

### Elves

I was really glad I managed to finish my painting with time to spare so I was not rushing it at the last minute. I had to force myself to do the last unit but it was worth it to see the army completed.

Here's the finished Bark-wyrm flyer unit (Drakon Riders) – my last and final unit for the army and the only thing I had left to do after Christmas:

So that was it done. I could relax having decided I didn't have the time (or inclination!) to complete my objective markers for the Clash of Kings. Then, all packed and ready to go on the Thursday night before the big weekend, I had nothing left to do.



Friday morning I got my magnetised\* Drakon Lord out to show the wife and wondered if it would stick to a baking tray. It did but then fell off. I caught both it and the tray but the back leg bent and came away from the base and the paint round the ankle chipped off. Aaaarrgh!

*\* Magnetic strips on the bottom of the bases to hold to the steel paper I'd put in a case for transport to the event.*



So out came the paints and a hasty repair job was done on the leg and ankle. With the paints out and 90 minutes before my mate Jon cam round to pick me up and head up North, the objective counters on the shelf started whispering to me. Unable to resist, I succumbed to their call and was just spray-

varnishing them when Jon arrived.

So they did get done in the end and made it up to the event. Here they are:

Sadly, I'd played a test game on the previous Wednesday evening and my Spirit Weaver (Mage-Queen) had gone between some trees in that game. I

didn't see her when I packed everything up so she missed out on the trip and I had to borrow a Nurgle sorcerer for the weekend as a proxy!

The event itself was great fun. Five of us travelled up from the south coast to play and





we all had a great weekend. Everyone was friendly and all the games were played in a very light-hearted way. I think some people were fearing that the big prize on offer would mean rock-hard tournament armies and aggressive, uncompromising play but that simply was not the case.

My army did about as well as I expected, having been selected for fluff rather than to win and, if I remember correctly, managed 1 win, 3 draws and 2 losses.

I've never really built an army in this way before – picking a list first and then buying and painting specifically and only for that one, fixed list. I know it's something other people do but I'm more the "buy everything so I can pick what I want for any game" collector. I rarely use the same list twice.

It was good fun though and a very different sort of challenge for me. I think I'll probably

revisit the army at some point and add some more units to it, probably some more elven units and maybe the treeman I was envisaging at the start of the project all those months ago.

Happily, even lacking the presence of the Mage Queen, the army won the Best Painted award (there was some stiff competition). It will feature in the KoW book the next time it is released (which means I might just add some more units after all... and it certainly means I have to keep it safe!).

### **Andy Robertson**

That's it: it's done and I lost - but not as badly as I predicted. That's not to say I came complete bottom, I actually did manage to win a couple of games. But lack of experience on the tournament scene really had me concerned early in to the project, particularly with the fact of such a high cash prize up for grabs I really thought unsociable

power gamers would be pouring out of the woodwork at the Clash of Kings tournament. But I couldn't be more wrong. Everyone got on tremendously well; I can't recall any negative outbursts or unsociability of any type. In fact I even found myself at times cheering because I didn't just lose some of my games, but I was completely tabled without killing a thing. And all my opponents could say after each dice roll was "I am so sorry, I really am, I'm not doing this on purpose". And it was great. I can't believe how wrong I was in my expectations of the weekend. And it was a real credit to the community within the forums, Facebook groups and general gaming clubs connected to Mantic Games.

The only part that I feel I let myself down was one particular item that was meant to be the showcase piece of the army, the damn pirate ship. I shared my plans in the past of having two woolly mammoths that would stand in as a fight wagon regiment dragging an old dilapidated pirate ship on wheels. The pirate ship was obviously going to have no real use in a game, I actually planned to have it removable and only really there to be a show piece item. But sadly I never finished it. I got so caught up with other elements of the army such as my chariots and then got

caught up in the holiday season and before I knew it, it was mere weeks to the tournament. I debated attempting to complete something near my original plans though I felt I wouldn't have been able to do it justice and I would potentially be dragging an eyesore to the tournament.

Now that's not to say I've abandoned the idea. Orklina's (the army's female Orc general) mighty pirate ship might one day see the light of day, but saying that, there's a LOT of new miniatures awaiting release for this year (and need I say DEADZONE?) to potentially distract me further. So you'll have to wait and see.

Well to summarise the whole weekend, it consisted of great food, fantastic games and even better company. And it's something of which if you've not yet had an opportunity to attend a Mantic event or tournament then I



strongly recommend you seek the opportunity to. Because it would be something you would not regret. I'm left eagerly waiting for next year's tournament and looking forward to meeting a lot of you again soon. ■



*By Stuart Smith*



*Players at the Pathfinder Regional Kings of War tournament at Firestorm Games, Cardiff - Tournament players are a friendly bunch.*

## Tournaments – Guidance for Prospective First Time Attendees

**By Neil Dixon**

At tournaments I have attended, everyone seems to be seasoned professionals. I take part without any qualms, pretend I know what is going on and take in the lingo. But, if you are a first time tournament goer, this guide will help give you an idea of what to expect. Hopefully I can placate any nerves, whether you are trying to win kudos at your local club, be crowned a Pathfinder Regional or the take home the Mantic Bowl.

### **Why tournaments?**

You may be thinking, “I am not competitive in the slightest, I would not fit in!”. There are loads of reasons to attend tournaments

other than competition. Firstly, and most importantly, tournaments are social events with players attending from all over the country. Put aside any thoughts of a cutthroat, competitive atmosphere. Most tournament players want to meet other gamers with common interests, have fun, see great painted armies and play challenging army lists. I have become firm friends, and found new opponents from attending tournaments because we share a common interest in Mantic.

Secondly, having the date of a tournament as a deadline is a great motivator to paint an army. It is easy to let deadlines slip when painting for club games against friends. Myself and two other Pathfinder attendees at Clash of Kings 2013 (Matt Gilbert and Andy Robertson) planned our armies in advance, spreading purchases and painting over nine months. I liked this approach, and it was great to see my army build slowly. Whatever your deadline, I challenge you to buy a tournament ticket, and not pump out many more models than you thought capable in a short time frame!

Finally, whenever I attend a tournament, I learn loads about the game. I discover new ways of interpreting the rules from playing different players, play armies I have never played and get inspired by new models and painting schemes!

