

IRONWATCH



Q&A with
James Hewitt
p. 20

Painting
the Goblin
Standard Bearer
p. 31

The Ledger,
Part 2
p. 41

Issue
18

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ABYSSAL TIDINGS**A Message from the Editor**

Greetings everyone, and welcome to another fantastic issue of the **IRONWATCH** fan magazine!

This month we’re trying out a few new features: There’s a Mantic Calendar, to help you keep track of all of your various Mantic gaming events, and Q&A, where Mantic answers your burning questions about their games and models.

We’ve also added article descriptions into the table of contents, and story headlines to the cover image as well. Be sure to drop by the forums or our website and let us know what you think!

Given that the Deadzone pledges are rolling in, be sure to send us pictures of your models and awesome terrain setups too! We’re always accepting new articles, so don’t be shy. Also, keep on the lookout, for we may be having some exclusive T-shirt designs available for you to get here in the next month or so!

-Austin

Cover art by Mart Hooiveld

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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TABLE OF CONTENTS

IRONWATCH

Iron Forge	4
<i>See the amazing array of top-tier paintjobs from our team of professional-quality painters.</i>	
The Mantic Calendar	18
<i>Learn what Mantic-related events and tournaments are upcoming in your area!</i>	
Q&A with James Hewitt	20
<i>James Hewitt answers questions from the Mantic fans about Deadzone, Kings of War, and the future of Mantic.</i>	

KINGS of WAR

A Lesson Learned, by Michael Grey	23
<i>Gather near the fire and listen to the elder's tales of the ice elves</i>	
Painting the Goblin Standard Bearer, by Matt Gilbert	31
<i>See the step-by-step process of how Matt painted his phenomenal Gobling Flagger</i>	

WARPATH

The Ledger, Part 2, C. A. "Owesome" Monteath-Carr	41
<i>The adventure continues as Jim and the Enforcer team takes refuge in a n abandoned bank from the greedy Orx.</i>	
Magnetizing a Dreadball Team, by Vincent Pascaud	54
<i>Learn how to make attractive and useful player numbers for your Dreadball models</i>	

THE IRON FORGE

Welcome to this month's Iron Forge. While completely unplanned, this month's models have a definite DreadBall bias although Deadzone and Kings of War just manage to sneak in an appearance!

Darren shows how can achieve great looking unified results for your team with some really simple steps, and Steicy has produced a really fun, colorful and distinctive Zees team. For single models, Ian has painted his teraton in rich greens and browns, befitting of the species, while Vincent has gone for predominantly pastel colors on his Forge Father in support of his ice theme. Let's hope his team keep cool on the pitch.

Putting us all to shame with her painting output for the month, Steicy also produced a single model, the MVP Wildcard, in a rather fetching "tron-suit".

Christian has delivered a very striking Chovar and has cleverly got across a sense of very alien bioluminescence. This model looks great don't you think?

I finally finished off the last of the set of three goblin character models; the standard bearer. You can see the whole trio together now and I think the models are wonderfully characterful, both individually and collectively. They are really nice sculpts.



By Claudia Zuminich

This month we are also delighted to have not one, but two guest painters to show you their skills. First of all we have a brutal Orx Guard (DreadBall again!) from Malcolm Blackwell sporting some nifty black and white armor. We also have a lovely Dwarf army from Martin Giebner which makes a fine looking sight on the tabletop.

I hope you enjoy this month's models. There's a rumor, or at least mutterings, that we might focus on Deadzone next time...

CHRISTIAN SCHLUMPBERGER

I love the Chovar and ever since I saw him/her/it (I'll go with "he" from here on) for the first time, I wanted to paint him. After a while (and a little trip over to the amazing [sho3box blog](#)) I even decided to start a little army of tentacle monsters around him.

Painting the model turned out to be quite an adventure. When I started I hardly knew what I was doing, even though I did have a rough image in my head. Washes and drybrushing were my main



instruments of choice here, but the tentacles also needed some highlights. My problem was: The more I painted, the more I regarded the model as "ok but not as good as I had hoped". Adding the blue dots to the tentacles (applied with a blister sponge) helped and some white highlights within the dots further improved the look (a mighty "thank you!" to Vincent Pascaud for the idea!). But once again my airbrush saved the day and helped me get the look I had hoped for. Blue/

CHRISTIAN SCHLUMPBERGER

whiteish OSL really created the psychic look I was after and now it's time to get that entire army of tentacle monsters painted!

Lesson of the day: painting can be very much trial and error at times and even if the model you are painting doesn't seem to go the way you planned, it can be a good idea to simply paint on and see where further details and ideas take you. And to be honest: these painting adventures can be big fun and the results are even more rewarding!

Cheers!



DARREN LYSENKO



I'll be honest, these ladies didn't turn out anything like I expected them to. I think for the main part this is because originally - in fact, right up until I'd finished painting half of the miniatures - I'd been planning to do a straight copy of the Void Sirens' pink-and-white color scheme. Just as I was about to start painting the pink though, I had a change of heart and decided to do something a bit different and go for red instead.

What I really like about this team is that they work so well, but were really simple to do. Nothing flashy. No expert blending or non-metallic metals. Just three (-ish) colors done

in three stages each.

In fact, it's so simple, I've probably got room to share it here...

1. First I undercoated them white.
2. I washed the red areas with thinned red.
3. I washed the entire miniature with blue wash.
4. I painted the white areas with light grey, leaving the darkest areas alone and then highlighted with pure white.
5. I painted the red areas with red, then highlighted with orange and then an equal mix of orange and white.
6. I did the black areas with black, then

DARREN LYSENKO



highlighted with very light blue. Finally I washed them with thinned black wash.

7. I added a 'spot' highlight of pure white to all of the previous areas of the model – white, red and black – where the most light would be reflected.

8. After, I painted the skin and visors in the color of my choice, added white to them to highlight, and then finally highlighted with pure white.

9. Lastly, I painted the bases black, edge highlighted with blue and then white, then gloss varnished them to give the glass-effect.

See? Easy!

With the slightly orange hue in the reds, these girls remind me of the X-Wing pilots from Star Wars. With that in mind, I've decided to name them 'The Cloud City Skywalkers' and am currently awaiting my Cease & Desist letter from a certain Mr. W. Disney...



IAN POWELL

Hey guys! This month I painted a Teraton from the Ukomo Avalanchers. I wanted to stick to limited palette of two or three major colors, with true metal gold and silver armor.

The flesh tone was an orangey brown, highlighted in a scaley striated pattern suitable for the reptilian miniature. The green shell was probably subconsciously influenced by playing far too much Mario Kart as a child. (Who am I kidding? As an adult too..)

Overall the miniature was highly detailed and a lot of fun to work with, and I'm excited to paint up the whole team! Cheers!



MATT € GILBERT



Editor's Note: Be sure to check out Matt's article later in this issue to find out the step-by-step of how he painted it!



STEICY JOURDAN



Zees is my Dreadball team of clones. As they wear a spartian armor, I tried to respect the ancient soldiers colors, but I added a touch of fluorescent pigment in the red to give

them a futuristic look. They have a DNA logo because they're genetically modified; also there is an infinite symbol, because there are plenty of them.



STEICY JOURDAN



Wildcard wears bright clothes, and the most difficult part was to blend colors from white or ice blue to black in a very short gradient. Her logo is a W, in case you were wondering...

I hope you'll enjoy !!

VINCENT PASCAUD

My Forge Father color scheme is inspired by Saint Seiya ; a mix of various villains of Asgard. Their Dreadball glove is made of ice - no doubt an engineered, stronger form of it, designed by the Forge Fathers craftsmen.

