

# IRONWATCH

July 2015-Issue 35



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## ABYSSAL TIDINGS

## A Message from the Editor

Welcome back to the **IRONWATCH**! Another year has nearly gone by, but our incoming article rate has slowed significantly. I highly encourage any and all of you out there on the fence about submitting to please send us your material! We never turn away a submission, and the strength of the **IRONWATCH** relies entirely upon the works and entries of readers like yourselves, so send us what you have!

On a more personal note, I'd like to apologize for the delay in implementing some of our planned changes to the **IRONWATCH**. We have not been on top of those changes as we would prefer, and while many or possibly all of them may be accomplished, you readers deserve for those changes to have been made far earlier, so we will work to ensure timely future changes.

Once again, whether you're a new reader or an experienced veteran, thanks for reading, and Welcome to the Watch!

-Austin

*Correction: In our interview with Kara Brown, we accidentally indicated that the dragon-themed Nature army was hers, but it was actually designed and played by her wife, Amy! Sorry Kara and Amy!*

Cover art by Boris Samec  
Title art by Mark Peasley

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!

All models used in this publication are from the respective author's own personal collections, and any models displayed herein are not intended to challenge the status of the copyrights of their respective owners. All rights are reserved to their respective owners.

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# THE IRON FORGE

Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

On display this month for you we have:

- Adam Morrow, with more fantastic additions to his overgrown jungle Deadzone battlezone
- Boston Miniatures' vibrant and striking Deadzone Rebs
- Marcel Popik's exquisite Mars Attacks Martians, as well as a destroyed car!

Keep tuned in next month for more fantastic models, and if you have some painted Mantic minis you'd like featured to possibly become an Iron Forge artist, please email high resolution photos of your miniatures to [ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com).

Please include your name and/or Mantic forum name. You can also provide descriptions of your paint jobs and titles if you'd like!



*Dwarven "Casualty" by Christian Schlumpberger*



*Undead Balefire Catapult by Matt Gilbert*

# ADAM MORROW



This month I've worked on yet more Deadzone terrain, namely the "Forward Strongpoint" set I finally got all painted up and integrated into my existing Battlezones. It was hard to showcase what all I completed this month here by themselves (ramps, diagonal walls/walkways, and fortified braces), so I just set the whole thing up and tried to focus on the relevant new additions.

# ADAM MORROW



# ADAM MORROW



# BOSTON MINIATURES



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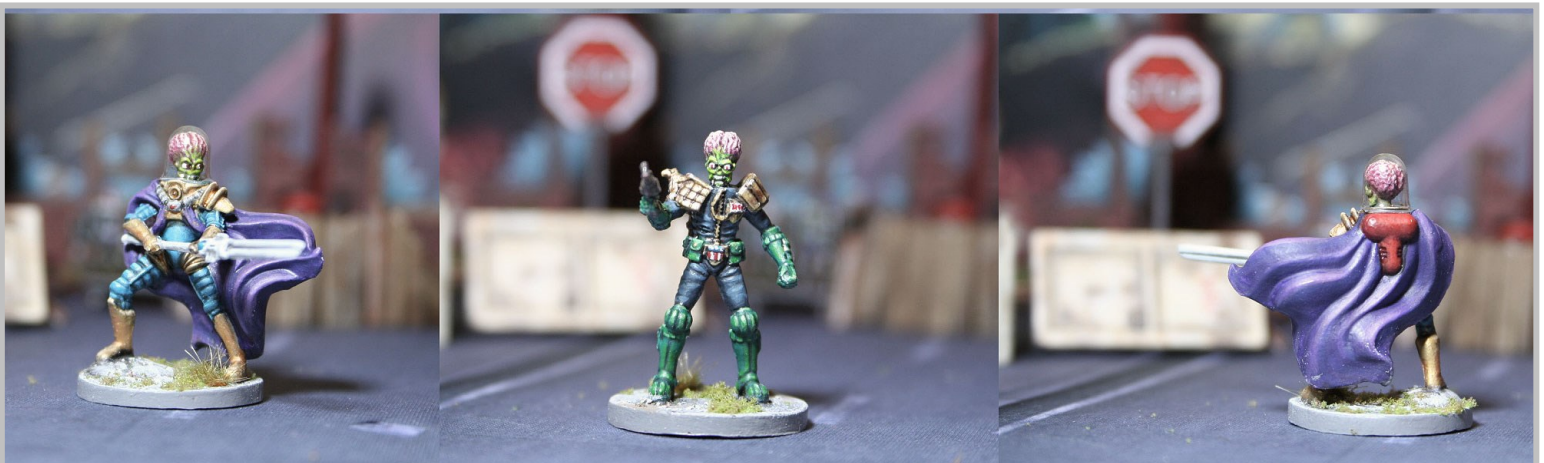
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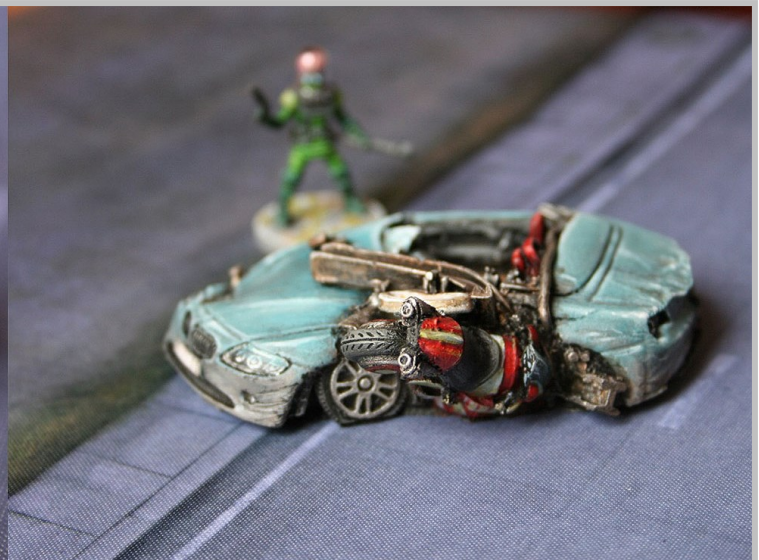
# BOSTON MINIATURES



# MARCEL POPIK



# MARCEL POPIK



# MARCEL POPIK



# MANTIC CALENDAR



*Undead Werewolves by Jim Kew*

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](#) with your event's date, time, location, cost, a brief description, and a URL for more information.

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!).

## July

7/4

[Clash of Kings 2015 Midlands Regional](#)  
[£9.99 per person](#)

9:30 AM—5:30 PM

Join our Clash of Kings UK regional tournaments and lead your Kings of War army to glory. Battle against the best in our one day tournament and take home the ultimate prize – a Tyrant Trophy and a free ticket to the final!

