

IRONWATCH

Issue
26



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 Vincent Pascaud
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ABYSSAL TIDINGS**A Message from the Editor**

Welcome back to another issue of the
IRONWATCH magazine.

Deadzone Wave 2 has been arriving on
 doorsteps, and I personally love the new
 Zombies. Here's hoping that the Enforcers and
 Forgefathers are just as good or better! I'm
 also quite pleased with the Valkyr bikes and
 Brokkr units, and can easily see them
 becoming a flagship iconic unit for whenever
 Mantic goes about starting their eventual
 Warpath Kickstarter!

Please be sure to keep the articles, pictures,
 and stories coming, as we can never have too
 much! Just email them to
ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com, and we'll be
 sure to get your piece slotted in!

As always, thank you for reading and telling
 your friends, and whether you're a new reader
 or an old veteran, Welcome to the Watch!

-Austin

Cover art by Boris Samec

Title art by Mark Smith

*Correction: We accidentally mislabeled Christian
 Schlumpberger as “Christopher.” Sorry Chris!*

*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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THE IRON FORGE



Undead Revenants, by Matt Gilbert

Welcome back to the Iron Forge!

Please welcome our two newest members of the Iron Forge: Adam Morrow, who has a fantastic article later in this issue, and Boston Miniatures, who have a selection of models here in the Iron Forge.

This month we have:

- A wonderful selection of Enforcers from the Boston Miniatures group
- Some rugged Enforcers: Sergeant Howlett, an Enforcer Defender, and an Enforcer Pathfinder on her monocycle!

- Geoff Burbidge with a vibrant Dreadball team of Z'zor
- Matt Gilbert with a lumbering Forge Father Urban-Pattern Iron Ancestor

Keep tuned in next month for more fantastic paintjobs!

BOSTON MINIATURES



BOSTON MINIATURES



The paint job was straight forward. Keep it simple, paint it fast! Not all the mini need to have super details. The main work was done on the gradient armor, mask, and sword.

Silver Armor

1) Priming was skipped to keep all the details and a base Nickel + Primer spray was used. You can find this at your trusty local home renovation store.

2) Apply all over the mini a couple of layers of Nuln Oil.

Gray Armor

1) Base coat the off white with GW Administrative Gray.

2) Mix 1-1 Black and Administrative Grey for the darker gradient. Applied an almost water

consistency in multiple layers.

3) Mix Administrative Grey with white for the lighter gradient.

Applied a progressive water down layers.

4) Off white for last highlights.

Quick Glow

1) Apply a thin a wash of white with a couple of layers.

2) Apply thin layers of water down of Tamiya Blue making it gradient.

3) Apply some pure white where needed.

Alternative technique with airbrush can be used here.

Cape

1) Dark Red

2) Apply washes of Dark Red and Black

3) Dry brush Red

4) Dry brush Red - Orange and then Orange.

Optionally stripes on the chest plates could have been added, but I really liked it already as it is.

This mini was lots of fun to paint. Give it a try: spray metal and a wash down with some black, and this plastic toy will be come white pewter. If you continue with it you might even get GOLD!

Happy Painting!

-Cedric

CHRISTIAN SCHLUMPBERGER



Deciding which models to paint for this issue was rather challenging; At first I wanted to go for my green Void Siren team, and some Kings of War dwarves were also among the candidates. This all changed when a huge parcel with the glorious second wave of Deadzone stuff arrived at my house. The new Enforcers simply HAD to be painted, and even with the first three models done there are still way more to come. I decided to begin with the trooper carrying a defender shield, whom I converted using the body of the Deadzone Assault Enforcer. The pose works really well with the shield and the shotgun, a dynamic entry if ever I saw one.

The Pathfinder on bike was a bit more challenging, which was mostly due to the



CHRISTIAN SCHLUMBERGER



significantly to mark him as a character and leader of the pack.

My Enforcers are definitely no masterpieces (check out my Iron Forge colleagues if you're looking for those) as they have been painted for gaming, but I tried to achieve a certain standard nonetheless. The high contrast of the armor and the dust effects are the dominant theme of the army and with Warpath at the gates, I have already started to gather a bigger force to crush all enemies of the council!

fact that the details on the face are rather minimal and tend to vanish even under thin layers of paint. Shades and details had to be painted on rather than worked out, which took me quite a while.

Sgt. Howlett is without a doubt my favorite Enforcer model out there, a true hero with a unique pose. He will be the new leader of my strike team, and when I painted him I decided to increase the amount of red areas



GEOFF BURBIDGE



Z'zor Dreadball Team

MATT € GILBERT



I wasn't entirely sure I was going to be able to paint anything (again) this month – life and work have been pretty hectic and my

gaming and hobby time is fairly limited. However, I had a small window of opportunity I could see, but I was scratching

MATT € GILBERT



my head as to what to do. Luckily, right before I needed to make a decision, it was made for me when a large parcel containing my Deadzone wave 2 goodies arrived at the door.

I've been wondering what color scheme to paint my Forge Fathers for a long time, and seeing the new Urban-pattern Iron Ancestor I knew it would be a great chance to test something out by painting it up for this month's Iron Forge model. In my head I began to think about something akin to Dark Angel coloring, but didn't want the green to be as dark as they are typically painted. I also wanted it to be a main color for the upper armor plates with a simple black body

underneath, which would hopefully emphasize the sense of depth and solidity.

The model was sprayed black and then dry-brushed 3 or 4 times up to a mid(ish) grey. I then applied two washes of Army Painter Dark Tone over the whole model to try to blend in the weathering effect that dry-brushing leaves. The black areas were then edge highlighted, first with Vallejo Medium Sea Green and then with Vallejo Pale Greyblue.

The colored armor plates are GW Gretchin Green washed with Army Painter Green Ink. The base color and a little green ink then make up the first highlight, then the base color again on its own. Edge highlights are Gretchin Green and little white mixed and finally GW Rotting Flesh (an old pot I have).

The "bone" colored areas are GW Dhenab Stone washed with Army Painter Soft Tone and then highlighted up to off-white.

The base is simply one of the Battlezone scenery parts that came in the DZ shipment that I snapped in half and stuck in place. The ground is fine sand.

I think the final color scheme is very effective, and I think I'll go with it for the whole Forge Father army... when I eventually get round to doing it.

STEICY JOURDAN



Dreadball Dinoborg

MANTIC CALENDAR

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](#).

Please note that this list is not exhaustive and indicates where Mantic games are being enjoyed, not necessarily where Mantic will be making an official appearance (Save for the Mantic HQ, of course!).

October

03 [Legendary Game Faire II](#)

The Quality Inn and Conference Center
383 East Leffel Lane, Springfield Ohio
45505, USA.

04-05 [Derby World Wargames 2014](#)

Castle Donington International
Exhibition Centre
Castle Donington
Derby DE74 2RP, UK

11-12 [Clash of Kings Final 2014](#)

Mantic HQ
193 Hempshill Lane
Nottingham, UK

11 [Bristol Megalofunotron 2 \(Dreadball\)](#)

The Old Duke
45 King Street
Bristol BS1 4ER, UK

25 [Charcon](#)

1000pt, 3 round Kings of War
tournament
Charleston Civic Center, 200 Civic Center
Dr, Charleston, WV, United States

26 [Boston Wargames Club Open Day](#)

Boston Conservative Club
Main Ridge West, Boston, United
Kingdom



Kings of War battle, by Nick Williams

MANTIC CALENDAR



Orc Axes, by Guiseppe Aquino

26

Fiasco

Royal Armouries Museum
Leeds, UK.