My first attempt was a black dwarf, but it was distracting from the contrast given by the red pants. So I switched for a colder skin tone. All in all I think it's for the best since if I'm honest with myself I only wanted them to be black for the sake of calling them the

"Black Iced Pissed". And we can't have puns like that, no we can't.

They're still Iced though, and I suppose they're still pissed too, probably from being among the poorest performing teams.



MALCOLM BLACKWELL

I painted the guard, because the figure is simply worth painting. I took the colors because I don't like "red" orcs (maybe because the reds think they are faster)

The guard is called Grunk "da scora" Gulbakka because he is a guard that's so incredibly keen on winning - no matter the cost - that in a second league match he got so damn impatient with an (in his humble opinion) incompetent Jack of his own team, that he grabbed him as he got the ball. He then punched his way through the enemy players to the strike zone and smashed the jack (who still desperately held the ball in his hands) into the strike field - thus scoring the needed point to win the match (and killing the poor Jack).



The droid referee's circuits went ablaze as its



internal rule-implementations could not decide whether the Jack scored (as he held the ball) or Grunk (which would have been unacceptable as per the rules). As the stadium roared frantically a quickly assembled team of substitute refs decided the score to be legal (maybe they didn't want to risk a fan-riot). Grunk repeated this scoring in three matches since then - thus gaining the nickname "Da scora". Viewing the match with the fourth "indirect" score was a talent hunter who hired Grunk for the major league then. Grunk got the player-number "4" for the four scores.

MATT GEIBNER



King Ballison's Expedition

"King Ballison Snowbeard and his clan have their home in the northern Kingdoms, for they are people of the Free Dwarfs. Like many others the clans they had set out the reconquer the old holds which have fallen due the war of winter. Their Mission was successful and they set home in an old hold near the border of Tragar. After cleaning the

mines and city from every horror they could find a time of reconstruction began. After a century of hard work and defending the gates against all will-be-conquers the city comes to wealth again.

But their luck didn't last for long. An unearthly evil comes from the north, a silent horror which set home in the ruined City of Seelhain, an old settlement from Basilia



MATT GEIBNER



which was abandoned several hundred years ago. Now undead and creatures from the Abyss roam the land and King Ballison leads an Expedition to destroy the ghoulish Nightmare from Seelhain."

Yes, I like to write a background for my armies. The Tale of King Ballison and his clan go hand in hand with the background of my undead horde, which is a whole other story...

A good story helps me to find an appropriate color scheme for my units and of course, which units I will take. Actually this army was planned for a little campaign against the elves, but as it is, the campaign was never played and so I thought to myself "why not paint a themed force"? And so it goes.

The chosen colors show that the Snowbeard Clan is not very rich (for dwarfs), but means serious business. Only the Shieldbreakers show a rich red on their clothes to set them



MATT €GEIBNER



out from the strong core of Ironclads. This is because they are the personal guard of King Ballison himself. All my core units show a deep brown, with sparkles of Black and Grey on their uniforms. The red shields with the yellow runes help to make them a bit brighter and tie them nicely to the Shieldbreakers.

My special units, namely the Berserkers, Brock Riders and Rangers, show their own colors to set them apart from the main force.

The Elves are currently allies for my dwarfs, but sooner or later they will form their own army of decent size. I just love the models.

For painting I use a mix of Colors from Games Workshop, Formula P3 and The Army Painter. To paint a

whole Regiment I need usually up to two weeks, as I have not much spare time for painting. As you can see I prefer a clean comical style for painting (don't ask me why, I just love it).

The next units I will paint will be a regiment of Ironguard, another regiment of Ironclad and additional Berserkers and Brocks, to bring the troops to regiment size. Oh yes, I

should not forget my Undead. And Elves ...

All I can say is that I enjoy the painting aspect of the hobby. All I need is to make more games and be part of one of the great Mantic tournaments.

Keep going, and bring your army to life.

-Martin Giebner (aka Summoning)



MANTIC CALENDAR

The Mantic Calendar is an exciting new regular article in the Ironwatch magazine! Keep an eye out for it in future issues to find out where Mantic game events are near you!

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums, or email us at

winslows010@yahoo.com

January

25th—Crusade, in Penarth, UK

26th—Mini-Con, in Gloucester, UK

February

2nd—Vapnartak (Including KoW regional tournament an DB super-league tournaments), at the York Race Course, UK

8th—RAGE, at the Royal Armouries, in Leeds, UK

15th—DEADZONE RETAIL LAUNCH WEEKEND!

Wargames Workshop Dreadball tournament, in Milton Keynes, UK

Mini-Mantic Day, Major Arcana in Dundee, UK

16th—Battlecry KoW tournament, in Auckland, NZ

22nd—Sabrecon, in Leicester, NZ

23rd—Total Wargamer KoW tournament, in Evesham, UK

March

1st—Hammerhead, at the Newark Show Ground, UK

8th—Dreadball tournament, in Luton, UK

15th—Wqar & peace Games Club Weekend Launch Party, in Nottingham, UK

22nd—A Call to Muster, in Middlesborough, UK

Megalofunotron (Dreadball tournament), in Bristol, UK

23rd—CincyCon Kings of War tournament, in Cincinnati, US

29th—Shiltron, in Glasgow, UK

April

12th—Salute, in London, UK

26th—Firestorm Games—KoW regional tournament, at Firestorm Games, UK

MANTIC CALENDAR

May

4th—Diceni, in Norwich, UK

10th—Carronade, in Scotland, UK

Stockport (NWGC) - KoW
regional tournament, at
Marauder Games, UK

30th—UK Expo, in Birmingham, UK



By Christian Schlumpberger

Q&A WITH JAMES HEWITT

(Organized by Matt Gilbert)

Here's our first Mantic Q&A feature with questions from the community via the forum and answered by James Hewitt, Community Manager at Mantic Games. If anyone wants to ask a question they can do so here:

<http://forum.manticblog.com/showthread.php?6876-Mantic-Q-and-A-for-Ironwatch>

A selection of question will be submitted each month.

Are any new plastic vehicles planned for Warpath?

When we eventually get around to revisiting Warpath we're almost certainly going to do some vehicles! One of the big goals of the Deadzone terrain was to see whether we could do decent hard-edged large plastic kits, and sure enough we can. I'm really excited to see what we can come up with!

Are there any plans for a KoW skirmish game (after the success of Deadzone for Warpath)?

It's definitely something we've discussed. Dwarf King's Hold is definitely one we'd like to revisit, but also a skirmish game that's a bit more Deadzoney – i.e. factions fighting across

a board rather than small groups fighting through a dungeon. We've got plenty to work on before we get there, though!

Will you release the Deadzone rules as a free download like KoW and Warpath?

We'll get the basic rules out on the website, yeah – however, as with KoW, the full rules will only be available in print... as well as through Mantic Digital, we hope!

Will Mantic produce plastic fantasy terrain?

Seems like there's a bit of a gap in the market for it (plastic buildings in particular) so we very well might! It's something we could do alongside a fantasy skirmish game; however, as I said, there's plenty of other stuff to be getting on with in the meantime.



By "Daedle"

Q&A WITH JAMES HEWITT

Will the Basilean Men-at-arms be retooled once you are happy with the production of organic plastics?

I can't make any guarantees, but we'd definitely like to! There are loads of factors involved, but with any luck we'll be able to do that eventually. It won't be for quite some time, though.

Where has Fisty Glue man gone!?