### **What can you expect? - How to win or lose**

Whether you are learning the rules, or consider yourself a 'rubbish' player, there are measures in place to prevent you having a sorry time losing every game by a wide margin. Most tournaments adopt a fair way of pairing players against each other for their next game, so players have a similar win loss record. This means that if you lose, you will be playing against losers!

The Swiss tournament system is widely used for large tournaments. After an initial

random or seeded draw, each player is assigned points depending on their results after each round. For groups of players on a set point value, players from the top half of the group are paired with the bottom half. For example, in a group of six players, the player ranked as number one plays the player ranked at number four.

There is no set standard in tournament systems; there are as many tournament types and pairing systems as tournaments in existence. A variation on the Swiss system is that pairings might match players sequentially, so each rank is paired with the next player ranked below. Some tournaments only take into account whether the game was a win, loss or draw, and discount victory points. Other systems include Leagues, Round Robin or Knockout phases. I think familiarising yourself with the



*Alessio Cavatore at Clash of Kings 2013 - Attending a events can be a great way of querying rules designers and finding out about upcoming developments.*



*Jonathan Faulkes' army at clash of Kings 2013 – Attending tournaments is great for inspiration.*

system of the tournament is useful to calculate how many points you need to score in the game to move up (or down) in the results.

Some tournaments are not competitive at all, and instead are a linked series of scenarios and stories. I recently played in a Kings of War tournament call “The Battle of Hawk’s Ridge”. Armies were split into good versus evil, and winning or losing games scored points for your alignment. At the end, points were calculated and it was determined whether good or evil won. Inventive scenarios with specific objectives were designed which made some interesting games.

### **Other ways of ‘winning’**

Most tournaments have a separate prize for best-painted army. Some include a painting

score with your final tournament result. Not only will your army look good, and (hopefully) roll better results on the dice, but you may have a chance of edging ahead of other players before you even arrive at the event!

When the pressure is on, it is easy to forget your manner, but smiling and being pleasant when you are boiling up inside can be beneficial. Some tournaments allow players to vote on their friendliest opponent, which affects their final ranking. If you go into any tournament with a positive mindset that you will only treat people how you would like to be treated yourself you cannot go far wrong.

Even if you do not win, there is always the wooden spoon. This is given to the player who ranks bottom as a consolation prize. Not really one to aim for unless you like baking...

### Practical advice

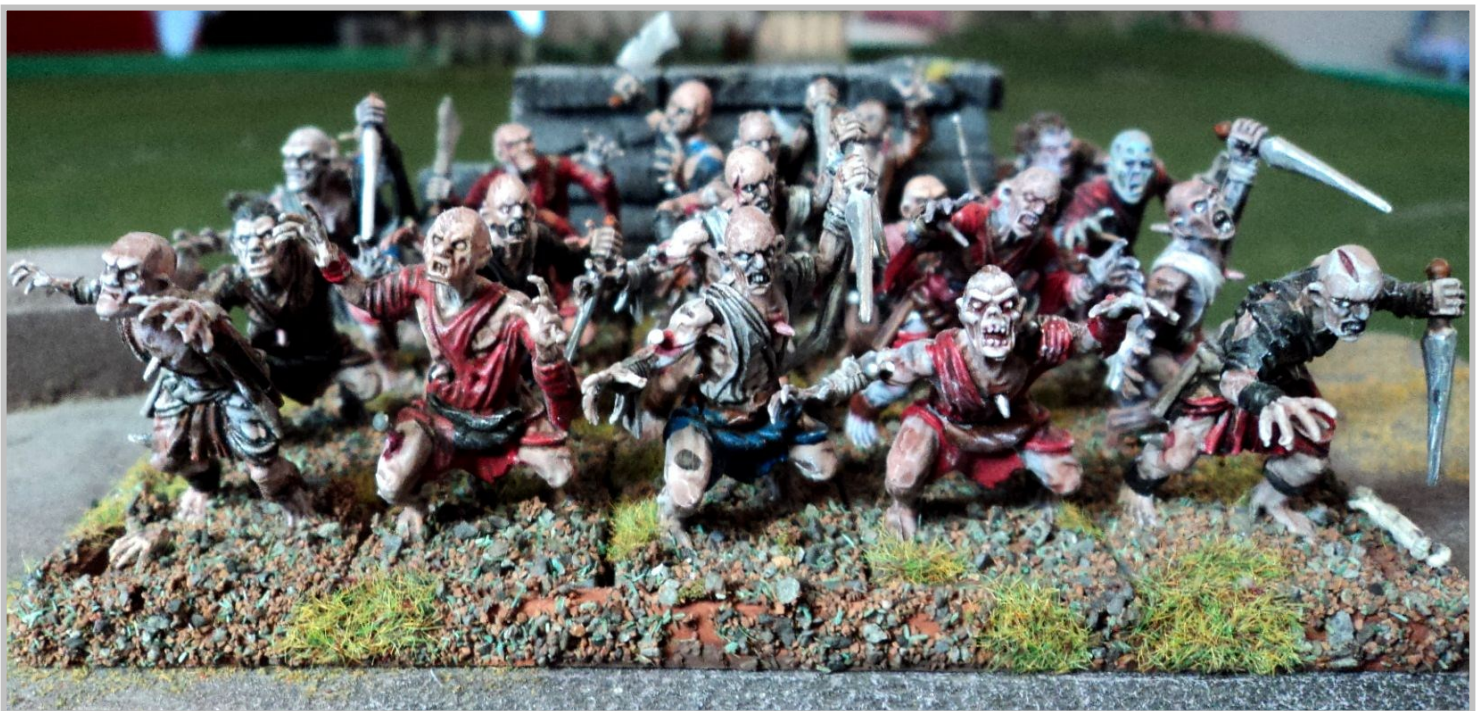
Sounds obvious, but read the Competition Pack before you even pick up a paintbrush and calculator or army building software. First and foremost, see if there are any restrictions on army lists or miniatures you can use, as this will affect your army list. Do you need your whole army painted? Do you need any special models? Closer to the time, read it again and find out the schedule and what time you need to arrive.

Before setting off for the big day, check and double check you have the following equipment:

- Your army(!)
- Tray to set up and carry your army on
- Tape measure
- Pen and paper
- Glue to fix any breakages

- Copies of your army list
- Rules and stats for your army on a quick reference sheet
- Snacks (For sleep deprivation nuts are helpful. Also, chocolate helps concentration and for a hangover get stocked up on apple juice, eggs or coconut water!)