Sanctuary Gaming Centre, Sutton-in-Ashfield - St. Michaels & All Angels Church, St. Michaels Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield, NG174GP

# MANTIC CALENDAR



*Deadzone Mercenary Wrath by Paul Mullis*

7/4

## [Orcomundo 2.0 Edition](#)

10:00 AM—4:15 PM

Come enjoy four gritty games of frantic, fast-paced bloodthirsty Dreadball action over the course of a day in a relaxed and friendly environment.

Place Dooms 12, 7012 Flénu, Belgium

7/11

## [Kings of War Demo](#)

Learn all about Kings of War and how to play!

Leon, Spain

7/30- [Gencon](#)

8/2 [\\$80 per person](#)

9:30 AM—5:30 PM

Kings of War Tournament is 5:00 PM to 12:00 AM on 8/1.

Kings of War Big Battle is 8:00 PM to 12:00 AM on 7/31.

Learn to Play Kings of War, at various times each day.

Gen Con is the original, longest-running, best-attended, gaming convention in the world!

100 South Capitol Avenue, Indianapolis, IN 46225, United States

# MANTIC CALENDAR

## August

Nothing yet!

## September

### 9/18 [Kings of War Final Tournament](#)

9:00 AM—12:30 PM

This event is a part of the In the Ludo Ergo Sum Charity Game Days.  
Alcorcón, Madrid, España

### 9/26 [Conquest 2015](#)

This event features lots of different tournaments for all sorts of games, as well as cosplaying and possibly game playtesting.

The Shoreham Centre, 2 Pond Rd,  
Shoreham-by-Sea BN43 5WU, United Kingdom



*Deadzone Plague by Patrick Lefevre*

## Tales from the Crippled Goose:

### The Laborers Tale: By a Single Thread

By Mike Tittensor

Two men sat in the Crippled Goose and listened to the news of the outside world over the rims of their tankards. Both were broad shouldered and muscular, bespeaking a manual profession. Both were pink cheeked and weather-beaten, indicating an outdoor life. What the careful eye would pick out were the specks of soot around eyelids and fingernails, which soap and water would not shift, telling of a life involving fire. The thoughtful mind would also pause to consider that indeed soap and water had actually been applied, which marked them out as different from the peasant farmers and herders that normally filled the common room with their stink.

Such a mind belonged to the landlord of the Crippled Goose, a portly man with outrageous whiskers and a hobby as a freelance pig butcher. He had run the Goose for years now and could judge his customers well. These two intrigued him. However, the inn was busy and his new barmaid had left his employ the previous day with a Roadwarden. It was late in the evening before the common room quieted down leaving the regulars, the odd couple and the rat faced storyteller who'd been hanging around for days



now telling poor quality tales and pretending to know the news of the outside world. Indeed he'd been trumped by the Roadwarden the night before who had told a scary tale of witches and curses up on the moors. Finally, drawing himself a flagon of his light ale and spearing the last of his sausages from the pan by the fire, the landlord moved out into the common room and straddled one of the benches near the two men.

"Evening lads. Enjoy your dinner?" He nodded at the empty bowls of "House Stew" and the



*Kingdoms of Men Mounted Standard Bearer by  
"imm0rtal reaper"*

few crumbs of bread on the table. They had an appetite, right enough.

"Aye, landlord. It filled a hole," said the taller of the two. Taller? No, more erect was the right word.

"An' ah could even work out what animal some of the chunks ah meat came from" said the other, leaning forward on the table, drawing pictures on the wood with the dribbles of ale. He flashed a quick, infectious grin at the landlord from beneath an untidy fringe of black hair. The landlord recognized the accents as coming from up towards Berndorf.

"Oh, there's plenty that goes into my pot, pork mostly but sometimes the odd chicken and" raising his voice "sometimes visitors that don't settle their tabs." He was looking over the men's heads at the storyteller who flushed guiltily and buried his nose in his beer mug. Turning back to them, he asked "So you pair were here last night then? Did you hear the Roadwarden's Tale then? Who'd have thought a Roadwarden could keep us all entertained like that then"? The two men glanced at each other, knowingly.

They knew not to interrupt the landlord in the middle of his flow. He was one of those men who liked to state their opinions in a flurry of questions. They let him blather on. The taller of the two had known another man like him long ago. A sudden dark thought flashed through his mind causing him to frown. The landlord paused.

"Aye landlord. Twas a good tale right enough.



*Undead Revenant Regiment by Martin Geibner*

The Roadwarden got most of it right too."

The bar became silent. The regulars of the Goose had a good nose for a story.

"Come now, explain yourselves. You cannot leave that comment hanging like a string of sausages, sir..?"

"My name is Belerion. This is my colleague, Mictim. Tanners by trade. I'd happily explain myself, landlord, but the common room fire is smoky and our throats seem to be very dry."

Chuckling, the landlord rose and returned with a large pitcher of brown ale which he placed in the middle of the table between them. Both men grinned and filled their mugs. The taller

looked at the shorter, who nodded and then looked away. Belerion cleared his throat and began to talk.

"We're tanners by trade. We hunt the veins of ore that rise to the surface of the earth up on the Moors. A good eye can pick out where the best outcroppings are likely to be. A strong back can bring the pick down well enough. A love of honest work and a good fire can bring the tin out from the ore and do the rest."

"A love of honest work"? Laughed one of the regulars, a sour faced herder from Mickledoe. "What's that? Why would any man love work"? The landlord glowered but Belerion answered. "For pride. For honor and the right to hold your head up as a man in the evening time. Is that

good enough for you"?

The herder looked away. There were a few murmurs of approval from the regulars. The herder wasn't popular with them on account of him being from Mickledoe, a whole two miles away and for his annoying habit of talking during other folk's stories. The landlord refilled Belerion's mug and then, finding Mictim holding his out too, the smaller man's as well.

"We were up towards Crone Wife Hill not long ago where your Roadwarden set his tale. Crone Wife Hill's a funny place where the rock rises hard out of the blessed earth. A likely spot for the Earth Lady to share her treasures." At this both men unthinkingly pressed a fist to their hearts. "We saw the wood too, aye, and lopped

a few of the branches from the outer trees for the fire but we saw no ruins. It was an odd wood, right enough, out in the middle of the empty moor but we gave it no mind and pulled our truck back up towards the hill."

The landlord remembered seeing a sturdy truck in the stables. There had been shovels and picks and a tarpaulin covering a load. Certainly tin ingots were valuable enough to cover up.

"The weather was as grim as always up there but we were comfortable enough. There was a brisk West wind, thick with the promise of rain. When I were a lad, we called it The Breath of God and the priest told us that a wind like that could put life back into a corpse. It's always been a lucky wind for me and this time was no



*A pitched Kings of War battle by Nick Williams*



*Ogre army by Taylor Holloway*

change. Within the hour Mictim here found a good outcropping of hour and we set to with a will." At this Mictim raised his hand in acknowledgement and took the opportunity to take hold of the beer jug before the landlord could stop him. Belerion continued, hiding a smile as Mictim refilled both their mugs and then passed the empty jug back to the landlord with a meaningful expression.