26

Orktoberfest

Dreadball & Kings of War
Enoggera Bowls Club Inc., 72 Pickering
St., Enoggera QLD, Australia

26

Total Wargamer

Kings of War tournament
Total Wargamer, Cadbury Courtyard,
Blackminster Business Park,
Blackminster, Evesham, Worcestershire,
WR11 7RE

November

16

Crusader Bowl

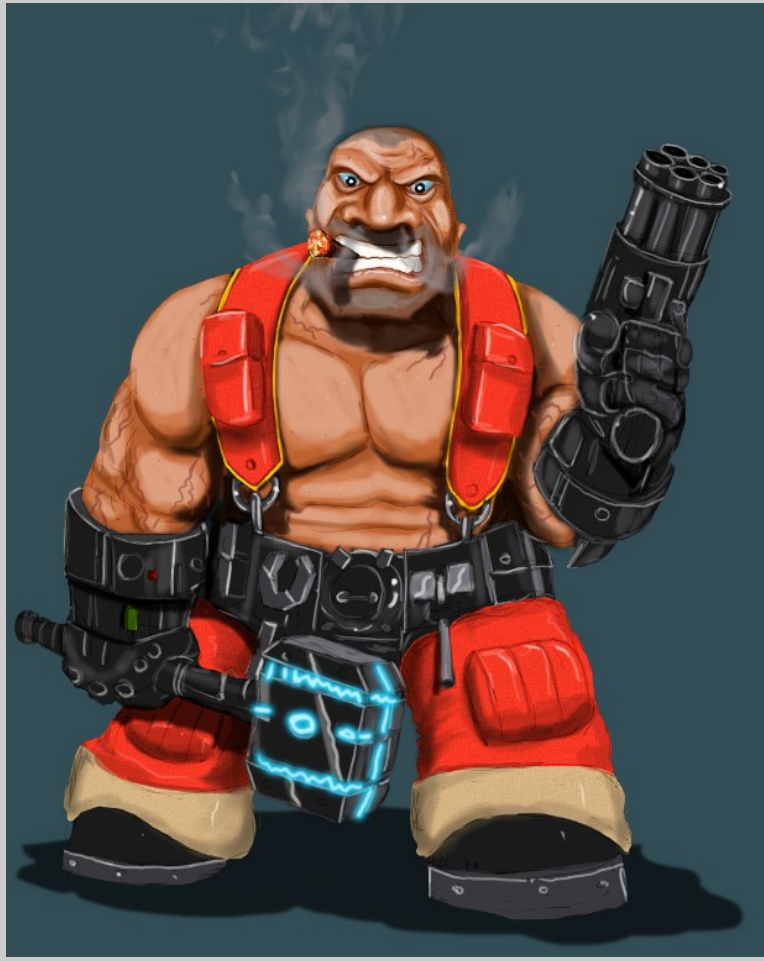
Dreadball 1 day tournament
Crow Valley Crusaders GCN Club (CVC).
Cwmbran, South Wales

29

Mantic Open Day

Hempshill Lane, Nottingham, United
Kingdom

Q&A WITH CHRIS PALMER



Forgefather Brokk, by Boris Samec

Organized by Matt Gilbert

The Mantic Q&A feature contains questions from the community via the forum, answered by Chris Palmer, Web and Events Coordinator at Mantic Games. If anyone wants to ask a question they can on the [Mantic Blog](#).

The Gemini Twins and Bad Call were beloved prototypes of MVPs, but in the end weren't included in Dreadball Xtreme. Any chance they might make a comeback at some point ?

We've got an awful lot to make and release for DreadBall Xtreme – unless they were metal in the future, I don't think we'll be returning to those ideas.

When will Twilight Kin Dark knight's be released?

There is not an estimated release date for the Dark Knights, so I cannot possibly say. We'd really like to revisit in the Twilight Kin in a big way, but we need to do a lot more work on them first. Releasing them on their own is unlikely to happen, but we will return to Kings of War in a big way next year.

With the success of Mars Attacks post-kickstarter, are Mantic considering other skins for Deadzone (using another IP)? XCOM and Falling Skies are two IPs that would work perfectly.

We don't really think of Mars Attacks as a skin. In the same way as Gears of War and Mass Effect 3 – both use the same engine, both very different experiences, and that's what Deadzone has, a very good engine. I think we can see it being used for several games. XCOM would have been a great one, Fantasy Flight already have the license, but there are some others we'd love to look at. Maybe even another license!

Will we see different Deadzone battle mat designs?

We hope so! Let us know what you'd like to see from a new battle mat design – I'd like some more color. Maybe red planet?

Q&A WITH CHRIS PALMER

Can you give some insight into what happens in mantic post-kickstarter? How do you go about organizing everything? How soon do you get working on things like art and sculpting?

Oo, nice question.

Work starts immediately.

It's all organized by a very simple, good ol' fashioned Gantt chart. We have project milestones before the campaign starts. Art and sculpting actually starts before the campaign itself if it's boxed game, during if it's expansion, and after if it's something new that came about from community feedback or was unplanned. Ba'al and Valandor were both unplanned in the

Dungeon Saga campaign, as were doors, clips, and the Black Fortress tile pack. We plan a good stretch of ideas, but it's hard to know where you're going to end up. If you asked me and Stewart 12 months ago what Dungeon Sage would do on Kickstarter, we'd be very embarrassed to give you the answer.

Of course plans change, China and freelancers can cause havoc with deadlines and deliverables, so we start out as far as we can, with as much contingency as we can, knowing where we want to release to trade (because we have to tell our customers several months in advance).



Abyssal Dwarf army, by Grant Mahoney

Q&A WITH CHRIS PALMER

It's pretty complex, you're tracking tooling, sculpting, rule writing, proofing, lay-out, painting, photography and then all logistics around getting a 28mm model from China into a box and into a warehouse in Nottingham for dispatch.

Is there any news on where things are at with Dungeon Saga?

It's in development at the moment, there's not much to tell. Rules are being written, the expansions are being sculpted. I don't think we've started on any new tile art for the expansions yet.



Undead Skeletons, by Martin Geibner



Undead Wraiths, by Boris Samec

The Fall of the House of Ruhse

A Kings of War Campaign

By C. Arthur Monteath-Carr

Duchess Silona Ruhse, Protector of the Reach and Warden of the March, woke up in her own coffin.

The air was rank with the smell of death. She felt her gorge rise in her throat and coughed up a vile, pinkish liquid that she nearly choked on.

The mixture of embalming fluid and her own liquefied lungs quickly pooled in the hollow between her left shoulder and her neck, and she screamed in horrified revulsion.

The stench overwhelmed her and the white fire of panic raced through her body. The coffin was lined in heavy lead and, she knew, would have been encased in decorative concrete. Nevertheless, she couldn't help but pound at the lid with her fists and legs, hoping against hope that someone just might be passing the ancient mausoleum she must be entombed in.

Much to her surprise, her blows cracked the lid of the coffin. Feeling a surge of unnatural strength, she managed to break through the lead and burst out of the coffin altogether,

concrete dust falling from her body from the broken lid to her sarcophagus.

The mausoleum of her ancestors was as quiet as the grave. Her own coffin was just one of many – the honored dead of House Ruhse stretched behind her as far as she could see in the dim light. Brushing her ornate funereal dress free of debris she stepped out of the raised coffin and moved to examine her father's sarcophagus. He had died when she was a young woman, leaving her to rule the Marches alone – alone, except for her brother.