I hope I have shown tournaments can be great to attend, even for players who feel they are uncompetitive or new to the game. I guarantee that attending will be worth it. So, book that next tournament ticket and get painting! ▀



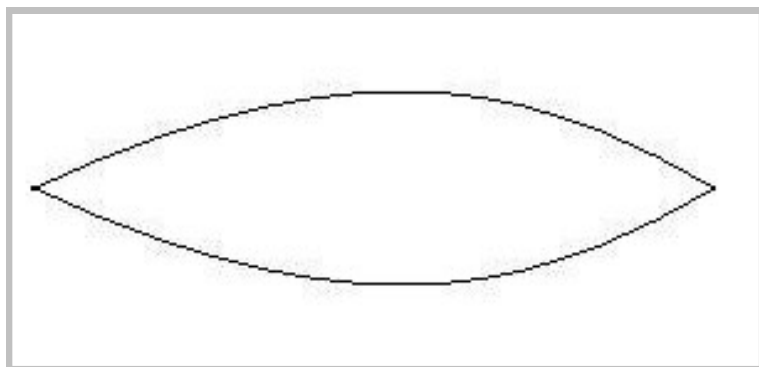
*By Michael Defranco*

# How to PAINT FACES

By "Zirrian"

Heya fellow painters and gamers, I'm Zirrian from the Mantic (and many other) forums, and I've decided to write a little article about painting. Let me tell you that I'm no professional, just an individual who likes to paint, and sometimes does neat paintjobs. I don't want to bore you with my not-so-long hobby history, but if you have any questions after this article, please feel free to ask. There will be more articles, and I try to fulfill requests as we progress. This first article will be on painting faces with (about) 6 easy steps. But first, let's see what you need for painting a mini!

Let's assume that you have all the equipment to assembly a mini, and jump straight to the painting part. So, necessary stuff:



*The eye outline*



*The basecoated miniature*

- assembled mini
- spray paint for basecoating (or you can do it with a paintbrush too, but believe me – it's much easier with sprays or an airbrush)
- white, medium-brown tanned skin paints
- a sharp brush, preferably 2/0, but anything is good for the job as long as it's sharp
- steady hands and sharp eyes

If you have everything, let's do this!

First, apply basecoat. Then paint two large white spots where the eyes should be. It's not a problem if you go out of the line, we'll

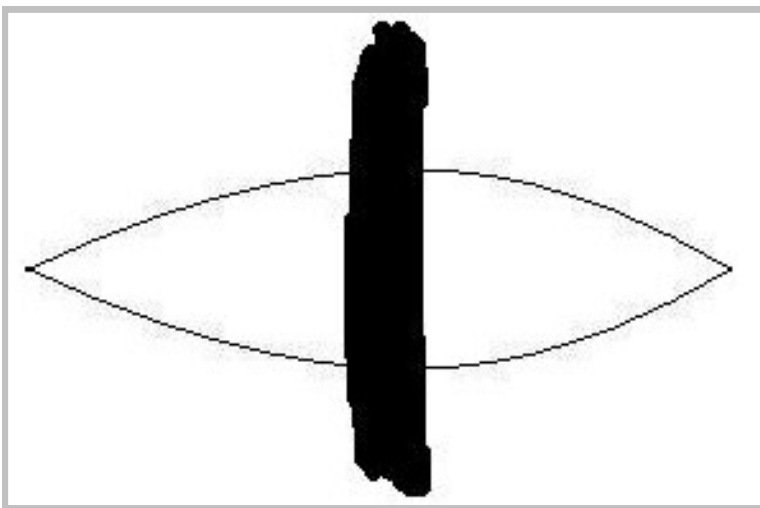
correct it later. Next, paint a line in the middle of the mini's eyes as pupils.

I made the pics with Paint because it was easier to show them like this instead of showing on the mini – that would be really small, believe me.

Next step, get your brown paint and put a layer on the face, but be patient not to ruin the eyes with an unlucky stroke of the brush.

Then, grab your Tanned Flesh paint, and paint all areas but the recess parts. Be cautious with this part too.

And the final, mix Tanned Flesh with White, and paint only the highest areas of the face. This is your final step, and you can basically say your mini's face is done.



*The line for the pupil*



*The initial painting around the eyes*



*Painting the rest of the face*

Of course you can apply this method to any flesh areas on miniatures. As you can see, the steps are not hard, you only need to practice a lot. Oh, and thin your paints. If you need any other skin colours, use the same methods but with different colours (such as: if you need blue skin for some reason, use dark blue as a base tone, and light up to get a blue skin tone). Feel free to ask anything about the article, I'll gladly answer you :)

Next time I'll show you how to paint other areas of the minis – it's not hard, basically you gotta do the same thing but without the eyes.

Yours,

Zirrian (zirrian@gmail.com)▪



*Final touches for painting the face*



*By Jonathan Faulkes*



*By Jonathan Hicks*

# THE SUMMONING

**By Jonathan Peace**

1

The caverns of the Under-Dungeon echoed with the screams of a thousand captives. Locked behind doors of iron and hidden behind walls of stone that were slick with Basilisk venom, their torment was never

ending. Dragged from their homes or snatched from their beds in the dark of night, these unfortunate souls were the playthings of their twisted captors. Strung up by their ankles they hung suspended over giant pits, their faces bathed in the ruby glow from the fires of the Abyss beneath them, while their tormentors sliced their flesh open with delicate cuts. One cut was insignificant, but a thousand of them, two thousand, that was another matter. Slowly they were bled, each scream captured and held forever in the souls of the Twilight Kin.

Dakarshae Kae walked along the corridor, her high boots clicking along the stone in a rhythmic melody. *Click-clack, click-clack*. She almost skipped along, her face contorted with insane glee as the screams

lifted out from behind the doors as she passed. She threw her head back, running long spiked finger-blades through the dark trestles. At her throat a purple gem gleamed in the half-light. No chain held it in place, instead it appeared fused to her flesh, trapped within a binding of bright silver. Her pale skin danced with shadows, the firelight from the torches fastened to the slick walls flickered as a cool breeze glided down the passageway. A tongue, thin and red slipped from between her lips to lick away a droplet of blood that still lingered from her interrogation.