"We set up the fire in a dell in the lee of the hill and had a pleasant and profitable enough night. There are few creatures on the Moors that don't fear a good fire and that includes the stupidest of trolls. Even better, we'd found some crystals in with the ore, lumps as big as your thumb. A bright lad can heat those crystals and rich folk in Essen or Berndorf will pay good coin for them. If you do them right in the fire, they come up blue like a bird's egg. We'd had

some of those bacon joints from the butcher's across the road here. They were greasy as anything but Mictim wolfed it down. I told him he'd pay for it the next day."

This time it was the landlord at the bar who looked away, focusing on some imaginary spot of mud on the floor. "Any ways, next morning, we turned over the ashes and went back up the hill for a second load. Mictim had the pick this morning and I the shovel on account of him losing most rounds of stone-knife-parchment the night before. So he lays into the vein with a will until there's a shudder, like, and the ground gives way under his feet. Down he goes like a coney down a hole." Mictim raised his hands in front of the candle casting a shadow of a not very convincing looking rabbit on the wall. A couple of small children, up long past their bedtime, giggled at this. The landlord returned

with another jug, vowing silently it was the last.

"Well, what do you do in times like that? You go down after him, don't you? So, I'm about to put the shovel down to take my jacket off when I looks round and there's this old woman standing nearby."

"You'll nay fit down there after 'im, lover' she says. Come along with me an' we'll go in the front door shall we? Well, I'm flabbergasted aren't I but there's nothing for it but I follows her round the side of the hill and there, plain as the nose on the herder's face over there..."

"Only without the warts of course" added Mictim. The herder scowled amid some laughter.

"Plain as plain was a cave. Now if that cave had been there previous like, then I'm the Lord High Consul and this is my golden goblet." He extended the mug to Mictim who obliged.

The landlord did not comment. He had noticed that Belerion's accent had thickened markedly during the last few minutes. He waited for the tall man to finish wiping foam from his mouth and begin again.

"So I'm following this old woman into the cave that wasn't there before. Big and spacious with a fire, a bed, a stone table at the back. Nice place. I didn't think much of the decor though. She'd been scribbling things on the walls that weren't natural, like. Anyway, there at the back of the cave was Mictim sitting on top of the stone table and I'm thinking 'Mictim, lad, you had a lucky landing there. Rising up just between his legs was this wicked looking dagger that some fool had stuck in the top of the table and he was just sitting there staring at it.



*Kingdoms of Men Mounted Standard Bearer by Andre Kritzinger*



*Undead Vampire Lord by Boris Samec*

Anyway at this point I starts forward, like, to see how he's doing when the old woman fixes me with an eye like a raven and I find I'm not able to move. Not an inch. Frozen like ice on the dawn's first chamber-pot. The shovel in my hand weighs a ton it feels but I can't even let it go. Then she smiles and swings her hips like some young trollop a third of her age and says 'You've got something I want'. Well, I'm a proud man and I don't like being talked to like that but all the while she's looking at me, there's nothing I can do. Then she smiles and strokes my arm and I'm sweating at the thought of being some witch's plaything."

"More familiar than her familiar" chuckled Mictim.

"Thank you, that's enough from you. So she starts reaching into my clothing and pulls out..."

Mictim began an impromptu drum roll on the tabletop sending a number of small drops of ale flying.

"And pulls out my pouch full of crystals. 'What did you think I wanted, lover?' she croaked like some mad old harridan. 'These will look beautiful in my hair, don't you think'? Then she picks up a long knife off the bed and shows it to me, edging the blade towards my face. Still, I can't move and I reckons my time has come. 'Or shall I use your eyes as beads, lover? They're such lovely eyes.'"

"Then my prayers were answered by a messenger from the goddess herself. Mictim's stomach had regretted the bacon of the night before and the stress of seeing me about to be mutilated did the rest. With a mighty roar, he let forth the most powerful breaking of wind that Man has ever seen. The stench was awful. I mean, the Crotch of Oskan smells better. Never has a man had a bottom like that.

This upset the old witch and she swung around yelling at Mictim as you could imagine, which was foolish on account of me still having the shovel in my hand. By the application of which

to the back of her head, I thought to end her wickedness and laid her out flat on the bed, thinking she would never rise again. It seems from the Roadwarden's Tale last night, I was not as successful as I first thought. However, it was good enough for us to escape and grabbing the truck and other trinkets, we fled for our very lives."

He smiled and drained his mug. "I thank you for your kind attention." The patrons of the Goose laughed appreciatively. It had been a good tale, a much needed bit of nonsense. They dispersed for the night and the tinnars went up to the dormitory. The landlord cleared away. He had hoped for another story of valor and honor, not ribald slapstick on the back of another tale. He slept badly and was up early in a surly mood.

He was barely civil when the tinnars came down to settle their bill but thanked them for their fantasy last night. Belerion raised one eyebrow and said "Fantasy? No fantasy, landlord. Anyone that knows Mictim here is afflicted with a most troublesome stomach. A martyr to it, he is. Well, we're off South to warmer climbs. Maybe next year, landlord."

The landlord managed a curt smile and watched them go. He picked up the coins they had left on the bar and then froze. Among the bright copper coins lay a single blue crystal bead, catching the early morning sunlight. He picked it up and then dropped it alarm. It bounced off the counter and rolled under a table out of sight. It had not been the bead that had made



*Ogre Captain by Grant Mahoney*

him sit in the pantry for twenty minutes with a pie and a mug of strong barley wine.

It had not been the bead that made him visit the chapel of Aestius that afternoon to make a donation of particular generosity. It was not the bead that made him say his night prayers for weeks with the same fervor as he had in his childhood, praying to almighty Aestius to save him from the troll under his bed. No, what had caused him such anxiety was the strand on which the bead was threaded: a single, thick, iron-grey hair stained at one end with a still bright speck of dried blood.▪



## Making and Painting Zombie Trolls

By Daniel "Darklord" King

Zombie Trolls are one of the new Undead units for the 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of Kings of War, and although there will be one in Dungeon Saga I figured I would want more variety and as I couldn't wait, I decided to get started converting some from normal Mantic Trolls. I wanted 10 in total, to make 2 hordes of them. (6 per base would be too busy as I'm unit basing)