What Orcy did was pretty appalling, and we've had to have a word with him about his conduct towards other staff. Now that we've got a bigger team, he can't just go around ripping people's arms off and stealing their clothes. When he did it to Curis it was bad enough, but Fisty was a step too far. Interestingly, though, when we tried to recover his gluey body (for a proper burial, of course) it was nowhere to be found... I somehow doubt we've seen the end of our plucky little friend.

Would it be possible for Mantic to sell the various metal command bits separately?

Yes indeed! It's just a case of us getting around to adding them to the website. We want to add a load of little bits and bobs to the site, but it takes time and we're stretched to the limit at the moment! However, if you want any bits like that, get in touch at the Contact page of our website and we'll sort it out for you.

Why has True LOS been favored over other mechanisms?



By Boris Samec

That's probably a question for a seminar at the next Open Day, but from my point of view (ha!) it's all about the "cinematic effect". Wargaming, as a hobby, is all about the miniatures. We build them, we paint them, we line them up on tables covered in beautiful terrain – or at least, that's the dream – and we play games with them. It's a creative hobby and I find that nothing conveys that quite like getting down for a model's-eye-view of the surroundings. It's one of the most immersive parts of tabletop gaming, and I think the value of something that that far outweighs the relatively small number of people who are going to build their models in ridiculous poses to take advantage of true line-of-sight. I certainly wouldn't want to play a second game against someone who'd done that.

Q&A WITH JAMES HEWITT

Is there going to be a way to purchase single Deadzone models instead of whole factions?

With the Deadzone releases in February and March we're going to be making Faction Boosters available. These are small groups of miniatures that let you expand a particular part of your force without having to buy an entire force. They generally come in at round the £10 mark and include 3-6 models.

Will James paint any of his Deadzone faction this month?

Never! Ha! Hahaha!

leaps out of window

(Oh, okay. I'll see what I can do.)■



By Grant Mahoney

A Lesson Learned

By Michael Grey

KHELEK-HEL

Khelek-hel (ice elf)

The wood in the fire cracked. Each spit cast shadows of those seated, instantly doubling the audience before fading just as quickly. Beyond the group the light of the fire was lost into the night, swallowed by the rolling hills of the Ardovikian Plains and the deep, cloudless sky. If any of those around the fire noticed, they may have appreciated the irony of the lost light as they soaked in the words and experiences of the other Plains folk around them.

They had told their stories, each chosen and imparted for their own reason. Some wished to gain understanding of their actions, inviting interpretation, some shared their experiences so old mistakes would not be made by others. A young warrior sought knowledge of the foul *droren-dweorgas* to aid in his pursuit of their extermination. One told of his travels through far off lands, of fetid swamps filled with the half breeds of men and home to a dragon of legendary size.

But all were there to learn from the one yet to speak.

There were many shaman of great age that the young of the folk would consider an honour to attend, but few whose deeds were told of around all the campfires of Mantica in such respected tones. The fire around which the visitors were gathered was the camp of one such shaman, and they knew simply being there would be a worthy tale in itself. Eight heads leaned in slightly, the better to hear the one they travelled days and weeks to see.

Another log in the fire spat, illuminating an erect figure and a face lined with years. The old shaman sat the furthest from the flames, though by dint of age his rightful place was the choicest position in the warmth. He blinked once at the fire, apparently oblivious to the patient stares. Then in a surprisingly strong voice he said, "I have heard tales tonight. Good tales, strong tales of adventures both brave and perilous. I am pleased that our peoples' future is assured by such fearless warriors, but exuberance



By "left64"

and bravery are nothing without the wisdom to direct it. Each of these tales speaks to me of courage, which is good and right, but it is bravery for the sake of glory, and such a goal is dangerous. Glory is fleeting, and once gone leaves a youngling hungry for more. Those who seek it would fight their own ancestors for glory but, for glory alone.

"My own tale began like many of yours; leaving to find my Spirit among the world. Sixteen summers old I was when I left our home in the East for the first time. The time of my spirit quest was not auspicious. The previous summer had seen a drought that left our winter stores meagre and the following spring arrived early, ripening fruit before it could be gathered. So I was to leave our home with only the eyes of my sire and grandsire at my back, and the rest of my camp foraging for the winter ahead.

"I travelled far in what remained of that summer. I feel there is not a corner of the Plains that has not felt the tread of my foot nor any pinnacle in the Dragon's Teeth that I have did not dream on, but it was within the ancient forests of Galahir where my life began to take purpose.

"Summer had waned and autumn had firmly grasped the forest around me. The last of the summer's fruits had long rotted on the vine or been picked by the animals of the southern forests, and so I was left to hunt for the mushrooms of Galahir. It was on one of these forages that I almost fell across a khelek-hel, huddled in the arms of an exposed oak tree root." The shaman chuckled, "I see your faces. There are some senses that shadows do not dull. Yes, I



By Marcel Popik

surprised a shadow-melded elf. At the time it would have been the proudest boast of my young life, out-witting an elf in their element, but I would be disillusioning myself. No prepared elf, even one of their ice-kin as far from her frozen home as she was, would allow themselves to be taken by surprise. She was a druid, on her own Spirit Quest. I sense your surprise. Some of the elves are not so different from us. The Green Dam recognises no borders and does not care for the trivial rivalries between the races, and here was one of our own sisters, alone and very much in need. The elves are longer lived than us, and our clans allow us to undertake our Spirit Quests at a mere

sixteen summers, but this elf had waited many hundreds more for the same honour."

The shaman paused for a moment and leaned away from the fire before continuing, "Consider this for a moment - we send tens of young out into the world each summer on their Spirit Quests to become the men and women who will lead our people for another generation, and with each return our clans are blessed and swell. But, the elves send a dozen on similar journeys within one of our lifetimes. And consider again; not each quest is successful. For us a failed return is a tragedy to be mourned, but for them it is nothing short of the ending of another sliver of hope for their race. It was the pressure of failing such hope that compelled her to seek

help for her quest.

"She had sought her Spirit within the deeps of the sunken city of Genola, lost beneath the waves at the end of Winter. The same ruins that have claimed the lives of many of our own brothers and sisters. She told me she believed her Spirit was to be found among the monsters of those caverns and how renown would be gained for her house when she returned from those infamous deeps, and also how she was afraid she would not be strong enough to face those creatures alone for centuries to come. And so she sought help from one of her family. The prospect of glory for their name was enough for the two elves to both enter the caverns, but not for both to leave.



By Nick Williams

"Something had befallen them in the depths, and though she had escaped with her life she would not tell me of it. And now her kin remained within the ruins, but she either could not or would not brave those depths again. I wasn't to know if the elf had survived, but I could see that unless someone sought him out the matter would be moot, so I hauled my shield and mace, and called on my ancestors for strength as I set towards the strand.

"It was night, but a bright moon and cloudless sky showed me the way from



By "puggimer"

the forest to the open beach where old-remembered tales from my grand sire told me I would find the caverns' entrance. Glints of moonlight shone dully from fallen architecture as I left the cover of the forest and neared the ancient coastline and the finfolk who more recently claimed them as their own. Picking my way through the moss-covered stones, I used the shadows of long-ruined arches and the way of the fox to remain unseen from the denizens of the strand until I at last stood above the final descent into Genola.

"I paused there over the first step. I willed my feet to take the stair, but something in my soul bade me stop. Again I tried lower myself, but for the brief moment I was struck by doubt and, I was loath to admit it, fear. After all, no one knew where I was. I could turn back now. In my travels across Galahir I felt no thread and heard no call from my Spirit, and as it surely lay elsewhere, leaving this place to quicken my search would bring no dishonour. And to the fore of these thoughts was that I was aiding a member of

a race who had more often than not found itself against our people, who in the past considered us no more than beasts! And yet, even knowing this, I forced myself onto that step and walked into those dank shadows.