*Oh how she had screamed. Her voice had risen high, bouncing off the cell wall, echoing*

## Each one gave a brisk nod of their helm, their glaives snapping to high-alert in honour of their dark queen

*back again and again with each exquisite slice. Another layer stripped away, another defence taken down. Oh, how she had sung...*

Dakarsha tasted the blood and smiled. Another piece of the puzzle slotted into place, but she would keep that tasty morsel for herself. No one else need know the secrets the maiden had given up. No one but her.

For now.

All along the passageway, standing at irregular intervals were her Darksome Guards. Standing rigid for hours at a time, their blackened armour almost hiding them in the shadows, there was none other that she could trust to guard her captives. The Deepening was a section of the Under-Dungeon that few ever saw and none ever left. As she passed by, each one gave a brisk nod of their helm,

their glaives snapping to high-alert in honour of their dark queen.

She came to what appeared to be a dead-end. The passageway simply ended with a large wall of rock. No torch filled the space, no door or window filled the wall. Without breaking stride, the Dark Queen of the Twilight Kin walked right to the wall, her lips spreading to whisper a single word.

*"Maeesha-hai..."*

The wall flickered for a moment then vanished entirely as she passed through. The sounds of screams faded as she left The Deepening, the wall reappearing as soon as



*By Matt Gilbert*



*By Jonathan Faulkes*

she was through sealing all behind her, guards and captives alike.

The passageways of the Under-Dungeon weren't as dark as those within the Deepening but they were as sinister. They turned and twisted constantly, their edges rough and sharp. Created by the giant Basilisks that lived beneath the mountains of the world, the tunnels wound deeper and deeper into the earth, creating a vast

network of corridors, rooms and hallways into which the Twilight Kin had fled thousands of years ago.

## Utilising their new found powers they had tamed the creatures of the dark and taken their strength for their own

It was a dark tale lost within mist and shadow, where the Twilight Kin loved to dwell. It was a tale of betrayal and loss, of power and glory. The tale of The Sundering-Time was one passed down from generation to generation so that none should ever forget what had happened to them, so that none would forget what they must do. When the Twilight Kin had been cast out by their noble cousins, they had fled beneath the world, hiding themselves away where none would find them or dare to enter. Utilising their new found powers they had tamed the creatures of the dark and taken their strength for their own. Wicked and twisted, they took on the mantle of the creatures of the night, using their strength and their defences as their own – poison and blade and stealth became their life – and the death of others.

Not only Basilisks roamed the labyrinthine passageways that ran under the surface of Mantica. Here lay the Under-Dungeon home of the Twilight Kin, but also Caster's Well, the Forgotten Glen and ShadowDown, all home to dark creatures and lost souls. These passageways of rock and stone led to the

very Abyss itself in places, dark and twisted and hot, full of steam and fire. Even the Kin of the Under-Dungeon feared to venture too close to the territory of the dark Dwarfs, with their Abyssal creatures and arcane abominations. Gargoyles roamed these areas and worse.

Far across the surface world, in the dark realm of Tragar the Abyssal Dwarfs had built two vast towers rising high into the sky from which their noxious vapours would spill as would the cries of whatever new beast they created. These towers punched deep into the flesh of Mantica where they joined with the network of caverns and tunnels known

## These towers punched deep into the flesh of Mantica where they joined with the network of caverns and tunnels

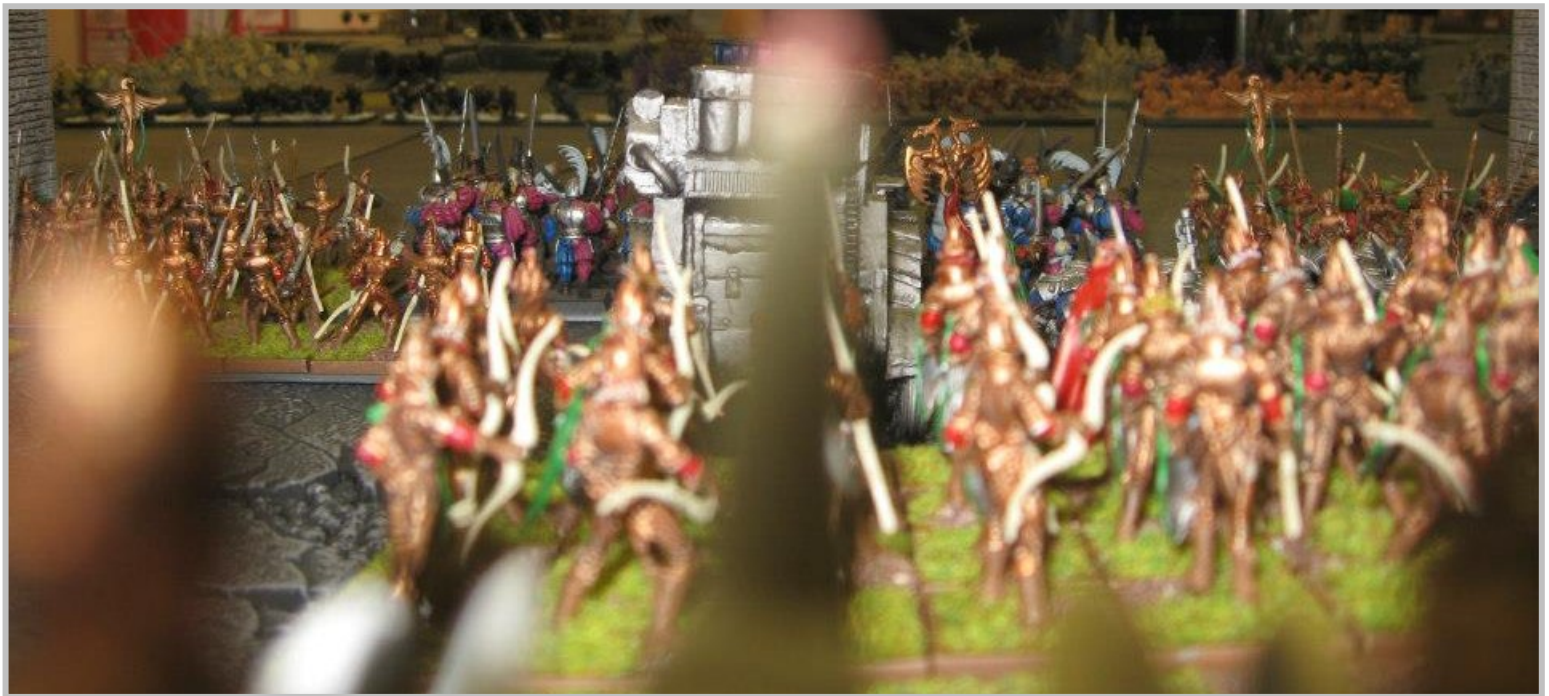
as the Under-Dungeon. Zarak was the greatest of these towers, in whose bloated, burned walls dwelled the Abyssal King Hallak-Roi. Dakarsha shuddered to think of his touch, those metal fingers of his

closing about her arm, each hiss of the steam that escaped the strange device that powered his wicked body. *And the heat. She couldn't stand the heat, all clammy and sweaty.* The Gods be praised she didn't have to treat with him often. Soon though, once more. Soon.