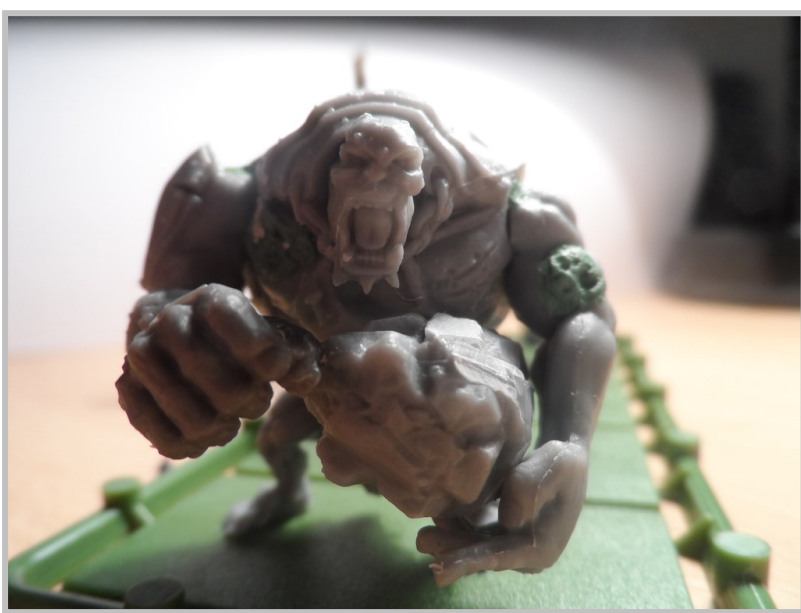
Looking at the models, they already have a lot of sewn sections and are covered in metal plates; This is an ideal start to Zombie Trolls, but they needed more wounds. To do this I drilled small holes into the flesh and cut sections out with my knife. On top of this I added small pieces of Green Stuff, and just generally prodded and poked it with a long file I have to add texture. I added on some intestines from rolled Green Stuff.

I removed various limbs, from hands to a head. I also reposed them a lot, mostly with weapon swaps or simply taking the same weapon and putting it into a different hand or reversing it so it's being dragged. One fun conversion was



some hands I liberated from a Heresy Minotaur ripping a Knight into two! (Gruesome!) Lastly, I added various enemy weapons, impaled into the flesh; My personal favourite was the one speared through the head!

Then it was time to paint them. I started out with a grey spray (Halfords); This is a great base, and means little needs to be done to the big rocks/stone weapons many of the Zombie Trolls are brandishing. I then inked them a nice green (Windsor and Newton Apple Green); This worked great over the grey, looking quite sickly. For the wounds I painted them a rotting Zombie flesh purple (old GW





paint). For both I did several layers of blending, going progressively lighter, and more inking to get to the final finish.

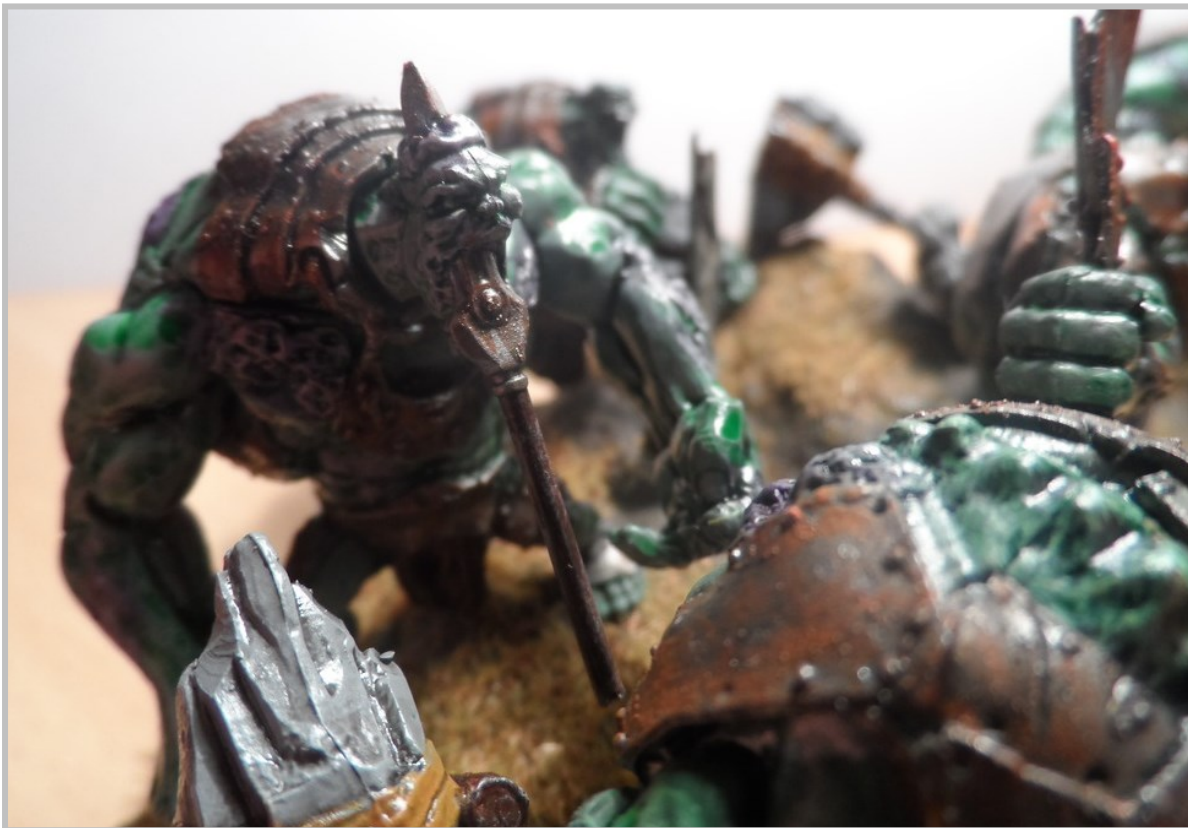
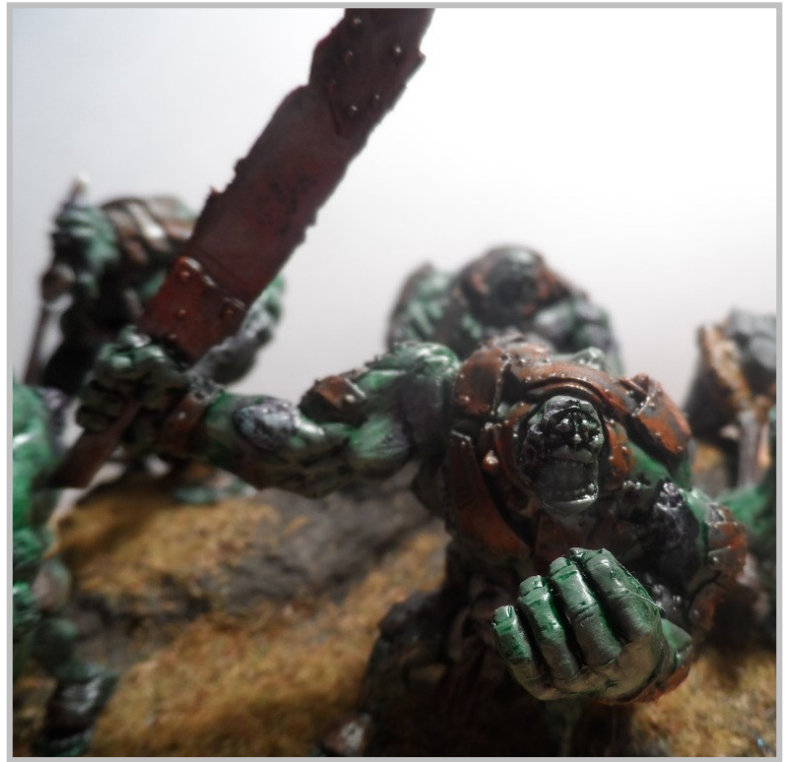
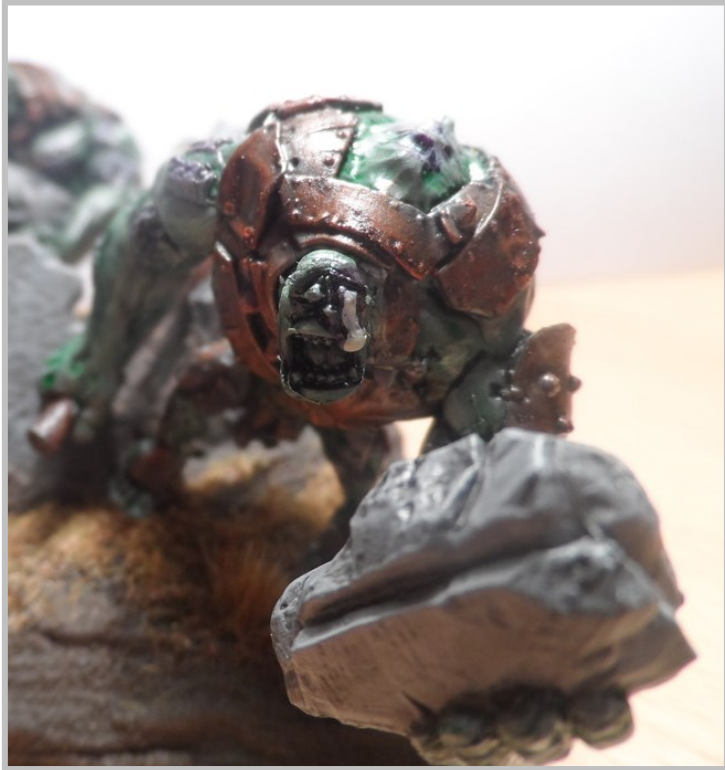
The weapons I wanted to be nice and rusty so I picked up GW's rust paints; These worked really well. I base coated them gun metal, (Coat d'arms) then used Ryza Rust and Typhus Corrosion; I used it progressively more on the bolts and edges and such. It was my first time