"You've all heard tales of those deeps as children, of the grindyflow of exceptional size and ferocity, of the cunning finfolk who hunt those caves in packs. I will

tell you now; those tales do not lie. What compelled these creatures to group in such large numbers I do not know, but I knew on my own I could not hope to defeat them all.

"I had not gone far before I was first attacked. Three of the grindyflow sought to ambush me from a hidden cave, launching themselves at me with their guttural war cries. The first was effortlessly dispatched; their mad headlong rush brought it within striking distance and it met the full force of my mace with its forehead as it brought a crude spear to bear on my chest. The swift death of the first cautioned the other two. They divided their efforts and one began to circle me while his companion made false lunges with a hissing menace. Such a basic attack is easily defended. The circling grindyflow announced his attack with a cry, allowing me to raise my shield. Like the first, animal instinct to overwhelm its prey with speed caused it to reach within arms length as I brought my shield up and pushed forward with all my weight. The heavy iron shield boss crushed the creature's

translucent eye, stunning it immediately and I wheeled around to meet the third. Again the creature acted in its nature and threw itself forward. Still spinning on one foot, I wheeled my mace in an upwards arc, catching my opponent underneath its chin and driving the blunt end of my weapon through the roof of its mouth and into its brain. The wounded grindyflow was on its knees, blindly bubbling in its language. It was a kindness to put it out of its suffering.

"This was the first of many encounters and I will not tell you of all the tricks I used to sneak by those I could, or how I faced those I could not. Such a tale would take many nights, instead I will tell you of when I found what I was looking for.

"I travelled further down those tunnels than I thought was possible. The salt water dripping down the walls and pooling around my ankles suggested I was some way below the ocean's surface. It was in one of those pools that I saw the elf body. I had slowly rounded a corner into a large cavern, far larger than that of the Great Hall at Raven's Scar, and had picked my way through the pools by the low glow of the phosphoric lichen. It was this lichen that illuminated the floor of the cavern and seemed to highlight the body slumped in its centre. Seeing no movement I crept to the fallen elf. If I had the wisdom I have now I may

have questioned how that body, alien and unwelcomed in those caves, had fallen so neatly in the glow of that fungus. Instead I simply approached the elf and bent to rouse him when a movement caught my attention.

"I stopped where I was and slowly turned my head. As my eyes rested on the shadows a shape became more distinct; what before were stalagmites were now legs, the rock shelf above, a head. There, deep in the shadows, was a grindyflow my height and half again. The creature was gently heaving as it breathed in the moist air of the cavern, what I had taken for the natural flow of air in the cavern. Another huge intake of breath and its expanding chest revealed a hulk of muscle around its bulbous body. I had faced many of these creatures on my journey downwards, but none nearly this large. Before me was one of their kind nearly as large as a mammoth. I now knew what



By "ManticFanBoyLAD"

happened to the two elves as they made their way through these caves, and was struck by the thought that both of them together were of no match for this beast, and I stood in its lair alone.

"I froze where I stood. That it would have seen me was undoubted, yet it hadn't reacted to my presence. I slowly straightened and still received no recognition from it. Perhaps the creature's inherent bloodlust had been sated by its attack on the elves?

"It was then the beast exploded forward in a frenzy of movement. In an instant it cleared the space between us and was upon me. By chance my shield arm was to my front and surely saved my life as the beast leapt. Its clawed foot scraped down and splintered the wooden surface as its weight bore me back and down.

"The shocking violence of the attack left me stunned and on my back. The creature aimed blow after vicious blow to my head that I could barely block with my free arm. Its weight was enormous, and as my shield was inexorably pushed further into my chest, breaths became harder to take. Already my thoughts were hazy and reactions slower and it would be just moments before those cruel talons raked my face. I saw the swing of those clawed hands as if they moved through tar, slowly arcing towards my head



By Jonathan Faulkes

to be feebly batted away by my mace.

"It was as my consciousness ebbed away that I felt the Lady. The eldest shaman or druid feels that touch once, perhaps twice in their life. That was my time. As I lay with my back forced against the wet cavern floor I sensed the presence of the eyeless fish shoals thriving in the dark, the life of the glowing fungus all around me, an ancient, searching tree root from the forest above and the subtle tendrils that link us all. Those tendrils I was able to pull from their sources, through my body and to my will. My eyes rolled back in my skull as I chanted my wishes to the Lady. The creature arched its arm backwards and pushed itself further over my shield to deliver its final blow as my chant completed. I dropped my mace and thrust my hand forward to grab the monster's face and announced the final word.

"For the briefest of moments nothing happened. Then I saw my hand in silhouette

as a light as bright as lightning flashed from my palm. My lungs nearly burst as the bolt jolted the monster bodily from me and out of sight beyond my shield. I heard it land heavily some distance away. Scrambling to my feet, I was about to reach for my weapon when I saw the smoke rising from the dead eye sockets. For a few tense moments I watched the grindylo's steaming body jerk. The spell had drained me to my soul, and if the creature was to attack again it would have to be soon before my body also tired

and left me completely helpless. My eyes didn't blink as for what seemed like an age I looked for a sign of hostility until the creature's body ceased convulsing. When no sign was forthcoming I made to the elf. I did not need to inspect it to know it was too late, he had already gone to whatever place their people consider holy. There was nothing I could do for him. I was either too late or he was dead before I even reached the caverns, but mourning a life I never knew would achieve nothing. Exhausted as I was I

could not hope to recover his body. Instead I plucked an ornate brooch from his cloak, picked up my mace and wearily made my way to the surface. The other denizens of those caves must have felt the demise of the monster for I left there unmolested and without seeing another living being.

"The elf remained where I found her, still hugging her legs in the bole of the same oak tree. There was nothing more I could do for that poor girl. Saying I was sorry was scant recompense for losing a loved one, but that was all I had. I pressed the brooch of her lost cousin into her unresisting hand, said a prayer to the Lady to protect the elf's Spirit on its final journey, and left."



By Daniel King



By Giuseppe Aquino

The elder paused and looked deep into the fire, perhaps seeing his younger self again striding through the Galahir forest. The young warriors gathered leaned in in silence, each knowing they were privileged to hear such a tale and not wanting to disturb the elder's thoughts.

Eventually the old shaman took in a deep breath, taking his eyes from the fire and fixing his gaze on each of them in turn. "That was the first time I came close to losing my life. It was not for me, it was not for glory, it was because it was the right thing to do. That was many years ago and I have risked myself since on more occasions since than I can remember. But, on each of those times, I thought back to that elf and remember the

lesson I learned that day; if you risk all, be sure that that which you are risking it for is worth of the gamble. Is self glory, the most intangible and fleeting of things, worthy?"

His piece said, the elder rose with the aid of a staff and returned to his tent, leaving the others to stare at the fire as its light shone into the night.

*For more stories like this, visit
Michael's blog at
www.michaelgrey.com.au ■*

PAINTING THE GOBLIN STANDARD BEARER

By Matt Gilbert

Each month, the Iron Forge team aim to produce at least one model each for display in the magazine. At the end of the month we submit our pictures to Austin along with any text we want to accompany them describing how and why we painted the model(s). Throughout the month a few of us also post up work-in-progress shots either for feedback or just to prove we are actually doing some work!