A large set of obsidian doors loomed before her. Beside them stood two Twilight Kin guards, their spears held across the door



By "imm0rtal reaper"



By "Sneaky Chris"

barring all. At her approach they slid back with a soft scrape of metal, one of them pushing open the nearest door for the briefest of moments to allow her inside.

**"He seeks the Bloodstone.  
A fool's game for sure, but  
if he's found a way to  
retrieve it..."**

Hanging from a set of metal chains in the centre of the room was a young Elf. Her body had been stripped bare and a dozen cuts bled red tears that dripped into a golden chalice beneath her. When she saw Dakarsha approach, a low moan sneaked out from behind the gag across her mouth.

The Dark Queen stood beside her captive and ran a bladed finger down the girl's side, leaving another red wound. "It appears you

were speaking truth, dear one," Dakarsha said in a soft purr. "Your tale was confirmed when I spoke with your beloved down within the darkness. How very delightful."

As she talked, the jewel at her throat began to pulse, casting a faint purple light on her face. "He seeks the Bloodstone. A fool's game for sure, but if he's found a way to retrieve it..." Her hand rose to the gem at her throat, long fingers caressing it gently. Where the sharp blades touched, small sparks of energy rippled along its surface. Her voice dropped to a lover's whisper as she circled the girl. She ran the bladed finger of her other hand across the girl's naked flesh, digging deeper with each turn. "Endless possibilities and unlimited power combined. Long have they feared us and now thanks to you, I now know there exists a way to reach out to my sisters wherever they may be, behind whatever walls they are locked behind."

The girl whimpered as another long slice was opened in her flesh. Blood ran down the bladed fingernail to soak Dakarsha's hand. She rubbed the hand across her face, smearing her pale flesh with the girl's blood. "Finally I can rise from the darkness and reclaim that which was once mine. But I will need help..."

Dakarsha left the girl and gathered the chalice from beneath her. Dark blood slopped over the sides, staining the golden chalice, turning it a dark bronze. It stuck within the runes carved on the sides, twisted shapes of bodies contorted in horrific poses. She raised the cup to her lips and drank deeply. When she took the cup away, her face was stained with blood. It ran down her chin to drip across the tops of her breasts.

"Heat and steam. Cold and frost. Wind and earth."

Dark blood slopped over the sides, staining the golden chalice, turning it a dark bronze

The girl struggled against the chains once again but did little more than draw the Twilight Kin sorceress's attention.

"Not the Wind and Earth. Not yet. Her time will come, but not yet. Heat and steam, cold and frost..."

Dakarsha took the cup into one hand. The other opened wide, the long blades at her fingers glinting in the light. She rammed



By "WeedyElf"



*By Jonathan Faulkes*

them into the girls chest, a horrible crunch of bone as they punched through. With a mighty heave she tore the girls heart out and dropped it into the chalice.

“Cold and frost...”

The Dark Queen of the Twilight Kin closed her eyes, tilted her head back and drank deeply. With each new swallow, the gem at her throat pulsed more brightly. Finished she cast the chalice aside, her eyes burning with purple fire. Her tongue lapped up what droplets of blood had spilled across her lips and when she spoke, her voice was an excited, breathless whisper.

“Heat and steam...”

**With a mighty heave  
she tore the girls heart  
out and dropped it into  
the chalice**

**2**

The blue flame flickered wildly as Dakarshae Kae entered her personal chambers. Her boots echoed from the cobbled flags of the Under-Dungeon, their steel tips glinting with blue light as she made her way across the chamber to where her visitor sat, their back to her in a display that was meant to intimidate the Twilight Kin Sorceress but merely amused her.

“I see you found your way to me with no problems,” she said as she slipped into the seat opposite her guest. She reached for a tall vial and poured herself a glass of wine. She didn't bother to offer one to the squat figure before her. Their kind don't believe in such pleasures, choosing to dedicate

themselves to their dark craft. It was why he was here after all.

## Intricate patterns were engraved deep into the gold, and even as she looked they seemed to writhe and twist

“There were – complications,” he said. A waft of superheated air rolled over Dakarshae, the faint tang of sulphur and copper hanging in the light mist that drifted from her visitors armour. She could see better now, seated opposite, that his travel cloak covered a set of gilded armour. Intricate patterns were engraved deep into

the gold, and even as she looked they seemed to writhe and twist. The armour rested on what appeared to be a sea of red. She could see between the plates the roiling waves of lava that threw out a hot, red light. It mixed with the blue flames in the torches behind her to create a strange hue that flooded the chamber with a dark malevolent presence. As her guest moved, steam hissed and the sound of metal gears turning click and clacked with a steady resonance.

“Nothing too serious I trust,” Dakarshae said, pouring herself another glass of wine. She savoured the taste, just as she savoured the carefully chosen words her visitor used. They both knew it had been her that had sent the Shadows to intercept his small retinue, ambushing them in the dark pass that led to



*By Matt Gilbert*

the mountain entrance of the Under-Dungeon. She hadn't expected her troops to actually succeed in their mission, but it was a good way to both test the Abyssal Dwarf as well as let the Overmaster know she would not be an easy ally to have.

"Nothing my men could not handle. With ease," he added.

It had been easy. Hallek-Roi, Overmaster of the Abyssal Dwarfs and King of the Mirror Tower of Kallek-en had travelled within a small force of Blacksoul warriors, their bronze armoured forms packed tightly about the Overmaster. Either side were two troops of Decimators, their Thunderpipes held at the ready for the attack they knew was coming. It had been an obvious ploy, but one Dakارشae had been forced to play.