She didn't remember dying. Silona's last memories were of a quiet supper with her brother, Sir Thomas Ruhse. Although, thinking back to that night, he had insisted that he was too stuffed to have the cake and urged her to eat all of hers... had he poisoned her, to seize control of the duchy?

She rested her arms on her father's sarcophagus. How she wished he was here now. They had had their differences in life – but maybe now, in death, they finally would have something in common.

A hollow knocking sound came from inside the sarcophagus, as if something within was trying to get out. Without thinking Silona pushed off the lid, her newfound unnatural strength making the task effortless. Within the coffin her father's skeleton, still clad in it's armor and clutching his sword, rose up and looked towards her, as if awaiting her orders.

So be it, Silona thought. If this is what I am now, then this is how I shall avenge my death...

The Fall of the House of Ruhse is a short narrative campaign for two players, designed to be played with one player taking the role of Duchess Silona and her growing Undead forces, and the other playing the part of Sir Thomas Ruhse, her brother, who has seemingly had her murdered to seize control of the duchy.

The events of the campaign describe an escalating conflict that threatens to tear the duchy apart in a civil war from beyond the grave, gradually pulling in larger forces.

These rules contain write-ups for four unique characters and several special scenarios for



Zombie Regiment, by "imm0rtal reaper"



Undead Skeleton Spearmen, by Guiseppe Aquino

battles between 500-1800 points. A new rule, *Extra Effort*, is introduced in order to model heroic generals able to exhort greater effort from their troops – or a dark magician whipping his minions on with unholy magic.

Special Rule: Extra Effort

Extra Effort (n): Provided this model did not Charge! during the movement phase, at the end of the Movement phase, the model's player may choose a unit within 6". That unit is treated as having an Attack score (n) higher until the end of the turn. (IE, that unit will have (n) extra attacks until the end of this turn). This model may take no other action, including shooting, but still counts as having *Inspiring* if it has *Inspiring*.

Special Rule: Shield of Faith

Shield of Faith: This model projects an aura of almost supernatural conviction, inspiring nearby soldiers to find new reserves of resolve. Friendly units within 6" count as *Headstrong*.

Battle 1: Night of the Rising Dead

Using her newly found unnatural strength, Duchess Silona rips off the door to her family crypt and steps out into the pouring rain. If she is to enact her revenge, she will need troops.

Trying to remember how it felt to animate her father's bones, she gestures towards a grave only a week old and concentrates. Dark energy races through her spine and out of her hand, and soon a rotting arm is pushing, digging through the dirt, pulling the second of her recruits to the surface.

However, her efforts have not gone unnoticed. The graveyard's sexton, drawn by the noise, has seen enough to know that evil is afoot. He flees, unobserved, and raises the alarm in the nearby village: Necromancy is afoot, and a hasty muster rallies a small force to investigate the disturbance.

In this scenario, the Undead player is the defender, and the Kingdom of Men player is the attacker.

Undead: 350 pts, plus Duchess Silona (no cost).
Must have at least 3 Solid units.

Special Rule: The Risen Dead

Kingdom of Men: 500 Pts, no more than one Cavalry unit.

Special Rule: Militia Commander

Set-up: Place a suitable 10" by 10" terrain feature in the center of one long table edge to represent the graveyard. The Defender's may set up their forces within 8" of the objective. The Attacker may set up within 8" of the other three table edges. The Attacker has the first turn (giving the Defender the last turn).

Objective: The defender wins if, after 4 turns, there are no solid units belonging to the attacker within their 8" of the graveyard. The attacker wins if they have a solid unit within 8" of the graveyard. NOTE: even one solid unit belonging to the attacker being within 8" of the graveyard is enough to disrupt the ritual.



Undead Revenant King, by "left64"

Special Rule: The Risen Dead

If at any point the Defender has less than six solid units on the table, and no units within their deployment zone, roll a d6. If the result is equal to or greater than the number of the Defender's solid units on the table, the Defender may place a 10-strong Troop unit of Skeletons or Ghouls within their deployment zone.

Special Rule: Militia Commander

History does not record the name of the brave man who rallied the local militia to attempt to stop Silona's vile ritual. The attacker may pick one unit to act as the force commander for this battle. This unit must be an individual, or if none is available, a solid unit (count the range from the unit leader). This unit gains *Inspiring*, if they did not already have *Inspiring*.

Special Character: Duchess Silona

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	At	Ne	Pts
1	7	3+	-	5+	4	12/14	175

Special: Crushing Strength (2), Dark Surge (5), Inspiring, Heal (3), Individual

In life an influential stateswoman and competent general, in death she is a terrifying combatant. Whatever dark magics have roused her from the grave have given her strength and power beyond that of common Vampires (if such a creature can ever be considered common).

Attacker Wins: Duchess Silona's ritual is disrupted, and she orders what troops she has raised to retreat to consolidate their position, giving the main force more time to prepare. The Kingdoms of Men player may take an extra 200pts in Battle 2.

Defender Wins: The militia is unable to halt the ritual, and Duchess Silona successfully raises the



Kingdom of Men Shield Wall Troop, by "ManticFanBoyLAD"

entire burial ground's worth of bodies. The Undead player may take an extra 200pts in Scenario 2.

Battle 2: A Bridge Over Putrid Waters

After the frenzied melee at the graveyard, the survivors from the hastily raised militia race back to the River Torban, to meet Sir Ruhse's expeditionary force. Their horrified countenance and barely coherent account of the battle convinces Sir Ruhse that the impossible has happened: His sister, obviously brought back from the grave by a foul sorcerer bent on seizing the duchy for himself, has raised an undead army and is marching on the castle.

If he can take and hold the bridge, even for a short while, this will allow reinforcements to arrive at Castle Ruhse and give his people time to shore up the defenses.

He orders the men to fall in and march, turning a deliberate deaf ear to the mutterings of the men: his late sister was a popular ruler, and

even before she came back from beyond the veil the foul rumor was that he had her poisoned-rumors that only grew now that she was back to exact her revenge.

In this scenario, the Undead player is the attacker, and the Kingdom of Men player is the defender. This scenario is scored using the "Kill & Pillage" rules from the Kings of War rulebook.

Attacker: 1000 points, plus Duchess Silona (no cost). +200 points if the Undead player won Battle 1.

Defender: 1000 points, plus Sir Ruhse (no cost). +200 points if the Kingdom of Men player won Battle 1.

Set Up: The middle line of the table is occupied by a river, with one bridge and two fords. The bridge should be wide enough to allow a Regiment of 25mm-based models to cross, and is placed in the center of the river. The fords should be wide enough to allow a Horde of

25mm based models to cross, and should be placed 10" in from each short table edge.

Units may cross the river at the bridge and the fords without penalty. Units may cross the river at any other point, but treat it as difficult terrain.

Each ford and the bridge are Objectives worth 125 points.

Special Character: Sir Thomas Ruhse (On Horse)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	At	Ne	Pts
1	9	3+	-	5+	4	13/15	50

Special: Crushing Strength (1), Very Inspiring, Individual, *Extra Effort* (3)

A melancholy man, Sir Thomas' best campaigning days are behind him. The situation has unnerved him – he complains of headaches

and is sensitive to sunlight. He is mystified at his sister's return from the dead and cannot imagine what grudge could possibly motivate her resurrection.