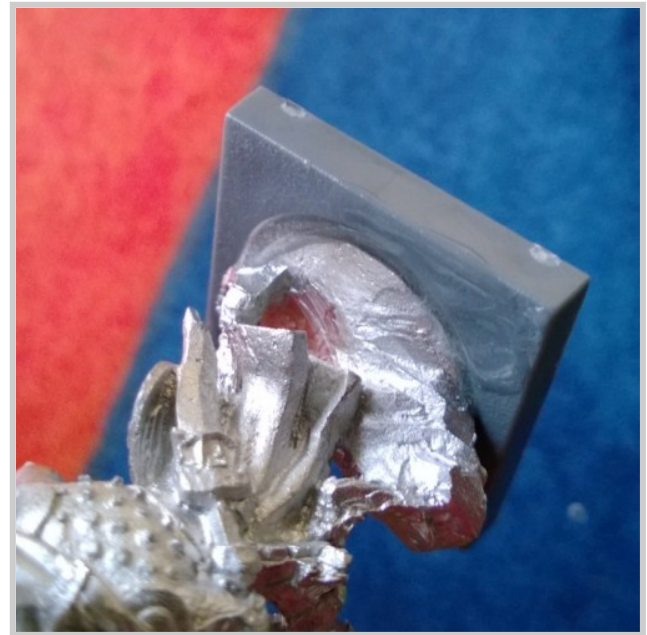
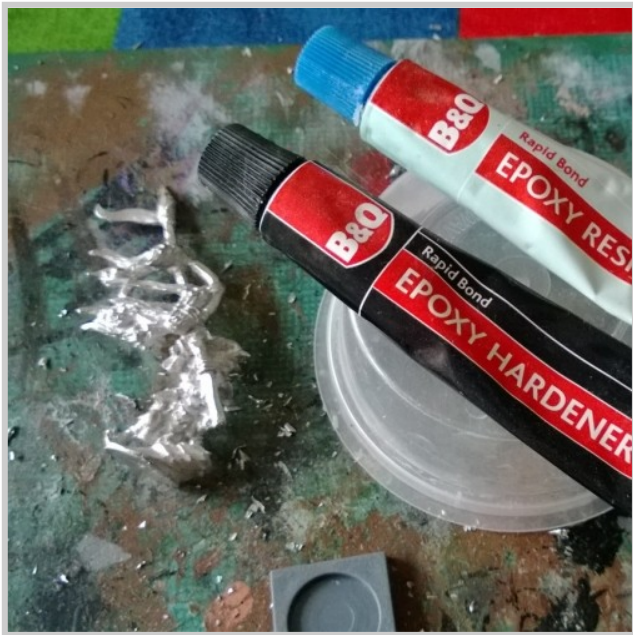
This month I took many more shots than I normally would, almost at every stage (colour, wash, highlight etc.) with the intention of being able to show you the entire process from bare metal to finished pictures. I don't think you get to see that very often and having taken 65 pictures along the way I didn't appreciate at the start quite how disruptive it was going to be! Still, I got there in the end and I hope the result proves interesting if not educational.

Preparation

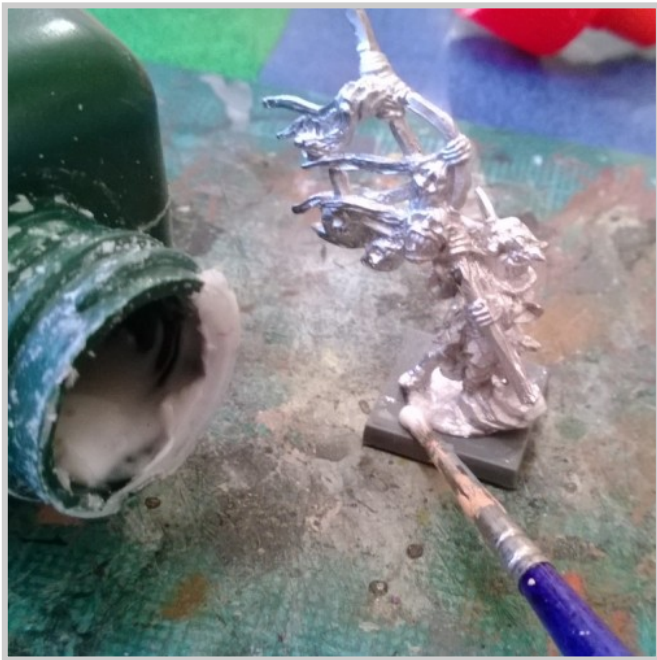
The clean-up on this model wasn't too bad but I still missed a couple of bits which didn't show up until I started painting later on (which seems to be sort of unwritten law). As the model is metal, I used epoxy resin to glue it to the base to ensure a strong bond. As you can see, only a small amount is required and it has the added benefit of

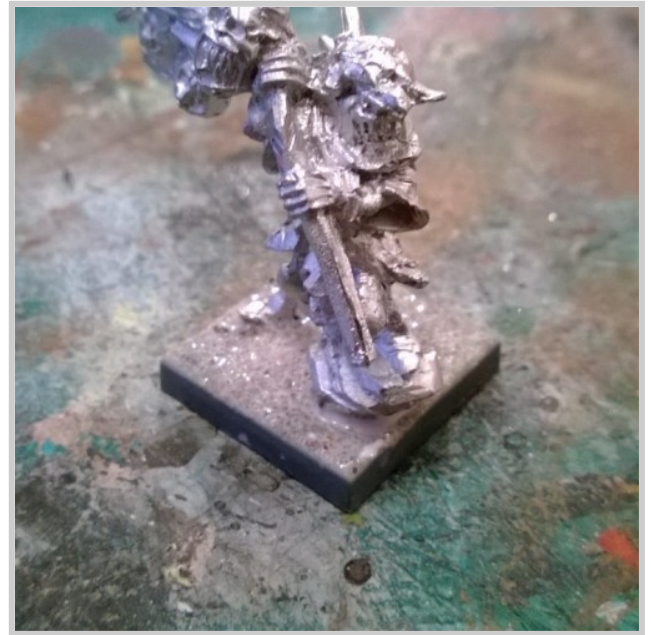
being thick enough to also act as a gap filler. I left the model upside down while the glue dried. I was a little concerned the weight of the banner would make the model tip backwards but actually the balance is alright as you can see as I get ready for sanding the base.





PVA was applied to the base with an old brush and then the base dipped in my sand bucket. Once dry, the sand was sealed by mixing PVA with water to make a thin milky wash which was painted over the sand. This helps keep the sand on the base and prevents it being accidentally chipped or knocked off. Once this was dry, the model was sprayed white with primer in two light coats.







Base colours

The following pictures show you each colour being blocked in one-by-one. I know some people prefer to completely paint entire areas before moving on to the next but I prefer to work in stages across the whole model. Perhaps I'm just old-school in that regard but it works for me.

I've tried to show the colours I used for every step by including the paint pots themselves in the pictures.







Washes

My inks and washes are a mix of various ones from GW ranges past and present plus, more recently, my new preference of Army Painter inks. Rather than wash the whole model in Strong Tone ink or Devlan Mud, which I'd probably do for quickly shading rank and file models in bulk, I used a variety of colours targeted at particular areas of the model. Occasionally I mixed colours together but in general, the colours were matched to the base colours (e.g. the blue streamers on the banner were washed with Blue Tone ink).





Highlights and detailing

In general, I started highlighting using the base colour again although if this was too stark a contrast I toned it down first. Most highlights were between two and four stages, each progressively lighter. Final highlights were usually applied with a change of brush for finer detail. Occasionally, if the highlights were too harsh, I applied a soft wash to tone them down and tie them together.

The checks on the top-most flag were created by painting a thin black grid first and then filling in the alternating black squares afterwards.