with these paints and I was really pleased with the result.

That just left smaller details. The rocks and stone weapons got a Strong Tone wash (Army Painter) and then were drybrushed light gray. Finally, for effect I painted the Knight's gory bits with Red gore and Clear Red. (Tamiya)



And there we go the finished models, there were several techniques I hadn't used much or at all before these and I was pleased with the final result. I used them soon afterwards and can report that they crushed the enemy quite successfully!▪







*Courtesy of Mantic Games*

## MY OWN PRIVATE ARDOVIKIA MICRO-CAMPAIGNS FOR KINGS OF WAR

**By Mike Tittensor**

"Ardovikia? S'a big place is Ardovikia. They say 'a man can make sumfin' of 'imself' here. Well, they would say that wouldn't they? They charge enough hacksilver to get you here from Letharac, dunt they? See, it were all covered in ice a long time ago back in the war 'gin 'Winter.' 'Winter'? Some icy bint, they say that drowned owt after some magicker toasted 'er an the ice turned into the sea somehow. Then this land came up fer grabs. They say.

Any roads, I'm 'ere in Serenia, Jewel of the Ruddy North. Reused the stone from some old place that was 'ere before, I reckon. Yer keeps

findin bits of face etched in walls an buildings. Some of them creep me out, y'know, too many teeth an' all that. Still, the stone keeps the wind out an' more an the wind too. 'Cross the lake yerve got the goblin reservations and beyond that the Mammoth Plains. Never seen a mammoth meself but enough folk passin' through 'ave or says they 'ave. All manner of strangeness there. Ogres as big as an 'ouse, barbarians wi' sharpened teeth, better to chew on yer and crazy orc shamans that snatch at invisible butterflies, like, and wander around muttering to 'emselves abart spirits and the destiny of the goblin peoples.

Now, I ain't got much agin goblins apart from them taking all the jobs, cheap like, but when they gets coin, they spends it all on booze, which is where I comes in, innit? Another mug o' that? That's right, it tastes better the more you 'ave. So, any roads, I quite likes goblins. They works 'ard and then spends the loot in

'ere. As long as they're back on their lands fer nightfall, they's awright. But get a shaman wanderin' round their camps and it's all "Oogah boogah, let us march in the name of the Goblin Muther" and out come the pointy little spears and bows and they go on a rampage. Dunt last long, like, but get caught in the open and it gets nasty fer yer. After a bit, though, someone either wallops 'em or they gets bored and wanders off. I've been 'ere a few years and I've seen three risings in me time. Next day, the same buggers were always in 'ere quaffin' like nowt 'ad happened."

*-Gorman Stump-Tooth, Proprietor of The Leather Flagon, Serenia.*

Welcome to the Serenia micro-campaign or "My Own Private Ardovikia" as I call it. I like fluff. Fluff adds that level of enjoyment above and beyond the game to engage the mind more than chess or Monopoly. With fluff, you can still claim to have heroically defended your homeland, even though you were slaughtered to a man/elf/goblin. I'm not really a tournament person despite the chance to meet and play, since they lack the storytelling element. I empathize with my army. I feel the pain as they get crunched by a troll horde. I hear the whistling chorus as flights of elven arrows rain down on the brutish legions before me. Yes, I am crazy. Thank you for noticing.



*Orc hut by Andy Beckett*

Now a campaign is great for this. The story unfolds as you play with like-minded gamers. You get to realize how sneaky that necromancer really is, worry that the Abyssal Dwarf player is a little too like his Dark Overlord (in a bad way) and you feel personally inspired by Elf Lord Eochaid (in a good way. Elf player? What else?).

On the other hand, I don't always want a big campaign. It can discourage people who don't want to commit to a lot of gaming. The alternative is a micro-campaign where there is a clear background that provides and encourages the story telling element and deeper enjoyment. You can have a pick up points game but it comes with a background. Old grudges flavor army selection. Units start appearing with battle standards recording their heroic victories. I tend to add bits of jewelry or gold finish to the "Unit of the Match." The micro-campaign

avoids the hassle but satisfies when I want to know why the goblins are in the cornfield...

Mantica has the advantage of being big and undefined. We can drop our own campaign worlds into the map and make it our own without rubbing shoulders with each other. It encourages our creativity and adds flavor. So for your delectation, I present the Serenia micro-campaign, set somewhere in Ardovikia, East of Letharac, West of Galahir.