Extra Effort: If Sir Ruhse has not charged in the movement phase, then he may choose one unit within 6". That unit is treated as if it's Attack stat is 3 higher than it is until the end of the turn - IE, they receive 3 extra attacks during their attack. Sir Ruhse may not shoot, attack, or take any other action if he does so, but still counts as *Very Inspiring*.

Attacker Wins: Duchess Silona is able to break through before the castle is finished setting up their defenses. Three solid units in Battle 3 may deploy as if they had the Vanguard rule.



Undead Revenants, by Marcel Popik



Undead Revenant Cavalry, by Martin Geibner

Defender Wins: Sir Ruhse is able to hold the line long enough for the defenses to be prepared. During the set-up phase of Battle 3 the Kingdoms of Men player may set up four pieces of 1x4" blocking terrain (representing barricades) after all terrain and armies have

been placed (but before any Vanguard moves).

Battle 3: Knee-Deep in the Dead

The inexorable tide of the Undead has driven Sir Ruhse and his army back to the ducal keep. Knowing that they lack the supplies to

withstand a long siege, he rallies his entire army to try and break the back of his late sister's unholy invasion.

Meanwhile, Duchess Silona has been approached by an old flame – Roderick Winthrop, a poor scholar, who reveals to her that he is the one who brought her back to life using exotic magic he learned while abroad, seeking his fortune. He swears his fealty to her and her revenge – and if Silona now has doubts about who, precisely, killed her, she pushes these to the back of her mind: She has come too far to let conscience stop her now.

In this scenario the Undead player is the Attacker, and the Kingdom of Men player is the Defender. It is scored according to the “Kill” rules in the Kings of War rulebook. If Duchess Silona or Sir Thomas Ruhse are killed, they are each worth 200 victory points for the Defender and the Attacker respectively.

Attacker: 1800 Points, plus Duchess Silona (No cost). If the Attacker won Battle 1, they may also include Roderick Winthrop, the Necromancer (No cost)

Defender: 1800 Points, plus Sir Thomas Ruhse (No cost). If the Defender won Battle 1, they may also include Father Montbellin (No cost)

Set-up: Each player sets up within 12” of the long side of a 6’x4’ board. If the Attacker won Battle 2, then after both sides have set up they may nominate three units to count as having the *Vanguard* rule. If the Defender won Battle 2, they may place four pieces of 1” x 4” blocking terrain after both sides have set up (but before any *Vanguard* moves).

The battle takes place in a field before a keep, so do not feel obliged to include scenery to represent a castle or other fortifications; however, if such scenery is available to the



Undead Ghouls, by Michael DeFranco



Undead Revenant Cavalry versus a Kingdoms of Men General on a Winged Beast, by Nick Williams

players then they are encouraged to use it – do not place any fortified walls more than 6” in from the Defender’s board edge, however. This engagement will be decided on the field.

Special Character: Roderick Winthrop, the Necromancer

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	At	Ne	Pts
1	5	4+	-	4+	1	10/12	100

Special: Inspiring, Individual, Heal (3), Dark Surge (3), *Extra Effort* (3)

A man from a family of little means, Roderick joined the Ruhse household as an apprentice to the family’s steward. However, he left to seek his fortune after falling hopelessly in love with Silona, and has now returned as a master of forbidden magic. He claims he intended to revive Silona after finding her dead, but was he the one to slay her in the first place?

Special Character: Father Montbellin

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	At	Ne	Pts
1	5	3+	-	4+	2	11/13	100

Special: Crushing Strength (1), Inspiring, *Shield of Faith*

A charismatic and fiery preacher, Father Montbellin spent his youth fighting against Necromancy wherever it reared its head. Though he is near the end of his life, his conviction endures, and his presence is often enough to give courage to wavering men.

Shield of Faith: Friendly units within 6” of Father Montbellin count as *Headstrong*.

Aftermath:

UNDEAD VICTORY

Silona watched her father’s skeleton, still wearing the armor he was buried in, approach

her, dragging a corpse behind it.

She could tell, even from this distance, that it was her brother. Curiously, she felt numb. She had expected to feel a thrill at the consummation of her revenge, but instead the death of her brother felt meaningless.

Roderick – the scribe-turned-Necromancer whom she barely remembered from her youth – put his hand on her shoulder.

“We did it,” he said. “We won. Your brother is dead, and we can rule the duchy side-by-side – forever.”

She whirled on him. “Is this why you brought me back? Out of some misguided notion that I would *thank* you for it, that I would *love* you for doing *this...* to me? To my brother, to my *people*?” She gestured vaguely around the battlefield, where her skeletal minions were dispatching the wounded and her ghouls were feasting on the corpses of the soldiers whose only crime was to defend their homes.

“But your brother...” Roderick stammered, “He killed you. He poisoned your cakes, to get you out of the way and-”

Silona’s eyes blazed with fury, and her voice was like ice. “I never told you that.”

Roderick froze. “You must have-”

Quicker than his eye could follow, Silona lunged towards him and pierced his jugular with a sharpened nail. He staggered back, blood fountaining from the wound, and Silona let it fall on the ground, un-drunk. Unbidden, a ghoul crawled to his body and lapped at the scarlet liquid.

The battle, and her brother’s death, was done, and regrets were useless. She had been born to rule this land, and had ruled it well in life. If this was her fate, she would rule it in death as well.

KINGDOMS OF MEN VICTORY

Sir Ruhse felt his horse’s heart stop and its legs seize up even as it was surrounded by a jet black bolt of arcane energy. It toppled forward, and he was barely able to free his feet from the stirrups as it collapsed on top of him.

His sister approached, the necromancer Roderick at her side. He remembered him as a



Undead Revenant King, by Paul M.



Undead Zombies, by TSNC

sniveling lickspittle; the years, and his eldritch studies, had done nothing to disabuse him of that notion.

Duchess Silona stopped a few paces away from him. His sword was gone, but he spied a broken spear just outside his reach. If he could reach it...

"Why, brother?" the duchess asked. "Why do it? Why did you have me killed?"

"What poppycock has that wretch been feeding you?" Sir Ruhse shot back. "I loved you, sister. If you look for your killer, look to the one who brought you back."

The Duchess seemed stunned, as if this thought had not occurred to her before now. She rounded on Roderick, and lifted him by his throat.

"Is this true, Roderick? Did you do this to me... to us?"

"Think!" Sir Thomas' fingers were touching the haft of the spear. "Who benefits? What would I have to gain from trapping you in this half-a-life?"

"I..." Roderick said, choking. "I always loved you... from afar... this was the... only way we could be—"

Sir Thomas' hand closed on the spear. Awkwardly, desperately, he flung it at Silona's back. His aim was true, and the head burst through her chest where her heart would be.

She coughed black blood onto Roderick's face, then wrapped her arms around him, drawing him slowly into an embrace. The spear's head pressed into his ribcage, and he screamed.

"Hush," Silona whispered. "We're together now. Together... forever."

They collapsed on the ground, and were still. ■



Undead Wraiths, by Christian Schlumpberger

HAMFIST BORIN

By Michael Leonard (MDSW)

1

Grobar awakened to find his head pounding. He peeled his face from the floor of the tavern where he had unceremoniously and uncharacteristically decided to sleep after a night of drinking – or was it pass out? His head was still foggy as he tried to recollect his thoughts from the prior night.

He quickly checked to make sure his gold and the rest of his belongings had not disappeared.