Finishing up

At this point, the next step was to apply varnish. I used spray matt varnish (Army Painter anti-shine), making sure both the air the model was sprayed in and the can of



varnish itself were room temperature and not too cold (which can create frosting or result in white flecks, ruining the model).

After that, some static grass tufts were stuck on to the base and the model was then ready for some decent pictures to be taken. If you put the grass tufts on first and then spray the model with varnish, the grass will react and get a frosted look to it.

So there you have it. I realise there are lots of pictures but I hope the result makes for an interesting read (or viewing). You'll find the final pictures elsewhere in this month's issue along with a picture of all three Goblin character models I've painted over the last few

months now the set is finally complete.

If this has been a useful article and you would like to see more or have a request to see something different, please let us know via the Ironwatch feedback threads on the Mantic forums. ■





By Grant Mahoney

The Ledger Part 2

By C. A. “Owesome” Monteath-Carr

“Private, you better have a damn good excuse for still being alive.”

Sgt Klinko’s face was obscuring the sun, giving his helmet a fiery corona that matched his scowling face. As far as Pvt Jim Jones knew, the Sergeant’s expression had two settings: Scowling, and off.

“Sorry, Sir. I’ll... lean into the bullet... next time.”

The Sergeant slapped Jim’s head, roughly, and moved away. He motioned for Cpl Mendez – the squad Medic – to move in and get to work.

“This your first time being shot, Private?” Mendez asked.

“First time... this bad, I guess.”

“You’ll get used to it.” Mendez clucked her tongue. “Who did this bandage? This synthskin’s expired two months ago. It’s going to be about as sterile as a teraton’s ass.”

Alhana Mendez unclipped the medkit, and then she took out a scalpel.

“I’m going to have to cut away the bandage – the electro-static cling will be glitched now – then see if they bothered to recover the bullet. Did they recover the bullet, son?”

Jim hated the constant jabs about his youth. Just because he was the new guy! He’d gone through hell with these men and women and this was the crap he got?

He didn’t say anything, but turned see what Klinko was up to.

The sarge was sitting on the same rock the red-headed woman had been. He was running his finger along the bullet hole from Jim’s shot earlier. He didn’t look happy, and Jim knew there was a crudstorm coming his way.

He felt a searing pain in his chest and something scrape against his rib. A strangled grunt escaped his lips and before he closed his eyes, he caught a glimpse of Alhandra holding something with more protrusions than a medical device should have.

"Take it easy, Jim – I almost got it!"

Jim screamed, and passed out.

When he woke, he was on a travois, being carried by Karl and Luther. From the direction of the sun it looked like they were heading downtown. Of course they were.

Karl was at his head, rifle over his shoulder. It looked like Luther had his kit – which was a worry, as Jim still owed Luther ten bucks from cards the other week and Luther might be looking to collect.

"Don't worry Jim," Karl said, as though he'd read Jim's mind. "Even Luther's not dumb enough to fill his boots from an injured trooper's pack."

"I heard that, Karl!" Luther shot back, turning his head.

"A miracle!" Karl said. "The monkey can speak! Evolution in action!"

"Can the chatter," Sgt Klinko said, firmly. Everyone shut up.

Jim's chest didn't hurt so much. His armored vest was in the emergency 'wings of prayer' position, the hinges on either side folding



By "Daedle"

the central plates up for medical access. He gingerly explored the area, the thick, clammy, plastic-feeling synthskin bandage rising and falling with his breathing. He pressed in, slightly, and it felt weird – you never knew how much you missed your ribs until they weren't there anymore. The bandage must've been pumping him full of endorphins because it didn't feel any more uncomfortable than exploring a hole where your tooth used to be with your tongue.

Jim had that nagging feeling that, somewhere along the line, he might have made some bad life choices.

He'd been recruited by the High Marshall's Guards straight out of school. He figured, if it was a choice of getting shot at in outer space, or being shot at by the gang down the street, well, at least the pay was better, right?

Boot was harsh, but fair. If you put in the work, if you made the grade, it was all right. Jim came out of it was a sense of pride, and feeling like he belonged to something

greater than himself – a feeling that he still had had until recently, when he got transferred to Klinko's squad, and the Enforcers, and the Deadzone.

The first he'd heard of the Containment Protocols was when he was handed a thick sheaf of paper by a clearly less-than-impressed Klinko. "Read, newbie," he barked, then stormed off. It was hardly the welcome into the elite band-of-brothers he'd been expecting.

Jim had never been much of a reader, and a lot of the bureaucratic double-speak tripped him up. "All life-forms in the Containment Protocol Sector should be considered an infection vector," was pretty clear though. "All civilians have forfeited their rights, identities, and privileges under Emergency Measure 5292(d)(ii) and should be considered expendable" was another.

He wasn't completely green. He'd had to do some things in his earlier postings that were maybe less-than-squeaky-clean. But the scale of this was something else. To just... delete a whole planet. Pretend it never existed. Treat everyone like bad inventory.

"You ever see a Plague form before, kid?" Jim remembered Karl, one of the troopers on his squad, telling him at Mess hall.

"Only the vids they got. Jeezus." Jim looked down at his NutriChow™ soup. It was starting to crust over. "They really get that big?"

"Man, this one time- Hey, Luther! You tell it better. C'mere!"

Karl and Luther were brothers. Jim could never remember which was older, and there was less than a year between them. Their parents had been colonists on one of the neo-luddite religious charter colonies that foreswore any technology before the 21st century, and they'd jumped at the chance to go somewhere with a working holovid.

Luther had come over, followed by Pattie, the heavy weapons specialist. Jim was never able to work out if they were an item, and Pattie didn't talk much. She was almost broader across the shoulders than Luther and Karl combined.

They sat down, Pattie next to Jim, and Luther next to his brother. The family resemblance was uncanny – the same sharp nose and green eyes. Luther put down his bowl and spread his arms wide, clearly eager to tell a



By Matt Gilbert

favorite war story.

"All right, Jim. Jimbo. Jimmy. Listen up, because this is the story that you're gonna want to steal and tell your grand kids. And I swear every word is true."

Pattie had glared at him.

"Okay, okay. Mostly true. But look, picture this: Yours truly, my bro here, and Pattie,

we're doing a sweep through a hab unit. You know how it is, every door's a potential booby trap, every room you burst in you never know if it's the one a dozen Soraks are in with their blasters pointed at ya. It sucks.

"So we're not surprised, exactly, when we finish the sweep, come out the fire door, turn the corner, and walk right into one of the big cruders. Bam. Right there, bigger than ten men –"

Pattie grunted again.

"All right, bigger than *five* men, or ladies, present company included. I dunno what it was doing there all alone, maybe it got lost, whatever. Anyway, we're here–"

Luther grabbed the salt shaker and put it in the middle of the table. He moved some of the knives and forks to make a makeshift T-junction, with Jim's bowl serving as the model Plague form.

"–and the bastard is just roaring at us. Pattie's been using her pistol for the sweep so the 'tube's still on her back, but we open fire anyway – might as well, right? What else are we gonna do?"

Nobody had any suggestions for what else they could've done. Pattie made a 'hurry up' motion with her left hand.

"Anyway, the frigging thing sweeps us aside like nine-pins. Bam. Karl's sent sprawling, I'm flat on my ass with my gun a million miles away, and I can't even see Pattie. I pop my wrist-blade, and this thing gets right up in my face. Drool landing right on my helmet



By Marcel Popik



By Pete Kijek

lens. Its licking it's scabby, filthy mouth and I'm desperately stabbing up but the blade's just glancing off, when all of a sudden, *this* crazy S.O.B," Luther pointed at Pattie, "stands over my head, out of nowhere, and jabs the missile launcher right in his fat face and pulls the trigger."