Her emissary had returned damaged; her face scorched and burned beyond all recognition. One of her hands had been cut away, the stump cauterised and a limb of gold attached in its place. The metal fingers held the message Hallek-Roi had wanted to convey, but so had the condition of the Twilight Kin emissary. The message was clear: the two Kingdoms of the dark must meet. But still, Dakارشae Kae could not let this go unpunished. Yes, she needed the Abyssal Dwarf and the secrets of the Abyss, but she could still send a message of her



By "WeedyElf"

own. Two regiments of Shadows backed up by several troops of her Twilight Kin armed with crossbows, their bolts tipped with nightshade venom, had been sent to welcome her guest. They had not returned, save for one Shadow, his form twisted and burnt.

**Her emissary had returned  
damaged; her face  
scorched and burned  
beyond all recognition**

Though twisted with pain and beyond any care, he had managed to deliver his report, telling of the way the Decimators had been hidden already in the pass, their Thunderpipe cannons blasting into the Twilight Kin as they struggled to find cover. Heat had melted their armour to their flesh, the screams of

the dying as they burned ringing from the rocks of the canyon pass. The initiative lost, the Shadows had charged towards the Blacksouls, but they had stood their ground, sweeping the Twilight Kin aside with heavy strokes of hammer and axe. Steam filled the canyon as another volley of Thunder-pipe fire roared down

The whirr of some mechanism sounded as he got to his feet, steam hissing from the joints with each new movement

on the Twilight Kin that had survived the initial slaughter and it was only because of this that the mortally wounded Shadow had managed to slip away to get back and warn his mistress. His reward had been a quick death, Dakarshae herself slipping the knife across his throat.

Such were the delicate matters of diplomacy.

"I am pleased you weren't hurt," she said.

"As am I, High Priestess. Now, to the matter at hand."

The click-clack of gears sounded again as Hallek-Roi drew back his cloak and hood. His body was fully encased within a suit of armour of thick obsidian and cast iron. Hundreds of tiny plates all moved and clacked together as Hallek-Roi shifted in his seat. Quite how he had managed to sit seemed an impossibility to Dakarshae, but her attention shifted as he slowly rose. The whirr of some mechanism sounded as he got to his feet, steam hissing from the joints with each new movement. The ridge of gold that lined his neck plate also vented steam from small circular tubes that extended in a ring around his face.

"You wish to learn the secrets of the Abyssal Dwarfs, is that not so?" he asked as he began to pace. Dakarshae watched, near mesmerised by the strange little Dwarf. *His legs...* Hallek-Roi saw her stare. "Yes, they are metal. A magical fusing of flesh and steel that only we Abyssal Dwarfs know the secret



By Jonathan Faulkes

to. Is that what you wish to discover, and if so, why?"

She brought her ice blue eyes back to the red fire of the Abyssal Dwarf. Moving from her seat, she walked beside the Dwarf, her slender legs glowing in the half-light that shone from between the armour plates of the Overmaster. "No. Your metal toys and weapons of heat and fire are not what intrigues me. Your bodies may be protected by such mechanisms, and your troops may be able to bring the fire of the Abyss down on your foes but every suit of armour has its weakness."

Hallek-Roi's laugh was loud and long. "I think not," he said when he recovered himself. He stopped his pacing, a blast of steam venting from where the metal legs met his body. Trinkets had been wound within his beard and they danced together with each deep chuckle, making a soft ringing noise that lingered long after his laughter had died away. "We have created many fine weapons that would withstand your little arrows."

The Twilight Kin Sorceress caressed the

Overmasters cheek, her slender finger running down a long scar that pulsed with each breath the Abyssal Dwarf took. "Not every battle is won with brute force," Dakarshae said. Her finger slashed at the Overmasters cheek, opening a thin line in the flesh. Hot blood ran out in a tiny stream.

His arm swept back, striking her across the face and knocking Dakarshae Kae backward. She crashed into the table, falling to the floor, one arm hanging on to the table to prevent her from totally collapsing.

"What did you do to me?" the Overmaster cried. He staggered back, the crump of his heavy footsteps mixing with the mechanical grind of gears. The flagstones cracked with each thundering step.

"I want to learn the secrets of the Abyss," she said, climbing to her feet. A thin trickle of blood ran from her lip. She wiped it away then licked the blood from her hand. "There is a girl, an Elf girl who has a power almost as great as my own. I want her."

*To be continued...▪*



*By Matt Gilbert*

## SAGE ADVICE AND RANDOM MUSINGS

Hobby chatter from a  
hairy old gamer.

This month I feel rightly justified letting the new mantic kickstarter campaign take over the column. As I write this I am working nights here in the UK, its 04:40. I have been to bed twice, having had to get up early (the middle of the night for me) in order to grab another little place in Mantic history and get me an early bird deal on the Deadzone kickstarter.

I have to say the first 14 hours have not been a disappointment, with the basic game getting funded in 33 minutes and by the 12 hour mark we were already on the 4th stretch goal having already attained funding for a more varied set of terrain tiles, the specialists for each faction, the accessory sprue for walkways or barricades and crates and barrels in addition to adding different minis for each faction AND the support minis for each faction as Crazy times indeed with still plenty more to come.

Having been along for the ride for all of the mantic Kickstarters, I think that this one will be the best so far. Difficult, I know, what with the sheer volume of freebies obtained from



*By Mantic Games, Used with Permission*

the KOW one, and the amount of cash raised by the Dreadball one, but I think this will easily top the \$1,000,000 mark and I'll tell you why.

Firstly, sci-fi is more popular than fantasy. Hard to believe I know (and even harder for me to say as I am a true fantasy nut) but the people do like their lasers, droids and aliens and this game has them all in abundance.

Secondly this is a real good example of a crossover game in that it's really a boardgame (The mechanics are all based on 3 inch squares for move, shooting, cover, etc.) so it will appeal to those wanting a fast paced, easy to pick up yet absorbing and thrilling board game to kill an hour or so. Yet it will still appeal to sci-fi wargamers as it has the cool minis and terrain that will easily cross over to Warpath or a host of other sci-fi games. Add into the mix those who just want to buy the clip together scenery and you have a license to print your own money.....or at the very least mail your debit card to Ronnie at the mantic HQ.