Dwarven Ironclad, by "Dusty"

Thankfully, all was in place as well as his two, sturdy hammers, which he would never forgive himself if he were to lose them.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid," mumbled Grobar as the fragments began to fit together. It was a rather odd fellow dwarf he encountered last night on the road into Dinmore, a small, pig-farming town of little consequence. However, Dinmore was on the way through the outer country at the edge of the barely civilized territory before the expanse of the wild country set in.

He had spent many years in his bull-headed youth in the wild country during his days in the dwarven Ranger units tasked with various duties – Orc containment, keeping the Elves in their own lands, etc. Although not physically in quite the same shape as his Ranger days – Father Time not only pays his visits with a new wrinkle every year, but with a number of extra pounds, too! -he still kept his deep auburn beard trimmed short. This was not a very characteristic trait of dwarfs, but it was very common among dwarven Rangers. "A short beard does not tangle in the brush or come afoul when using your weapon," said his old Ranger captain.

Although his beard and hair showed flecks of grey, he still felt confident in the wilds and that was the reason he was out here in the first place. All of this quickly ran through Grobar's mind behind his thick skull before he could clear it enough to begin to think about just what exactly he was trying to think about...

"That odd dwarf," he thought again, firmly deciding that his encounter with him and the ensuing night of drinking had been odd indeed. After all, Grobar had recently been convinced to come out of his semi-retirement at the bequest



Abyssal Dwarf Decimators, by Grant Mahoney

of a rather important dwarven Lord of Rowyn, a neighboring county in the southeast section of the dwarven lands of Regdor.

Although he had never met the man, his envoys were very convincing in their roles to get Grobar to accept a simple run-through the wildlands with a sealed parchment to the outskirt dwarven kingdom of Rogrim in the northwest. It seemed a very simple task given his old familiarity with the lands, his ability to knock orcs in the head, and that the gold offered was just too good to pass up. Although it would be a long trip back and forth, it would do him good to get active again. Grobar simply thought to himself while still shaking out the cobwebs in his head that this was no way to start the trip.

Grobar looked around and saw a small number of patrons sleeping rather uncomfortably in various positions throughout the tavern and made his way over to Regda Mull. The tavern owner was in a small, open room back beside the closed pantry where all of the tavern's foodstuffs, wine and ale were stored. With no more an elaborate theft-deterrent device than a chain fastened on the closed pantry door's handle and the other end shackled around the tall, lanky tavern owner's ankle, Grobar noticed him snoring blissfully and noisily with his shackled leg hanging off one side of the cot.

Thinking better than to wake him, he tossed five copper pieces between his legs and turned to go. Grobar picked up his supply belt, hammers, fastened his shield to his back, and decided it would also be a good idea to pack up the

remnants of his last night's meal to take with him. The long road ahead offered no further hospitable Inns of even such low renown as this one until he was well within the realm of Rogrim.

Well, at least not hospital to a respectable dwarf, as he thought of the elvish lands he will need to skirt along the outer reaches. Yes, an extra loaf of bread, half a bottle of wine and some cheese would make a nice snack later on and a welcome break from what he could hunt and forage, along with his dried foods he had packed for the journey

Grobar stepped to the door of the tavern and opened to only be greeted by that confounded sun deciding to shine much too brightly this morning. As he squinted until not only his eyes but his entire head hurt, he heard a tired voice

from behind say, "Careful on your travels, Hamfist." Grobar turned to see Regda wiping the sleep from his eyes and standing in the doorway of his room removing the shackle from his leg. Grobar grunted in response and left the doorway out onto the small road that led further into the wild country.

Hamfist... that was a nickname given to him in his Ranger days, and although there were few people around these days that remembered it, let alone called him that, it always did bring back fond memories. While being an average height dwarf, coming up to a normal man's shoulder, Grobar was built not only a bit more sturdy than your normal dwarf, but had what seemed to be the largest set of hands most people would ever think could be possible.



Dwarven Army, by Michael DeFranco



Dwarven Ironclad, by Jonathan Faulkes

Maybe that is the reason that he always favored the feel of a heavy dwarven hammer in each hand. While some of his fellow Rangers became very adept at crossbows or shields and axes, Grobar favored the demolishing swing a heavy hammer could do, and always swung both high and low – in no particular order, but always to devastating effect.

The small road became smaller and smaller as the day wore on, until it was not more than a trail through the craggy rocks and underbrush. He stopped for the night, and thought he could hear a faint howl from the distance. It did not sound so much as an animal howl he was used to, but more like a screeching howl. As the night quieted down and he tried to force some sleep, he could not get his mind off of the odd dwarf.

“Now, what made him so odd?” he mumbled. Maybe it was the way he happened to be coming down the same road into Dinmore around dusk the evening before. Maybe it was the particular way he was dressed, a peculiar

mix of his steel armor and foppish clothes. What was his name again?

“Gordel,” said Grobar aloud, almost shouting it, and then slapping a ham hand to his mouth. Must keep quiet in the wild lands, as you never know what you will come across. Gordel seemed unusually talkative, while not actually saying anything of substance, like everything just needed his own, extra commentary. Grobar being a Ranger during most of his youth was not of the particularly talkative type and Gordel’s ceaseless yapping was not only annoying, but uncharacteristic for a dwarf.

“We need a drink and some food over here, pronto,” shouted Gordel as they took a seat at a small table in the tavern, which seemed to be full of patrons from the surrounding areas. Grobar knew most of these not to be actual travelers, as they were, but just the ‘locals.’

“His name is Regda and he is a good man. I have come here many times in years past and he has

always been here.”

“Well, then Regda, my good man, let’s keep the wine coming!” Gordel laughed raucously and slapped Grobar on the shoulder. The he leaned close, “I can tell that you are one of those Rangers and I’ll bet nothing gets past your nose. Always a clever eye for observation. Yes sir, a real benefit to have on any journey.” Regda set down two large loaves of bread, a rather large wedge of pale yellow cheese and a very dark bottle of wine with two deep goblets.

Grobar began to eat and drink as Gordel droned on about everything and nothing. At one point during the lecture, Grobar excused himself to go out back to the outhouse. While he relieved himself he leaned his head against the front wall. For some reason it just always made the going easier. After he finished, he checked his inside pocket for the sealed parchment that was bound for Lord Thiflar in Rogrim. Safe and sound

“Why don’t I just say, ‘nice knowing ya’ and get back out onto the road?” It was not that he did not like the fellow; he just could not learn anything from all Gordel was saying. And there was one thing Grobar always had to do in every situation, learn everything – that’s what can keep you out of trouble and save your skin. Oh well; He went back in and took his seat across from Gordel. Once seated, Gordel started on about a story his mother used to tell him to make him behave. Grobar just continued to eat and pour wine. Was this the second or third bottle?

Grobar could not remember now just what the latest topic of conversation was, maybe he was still on the story his mother used to tell him, he simply could not remember much except things started to get cloudy and the last thing he could remember from last night was when Gordel leaned in very close and said, just above a whisper, “...and that is where you come in...” ■



Abyssal Dwarf Halfbreeds, by “puggimer”



Enforcer, by Boris Samec

the escape, part 3

By Christopher Verspeak

The Tailings

This is crazy, I think to myself. Crazy, crazy, crazy. This is my mantra today. It's what I clung

to as I crept through the gas-filled vent tunnels beneath Central Station, Orestes. I am alone, scared, terrified in fact. It is only by repeatedly reminding myself how ridiculous this situation is that I am able to find the courage to keep putting one foot in front of the other.