Now many of the readers will be thinking that they don't need a guide to creating campaign worlds and quite right. Forgive my impertinence and skip to the next article...or sit back and enjoy the ride. For those who aren't as experienced or maybe never thought about a story driven micro-campaign, maybe this will be interesting. Maybe not. This is simply how I do it.

Firstly, what armies do you and your friends have? Say whatywhatwhat? Shouldn't we be driving it the other way round and crafting beautiful worlds and labor long and hard to create armies to fit? Well, if you like but, it always seems sensible to me to fit your campaign to the figures you might actually get to game with. So in Serenia my group has the potential to field everything except Twilight Kin, Ogres or Abyssals but note that the orcs are quite weak unless they get goblin allies. So we need to create places on the map for the potential armies and a bit of background story. We are also quite open about the origins of some of the figures being from other manufacturers and did indeed game with other rule sets when we were young and foolish. For all those latecomers to the Mantich vineyard, welcome, welcome and thrice welcome.

## Serenia

The main human city is the Duchy of Serenia, a mostly human city settled by colonists from the Succesor Kingdoms to the South. The city rests on the Southern shore of the mist wreathed Lake Lamiale. The land is fertile and well tended with vineyards, orchards and small woods dotted between the open fields of wheat and barley. Trade is good and the Duke of Serenia is happy to attract new citizens from other lands by offering attractive feudal terms to incoming farmers. The city itself is walled with about 7,000 permanent residents. The culture is reminiscent of medieval Italy. It is a generally nice place with cultural and religious links to Basilea but not as rigid.

**Alignment:** Good.



*Basilean Lord by Boris Samec*

**Army: Kingdoms of Men**

The core of the army is made up from the guild pikemen companies with arquebusiers, archers and crossbowmen groups in support. The rural nobility provide knights and militia but these are never particularly effective. The Duke has his own household guards and a reasonable artillery park.

The Duke is not averse to using mercenary bands in times of trouble including the odd ogre clan here and there. (Yes, I have odd ogres, including the very odd one in a gimp suit. It's....complicated).

**Unterberg**

The second human power is the Kingdom of Unterberg to the North of Lake Lamiale. Just under a hundred years ago, barbarians from the Mammoth Steppes crossed the Great River into Ardovikia. This was just after the time of the Epidemic of Chills and they found a land empty and ripe for settlement without opposition. Only the ancient ruins of lost civilizations littered the landscape, ghost-ridden places that the Unterberger instinctively avoided. Over the last three generations, contact with other civilized nations has softened them a bit and, although proud of their traditions, they are not



*Basilean Paladin regiment by "C M Minis"*

averse to Southern luxuries. The culture is reminiscent of the early Frankish or Germanic kingdoms. The King of the Unterbergians is the strongest chieftain chosen by a council of his peers.

**Alignment:** Neutral.

**Army :** Kingdoms of Men

The army is a mixture of shield wall "heeren" and some good cavalry.

Occasionally some of their cousins from the Mammoth Steppes will visit and join any battles. They still retain a love of chariots and crazy wild charges with berserkers. The more civilized Unterbergians tend to find these visits

embarrassing now since the tactics rarely work against enemies but old traditions die hard on the Steppes.

The Unterbergians also have a war mammoth but have not fielded him yet.

### The Dark Lord of the Incense Marshes

The third "human" faction is the necromancer Aristeos. A refugee from Ophidia, he has created a tower complex to the East of Lake Lamiale at the heart of the Incense Marshes. He has gathered to him both evil men and orcs to do his bidding, while in the catacombs beneath the misshapen tower, his army of undead grows and grows. Those areas fit for cultivation are

tended by lifeless peasants wielding ancient rusting implements. The culture is a mixture of Clark Ashton Smith's Zothique, Fantasy Arabia and various roleplaying bad guys (particularly Maylock for all you old JG players).

**Alignment:** (Obviously cackling) Evil.

**Army: ?**

Well, the player doesn't have enough of anything to make a big army but he's got enough bad guys from his roleplaying days to field some evil Southrons, a brute squad of orcs and some undead. I particularly like the zombies dressed as field hands. So that's his army. Obviously the exact make up is scrutinized to make sure that no one's cheese radar goes off but it



*Undead Necromancer by "left64"*



*Elven archers by "WeedyElf"*

looks pretty reasonable so everyone is happy. (Sadly the wizards tower is in need of a day's rework after bits of plaster fell off the model. It's in the queue).

### **The Lordly Ones of the Hollow Hills**

Now we have the glorious realm of Ard Ri Eochaid and the Elven Host. We are proper elves. My elves live in hollow hills that connect with the Land of Fey. We visit the Mortal Realms quite regularly and then go home, possibly swapping out a few changelings for the hell of it. If some crazy elf girl wants to live in a swamp on the other side of the sea playing princesses, that's her affair. If others want to dance with fairies, smoke hemp and complain about the ecological damage everyone else is

doing in a damp forest to the East, well, let them too. We are proper elves remembering the old ways. We are also allergic to iron and steel and the entire army is painted in bronze, gold and copper. The most commonly visited barrow is to the South East of Lake Lamiale in the woods of Callow. A small trade town exists outside the barrow to trade with the elven folk as we come and go.

### **Alignment:** Neutral

Huh? Elves are good! Everyone knows elves are the good guys! Stop screwing with my head, man! Neutral elves? Yup. Why not? My fluff is that Eochaid (pronounced Haughey since your primitive human brain cannot handle the true pronunciation) considers humans to be fundamentally stupid and at times an

annoyance to his people. Some of the better sort are deemed tolerable, though, and allowed to enter the Hollow Hills (especially the aforementioned Changelings). Indeed some young human nobles are allowed to ride with the Stormwind knights (which hides the fact I only have enough Stormwind to make a troop). Now this Neutrality doesn't mean that I'm allying myself with Aristeos the Necromancer since we consider him a blundering human who turned to necromancy to make new friends without all that awkward social interaction scene but it does mean that we'll toast you if you annoy us. If you ask us, that Elrond geezer should have tossed Bilbo off the parapet for giving him lip about elves "saying yes and no."

**Army:** Elves.

Bowmen and spearmen alternate while Eochaid rides Chlorinus the dragon. Eochaid cannot make up his mind on whether he wants Palace Guard or Stormwind as his reserve unit. He often foolishly fields a troop of both which doesn't work.

**Wylfa**

To the West of Lake Lamiale are the Free Dwarven Holds of Wylfa. The dwarfs are hill folk who live in the dales, farming, mining and quarrying rather than burrowing like idiot mice and serving Golloch the Pompous. They prefer to be left to themselves although they do come down to Serenia twice a year for the Spring and Autumn fayres. The clans are governed by a council of elders. The culture is a dwarf-medieval Swiss fusion.

**Alignment:** Good.



*Dwarven Iron Warrior by "Dusty"*

**Army:** Dwarfs.

The army is heavy on rangers and regimental mountain artillery. A mixture of armor types here is justified as ancient, overwrought armor being family heirlooms as opposed to the more practical homemade stuff.