The timing for this has been well thought out, with the Kings of War 2<sup>nd</sup> shipment almost ready to go and the 2<sup>nd</sup> Dreadball shipment shipping as I type, so the creative team will be looking for other things to whet their appetite. The Deadzone game is great news as it adds further depth to the Warpath

universe as well as more forces and creatures to the already "known" races so it will be a very short time indeed before we start seeing rules for these Deadzone minis so they can be used in Warpath. Not only that, but when Mantic do get round to doing the Warpath Kickstarter, these Deadzone minis will be the first building blocks for the new forces for the Warpath game and they will need less of an introduction as the gamers out there will already be looking to build their force of Plague or Rebs into a larger battle force.

So we will be seeing more of the Rebs, Orx, and the Plague, as well as some of the yet-to-be-added-to-Deadzone races like the Forge Fathers and the Asterians.

So what can we expect? Well nailing my colors to the mast I predict the following: I'm betting that we'll see the game board upgraded to something double sided, and



*The Plague, By Mantic Games, Used with Permission*



*Enforcer Sniper on Deadzone Terrain, By Mantic Games, Used with Permission*

perhaps even a rules expansion for solo play or so we can put two or more sets together to make a bigger playing area (Currently the rules don't work on this scale so some tweaking will be needed).

We should certainly expect to see the Forge Fathers to make an appearance, repatriating some stolen FF tech no doubt. Perhaps we can expect to see bigger items like walkers, similar to the Iron ancestor, as they would lend themselves well to this type of urban warfare and again cross over nicely to Warpath. An all-Droid fraction with a "Big Daddy" robot would be a good call after seeing them hit the Dreadball arena; After all, why waste manpower when Droids are expendable? The Terratons (the dinosaur aliens) are in the art work in the movie clip at the top of the Kickstarter page so I expect them to have a few minis appearing. I'm not sure if they will be a faction in their own

right or just part of the Rebs, but I expect them to come.

However, I don't think that we will be seeing vehicles as they are beyond the scope of the game, although it has been mentioned about having a crashed or just landed ship or transport shuttle so it can be used as an objective of some sort. Personally, I'd

sooner see more miniatures or terrain added and save the vehicles for the Warpath Kickstarter which is sure to follow. There are more things I could add but my time, and space, here has run out.

So there you have it I guess I'll return to this next month to see how many I got right, but in the meantime...

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

-Bil

# it's a job

## part 2

By Aaron Magno

The Anvor System was “discovered” by the Corporation several generations ago and has been a profitable part of the galaxy with mining operations throughout the system. Anvor-5 was especially profitable as it was habitable planet for humans and provided large areas for agriculture. Now, however, there was a problem...

Governor Lorry had seen better days. This was in part due to the excesses associated with a successful career, which had made him far less athletic and much more rotund. He had never been a tall man but in all the hours he spent working at his desk he had

developed a hunch that reduced his already below average height. All that time at his desk in his office had also affected his skin changing it from a dark olive that almost glowed to a far more pallid tone. He had also begun to notice an increase in the amount of hair gradually falling from his scalp.

Governor Lorry was indeed a long way from the vibrant individual that had taken office but his own shortcomings were not the only things responsible his current of dark days. He stared down at the images displayed on the surface of his desk. Occasionally he would touch the desk's surface with his finger and make a swiping motion across it to reveal the next set of gruesome images. He had already cycled through the pictures of the murdered victims but kept looking down at them to distract himself from the heated argument occurring in front of him. The argument, primarily between District Commander Reenin and Chief Inspector Yvos, had been rehashed a number of times



*By Matt Gilbert*



*By Pete Kijek*

since the discovery of the third victim. By the time the disfigured remains of Hiljak, the ninth victim, were discovered it was clear that neither side was listening

to the other. The crux of the argument was whether or not news of the murders should be reported to the Corporation. While all the individuals in the Governor's office were members of the Corporation, they had grown accustomed to a great deal of autonomy during their time on Anvor-5. Having used that autonomy to create a little kingdom for himself District Commander Reenin loathed the idea of an outsider from the Corporation interfering with his business interests in any way. Several of the Sector Chiefs shared Reenin's opinion.

Alternatively, Chief Inspector Yvos believed that the murders had to be reported in order to receive additional assets to deal with this problem. Of course the additional assets would swell the ranks under her command and thereby give her a greater deal of influence in the district. The Sector Chiefs

Reenin loathed the idea of an outsider from the Corporation interfering with his business interests in any way

with dead bodies in their sector supported Yvos despite their personal beliefs that it was the incompetence of her and the local constabulary she

led that had failed to protect their interests. At first the Governor was supportive of the District Commander's view as he didn't want his superiors within the corporation interfering with his personal empire but as the number of dead bodies increased he reluctantly yielded to the opposing view of his Chief Inspector. So the message was sent and the Corporation responded by sending the System Commander to Anvor-5. As they waited for his arrival Governor Lorry continued through the gruesome slideshow at his desk. The eight Sector Chiefs stood around the edges of the Governor's office giving Reenin and Yvos plenty of space as they continued their meaningless debate.

"A warship! You brought a bloody warship to our planet," said Reenin in an exasperated manner. "How do you think the other districts are going to feel about having a

bloody warship above their heads?”

The Chief Inspector looked down at the man before her. She took a slight pleasure in the fact she was able to look down at her rival despite knowing that part of her advantage in height was due to the thick heels of her boots that were part of her uniform.

## The law enforcement agency she led was poorly equipped to deal with multiple unexplained homicides

“If it wasn’t for your inability to see the magnitude of the problem weeks ago the

Corporation may have not found it necessary to send such an overt show of force,” retorted Yvos with a smirk.

“If you had handled this problem with any kind of competency weeks ago the Corporation would not have even had to get involved,” replied Reenin.

The questioning of her competency always stung Yvos, even though she knew that the law enforcement agency she led was poorly equipped to deal with multiple unexplained homicides. Most of the businesses and companies that resided in the district had their own security forces so the district’s constabulary rarely had to deal with any crimes they deemed to be serious. They dealt with crimes they deemed to not be serious, such as the trafficking of narcotics, all the time, primarily by accepting the appropriate bribe and looking the other way.

Besides, the profits that everybody enjoyed were built within the framework of an ordered society and the businesses and companies were capable of punishing an individual who had disrupted the profitability of the district far more severely than the forces of the Chief Inspector.