It took an hour of crawling through the network of vents and pipes beneath Central Station to get here. Something I was only able to do because of my mutation. Back home, on Ostin, being a lunger meant I would only ever be a low caste worker in the mines, able to tolerate exposure to the toxic gases down there that would kill a ruling caste elite in minutes. A genetic heritage that would have forever kept me trapped underground if I hadn't escaped here. Out of the cut and straight into the spoils.

An extra lung came in handy down there though, where hole sections were flooded with toxic gases. The fumes from the mineral processors and spent fuel pods would have been extremely bad for Glanner Tass. His 'tronic prosthetics would have been corroded as fast as his organics. Being small also meant I could get through gaps and accessways that Kilo could never fit through in his Enforcer armor. So it had to be me that ended up here, huddled beneath a tarp on the landing pad, waiting for it to get dark enough for me to sneak aboard the lander and insert Kilo's security key.

I gently lift a flap of the tarpaulin that covers the container drums I am hiding between. Kilo's lander is maybe two hundred yards away, its

hull gleaming in the waning light of Orestes' sunset. It looks like a fat drop of blood, all sleek curves and smooth lines.

The tunnels were hot and damp. Out here on the surface the air is only a little cooler. The smell of burning drifts in the air from collapsed Shensigs on my right and there is a worse smell too, one of rot and decay. I cannot see any Plague creatures though. The landing pads look quiet, peaceful.

The ship has sat here for nearly two weeks now, ever since Kilo and his troop arrived on Orestes. They were ambushed by the Plague soon after they disembarked, but not before they closed the ship's landing ramps and locked it up. It must have pretty good security too. The Plague haven't been able to break into it.

Various power tools and cutting devices lie discarded around the ship to prove they have tried. I shudder at the thought of the hideous screaming monsters that chased Kilo and me out of here two days ago still having enough intelligence to operate machinery, let alone go transatmospheric. But this ship gives me, Kilo, and Glanner Tass a way off this horrible planet too.

I check, for the thousandth time, that I still have the key Kilo gave me in my right hip pocket. It feels small. Back at the camp, Kilo explained it could give him remote access to the lander though. If I can put it into the ship's navcom he



Deadzone Marauder Hulk, by Grant Mahoney

can fly it, and me, to a rendezvous with him and Tass.

After dropping me off at the grated entrance to Central's underground pipe network, he and Tass should have moved on to the Comms tower to disable the station's defense grid. No point in taking off in the lander if we're just going to get shot down by the missile racks that guard the pads.

I click on the communicator stud in my ear. "Kilo, are you there?" I whisper.

"I am. Your location?" His answer is immediate and the strength in his voice is comforting. He has been different since that morning at Tass's camp. When we were running and hiding he was a cold machine. A machine that was fantastic at keeping us alive, but still

mechanical, like he was running on automatic. But at the camp he took off his helmet. He showed us he is as human as Tass and me. I am relieved to hear his voice.

"Yeah, I'm there. I'm close. Where are you?"

"I am in the Comms Tower, as we agreed." He sounds almost offended. "I have eyes on the landing pad. Where are you exactly?"

I describe my hiding place to him and it takes him a few seconds to find me.

"The sun is low. You should go now. Their eyesight is weakest in low light."

There is no sign of movement now and there are still deep shadows across the pad. But I will still have to cross a fair distance without cover to reach the access ramp on the side of the ship.

"Kilo, are you sure about this? Is Tass ready?"

"Mr Tass is ready go on your mark, Ingrid. You should go now."

"And you won't let them get me?"

"No. Trust me. Go. Now."

I bite my lip and check the ammo counter on the pistol Tass gave me again. Still says seventeen rounds.

"Ok, ok. I'm going." *This crazy, this is crazy.* "Going now."

I lift my head above the drums and start jogging towards the ship. I curse silently when I see movement. Guards, moving around a building on the far side of the ship. If I angle it right I can keep the ship's landing struts between me and them most of the way though. Besides, Kilo is watching me through the scope of his rifle in the Comms tower behind me. He has assured me he will kill anything that comes near me. He will also cue Glanner Tass to bring in his flyer in a low run over the Station, providing a distraction for any Plague creatures in the area.

I start to run, trying to stay low and out of sight of the guards. There is no noise other than my heart pounding in my ears.



Corporation Marines, by Marcel Popik

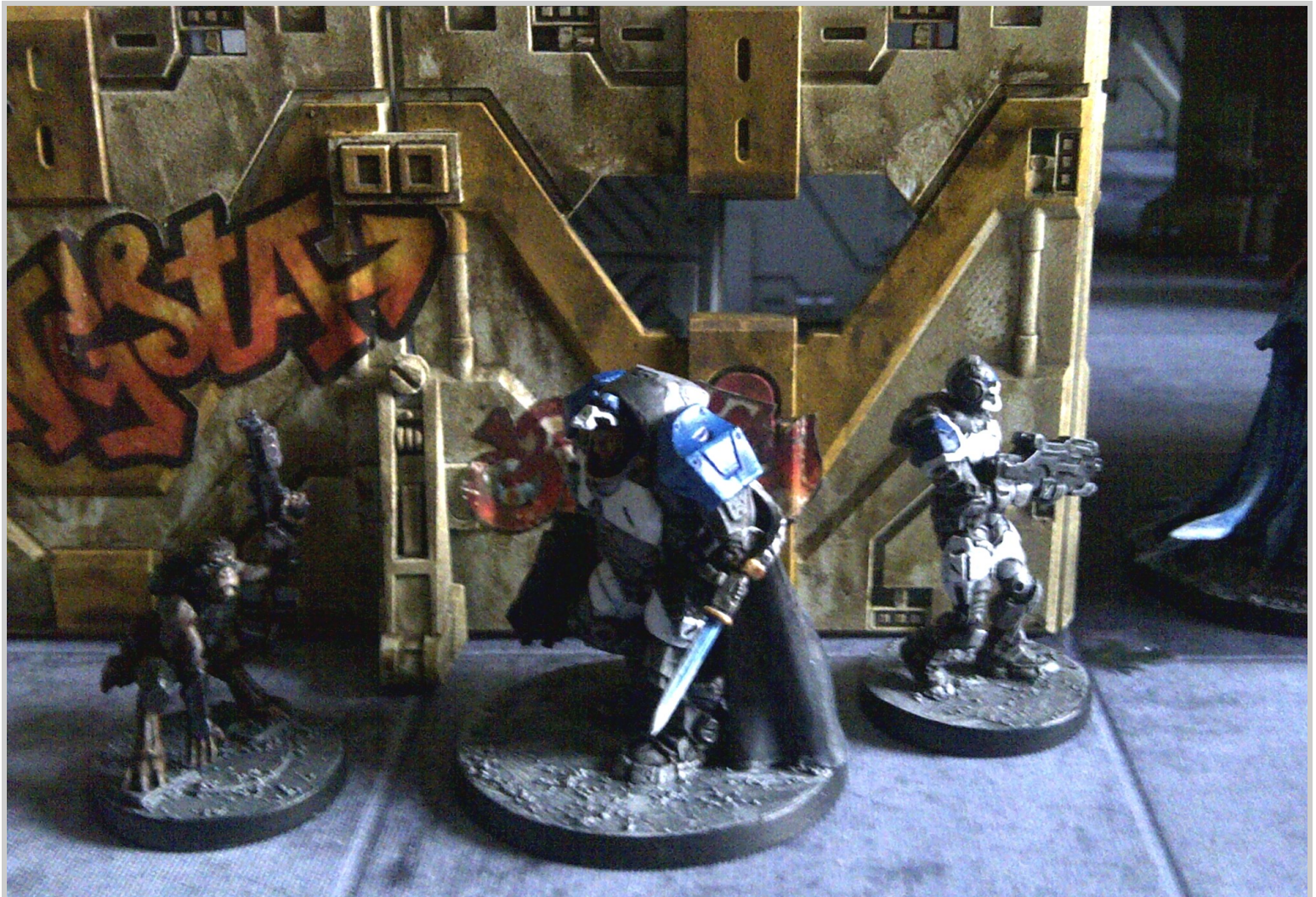
I turn straight towards the lander. Something's wrong. There is no sign of Tass. He should be zooming overhead by now. I can't stop to ask Kilo what is going on though.