**Goblin Reservations of Arniale**

To the North East of Lake Lamiale are the goblin reservation lands. Life on the Mammoth Steppes is hard. My wife's Goblins being practical and small are happy to provide contract labor to the other powers particularly during harvest or for big construction contracts. Serenia's Ducal Arch of Triumph was erected almost entirely by goblins. In return they get the scrubby moors that no one else wanted and few things trouble them. They keep pet trolls in their caves and wolves share the camp fires but by and large the goblins stay out of trouble... until a shaman turns up, tells them that the Goblin Muther has approved a bit of sacred thieving and then all hell breaks loose. They ride

off whooping and hollering, raiding farmsteads and granaries until finally suppressed. For reasons not even I am sure of, they are now advised by a female dwarven druidess.

**Alignment:** Neutral.

**Army:** Goblins:

Huge hordes of archers support an almost larger horde of wolf riders while the trolls form up and smash anything likely to contain food. If ever an army benefitted from bane-chants and inspiration...

### New Zarak

To the South West of the lake lies the road to Letharac, which winds through gentle foothills. Once mighty towers adorned these hills and lights blazed across the plain from their summits but now it is a dangerous place and small caravans disappear with disturbing regularity. The merchants have taken to forming larger groups that travel the road once a quarter with added guards. Even with their size, these new caravans are not safe and sneak attacks and ambushes are increasing. The reason is the presence of several broken clans of Abyssal Dwarfs who fled Tragar decades ago



*Trolls by Grant Mahoney*

after a misunderstanding over the interpretation of certain religious texts. In their underground halls of New Zarak, they plot their revenge on, well, everyone and worship some strange dark elemental earth goddess who has gifted many of them with mutations. There are several claimants to “ultimate power” but in reality each clan lord ways up whether it is worth a temporary truce with a rival lord.

**Alignment:** (Nasty) Evil

**Army:** Abyssal Dwarf

The army is made up of many manufacturers’ figures including Mantic, GW but mostly Rackham’s Confrontation figures. It is heavy on Decimators, Dragon Fire Teams and gargoyles (possibly harpies).

The overmaster does have an Abyssal Bull that can breathe steam and pretends it is a dragon.

### Basilean Order of Aquilan

In the middle of Lake Lamiale is the Grey Island. It is a strange site whose monastery buildings predate the fall of Winter and are truly ancient. The Aquilianians have only been here for 20 years and were permitted to occupy the site without hindrance. The Basileans are from the Order of Aquilan, a religious group from Basilea, a normally naval based military order. No one quite understands why they came to a relatively small lake hundreds of miles from the sea and the Abbot is not saying. The Aquilianians organize crusades, smite evil and go around with smug looks on their faces. The other powers around Lake Lamiale suspect that this is the Hegemon’s way of reminding people that he still claims these lands but others suspect that there is something about the island that drew the attention of the followers of the Shining Ones.

**Alignment:** (Holier than Thou) Good



*Abyssal Dwarf Decimators by “puggimer”*



*Basilean Elohi by "C M Minis"*

### **Army:** Basilea

The Abbot likes Paladin Knights and his newly painted Panther riders. Not the most practical aquatic force, but justified by the presence of a war wizard who can raise a causeway in times of need. The owner is hoping for a phoenix for next Christmas.

### **The People of the Forests**

This is, I confess, my second army. Once upon a time I was a happy player of a different system

running out a beast man army that skulked in the woods, staged daring raids on farmsteads and were a cross between the woodwoses of British Mythology and the Mormolukeiones of Greece. We were happy. Then someone nerfed my beloved beast men with a new army list into furry orcs, made minotaurs mandatory and instead of "the dark reflection of the human condition" the army was told to become a breeder of increasingly expensive freak monsters from a subsidiary company. My Folk of the Forest refused to adapt and for years sulked on a shelf. Now, they are back and very happy to be part of the gaming world again. However, they would like to be able to buy some naiads soon....but I digress.

The Green Lady is grumpy and most lands have some forests nearby somewhere. If the Green Lady gets angry, huge armies of sylvan kin appear from temporary magical gates between the mighty trees and pursue those who have upset Her this time. Sometimes they give lectures on ecology. Sometimes they rip people limb from limb.

**Alignment:** Neutral

### **Army:** Forces of Nature

The army is dominated by its blocks of Sylvan Kin who are really grateful for having Pathfinder and Vanguard. There are a variety of supporting druids, treemen and a tribe of centaurs who keep annoying their opponents by saying "You are not safe in this forest, Harry Potter" just before rolling the dice.



*An epic Kings of War siege by "TSNC"*

### Summary: Who's where?

- N** Kingdom of Unterberg
- NE** Goblin Reservation
- E** Incense Marshes
- SE** Callow
- S** Duchy of Serenia
- SW** Road over the White Hills to Letharac:  
New Zarak
- W** Wylfa of the Black Hills
- NW** Guest slot for expansion if anyone ever  
gets Twilight Kin, Ogres or Abyssals

### Terrain

Basically we roll off to see who is invading whom. The invaded land must have two pieces of terrain selected from those appropriate to it.

**Unterberg:** Ruins, village, river, wood

**Goblin Reservations:** Scrub, wood, village, hedges

**Incense Marshes:** Marsh, pool (impassible), wood

**Callow:** A barrow (hill), wood, village, lake

**Serenia:** Village, walled field, orchard,

**New Zarak:** Hills, scrub

**Wylfa:** Hills, wood



*Kingdoms of Men defend a breached castle wall by "SneakyChris"*

**Lake Lamiale:** River, lake, beach, village

**Nature:** Wood

So the last battle we had was a goblin migration. With population increasing too rapidly, the shamans told the People that some must migrate to new lands and worship their gods elsewhere. With a roar, the goblins accepted the will of the Goblin Muther and swarmed South, skirting the smelly Incense Marshes only to find Eochaid waiting for them and not best pleased to see a load of uninvited goblins wandering near Callow...doesn't that sound more exciting than "2000 points Elves vs Goblins Invade"?

### **Planned future games (feel free to pilfer)**

1. Escort a Serenian caravan taking luxuries to Unterberg along the road to Letharac and fend off slaving Abyssal Dwarfs.
2. Siege: everyone gets fed up with Aristeos'

maniacal laughter and his Tower of Evil is besieged. (Must get that tower fixed!)

3. Forces of Nature erupt from wood in Wylfa objecting to the opening of a new mine and try to destroy mining equipment around the board.

4. Goblins intercept an Unterberg "coursing party" that was out hunting on the reservation. The hunters become the hunted.

5. Basileans try to capture and seal an elven barrow to prevent elven visits to the lake. Eochaid not overly pleased by this.

So there you have it.