By “ManticfanboyLAD”

"If this was within the capabilities of a district's constabulary I would have handled it but sometimes we're stretched a little thin having to discipline the youth of today," said Yvos, alluding to recent trouble the District Commander's own daughter had with the authorities.

As Reenin began to respond he paused as the attention of everybody in the room was distracted by the flash of red light from the corner of the Governor's desk. After two flashes a female voice emanated from the desk.

"Governor, the System Commander has arrived," said the voice.

"Send him..." was all Governor Lorrain could say before the door of his office slid open and the System Commander strode in.

The System Commander was a tall and solidly built man. His dark, black hair, which was cut quite short in a fashion those in the military tend to prefer, had only a hint of grey showing. As his steel blue eyes scanned the room with a piercing gaze the others in the room reacted to his presence by trying to come to attention but not being part of the military they could only muster some vague approximation. The Governor, District Commander, the Sector Chiefs and even the Chief Inspector in her uniform represented the political willpower of the Corporation with their ability to persuade through a clever argument or intimidation. Having made his way to the centre of the room the System Commander stood still in his military uniform representing the true power of the Corporation, brute force.



*By Doug Newton-Walters*

## The System Commander stood still in his military uniform representing the true power of the Corporation, brute force

"I am System Commander Mhauss," announced the room's most recent arrival as he stared down at the Governor.

"Welcome to Anvor-fi..." began the Governor before once again being interrupted by the System Commander.

"You have a problem. I will solve your problem," stated Mhauss, "From the evidence and documentation that has been forwarded our analysts have concluded that your district is infested with the most vile plague in existence. Veer-myn. A rodent-like

alien race whose 'civilization', if you can call it that, leaches off superior societies for survival."

"Rats? Giant rats!" uttered Sector Chief Bilkis in disbelief. He was not the only one in the room thinking in that manner, just the only one who couldn't refrain from making an exclamation. While they had all heard rumours and stories of strange alien races none of those from Anvor-5 had contemplated the idea of giant rats being responsible for the recent spate of murders.

"Essentially, yes," answered Mhauss without diverting his gaze from the Governor, "You have all been very fortunate that you have not had to deal with this pest before. You're also lucky that the Corporation has experience dealing with this problem and has sent professionals trained for this very task. I'm sure their efforts will ensure this district doesn't stay closed for too long."

"Closed?" this time it was the Governor who couldn't contain himself.

**"Rats? Giant rats!"  
uttered Sector Chief  
Bilkis in disbelief**

"Yes. The infestation can not be allowed to spread to other parts of the Corporation. To ensure that does not occur all transfer of

materials from this district will be suspended immediately," explained System Commander as he turned to the Chief Inspector, "In fact Corporation troops will be taking up positions at all major ports and border crossings very shortly. It is one of the things I need to discuss with the Chief Inspector as she escorts me to my accommodation."

"You're staying planet-side?" asked the Governor.

"Yes. I'm sure the District Commander can arrange something adequate for myself and my staff," said Mhauss over his shoulder as he headed towards the exit.



By "Badgertheking"



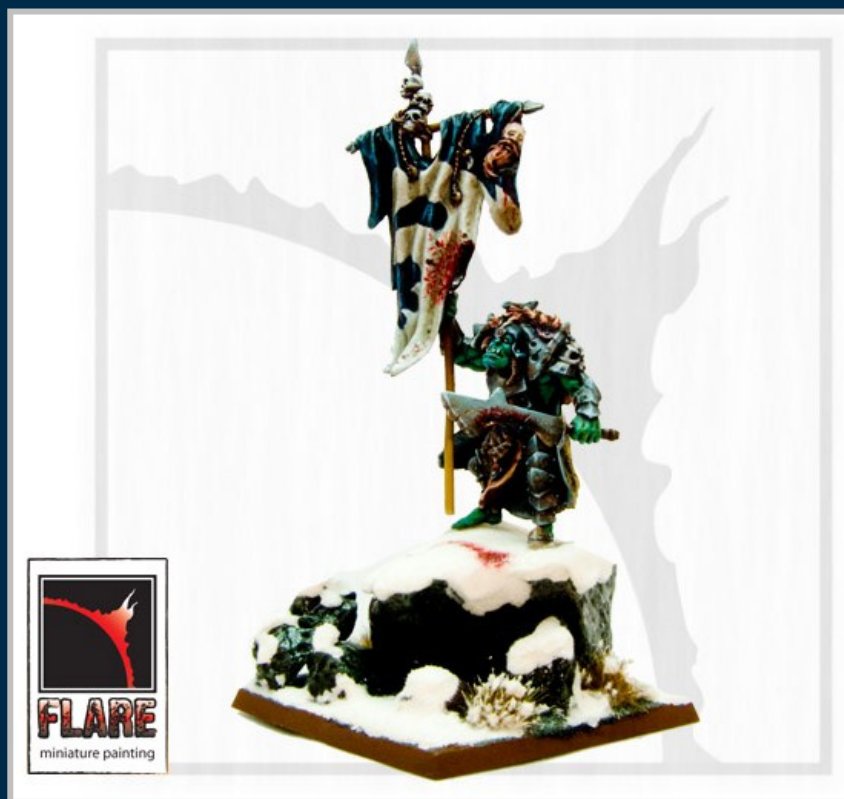
*By "Daedle"*

"Well, there is a nice resort by the lake that is beautiful this time of year. How many rooms will the System Director be requiring?" asked Reenin, having found a way to ingratiate himself to his superior.

The System Commander paused and turned his head back to look at Reenin before replying, "All of it."

With that System Commander Mhauss exited the room with Chief Inspector Yvos following closely behind. District Commander Reenin rolled up his left sleeve to reveal an electronic device that encased his forearm. He began to deftly operate it via several touchscreen panels only pausing

occasionally to bark commands into it as he organised the System Commander's accommodation. The Sector Chiefs congregated in the centre of the room in an agitated manner as they bemoaned their current situation, which would lead to a loss in revenue and possibly a subsequent loss of their jobs. Governor Lorrain stared ahead at the door Mhauss had just exited. The System Commander had come and gone like a force of nature, which had turned the Governor's world on its head. Lorrain was very sure of one thing, he had indeed seen better days but the coming days would continue to get worse. ■



*By Darren Lysenko*

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