Then I hear a loud bang, then another. They are above me. I can't hear Tass's flyer though - is he flying really high or something? I am nearly at the lander when the ground in front of me starts to light up. I stop running. A hundred yards to go.

I look up. The bang I heard was no distracting explosion designed to give me cover. It was a flare and it gently drifts down towards me. I am

completely exposed. I hear another flare being fired. I am confused. It sounded as if it came from the area of the Comms tower. Three stars light up the landing pad now. Shadows dance around the base of the ship's landing gear. they remind me of the demons parents on Ostin tell their kids live in the deep mines.

I hear a roar from behind me but I don't even look around. I know it is the sound of death and I start running again. I have no choice now but to get to the lander and get inside before death gets to me.



Enforcers and Yndij, by Paul M.



Chovar, by Christian Schlumpberger

Fifty yards to go. Another bang, another flare. Where is Glanner Tass? I can't stop to ask Kilo just why our plan is so holed. I just keep running.

As I near the ramp I see the guards coming towards me from the other side of the ship. I pull out my pistol and fire it wildly ahead of me. A couple of the bullets ping off the landing gear and I doubt I hit anything else. I see several of the creatures duck back behind cover though. Good enough.

The pistol clicks empty and I throw it away before pulling Kilo's key from my pocket. I hold it in front of me, frantically pressing its transmit button. The ship's port slides open and a ramp starts to descend.

Slowly though. I have to vault up onto it before it extends all the way to the ground. Once inside I hit the switch to close the port again, on the left of the entrance, right where Kilo said it would be. The howling from outside is shut out as the doorway closes and the ramp retracts. I hear loud pings as solid rounds ricochet off the side of the lander though.

The inside of the lander is cool and quiet though. I take a moment to catch my breath again, listening. I cannot hear any more shots glancing off the side of the ship. More importantly I cannot hear any movement aboard it.

I press on the communicator. "Kilo, I made it."

"Good. Well done. Head up to the cockpit."

"Wait a minute," My fear is turning to confused anger now. "What the hole happened to the distractions? Where is Tass?" My whole body is shaking with adrenaline. I realize I held my breath the whole way from the drums to the ship, but all three lungs are heaving now.

"I am sorry. It appears my explosives were compromised and you were spotted by a sentry who then fired flares. I cannot say where Glanner Tass is at this point. Move to the cockpit and call me when you are in position."

Kilo is back to machine-like efficiency mode. But I almost got killed!

"Ok." I say. Kilo is so calm. I wonder if he would be so cool if it were him that just had to run across a flat open plain with illumination rounds lighting you up for a hundred monsters to chase. I sigh. Yeah, he would.

We went over the layout of the landing craft back at the camp. The ramp I have boarded from has put me in an auxiliary corridor. On the other side of the wall in front of me is what Kilo called the combat load bay. This is where he sat when he arrived with his troop. I could get to the bay if I went right from here, but I go left.

This ship is so unlike the lander I arrived on. Or any ship I have seen before. The walls are smooth and glassy. There are no obvious fittings, yet light seems to emanate from within. Even the floor looks polished, yet it is not slippery. There is a solid looking door between



Dreadball Wyn Greth'zki, by Geoff Burbidge

me and the cockpit, but it slides smoothly open when I approach it.

The cockpit is more spacious than I expected. Three couched recliner seats are arranged facing a bank of monitors and dials and a row of

clear windows. Through them I can see the Comms tower in the distance where Kilo will be watching me.

I slide into the central seat of the three. It sighs and I nearly jump back out of it before I realize it is remolding itself to match my own shape. I relax back into it. It is the most comfortable seat I have ever sat in. A control panel slides out of a hidden compartment beneath me and arranges itself above my abdomen, then rotates until it faces me.

“Kilo, I’m in the cockpit. What do I do now?” I ask.

“Take out the auto navkey. Now insert it into the slot on the control panel. The slot is on the right side and about halfway up the panel.”

I find the slot and insert the key into it. Instantly more panels light up all around me. It’s like the ship comes to life as lines of text and symbols scroll across the displays and are projected onto the windows.

‘REMOTE ACCESS: CONFIRMED’ flashes up on the biggest screen. I let out a big sigh of relief. At least this part of the plan is working. Somewhere else, Kilo now has control of this ship and should be able to get it off the ground any second now.

While I wait for him to do so, I scroll through some of the displays on the panel across my lap, wondering if there are any weapon systems I could use to take out some of the monsters outside. Instead, I see something that makes my heart sink.



Deadzone Plague Gen 2 and 3, by Matt Gilbert

"Kilo, are you there. I think we have a problem."
He does not answer. I give it a second, then try again.

"Uh, Kilo? Are you there? We've got a problem here. I mean, I've got a problem here. There's a screen here says the rear loading ramp is lowered. Can that be right? Kilo?"

He is not answering me, but I am staring at a screen that is telling me there is an open access to this ship. A big one.

"Kilo? Can you hear me? Can we get out of here now, please?"

Finally he answers me.

"Hello, Ingrid, I am here. I am sorry, but the lander will not be taking off. I have lowered the loading bay ramp and Plague forms are

currently boarding. If you stay in the cockpit you will be safe from them though."

I taste bile in my throat. "You did what? What do you mean the Plague are boarding? Why aren't we taking off?" A thousand questions crowd my mind but I notice the screens in front of me flashing as more menus are accessed and options selected remotely. "Kilo, what are you doing?"

"Thanks to you supplying the key I now have full remote access to the ship's systems. I am currently setting the ships engines to overload mode. There, done. They will detonate in less than one minute."

The blood drains out of me. I am numb all over. "But, Kilo, what about getting off world? I thought we were going to escape together. With Tass."

"Mr Tass is already dead. I killed him as soon as we reached the tower. I am sorry, Ingrid, but my mission was never to escape from this world and I cannot allow anyone or anything else to do so either. With the Deadzone in effect, preventing that from happening is, in fact, my mission."

My head spins. "What are you talking about, Kilo? What do you mean it's your 'mission'?"

"My troop and I came here to exterminate the Plague. But with my troop gone my combat effectiveness is severely limited. By filling the



Deadzone Marauder Mawbeast, by Vincent Pascaud



Deadzone Plague Gen 3, by Boris Samec

ship with as many Plague forms as possible I am able to raise my kill ratio significantly. I thank you for giving me the means to do this.”

Cold realization washes over me like a sluice. He has used me. As bait. I am the tailings of this planet and he has found a way to use me anyway. It was Kilo who fired the flares, not a

sentry. He did that so they would see me and follow me onto the ship. He showed me his face at the camp so I would follow him back here.