I'd be fascinated to hear whether other players have their own micro-worlds inside Mantica but for now, well, Welcome to Serenia. That's where I'll be this weekend. If you wander into the Leather Flagon, mine's a pint. ▀





*"Deadzone Marauders" by Marcel Popik*

# DEADZONE QUARANTINE

By Mike Tittensor

This is an expansion for Deadzone focusing on the Containment Protocol operations in space. It is designed as a set of simple to play space combat rules based around the Mantic system and should therefore be easy for Deadzone players to learn and add seamlessly into their games. The original concept was to add an insertion scenario at the start of a Deadzone campaign and end it with a daring escape from the planet, whether the team plays heroic Rebs, steel-eyed Marauders, profit hungry Forge Fathers or even the malevolent Plague leaders intent on spreading the Contagion beyond the world they had already infected. Naturally the Enforcers will try to protect the rest of mankind from the risk of the Plague, even if they have to kill a significant number of people to do so.

These are spaceship rules we've been playing in Austria as part of the Nexus Psi campaign. They arose from a desire to add additional scenarios to the campaign involving the entire Enforcer Quarantine force. The pictures of the Stallion dropship was the inspiration.

I've included the design assumptions in the rules. What I wanted was a set of space rules that I could play in an hour or so for small battles, an evening for large ones.

*Editor: The rules are available here:*

[Deadzone Quarantine v1.2 by Mike Tittensor](#)

*They are quite fantastic, adapting the core concepts of the Deadzone ruleset to rules for hard-sci-fi ship combat (Isaac Newton is indeed the deadliest SOB in space), including faction ship lists and all the information needed to play.*

*However, the rules are 48 pages long, and wouldn't fit all by themselves in a single issue of Ironwatch, so rather than split this piece up over multiple issues, we've hosted the file and highly encourage you to click the link above and check them out!*

I also wanted to be able to show these to science-dude friends without them sneering and going "Oh, you've not taken into account the effect of a planetary magnetic field on the diffusion of particle accelerator weapons", or "Do you allow for 3d or was it too complicated?"...You know the sort. I worked at



*Deadzone Marauder Ripper Suit by Grant Mahoney*



*Deadzone Infestation by Marcel popik*

the Royal Greenwich Observatory in Cambridge many moons ago, so I did want to do some decent, scientifically defensible rules that were FUN and fitted the universe.

These are still a work in progress:

1. Although I have planned a number of additional scenarios, they're not written up yet because we haven't playtested them.
2. I do want to add more on spacestations, installations, gas giants etc. These are at the back. Alas progress on the map of a generic

spacestation is slow with the demands of real work and gaming.

3. There is the list of ships by race. I've included ships for the Z'zor, Kraaw as well as the main races. However, the intention was to add a paragraph about each ship as background in the same way as the current supplements mention the Enforcer Wyvern, Drakon and Stallion classes. Still in my head I'm afraid.

4. Still trying to work out what a Chovar communion barge would do.

5. There are a number of upgrades, mostly for the Rebs, including Teraton teleporting assault marines, Grogan gunners etc. Again, not playtested so not in here.

We used Full Thrust ships and flipped the Deadzone mat over to the dark side and added acetate overlays to create our spacemap. For a card deck, we used the relevant faction deck. There is a conversion chart in the rules to show differences.

For completeness' sake, I typed in a few paragraphs of the background text from the other supplements to try and keep to the same format.

The games so far have been fast, bloody and entertaining. Enjoy!▪



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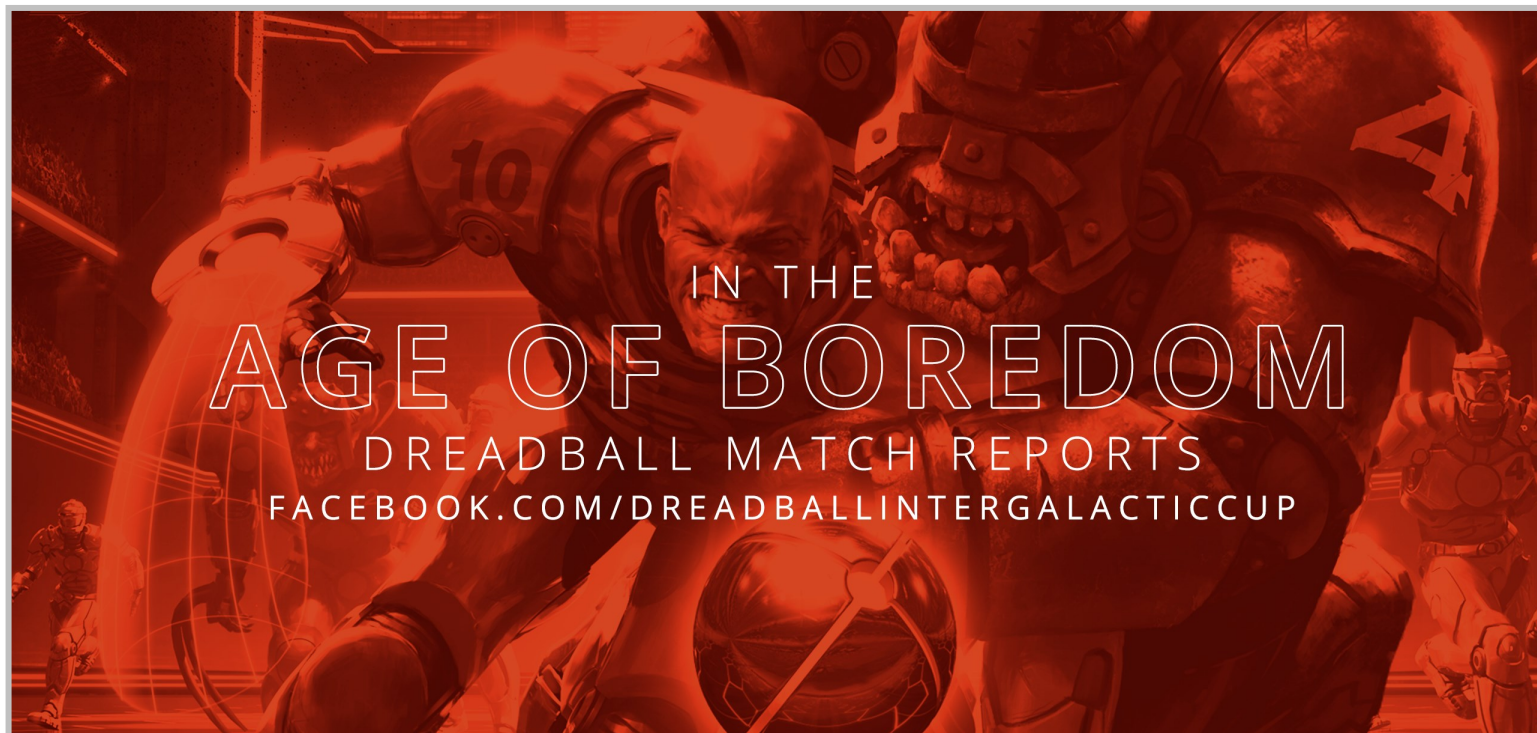




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*Reb Medics by Nicodemus Sandberg*

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