Some of the other tables were looking at them now. Pattie ducked her head, not liking the attention.

Luther continued. "Little known fact about the Mark 4 missile, though: It needs a couple of seconds of flight-time to arm itself. It's supposed to be a safety procedure. So Pattie gets sent flying by the rocket burn, I get scorch marks on my best armor, and Slappy has a huge cruding fire-cracker in his mouth, staggering backwards, all 'buh-wuh-wuh,' must've been the biggest shock in his sad little life.

"I crawl ass-backwards away from the monster just as the thing has a grip on the

rocket and tears it out of its mouth, throwing the missile to the ground in front of it, and then – BANG!"

Luther slapped the table right next to Jim's bowl of gruel. The turgid liquid slowly splashed up, slopping on Jim's fatigues.

"The frigging fuse'd armed itself, and the missile went off right at it's feet. Blew the ugly crudder to Kingdom Come. Splashed me and

Pattie here with all its guts, which is *why*, young Jim–"

Luther turned from his audience, abruptly, and pointed a finger at Jim's NutriChow™ soaked shirt.

"That's why you *always* wear your Corporation issued all-in-one protect-o-matic personal armor and hazmat suit, helmet included. Because you never know when you'll be swimming in dirty, sticky, nasty-smelling, mucous-looking guts."

The rest of the hall was laughing. Jim figured that this must be a hazing thing, and grinned through it.

"That's a hell of a story, Luther," Jim said, mopping at himself with some paper napkins.

"The Deadzone's a hell of a place, son." Luther's eyes were glinting, even as Pattie – the putative hero of the tale – was fixing her

gaze on her alleged meal.
“But stick with us. We’ll
get you through it.”

“The’ Deadzone?” Jim
looked up. “I thought this
Containment Protocol was
more than a one-off.”

Luther’s eyes hardened,
suddenly serious. “There’s
only one Deadzone, kid.
And it never leaves you.”

The sun had moved into Jim’s eyes – it must
be late afternoon, he figured. The streets
were deserted, no civvies, Plague, or Rebs in
sight. Just broken ruins and vacant Shenzen
Company habtainers as far as the eye could
see. Sgt Klinko motioned for a stop, and
waved the team together.

“We’ll rest up here,” he said, pointing to a
container unit that was a bit sturdier than
some of the others. It had functioned as a
bank, by the look of it. “Karl, Luther, you take
watch. Al, Pattie, you take next shift. Al, I’m
gonna want you to get our boy Jim here on
his feet when I’m done with him.”

The team settled in. Karl and Luther set up
on the roof, their jetpacks meaning they’d
have easy access to the rest of the team if
necessary. It was subtle, but looking at it
with a soldier’s eye you could tell that the
building had been reinforced as a fall-back
station in the event of a planetary revolt –
they had good sight-lines over the rest of the
block, and the staggered layout of the



By Grant Mahoney

streets would funnel a mob through several
kill zones that would only be obvious from
the rooftop.

Alhandra made Jim comfortable behind the
teller counter. She started fussing with the
synthskin bandage, making sure the device
was administering the correct drugs and
nanomachine antibodies.

“Listen, Jim...” she said, whispering. “I know
why you did what you did.”

“I didn’t do anything,” Jim said. His breathing
was better now.

“Don’t kid a kidder. You’re technically a
traitor, and Sarge would be right to shoot
you dead.”

Jim groaned. It’d been all very well for the
red-haired Rebel lady to tell him to lie. And
the truth was, Jim felt like shit for telling
them about the ledger. He was a traitor, and
a coward.

He thought back to his first meeting with the
Sergeant. Not really the first one, but

"Welcome aboard, maggot" didn't really count as a proper sit-down.

Klinko had fixed him with a steely, gray-eyed stare. He was a man in his late-middle age, of stocky build. His hair was very close-cropped. He wore his dress uniform even off duty, the top button firmly done up and his service ribbons pressed flat.

"You are not welcome here," Sgt Klinko had said. "You are an interloper. An irritant. You are *scum*, Jones, and I shall treat you as such until you prove otherwise."

Jim was used to this. This was standard, break-you-down-then-build-you-up talk from any squad leader to a new transfer. But what

he wasn't used to was the sheer venom in his words, the personal hatred Klinko clearly brought to the ritual.

"You are replacing a great man, Jones. A man who was taken from us before his time - a loyal friend, an excellent soldier. A dear heart, filled with love and promise, cruelly cut down in the prime of his life. *You*, Jones, are sheiz. You are worse than sheiz. You are the droppings that hang on the dog's arsehole once it's crapped out its filth. You are the leavings that aren't even *good enough* to leave with the other sheiz."

Klinko was leaning right into Jones' face now, his spittle landing on Jones' cheek. He dared not move or wipe it off.



By Marceal Popik



By Pete Kijek

"I don't expect you to serve, Jones. I expect you to *die*, horribly, through your own incompetence. I expect one of the monsters we fight to pick you up and snap you in two, and ram your useless torso into its maw and chew on your putrescence."

Klinko opened his hands and gripped Jones by his lapels, lowering his voice in tone to an almost tender rage.

"Until that day," he continued, "you will do *exactly* as you are told. You will kill what I tell you. You will piss when I tell you. If I tell you to *clean* yourself with your *tongue* you will grab your thighs, bend over and lap away like a cat and you will *swallow*, Jones. Do I make myself clear?"

"...Yessir, sir. Sergeant Klinko, Sir."

"When that day comes and the Gen One is gnawing on your corpse, I will expect you to still be fighting, Jones. When it craps you out you will make its asshole burn. And when that happens, then, and *only* then, will I consider you to have been a good soldier. Do I make myself clear, Private?"

"Crystal, sir."

"You're goddamn right. Dismissed, Private."

Jones shook his head at the memory. Alhandra was looking at him.

"You all right, Private?"

"Just thinking, Al. I'll take my lumps." He sighed. "How's my wound doing?"

Alhandra pushed a few buttons on her tablet, and the armor panels in his chest folded back into place. "You'll live. I'm clearing you for duty – the nanos should have that rib re-grown with plastics in a few hours and the armor will hold up until then. You'll be a bit short of breath but I'll tell the nanos to get to work on the lungs next. Keep the synthskin on for a fortnight – I can reprogram it from here if there are complications."

Jim grinned like an idiot. "You're an angel, Alhandra."

She grinned back. "Don't thank me. It's all

the nanomachines, son.”

“If you two are done playing Doctors and Nurses,” Sgt Klinko growled, “I need to have some words with your patient here.”

Alhandra threw the Sergeant a quick salute, stood up and walked away. Klinko sat cross-legged next to Jim’s travois, his helmet off. He held a tablet as well.

“I’ve been reviewing the camera feeds from your armor, Jones. Some friends you’ve got there.”

“They’re not my friends, sir,” Jim returned.

“The audio cuts out after a while, but the video’s fine. It shows you talking, the woman walking away, then walking back, then the blonde patching you up. It sure looks like you’re pretty good at making friends if you ask me.”

Jim’s pulse quickened. He heard, distantly, Alhandra’s tablet make an insistent beep – she must’ve punched a button or something, because his heart-rate quickly came back under control.

“I’d be no good to you dead, Sarge.”

“That’s up for debate.” Klinko returned his eyes to the tablet, moved the video feed forward to a clear picture of the redheaded woman’s face. “But I’ll let you live, because in your own uniquely crudheaded way, you’ve just given us an opportunity. Do you know who this is?”