“Ingrid, the Corporation also thanks you for your service. By your sacrifice you have increased the efficiency of the reclamation process for Orestes by perhaps as much as 0.03%.”

A countdown appears on all the monitors simultaneously. Ten, nine, eight, seven...

I can hear the Plague now, inside the ship, outside the cockpit.

Six, five, four.

They are pounding on the door and screaming, but Kilo is right, they cannot get to me in here. I close my eyes and try to imagine I am back on Ostin, safe below ground, home.

Three, two, one.

There is no escape from the Deadzone.■

OVERGROWN DEADZONE

By Adam Morrow

When I first was introduced to Deadzone, my first intent was to paint up my terrain and make a terrain board indicating that the area was some long-abandoned sci-fi ruins all overgrown, slowly being reclaimed by the jungle. I've long had a soft spot for jungle settings, and more so when it comes to science fiction for whatever reason, but I've always had a hard time trying to replicate a jungle setting when it came to



miniature wargaming. Most miniature wargames need tons of open space, which is kind of the opposite of what comes to mind when I think jungle, and when attempted on a large scale in other games, at best it usually looks like clusters of foliage on open plains. Deadzone, however, is the terrain-oriented game I've always wanted, and with buildings/ruins being the majority of a board, it's not like you have to coat the entire area in foliage to get the jungle vibe across. But I do feel like the addition of natural elements and all of the greenery breaks up the typical grey-look the game most often sports.



I began by priming all my terrain tiles with a flat black primer, and then re-sprayed again over top of it with a silver spray paint from various distances to get a variation of silvers, some areas darker than other. Afterwards I did salt-masking. Now for those of you unfamiliar with the technique, it's spraying the tiles with hairspray and then sprinkling sea salt randomly all over. The hairspray helps the sea salt adhere to the tiles for now, and where the salt is at the moment preserves the color beneath it from the next layer of paint. So after the salt-masking was complete, I went over all the tiles with a brown spray paint to be the "rust layer."



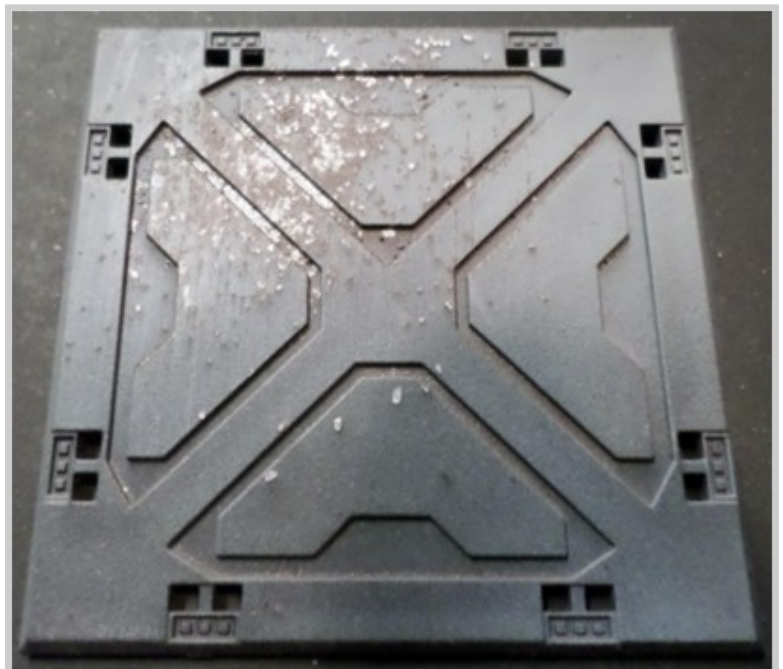
This step was the final step of spray painting for some of the tiles, namely tiles that I envisioned were the roofs of buildings, walkways exposed to the elements above, and others tiles that would not have been painted by the builders such as lamp-posts, railings, and crossbeams. Other tiles that would have been painted ages ago, such as walls, received yet another layer of salt-masking, this layer protecting the rust layer, and sprayed with a black primer from the bottom of the tiles upward at an extreme angle, mostly hitting the undersides of areas, and then sprayed with a flat grey primer from above-downwards at an extreme angle hitting only the upper areas. This automatically shades the tiles with darker undersides and highlights from above.

Now, the final step was to scrub off all the sea salt. For this I use a plastic-bristled brush that is similar to a toothbrush, and I'm just going to say I was pretty vigorous in my scrubbing. This removes the sea salt that was initially held down by hairspray, and then kind of "caked" on with the following layers of spray paint. Wherever the salt is scrubbed from, the color of the layer beneath it that it was protecting now shows through. This means all my roofs and

walkways are for the most part brown, getting a bit more rusty than other parts, meaning they're mostly brown though remnants of their original metal color is apparent in places not overcome by rust. My walls sport the same, but with an additional layer of a grey paint, now chipped and wearing away revealing the rust and metal beneath.

The last step I used for painting my terrain was using some of the Secret Weapon weathering pigments (Rust Orange & Metallic Iron). I've seen people online refer to wreathing pigments as the "Black magic" of miniature painting, in that people have heard of it, but no one uses them. This was my first attempt with them, and I have to say they're a blast to use, and admittedly pretty easy, but be forewarned that this is messy. By the time I finished up all my terrain, I had powder everywhere, all over my table, my pants, my arms and the floor. And it doesn't clean up all that easy either. But still, I recommend giving it a try at some point.

My terrain board itself was pretty pivotal for the look I was shooting for, as the basic Deadzone mat wasn't going to cut it for my jungle theme.



The board is actually a tad larger than normal (10 cubes X 10 cubes), mostly because of the materials I was working with were to those measurements and I don't mind the extra ring of cubes around the edge, making the play area a bit bigger, plus it's not like one can't play on just the interior 8 x 8 cubes for something more official. The board has a cedar-wood frame, a light weight wood I recommend working with over any other type, and a foam-board top. Which has been sanded, painted with a brown basecoat, washed with watered down black paint, drybrushed the original base color, and drybrushed again with the brown basecoat mixed with some tan to lighten it. Afterwards the board was flocked with a light green static grass from Woodland Scenics and some brighter greens from Gale Force Nine. Aside from that I tried to make the board more interesting as well by adding pipes embedded in the ground (just bendy straws), metal grates (plastic canvas typically used for yarn art), and this fun little puddle of mud from the pipes, which is just painted in browns with lots of gloss coats over it.

The grid itself was somewhat tough to tackle, but in the end I went with using a dark-green thread stretched across the board as the gridlines, super glued at the end and at each intersection of lines, and then also "painted" down with PVA glue to make sure they stayed put.

I've also made my own "hills" for Deadzone, which are carved from insulation foam using a conical sanding tool on a Dremel, painted a "Smokey Mountain Grey", washed black, drybrushed the original grey, then again mixed some white. The hills were sanded and flocked same as the board, and also got a few odds and ends to fit with the Deadzone theme, such as





pipes coming from them and such.

Now all my foliage clusters are all aquarium plants and fake plants for dioramas, all hot-glued down to washers as weighty bases. These clusters also functionally make cubes into cover cube.

But I suppose this is all for now, though there is some stuff I'd like to tackle to improve my terrain even more. I plan on working on getting some posters/signs printed up, and perhaps even experiment with LED lighting for buildings, perhaps with battery boxes disguised as generators. With any luck I may have some more work done this before next month's issue, and if nothing else at least some pictures of some miniatures I've done to match my jungle theme. Hope you enjoyed the read!■





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