Jim thought quickly. The briefing papers he’d

had on this mission seemed like a million years ago. He shook his head. “Some crud-faced Rebel scum, sarge?”

“Oh yes, my little parrot. But not just any crud-faced Rebel scum. This, my boy, is Rachael Fairburn. This particular little



By “Daedle”

trouble-maker was part of the science team that unearthed the Pandora artifact that started this whole mess. Miss Fairburn just happens to be a person of interest, and by telling her where we're going, you've given us a chance to bag two missions in one shot."

"Thank you, sir," Jim said.

"So I am going to choose to believe that rather than mewling, begging for your life from our enemies, you took some unexpected initiative for once in your cruddy little life," Sgt Klinko continued, "and lured this target of opportunity into a location where we can successfully ambush them and capture or kill the target while fulfilling our primary objective. If we are successful, then all will be forgiven." Sgt Klinko dropped the tablet, leaned right into Jim's face, and jabbed his finger right under Jim's chin. "But if we fail, Jimmy-boy, then I will *personally*

fray you in ways you never imagined you *could* be frayed. There will be *pain*, boy. Pain and rage. Do you understand me, you dim-witted little cretin?"

Jim swallowed. "Crystal, Sarge. Fraying, sarge. Pain and rage. Yessir."

"Excellent. I'm glad we have reached this rapport, Private."

The Sergeant stood up and left. Jim pushed himself up into a sitting position, and glanced over at Alhandra, who gave him a cheerful thumbs-up.

Jim was just retrieving his gear from where Luther had left it when the explosion rang out.

"ORX!" Karl yelled, and Jim could hear rifle fire rattling out. Jim rammed his helmet on, triggered the seals, and grabbed his pistol – his wrist-blade was already humming in its housing, its emergency start-up protocol activated by Jim flexing his wrist a certain way.

He saw Klinko and Mendez take up positions on either side of the door. The only windows were narrow ones facing to the main street; he positioned himself by the rear door.

His com unit crackled back to life. It was Karl. "Maybe twelve contacts by the optics. One Ripper suit we



By Paul Scott



By Grant Mahoney

can see. Confirmed Pyro.”

“Acknowledged,” Klinko barked back. “Pattie, get to high ground. Al, you’re with me. Kid, pop the stealth and get the drop on them. Move it!”

Jim nodded acknowledgement and activated the camo field. He didn’t know how it worked – and the encounter earlier today proved that it was far from infallible – but the slight shimmer in the air visible from the inside of the field was a still a comfort to him. Jim burst through the rear door and found himself in a corridor leading to a fire exit. There was a vault, open, and he could see money spread out all over the floor. Just lying there.

He was momentarily tempted, but the adrenaline moved him forward, kicking down the door into the alley.

He was confronted with the Orx Pyro. The pilot light on his burner was bright, and Jim imagined he could hear the hydraulic chamber drawing more fuel into the barrel of the gun –

Jim pushed away the barrel of the burner with his left arm just as it spat out its fiery load. His wrist-blade popped out with a solid metallic *chunk* sound even as he brought his fist up towards the Orx’ chin. The blade shot up into its skull and out the other

side effortlessly, the energy field of the blade causing the commando’s sparse hair to stand on end.

The flamer continued to burn as the Orx fell, shutting off only when Jim took the time to sever the cheap metal barrel with his wrist-blade. No sense in leaving a fire hazard by the fall-back position. With no other enemies in sight, he sprinted behind the next -door biz-unit and retracted the wrist blade before jumping up to the roof to assess the situation.

The situation was FUBAR. He could see about nine Orx in a rough semi-circle around the front of the bank, and a ripper suit standing in the open, spraying a constant stream of bullets at the bank. Even if Pattie could get a rocket off, there was a very good chance the damn maniac would shoot it down before it hit him.

Nine Orx, plus one in the alley. That meant one or two unaccounted for. He swept his eyes over the high-rise buildings behind the bank, and caught the tell-tale glint of a scope on an office block behind Karl and Luther.

“SNIPER!” Jim yelled, running towards the building. It’d be a stretch, but if he was lucky the jump pack would get him to at least the balcony, after which he could climb up and gank the wretch. Luther and Karl dived away from their spots just as the shot rang out – Karl grunted over the com relay, and Jim couldn’t tell if it was pain or from the landing – as Jim fired his jets and sailed through the air to the balcony, taking wild shots to drive the goblin sniper into cover.

He needn’t have worried. Luther popped up from behind an aircon unit and shot the crudder right in the face.

“You’re out of position, rookie,” Klinko growled.

“Sorry for trying to save our guys, sir.”

“Quit the attitude. They’re Enforcers, they save themselves.”

A loud amplified voice rang out across the road. “Hello, metal people! It is I, Commander Hockslock! We wish to negotiate for your shiny lives!”

“Aw hell,” Alhandra said. “Not this maniac.”

“I think I’m hit, Sarge.” Karl audibly sucked in some air. “Got my shoulder. Can still fight though.”



By Christian Schlumpberger

“Attaboy, Karl,” Sgt Klinko said. “Take some notes, Jim, that’s how a real trooper takes a hit.”

Jim was about to reply but then thought better of it. His HUD was showing a waypoint, three buildings over, which should give him a better view of the Orx position. He kept the camo field on and started sprinting for it, using short jet-pack hops to help him over the biz-units.

“We know you are in the money-house, shiny people!” the Orx commander continued. “We like moneys! You give us moneys, you live, yes? Easy-peasy!”

Sgt Klinko replied over his suit’s in-built loudhailer. “How do we know you’ll let us live, Orx?”

"You wound me, shiny person! Commander Hockslock is famous for his trustworthiness!" Alhandra muttered over the com relay. "More like famous for being a nutter."

"We have stand-off! You decide, we wait! Thirty minutes, shiny humans, then we come and take the moneys!"

Jim was in position. The HUD was blinking "Stand by." Sarge and Mendez must be working on a plan.

He looked at the sun again. Time was ticking away. If they didn't sort this mess out soon, then the rebels would get the ledger with no opposition, and be long gone before they arrived in the mission zone.

And it would be all be his fault. ■



By Pete Kijek

MAGNETIZING A DREADBALL TEAM

By Vincent Pascaud

How to number your team? I've read people planning to buy 14 prone markers for their team, just to number them and have a way of actually telling which fallen player it is. I've also seen people willing to buy 3 robots, one per position, per actual player ; so with a full roster of 42 miniatures to be able to have all 3 positions correctly numbered ! And not even speaking of Keepers...

Technically, numbering your miniatures cannot be a perfect answer : you'll need lots and lots of models to cover all the possibilities, and there's a strong chance you'll never need many of them !

Fortunately, magnets hold all the answers. Prepare to love magnets.



Paint your front arc and prime a space where you can put your numbers... and stick your steel base to your Hexes.
You can also paint your logo on some bases for your non-player miniatures.



Put the Magnetic Bases under your miniatures... and voilà !
You can now switch your minis among bases.
But what for ?



Magnetized players are great for prone markers !



Don't have a Z'zor coach ? Just switch your Veer-myn one to a Z'zor base.

You can now put your MVPs, Free Agents and Cheerleaders on bases with the colours of your team.





By "imm0rtal reaper"

Inside:

A Lesson Learned

Read about the wizened elder's story of his encounter with a fabled ice elf...

Painting the Goblin Standard Bearer

See the intricate step-by-step process of painting a professional-quality model

THE LEDGER, PART 2

Jim and the Enforcers face off against an Orx warband searching the Deadzone...

And much more!